

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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EDITORIAL NOTES.

RECENT European papers give some interesting particulars concerning the monk who was lately killed by falling over a precipice near the Grande Chartreuse Monastery, France. It was revealed after the sad accident that he was General Nicolai, who a generation ago fought against Schamyl, who was contending so gallantly for the independence of the Caucasus against Russia. Schamyl was finally thoroughly defeated, and died in 1871, retaining his rank as Prince, though deposed. General Nicolai was afterwards appointed Governor of the Caucasus, but he laid aside his honors in order to become a Monk in the Grande Chartreuse, where he wished to devote himself to prayer outside the busy world. He received the name of Dom Jean Louis in the religious life, and taking the office of conducting visitors through the premises he was much beloved for his courtesy and agreeable manners. He occupied this office till his sudden death called him to his reward.

We hope that the troubles of Chili are ended, now that Balanaceda is off the scene, and can no more exercise his tyranny. It has been discovered, however, that his officials took care of their own interests while they had the opportunity, and robbed the country of incredible sums of money. Men who were before poor were found, on investigation at the banks, to have balances of from \$20,000 to \$1,000,000 in their names. All such sums have been seized by the new government, which seems to be disposed to govern constitutionally. The Junta, or provisional government, have elected Senor Jorge Montt as President, and they are beginning to be recognized by other Governments. Brazil and Peru, besides formally recognizing them, have congratulated the Junta on their decisive victory, and the Ministers of Germany and the United States have been instructed to communicate with them officially as the lawful Government of the country. This they are now doing. The Junta have issued a wise decree which is an indication of their good intentions. It is to the effect that notes issued by Balanaceda during the Revolution will be recognized as legal. It is believed that Senor Pedro Montt, the brother of the President, and representative of the Junta at Washington, will be the new Chilean Minister to the United States.

The Public school trustees of Toronto have been suddenly shocked on discovering that of the schools under their control, those which were presided over by men, scarcely succeeded at all in passing any children at the High School entrance examinations, whereas those which had female principals were very successful. The Board, therefore, passed a resolution to examine, through a committee, whether it is not advisable to appoint female principals in future to the eight-room schools, and perhaps to create some vacancies to make room for more female principals at once. The question is now being discussed in the city papers, whether female teachers are not more efficient than men at all events, and whether, therefore, they should not be appointed, as far as possible, to all the Public schools. Of course there are many conflicting views on this knotty question. The *Mail*, however, has shown by an analysis of the constitution of the Board that it is not a body of such educational calibre that it would be safe to commit to them the making of a final decision on this matter. As far as we know this subject, we believe that it is the common opinion of expert educators that women are generally best adapted for the imparting of education to children until the latter come to the stage when they can no longer be controlled by female teachers. We await anxiously, however, the decision at which the Toronto Board will arrive. At the same time we may give our opinion that while success at public examinations is a criterion of good teaching, it is not the only one.

THERE is another consideration arising out of the discovery made by the Toronto School Board. It is that we

have had it dinned into our ears that the Public schools are so perfect that it is a piece of presumption on the part of anyone to imagine that any feature about them should be changed, and on this plea the rights of Catholics to possess Catholic schools have been pooh-poohed by the *Mail* and journals of that ilk as preposterous. Might not those gentlemen who have been so dogmatic on this point now begin to suspect that, after all, Catholics have some right to the exercise of their judgment that it is advisable to have the influence of religion in the school-room. May not religion help both to make better scholars and better citizens? We believe it does; and if so why should we not be permitted to enjoy our opinion? There may be too much, as well as too little, of State control over educational matters. We are advocates of the system which leaves parental rights to parents, and as long as this be done Catholic parents will have Catholic schools.

