

The Bird with a Broken Wing.

By H. BUTTERWORTH. I walked in the woodland meadows. Where sweet the thrushes sing. And I found on a bed of mosses A bird with a broken wing. I healed the wound, and each morning I sang its own sweet strain; But the bird with the broken pinion Never soared so high again.

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

The arrival at a place we have not seen for many years, the sight of objects familiar to us in our youth—of things we recollect, and of others which have changed the aspect of the picture imprinted in our memory, has generally something melancholy in it—sometimes only a pleasing sadness, sometimes a heavy gloom. When it is a quiet country landscape we gaze on, or a fine extensive view of sea or land, or a mountainous region half-way between us and the sky—such reminiscences are far less depressing than when they are connected with the busy haunts of men, the great thoroughfares of life. In a great city when you enter a hotel and have nothing to do but to sit down and think, when every sight and sound is at once familiar and strange, when for many a long hour you are alone in the midst of an ever-rolling tide of human beings, the feeling of solitude is painfully oppressive; there is not a book on your table; no one knocks at your door; the postman brings you no letters; carriages roll in the street, but they do not stop; you mechanically listen to the increasing and decreasing noise as they pass or they approach; you go by and recede; you go to the window and watch the passengers, all intent upon something, and feel as if you, alone in the world, had nothing to do, and were stranded for the time being on the shore of the great stream of human life.

foolish thought! O Henri, I can hardly forgive you. . . "What was use of speaking? Have I not bound you to me by irrevocable ties? Have I not irreparably injured you? No, when everything about us was bright and beautiful, and I could spend every hour in working and in planning for your happiness, when you, one who came near you loved you and was kind—as that dear child wrote in her journal a moment ago—it did not appear to me in that light. I did not regret for you the loss of a position rich, but for me, you might yet regain. But here, in this mean lodging, where no one notices your arrival or gives you a welcome; you, who would once have been lodged in a palace and had princes and nobles at your feet; here, where I first see what you may have to suffer with and for me. . . Oh, my dear heart, it is more than an endure. . . His wife laid her hand on his, and there was a tone of indignant tenderness in her voice as she replied, "Henri, banish such thoughts as you would an unworthy temptation! These pains, they wrong me! What next to faith in Him is God's best gift to a woman? Is it not the love of a noble heart? To you I owe every joy I have known on earth, and under Him every hope of heaven. You have taught, consoled, instructed, and guided me. You saved my life, and at what a cost. You know, and so do I—What robbed you of your strength? What ruined your health? How can you talk to me of my kindred, of palaces and princes? Henri, are you my near and dear friend, or do you wish to see the light of my eyes, the beloved of my heart, to be extinguished? O God, forgive me! she passionately exclaimed, falling on her knees; "forgive me if I loved one of Thy creatures too much—in my happiness I have not thought enough of my poor boy. If even now poverty, suffering with my husband, is joy compared to the brightest fate on earth without him. O Henri!" she said, turning to him again, you must have little known of my love to speak as you did just now. Never again say you have wronged me; I cannot bear it.

value of property in New France at the time I was obliged to sell. As soon as I get well, I intend to try and get employment in the colonies—if possible in the Antilles. . . "You do not mean, then, to return to Louisiana?" "No, madame, not if I can help it." "I am not surprised at that, after all you went through, and the terrible scenes you witnessed, your wife and child so nearly perishing, and your arriving just in time to rescue them and other captives. I assure you it was much spoken of at the time, and you are considered quite a hero. So many people will be wanting to see you, I expect you will be quite the fashion. M. Varet showed us the interesting account you wrote to him and his brother. Her father's name was M. de Chamblé. I suppose you never heard of the family; but I assure you that she is a mademoiselle de tres-bonne maison." "And a good part, I hope." "She brought me a bag down, a concession of some importance, which, had my health allowed me to remain in America, might have proved valuable; but we sold everything before leaving America." "And you have a daughter?" "Yes, a little creature of twelve years old, who looks as if fifteen. I hope you will let me introduce her to you." "Most willingly. And now that I think of it, my carriage is at the door. Allow me to reconduct you to your home, and then I may have, perhaps, at some leisure, pleasure of making Madame d'Auban's acquaintance." "D'Auban assented, for he thought that the sooner his wife got over the nervousness she felt at the sight of strangers the better it would be, and his intimate friends had been so anxious to see her in Paris. Madame d'Orgeville wished to show her old friend every kindness, but she was also very curious to see his wife. Some of her acquaintances, who had been at New Orleans, had spoken in terms of admiration of her grace and beauty, and what perfect French you speak! Quite the language of the Court, with only a shade of German accent. And your manners, your voice, your whole appearance! I assure you I should have thought you had always lived in Paris." Madame d'Auban smiled; but Mina, who was being led into the room at that moment by her father, heard Madame d'Orgeville's words, and deeply resented them. "Why should not mamma be beautiful?" she thought, "and why should not be perfect in every way, though she did not live in this odious Paris? Mina's face was one of those which a frown becomes almost as much as a smile, and when, after kissing her on both cheeks, Madame d'Orgeville called her a stay in the way of her happiness, which she had not made her look so pretty, that that lady, during the rest of her visit, could hardly take her eyes off her. "She is quite as pretty as M. de Prie," she thought, "and with an expression of purity and delicacy, and a more graceful and elegant than she had ever dreamt of in her limited sphere of thought and action! Julie d'Orgeville was not without amiable qualities, and her principles were good; so were those of many of the girls gathered together on that occasion. Some of them eventually became excellent wives and mothers, and exemplary fervent nuns. But they were impregnated for the time with the levity and the prejudices of the worldly society to which they belonged, and retained in a childish form the aspect it presented."

"Oh, one is Madame la Duchesse, and another Madame la Princesse, and another Madame la Marquise, and so on." "Then one, you know, has her grand entrance at Court," cried a little girl. "And the duchesse have labourets," said another. "And then we stand at the door of the arbour, and pretend it is the queen's dressing-room; and we go in according to our ranks—stand by her majesty; and Madame la Duchesse hands her her shift, if there is no one of higher rank in the room; but if one of the princesses comes in, she, of course, gives it up to her." "Which is to be the queen?" asked Mina, looking round the circle. "We always draw lots for that. By the way, do you know, mesdemoiselles, that my mother says that yesterday, at the funeral of the Princesse de Conti, Madame la Duchesse de Boufflers pushed by, and would not let Madame de Clarmont spitale the corpse before she had done so herself. But she had all the trouble in the world to prevent it." "But my papa says that it is quite ridiculous to suppose that duchesses have the right." "Then your papa is mistaken, mesdemoiselles. And I play at going to Court to-day, I shall be Madame de Boufflers, and nothing shall induce me to yield up that point." "Well, all I know is that I went to see Mlle. de St. Simon yesterday, and that she says the pretensions of the Duchesse de Boufflers are quite shocking, and that she should never have taken precedence of Madame de Clarmont, who was representing the Queen." "Who cares what that ugly girl says? She is like a note of interrogation—a little crooked thing, always asking questions and laying down the law like the cross old duke her father." "Would you like to be the queen, Madame de Clarmont? You may if you like," said the leader of the youthful band. "No, thank you," answered Mlle. "I should not know how to behave." She thought of her grass throne, and her sable courtiers who used to call her chief, in the green prairies far away; but that was not like playing at being the queen of France, and she said she should like better to stay where she was, and to be up her buttocks. An animated conversation was carried on by the elder girls, which chiefly related to their various prospects, and the intention of their parents with regard to their establishment in life. Some were already engaged to be married, though they had never seen their future husbands. Some were to be married as soon as a suitable alliance could be found for them. Some hoped, and some feared, they might have to go into religion. They talked of the good looks of one of their friends, who had become the wife of a gentleman who then was a young man, and who had since taken precedence of her sister, who had wedded, the year before, a wealthy jurist, a cousin of the Messieurs Paris. One young lady mentioned, Alice le Pelleier, was actually about to be married to the son of the due of Guise; then, you know, she is immensely rich," said Julie d'Orgeville, "and her mother has a Beaufort. Do your parents intend to marry you in France, Madame de Clarmont? she asked of Mina, who answered with simplicity—"I don't think the mean to marry me at all." "Are you, then, going into religion?" "I have never thought of it," Mina said. "I suppose you have thought of very little yet, my dear, but planning and scheming," said Julie, good-humouredly, but in rather a contemptuous manner. Mina blushed, but made no reply. How little the elder girl knew of the depth of thought and feeling in the soul of that child, who had gone through more emotions, and more inward struggles, and exercised more virtues already, than she had ever dreamt of in her limited sphere of thought and action! Julie d'Orgeville was not without amiable qualities, and her principles were good; so were those of many of the girls gathered together on that occasion. Some of them eventually became excellent wives and mothers, and exemplary fervent nuns. But they were impregnated for the time with the levity and the prejudices of the worldly society to which they belonged, and retained in a childish form the aspect it presented."

