

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname).—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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For the CATHOLIC RECORD. Nature's Mystery.

What a wonderful thing is the human heart,
With its ever surging tide,
Its billows, tossing in seething waves,
While onward its waters glide.

Resplendent in beauty its waves may leap,
All bathed in a golden glow—
When a sudden breath will crush them down
Neath the keel of relentless woe.

There are quicksands and shoals in its hidden
depths,
That no mortal can ever descry,
And beneath the bright crests of its laughing
waves
Dismal wrecks of the Past may lie.

There are hidden springs of bitter and sweet,
Down many fathoms below,
And anon, to the surface they dash their spray
Of joy, or of dire woe.

There are buried Joys of the Long Ago,
That lie in the deepest caves,
Kept young and fair by the constant flow
Of the gently-rippling waves.

There are buried Hopes, that once sailed the
seas
Of Youth, with full-set sails,
With joyous music and banners gay,
Waved aloft by the perfumed gales.

And now in the deep they lie faded and dead;
But a rich and undying perfume
Exhales from the beauty they flouted of
yore,
And is wafted afar from their tomb.

Oh! a wonderful thing is the human heart,
With its springs of deep lying woe,
With its laughing waves, and its perfumed
breath,
And the drifting wrecks below.

LECTURE BY REV. DR. SPETZ, BERLIN.

Bible Reading—Veneration of Saints, Their Pictures and Statues.

Reported for the CATHOLIC RECORD.

From newspapers, magazines, pamphlets and from conversations with neighbors of different creeds, any one can learn that many people, otherwise well-informed, have strange, erroneous ideas about the Catholic Church, its doctrines and practices. Some of these have lately been so atrociously misrepresented that I consider it my duty to explain them, lest silence be taken as an acknowledgment that we really hold doctrines and are given up to practices falsely attributed to us.

1. The first question I propose to answer is: *What do Catholics believe in regard to the Bible?*

Answer: We believe that the Bible contains the Word of God—the truth, and nothing but the truth as revealed by God. Hear what the Council of Trent, in its fourth session, says: "The Catholic Church acknowledges and receives with devout piety, reverence and veneration all the books of the Old as well as of the New Testament, because God is the Author of both."

2. In what do Catholics differ from Protestants on this subject?

Answer: Protestants believe that the Bible contains the whole truth revealed by God, and that the Bible alone as understood by every private individual is the Christian's guide and rule of faith and action; while Catholics believe that the Bible, together with Catholic Tradition—and both as taught and explained by the Catholic Church—is our correct and reliable rule of faith and practice; and, mark it well, when I say *Catholic Tradition*, I do not mean an *opinion* held by one, or even by many, but only such doctrines as were believed *everywhere, by all and at all times!*

[Of the Bible and Tradition and the Church explaining both I may say more in a later discourse. At present I only wish to make it clear what we believe about the Bible.]

3. Are not Catholics forbidden to read the Bible?

Ans.: No! This is one of the old, oft-repeated calumnies against Mother Church. The Catholic Church never forbade the reading of the Bible by a general, universal law. What the Church did forbid, and still forbids, is the reading of editions and translations published without the authority of the Church; for the very good reason that, as divinely appointed guardian and teacher of the truth, she is in duty bound to protect the faithful against false and misleading translations and editions. If partial and temporary restrictions were issued against promiscuous reading of the Scriptures, this was done in times of great religious excitement and license, when the ignorant and the weak were exposed to the great danger of wresting the Scriptures to their own perdition. (Pet. II., 3, 6.)

To show that this precaution was, and is still, necessary, look at the way Protestants are drifting into endless divisions, subdivisions and conflicting, warring sects with nothing to unite them except a common hatred and war against the Catholic Church. One fact, to prove that Protestant editions of the Bible are unreliable, because full of errors: Some years ago a great movement to revise the English King James' Bible was inaugurated. At a meeting of distinguished clergymen and lay delegates convened to discuss this question in St. Louis, Mo., a Presbyterian minister pleaded for a new version, and said, without being contradicted, that the King James' Bible contained thirty thousand mistakes. The new version was since made, but seems to find little favor, perhaps because it is no better (or perhaps worse) than the old version.

That the Catholic Church was never opposed to the reading of the Bible is certain.

4. The Catholic Church gathered the different parts of Scripture and

fixed the canon or lists of sacred books.

b. It watched most diligently over the integrity of the Bible.

c. It preserved it during the times of universal barbarism and disorder. If the monks and Bishops had not been so assiduous in copying, translating and preserving the Scriptures, they might have perished, like thousands of valuable books of antiquity. The museums of Europe still guard as their greatest pride and treasure copies of the Bible written entirely by hand on parchment with such artistic beauty and regularity that every day hundreds of visitors crowd around them in wonder and admiration.

d. As soon as Christianity was introduced into a new country a partial or complete translation of the Bible was made (as in Italy, in Germany, in France, in England, in Poland, etc.) and kept in every church and monastery.

e. Pope Damasus I. gave orders to St. Jerome (the greatest Latin, Greek and Hebrew scholar of his times) to correct the old versions of Scriptures, and to make a new one in Latin. This he did so well that the new version (called the Vulgate) was soon accepted by the whole Western (or Latin) Church, and is still in use.

f. Read the letter of Pope Pius VI., found in most editions of the Douay Bible.

4. Was not the Bible an almost forgotten book when Luther drew it out of the dusty shelves and opened it to a wondering crowd?

Ans.: This is another of those base calumnies started by Luther, and kept alive ever since, in spite of all historical evidence to the contrary.

a. Long before Luther's time the Bible was translated (either wholly or partially) into the language of nearly every nation that had received Christianity.

b. These Bibles, in Greek, Latin, and modern languages, were copied continually by monks and students who devoted their life to this slow, tedious work.

c. Between the time that the printing press was invented till Luther began his German translation of the Bible over fifty-six editions of the Scriptures had appeared on the continent of Europe alone, in Latin, Greek, German, French, Italian, etc.

d. Since then translations and editions authorized by the Catholic Church have been made almost without limit. The Propaganda at Rome has to day the best equipped printing office in the world, and keeps its presses busy night and day turning out Bibles and other books in almost all known languages of the world.

This I think should suffice to convince any fair-minded person that nothing is further from the truth than the idea (held quite generally) that Catholic lay people are not allowed to read the Bible in their own tongue.

If some Catholics are not as eager to read the Bible as some of their Protestant friends, it is because Catholics are aware that they have a safer and an easier means of finding the truth by accepting the infallible teaching of the Church which alone has received from Christ the right and the power to teach all nations, to preach the gospel to every creature.

II. What do Catholics believe about saints?

Ans.: We believe that all children of God on earth and in heaven are united with one another through the grace of God; that this union of saints on earth and in Heaven is a real, organic union, so that one member feels for the other and takes an interest in him.

Hence we believe that prayers of the living for each other are useful and salutary. We believe, further, that the saints in heaven still take an interest in their friends yet in the flesh; that they can, and do, hear our prayers and intercede for us at the throne of mercy; and, therefore, we honor them as the predestined friends of God; we try to imitate their virtues and ask them to intercede for us. This is, in part, what we mean when we profess in the Apostles Creed our belief in "the Communion of Saints."

This our belief is founded on Scripture as well as on reason and human nature.

1. I take it for granted by all Christians that the prayers of the living for each other are salutary. Else, why would we pray "our Father . . . give us this day our daily bread; forgive us our trespasses; Why should St. Paul in his epistles so frequently pray for others and ask them to pray for him? 2. The angels and saints in heaven can hear our prayers. In Gen. xlviii. 16, we read that the Patriarch Jacob prayed for his grandchildren Ephraim and Manasse: "May the angel that delivered me from all evils bless these boys." The Archangel Raphael said to Tobias: "When thou didst pray with tears . . . I offered thy prayer to the Lord. Our Lord tells us "There shall be joy before the angels of God upon one sinner doing penance." (Luke xv. 10.) St. Paul (1. Cor. iv. 9.) says that we are made a spectacle to the world, the angels and to men. Dives in hell beseeches Abraham to send Lazarus over to cool his burning tongue with a drop of water. When this was denied he begged that somebody be sent to his

brothers still alive to warn them of the terrible fate that was threatening them.

This certainly shows that the departed still see what is going on in the world, and take an interest in it. Now if this is so, who would dare to deny that the saints in heaven can hear our prayers and intercede for us? They could do so when they were yet alive, why can they not do it now? Are they less powerful, less the friends of God and man? Their whole desire is to see God's glory promoted. In what way can they promote it better than by helping us through their prayers to resist temptations and to lead virtuous lives and save our souls?

3. (St. John, Revel. v. 8.) declares expressly that the twenty-four ancients fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps and golden viols full of odors, which are the prayers of saints.

This doctrine of the spiritual mutual intercourse between the living and the blessed in heaven is one of the most consoling and beautiful of the Catholic Church; and it is a great pity and folly that so-called reformers deprived our Protestant friends of these consoling thoughts in the hour of affliction and bereavement.

But, asks some one: "Do not Catholics worship or adore saints?"

Ans.: They do nothing of the kind. We honor them as the friends of God and as Christian heroes. We extol their virtues; we look to them as models for imitation, and we ask them to pray for us. But no Catholic gives them divine honor—honor due to God alone. We know too well the commandment, "Thou shalt adore the Lord thy God, and Him alone shalt thou serve." Any one who would adore a saint, no matter how exalted, can not be a Catholic.

"But," say some, "in praying to the saints you dishonor God and make void Christ's mediatorship." Not at all. We know that all good gifts come from God; that all grace and salvation comes to us through the merits of Christ. We know that whatever the saints have—their virtues, their merits, their glory—are gifts of God. When we ask them to pray for us we acknowledge the honors and dignity Christ designed to confer upon them, and thus honoring them we honor Christ the Author of all grace.

We know that Christ is always willing to hear us; but when we beg the saints to intercede for us we rest assured that instead of us poor sinners praying alone, we have the closest friends of God to plead our cause, and so we have greater hope to be heard by God. Moreover, the Church closes all her official prayers, whether directed immediately to God or to the saints by the formula, *through Jesus Christ our Lord.*

Do Catholics not worship images and statues of saints?

Ans.: No! Never! This is another base calumny. We make statues and images of saints for the same reason that statues and images of great patriots are made—that by seeing them we may be led to remember and think of their heroic deeds in order that we may be inflamed to imitate them. The respect shown these images is not meant for the images and statues, but is directed to the saints represented by them. And who will deny that the beautiful images and statues of the saints found everywhere in the Catholic Church are a powerful help to raise our thoughts heavenward, and aid us materially—especially the unlettered classes—in meditating over the best means of reaching that glory conferred upon the saints through the merits of Jesus Christ?

What I said of the honor given by Catholics to saints, their statues and images, applies to the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of God. We do not adore her—much less her images and statues. We simply honor her as the holiest, the purest, the most perfect and most exalted of God's creatures and the best friend of God and man.

I think this will satisfy any one open to conviction that Catholics do not adore the Blessed Virgin Mary, or any of the saints and their images. It is about time that this oft-repeated calumny be buried once and forever. If Protestants will not be convinced that praying to the saints is useful, nobody will force them to pray to them. But if Catholics pray to them, nobody has a right on that account to cry out against them, "Shame! Idolaters!" Catholics adore and condemn idolatry under every form just as strongly and sincerely as any Protestant, and no one need fear that they will ever mistake a statue of wood or stone, or the saint it represents, for a God, or attribute divine honor and worship to either.

NEW BOOKS.

The well-known firm of Messrs. Benziger Bros., 36 and 38 Barclay street, New York has lately published:
"Five O'Clock Stories; or The Old Tales Told Again." By the Sisters of the Holy Childhood. 16mo, fancy binding, \$1.00.
"The Devout Year." By Rev. Richard F. Clark, S. J. It contains short meditations for Advent, Christmas, March, Lent, Easter, May, from the Ascension to Corpus Christi, June, July, and November. 16mo, cloth, 40 cents.
"New Month of the Sacred Heart, St. Francis de Sales." From the French, by a

Sister of the Visitation, Baltimore. Approved by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, 32mo, cloth, 40 cents.

UN-AMERICAN NONSENSE.

Another Voice is Raised Against the Alien Organizations.

Catholic Columbian.

The growing feeling against the A. P. A. among liberal and intelligent men is pleasing to every Catholic. Already this narrow opinion of American citizenship is becoming restricted to persons of a certain station in life.

Last week the *Columbian* quoted the words of Dr. Lyman Abbott, and now *Petter's Southern Magazine* lifts up its voice against this secret proscription organization. In the current number of this magazine the editor says that the persecution of one religion by another may not be surprising in countries where the people have no idea of a free government, and where the only recourse of the people when oppressed is the dynamite or the dagger, but in the United States a different state of affairs exists.

"In this country we have the newspaper and the ballot. And behind the newspaper and the ballot there is a grim, though silent, multitude who have good red blood in their veins which says that the rights of every man shall be protected at the polling place and at the altar. It is not blue blood, claiming descent from gouty earls, or wanton duchesses; it is the red blood of the people—the blacksmith, the farmer, the tradesman, and, best of all, pioneer.

"The Puritan came to inhospitable shores in order that he might worship God according to his own conscience, and unfortunately added an appendix saying that nobody else should do the same. Baptists and Quakers, next to Indians, were his abomination. If a Jew or Catholic had come to Salem he would have been arrested and hanged in short order on Gallows Hill alongside of a witch. So the Catholics went to Maryland, and the Jews to Philadelphia, where they knew the Quakers would not persecute them. The Baptists went to Rhode Island along with Roger Williams, and the Puritans were left to hang each other since they had no one else to hang. They did so, with alacrity, but the seed has not run out unto this day.

"It was a very virile stock this Puritan blood bred, but it lacked tenderness. It was a good stock to graft upon, just as we know that the wild orange or wild apple when grafted with something sweeter but less hardy yields the best results. But it is sour and bitter when left alone. It lacks sweetness though it has strength. It is strong, but it is unreasonable and obstinate and narrow-minded.

"That a Catholic should be an American, or an American a Catholic, is not strange. One of the signers to our Declaration of Independence was a pronounced Catholic. Possibly more of them were. In the late war there were nearly as many Irishmen as Confederates in the field. At least a third of them were Catholics. And there were French Catholics and Italian Catholics and Spanish Catholics also in the army, and fighting for the Stars and Stripes.

"These men could be trusted with guns in their hand then—is it unsafe to trust them now? It does not seem to us that they are dangerous. A Catholic is not of necessity a hyena or a tiger, and the 'old priest' does not broil Protestant children for his breakfast. Nor are the Jesuits liable to corrupt our politics, or the nuns scheming to blow us up with dynamite.

"But the anti-Catholic spirit will not down, and the 'old priest' must be made a bugaboo for children to shudder at. The American Protective Association has taken the place of the old Know-Nothings. It has declared a boycott on the Catholics. Its members will not buy from any Catholic, or give him any business whereby he can profit. They must also urge their friends to discontinue dealing with a Catholic. As Christian people it becomes their duty to starve a Catholic to death in order that some other person may be saved as they desire.