PAPERS hostile to Mr. Patrick Egan, the United States Minister to Chili, have been busy, both in Great Britain and the United States, in representing that he rendered himself odious and unworthy of further confidence by violating neutrality in favor of Balanaceda during the war, and by engaging in fraudulent nitrate schemes for his own aggrandizement. It is now proved that these statements are without foundation. He has had no connection with any nitrate scheme, nor did he violate neutrality. He is now on the best of terms with the new Government, and the *New York Herald's* correspondent states that Senor Matte, one of the leaders of the Congressional party, told him to inform the *Herald* that "he is ready to vouch for Minister Egan's behavior every way. He is a gentleman, honorable, and loyal to the country of his adoption." It was through the introduction of Minister Egan to the new President by Senor Matte that cordial relations were at once established between the Junta and the United States Government. Balanaceda's supporters, equally with those of the Junta, testify that there was, on the part of Mr. Egan, no blame-worthy act, and he stands now, as fully as ever, high in the confidence of the American Government. The misrepresentations against Mr. Egan arise from the hostility of the British Tory press, who wish to revenge themselves on him because he was the principal means whereby the *Times*-Pigott conspiracy against the Irish Nationalist members of Parliament was exposed; but though he is an exile from his own country on account of his patriotism his worth is appreciated in this Western hemisphere, on both continents.

THERE is a new source of trouble in far off Asia which may have the disagreeable result of bringing England and Russia into collision. General Alikhanoff, a Tartar Prince in the Russian service, has been arrested as a spy by the Afghan Ameer, Abdurrahman Khan, the latter being now completely under English influence. The General's presence in Afghan territory is very suspicious, as he has been the usual first emissary of Russia whenever it was the purpose of that power to look in any quarter of the East for an extension of territory. He is the son of a Tartar Khan whose territory was conquered by General Kaufmann, and is called "the stormy petrel of Central Asia." He was thoroughly educated in the Russian military schools, and he has shown great ability in the management of large bodies of troops. Russia will scarcely submit to his being punished by a foreign ruler, and if he cannot be saved by diplomacy, his arrest may lead to a war with the Ameer, and perhaps with England also. This event, taken in conjunction with the permission given by the Sultan to Russian war vessels to enter the Black Sea through the Dardanelles, is one of the many little things which may lead within a few days, or a few weeks, to serious results, as England cannot afford to let Russia annex new territories which will give her easier access to the Indian Empire. Russia is powerful enough in that direction already, and the statesmen of Great Britain are at this moment in serious mood, considering how all the new troubles may best be met.

LORD ABERDEEN IN BOSTON.

He Talks to a Globe Man About Home Rule and the Irish Problem.

The Earl of Aberdeen and Lady Aberdeen were in Boston last Monday night, on their way to the White Mountains. They put up quietly at the Vendome, but the ever-vigilant *Globe* found them out and appealed, in the person of Mr. C. C. Lynch, for an interview. The Earl of Aberdeen, it will be remembered, is a close friend of Gladstone's and an advocate of Irish Home Rule. During his brief term of office as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland he and his amiable wife won and deserved to win the good-will and confidence of the Irish people.

We append the *Globe's* interview: "Of course your Lordship's connection with the cause of Home Rule and the policy of the Gladstonians qualifies you to express opinions on these questions which the *Globe* would be glad to present."

"It does," he replied, "although, as I am at present out of public life, I simply want to speak as an observer."

"What do you think of the prospect of Liberal success?"

"Excellent, sir, excellent. Two more years and the present Parliament's lease of life will expire by the seven years' limitation of law."

"Throughout the domain the signs indicate the defeat of the Conservative ministry."

"The English people love and revere Gladstone, and the liberal educational advancement of the people has grown into a tide that no barrier of Conservative class ideas will be able to stem."

"Are the Irish people as strong in their belief that Gladstone and his party are sincere in their devotion to the cause of Home Rule as ever?"

"Yes, they are, with, of course, a slight defection of Mr. Parnell's personal followers. But outside of this there is that sentiment in favor of it among the great masses of the English people that adds to the brightness of its outlook."

"Home Rule must come from England, and to-day the opinions of the common people are the levers of public opinion."

"How is the present dissatisfaction among the members of the Irish party regarded in England?"

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"How do you regard Parnell's present strength?"

"Well, you can judge of that for yourself. The election of Sir John Pope Hennessy and subsequent elections have shown that he certainly is fast losing the hold that he once possessed."

"Do you think there is any possibility of a reconciliation between Mr. Parnell and Gladstone?"

"No, I do not under the present circumstances of the dispute between them, and of Mr. Parnell's charges made against the ex-Premier. The action of Mr. Parnell or the opposition faction is not regarded with the significance among English people that it is here. Home Rule is wanted by the Irish people, and they certainly will rally to a party that offers it to them."