THE PAPAL ALLOCATION.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE CHURCH—LAWS REPUGNANT TO CATHOLIC TEACHING—TRADITIONS AND RULES OF THE APOSTOLIC SEE.

The allocation announced on the 20th inst. by His Holiness Leo XIII. to the cardinals of the Church fittingly closes the record of the transactions whose successive stages are to be traced in the recently-published correspondence between the Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Cardinal Secretary of State. In solemn and impressive language the head of the Church protests against the outrage which the Liberal Government of a Catholic people has dared to perpetrate against the rights of the Holy See. His words will sink deep into every Catholic heart, and the insult which their rulers have offered to the Holy Father will only bind the faithful people of Belgium in closer ties of devotion and obedience to the Supreme Pontiff. It is needless to say that the language of Leo XIII. justly severe as it is in denunciation of the wrong that has been done the Church of God, is not that of personal irritation or offended dignity. In the words which he has addressed to the cardinals he is "not so much moved by personal grief as solicited for the honor of the Apostolic See," and, in the vindication of that honor and in the guarding of the rights of the Church against the attacks of her enemies, he discharges an exalted duty, the happy accomplishment of which by successive popes throughout the whole history of the Church has been the means chosen by Providence for the preservation of CHRISTIANITY. Leo XIII. has given one more proof to the world that neither by force nor by stratagem can any concession inconsistent with the rights and duties of the Catholic Church be wrung from the hands of their divinely-appointed guardian. The wiles and shifts of the Belgian Government, and his disconcerted attempt to torture the kindly forbearance and gentle courtesy of the Holy Father into proofs of duplicity or of vacillation, are shown in their true light throughout the published correspondence, and will draw down upon their author the condemnation which such a form of diplomacy justly entails upon the man who stoops to employ it. And the allocation of the Holy Father proves beyond doubt that Leo XIII. has not been deceived as to the real bearing of the situation. "But now," he says, "considering more deeply the nature of the matter in this, as in other affairs of the same sort which are transpiring in almost every direction, we recognize certain notes which signify that a war long ago, nefariously undertaken against the Catholic Church has broken out again violently." The design to withdraw the Belgian legation from the Vatican, entertained as his Holiness well knew, from the first moment when the reins of power fell into the hands of the Liberal party, was one note of carrying out this war for which only a colorable pretext was wanting; and the law brought forward respecting primary education, in itself a violent attack upon religion, was cunningly made use of to furnish that pretext. It is needless, however, to point out again how far flimsy veil which the Belgian Government endeavored to throw over the real motive of their conduct has been removed by the simple force of truth, and how the removal of the Belgian Legation from the Vatican stands revealed as a long-meditated insult to the Holy See and a deliberate attack upon the religion.

stances of time and place, it is allowable for Catholic children to attend non-Catholic schools in which it is possible to preserve them from the proximate danger of perversion. Thus Catholics may avail themselves of the advantages offered in the primary national schools in Ireland, and, due precautions being taken, children may under the sanction of the bishops be sent, in cases of necessity, to non-Catholic schools in England. But in all such cases one indispensable condition is necessary, and it is that no child shall be exposed to anything which may reasonably be held to constitute a proximate danger of its perversion.—London Tablet, Aug. 28.

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

CATHOLIC IMPULSE IN PROTESTANT HEARTS.

It was but recently in an issue of the Advocate that we quoted the warm eulogy of Lord Byron on prayers for the dead as being an innate feeling of humanity. It is so touching in itself that it strikes the kindest sentiment of our nature, and fills the soul with the sentiment of sympathy with those from whom death has ruthlessly parted us. It is an inspiration that springs from faith and yearning, from our conception of the value of religion and the demands of justice; and the more we attempt to investigate its subtle connection with the idea of Christian immortality, the more it seems necessary to fill the void occasioned by a human certainty of loss of the beloved and its aching sorrow.—Not many months ago the Protestant Queen of England, the head of the Protestant Church in England, Ireland and Scotland, the head of the Protestant Church in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Hindostan, in Asia and the Cape of Good Hope, in Africa, knelt down beside her daughter's tomb in Germany, and who can doubt prayed for her. This is so natural that we are certain it occurs day after day in Protestant homes where death has come. It is at once the refuge of intelligent and gifted minds, and of the less cultured and humble souls from the loneliness of the sorrow caused by death. To prove our points we can hardly cite more potent witnesses than Queen Victoria and Lord Byron, the one the most gifted of modern poets, whatever may be considered by any of his private character, and the other a woman of no special intellectualty, beyond that exhibited by her. Yet to these we can add the testimony of old Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great lexicographer. In his diary we find his attestation of the value, the relief afforded, the natural outbreak of love in the prayers for the dead. He wrote in that book under date of March 28, 1785: "I kept this day as the anniversary of my Letty's death (his wife) with prayers and tears in the morning. In the evening I prayed for her conditionally, if it were lawful." There is in this little entry penned one hundred and twenty-two years ago, all the sorrow of love touchingly portrayed. Here we have the tears shed, and the riven heart bursting into prayers as a relief. We mark here, as if it were written out in detail, the consciousness of a just heart that God is so divine in his purity, in his majesty, in his benevolence, and in his justice, that the purest and best life by human weakness, does not and cannot fulfill the strict duties of reverence toward him to the extent in which his beneficence ought to beget reverence and devotion. Here we have it manifestly that the human emotion mingled with this consciousness renders prayer for the dead a necessity, even to those who are taught to regard it as a useless.

Drunk. . . How many children and women are slowly and surely dying, or rather being killed by excessive doctoring, or the daily use of some drug or drugged stuff called medicine, who can easily be cured and saved by Hop Bitters, made of Hops, Buchu, Man- . . . The GREAT TRIUMPH of the 19th century is the great medical climax Burdock Blood Bitters, cures all diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys, nervous and general debility, and is the purest and best tonic in the world. . . IT NEVER FAILS.—Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is an unfailing remedy for all kinds of bowel complaint.

An Old, Old Story—Told in the City.

BY FANNY FORSTER.

I know the spring is born, yet, sister mine, I may not watch her lovely buds unfold—

Spring cannot lure, with all her budding flowers, The dear consoler of my dying hours!

Speak to me, darling, with thy soft, low voice! Lay thy cool hand upon my throbbing brow!

Lo! the repentant souls the saints rejoice, Ten thousand golden lyres are sounding now—

For, to a weary slumber weeps at last, In humble sorrow for her sinful past?