"And these people get sick in a strange land, or are mangled by a railroad train, or awake to a Sister of Charity bounding over them and the gentle touch of her hand taking half their pain away. In Catholic hospitals they are nursed and tended, as the Jew was by the man from Samaria, and yet think Catholics dangerous!

"The writer of this is not a member of the Roman Catholic Church, but he is an American citizen who is not afraid of the Pope, of Monsignor Sattoli, or all the Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops and priests of that Church. He would not even betake himself to the woods if he were about to meet a Jesuit or a nun. He would even meet the fool-killer and stay long enough to tell him that he was remiss in his duty. The fool-killer might slay him on general principles, but never on the ground of religious intolerance.

"The members of the A. P. A., as they call themselves, need the fool-killer badly. They have made a false alarm for their own profit. I one town in Michigan they have

assumed that the Catholics were about to massacre the Protestants. Therefore they ordered some eight hundred or a thousand guns with which the Protestants could protect themselves. Somebody got a commission on the purchase of those guns. It was from the beginning a piece of nonsense, combined with knavery. A gold brick swindle by the side of it would seem as harmless as a Sunday-school address.

"They went further than this. At a meeting of their society they appointed a committee of ministers to examine the Catholic churches and see if arms were not stored in their basements for the assassination of Protestants. The priests received them courteously and gave them every facility for examination. They found no arms, of course, and departed knowing that no arms were there. One would suppose that these ministers would have announced the fact that they had found no evidence of a Catholic insurrection from their pulpits. They had declined against the Catholics before, and had charged them with this crime. But not a word had they to say when the crime was not proven. Had they found the guns there would have been a crusade.

"We have no State religion, is as good as another. The Catholic has as good a right to his religion as anybody else. But had two Catholic priests demanded to search the basements of the Protestant churches of their town for firearms no law could have protected them. A mob would have settled their rights without judge or jury. No Protestant minister would have permitted such a search. Yet they say the Catholics are dangerous.

"There is no need in this country for a secret, oath-bound American Protective Association. Americans will protect themselves; and to swear not to vote for a Catholic nor trade with a Catholic is the sheerest nonsense. It is un-American and wrong."

It is just such opinions as these, so freely expressed, that will eventually compel the A. P. A. citizens to withdraw with shame from the gaze of honest men.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Boston Pilot.

The city government of Rockford, Ill., has it appears, fallen into the hands of "a secret organization whose leading members are pronounced atheists," to quote from the *Morning Star* of that city, or, in other words, the local branch of the notorious A. P. A. The new mayor, one Hutchins, is said to be the President of the branch. How the Know-nothings secured their ill-gotten victory is thus described by the *Star*: "A few days before election a number of the conspirators got together and drew up a firebrand circular. It was mailed to hundreds of voters, many being sent into the second and sixth wards. The circular related that a great plot was on foot to subvert the general government. The Pope and a number of emissaries and all the Cardinals and Bishops of America were to meet in June at Chicago, and a general onslaught against Protestants was to be made in September. The persons who received the circular were admonished to be watchful and vigilant, and that a vote for Hutchins was necessary to protest against this attempt to seize the Government. This naturally scared hundreds of persons, and won the election." The results of this work are about as complimentary to the intelligence of those people who allowed themselves to be gulled as they are creditable to the perpetrators. But it is a thousand pities that the decent and sensible citizens of Rockford should be made suffer for the rashness of one class and the stupidity of another.

Our own oleaginous Elijah Morse, Christian statesman and stove-polish manufacturer, has written a letter to the condemned murderer, Ahuy, in which he says: "Wicked and bad as may have been your past life, I might not have been any better had I had the same circumstances and surroundings and temptations." Which moves the *New York Tribune* to remark demurely: "There is probably nothing in all literature that is so constantly and so unconsciously repeated in the real life of the world as the very simple story contained in the eleventh verse of the eighteen chapter of Luke's Gospel." If Mr. Morse will overhaul his Testament he will find that verse, which reads: "The Pharisee standing prayed thus with himself: 'O God, I give Thee thanks that I am not as the rest of men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, as also is this publican.'"

The Duke of Veragua, unless he has a keener sense of humor than most grave hidalgos of Spain, will go home with some remarkable opinions of American society. In New York, for example, he was invited to dine with Mrs. Paron Stevens, with a sense of etiquette that would surprise the grandees of Castile, invited Mayor Gilroy to the feast, but omitted to include the Mayor's wife in the invitation. Being reminded of the lapse, she blandly explained: "I invited the Mayor of the city of New York to meet my friend the Duke. I did not know Mr. Gilroy, and I am

not fortunate enough to have the name of Mrs. Gilroy upon my visiting list." Will "my friend the Duke" write down in his diary: "In American high life, the widow of a tavern keeper does not recognize the wife of a Mayor?" Ave Maria.

There are two falsehoods pre-eminent among those which the bigoted non-Catholic is in the habit of proclaiming—that there is a traffic "for revenue only" in the confessional, and that the holy Scriptures are kept from the laity at any cost of severe measures. The most pitiable exhibition of this sort of bigotry, which would be disgusting if it were not so absurd, is found in an article in a paper named "light" is supposed to illuminate certain sectarian Sunday schools, and informs the credulous pupils that Roman Catholics are so averse to the Word of God that a priest will immediately burn any Bible found in the hands of one of his people. The *Shining Light* is kind enough, however, to add the encouraging remark that many Catholics are being led out of this darkness. If this is the sort of "light" furnished to innocent babes, it is time some one came forward with a spiritual extinguisher.

The American Protective Association, bigoted, fanatical and subversive of all true democratic principles as it undoubtedly is, can scarcely be considered absolutely indefensible so long as it serves as a target for such hot shot as Governor Stone, of Kansas City, Mo., recently poured upon it. An A. P. A. committee having requested the Governor to appoint Protestants to some civic offices and exclude Catholics therefrom, Governor Stone made it sufficiently clear to the committee that they had not correctly estimated their man. After stating that he was a Protestant, and did not believe in the chief dogmas of the Catholic Church, he continued: "I know a great many good men and noble women who do believe these things. I know a great many splendid Americans, Catholic too, who are patriotic men, ready to bear arms in defence of the country; who contribute much to our enterprise, literature and statesmanship; who pay taxes, who bear all the burdens of citizenship. And any proposition that would exclude these people from all participation in our civil affairs is monstrous and intolerable to me. I have no sympathy with it. . . . I think your association is undemocratic and un-American, and I am opposed to it. I haven't a drop of Know-Nothing blood in my veins." Whether the committee acted like other curs when they have received a whipping, and slunk away, is not stated; but 'tis safe to assert that Gov. Stone will not soon be treated to another exhibition of their snarling malignity. Catholic Citizen.

It is by no means certain that the people of our congregations would read Catholic books if they had them in so-called "parish libraries." The fact is a reflection that each congregation must explain for itself. So many of our people are Catholics by routine and not by intelligence and so many of us are in the habit of thinking it is all right for the future to depend on a Catholicity of that kind. But whether there is a demand for them or not, we believe that parish libraries ought to be provided. They are as necessary as any kind of church furniture or architecture—and they may come to be appreciated by the having—(something that will never befall some of our church architecture, we fear.) If there are no people in a congregation who can appreciate a Catholic circulating library it is time to open a night school.

Connecticut Catholic.

The Sabbatarians who allege the need of Sunday closing of the World's Fair in order that employes may have rest on the Lord's day forget one thing. Sunday opening would give the bartenders of Chicago a day's rest. One lesson of Dr. Talmage's desperate tussle with poverty is that it is quite as bad financing for a church to live beyond its means as the individual. Had Mr. Talmage remembered this in time the religious world would have been spared the humiliation of seeing a church paying off its debt at the rate of 25 cents on the dollar.

The fact should not be forgotten that it was not a Whitechapel mob that insulted Gladstone at the Imperial Institute, but the best society that England can lay claim to. It is a sad commentary on the degeneracy of modern English civilization. Such a lavish display would never have been witnessed in this country of cosmopolitan population.

SEPARATE SCHOOLS HONORED.

We are pleased to learn that Rev. Brother Maxentius, Drawing Master of the Toronto Separate schools, has been appointed to cooperate with Dr. May, Superintendent of Art Schools for Ontario, in taking charge of the educational exhibit from this province at the World's Fair, Chicago. This is practical testimony to the gentleman's personal worth, to the merits of the Christian Brothers in particular, and the Separate school system in general.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER,
if you are a weak
or ailing woman—
—that there's only
one medicine so
sure to help you
that it can be guar-
anteed. It's Dr.
Pierce's Favorite
Prescription. In
building up over-
worked, feeble,
or delicate women,
in any "female
complaint" or
weakness, if it ever fails to benefit or
cure, you have your money back. It's
an invigorating, restorative tonic,
soothing and strengthening nerve,
and a safe and certain remedy for woman's
ills and ailments. It regulates and pro-
motes all the proper functions, improves
digestion, enriches the blood, dispels
aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep,
and restores health and strength.
Nothing else can be so cheap. With
this you pay only for the good you get.

—THE—
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"Kicker"
"Cable."

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THE
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CIGAR?

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Liquid
Chase's
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GLASS
We have a special art-
ist, late of London, Eng.,
and New York, to make
designs for Stained and
Leaded Glass for
Churches, Halls,
Private Houses,
Etc., and will be pleased
to quote prices and submit
designs.

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NO MORE GRAY HAIR.

Why allow your
gray hair to make
you look prema-
turally old, when
by a judicious use
of ROBSON'S
RESTORER you
may easily re-
store the primitive
color of your hair
and banish
untimely signs of
old age?
Not only does
ROBSON'S RES-
TORER restore
the original color
of the hair, but it
further possesses
the invaluable prop-
erty of softening it,
giving it an in-
comparable luxu-
riance, promoting its
growth, at the
same time pre-
venting its fall-
ing out and pre-
serving its vita-
lity, qualities
which are not to
be found in ordinary hair
preparations.

The most flattering testimonials from SYR-
IAT, PHYSICIANS and many other eminent
citizens testify to the marvellous efficacy
of ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER.

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Sole Proprietor
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A POEM BY FATHER RYAN.
Hitherto Unpublished and Dedicated to
Friends While Their Guest.

The following graceful poem hitherto unpublished, by Father Ryan, was written in about the year 1876, while staying with some friends on their beautiful plantation in Mississippi. Always at home in the haunts of nature, with a heart and mind attuned to all that was lovely and loveable in human life, the changeful charm of the vernal season in that rural retreat, and the quiet happiness of the household where he was an honored guest, awoke within him sentiments which found fitting expressions in song. Admirers of Father Ryan's writings will be interested in this poem of occasion from the pen of the beloved poet, priest, and patriot:

To Mr. and Mrs. A. M. T.

Just when the gentle hand of spring
Came fringing the trees with bud and leaf,
And when the blades the thorns were bring-
ing
Verdure and glad promise of golden sheaf;
Just when the birds began to sing
Joy hymns after their winter's grief,
I wandered weary to a place,
Tired of toil, I sought for rest,
Where nature wore her mildest grace—
I went where I was more than guest,
Strange, tall trees rose as if they faint
Would wear as crowns the clouds of skies;
The sad winds swept with low refrain
Through branches breathing softest sighs;
And over the field and down the lane
Sweet flowers, the dreams of Paradise,
Blissed up into this world of pain.

Where all that's fairest sooner dies;
And 'neath the trees a little stream
Went winding slowly round and round,
Just like a poet's mystic dream,
With here a silence, there a sound,
The lovely ground beneath the sheen
Of March day suns, now dim, now bright,
Now generous of golden green.

In fanning or in fading light;
And here and there throughout the scene
The timid wild flowers met the sight;
While over all the sun and shade
Swept like a strangely woven veil,
Folding the flowers that else might fade,
Guarding young rosebuds from the gale,
And blossoms of most varied hue
Beckoned the forest everywhere.

While valleys wore the robes of blue
Bright woven by the violet fair,
And there was gladness all around;
It was a place so fair to see,
And yet so simple,—there I found
How sweet a quiet home may be.
Four children—two and three all the day
They hung their laughter at the place;
Bright as the flowers in happy May,
The children about me sweetly grace
Around this quiet home, and they
To father and to mother brought
The smiles of parents ever sought;
It was a happy, happy spot,
Too dear to be for ever forgot.

Farewell, sweet place! I came as guest;
From toil, in thee I found relief,
I found in thee a home and rest—
But ah! the days are far too brief.
Farewell! I go, but with me come
Sweet memories of the long "While";
I'll think of thee as of a home
That stands forever in my past! — A. J. Ryan.

One Would Think They Were Papists!

The old liberty bell was lowered Friday morning from its place in the rotunda of Independence hall, where it swung on thirteen great iron links. The observations were watched by a miscellaneous crowd of men, women and children. Several little incidents occurred that proved how keen an interest the bell has for the general public.

Charles Redinger, a workman, who was cleaning the dark mass of metal, found lying on the clevis two copper cents. In explanation of their presence, the superintendent of the hall, Edward Rice, said that visitors were accustomed to take a coin whose denomination ranged from dollars to humble cent, and place them so that they touched some part of the relic. Falling to the floor they were recovered and treasured as priceless mementoes. Those irreverent creatures, the spiders had spun one or two slender dust-filled webs within the bell, but no vandal dust-brush was permitted to disturb them. Several patriotic spectators removed them with the solicitude of religious devotees, blew the dust tenderly from the meshes and spread them on sheets of paper, which were reverently transferred to note and pocket-books. Others not so fortunate collected the dust which their more fortunate fellows had despised.

An American Catholic on Protestant Critics.

Any one who should advance that only a Methodist, or a Catholic, or a Presbyterian could be a loyal American citizen, or an honest man, would receive only contemptuous laughter for his pains. The virulent agitation against our Catholic schools, strange to say, emanates chiefly from those ministers of other creeds who see clearly enough that we have adopted the only safe method of rearing a generation of believing Christians and who would follow our course if they, or their congregations, had our faith or courage. It needs not to be a Pope or

SKINS ON FIRE

With agonizing Eczema and other itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, blotchy, and Pimply Skin and Scalp Diseases are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the CUTICURA REMEDY, consisting of CUTICURA, the greatest skin cure.

CUTICURA
Soap, an exquisite skin purifier and solvent, greatest of humors removed. This is strong language, but every word is true, as proven by thousands of grateful testimonials. CUTICURA REMEDY is, beyond all doubt, the greatest Skin Cure.

WEAK, PAINFUL KIDNEYS.
With their weary, dull, aching, hollow, agonizing sensation, relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only infallible, pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents.

a prophet to foretell the inevitable result. Fifty years from now, while Catholicity will be blooming and vigorous in these States, the peculiar tenets of the various non-Catholic denominations will be as extinct as the pterodactyl.—Dr. James F. Loughlin, in the May Forum.

IN A LAND OF CATHOLICS.
Some Thoughts on Matters Affecting Our Social Life in the Republic.