"The Earl then branched into the action of the clergy in the recent split in the Irish party. He warmly defended them."

"I have heard, since here, that the action of the clergy in taking part in politics has been somewhat criticised, but any such criticism is unjust, for this reason. It is not the custom in America, I understand, for clergymen to take part in politics. In Ireland it is, and that is the difference."

"For years the clergy have been looked to for advice on matters political. Nobody attempts to discountenance it, and certainly among the Irish they have always—not by their own wish, but by the wishes of their people—acted as advisers in the elections."

"Now, when the trouble concerning Mr. Parnell took place, the clergy didn't jump in and cry him down. They remained perfectly calm and passive."

"What did the Irish people do? They saw the inevitable trouble ahead and watched with drooping spirits the approach of a fierce internal dissension."

"As they have always done, they turned toward the clergy, and the latter, forming as they did such an important factor, were asked to place themselves on record."

"If they had refused to interfere, or hesitated after the eyes of the masses were turned toward them, people would say, 'why do you now hesitate?'"

"There never was an instance when the clergy were not the guiding spirits

in the Irish politics, for Irish politics mean more than they do here. They are something more than what the word signifies, for they concern the very liberty of the people."

"They took the only path open to them, and that was the path that was directed on the grounds of morality, outside of any other consideration. They certainly could not endorse Mr. Mr. Parnell; do you think so?"

"Now, you must let me do a little interviewing," said the Earl, "and I think you newspaper men certainly are the best ones to get information from."

He then asked about the support that the Home Rule cause received in America; whether its sympathizers were confined to people of Irish birth or ancestry, or not, and of the feeling that existed against England and Englishmen in this country, if any existed.

"When he was told that governors, senators, representatives, business men and public men, without regard to political or race considerations, were numbered among the friends of Ireland, he expressed himself as much pleased, and when the notable reception tendered to the Irish envoys in Boston was described to him, his eyes fairly twinkled with delight."

"As the Conservative party stands to-day," he said, "Mr. Parnell's attitude toward them has made no effect to any outward appearance. They have not committed themselves, and have not made any advances to him to secure his support."

"With regard to the Behring Sea difficulty, the Earl expressed the opinion that the settlement of the controversy had been a satisfactory one to all concerned."

He would say but little regarding the McKinley Bill.

"While I have no opinion to express," he said, "I know there is a considerable feeling among those interested in Canadian affairs that the McKinley Bill clauses affecting Canada's commercial interests were intended to force a commercial union between Canada and the United States, but that seems to be far off, if the feeling existing at present in Canada is any criterion."

"Among the masses of the English people the American tariff is a matter that interests them but little."

At this juncture the Countess entered the room, and her husband introduced her to the writer.

"She appears to be about thirty-five years old, rather stout, but with rosy cheeks and beautiful eyes."

"I am glad to meet one of you newspaper men," she said.

"She was thoroughly unpretentious and joined heartily in the conversation."

"She expressed herself in terms of enthusiasm over her proposed plan of conducting a department in the *World's Fair* for the display of Irish commodities."

"We want to encourage and foster the industries of Ireland," she said, "and I am now making arrangements to that end."

The Earl and Countess shook hands with the reporter and wished him good-bye, as they retired.

HOW LORD LEITRIM DIED.

The Man Who Shot Him Said to be Living and Prospering Here.

This story may not be strictly true; but it was told as a truth and circumstantial evidence supports it, says the *New York News*.

It was told by a travelling drummer just in from the West, the other night, and it was a story that seemed to interest those who heard it.

In some manner the talk had drifted around to Irish matters, and it was at this point that the drummer broke in with the remark:

"I saw the man who killed Lord Leitrim on my last trip West."

Some of his hearers were not well acquainted with the tragedy in which this old peer was the central figure, although it was in the mouths of many people some ten years ago. In the Ireland of the past Lord Leitrim was probably as bad a landlord as ever cursed that country, and that is saying a good deal.