Brief was the message that I went to thee— Only a timid prayer that thou wouldst come!

When like an angel thou didst haste to me, Leaving me lonely in the dear old home!

Tell me, my sister, was the Hawthorn tree Full of white blossoms when you came away?

Yes, I would give these faded eyes to see The strip of garden where you used to play!

Dear little girl, was I have often staid, The sunbeams dancing o'er my snow-white gown?

Rich beyond measure, innocent and good, Pure as the blossoms that came fluttering down—

In my unsullied youthfulness as fair As the wild rose that nestled in my hair!

On my clasped hand and on my sunken cheek, Thy tears are falling like refreshing rain—

O God! O God! how useless now to speak Of the long years of bitter, hopeless pain!

My proud old father—tell me how he died! Were all his children gathered round his bed?

I was his darling child—his joy, his pride, The darling of his heart, he often said:

Yet did he sink beneath the load of shame My sins had brought upon his honored name!

Be still, my breaking heart, till I recall His earnest eyes, his noble, sun-tanned brow!

His upright form, so powerful, firm and tall, That never stooped until my dark disgrace Came to his care— Ah, how well I must start!

From the ungrateful child who broke his heart! Did he forgive me? Yes, I know he did,

And watched the gate with eager, wistful eyes From early dawn until the darkness hid The little path that through the meadow lies!

And thrice he named me in his dying prayer, And thrice he wept because I was not there!

Still, still thy tears are falling, sister dear, And on my breast thy golden head is bowed—

Be glad, my sister, that I am lying here, Far from the glitter of the sinful crowd, After long years of weary, wretched strife,

Kissing with dying lips his chaste, cold brow, My dear old mother! Is she living still?

Mourning in secret for her daughter's shame? She soothes my fevered brow and breathes my name,

As when above my cradle she had smiled, And said, "Awake, my little angel child!"

Her angel child! Ah! tender, thrilling words! Breathed like a prayer in that delightful hour!

Whose birth was welcomed with the song of birds, Whose blush was caught by many an opening flower,

Whose smiles lit up the eyes that love to trace Her's, and whose promise on my smiling face!

She curled my tresses with her own dear hand, Pressing a kiss on every ward and crest:

She often sighed, and in her sweetest words, The tender sadness of her fond caresses—

I was so innocent, I was so pure, And oh so beautiful, and oh so dear!

She thought, with trembling heart, how I would grow From a fair child into a fairer maid—

How her sweet hand would bow her head in love, And, as she thought, she bowed her head and prayed!

That coming day might bring no vain desire For a gay crowd to flatter and admire.

Tell me, my sister, does her taper burn Through the long midnight, dreary, gray and cold?

Say, does she wait, "Oh, my stray lamb, return!" Is there no shelter here thy mother's fold?

My weary, wandering bird, come and rest, Thy poor tired pinions on thy mother's breast!

Dear Kate and Robin! tell me, are they well? And Merry Madge, and winsome, blue-eyed Betty!

Tell her I died, but never, never tell The shameful story of my sinful youth:

DEFYING THE LANDLORDS.

AN IRISH ROMANCE—FIGHTING AND FRANKING—DUNKIN HEALTHS ALL ROUND.

The Dublin correspondent of the New York Times gives a description of the restoration of the Meaghers of Kibury to their farm which swears more of romance than reality. He says:

There is not in any of Charles Lever's rollicking fictions of Irish life and character anything more thoroughly ray of the soil than is to be found in the facts which bring to an end a remarkable chapter in the strange, eventful story of the Ireland of to-day. It is the stirring story of the Kibury evictions. The scene of this true tale of life in Ireland in this year of grace is laid, very appropriately, in a romantic Tipperary valley. Here dwelt on a large farm the Meagher family, of respectable farming class. Representatives of this family had been in the place for generations as tenants holding a lease. Things went on comfortably with them until the year 1845, when the rents fell into arrears year by year; the landlord was pressed for his rent; the tenant couldn't or wouldn't give it to him; then the landlord wanted his land, and this the tenant resolutely refused to yield. Now a fierce struggle commenced for the possession of the land. The owner had the power of the law on his side, and the tenant had the popular sympathy and practical support on his. The landlord brought his forces on the ground in the shape of the sheriff, bailiffs, and police. The tenant garrisoned his house with neighbors, and barricaded it with the small force of the law. The sheriff discreetly retired from the field. The Kibury contest had now attracted the attention of the landlords and tenants throughout the country. It was regarded as a test case, and accordingly was watched with excited interest by the two classes, now face to face in open war. There was a landlord who couldn't get either his rent or his land; here was a tenant who defied the law and the landlord.

A second descent was made on the tenant's house, accompanied by a young peasant in a flannel jacket, appeared at a window, said something unparliamentary about the Riot Act, and told the magistrate to take the place if he was able. Two scaling-parties, composed of men of the Royal Irish Constabulary, were told off to attempt to effect an entrance through the window. By this time one of the scaling-parties succeeded in entering through a back window, and the end of the fight was that the garrison was overpowered and made prisoners of war. THEY WERE HANDCUFFED AND LED AWAY.

Now the indignation meeting set in. Fierce demonstrations were held in the neighborhood, at which a solemn vow was made that the farm from which Meagher was evicted should be allowed to lie waste until he was restored to possession. It was thoroughly understood that the man who would take that farm, or work upon it in any way, for the benefit of the landlord or himself, would do so at the risk of his life. No man took that risk. As soon as Meagher, his wife, and his retainers were liberated on bail to take their trial at the ensuing assizes, a band of masked men, armed, accompanied him to his old home at night, expelled the caretaker who was put in charge by the landlord, having previously sworn him not to undertake that sort of work any more, and reinstated Meagher in possession, swearing him to hold it against all comers. Here, now, was the landlord exactly in the position in which he found himself at the commencement of hostilities. Again the landlord put the legal machinery at work for the purpose of again expelling this terrible tenant. Blood was up to fever heat on both sides now. The farm-house was put in a condition, within and without, to resist a prolonged siege; it was amply provisioned, and was garrisoned by a band of bravos who threw themselves

HEART AND SOUL INTO THE WORK. The crops on the farm were now ripe, and needed cutting. One bright, moonlight night a swarm of peasantry came on the ground, and next day, as if by magic, that farm was bare; the crops had been cut down by hundreds of reaping-hooks and scythes, and carried away to neighboring farms. This extraordinary harvesting feat was, of course, accomplished in the interest of the tenant who was fighting his landlord.

If a novelist were writing an imaginary incidents like these, he would find it absolutely necessary to wind up with a tragedy. There wouldn't seem to be any other natural way out of it. If he had a literary daring to make all these desperate doing, and up not in a fever and fatal fight for that farm, but in a jolly drinking bout on the spot by the contending forces, at which the landlord and the sheriff and the resident magistrate and the police were "toasted" in champagne, he would surely be consumed by the critics for constructing an outrageously improbable denouement. Yet this, and much more, was what really did happen in fact. It came about in this way:

WONDERFUL MIRACULOUS CURES AT KNOCK.

LETTER FROM THE NUN OF KENMARE.