Catholic Columbian.
"My foot is on my native heath, and my name is McGregor!"
This grand outburst of Rob Roy's comes naturally to the mind of the Maryland Catholic when he returns to his own State after wandering, more or less, like a stranger, in other parts of the Republic. Here we were first. Here we established an asylum for those persecuted for conscience sake. Here we, earliest of all civil rulers in the history of the world, laid down the principle that no man can be coerced in matters of belief, and that conscience is answerable to Him alone who sees the heart.

Here we look every man in the face. In other States that I could name, the Catholic seems always to say, in his manner at least: "By your leave, sir," to the children of the religious secessionist of the XVI. century.

AT THE LAKE OF THE SACRED HEART.
I was much struck with an instance of this that happened to myself a few years ago in the northern part of our country. A prominent member of the police force of one of the greatest American cities was sojourning for his health in a beautiful village near the classic shore of Champlain, that lake discovered by Catholics and named by the pious leader of its first white visitors, the "Lake of the Sacred Heart."

Staying over night at the place with another priest, himself native to those parts, I thought it but proper to call next morning and see the invalid. We ascended the porch, therefore, and ringing the bell were shown into the parlor, and a messenger went for the captain. The poor man soon came, delighted, no doubt, as sick persons usually are, to be called on by presumed acquaintances, and especially by myself, whom, from the sameness of the name, he perhaps took to be the distinguished rector of St. Bridget's, New York City.

THE EVIL SPIRIT LIES EVEN HERE.

On meeting us, however, when, in order to enjoy the morning sun, we proposed and carried an adjournment to the veranda, this Catholic said: "Let us go around to the other side, gentlemen, they are very bigoted here." And this from a man who had served in one of the most important positions in one of the chief cities of the United States for many years; in a country that was first explored, evangelized and settled by Catholics; a Catholic himself said this to two priests that Church whose sons had discovered America, and had erected the first printing press on this continent, and founded the earliest universities; and is now, at least one-half city was, and is now, at least one-half Catholic. Or was this man ashamed of the political affiliation of his fellow-Catholics there? Or of the business in which they are chiefly represented? Or of priests in general? Or of us in particular? I know not. I give you the fact. As for us, we at once lost our interest in the visit, feeling that our presence actually made the invalid uncomfortable, and retired to a more congenial atmosphere.

A PRIEST'S SOCIAL LIFE.

This man felt evidently that a priest was of no account in the city where he had passed most of his life and held office. The priest is not consulted on public affairs, he can't get the attention and listen to him, (at least unless he is with his superiors or with his people,) he is not invited to take part in movements for the general good of the community, but is treated as if he were a foreigner, an ignorant emigrant, the superstitious adherent of exploded religious theories, and the blind follower of unprincipled political bosses whose only object was to bleed the public purse.

How different things in Maryland! Here the priest is one of the principal members of society, and the Catholic Church holds the place of honor as being the earliest in the commonwealth, and the one chiefly prominent in educational, charitable and politico-religious movements. This is so true, that on a not remote occasion, two papers one morning contained two letters, one from the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, another from Bishop Keane, addressed to Anthony Comstock, encouraging and blessing him and the Society for the Suppression of Vice, in their laudable work.

Why did that gentleman apply to Maryland for endorsement? Bishop Keane is an Irishman-born, Cardinal Gibbons partly educated in Ireland.

What is the reason that churchmen and our Holy Mother Church seem to have so little influence in public sentiment in other places?

Let others answer. I only note the fact, expressing the wish that things may change in this respect, and the Church take her proper place in all important matters everywhere in the republic.

DR. STAFFORD.
Apropos of this subject, I was very much struck with what took place in Baltimore recently. It was the 29th of March, and passing through the city, I heard that the distinguished young priest, Dr. Stafford, whom Ohio so courteously released to his native State, was about to lecture at the Academy of Music. Going to the hall, I found that the occasion was the Commencement of the College of Law and

Medicine of the Baltimore University. A vast audience of intelligent-looking people were assembled, and at 8 o'clock the curtain rose and revealed the new aspirants for legal and medical honors, all of the male sex, except one of the embryo lawyers, who with a relative, was to receive the diploma of her profession. To the fore sat the president of the University, and beside him Cardinal Gibbons, Dr. Stafford and some other priests, one of whom arose and blessed himself, while all the audience stood, prayed God's benediction on all, especially on those who were to fill such important offices in society. The Cardinal, like the rest, remained standing with bowed head during the prayer. From the number that blessed themselves with the priest, I should think that the majority were not Catholics.

After the diplomas had been given out by General Carr, Dr. Stafford was introduced, and pronounced one of the finest discourses I remember to have heard in a long time. Indeed to be frank with you, Mr. Editor, I would willingly pay fifty cents to hear this brother priest speak, and am not at all surprised to hear that he can command two hundred dollars a night. "Money had lost in giving this ecclesiastic to Maryland?" Of course it is all right. We should have the best in every department, and I suppose it was the night I write of that the Cardinal finally decided to offer Dr. Stafford the chair of Sacred Eloquence at the University.

Thus does Providence bring things about. Ohio builded a better than she knew. The honored orator was frequently and heartily applauded during his discourse of one hour's duration, after which the Cardinal quietly retired, and Dr. Stafford closed the Commencement Exercise of the Baltimore University by blessing the immense audience, which rose for the purpose, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Good bye! EDWARD McSWEENEY. April 13, '93.

The Word "Catholic."

A writer in the New York Tribune says: It has become quite common among a certain portion of my friends, the Protestants, who with best intent insist upon calling themselves Catholics. If all such would refer to Worcester's definition of the word Catholic that alone should prove the falsity of their claim. Thus they would see that Catholic means not sectarian, not exclusive, liberal, universal, the very opposite to Protestant theories. St. Augustine says: "All the heretics desire to be called Catholics, yet if a stranger asks them which is the church of the Catholics none of them venture to point out their church or house." The Anglicans and Episcopalians add the Apostles' Creed, which says: "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church," and yet if you ask one, Am you a Catholic? he answers, No, I am a Protestant—that is, I am a Catholic, but not a Romanist. The word Roman Catholic merely means that the Holy See, ever the visible centre of Catholic unity, has been always established in Rome. The fact that the Roman Church has successfully claimed, held and vindicated her glorious title of Catholic for nearly 1,900 years is galling to some Protestants who use every effort to usurp it. But it is no use. The Catholic remains forever impregnable. St. Ignatius says: "Where Jesus Christ is, there you will find the Catholic Church." We find the saints and writers of every age have but one meaning in using the words Catholic or Catholic Church. They always mean that a Catholic child claims the whole world as his heritage, and the Church Catholic means that founded by God the Son, over which St. Peter presides in his successors as Vicar of Christ. The true point is to compel others to give us a particular name, which is not so easy as to take it on our own authority.

A Travesty on Religion.

Probably the greatest travesty on religion ever enacted in this country recently took place in New York when Parson C. H. Tyndall introduced a stuffed lion to the congregation of the Broom street Tabernacle. Although the lion was so rudely constructed that but few knew what it was intended to imitate, the congregation would have been satisfied with the Punch and Judy exhibition had the machinery within the great beast accomplished what was expected of it.

At the proper time in the course of his harangue Mr. Tyndall exclaimed: "Listen to the awful voice of the king of beasts." Then he pulled the string, which produced laughter in place of terror. Now, a mock devil is to be constructed for the exclusive use of this modern pulpit banger. It is to be supplied with a fog horn, and it is hoped that if it does not create fear, that it will be, at least, a drawing card for the Tabernacle. It is a disgrace to Christianity, that men calling themselves ministers of the Gospel will resort to tricks that bring religion into ridicule. The ambition of these charlatans is to win notoriety after the example of the dime museum freaks.

The nip of a poisonous snake is but a slight remove from being more dangerous than the poison of Scrofula in the blood. Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies the vital fluid, expels all poisonous substances, and supplies the elements of life, health, and strength. HEADACHE and CONSTIPATION vanish when Burdock Pills are used. They cure where others fail.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.
Second Sunday after Pentecost, and Sunday within the Octave of Corpus Christi.

THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.
The month of June has, as you know, my brethren, been set apart by general consent for devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, as that of May has in the same way been devoted to our Blessed Lady; and on next Friday, the day following the octave of Corpus Christi, the Church solemnly celebrates the Feast of the Sacred Heart. This feast, formerly observed only in some places, has for about thirty years been kept everywhere.

As the devotion to the Sacred Heart has of late spread so widely in the Church, and is so plainly pleasing to God and most salutary to us, it is well that we should understand it clearly, that we may enter into it more fully. In the first place, then, we will ask, What is the nature of the worship which we render to the Sacred Heart of Jesus? And, secondly, Why is it specially selected as the object of our devotion?

What, then, is the nature of our worship of the Sacred Heart? It is, of course, the same as that which we pay to our Lord Himself—that is, the worship which is due to Him as God the Son, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity. His human nature, united to the divine nature in one Person, is truly worthy of divine worship and honor. God, having become man, His human heart is the heart of God, and must be adored as such. Let us, then, remember this: the devotion to the Sacred Heart is one that is given to God Himself, just as that which we have for the Blessed Sacrament in which He resides on our altars.

But why do we select the Heart of our Lord, or rather why has He Himself selected it, as a special object of our adoration? I say, Why has He Himself selected it? For this devotion to the Sacred Heart in modern times is due specially to a revelation made by our Lord to the Blessed Margaret Mary, a nun of the Visitation, two centuries ago.

In answer to this question we may say that our Lord's Heart is the fountain of His Precious Blood, which was shed for our salvation, and was pierced by the lance, like His hands and feet by the nails, on the cross; and it is in this way specially pointed out as the object of our gratitude and love. But even a more urgent reason is that the heart is a natural symbol of love, and agreed on by universal consent at all times and in all parts of the world, and therefore that the Heart of Jesus most perfectly represents His love for us. In adoring the Sacred Heart, then, we adore in a particular manner the love of Christ for sinners; and it is for this reason that He has given us this devotion, knowing that it is only by the thought of the love of His Heart for us that our hearts can be won to the love of Him.

Irish Carpet-Baggers.

Maj. Sanderson, the Scotchman who occupies a seat for Armagh, has assumed a remarkable attitude toward the Home Rule Bill. Sanderson represents an Irish borough, and pretends to say how Ireland shall be governed. Yet he expresses the utmost lack of confidence in those whom it pleases him, for political purposes, to regard as his fellow-countrymen. He spoke the other day of "the predatory propensities of the squalid Irish floating with a hungry executive flotilla in whisky." On Tuesday, Maj. Sanderson said, in as many words, that anything that was Irish was rotten and irresponsible.

It has been shown repeatedly that Sanderson and the Orangemen do not present a majority even in the one Irish province for which they assume to speak. The Ulster rebels of to-day were brought to Ireland by King James I. to overawe the natives, and at the end of three centuries they are still an alien race. They are carpet-baggers, simply bent on squeezing the last drop of revenue out of Ireland. They shriek because their prerogatives are in danger. They know that Home Rule would mean the rule of the majority, and the overturning of the present system of minority rule. If their English allies feel that they have not yet been amply paid for keeping Ireland on off to the Crown, let them pension off the "loyal garrison" and let Ireland be governed by people who are not ashamed of the name and character of Irishmen. Then, if the followers of Sanderson do not like it, they can emigrate to England and live on their pensions.—Buffalo Express.

Rev. Robert C. Parson, Springfield, Ont., writes: "I have been using your Pink Pills, and have found a wonderful benefit from them. This is the veridical of all who use Pink Pills. Take no substitute, and beware of imitations. From the dealer, or post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Brockville, Ont."

KNOW-NOTHINGISM REVIVED

A Secret Anti-Catholic Society Said to Exist in Many Parts of the West—Mixing in Politics.
New York correspondence, Pittsburgh Dispatch.
Intimations have occasionally been telegraphed East in connection with local elections in some of the Western States of the existence of an anti-Catholic society patterned after the old Know-Nothing organization. The society is called the American Protective Association. It is popularly known as the A. P. A., and its tenets and practices are dubbed A. P. Aism.

It has been in existence about four years, and in that time, it is said, has succeeded in defeating Catholic candidates in the municipal elections in several Western cities. The practice has been to affiliate with the Republicans, and various so-called Republican victories in heretofore Democratic strongholds have been due to the introduction of a sectarian element into the contest by the American Protective Association. The society is found in Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska. In Toledo, Columbus and Cincinnati the society has made its presence manifestly felt in local elections and in other ways. Saginaw, Mich., is said to be an A. P. A. hotbed. In Central Illinois, the southern half of Iowa, the northern half of Missouri and the eastern half of Kansas and Nebraska the society is also strong.

The A. P. A., of course, has its organs. There are avowed A. P. A. journals published in St. Louis, Minneapolis and Omaha and two in Michigan, and several other publications sympathize with the purpose of the society. Unlike Know-Nothingism, the association is principally made up of foreigners, not of native Americans. An Episcopal clergyman of Omaha describes the Nebraska branch as being composed chiefly of Englishmen, Canadians, Orangemen, Scandinavians and Germans. Scandinavians and Orangemen are said to form the bulk of the society in other States.

The numerical strength of the A. P. A. is variously estimated. Ex-Congressman Tarsney is quoted as saying that in Saginaw there is not a merchant who has not felt the effects of the boycott which has been conducted in that town during the past year by the A. P. A. The boycotting naturally is not all on one side, as Catholics do not trade with known members of the society. The Republicans made large gains in the recent elections in Saginaw, which is usually Democratic. A Baptist minister in Cincinnati, who preaches to a crowded church and denounces Romilly Catholicism, is quoted as boasting that there are 60,000 A. P. A.'s in Chicago, 10,000 in Cincinnati, and at least half as many in Columbus. All Catholics who ran for office in Columbus last November were defeated by from 4,000 to 5,000 votes.

A Headless Church.

An incident which has happened in the colony of British Columbia, illustrates very clearly the necessity of having a head for a Church, whether that head be Pope, king, or parliament. It seems that the rector of an Anglican church in Vancouver had a dispute with his diocesan concerning the abusions in the administration of the sacrament, and the end of it was that the rector preached a vituperous sermon, likening himself to Witellife and the whole noble army of martyrs, and the bishop replied by withdrawing the rector's license. It seems that the rector has no way of appealing against this decree. Canterbury and the British Parliament and the Law Courts are closed to him, as much as the doors of the Vatican itself. There is not, in fact, a single clergyman of any of these voluntary Anglican churches who may not have the necessity of practicing as a bishop whose doctrine and his own, and who may not, sooner or later, turn him out of his living. There is absolutely no security, either in spiritual or temporal matters, and the only thing which prevents the various Anglican bodies from splitting into a hundred fragments is that as a rule the bishops recognize the necessity of allowing their clergy to believe and to do that which seems good in their eyes.—Facts.

Fined for Trading with Catholics.

A priest in Indianapolis, having been asked by a reporter if he were aware of the existence of any members of the A. P. A. in that city, replied in the affirmative, and instanced the case of a person who recently went into the office where the books of the local organization were kept. He found them lying open on the desk, and concluding that he was free to look at them, he glanced at the pages and saw there a most remarkable record. One member had been fined five dollars for purchasing a hat from Michael Ryan, merchant, while another had had been fined a like amount for having a job of plumbing done by Healy & O'Brien of that city. The reason given for imposing the fines was that the dealers were Roman Catholics. And this is America!