No Russian noble ever oppressed his serfs, and no American owner of slaves so drove them as did this noble Irish earl drive and grind his tenants. Indeed, he had the best of both the Russian and the American. These latter had to care for their slaves when they were sick, and bury them when they died. Lord Leitrim owned his tenants as thoroughly as any slave-owner, but when sick or dead, they might rot by the roadside for aught he cared.

That the ordinary landlord should grind his tenants for the benefit of frail dames in London, and joyous cocottes in Paris, is regarded as being within the ordinary run of things. Lord Leitrim did not stop there. His cruelties were not refined, but they were perpetuated with a certain thoroughness. A peasant on his estate who had a fair daughter or a comely wife might purchase respite from the lord with the honor of his daughter or wife, but not cheaper. As he rode abroad over his estate, he would note the pretty daugh-

ters of his tenants—and in Ireland, and in the part of it that Lord Leitrim disgraced, young Irish women are splendid creatures. To the tenant in arrears the possession of a pretty daughter was a curse. The lord would offer to entreeze her as a servant at the hall, and what that meant the Irish peasant knows, and grinds his teeth savagely over to this day.

But Lord Leitrim went too far, and one day he was found on a road on his own estate stark and dead, with a bullet deep in his body. He had been shot like a dog, and died almost as disgracefully as he lived.

These were the facts that those who knew anything of the matter quickly ran over in their minds when the drummer so abruptly said that he had met the man who killed the notoriously wicked old lord. So it was quite natural that they should ask the travelling drummer to explain at more length.

"I am not going to tell you in what city this man lives," he said, "and I won't tell you what his name or business is."

THERE ARE REASONS FOR THAT. And, again, I am not going to tell you how I came at the facts of this matter. I found a good bit of goods to him, and he is in business and prospering in a western city. I thoroughly believe that he is the man who 'removed' Lord Leitrim, and the sources from which my information comes are good."

"The story, as it was told to me," said the drummer, "fits the well-known character of Lord Leitrim to perfection. It was a case in which he displayed even more than his usual cruel depravity. It was the old story of the handsome daughter of a tenant in arrears of rent. There was a brother in America, and to him the father wrote for assistance. It could not be immediately given, and when it was it was too late. The sister, in the meantime, had gone as a servant to the 'Hall,' and to her certain moral doom, wrought by methods that prevailed in Ireland and Russia not so many years ago. In due time the news came to the ken of the brother in America, and then one day a young Irishman boarded an ocean liner for Queenstown. He went to a village on the outer edge of Lord Leitrim's estate. He did not need to study the habits of the old peer. He knew them. One day Lord Leitrim was riding home in high humor after evicting a tenant, when he heard the sound of a shot from a heavy caliber Colt revolver. He never again heard anything in this world. When his servants met his riderless horse they were not slow to guess what had happened to the 'bad old lord,' as they called him. When they found his dead body by the roadside they knew that a deed of vengeance had been done. Nobody much cared. Indeed a good many honest men were glad that one really bad man was put out of the way. A square-jawed young Irishman went aboard a cattle boat at Liverpool a few days after the killing of the old lord and worked his passage to New York."

"From New York he went to a western city and in that city he is to-day doing a good business, and I sold him a nice bill of goods less than four weeks ago. That's the story. You may think what you please of it. As for myself I believe it is true."

The reporter who learned the story was inclined, too, to think that it was true. It fits all the circumstances surrounding the killing of Lord Leitrim truly and well. There were a good many reasons why Lord Leitrim might have been shot by his tenants. But the Irish tenant is not a murderer. He suffered long and silently before doing an illegal act. But there is no class in the world who rate the honor of a woman higher. So it is quite reasonable that a determined young Irishman should cross 3000 miles of water to avenge the dishonor of his sister."

It is a good deal more likely that the drummer's story is based on good substantial facts. Certain it is that the man who shot Lord Leitrim has never been caught, and certain it is that if Scotland Yard knows anything about the matter, he is somewhere in the United States.

And you may draw your own conclusions.

LATEST CATHOLIC NEWS.

On the 6th inst., at St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterborough, Rev. Timothy Francis Collins, of Lindsay was ordained to the priesthood of the Catholic Church by his Lordship Bishop O'Connor. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Scollard, of Ennismore, ordained last spring.