Sir,—I am truly glad to have something to write to you about, besides famine and distress. I have had several cures within the last few days of two remarkable miracles which, I think, I may safely call such, and which must be attributed to the powerful advocacy of our Lady of Knock. Further, I have the personal assurance of two parish priests as to the facts of the case. John Fitzgerald lives in the parish of Sween, near Kenmare. At a very early age he was afflicted with hip disease and his leg was completely turned backwards and up for ten years. It was so completely twisted back that the foot and leg were on a level with the knee, and he could only move on two knuckles. The doctor, whose certificate of his cure I have, had known him from a boy, and he told me that the only human way in which a cure could have been effected was by cutting the tendon, and then a long and tedious process of stretching the leg. Even then the leg would not be in the ordinary position. This gentleman also told me that, as he said himself, he did not believe a word of the Knock miracles till Fitzgerald came home cured. As to not believing that, one might as well not believe that the water of the well of St. Patrick cured the blind, or that the water of the well of St. Patrick cured the lame. Fitzgerald went to his parish priest, the Rev. Father Davis, to ask what he thought of his going to Knock. The priest did not say, "Don't go," but he said, in telling me the circumstances, that he thought a man without a leg might as well have gone to the devil, as to try to get cured. But, happily, Fitzgerald went to Knock, and on the Feast of St. Peter and Paul he walked in to his much-annoyed parish priest, and, stamping the once helpless foot on the ground, he exclaimed, "See, father, what the Mother of God has done for me! My leg is perfect. He left his crutches at Knock, and he is further use for them, and he works in the fields now and can walk to-day as well as any man. Not the least wonderful part of the miracle is that the leg, which had been quite wasted as well as useless, filled with blood, and that the knee-cap, which had been distorted, is now in the right place. It is, indeed, a miracle which cannot be gaisaid—Mr. Fitzgerald was cured at Knock. It seems there is a spot from the church where the rain-water is carried off, and he placed his leg under it. His companion then put him down on it. As he could not stand without support on his two crutches, and he endured an awful agony of pain. In some cases the miraculous cures are strangely like some of those recorded in the Gospels, for before some cures it would appear as if the foot of the patient had been cut off. In these cases there is often fearful distortion of the whole body and violence, but it has been found better not to hold or restrain the poor sufferer in any way. Sometimes they are perfectly conscious all through this protracted agony, nevertheless, they cannot control; therefore, they are in no way accountable for any violence they may use; this generally terminates in a long swoon from which the person recovers cured.

Fitzgerald's swoon lasted for several hours, and when he fell into it he was then quiet and carried to bed; his cure after this was immediate and complete.

His parish priest had been for some time suffering from his eyes—in fact, for years he had been painfully near-sighted, and I never saw him without glasses till after his cure. He told me he had tried the water of Knock several times without effect. He felt his sight getting worse and worse; at the last he could only see even with glasses by holding his book a few inches from his eyes. Fitzgerald came to him cured on the feast of St. Peter and Paul, and the priest was so amazed and rejoiced that he thought he would try the water again himself. He went up stairs, bathed his eyes, and at once, as he expressed it, everything round him seemed to get quite bright. His sight was now quite restored, and I saw him a few days ago without his glasses, and heard from his own lips how many Masses of thanksgiving he has said for his cure.

PROUDEN'S PATENT IRISH PANACEA.

Mr. John Anthony Froude is much commended in his mind as to the administration of Ireland. He declares the present unhappy condition of that country, and wishes to see it peaceful and prosperous. The method he would adopt to bring about tranquility and material happiness is very simple. He details it at length in an article in the current number of the "Nineteenth Century." We shall not ask the reader to wade through the wordy essay; it would be too cruel; but here in frank abridgment, and almost in his own words, is his plan of relief: Protestant ascendancy is gone in Ireland, and that which it really meant must be realized in some new shape. That is Froude's patent medicine, his universal panacea, his Holloway-cum-Cockle medicine for all the ills the Irish constitution is heir to. Read, mark, and inwardly digest the marvellous prescription, O blemished Papists!

Let any simple-minded individual should mistake what Protestant ascendancy really meant, the learned doctor proceeds to define it with a refreshing candour. This it is—the action of a government which would suspend trial by jury and pass an act for trying of criminals by a commission of judges. In other words, Protestant ascendancy "really meant" the violation of the venerated palladium of British liberties. Mr. Froude's prescription "really means" one, per. col.—hang them by neck. As soon as men can be tried by a star-chamber court, and led from the dock to the gallows, St. Patrick's miracles, according to Mr. John Anthony Froude, will be repeated, and the evils driven out of the country. If we were inclined to be critical we would remind Mr. Froude that, if the tradition be true, St. Patrick drove the snakes, not the devils, out of the country; and if we were inclined to be cynical, we would say that the real devils exist there still, and that they are the crawling reptiles who rack-rent their tenants, who oppress their Catholic neighbors, who are ashamed of the land which gave them birth, and who beslobber with the vicious slime of their ignorant every petty official from whom they can borrow a smile of approval or the smallest crumb of patronage.

But Mr. Froude falls into gross error if he imagines that his quick nostrum is a new to-day. Trial by jury has been suspended there before this, as well as the other rights of Englishmen, which is guaranteed by the Habeas Corpus Act. The jury panels have been framed in such an ingenious manner that it was always easy to secure a packed dozen in the box—a dozen "safe" men, who would return a verdict, less in keeping with the testimony than with the directions of the judge, with the docility of many spaniels. This it happened that Daniel O'Connell was found guilty and committed to Kilmalmain, when his only crime was patriotism; thus the State prisoners of 1846 were condemned in Clonmel for high treason, although their actions were the inevitable result of the desperation into which had government had driven the community, and although the sympathies of every honest and high-spirited Irishman were with them. In the case of the Orange riots in the north the jury-panels had been so arranged with a view to ascendancy at the head of the list that it is almost impossible to have a fair trial. In the south, where the high sheriff is usually a landlord, and sometimes a harsh one, matters are so devised that a tenant accused of an agrarian outrage stands but slender chance of acquittal. There was a notable illustration of this in the memorable instance of the Cornack Brothers. They were tried and tried until the "safe" men were sworn on the jury, the men who would not disagree, and then they were found guilty of murder on purely circumstantial evidence. They did on the scaffold, protesting their innocence, and an indignation meeting was subsequently held at Nenagh to inveigh against the injustice of the proceeding, at which farmers, shopkeepers and priests, including their father confessor, were present, and spoke in terms of open reprobation of the jury-packing system.

Mr. Froude's suggestion had been put in force with consequences directly contrary to those he predicts. The present Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Forster, is a conscientious man, and shrinks from the employment of arbitrary measures. It is not his intention to coerce, but to conciliate; therefore it is not likely that Mr. Froude's rough-and-ready knock of cowering the people will be resorted to while the cabinet with which he is connected is in power. But this Mr. Froude is not a highly-outraged intellect, inflamed with the pride of an intellect—an intolerant sectarian, who had learned all he knows about the business of life from his library—a mere voluble lecturer, who would say that a diseased leg should be cut off, when a genuinely able and humane man would see how to remove the evil, and restore the limb to health and preserve it to the body. It is not by following the advice of charlatans such as he that Ireland is to be pacified and regenerated. At the same time that this eccentric article is published in the "Nineteenth Century," there is a report of a speech made at Cooke Park, in county Galway, by a large landed proprietor, who has a practical experience of the subject on which he speaks. What does Sir William Gregory, ex-Governor of Ceylon, say? Does he propose that trial by jury should be suspended to enable him to manage his estates? No; for he had only known AURELIUS WARR, who found that the Church was opposed to the State or to bad men who might urge what was contrary to Divine Law.—London University.

THE "RIDICULOUS MOUSE."

There is no necessity for an escort of police to protect him as he walks about cased in mail. What is the secret of this pleasant security and ease? He frankly owns that he attributes it to three causes—first, the Crowbar Brigade is unknown in Cooke Park—there has not been a capricious eviction in the property for the hundred years it has been in the hands of his family; next, the rents are moderate; and lastly, there has always been the best feelings between the landlords and the priests. In these three golden rules lies the solution of the Irish land question. The disputes created primarily by the conduct of land-grabbers and land-sharks, which are fast leading to disorganization in the rural districts, can only be set at rest when the custom of Cooke Park becomes universal throughout Ireland.