Hood's Cures.

In saying that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures, its proprietors make no idle or extravagant claim. Statements from thousands of reliable people, what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for them, conclusively prove the fact—HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA CURES.
HOOD'S PILLS act especially upon the liver, rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion. **Miaard's Liniment is the Best.**
works show you the reason of this

Interior Voice

FROM THE BRECHEN OF
For the CATHOLIC B...
The tomb said to the rose
When dawn in beauty glows
And weeps her tears of light
How sweetest those whose
Dost make rich diadems
To place youth's crown above
The rose said to the tomb
When in thy depths of gloom
Youth and beauty lie,
What makes of radiant light
The gleam of radiant youth
In thy vast depths below
The rose said: "Sombre
I make a sweet perfume
Of Aurora's drope of light
The tomb said: "Plaintive
Of the souls that form me
I make angels bright."

HUMAN SOCIETY

Archbishop Gross Lectures
Victoria Daily Times
There was a very ap-
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JUNE 3, 1893.

Interior Voices.

FROM THE FRENCH OF V. HUGO.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD.

The tomb said to the rose: "When dawn in beauty glows, and weeps her tears of love, how sweetest thou these gems? Dost make rich diadems To place youth's brow above?"

The rose said to the tomb: "When in thy depths of gloom Youth and beauty lie, what market thou of them? The gleam of radiant zen In thy vast depths would die."

The rose said: "Sombre tomb, I make a sweet perfume Of Aurora's drops of light." The tomb said: "Plaintive flower, Of the souls that form my dower I make angels bright."

HUMAN SOCIETY.

Archbishop Gross Lectures Upon This Interesting Subject.

Victoria Daily Times, May 9.

There was a very appreciative audience present to listen to His Grace Archbishop Gross last evening in the Y. M. I. hall, when he lectured on "Human Society." The front seats were occupied by some very prominent people, and the body of the hall was comfortably filled. On the platform with His Grace were His Lordship the Bishop, the clergy of the church and the officers of the Y. M. I.

An address was presented to His Grace by Mr. D. McBrady. It was signed by Rev. J. A. Van Neville, T. Deasy, F. H. Lang, F. J. Seld and D. McBrady on behalf of Seghers Council No. 85 Young Men's Institute.

In reply His Grace said: Monseigneur, Rev. Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen—I must thank very much the speaker for the very flattering welcome and reception that he has tendered to me this evening in the name of the society that he represents and of the ladies and gentlemen present. I will not intrude upon your time by telling you how deep an interest I take in the welfare of any society that will promote the welfare of the young man, but I will only say that this is not my first visit to Victoria. I have been here before, as perhaps some of you may remember, and on occasions that will ever remain stamped on the memory of my soul as wonderful scenes, as well as in this venerable building. At my first visit I gave the pallium to that venerable man and martyr to his duty, Monseigneur Seghers. I came back again when his martyred body was brought here for burial, and I came afterwards to you, Monseigneur, on what I remember a very pleasant occasion, when, also in this building, hallowed with the souvenirs of very many pleasant occasions, I had the distinguished honor of conferring upon you the dignity of episcopate. I am, therefore, no stranger in your midst, and I will simply say that on all occasions the clergy seemed to vie with each other in making my stay a *Coadjuvante Mille Fois* and happiness and what not, and this reception has been in keeping with the rest.

And now, as I promised you, I will give you a few ideas of my own this evening on the subject, that, while it does not admit of any grand display of poetical or oratorical effusions, it is after all one that is of most vital importance, and that is "Human Society." When we look around this world we are struck by the many varieties of nationalities, are we not? It is supposed that this world at present contains a human population just now of somewhere about two billions; and the variety of races—the black race, the red race, the yellow one and the white race—and the variety of civilizations in the different races, the religions and what not. Then the question comes: whence did all this spring? I know, even in our days, a theory has been started by certain men under the sacred shelter of science (pretending for a moment that such a hypothesis has any scientific foundation) that man originally came from a beast, and that the animal by some sort of way developed himself into a higher class of animal, and so on from one class to another till at last he became a savage man, and from the savage man he became an enlightened one, and there is the race of human society. Now, my dearly beloved friends, that is a bare assertion, without a shadow of proof, but, on the contrary, is entirely disproved by the wonderful discoveries that have been made. Is it not just in our own day that such a wonderful discovery has been made as the key to the Egyptian hieroglyphics? It is only seventy or eighty years ago that the key was discovered by that illustrious Frenchman that has opened to us the immense treasures of Egypt. Many of you no doubt have seen them in the British Museum, in the gallery of the Louvre, in the Vatican, and in the great treasures of science and art in Europe; you will find there books, papyrus; you will find there mosaics and works of art that have been taken from the tombs of Egypt, where they were placed before the birth of Abraham. Then you have here in our own day another great triumph of the intellect of man in the discovery of the language, where we have the language of Babylon and the Ninevites opened to us. You have, some of you, seen these great triumphs of art and science in the British Museum, in the Louvre, the Vatican, Brussels and other European cities. You have the benefit of the works of great travellers and men; the discoveries made in digging out the ruins of Troy; the wonders of those old East Indian cities; the tremendous discoveries that have been made in the renaissance works. What do all these works show you in proof of the assertion of these men that man came from

an animal? When you look back a few thousand years you find forms; you will see them in the relievo; you will see them on the frescoed walls of ancient Egypt, in the books of Egypt; in the Ninveh papyrus; you have all the learning of Eastern India; and what is the result? Why you see the animal of five thousand years ago. The horse is the same animal; you have the pictures of the horse, and he is the same. Pliny, who lived only two thousand years ago, is, in face of the discoveries that have been made, comparatively a modern author, and in those books, written before the birth of Abraham, there you have the same animal. Yet these men assert that the monkey, through a stage of development, in the course of which he somewhere drops a caudal appendage, gradually becomes a human being. Now you have these animals in sculptures and books for five thousand years back, but do you see any change from now? You see man; yes, but do you see any change or progress? Why, I remember reading some time ago (it was about the old Egyptian hieroglyphics, where it was claimed that a portion of history was written before Moses was a boy, and that, my friends, was some time ago. (Laughter.) But with all those discoveries that have been laid open to us, the riches of Egypt, the languages of Nineveh and Babylon, there is one book that gives us the true history of all the races, and that is the Holy Bible. Take its account of the deluge; there you see proof away back thousands of years ago. There is all the proof that is wanted even if scientific investigation did not go to show the true origin of human society. That book says that in the beginning God created this world, this majestic temple, and when He had made it a fit abode for man He created man's body. That body did not spring from a beast or an animal; it was the creation of God; and you know my friends that any learned man who will study that body will not acknowledge that there is any body of an animal that will compare with the majestic splendor of the human body. Any one who has the merest smattering of physiology will acknowledge that the human body is the grandest masterpiece of the material world. And there is one dignity in the human body over that of the animal. God created the human body; yes, and He gave to the human body His spirit, and that spirit belongs to the angelic world by its nature, for angels are spirits. That spirit belongs to the divine realm, for though God is a spirit and infinite, our spirit is of Him, though we are merely finite. And God created man, but he needed a companion. Now it is a self-evident proposition that an animal is not a sufficient companion for man, so that when God created man a companion when God created man a companion He created woman; and it was God that led man to woman, and therefore formed human society. Human society was the work of God Himself. But man's body and soul became injured by his original sin; but in the full tide of his perfection, in the glory and splendor of this world, God looked down and saw that all things were extremely good. That God created human society satisfies all human history; it is proof that man was made by God, and that man need not degrade himself by going back to the monkey for his origin. But there is something more to show that society was made by God, for man needs society; man was made for God for society. Take the child that is just born. There it lies, the child that is just born, and it needs the mother's head whitened by grey hairs brought there, not by the weight of years, but by the bad behavior of her sons and daughters. Aye, it needs no proof of mine, dearly beloved friends, to tell you that there is no more exquisite anguish and pain this side of the lower regions, for a father and mother than a bad child; and the child, as a rule, is made in society, that you know. Therefore, man depends on society for the development of his nature. Now, my friends, the component part of society, after all, is the family, is it not? What the stones are in the wall, so is the family in society. If society wants virtue among fathers it looks to the family. If our country needs brave soldiers, we go back to the family. Legislators who are fearless, judges who will not stain the ermine, eloquent orators and profound scholars, all are raised in the family. We need the mother of the family if we are to expect fair young ladies in society. You will remember that God is not a solitary God. God is a triune God, and man finds in this world the imitation of that printed in "the father, the bride and the child." That is the connecting link that binds the father and mother together; and it is not in the family that the man feels most happy. Oh, that old English song, "Home, Sweet Home," has a power over the human heart, home and family! And, my friends, what is God? God is love, infinite love and charity. And, though, as I have said, there is nothing so helpless as a new-born babe, yet that babe is never so safe as in its mother's arms. It will want for nothing there. God is charity—and I ask you what it is that binds the heart of mother and father in that family? There are chains stronger than adamant—chains that sparkle more brilliantly than gold—it is the mother's love for her child; it is the father's love for her husband. It is love that binds the wife to her husband; it is the chain of love that binds parents to child and child to parents.

Alexander conquered the world, and wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. Ambition was the downfall of Caesar; and we have seen man in our own day gather millions and millions together, and when death struck them they were still speculating for more millions. These things do not satisfy the human heart; the human heart was made for God. Let it have infinite wealth and glory, and we all love glory, and it all does not satisfy the human heart which is made for God. You may plunge yourself in sensual gratification; you may gratify your sensual desires to the extent of a Solomon, and you would still cry with him: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vexation of spirit." But what have those holy people Cecelia, Agnes, Francis Xavier, and all those whose holy lives are resplendent in the firmament of Heaven. Man has conscience, and it is said that conscience makes cowards of us all. The animal feels neither conscience nor remorse. Take the little boy, though, who has done wrong; he need not tell you, his face shows it all, and how often a child who has done something wrong will not feel at ease until he goes to his mamma and humbly confesses what he has done. There is remorse. One of our eminent pagan philosophers has said that this conscience was a thing which could never excite his admiration too highly. And the heart of man, when conscience is followed, is capable of grand and splendid dignity; it is then that they are indeed angels in flesh and blood. But woe to the man who does not rein in both his heart and his conscience. No animal will descend to such bestialities—if you will pardon me for using such a term; no animal can become so cruel as man; no animal so filthy as man; and we would fearlessly wild beasts of the forests than the wicked man, your thieves, your murderers and robbers, aye, and your bad women also.

Man is what society has made of him. You take two boys, born of the same father and mother. Have one placed among all the holy influence that will develop all that is spiritual in him. Bring him up thus, and he is his father's pride, for there is no greater happiness to a father than a good son and a noble daughter. Take the brother of that boy and put him down in the slums of some big city, where he is surrounded with nothing but what is evil and vicious from his boyhood up; he becomes a pest to society. There is no more cruel affliction to a father or mother than a bad child. I have seen the hot tears flowing down the strong, manly face of a father; I have seen the mother's head whitened by grey hairs brought there, not by the weight of years, but by the bad behavior of her sons and daughters. Aye, it needs no proof of mine, dearly beloved friends, to tell you that there is no more exquisite anguish and pain this side of the lower regions, for a father and mother than a bad child; and the child, as a rule, is made in society, that you know. Therefore, man depends on society for the development of his nature. Now, my friends, the component part of society, after all, is the family, is it not? What the stones are in the wall, so is the family in society. If society wants virtue among fathers it looks to the family. If our country needs brave soldiers, we go back to the family. Legislators who are fearless, judges who will not stain the ermine, eloquent orators and profound scholars, all are raised in the family. We need the mother of the family if we are to expect fair young ladies in society. You will remember that God is not a solitary God. God is a triune God, and man finds in this world the imitation of that printed in "the father, the bride and the child." That is the connecting link that binds the father and mother together; and it is not in the family that the man feels most happy. Oh, that old English song, "Home, Sweet Home," has a power over the human heart, home and family! And, my friends, what is God? God is love, infinite love and charity. And, though, as I have said, there is nothing so helpless as a new-born babe, yet that babe is never so safe as in its mother's arms. It will want for nothing there. God is charity—and I ask you what it is that binds the heart of mother and father in that family? There are chains stronger than adamant—chains that sparkle more brilliantly than gold—it is the mother's love for her child; it is the father's love for her husband. It is love that binds the wife to her husband; it is the chain of love that binds parents to child and child to parents.

I speak from a little experience. I look back on my home, more than three thousand miles away, and I think of father and mother; and though more than half a century has passed over my head since I was a child, can I ever forget these blue eyes that shone with a mother's love on my childhood's years; can I ever forget the many father—Oh, God, listen—if we could only get back. When we look back to father and mother, we get mad with ourselves because we did not love them half as much as we ought to have loved them. Oh, why didn't I appreciate it? Why did I have to wait till I was a white-headed old man before I recognized how much I loved them? And now you will understand me, my friends, about one thing more. Man fell. You all know the story of that. And with the fall of man came suffering and fearful abuses in marriage. The poor woman had to go to the wall first. She became the slave; she has no "rights," that we of the sterner sex may claim to, at all; and as for matrimony, when we hear of a gentleman having a thousand wives, he went pretty liberally into that business. (Laughter.) As for other abuses and other horrors, I would not shock my esteemed audience by even hinting at them. But, my friends, there came a Redeemer that was to save mankind; and we are apt to say and think, my friends, that this world was redeemed only by the sacrifice on Calvary. But that was not all. Oh indeed no! That sacrifice on Calvary was necessary. But we were a fallen family; we had to be lifted up, as Christ explains to the Jews when telling of the poor fellow, who on his way to Jericho fell among robbers and was left half dead. Human society was in a state then, as I remember once I was preaching in a place, and I said to a woman there, "Why, you are half drunk again." "Man, what do you mean?" "I am not half drunk," she says; "you are," I answered; "Excuse me, your reverence, it's two-thirds drunk I am," she replied. (Laughter.) And so I always think of the two-thirds story when I hear of this comparison of the man going to Jericho, and the poor human family seemed to be a little more than two-thirds dead when we had the fearful abuses in the family, in matrimony, slavery existed, for the poor women were the meanest slaves. Society had to be redeemed, to be lifted up and cured of its evils; and now, my dear friends, you will understand the reason of the Redeemer coming to the world as He did. He might have come through many different ways, but He came through the family, which had to be redeemed, and Christ is the one who redeemed it.