Four thousand priests are expected in Baltimore during the week of October in which will be celebrated the centenary of the Seminary of St. Sulpice. The whole Catholic hierarchy of the United States is likely to be in attendance. It may be that Cardinal Gibbons will avail himself of the presence of the prelates and priests to consecrate the extension of the cathedral, and it is not unlikely that Bishop Keane, President of the Catholic University at Washington, will conclude it to be the proper time to unveil the statue of Pope Leo XIII., which he has secured. The exact date of this centennial celebration is not yet fixed.

DIocese OF LONDON.

On the 8th instant His Lordship Bishop O'Connor visited the parish of Biddulph, of which Rev. John Conolly is the parish priest. The visit of the Bishop was for the purpose of administering the sacrament of confirmation. Seventy-five candidates had been prepared by the pastor, and, on examination by the Bishop, were found to be instructed in the most careful and thorough manner. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Brennan, of St. Mary's, at 9 o'clock. In the sanctuary were His Lordship the Bishop; Rev. J. Conolly, pastor; Rev. Fathers Gahan and Kennedy, London; McRae, Parkhill; and McGrath. His Lordship preached a very instructive sermon, both children and adults being much edified by the discourse. After the administration of the sacrament the boys took the pledge to abstain from intoxicating drink until they had attained the age of twenty-one. His Lordship again addressed the happy little ones, giving them valuable and fatherly admonitions which will be remembered for many years, and be an incentive to carve out for themselves a future that will bring honor upon their faith, their country, their parents and themselves.

DIocese OF HAMILTON.

Catholic Classical School.

IT WAS FORMALLY OPENED BY BISHOP DOWLING, YESTERDAY AFTERNOON, FEAST OF THE NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Evening Times, September 9.

Since Bishop Dowling's arrival in Hamilton, some three years ago, it has been his earnest desire to inaugurate a school where youths wishing to study for the Church or other professions could obtain a preparatory education in classics. This hope has now been realized. A wing of the De La Salle Academy has been fitted up for the accommodation of such classes, and the school placed under the immediate charge of Rev. Geo. Clarkson, an experienced professor and for some time Director of a college in the city of Limerick, Ireland. Yesterday afternoon His Lordship formally opened the school, and placed it under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin and of St. Thomas of Aquin. In his address to the pupils, thirty in number, he said that they were to be the pioneers of the institution, and hoped that they would prove themselves worthy of the sacrifices made in their behalf. Congratulatory addresses were also delivered by a Vicar-General Keough, Paris, Archdeacon Bardou, of Cayuga, and Professor Clarkson, Chancellor Craven and the cathedral clergy were also present.

EPISCOPAL VISITATIONS.

The Bishop visits Mt. Forest on the 18th inst. and on the following Sunday morning will consecrate a new marble altar and lecture in the evening—confirmation at Glenelg on the 16th, Melancton 17th, Priceville 18th, blessing of a new bell at Arthur on Sunday, 20th, confirmation at Arthur 21st inst., Cayuga 24th, Cayuga, St. Patrick's 11th, and Oakville 15th of October.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR OUR SCHOOLS.

"Catholic School History of England," by a Catholic Teacher, is the title of a new work just issued by James A. Sadlier, of Montreal. It consists of 316 pages, and the typographical work, as well as the paper and press work, is simply faultless. It is a real pleasure to see books of this sort in the hands of our children. Not only do they compare favorably with like works used in the Public schools, but in the majority of cases they are superior in every regard. The all-important feature, however, is to be found in the contents. In this volume the historical events are related with great care as to facts, while the style is such as to render the book as interesting as a work of travel or a romance. This is a very important feature, as a history written in a stiff and dry style becomes tiresome; the task of reading is an unpleasant one, and therefore deemed a hardship. The following preface will be found true in every regard; and we hope the new history will shortly be used by all the Separate schools, in the Dominion:

The following pages were written to provide our Catholic schools of all grades with such a record of the main facts of English history as, viewed from a Catholic standpoint, would present them before the pupils with fairness and impartiality. The text-books of English history used in the Public schools are objectionable to Catholics because of the anti-Catholic coloring given to many events, especially those relating to the Church and to religious matters. In treating of such controversial questions the author has studiously avoided all remarks that could offend the most fastidious, and has given merely a necessary and clear view of the facts related."