Mr. Forster will do well to be guided by the practice of such landlords as Sir William Gregory, and not by the brutal counsel of such political jack-puddings as Professor John Anthony Froude.—London University.

Yours, very gratefully, SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE.

COMPLETION OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

At ten o'clock on Saturday morning the last stone of the cross ornamenting the tower of the pinnacle of the second of the two great spires of the cathedral of Cologne was finally fixed in its place. On all the public buildings and many private houses flags waved in honor of the event. Began on August 1245, it has thus taken no less than six hundred and thirty-two years to complete the gigantic structure. After the main portion had been consecrated in 1332 the little progress was made for centuries. At the incorporation of the Rhineland territory with Prussia the building was taken in hand again. In 1817 King Frederick William III. bestowed some money on this cathedral chapter to enable them to resume operations; in 1842 Frederick William IV., his son and his successor, a pious man, revived the undertaking by a solemn inaugural festival and the donation of a large sum. Since then the completion of the stately pile has been considered a concern of national import, equally dear to Catholics and Protestants, and to be promoted by all religious and political denominations alike. Donations began to flow in more liberally, and after another building period of thirty-two years the work stands before us. It is without doubt the largest and finest edifice in the gothic style ever reared on German soil, and is amongst the most glorious specimens of the art to be found anywhere. As the last stone was placed, and the flags floated triumphantly on the twin towers on Saturday morning, a thrill of enthusiasm pervaded ancient Cologne, and men were seen shaking hands and congratulating each other upon the termination of the marvellous fabric. Unfortunately, the joy that is felt is not without alloy. Thanks to the persecution of the Church, it is doubtful whether the event will be marked by a public solemnity. The present Archbishop of Cologne has been deposed by the Ecclesiastical Court, and his orphaned clergy will be hardly prevailed upon to participate in rejoicings when their pastor is away. Thus the structure, which forty years ago was regarded as a symbol of German unity, now that unity has been attained, cannot be properly inaugurated.—London University.

amounts to nearly £250 a year! The scripture examinations were commended, the editor and sub-editor of the Conference Magazine were re-appointed, and various motions passed to arouse interest in it.

Our populations, as it understood, have still enough (thank God!) to eat, only they no longer eat as Swedenborgians.—London University.

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A BRILLIANT VICTORY OVER A RELIGIOUS!

The New York Freeman's Journal has translated the following from the *Osom* of Brest.

"All honor to the Prefect of Finistere; his laurels far surpass in splendor the palms of M. Dumarest.

He has just achieved a brilliant victory over the Sisters of Providence. With the assistance of M. Daniel and a few others he vanquished that valiant woman, the heroine of Chateaudun; she who never trembled before the Prussian bombs; who bravely faced a line of bayonet guns already aimed to save a French girl, the heroic religious who, after saving the life of a poor Franc-Tireur, crossed the enemy's lines to the Headquarters of the Prussian General to plead for mercy for the prisoners of Chateaudun; the woman before whose dignity, courage and patriotism, Von der Thann bowed in admiration.

"Alas! how fortunes change! In 1871 the Municipal Council of Chateaudun, as a token of their gratitude, unanimously voted an order of the day declaring that the Superior of the Sisters of Providence, Sister Jeanne de Chantal, had deserved well of the country and of the city of Chateaudun in particular. Had not her modesty prevented it the Cross of the Legion of Honor would have shone upon her breast.

"It was on Thursday, August 12th, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, that the Commissary of Police, accompanied by a Sergeant de Ville, if you please, waited upon the lady Superior, Sister Jeanne de Chantal, and solemnly read to her the Prefectural Decree expelling the excellent sisters of Providence from the Communal School of Brest.

"Was it necessary to give the place to some of the most postulators who are burning to consecrate themselves to the apostolate of 'lay' instruction?"

"And this is how the Sisters of Providence are dismissed, consecrated to the service of the poor children of the city of Brest!"

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

His Eminence Cardinal Newman was visited by His Eminence Cardinal Manning at the Oratory, Egham, on Thursday last. The visit was a private one, and the two distinguished ecclesiastics remained in conference over an hour. Their conversations subsequently proceeded to the Bishop's House, Bath Street, where they dined with the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne.

At the Oratory on Sunday last Cardinal Newman called attention to the Pope's recent Encyclical on Christian marriage, and commended the document to the earnest consideration of the faithful. In view of the evils existing in the world the Holy Father, who was placed as the watchman on the tower, who was the great authority to guide, had been moved to issue the elaborate treatise on Christian marriage that they had lately read. The Pope had spoken out boldly, as Popes before him had spoken out at critical junctures, heedless of what the world might say or think, and Catholics should not be surprised whether in this country, or France, or Germany, or Belgium, they found that the Church was opposed to the State or to bad men who might urge what was contrary to Divine Law.—London University.

We must be generous in order to be just. If a painter would produce a perfect representation of nature, he is obliged to embellish her. Since he cannot impart to canvas the velvet softness of the skin, the freshness of color, and the grace of nature, he must supply their lack by another species of perfection; and it is only by giving too much in some directions, that he succeeds in giving enough. Morally speaking, we are painters of those on whom we pass judgment; and, having no exact measure of the good qualities which we perceive, let us at least palliate the defects.

It is reported that the Duke of Norfolk will advance \$100,000 to relieve Mr. Capel in his financial difficulties.

Extract from a complaint.

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Extract from a complaint.

The Catholic Record
 Published every Friday morning at 42 Richmond Street.
 Annual subscription..... \$2 00
 Six months..... 1 00

ADVERTISING RATES.
 Ten cents per line for first, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements measured in non-paired type, 12 lines to an inch.
 Contract advertisements for three, six or twelve months, special terms. All advertisements should be handed in not later than Tuesday morning.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
 All matter intended for publication must have the name of the writer attached, and must reach the office not later than Tuesday noon of each week.

THOS. COFFEY,
 Publisher and Proprietor.

LETTER FROM HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH.
 London, Ont., May 23, 1879.
 DEAR MR. COFFEY.—As you have become proprietor and publisher of the CATHOLIC RECORD, I deem it my duty to announce to its subscribers and patrons that the change of proprietorship will work no change in its title and principles, and that it will remain, what it has been, thoroughly Catholic, entirely independent of political parties, and exclusively devoted to the cause of the Church and to the promotion of Catholic interests. I am confident that under your experienced management the RECORD will improve in usefulness and efficiency; and I therefore earnestly commend it to the patronage and encouragement of the clergy and laity of the diocese. Believe me,
 Yours very sincerely,
 THOS. WALSH,
 Bishop of London.

MR. THOMAS COFFEY,
 Office of the "Catholic Record."

Catholic Record.

LONDON, FRIDAY, SEPT. 24, 1880.

THAT SYNOD AGAIN.