Immediately matrimony took its honored state; and you will remember how He answered the Jews who asked Him if it would be lawful for a man to divorce his wife for any cause whatever. As it was in the beginning, created by God in paradise, a model family, one husband, one wife. And this it is what has elevated woman. Look in every nation where Christianity has gone and there you find woman enjoying all her rights, an honored being, loved and loving, able to perform her splendid work in society. I will not ask what woman was before the Redeemer came into this world, but I would ask you to just look around at those countries where Christianity has not been received in its fulness, and observe the state of woman. Look at the Indians, the Chinese, the Mohammedans, among whom a woman is supposed to have no soul. Look at the negro, the Africans. I have lived amongst them. The first nurse to wait upon me was a negro slave, Look, my friends, at those nations that have received Christianity, and you will find there woman in her proper sphere. She exercises her rights in those nations where the doctrine of Jesus Christ has been promulgated. Look at the family through which He came. How noble is St. Joseph; how tender and kind his treatment of the Blessed Virgin, when he had every reason to suspect her of that sin which stabs a man's heart most!

How gracious his treatment of his foster child, whom he conveyed across the desert to save from death? And the child, how humble and obedient! And the Virgin Mother, oh what can I say of that sweet, fair Mother? I will not quote you the angels' praises of her. Yes, my friends, you know, that history is full of beautiful tales, recorded of a mother's love for her child, but hers was the sweetest. She went to the gibbet of her son; you will find that and mother following him to the gibbet; and from the midst of a wild storm of pain and agony about them she stood there rising far above the weakness of her sex, giving Him the sweet sympathy and aid of the mother's presence, the mother's trust, the mother's powerful love.

Oh, is she not a model mother of society? Is He not a model child? But there is one beautiful spot in history where it says, "And He went back to Nazareth and was subject to them." Yes, there is the model child; in loving obedience He was subject to His father and His mother. There is that Holy Family, and from that came the new society, founded by Jesus Christ for our redemption, and therefore I wish you, dearly beloved friends, nothing higher than that you should each one of you conform your lives to the purity and love and nobleness of that Holy Family.

If you desire a beautiful complexion, absolutely free from pimples and blotches, purify your blood by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Remove the cause of these disfigurements and the skin will take care of itself. Be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A Complicated Case. DEAR SIRS—I was troubled with biliousness, headache and loss of appetite. I could not rest at night, and was very weak, but after using three bottles of B. B. B. my appetite is good and I am better than for years past. I am also giving it to my children. B. B. B. and I am also giving it to my children. MRS. WALTER BURNS, Maitland, N. S.

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No bogus testimonials, no bogus Doctors' letters used to sell Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every one of its advertisements is absolutely true. Minard's Liniment cures La Grippe.

THE WORK OF A MONK. A Bible Transcribed in the Sixteenth Century Every Page of Which is a Work of Art. The most beautiful volume among the half million in the Congressional library is said to be a Bible which was transcribed by a monk in the sixteenth century. It could not be matched today in the best printing office in the world. The parchment is in perfect preservation. Every one of its thousand pages is a study. The general lettering is in German text, each letter perfect, as is every one, in coal black ink, without a scratch or blot from lid to lid. At the beginning of each chapter, the first letter is very large, usually two or three inches long, and is brightly illuminated in red and blue ink. Within each of these capitals is drawn the figure of some saint, some incident of which the following chapter tells, is illustrated. There are two columns on a page, and nowhere is traceable the slightest irregularity of line, space or formation of the letters. Even under the magnifying glass they seem flawless. This precious volume is kept under a glass case, which is sometimes lifted to show that all the pages are as perfect as the two which lie open. A legend relates that a young man who had sinned deeply became a monk and resolved to do penance for his misdeeds. He determined to copy the Bible, that he might learn every letter of the Divine commands which he had violated. Every day for many years he patiently pursued his task. Each letter was wrought in reverence and love, and the patient soul found its only companionship in the saintly faces which were portrayed on these pages. When the last touch was given to the last letter, the old man reverently kissed the page and folded the sheets together. Soon afterward he died.

After the grip, when you are weak and "played out," Hood's Sarsaparilla will restore your health and strength. It Has Been Proved. It has been proved over and over again that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, headache, scrofula, and all diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels. Try it. Every bottle is guaranteed to benefit or cure when taken according to directions. When you notice unpleasant sensations after eating, at once commence the use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and your Dyspepsia will disappear. Mr. James Stanley, Merchant, at Constance, writes: "My wife has taken two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery for Dyspepsia, and it has done her more good than anything she has ever used." There can be no difference of opinion on most subjects, but there is only one opinion as to the reliability of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is safe, sure and effectual. My Little Boy. GENTLEMEN—My little boy had a severe hacking cough and could not sleep at night. I tried Hagerd's Pectoral Balsam and it cured him very quickly. Mrs. J. HACKETT, Lincoln, Ont. Why go limping and whining about your corns when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it. Scraped With a Rasp. SIR—I had such a severe cough that my throat felt as if scraped with a rasp. On taking Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I found the first dose gave relief, and the second bottle completely cured me. MISS A. A. DOWNEY, Manotick, Ont. Get the Best. The public are too intelligent to purchase a worthless article at a second time. On the contrary they want the best. Physicians are virtually unanimous in saying Scott's Emulsion is the best form of Cod Liver Oil. WHY SUFFER from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma or Bronchitis when perfect cure is so easy with Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. CHILLS and FEVER, MALARIA, etc., are promptly driven off by Milburn's Aromatic Quinine Wine, the potent invigorating tonic. No other Sarsaparilla possesses the Combination, Proprietary, and Process which make Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar to itself. Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

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Officer A. H. Bratley of the Fall River Police

Highly gratified with Hood's Sarsaparilla. He was badly run down, had no appetite, what he did eat caused distress and he felt tired all the time. A few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla effected a marvellous change. The distress in the stomach is entirely gone, he feels like a new man, and can eat anything with old-time relish. For all the ailments and troubles which he has and cordially recommends Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is very important that during the month of March and April the blood should be given thoroughly purified and the system freed of the strength to withstand the debilitating effect of the changing season. For this purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar merit and it is the Best Spring Medicine.

March. The following just received, demonstrates its wonderful blood-purifying powers: "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: 'Gentlemen: I have had safe returns for a number of years, and for the past year one of my legs, from the knee down, has been broken out very badly. I took Hood's medicine for a long time with no good results, but was at one time obliged to walk with crutches. I finally concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken one bottle the improvement was so marked that I continued until I had taken three bottles, and now my leg is all right. I have been in years. The medicine has all but my leg and it is entirely healed. I have had such benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla that I concluded to write this voluntary statement.' F. J. TRAVEL, Bishop, Mich. HOOD'S PILLS act easily, promptly and efficiently on the liver and bowels. Best dinner pill."

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London, Saturday, June 3, 1893.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

Among the many feasts of our holy Church there is none more solemn and more consoling than that of Corpus Christi. It bids us reflect on the wondrous love of the God who deigns to remain with us, who veils His power and majesty under the humility of the sacramental veils, and who has a remedy for every sin and an unfailing balm for hearts weary and discouraged with the buffetings of the world.

The Son of Man, who had pity on the multitude—whose great heart held no reproach or scorn for even the Magdalene, sinner though she was and the scandal of the city—is looking from the altar, with eyes of infinite love and compassion, upon the children of men. He never grows weary. He never refuses His grace, and no prayer of love and confidence was ever yet unanswered by Him.

Look forth upon the world and see how Holy Church makes on Corpus Christi her public and solemn act of belief in the Blessed Sacrament. In many a village and city the hidden God is borne through the streets blessing them all with His divine Presence. The houses are adorned with garlands of flowers, and from thousands of hearts comes the sweet incense of prayer and thanksgiving.

What else could have created the types of sublime virtue that figure in the history of the Church? What sustained the men who for the sake of the salvation of human souls left home and kindred and bade farewell to all earthly pleasure? What induced them, while the world mocked, to labor on to the end, to never prove recreant to their duty; to spend every energy, and oftentimes to seal their mission with their blood? What source of strength had these holy women who went to their graves with bodies unstained and hearts unsoiled?

Lo! upon the altar lies, Hidden deep from human eyes, Bread of Angels from the skies, Made the food of mortal man, Children's meat to dogs denied, In old types foreshadowed, In the Manna leaven supplied, Isaac and the Paschal Lamb.

"Never," says a prominent infidel of modern times, "have I looked upon the long line of white-robed priests, nor seen the files of surpliced acolytes, nor watched the reverent crowds preceding and following the consecrated Host, without being deeply moved. I have never been able to listen to the solemn chanting by the choristers of the grand old Latin hymns and psalms without feeling my heart throbbing violently. Tears would rise to my eyes and my whole being would become absorbed in the contemplation of the public profession of faith coming from my fellows with better hearts if not better heads than mine."

PARENTAL DUTIES. A Catholic home training is the most precious gift parents can bestow upon their children. There, and there only, can young minds and hearts be led to love what is true and pure.

And yet how many parents forget this sacred truth! Their children run wild. They are, of course, obedient, but what transformations are through parental negligence going on in these young souls? The frivolous conversation of the mother makes them look upon the world as a great stage whereon to display fine clothes or to indulge in sharp criticism of their neighbors.

No thought of resignation or of sacrifice is coupled with their views of life. Success, they are taught, is the criterion of merit. The taste for the material is so developed that it turns away in disgust from the spiritual. Their souls could have become living, breathing statues, but parents' hands have moulded them into images of clay. They were allowed too much liberty. They selected their company and reading. They devour the novels that are sheltered within the sacred precincts of the household.

No wonder then that the voice of the Church breaks out on Corpus Christi into glad, exultant canticles in her joy and rapture at the Eucharistic presence of her God! Once before her voice was lifted up in thanksgiving, but its accents were low and trembling, for the dark shadow of Calvary lay athwart her path; but on this feast there is naught to restrain the song of triumph that thrills the hearts of her fervent children and proclaims to the world her faith in the Real Presence. She goes back to Capernaum and

hears the Saviour telling the Jews that He was to give them a mysterious bread—His flesh, for the life of the world. She hears again the scornful words: "How can this man give us His flesh to eat?" and the Divine voice declaring His doctrine in more explicit and forcible terms. Up before her vision comes the memorable scene of the Last Supper of the Master with His disciples, and she hears the solemn words announcing the bestowal of the most wondrous gift of love to the world. Yes, most wondrous, for human reason stands aghast at the mighty mystery! Jesus, however, has said it, and He alone has the words of eternal life.

"How can this man give us His flesh to eat?" is the cry of the many to whom has not been vouchsafed the priceless boon of faith. They presume to put limits to the power of the Omnipotent God who became a helpless babe and so humbled Himself that He "was a worm and no man." They reject it because it is incomprehensible, and every day they believe things which they cannot understand! They are encompassed by mysterious shadows. The most ordinary phenomena baffle their reason, which is their sole guide. Ask them to explain the nature of the most ordinary plant that grows in their garden, and they must confess their inability to do so. And yet, powerless to pierce the gloom that overshadows even material things, they reject a doctrine revealed by a God whose very divinity is the guarantee of its truth.

The presence of the Body and Blood of the Lord is perceived only by faith; and faith, says the Apostle, comes from hearing the word of God. But that word of God may penetrate only hearts that are humble and willing to accept without fear or wavering the "evidence of things that appear not."

Look forth upon the world and see how Holy Church makes on Corpus Christi her public and solemn act of belief in the Blessed Sacrament. In many a village and city the hidden God is borne through the streets blessing them all with His divine Presence. The houses are adorned with garlands of flowers, and from thousands of hearts comes the sweet incense of prayer and thanksgiving. Slowly He goes, attended by all the splendor of rubric and ceremony, and ever and anon is heard the chanting of that hymn of joy and adoration inspired by the devotion and genius of St. Thomas:

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allusions and vivid description of vice of the sensational newspaper when they never or rarely see a Catholic journal in the hands of those who should give them advice and example? They are to be pitied; and if in after years they stray away, the crime is upon the foolish and criminal father and mother.

THE PRESBYTERIAN EM-BROGLIO.

The Presbyterian Review quotes with approbation the opinion expressed by Rev. Professor Dr. John T. Duffield of Princeton College in regard to the "proper attitude of a professor in a Presbyterian Theological Seminary towards the church whose bread he eats."

The opinion referred to was published recently in the N. Y. Independent under the title, "What has Caused the Crisis in the Presbyterian Church?" in the course of which the writer remarks,

"It is not the business of a college professor to reconstruct the accepted theology and polity of the Church, but to maintain and defend it. If he cannot conscientiously do so he should find some other field of labor where he may prosecute his self-appointed work without disturbing the peace of the Church."

This is said, of course, with special reference to the case of Rev. Dr. Briggs, the Professor of New York Union Theological Seminary, whose trial for heresy before the presbytery of the same city has caused so much confusion and trepidation among Presbyterians during the last three years. This is the crisis referred to; but why is there a crisis?

The situation arises from the fact that Dr. Briggs is sustained by a large section of the Church in his attack upon those primary and fundamental doctrines of Christianity, which are acknowledged in the Westminster Confession of Faith, and without which Protestantism becomes nothing else than open Deism.

We have always been told by Protestant polemicists that the irrefutable basis on which the whole Protestant system rests is "the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible." This statement has three parts. It assumes that the Bible is the Word of God, written indeed by men, the prophets, the Apostles, and the immediate disciples of the Apostles who wrote two of the four gospels, but men inspired by the Holy Ghost to write only what God Himself revealed. So far Catholics are at agreement with Presbyterians and most other Protestants. But on the second part of the statement there is wide divergence.

We admit and maintain that the whole Bible should be received and believed; but while Protestants proclaim that they too accept the whole Bible, there are seven whole books of the Bible and twelve chapters of two other books which Protestants, on one pretence or another, do not receive. They have, therefore, a truncated Bible; but if the Briggs doctrine is to be received it becomes still more mutilated, for, according to this theory, many books of the Old Testament are declared to be spurious, not having been written at the time when they claim to have been written nor by the persons who are claimed to have been their authors.

These discoveries are said to be the result of higher criticism; but one thing is clear from them, that they completely overthrow the basis on which all Protestantism is founded, and the farcical character of the proud boast of Protestants that they have given to the world "an open Bible" becomes apparent; for of what use is "an open Bible" if half of it, and perhaps the whole, be nothing more than the incoherent fantasies of eccentric men? This is what the Bible is reduced to if the theories of the New York professor are to be tolerated.

There is equal confusion on the third part of the Protestant palmary principle, "nothing but the Bible." Nothing is more clear from Holy Scripture than the fact that the Bible was not written as our sole guide to the knowledge of Christ's teachings; for Christ Himself never declared it to be such. Indeed during His life not a line of the New Testament was written; but He established a Church which was the supreme teaching authority, and which is declared in 1 Tim. iii, 15, to be "the pillar and ground of Truth." It is this Church which Christ commands the faithful to hear under pain of being considered as "the heathen and the publican." (St. Matt. xviii, 17.) The Apostle St. Paul also in 2 Thessalonians ii, 14, clearly asserts that the doctrines He has inculcated are to be believed whether they have been communicated

by "word or our epistle, that is, in the form of Holy Scripture or ecclesiastical tradition."

Dr. Briggs here again joins issue with the generally received Protestant doctrine that the Bible alone is to be taken as a standard of Christian faith. He maintains that reason and the Church, equally with the Bible, constitute the Christian's rule of faith whereby doctrinal truth is to be known and tested.