According to the *Tribuna*, of Rome, Cardinal Vannutelli will replace Cardinal Rampolla as Papal Secretary of State.

A Golden Sorrow.

Oh, mother mine, I brought my sorrow sore
And laid it at thy feet, and in that hour
I could not pray, or stay the blinding shower
Of tears that fell; dark was the path before;
And hope and bliss seemed fled forevermore;
I only lay as some poor, stricken flower
Before the pitiless storm-kings' ruthless
power
When skies are gray and angry tempests roar.

ZEKIL.

Matt Crin, in Century Magazine for September.

He lived alone in a weather-beaten log cabin built on the roadside at the edge of a rocky, sterile field, with a few stunted peach trees growing around it, and a wild grape-vine half covering the one slender oak shading the front yard. The house consisted of only one room, with a wide, deep fireplace in the north end, and a wide window to the south. The logs had shrunk apart, leaving airy cracks in the walls, and the front door creaked on one hinge, the other having rusted away.

But Zekil Morgan's ambition seemed satisfied when he came into possession of the house, the unproductive clearing around it, and the narrow strip of woodland bounding the richer farm beyond. From the cabin door could be seen the broken, picturesque hills marking the course of the Etowah River, with the Blue Ridge Mountains far beyond, and the Long Swamp range rising in the foreground.

Very little of Zekil's past history was known in Zion Hill settlement. He had walked into Mr. Davy Tanner's store one spring day, a dusty, penniless tramp, his clothes hanging loosely from his stooping shoulders, a small bundle in one hand, a rough walking-stick in the other. Mr. Davy Tanner was a soft-hearted old man, and the forlorn, friendless stranger appealed strangely to his sympathy, in spite of his candid statement that he had just finished a five-years' term in the penitentiary for horse-stealing.

"I tell you this, not because I think it's anything to boast of, but because I don't want to 'pear like I'm deceivin' folks," he said in a dejected, melancholy tone, his face twitching, his eyes cast down. It was a haggard face, bleached to a dull pallor by prison life, every feature worn into deep lines. Evidently he had suffered beyond the punishment of the law, though how far it had eaten into his soul no man would ever learn, for after that simple statement of his crime and his servitude as a convict, he did not again, even remotely, touch upon his past, nor the inner history of his life. No palliative explanations were offered, no attempts made to soften the bare, disgraceful truth.

Mr. Davy Tanner was postmaster as well as merchant, and his store was the general rendezvous for the settlement. The women came to buy snuff, and thread, and such cheap, simple materials as they needed for Sunday clothes; the men to get newspapers and the occasional letters coming for them, besides buying sugar and coffee, and talking over the affairs of the county and of Zion Hill church.

They looked on Zekil Morgan with distrust and contempt, and held coldly aloof from him. But at last a farmer, sorely in need of help, ventured to hire him, after talking it over with Mr. Davy Tanner.

"I tell you there ain't a mite o' harm in him."
"S'pose he runs away with my horse, Mr. Tanner?"
"I'll stand for him if he does," said Mr. Davy Tanner, firmly. "I don't know any more 'n you about him, but I'm willin' to trust him."

"That's the way you treat most o' the folks that come about you," said his neighbor, smiling.
"Well, I ain't lost anything by it. It puts a man on his mettle to trust him; gives him self-respect, if there's any good in him."

All the year Zekil filled a hireling's place, working faithfully; but the next year he bought a steer, a few sticks of furniture, and, renting the cabin and rocky hillside from Mr. Davy Tanner, set up housekeeping, a yellow cur and an old violin his companions. Then he managed to buy the place, and settled down. On one side he had the Biggers' place, a fine, rich farm, and on the other Mr. Davy Tanner's store and Zion Hill church. He attended the church regularly, but always sat quietly, unobtrusively in a corner, an alien, a man forever set apart from other men.

As the years passed openly expressed distrust and prejudice died out, though he was never admitted to the inner life of the settlement. He did not seem to expect it, going his way quietly, and ever maintaining an impenetrable reserve about his own private history. Not even Mr. Davy Tanner could win him from that reticence, much as he desired to learn all about those long years of penal servitude and the life concealed behind them. He seemed to be without any ties of kindred or friendship, for the mail never brought anything to him, not even a newspaper.