The Anglican Provincial Synod, opened on the 8th inst. with so much empty pomp and sound, went on from bad to worse. The proceedings on the day of opening were indeed farcical enough. The sermon preached by Bishop Binney was, as shown in our last, illogical in its argumentation and absurd in its conclusions. Then the ill-timed and ferocious attack on the British Parliament and Government by the Rev. Mr. Bell, a delegate from the Irish Protestant Episcopal Church, added to the really ridiculous aspect of the synod in the first days of its existence. But the climax of absurdity was not reached till the discussion took place on a proposed "canon" concerning marriage within the prohibited degrees. For the information of our readers we may say that there is, in connection with these synods, a "House of Bishops" sitting apart from the lay and clerical parochial delegates. It was in this "house"—we mean the "house of bishops"—that the canon on marriages within the prohibited degrees originated. The canon, as adopted by the bishops, forbids clergymen from solemnizing and the people from contracting marriages within the prohibited degrees, of which a table is to be printed and placed at the entrance of every church in the country. The motion for the adoption of the canon by the parochial delegates, lay and clerical, drew from several speakers expressions of intense hostility and ignorant bigotry towards the Catholic Church. A Rev. Mr. Kelly declared, in reference to the proposed legislation on the subject of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, that "the great Romish organization which they had to face in Montreal was at the bottom of all this. The Pope sold the power of dispensation to the bishops, which was one great source of his power and of his bad influence, and the bishops sold them to the laity."

We never before heard of this clerical firebrand till the meeting of the synod, and we hope for the good of the people at large we shall never again hear of him. He is evidently a man of such narrow intellectual capacity, warped by bitter prejudices, as to be incapable of recognizing his own turgid and uncontrollable fanaticism. Such men are a pest in a new and rising country—a plague on religion and a dishonor to society. Mr. Kelly did not, however, stand alone in fanatical outpouring. Rev. Dr. Sullivan declared that if the legislature passed "ten thousand bills" to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister, he should refuse to celebrate them, for "the law of the Church was superior to the law of the State." This is very sound doctrine indeed, but a church which has ever been the creature of the State—which owes its origin to Statecraft of the most questionable nature, is not the body to maintain so sound a principle? Dr. Sullivan's empty threat of defying even ten thousand bills must and will be taken at his word and consigned to the doom and oblivion of other sweeping post-prandial declamations. Were

this bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister to become law, no one will be readier to assist in carrying out its provisions than the hungry rural rector, who thinks as much of the "house of bishops" as that "house" thinks of him, and whose household necessities are too pressing to permit him to sacrifice a fee to obey a "canon."

The canon was approved by the synod, and a petition ordered to be prepared against legislative sanction of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The latter proposal drew from Mr. Thomas White, M. P., a vigorous protest. His protest was, however, of no avail. The delegates were determined on showing hostility to Rome by taking the course proposed, and did so. They forget that the Catholic Church is as consistently opposed to these marriages as the needs of religion and society require, and that fewer marriages within the prohibited degrees occur between Catholics than in any other religious body. If the synod imagines that the ridiculously untenable position it has taken up on this question will influence public opinion, it will find itself sadly mistaken. Neither Parliament nor the people can afford to give heed to a body so wholly irresponsible and deplorably illogical.

NAUGHTY BUT NICE.

We have in this city a ministerial association. This body is not political, but religious. We are not, we must confess, aware of the special objects for the promotion of which this society was formed. All we know is that it meets from time to time, and that its members at their meetings enter upon discussions affecting the interests of the sects to which they respectively belong. At a recent meeting held here we learn that the Rev. Mr. Grant read a short but suggestive paper on Church societies. The leading points were that they came not from apostolic days, but were a pitiable innovation from less orthodox times. That in principle they were absolutely wrong and indefensible. That they opened the door to most objectionable features, such as lotteries, raffles and kindred abuses. That it smacked of the world to be announcing 'pan-cake' socials, 'maple-sugar' socials, 'calico-apron' socials and such like. Such means of raising money as by a lady granting kisses for twenty-five cents apiece, and others as ludicrous as these, were a crying shame when sanctioned by the Church of Jesus Christ.

This paper must indeed have proved very suggestive, so much so that it led to a lengthy discussion. The condemnation of 'pan-cake' socials, 'maple-sugar' socials, and 'calico-apron' socials, so popular and so agreeable as they have evidently proved to be with all classes of sectaries, was too sweeping to meet with approval from the ministerial association, of whose godliness no man should doubt.

Rev. Mr. Wallace thought that socials were "necessary nuisances." They were popular, as proved by the large number who attended them. Many believed them necessary because of the heavy debts which hung over most congregations. While he deplored as much as any one the miserable features which characterized them in many instances, yet he thought that the only thing practicable now was to control them.

Rev. Mr. Herridge considered that "such things were, in many instances, needful, or else some churches would go to the wall. . . . He thought some who could not give money could give labor, which could be transformed into money. He thought a keen watch should be kept over all church entertainments."

With Rev. Mr. Herridge's observations the discussion closed. Mr. Grant thus found himself almost alone in his denunciations of 'pan-cake,' 'maple-sugar,' and 'calico-apron' socials. The sweetness of the 'pan-cake,' the lusciousness of the 'maple-sugar,' and the tender loveliness of the 'calico-apron' socials have too long held sway amongst our sectarian brethren to be wiped away by the denunciations of one member of the ministerial association. Devoted members of the various churches

represented in the ministerial association may have frequent occasions to find fault with abuses in connection with their various socials. But we will venture to remark that ninety-nine out of every hundred church-going members are heartily and sincerely in favor of the continuance of these festive gatherings. What would become of religion amongst the sectaries in the rural districts but for these socials? Mr. Grant complained of ladies granting kisses at twenty-five cents apiece at socials. Would he be horrified to learn that at camp meetings and sometimes at ordinary church meetings they grant them for nothing, thus securing a large attendance of youthful male sinners? Very few if any of the latter, in declaring their experiences, admit the weaknesses of their lady associates. But the evil complained of at the meeting of the ministerial association, nevertheless, exists. Will the ministerial body suppress it? We think not. It may be very bad to indulge in the levities of these socials, but the ladies find it "awfully nice," and the ladies will triumph.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST.

The result of the Maine election is yet in doubt. A few hundred votes either way will give the gubernatorial seat to one or other of the leading candidates. The time was when the Republican nomination for the governorship decided the contest. In 1856 the Republican majority in Maine was 27,974; in 1860 it was 27,704; in 1864, 17,592; in 1868, 28,038; in 1872, 32,335; in 1876, 14,960. Today the Republican candidate for the governorship, if elected, can claim a majority of but a few hundred votes. Maine, which was the banner State of the Republican party in the days of old, is no longer to be relied upon by that party. Gov. Davis may indeed be re-elected, but his re-election in the face of such a decisive expression of popular opinion as that manifested in the popular election for State offices shows the decadence of the Republican party in the opinions of the masses. That party has held sway for twenty years. Its avowed policy has been one of union and reconciliation, but its real course has been antagonistic to union and in every sense opposed to reconciliation. The canvass in Maine, on the Republican side, was conducted by Senator Blaine and his followers on the "bloody shirt" and "solid South" cries. The time has passed when these cries can excite the masses in the north. The union is no longer in danger. The war has effectually decided the great questions arising out of the contest of 1860. Neither the people of the South nor those of the North are anxious to see reopened the questions set at rest by the great civil contest which divided the strength and distracted the forces of the American union for five long years. The party which appears to the people on the strength of the old war cries is doomed to defeat and lasting humiliation at the coming elections. The Republican party, led by Blaine, Sherman and others, seems to have staked all hopes of success on the issues forever set at rest by the war. Maine has shown, in the recent State elections, the slenderness of the hope of success based on such cries. To secure the Presidential seat in 1876, the Republican managers committed themselves to a practical acknowledgment of the old secessionist doctrine of States rights by agreeing to a recognition of the Democratic State Government in Louisiana and South Carolina. It is, therefore, with very bad grace that the same party in 1880 raises the issue of centralization. The events of four years ago prove the utter insincerity of the Republican leaders in the maintenance of this supposed cardinal doctrine of their party. The elections to take place in Ohio and Indiana on the 12th of October will, we make no doubt whatever, show the determination of the American people to secure a fair and honest return of a President in November next. From present indications we are led to believe that the contest will not be as close as anticipated. We are now under the impression that the election of Gen. Hancock by a very decisive majority

is a matter of certainty. We feel confident that his election will give strength to the union at home, secure prestige abroad and promote the growth of free government throughout the world.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