As first sight this seems to resemble Catholic teaching, but the resemblance is only apparent, as it is not by elevating the authority of the Church, but by lowering that of the Bible to be nothing more than a human and fallible authority, that this conclusion is reached, and thus both the authority of the Bible and that of the Church are reduced to the rank of a human standard of belief.

The opinion of the New York Independent that Mr. Briggs and other college professors should conform to the teaching of the Presbyterian Church, because from her they derive their bread and butter, instead of because the teachings of the Church are true, places the motive of credibility in the Church and the teaching of Christianity on the very lowest level. But though this seems to be the general ground to which the majority of the strictly orthodox Presbyterians rest their case, it is not one which is admitted by the great bulk of the secular newspapers, which seem to sympathize with Dr. Briggs, merely because he is the advocate of Free Thought.

Altogether Presbyterianism is brought to face a most serious crisis by this uncomfortable debate, for it is acknowledged that Presbyterians are largely tainted with Dr. Briggs' loose views of ecclesiastical and biblical authority, and it is feared that whatever may be the final decision, a large schism in the Church is to be expected.

If Dr. Briggs be sustained, the orthodox Presbyterians will be disgusted with a religion which tolerates so much looseness of opinion, whereas if he be condemned, his party have become so strong and determined that a secession equally disastrous may be looked for, and it will almost certainly take place.

Already the noses are being counted in the constitution of the coming Presbyterian General Assembly which is to meet in Washington on the 18th inst., and as far as the probabilities are to be relied on, the case will go against Dr. Briggs on the new trial to which he is to be subjected before it.

The New York Mail and Express has stated the expectation of the votes which will be cast, founded upon the known views of delegates to the Assembly to be that out of 310 names of delegates already known to have been elected to the General Assembly, 220 are against Professor Briggs, 62 in his favor, and 28 doubtful. If this forecast be correct there is little room to doubt that a huge secession will take place in the direction of Free Thought, which is a euphemism for infidelity. There is not the least doubt that the Free Thought section in the Church includes its most determined members, and it is not at all likely that they will submit to a decision of the majority against what they consider to be scientific research.

This whole debate is a curious episode at the moment when we are assured that the union of the Protestant denominations is on the point of being effected. The air seems rather to be full of the germs of approaching schism, which is only the natural consequence of the principle on which all Protestantism is based—the supreme authority of individual judgment over the decisions of the Church.

SPECIMENS.

Some time since we heard of a shoemaker who was notorious for making false promises to his customers. One of them, becoming annoyed one day, asked the shoemaker what he meant by such conduct. He replied: "To be candid with you, my dear friend, I have become such a confirmed liar that you cannot believe a word I say." It is to be hoped some day the Fultons, the Chiniquys, Widdows, Leydens, Shepherds, Rigbys, Austins, and the rest of them will be struck with remorse, and make the same honest admission as the shoemaker. It is hard to follow up and prove false the statements made by those whose business it is to misrepresent the Catholic Church. We remember reading some time ago of an incident which will illustrate our purpose. A Catholic paper published in St. Louis twenty-five years

ago began an editorial in the following manner:

"If the Pope and the Jesuits ever obtain control of this country, we may bid adieu to civil and religious liberty. Such is the ridiculous statement made by our enemies."

A Know-nothing organ published the paragraph as the pronouncement of Bishop (now Archbishop) Ryan's official organ, but omitted the second sentence, which appears in italics. Archbishop Ryan lately stated that even to the present day he frequently receives letters asking him if such a statement were made. Another case of a similar kind recently occurred in regard to ourselves. In referring to Margaret Shepherd, we wrote as follows:

We cannot defend the persons and the institutions she has attacked because we could not give their names in the same column with hers.

Mrs. Shepherd's official organ in this city endeavors to make capital out of our statement, having omitted the words we have placed in italics.

This being the sort of warfare set on foot by the P. P. A., we may expect that its membership will be recruited only from the ignorant and the gross, who hold the 8th commandment in contempt.

AN ANTI-HOME RULE MEETING IN MONTREAL.

An anti-Home Rule meeting was held last week on 22nd May, in Montreal, the object being mainly to show that there is a certain class in Canada who are opposed to the granting of this measure of justice to Ireland—a fact of which we would have been perfectly conscious even if this meeting had not been held. But from the antecedents of those present it could be readily seen from what quarter that opposition proceeds.

Just as in Ireland the opponents of Home Rule consist of the privileged classes who have been pampered by the ascendancy policy which has hitherto been in vogue, the anti-Home Rulers in Canada consist of those persons who on every occasion push themselves forward as advocates of religious persecution and the enemies of anything by which it may be expected that any benefit may accrue to Catholics.

On the platform there were the usual number of persons always to be found on just such occasions when persecuting measures are to be proposed. There were the Rev. Dr. Smythe, Rev. Dr. Dixon, and Rev. Mr. Graham, besides the two notorious no-Popery lecturers—Justin D. Fulton, the obscene, and the apostate Chiniquy—both of whom being residents of the United States, of course, assisted simply because it was a no-Popery gathering; for they could not be suspected of entertaining those sentiments of loyalty to Great Britain which one of the speakers maintained to be peculiar to the opponents of Home Rule.

There were also present some others who always take an interest in attending any anti-Catholic gathering, such as Dr. Z. H. Davidson, the promoter of the defunct Equal Rights movement. Some of the speakers dwelt very much on the loyalty of the opponents of Home Rule.

The Rev. Dr. Smythe, who is, we believe, a Presbyterian, discoursed lengthily on the loyalty of the Ulster Orangemen. He said: "He had no sympathy with Mr. Gladstone's efforts to sever Ireland from the British Empire. He had been born in the north of Ireland, and he knew what the feeling of the people of Ulster was toward the British crown. Three years ago he had witnessed a demonstration at Belfast, and he had then seen what the loyalty of the Ulster people meant. It is a question of life or death with them, and they dreaded the moment when British bayonets might be turned against them to make them disloyal to the British crown. It is a strange fact that the people who went Home Rule are not those actuated by feelings of loyalty and respect to the Queen, while those who are opposed to it are those most warmly attached to the Queen. The North of Ireland is determined to stand by the British crown, no matter what may take place."

It is not necessary to discuss the respective loyalty of the Irish Catholics and the Orangemen of Belfast every time that an avowed partisan may bring it up. It is a well known fact that the loyalty of the Irish Orangemen is conditional on the fact that they shall be permitted to ride roughshod over the Catholics, as they have hitherto done. This conditional character of their loyalty has been often enough proclaimed by themselves, and the question is whether loyalty which is dependent upon such conditions is worth preserving.

Thackeray was no special friend of either Irishmen or Catholics, yet he tells us that the decreasing number of Irishmen in the British army is due chiefly to the fact of a general discontent arising out of the ill-treatment of Ireland during past centuries. The question is, therefore, whether it is worth the sacrifice which the people of Great Britain have been making, to retain the paltry minority of Irish Orangemen in such dubious loyalty as they have, while making the bulk of the Irish people discontented under oppression.

The question of the desirability of Home Rule is not a religious question, except as far as the fact goes that the people of Ireland who are to be benefited by it are for the most part Catholics. Opposition to Home Rule which is based upon religious considerations means therefore that Catholics, because they are Catholics, are not deserving of the enjoyment of citizens' rights. It is well that we should know what these people who are always prating about civil and religious liberty, think about the granting of civil and religious liberty to Catholics. The truth of the matter is that they wish Catholics not to enjoy the common rights of citizenship, either in Canada or Ireland, and it is on this understanding that their arguments are to be met.

It is for this reason that they persist in maintaining, as Fulton did at the meeting in question, that "Home Rule simply means Rome rule. Mr. Gladstone for a good many years had never been with the Protestants if he knew it, but had championed the interests of Romanism, as earnestly as if he had been a devotee."

Thus the secret is out. The Montreal anti-Home Rulers oppose Home Rule simply because they wish the Catholic people of Ireland to remain under oppression, and for this purpose they are even willing that those Protestants, being comparatively few in number, who would be equally benefited by Home Rule with their Catholic neighbors, should continue to be oppressed. Mr. Gladstone is animated with a different spirit from these talkers. He sees with the eye of a statesman that continued oppression had alienated the Irish people, and, knowing the generous character of the Irish, he is convinced that generous treatment will make the bond of union between the two countries stronger than it has ever been, or than it could ever be expected to be if the policy of oppression were to be continued.

The people of Great Britain have uttered their verdict that the policy of conciliation is now to be tried, and a score of such meetings as the Montreal one will not avert the inevitable.

Nothing more clearly shows the need of Home Rule than the riot of the Belfast Orangemen as soon as it was announced that Mr. Gladstone's Bill had passed its second reading. This proved that the Orangemen detest the idea of Home Rule because they foresee that it will deprive them of the impunity with which they have hitherto borne themselves as tyrants.

Mr. William Galbraith, Provincial Grand Master, was careful to say that the meeting was not an Orange gathering; but though there were a few present who are not perhaps Orangemen, it was evidently under Orange and mock-Equal Righters' auspices. The very prominent part which Mr. Galbraith and the others whom we have named above took in working up the assemblage is sufficient proof of this. But those concerned might as well endeavor to arrest the waters of Niagara Falls as to delay the Home Rule Bill, by means of which the Liberal party of Great Britain have honestly and honorably determined to grant that justice which Ireland has so long demanded in vain.

PROBABLY FALSE. A special to the Mail of the 23rd ult. from Buda Pesth states that the authorities in the district of Zala have caused the arrest of the Mother Superior of the convent at Tapoleza because of cruelty to the children under her care. It is very remarkable that incidents of this kind are always related as having taken place in some country thousands of miles away, and it is likewise peculiar that this despatch has not, so far as we know, appeared in any other Canadian newspaper. We will not say that it was written in the Mail office, but if such were the case we would not be astonished. With P. P. A. people, such as the Mail management, the publication of anything inimical to the Catholic Church—whether true or false—is as sweetmeats to a child. The professional bigots in Zala, no doubt, occasionally publish some such item as the one we have referred to, and place its occurrence in Canada or the United States. It

would be a revelation were they to know how manufacture of sensation carried on in the edition some of the great daily

STILL DRIFTING.

The question whether its integrity is to be a Word of God, which has of so much trouble to the United States during years, is now threatened an equally troublesome those of Canada.

Much has been said concerning the position Bible by Protestantism been often told that tantism gave to Christ Bible was the full and sacred book recognized ble Word of God and authority on all questions morality.

Catholics pointed to borne out by experience cannot be a sufficient since it is incapable itself, and it is there misinterpreted, either ance or malice. This out by St. Peter, who i, 20, that "no proph is made by private and elsewhere that in St. Paul "there are t understood which the the unstable wrest, as other Scriptures, to th tion." (iii. 16.)

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The question whether the Bible in its integrity is to be accepted as the Word of God, which has been a source of so much trouble to Protestants in the United States during the last three years, is now threatening to become an equally troublesome question with those of Canada.

Much has been said in past years concerning the position given to the Bible by Protestantism, and we have been often told that not until Protestantism gave to Christians an open Bible was the full authority of that sacred book recognized as the infallible Word of God and the supreme authority on all questions of faith and morality.

Catholics pointed to the fact which is borne out by experience, that a book cannot be a sufficient supreme judge since it is incapable of interpreting itself, and it is therefore liable to be misinterpreted, either through ignorance or malice. This is fully borne out by St. Peter, who tells us (2 Peter, i, 20), that "no prophecy of Scripture is made by private interpretation," and elsewhere that in the Epistles of St. Paul "there are things hard to be understood which the unlearned and the unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, to their own destruction." (iii, 16.)

An adequate guide to faith and morals must therefore be a living authority, such as existed under the Old Law, the counterpart to which was instituted by Christ under the New Law.

In the Book of Deuteronomy we read that "there be among you a hard and doubtful matter in judgment between blood and blood, cause and cause . . . arise and go up to the place which the Lord thy God shall choose. And thou shalt come to the priests of the Levitical race, and to the judge that shall be at that time, and thou shalt ask of them and they shall shew thee the truth of the judgment. And thou shalt do whatsoever they shall say that preside in the place which the Lord shall choose, and what they shall teach thee according to His law; and thou shalt follow their sentence, neither shalt thou decline to the right hand nor to the left hand." (xvii, 8, 11.)

Under the New Law there is also a supreme living authority in the Church to whom all matters of controversy must be referred as to a final court of appeal; for "the Church of the living God" is "the pillar and ground of truth." (1 Tim. iii, 15.) And whosoever will not hear the Church let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." (St. Matt. xviii, 17.)

Catholic polemicists have constantly pointed out that the system which makes the individual the only judge of the interpretation of Scripture must open the door to every error, and result in the denial of the Scripture itself as the undoubted Word of God. It is only what we might expect when we find the professors of theological seminaries setting at naught the teaching of ages in order to maintain now that the bible itself is in many parts erroneous, and that the individual who sets himself up as an expert in what he calls "Higher Criticism" is the judge of what portions are to be received as the Word of God, if any deserve to be so considered, and what must be regarded as merely the word of man.

The Presbyterian Church has been of late peculiarly troubled in this matter, and most of the trouble has come from professors whose duty it is to train the rising generation of Presbyterian clergymen. It is not necessary to be strongly gifted with prophetic powers to foretell that under such circumstances the coming generation of clergymen will be even more tinged with Latitudinarianism and Deism, and even rank Agnosticism than the present, whose condition in this respect is bad enough.

The difficulty arising out of the teachings of Professors Briggs and Smith of New York and Cincinnati has been such as to threaten almost the existence of Presbyterianism in the United States; and the difficulty is far from being settled yet. But recent events have shown that Canadian Presbyterianism is menaced with a similar trouble.

The Rev. Professor Campbell, of the Presbyterian Seminary of Montreal, has come out recently with an address which is certainly a curiosity of ex-

egesis from a clergyman of a Church which declares that the whole Scripture is "given by inspiration of God to be the rule of faith and life." (Westminster Conf. I.)

The Professor declares that the Old Testament merges God and the devil into one, and that sometimes God speaks therein and sometimes the evil one, with the result that intolerable blasphemy is thereby taught, and that the God of the Old Testament is an Oriental despot who breaks "every law He ever made."

Still more remarkable is it that Rev. Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, in a letter to the *Presbyterian Review*, of Toronto, declares that in thus speaking, Professor Campbell is actuated by a great reverence for the Bible! And he is not at all of the opinion that the promulgation of such doctrines is dangerous to the young men who are trained to the ministry under such a teacher!

All this fantastical and shocking interpretation is not so very surprising when it is considered that the rule of faith of Presbyterianism really declares the judgment of the private individual to be the court of ultimate appeal in all cases of interpretation of Scripture, though this teaching is somewhat concealed under the form of words that "our full persuasion and assurance of the infallible truth and the divine authority thereof is from the inward work of the Holy Spirit bearing witness by and with the word in our hearts."