But he seemed a kindly natured man, with a vein of irrepensible sociability running through him, in spite of his solitary ways of life. There were glimpses of humor occasionally, and had it not been for that cloud of shame hanging forbiddingly over him, he would have become a favorite with his neighbors.

Across the road, opposite his house, he set up a small blacksmith shop, and much of his idle time he spent in there,

mending broken tools, sharpening dull plows, hammering patiently on the ringing red-hot iron. The smallest, simplest piece of work received the most careful attention, and the farmers recognized and appreciated his conscientiousness.

One summer afternoon as he was plowing in his cotten-field, a neighbor came along the road and, stopping at the fence, hailed him. He plowed to the end of the row, and halted.

"Good evenin', Zekil," said the man, mounting to the top of the fence, and sitting with his heels thrust through a crack in the lower rails. "Howdy you do, Marshall? What's the news down your way?" Zekil inquired, drawing his shirt-sleeve across his face, and leaning on the plow-handles.

"I don't know as there's much to tell," Billy Hutchins an' Sally Ann McNally run away an' got married last night, an' old Miss Gillis is mighty high dead with the ja'nders. A punkin couldn't look yelliner." He opened his knife, and ran his fingers along the rail in search of a splinter to whittle. "Old man Biggers has sold his place at last."
"Has he?"
"Yes; I met him down at the store, an' he said the trade had been made."
"He's bound to go to Texas."
"Yes; so he lows."
"Well, old Georgy is good enough for me," Zekil remarked, with a pleased glance at his sterile fields.

"An' for me," said Marshall, heartily. "Wanderin' round don't make folks rich. Biggers owns the best place in this settlement, an' he'd better stay on it. It won't do to believe all the tales they tell about these new States. I had a brother to go to Louisiana before the war. Folks said: 'Don't take anything with you; why, money might nigh grow on bushes out there.' His wife took the greatest pride in her feather beds, but what would be the use o' haulin' them beds all the way across the Mississippi, when you could rake up feathers by the bushel anywhere?" "Well, they went, an' for the whole durin' time they stayed they had to sleep on moss mattresses. An' my brother lowed it was about the meanest stuff to hill he ever struck. If you didn't bill it, an' hang it, an' do the Lord only knows what it, it would grow an' burst out of the beds when you were sleepin' on them."

Zekil's attention did not follow those reminiscent remarks. "Who bought the Biggers' place?" he inquired, as soon as Marshall ceased speaking.

"A man he met in Atlanta when he went down the last time, a man from one of the lower counties, an' his name—why, yes, to be surh, it's Morgan, same as yours—Lijy Morgan. Maybe you know him?" with a sharp, questioning glance.

But the momentary flush of emotion that the stranger's name had called to Zekil's face was gone.

"I don't know as I do," he slowly replied, staring at a scrubby cotton-stalk the muzzled ox was making ineffectual attempts to eat.

"I lowed may be he might be some kin to you," said Marshall, in a baffled tone.

"I don't know as he is," said Zekil, still in that slow, dry, non-committal tone, his eyes leaving the cotton-stalk to follow the swift, noiseless flight of a cloud-shadow across a distant hill-side.

"Morgan isn't an uncommon name, you know."
"That's so," reluctantly admitted Marshall.

"When does Mr. Biggers think o' goin' to Texas?"
"Oh, not until after crops are gathered."
"The other family isn't to come then right away?"
"No; not till fall."

After Marshall had whittled, and gossiped, and gone his way, Zekil stood a long time with his hands resting on the plow-handles, his brows drawn together in deep thought. Some painful struggle seemed to be going on. The crickets chirred loudly in the brown sedge bordering a dry ditch, and a vulture sailed majestically round and round above the field, his broad black wings outspread on the quivering air. The cloud shadows on the river-hills assumed new form, shifted, swept away, and others came in their places, and the vulture had become a more speck, a floating mote in the upper sunlight, before he turned the patient ox into another furrow, murmuring aloud:

"I didn't go to them, an' if they come to me, I can't help it. I am not to blame; the Almighty knows I'm not to blame," and his overcast face cleared somewhat.