The prorogation of Parliament without the passage of any effective measure of reform for Ireland, places the Irish people in a position of the most awkward embarrassment towards the present liberal administration. The Irish people were led to expect a great deal from the Gladstone Government. Their position had excited the attention of the whole civilized world. The sufferings of the tenantry drew forth expressions of sympathy from every civilized people, and one nation may be said to have vied with another in its efforts to alleviate the distress of the afflicted children of Erin. No one failed to see the cause of the distress. The leading statesmen of Great Britain admitted that the land laws demanded thorough reform. The condition of the Irish tenantry was on all hands admitted to be unendurable. Yet when the sufferings of the people of Ireland had been relieved by foreign contributions, the landowners refused to admit that which the whole world besides clearly saw, that the Irish people were the victims of a system of landownership oppressive in every sense and disgraceful to the age we live in. The Irish landlords and their English allies never had so favorable an opportunity in their hands to conciliate the good feeling of the tenantry. They allowed that opportunity to pass by them. In their selfishness they refused to do justice to them from whom they receive their enormous revenues. The people have now nothing to look for from the landowners, they have everything to look for from themselves. Animated with the determination to put an end to injustice and oppression, the Irish people must of a certainty meet with success in their struggle with the selfish and unscrupulous landowners. Well will it be for the latter if the success of the people mark not the utter downfall of landlordism, and the termination of the present system of land tenure in Great Britain.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The *Catholic Times* has changed its place of publication from Waterloo to Rochester. The transfer has made no alteration in its bright and cheerful appearance. We wish our Rochester friend a long career of usefulness.

On the 15th a contract was made by the Dominion Government with capitalists in London, Paris and America for the construction and working of the Pacific Railway. It will be subject to the approval of the Canadian Parliament.

We are pleased to welcome again *McGee's Weekly*, of New York, with all its old-time freshness and vigor apparent in every page. It will prove most interesting and instructive to every Catholic family, and we trust many thousands of our people will come forward and extend it a generous support.

SOME time since the Toronto corporation visited Rochester, and were entertained in the most hospitable manner. The latter returned the visit during the week of the fair, but were so disgusted with the reception they received that they left for home without even paying a visit to "Canada's Great Fair." Insinuations are thrown out regarding the manner in which the Toronto men behaved in Rochester, which would lead to the supposition that they are not all high-minded Christian gentlemen.

ACCORDING to the *Saturday Review* it is easier for a Jew to get into Parliament as the representative of an English constituency than for a Roman Catholic. Ontario people boast of a large liberality in most matters, but the history of its elections will amply bear us out in the assertion that in many constituencies will be found a goodly number of persons who refuse to vote for a Catholic simply because of his faith. And these men dub themselves Christians. By voting for Catholics their consciences would be sorely troubled—that is, in cases where they

will not eventually receive a pecuniary poultice to relieve that elastic portion of their being. Ireland and Lower Canada are very good examples of what Catholics are in the habit of doing at Parliamentary elections. In these places many Protestant gentlemen have been elected, while Catholics have been defeated, and in sections, too, where the voters were nearly all Catholic.

SOME torpedoes are to be sent out to Canada for coast and harbor defence. What is the use of preparing for defence when there is not the slightest possibility of attack? Gentlemen, we do not want your latest devices for destroying human life. Keep them at home. On this side of the ocean we are contented and peaceful and prosperous. Could not our government utilize these torpedoes in some manner for blasting purposes? It would be much more in accordance with the fitness of things to use them for flying rocks rather than human beings in the air.

THE magnificent new organ for St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, was the centre of attraction for lovers of music at the Toronto fair. It was built by the celebrated firm of S. R. Warren & Son, of that city. The front is 16 feet in width, and the depth is 25 feet. The case is of ash, trimmed with walnut. The large pipes are in drab and gold, and the smaller ones are light and dark blue and gold. There are three rows of keys, and the organ is blown by one of Berry's hydraulic 4-inch engines. The tone of the organ is of unusual sweetness, the Vox Humana, the Glockenspiel, Clarinet, and the Oboe stops being extremely natural. The organ was to have been placed in the Cathedral by the 1st of September, but His Grace Archbishop Lynch allowed it to remain in the Exhibition till its close. Mr. Clark, the organist of the Jarvis street Church, gave recitals daily from 11 to 12 and 3 to 4.

A NEWSPAPER correspondent tells of a Boston school girl of thirteen years of age, who, with her strap and school books on her arm, sat reading in the horse-car a book called "The Demon Bride, or Wedded to her Doom." It had this touching motto: "Hast thou suffered? If not, this book is for thee." A girl in that tender age could not be supposed to have suffered very greatly on the love question. Such reading at such an age is worse than useless, but for a girl of thirteen, it is a sin and a shame. We hear much said about what our boys are reading. Mothers should turn their attention as well to what their girls are reading. America needs good mothers as well as ever France did in Napoleon's time, and unnatural hot bed novels are a sorry foundation for womanly character. Mothers who have come to know in their own experience how home is what a woman makes it, have a duty and a privilege in the development of their girls superior to all other works or "spheres."

THE London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* makes a strange statement with reference to Dean Stanley's coming visit to America. He says the Dean is going to investigate the "Church question," and adds that it is said the growth of Roman Catholicism in the United States is creating a current of feeling there in favor of a State and Church union as a safeguard against it. It is asserted by another writer that the Dean can scarcely be coming to America with any such idea in his head. It is to be hoped this latter statement will prove correct. The gentleman would lose a good deal of valuable time, and also succeed in making himself appear ridiculous before the American people. The Catholic Church is making rapid progress in the United States, and any attempt to stop that progress, no matter from what quarter, will be utterly futile.

WILLIAM JONES, Baptist minister, South Australia, writes a long letter to the *Christian World*, explaining a terrible misfortune which recently befel him. His wife and children have turned over to Rome, and all his efforts to bring them back to the Baptist persuasion have been unavailing. The Jesui come in for all the blame, and the newspaper quoted above bewails the fate of Protestantism in England if the Sons of Loyola are permitted to obtain a foothold in the country. One of our Canadian religious contemporaries sympathizes deeply with the bereaved minister, and most sorrowfully ejaculates: "Poor Mr. Jones." What makes the matter appear worse, is the supposition in the minds of our friends that the good lady was induced to give up her former creed by reason of the lying and plotting of the Jesuits. The truths of the

Catholic Church have become so distasteful to some men that they have worked themselves into the belief that they are falsehoods. The Jesuits will go on in their work as long as souls are to be saved, and many who now vilify them will doubtless, ere long, be faithful children of that Church for which the Jesuit has given up his all on earth.

A SON of Gen. Grant was engaged to be married to a wealthy young Catholic lady, Miss Flood, of San Francisco. On a visit there recently young Mr. Grant was seen to keep company with females of questionable reputation. Miss Flood at once sent him to see her business when he called to see her. Brave girl! Would that all young ladies would go and do likewise when such a cause presents itself! Most likely young Mr. Grant became impressed with the idea that because his father happened to be Gen. Grant, Miss Flood would overlook his want of self-respect. We are proud to see that he was mistaken. Miss Flood has thus set a noble example to the young ladies of the present day. No matter what may be the social position of a young man—no matter how wealthy or how well-educated or how nobly born—unless he bears the stamp of moral worth, he ought to be shunned by every high-minded girl. Miss Flood has escaped being wedded to a bad husband. Mr. Grant has lost the chance of being married to a woman who would prove to be a model wife.