The rule of faith itself which Protestantism adopts is responsible for all these vagaries to which Professors Briggs, Smith and Campbell give utterance; for if the authority of the Church which Christ instituted is to be set aside as fallible, there is nothing left but to admit the inherent right of every theorist to promulgate what doctrines he sees fit, if he imagines them to be the teachings of the Spirit.

It is a principle of logic that a proposition from which absurd consequences result, must be erroneous, and on this truth depends all "*reductio ad absurdum*," or reasoning from the absurd consequences which follow from a proposition. If, therefore, we find the consequences of regarding private judgment as the last tribunal of our faith to be absurd, the tribunal itself is an absurdity; and this is exactly the case with this fundamental principle of Protestantism.

CHANGES BADLY NEEDED.

It is said—we believe mistakenly—Sir Adolphe Caron has been summoned to Paris, by the Premier, in order that he may exchange places with His Honor Lieut.-Governor Chapeau. Whether this be so or not we are quite sure Sir John Thompson is very ill advised if he is not sensible of the necessity of a thorough re-organization of his Cabinet. Considered as a Council, the men are all too much alike; there is no variety; there must, therefore, be great sameness of standpoint; and, as regards the impression on the public mind, there is too much of the dead level of commonplace—too much mediocrity. We are quite sure, by whomsoever advised as to Ontario, he has been ill advised. His taking Wallace into his Government was a great mistake. The element he was to represent could have been much more fully and more acceptably represented by a far abler man.

When the Premier comes back he should be prepared to knock his Government about, or we fear the future will be an unwelcome thing. He wants more talent. He must break away from sectional and factional principles. The first thing he should do is to let Mr. Bowell go into retirement and make Mr. Ives Minister of Trade and Commerce.

Then take the Indians and join them to the police and place some man of talent in the position of President of the Council over these two functions which, as a western paper in an article on the subject says, are closely related. This would give him an opportunity of bringing in Mr. Davin, whom everybody thought he would bring in when Mr. Dewdney went out. Mr. Davin lives in the West, but he has been an Ontario man; and unless the principle of sectionalism is sometimes departed from, what is to become of a Prime Minister who wants to form an efficient Government? At the earliest possible date Mr. Clarke Wallace should be replaced.

The Ministry at present is heavy and opaque, and Mr. Davin would certainly tend to render it brighter; while, owing to his liberal views, his scholarship, his statesmanlike grasp and his oratory, he would add popular-

ity and strength. A Protestant, he is no bigot, and his accession to the Government would be hailed on all sides with pleasure.

THE MAIL'S UNFAIRNESS.

On the 23rd May the *Mail* contained an editorial article concerning the appointment of Mr. Noxon to an office in the Central Prison, and insinuated that that gentleman was passed over in the matter of the Oxford shrievalty to make room for Mr. Jas. Brady, Mr. Fraser's protegee. It also states that on one side the Protestant Liberals favored Mr. Noxon; on the other side, the politicians of Mr. Fraser's faith, called for the appointment of Mr. James Brady. It is somewhat astonishing to see a daily newspaper like the *Mail* make such an unfounded statement; for it is well known that the most prominent Protestant Liberals in Oxford signed the requisition in Mr. Brady's favor, and even a number of Protestant ministers were most anxious to promote his interests. He did not seek the office, nor was it given him because he was a Catholic. He was undoubtedly the most prominent, whole-souled Liberal in the county, admired alike by both Liberals and Conservatives because of his sterling worth and noble nature.

There would be some force in the *Mail's* assertion were Catholics unduly favored in such appointments, but the editor must know very well that so far as registrars and sheriffs are concerned Catholics have not anything like their share. There are only two or three Catholic sheriffs and registrars in the whole province. It is the fashion with certain people to cry out when a Catholic receives appointment to any position whatever. This is the case with the *Mail's* editor, and he ought to be ashamed of himself. If he wishes to be honest he might some day publish a complete list of the prominent offices held by Protestants and Catholics in Ontario, and draw his comparison on the basis of population. He will not do this, however, because it would not suit his purpose.

OUR NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

It has been expected for several months that the position of Governor-General of Canada would be conferred upon the Earl of Aberdeen when the term of office of Lord Stanley of Preston would come to an end. Hence it is not a matter of surprise that the official announcement has been made of the appointment of His Grace.

The Earl is the seventh of the title in the Peerage of Scotland, and in the Peerage of the United Kingdom he sits in the House of Lords under the title of Viscount Gordon. He was born in 1847, and he graduated at Oxford as M. A. in 1871. We shall have therefore as Governor-General of the Dominion no mere figurehead, but a nobleman of solid learning and acquirements.

Two years ago Lord and Lady Aberdeen visited Canada, and took up their residence at Hamilton for some months, so that they are by no means strangers to the people of the Dominion. During their stay they were exceedingly popular with all classes, on account of their affability and kindness of disposition. Lady Aberdeen, especially, won golden opinions through her amiability of character, and there is no doubt the popularity of both will be greatly increased as the people of Canada come to know them more intimately. They will be heartily welcomed to the country by people of all classes and creeds.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen have been paying a visit to the World's Fair at Chicago, in which they have both taken a very lively interest, Lady Aberdeen having taken an especially active part in organizing a proper representation of the industries of Ireland. Her special aim has been to exhibit a model Irish village, and all the industries for which Ireland is especially remarkable, including the manufacture of lace, embroidered work, wood carving, and the products of the dairy. Having put their ideal into good working order at the Fair, the Earl and Countess returned to England, having sailed from New York on the 21st May.

Lord Aberdeen during his occupancy of the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland made himself most popular with the people, and when he recently made a visit to the Green Isle for the purpose of preparing for the Irish exhibition in Chicago, he was everywhere received by the priests and people with many manifestations of gratitude for his

benign administration while he occupied Dublin Castle.

The Earl and Countess are strict Presbyterians, but they are none the less popular with the Catholics of Ireland on this account, as they always exhibited their sympathy with the people, and were well to the front in every plan of benevolence and philanthropy, and in endeavoring to ameliorate the condition of the peasantry.

While we are ready to accord to the new Governor-General a hearty welcome, we cannot forget that Lord Stanley who is vacating the office has also filled it with honor to himself, and to the entire satisfaction of the public. He has shown in his administration that he is a true friend to Canada, and all Canadians will regret his departure from amongst us, at the same time that they will hail the advent of so worthy a successor. Lord Stanley has been officially notified that he succeeds to title of Earl of Derby, by right of which he will have a seat in the House of Lords.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

Toronto, May 8, 1893.
ED. CATHOLIC RECORD: Does the Roman Catholic Church prohibit the marriage of first or second cousins. If so, under what circumstances are such marriages allowed? Kindly answer above, and oblige.
ENQUIRER.

Ans. Marriage is prohibited within the degrees mentioned by our correspondent, and, further, within the degree of third cousins. The prohibition is an ecclesiastical law, however, and it may be removed by a dispensation from the Pope. Frequently the authority of granting a limited number of such dispensations is delegated to Bishops; but in no case are they granted unless good reasons be given why they should be conceded. The usual canonical reasons are:

1. If owing to the small number of Catholic families in the neighborhood there would be a reasonable fear that a girl might not find another suitable husband.
2. If the marriage be the condition on which a competent dowry to the young woman has been made to depend.
3. If the marriage be necessary in order to put an end to serious family dissensions.
4. If the young woman is so advanced in years that she might not find another suitable match.
5. If the virtues of a man be so great that in all probability another husband so worthy would not be available.
6. Eminent merit towards religion on the part of the petitioner.
7. The preservation of large property in an illustrious family.
8. A large donation given for pious purposes.
9. The poverty of a widow who has a large family which the relative is willing to support, whereas another would probably not do so.
10. There are certain other reasons arising out of an injury inflicted which cannot be repaired otherwise than by marriage, or arising from the obligation of avoiding a serious scandal.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

For the second time in the history of the city of Washington the General Assembly of the Presbyterian body is now in session there. It has before it two knotty questions—the revision of the Confession of Faith, and the heresy trial of Rev. Dr. Briggs, which has been appealed from the sentence of the New York Presbytery. At the last Assembly meeting the Committee on Revision agreed on certain changes which were since referred to the Presbyteries and voted upon in detail, but though a large majority were in favor of revision of some sort, there was not the requisite two-thirds majority for the report of the committee. It remains to be seen what action the Presbytery will take on the report.

A REPORT was recently circulated in many papers that the parish priest of Eroy, Wisconsin, had assumed entire control of the Public schools of the town, ordering the teaching of the Catholic catechism during school hours, and even obliging all the pupils of the school, Catholic and Protestant, to go to the church one day to be baptized before being allowed to go home. The story was too absurd to be credited by any but those who are ready to believe the utmost nonsense where Catholics are concerned, but it is now positively denied in all particulars. It is one of the many fables which have been invented and propagated by members of the A. P. A.

It is announced that the Holy Father is preparing an encyclical letter addressed to the European Governments, and calling their attention to the necessity of finding a peaceful solution for the questions which usually create disagreement between the powers. The question of a general disarm-

ment is to be treated of especially, and it is further said the Governments of Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, Belgium and Russia have signified their intention to accept the suggestions, and to come to the agreement desired. France, so far, seems to be somewhat unwilling to follow the general example; but it is believed that if a general practical agreement is reached by the other nations, France will also find it necessary to yield to the force of the general opinion. It reminds us of the prominent part taken by the Popes as peacemakers during the Middle Ages when we find Pope Leo XIII. making such suggestions in the nineteenth century; and it would be well for the world if the various nations, Protestant as well as Catholic, would again come to look upon the Holy Father as a general arbitrator of peace.

It is currently stated, and apparently on good authority, that Jules Ferry, the new President of the French Senate, has changed his views on the necessity of religion in education, since his former occupancy of the highest position in the Government of the country. He is said to be now convinced that religious teaching is necessary for the preservation of the morals of the French people, and that all his influence will be used in future with this object in view. If this statement be true it affords new hope for the future of France, for much of the legislation against religious education in the schools was due to his irreligious proclivities. Probably the bad results of his past legislation in this regard have convinced him that it is necessary to adopt a new policy.

An amusing incident is reported to have occurred recently in two of the parishes of the county of Middlesex, England. The *Rock*, a Church of England paper, published in the great metropolis, regularly announces manuscript sermons which have never been published to be let out from Friday to Monday to clergymen on reasonable terms. It so happened that two clergymen in neighboring parishes rented sermons for the Sunday, but to the horror of each the sermons procured taught doctrines contrary to those which they usually preached; one of the clergymen who was a High Churchman having received a sermon of decidedly Low Church teaching, while the other, a so-called Evangelical, got a very High Church oration. Both ministers heard of each other's mishap, and the difficulty was tidied over for the occasion by a friendly interchange of sermons, and so each congregation received a supply of doctrinal papula that suited its taste.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Archbishop Elder Gives Reasons Why Catholics Should Not Belong to Them.

Catholic Columbian.
In view of the fact of the general misapprehension in regard to secret societies still to exist in the minds of many Catholics, the *Columbian* deems it advisable to reprint the letter that was written on this subject by Archbishop Elder.

While the letter was addressed to one individual, it applies equally to all Catholics and it should be carefully considered by every layman:

DEAR SIR—In reply to your question whether it is any harm for a Catholic to join the Knights of Pythias, I enclose you a card which I published concerning secret societies, in October, 1890. I wrote then that "they are dangerous, and pastors should be zealous in dissuading those under their care from joining them." I will give you now some of the reasons for this admonition, in regard particularly to the Knights of Pythias. Much of what I say is applicable, and perhaps still more strongly, to other secret societies.

Very commonly the most active members of these societies, are likewise zealous members of the Free Mason Order, which is positively excommunicated by the Church. The Free Masons have very recently furnished a new justification of the Church's action in their regard. At the banquet given in Florence, Italy, on the 31st of July last, to the Grand Master, Adriano Lemmi, they made no shame of vowing their desire to destroy religion. In this country the Free Masons have not reached that point—and I believe that a great many members abhor their sentiments. But the lodges in this country remain associated with those of Europe. And I have not heard that any lodge, nor any conspicuous member of a lodge, has made a public protest or disavowal in regard to the war against religion carried on for many years by the Free Masons in Italy, France, Belgium, and elsewhere.

It is in the very nature of man to be influenced consciously or unconsciously by the words and lives of those with whom we are in particular intercourse, and unhappily men are more easily led into evil than into good. Virtue is strength to resist our evil inclinations; and yielding is easier than resisting. We are all familiar from childhood with the fact that whoever exposes himself

voluntarily to dangerous associations, has already half surrendered to their power.

And in practice, when Catholics have been led into these societies, the most common result has been a cooling of their zeal for what concerns God and their souls, a gradual lessening of their practice of religion, and too often an entire falling off from them. They come to be devoted to this life, and to look on God and eternity as considerations secondary to their present enjoyment.

In regard to the Knights of Pythias, in particular, about whom you enquire, I have to say that their initiation is made a religious ceremony, and a mixture of Christian and Pagan religions together. The candidate kneels down and takes an oath on the Bible, calling on the one true God to be witness of his declaration. But he kneels over a coffin which is supposed to contain the skeleton of Pythias; and Pythias is styled their "honored and revered saint." Here is an initiation of Catholicity, either in jest or in earnest, for Protestants make no profession of patron saints. And this man whom they claim for patron saint, as far as we know, was a Pagan and an idolater. I do not suppose this is intended to be irreligious; but to a Catholic mind this mockery of the sacred and profane is painfully irreligious.

The candidate invokes on himself "all the anguish and torments possible for a man to suffer, if ever by word or sign he expose the secret work or ceremonies of the order." This is worse than the story told about the Spanish Inquisition. That was never charged by its enemies with torturing any person for revealing secret work or ceremonies. And drawn lances or swords are held over the candidate's head, as a warning that these tortures are not imaginary.

This oath and these penalties apply to all "mysteries" which he may hereafter be instructed in. He has no guarantee as to the character of these mysteries. They may be against religion, against God, against the peace of the country, or they involve injustice to his neighbor. Of course, he hopes it will not be so, and the members say it will not be; but how can a man put himself under such an oath, with no other protection than their saying? His oath is on record; their saying is a passing word. Besides observing secrecy, the candidate binds himself "to obey all orders that may be given, emanating from the supreme lodge, so long as they do not conflict with my political or religious liberty." Here again there is no guarantee of the character of those orders.

Men write and say many foolish things about the obedience which the Catholic Church requires of her members. But she requires no such obedience as this. With her, obedience is safely protected, because authority is clearly defined. Those who hold authority are themselves under obedience to laws that are publicly known, and obedience ceases when authority exceeds its lawful powers.

Nay, more; the Church declares that no man has a right to bind himself to this absolute obedience. It is contrary to the dignity of his manhood and to the obligation of every man to use his own conscience in judging the morality of his acts. I do not understand how any Christian, or any free American citizen, can subject himself to such slavery.

There is, indeed, the show of a restriction on this absolute authority, in the clause, "So long as it does not conflict with my religious liberty." But this is too indefinite to give any protection in practice. It amounts, indeed, to a snare. It leads a man to believe that he is saving the freedom of his conscience and the dignity of his manhood; but when an occasion arises which he judges to conflict with his political or religious liberty, will they leave him free to disobey? Naturally, the lodge which ordered the obedience will declare that it does not conflict. And if they hold to their interpretation, how will his interpretation stand against theirs? And what protection will he have against those drawn lances, and "all the anguish and torments" which he has invoked upon himself with his hard upon the Bible?

It is strange that in a republican country men should select the title of king for their highest ruler. But so it is with the Knights of Pythias. The king and his nine counsellors form the Council of Ten, "from whose decisions there is no appeal, whose edicts once sent forth are established laws."

Here again is absolute authority, without the protections against tyranny, which both the State and Church give in their administration.

These are some of the reasons why no Catholic ought to belong to the Knights of Pythias or any similar society.

I think they should be sufficient to hinder any American from joining them. But you consulted me about Catholics, and I answer accordingly. Very respectfully, your servant in Christ,

WILLIAM HENRY ELDER, Archbishop of Cincinnati.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARY DRUM, ARVA.
The sad intelligence reached us of the death of Mrs. Mary, the estimable wife of Patrick Drum, of the village of Arva, in the sixty-seventh year of her age, which occurred on the 27th of May. With Mr. Drum and the other relatives we sincerely sympathize, and we ask our readers to join with us in praying for the repose of the departed soul.

Here is an excellent Spanish proverb which should be remembered, "Be hospitable always, even to an enemy; the oak does not refuse its shade to the woodcutter."

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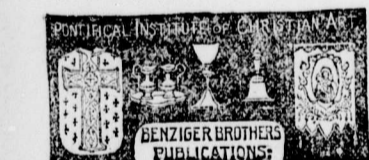
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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A TRYST IN THE SACRED HEART.

(Mrs. J. Sadler, in Can. Mess. of the S. Heart.)

The pallid sun of early November was shining its brightest on the gray walls and vine-wreathed windows of a southern convent some years ago in the tender radiance of the fair Indian summer. The girls of the school were in the full enjoyment of holiday leisure, for it was Reverend Mother's feast, and everything that loving kindness could dictate was done by the dear Sisters of the community to make it a bright and happy day for their pupils.

Yet the light-hearted gaiety of the hour was not without a cloud to dim its brightness. That very day—nay, in a little while—the best loved of all the graduating class—Helena Weston—was to leave the abode of four happy years for her far-off home away north in the old Granite State. And the cause of her going made it all the sadder. Early that morning had come a telegram announcing that her father had been suddenly stricken with apoplexy, and lay, it was feared, at the point of death.

At this sad news all her girlish ambition to win the honors of the school, all her eager desire to attain proficiency in the several branches of study, all her bright hopes of success—all vanished like the morning dew. The one thought of her father's danger, the one fear that he might die without her seeing him, hearing his dying words, or receiving his last blessing, took entire possession of her loving heart. To get away—even from that peaceful convent-home, so justly dear—to find herself on the way to that still dearer home where her beloved father might even then be passing away; where her mother and sister and brother were counting the hours till she should join the anxious group of watchers around the bed whereon the head of the family lay, perhaps unconscious, or, it might be, asking faintly for her, the absent one—that was all she thought of.

Her few preparations were quickly made by the Sisters, and after a hasty meal—at which poor Helena could only be persuaded to take a biscuit and a cup of tea—the little convent carriage was brought round, and while her trunk was being carried out and her other little "belongings" disposed of in the carriage, the last farewells were exchanged with her fellow-pupils and then with her beloved teachers where they stood, a dark-robed sympathetic group, on the board verandah in front of the convent.

Helena was already descending the steps when the Mother Superior detained her a moment while she said: "Helena, my poor child, a word before you go! A thought has just come to me. It is a long and perilous journey you have before you. You are going all alone, without any earthly protector. Now, I want to place you specially under the loving care of the Sacred Heart, and this I do most earnestly and confidently. This evening, just before the Angelus, we here will say the Rosary of the Sacred Heart for your intention, and you will join us in it. Remember—before the Angelus!"

In a voice choked with tears Helena promised. She entered the carriage and was driven rapidly toward the railway station some two miles away. Many a loving prayer went up for her at that sad moment from those she left behind—for how long, no one knew.

Meanwhile, the hours passed slowly and sadly in the northern home of Helena. The last sacraments had been administered to the father and husband of the Weston family—a man who but two days before was in the flower of his years, a successful merchant who had done well for his family, and a fervent convert from some one of the many sects to the Catholic faith. He was still conscious and fully resigned to die, yet yearning for the sight of his oldest and best-loved daughter before he closed his eyes in death. His voice, but late so full and sonorous, was already growing faint and feeble, and it was only by leaning over him and listening intently that his sorrow-stricken wife could catch his words: "I am willing to die," he murmured, "if God so pleases—I have tried to serve Him—I leave you all to His holy keeping—but I want to see—Helena—I want to hear her voice."
 "She is on her way now, Richard! she left in the 10 o'clock train, and it is now 2 o'clock. We may look for her about 7."
 The sick man heaved a weary sigh—"So long," he said, "so long—my God! let her come in time! Oh! if she were—too late!"
 Oh! how earnestly the watchers looked and prayed for the absent one's speedy return! Many an anxious glance was cast at the clock on the mantel-shelf and thence to the pallid face among the white pillows on the bed. He was holding out wonderfully, everyone said. God was dealing tenderly with him in giving him so many hours of life, contrary to all expectation. But as the time of Helena's arrival drew near, his anxiety seemed to increase and his failing eyes were ever and anon turned to the time-piece.
 At last the hand on the dial reached 7, and yet Helena came not.
 "There—it is 7 o'clock—and she is not here. Must I go without seeing her?"
 "Be patient, Richard, be patient!" whispered his wife. "You know it takes ten minutes to get here from the station."
 But ten minutes passed—twenty—

and still she came not. Then young Weston stepped softly to the door whence some one without had beckoned to him. Before he could close the door after him his sister followed him and heard him say to their own coachman who stood there with a scared look on his white face, "What did you say, Peter?—an accident to the Baltimore Express. Many people killed? My God! did you say that?"
 "I did, sir, and waited till after 7, but there was no train there, only crowds of people waiting, everyone wondering at the delay. Then news came in all of a sudden that the bridge at N— was open and no lights up and—"

"And what—can't you go on?" cried the young man, excitedly.
 "And then—the cars went right down in the middle of the river."
 "Is the carriage at the door?"
 "It is, sir, it is!"
 "Well! I'll go at once to the depot and see what can be done. Not a word now, Carrie, not a word! and mind!—no screaming or crying if you would not kill father instantly. Say nothing to mother—if—if the worst has happened, she will know it too soon. Go in now, and try to look as if nothing were wrong. If mother asks why I came out, say I went to meet Helena. That's all!"

"Oh! William, is there any hope?—do you think there is?" and the poor girl grasped her brother's arm and looked up into his face with a look that wrung his heart.
 "How can I tell, Carrie?—You have heard what Peter said. We can say that God is good, and pray that—that we may still have a sister! Go in now to poor mother." And he hurried away after the faithful Irish servant who had already gone back to his horses.

Within the room there was solemn silence. The shadow of the death-angel's wing seemed already falling over the sick bed and its scarcely breathing occupant. Even the one last lingering trouble—the one last feverish desire, had well-nigh disappeared at the near approach of death. The mother raised her head as her daughter entered and cast a look of eager enquiry on her face: startled by what she saw there she could hardly repress the cry of terror that rose to her blanched lips. But knowing well what the consequence of any sudden alarm might be, she mastered her emotion, bent her head again over her husband's face, and said within her self: "Thy will, not ours be done!" Her hope now was that he might die without knowing.

Two hours later while the desolate mother and daughter were prostrate in silent prayer beside the bed whereon lay the motionless form of him who seemed already dead to all the world, steps were heard on the stairs, the door was gently opened, and young Weston entered. He glanced at the bed, then inquiringly at his mother, who shook her head sorrowfully.

"Oh mother is he gone?" broke from the young man's lips in a half-stifled cry. At the sound, the father opened his languid eyes and looked up at his son. His lips moved, and he spoke more audibly than before.
 "Is she dead?"—he faintly articulated—
 "I know what—happened?"
 "No father, not dead—but safe and well!" cried Helena herself, who, left by her brother at the door, could bear it no longer. In her delight at finding her father still alive and hearing his dear voice again, she forgot the possible danger of his the sudden shock, and rushing in she threw herself on his knees, clanny hand her father tried to hold out, she bedewed it with her tears. The others waited in silence, fearing the worst result from Helena's indiscretion. It was very different from what they sadly expected. Mr. Weston's eyes grew brighter and his voice stronger, while words of joy and gratitude came from his lips, so lately glum. "Thank God! oh thank God!"
 Just then the priest entered the room. Having so lately prepared Mr. Weston for death, his first glance was at him, whom he expected to find dead, then his eyes fell on Helena, and he exclaimed:
 "How is this?—Mr. Weston still alive and better, I see, than when I left him; and you here, Helena! I heard of the terrible accident to the Baltimore Express, and knowing that you were coming by this train, I feared the worst, and—in fact, I came here expressly to break the news to some of the family and keep it from your father, in case he still lived."
 "Accident!—what accident? I thought something—had happened!"
 It was Mr. Weston who spoke, and the others shrank from telling him—all but Father Casey, who said cheerily:
 "You may tell him, Helena!—joy will not kill him—I verily believe it has brought him back to life. But let your father rest a little while—he will be all the better for it, and when you have had your tea come in again and tell us all. Go to tea, all of you, and I will stay with Mr. Weston till your return. I have some of my office to say yet, and he will keep quiet and try to sleep while I say it. No, thank you, Mrs. Weston," in answer to a whispered request from that lady to go and have tea with the family; she would remain with her husband—
 "No, thank you, I have had tea hours ago. Do not mind me! I will wait, for I want to hear about the accident and how Helena escaped unhurt."

In the silence of the sick-room Mr. Weston slept a refreshing sleep while

Father Casey read his breviary, the light of the lamp carefully shaded from the patient's eyes.

A very little while and the small family were again assembled round Mr. Weston's bed. All were eager to hear what Helena had to tell, and when she said to Father Casey in a hesitating voice, "Do you think it will do father any harm to hear it?" the patient smiled as he looked at his daughter, saying in a whisper—
 "Good, not harm, my child." The priest nodded encouragingly, and Helena began her account. She told of her departure from the convent in the early afternoon, of what the Mother Superior had said to her the last thing, and how her fear of the long railroad journey all alone and its possible dangers all disappeared from her mind, and she began to look forward hopefully to reaching home in time to see her father alive and perhaps not so low after all.

The dear Sisters had provided her with a book, in case she felt inclined to read, and in her more hopeful state of mind she gladly beguiled the tedium of the way by reading. It was Miss Starr's beautiful volume, "Patron Saints," and she soon became so deeply interested in its pages that the hours passed almost unnoticed. The short November day passed—night fell, and the lamps were lit in the Pullman car; laying down her sick father and all the dear ones at home whom she was so soon to see. Then her thoughts went back to the scarcely less dear ones she had left behind, and the parting words of Mother Augusta stood out in strong relief from all the rest: "We will say the Rosary of the Sacred Heart for you just before the Angelus—and you will join us in it."

She looked at her watch, and started to find that it wanted but twenty minutes of the time. Instantly taking out her beads she crossed herself with them, to the evident amusement of the few other passengers in the drawing-room car who were chatting away merrily at the other end. Helena, little heeding their derisive remarks or amused glances, began low to herself the beautiful prayer of St. Ignatius, usually prefixed to the Rosary of the Sacred Heart—"O good Jesus, hear me! within Thy wounds, hide me!" She had reached the last invocations of the Rosary—"Sacred Heart of Jesus! have mercy on us!—Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for us!" when a tremendous crash was heard; it seemed, as Helena described it, as though heaven and earth were coming together—a sound of crashing timbers—the roof above was rent asunder as were both sides of the car, and in the twinkling of an eye that half in which the merry party of travellers were seated disappeared from Helena's horror-stricken gaze, while their despairing cries made her heart stand still. Wonderful to relate, the portion of the car in which Helena sat remained firm on the edge of the yawning chasm where the black river rolled far below.

On the instant, and while Helena, stunned and bewildered, could scarcely articulate a prayer, and unable to realize what had happened, the Angelus rang out from the tower of a neighboring church. The Sacred Heart, whose tryst she had kept with her far-off teachers, had saved her from a fearful death where so many others had perished!
 Helena could tell nothing more, and never knew how she found herself in her father's carriage supported by the strong arm of her delighted brother, who had just reached the scene of the disaster.
 But the Sacred Heart had done more than save Helena. From that happy hour Mr. Weston began to recover, and was soon restored to his former health and strength.
 Next day a telegram from the Maryland convent asked—"Was Helena saved?"
 "Saved by a miracle," was the reply—"just before the Angelus!"

This incident is literally true. Many still living will remember reading the account in the journals of the time. Indeed, the major part of the story is all true, including the spiritual tryst mentioned.
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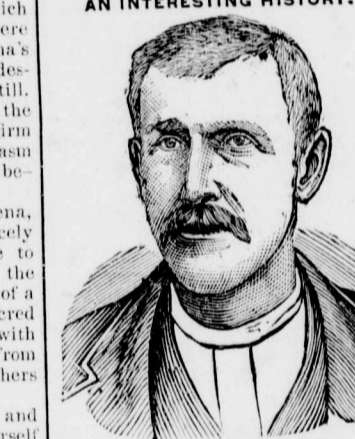
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THREW AWAY HIS CRUTCHES AFTER YEARS OF TERRIBLE SUFFERING.



STATEMENT OF MR. WM. McNEER.
 For eight years I was troubled with a sore on my leg which resulted from having it broken. The doctors kept me in bed five months trying to heal it up, but all to no purpose. I tried all sorts of salves, liniments, ointments, pills and blood medicines but with no benefit. In 1883 it became so bad that I had to sit on one chair and keep my foot on another for four months. I could not put my foot on the ground or the blood would rush out in a stream and my leg would swell to twice its natural size.

ELEVEN RUNNING SORES developed on it which reduced me to a living skeleton (I lost 70 lbs. in four months). Friends advised me to go to the hospital; but I would not, for I knew they would take my leg off. The doctor then wanted to split it open and scrape the bone, but I was too weak to stand the operation. One old lady said it had turned to black erysipelas and could never be cured. I had never heard of Burdock Blood Bitters then, but I read of a minister, Rev. Mr. Stout, who had been cured of a severe abscess on the neck by B.B.B., after medical aid had failed, and I thought I would try it. I washed the leg with the Bitters and took them according to directions. After using one bottle I could walk on crutches, after taking three, I threw away the crutches, took a syringe and went to work in the field. At the end of the sixth bottle my leg was entirely healed up; pieces of loose bone had worked out of it and the cords came back to their natural places again. That was nine years ago and it has never broken out since. I can walk five miles to-day as fast as anyone, and all this I owe to B. B. B., which certainly saved my leg, if not my life. I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers. Give B. B. B. a trial, it will cure you as it did me.

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