VICTOR HUGO is a man of much renown among our Protestant friends. They accept his statements whenever he takes a fling at the Catholic Church. This is his opinion of the Jesuits and the anti-Jesuit decrees: "Men unite and live together; by what right? By right of free association. They do not go abroad; by what right? By the right possessed by every man to close his door or keep it open. They do not go and come, which includes the right to stay at home. At home what do they do? They speak low; they keep their eyes on the ground, they work. They shun the world, the cities, the gratification of the senses, the pleasures of folly, pride and ambition. They clothe themselves in coarse linen or coarse cloth. None among them call the least thing his own. Once entered he who was rich becomes poor. He who was called great or noble becomes the equal of him who was a peasant. The cell is for all the same. They have left their own families; they form a family among themselves. They have given up their natural parents, that they might have parents, of mankind. They elect one of themselves superior and they obey him, that each may be able to call the other brother."

SO MANY preposterous statements have of late appeared in our Protestant contemporaries regarding Catholicity, that it would be absolutely impossible to take notice of one-half of them. These assertions we will not designate by any harsh name. Charity demands that we should not say unkind things of our neighbors. Many Protestants believe every word of the pitiful nonsense laid at the doors of Catholics—while others have common sense and liberality sufficient to lead them away from giving credence to such groundless assertions. Many a hearty laugh is enjoyed by Catholics at the expense of those simple people who learn all they know of the Catholic Church from their Protestant family paper, or the anti-Catholic tracts issued by the Bible society. The stories related of Catholic practices are so exceedingly amusing to the Catholic mind because of the grave way in which they are related that we have often seriously thought of making a selection of them weekly from our Protestant exchanges, and putting them under the head of "Humorous." The last number of the *Christian Advocate* boldly says, and altogether on its own authority, that "The use that the late Pope made of a large portion of the 'Peter's pence,' which for years flowed so freely to Rome, appropriating them to swell his private fortune, has so discredited the charity that the Vatican is seeking new devices to provide for its expenses." And who, pray, did the Pope leave his private fortune to when he died? Popes have no need of a private fortune. Their ambition is to save souls—to carry out the commands of their Divine Master, and extend the sway of His Church among all nations. The money they have to spare is devoted to this object. All Catholics know this to be the fact, and hence there will be no falling off in the Peter's Pence.

THERE is a remarkable difference exhibited in the manner of treating Irish affairs by the *Advertiser* and *Free Press* of London. The former, a few days since, took a view of the matter which will entitle it to some

The Every-Day Darling.

She is neither a beauty of genius, nor a one who could call her wise; In a crowd of other women...

NEWS FROM IRELAND.

DUBLIN. On August 21st, a little fellow named Hughes, aged eight years, residing in...

One of the most galling incidents of the police rule in Ireland is the appearance of a brace of constables at every railway station...

Tipperary. The Kilburry eviction case has had a peaceful termination, said to be satisfactory to all parties concerned...

Carlow. Mr. Henry Birkett, a gentleman, who had spent nearly all his life in Carlow, met his death by drowning in the River Burin...

Wexford. A piece of wood in the shape of a coffin was found recently opposite the residence of the Hon. Mr. Chichester...

Westmeath. On August 23d, at Mullifarnham, Bernard Mulligan, a farmer in good circumstances, who is deputy vice chairman of the Mullingar Board of Guardians...

King's County. The recent robbery of arms from the Shannonbridge barracks has caused considerable excitement in the locality...

Kildare. Mr. Michael Dunne, P. L. G., Ballinagarry, died on August 23d, from the result of an accident of a very simple nature. It appears that on August 23d...

A band was heard approaching, and in turning to look in that direction, he overbalanced himself and fell backwards, his neck coming in contact with a stone...

Three Sheriff's bailiffs, while executing a civil bill decree upon the goods of a family named McAdiffe, at Boherlee, August 21st, were severely beaten with sticks and stones...

An attempt was made on August 24th to sell the crops of the tenants who have been evicted for non-payment of rent at Strahan, on the estate of Archdeacon Bland...

On August 26th another eviction took place near Craughwell. The evicted man owed two years' rent. Only a few peasants assembled at the scene...

On August 19th, as the Very Rev. Canon O'Brien who has accompanied the Most Rev. Dr. MacEvilly on his pastoral visitation tour to Conemaugh and the Western Isles, was proceeding from the parochial house at Killeen...

On August 22d, the Rev. Patrick McDonogh, P. P., Ballinagar and Frenchpark, for many years the beloved and devoted pastor of the above united parishes, died at his residence, Ballinagar...

Is an Indian vegetable compound, composed of the juices of a variety of remarkable medicinal plants and herbs; it varies in its properties...

Mr. Thomas Maguire, head constable of the Constabulary residing in North street, at about seven o'clock, on the night of August 20th, was in the act of removing a tray of tumblers...

On August 23d, a young man named John McBride, residing with the parents at 22 Abyssinia street, Belfast, 21 years of age, was engaged in the brickfield of Mr. Hilland...

A mysterious case of shooting has occurred in Belfast. Mrs. Isabella George, who was a publichouse in North street, at about seven o'clock, on the night of August 20th, was in the act of removing a tray of tumblers...

The experiment which Messrs. Tuckett & Billings entered upon when they commenced to make their "Myrtle Navy" tobacco was this: to give the public a tobacco of the very finest Virginia leaf at the smallest possible margin beyond its actual cost...

The Greatest Popularity of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is where it has been longest known. Time cannot detract from its merits. It is an old reliable remedy for all bowel complaints incident to the summer season.

Persons prematurely gray can have their hair restored to its youthful beauty, by using Hall's Vegetable Sulfur Hair Renewer, the best article in the market.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures cancer of the stomach and bowels, dysentery, cholera morbus, and all summer complaints.

Another young man named Mulligan went to his rescue, but he was only an indifferent swimmer, and was obliged to abandon the drowning boy to secure his own safety.

The Rev. Matthew Mullen, P. P., Termounaquin, county Tyrone, died on August 23d, at the Sheriff's place of the parish, county Antrim, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health.

On August 21st, at Strabane, a sub-constable named Patrick Smyth, went in company with four other policemen to make a place called the Clayholes. Being unable to swim but a few strokes, he kept in what he supposed to be shallow water. The ground, however, at the place is very treacherous, being full of holes, and into one of these he inadvertently stepped. The others saw him struggling, but being themselves unable to swim, could not venture near him, and he sank. He was about 38 years of age.

On August 26th another eviction took place near Craughwell. The evicted man owed two years' rent. Only a few peasants assembled at the scene.

On August 20th, while a girl of about thirteen years of age, named Mary Maloney, was bathing at the Railway Bridge, Galway, she got beyond her depth, and while trying to get into one of those primitive canoes used so generally in those remote places, she missed his footing, from the oscillation of the vessel, and fell into the ocean, to the great consternation and regret of his clerical companions.

On August 19th, as the Very Rev. Canon O'Brien who has accompanied the Most Rev. Dr. MacEvilly on his pastoral visitation tour to Conemaugh and the Western Isles, was proceeding from the parochial house at Killeen...

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CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION. The regular meetings of London Branch No. 4 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, will be held on the first and third Monday of every month, at the hour of 8 o'clock, in our rooms, Castle Hill, A'bernethy, Richmond St. Members are requested to attend punctually. Alex. Williams, Secy.

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DR. J. B. PHELAN, GRADUATE of McGill University, Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Physician, and Surgeon. Office, 110 Dundas street, between B. A. Mitchell's drug store, corner Talbot.

DR. WOODRUFF, OFFICE—Simpson's Avenue, a few doors east of Post Office.

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