That night when Mr. Davy Tanner closed his store and went home he said to his wife:

"Zekil Morgan must be lonesome, or pestered about somethin'. You'd think that old fiddle o' his could talk an' cry too from the way he's playin'."

The season advanced; crops were gathered, and the shorn field looked brown and bare. A serene, withering frost touched the forests, and the leaves fell in drifts, while the partridge called to his mate from the fence and sedgy court. A light snowfall lay on the distant mountains when the Biggerses started to the West and the new family of Morgans moved into Zion Hill settlement.

It was the third day after their arrival. Zekil leaned over the front gate with an armful of corn, feeding two fat pigs, when Lijy Morgan passed along the road on his way to Mr. Davy Tanner's store. He was a strong-looking, well-built man, with rugged features and hair partly gray. He looked curiously at the solitary, stooping figure inside the gate, his steps slackened, then he stopped altogether,

a grayish pallor overspreading the healthy, ruddy hue of his face.

"Zekil!"
Zekil dropped the corn, and thrust open the gate.

"Howdy you do, Lijy?"
Their hands met in a quick, close grip, then fell apart.

"I like not to have known you, Zekil, it was so unexpected seein' you here," said Lijy, huskily, scanning the worn, deeply lined face before him with glad yet shrinking gaze.

"An' twelve years make a great difference in our looks sometimes, though you are not so much changed," said Zekil, quietly. He had been prepared for the meeting, and years of self-mastery had given him the power of concealing emotion.

"Twelve years? Yes; but it has seemed like twenty to me since—since it all happened. Why didn't you come home, Zekil, when your time was out?"

"I lowed the sight o' me would 'nt be good for you, Lijy; an'—an' the old folks were gone."
"Yes; it killed them, Zekil, it killed them," in a choked voice.

"I know," said Zekil, hastily, his face blanching; "an' I thought it would be best to make a new start in a new settlement."
"Do the folks here know?"
"That I served my time? Yes; but that's all. When I heard that you had bought the Biggers' place I studied hard about movin' away, but I like it here. It's beginnin' to seem like home."

Lijy stared at the poor cabin, the stunted, naked peach trees, so cold and dreary-looking in the wintry dusk.

"Is it yours, Zekil?"
"Yes; it's mine, all mine. Come in and sit awhile with me, an' warm. It's goin' to be a nippin' cold night."

He turned, and Lijy silently followed him across the bare yard and into the house. A flickering fire sent its warm glow throughout the room, touching its meager furnishings with softening grace, but a chill struck to Lijy Morgan's heart as he crossed the threshold, a chill of desolation.

"Do you live here alone?"
"Yes; all alone, except Rover and the fiddle."

The cur rose up from the hearth with a wag of his stumpy tail, and gave the visitor a glance of welcome from his mild, friendly eyes.

There were only two chairs in the room, and Zekil placed the best one before the fire for his guest, then threw on some fresh pieces of wood. Outside the dusky twilight deepened to night, and the stars shining brilliantly through the clear atmosphere. The chill wind whistled around the chimney-corners and through the chinks in the long walls.

Between the men a constrained silence fell. The meeting had been painful beyond the open acknowledgment of either. The dog crept to his master's side and thrust his nose into his hand. The touch roused Zekil. From the jamb he took a cob pipe and a twist of tobacco.

"Will you smoke, Lijy?"
"I believe not; but I'll take a chew."

He cut off a liberal mouthful, and then Zekil filled and lighted his pipe. It seemed to loosen his tongue somewhat.

"Is Martha Ann well enough?"
"She's tolerable."
"How many children have you?"
"Three; the girls, Cynthia an' Mary."

"I remember them."
"A little Zeko."
"Zekil's face flushed.
"Named him for me, Lijy!"
"Yes; for you. Cynthia's about grown now, an' a likely girl, I can tell you."

His face softened; his eyes grew bright with pride and tenderness as he spoke of his children. Zekil watched him, noting the change in his countenance, and, perhaps, feeling some pain and regret that he had missed such pleasure. Lijy reached out his hand and laid it on his knee. "Zekil, you must come live with us now. I'll tell those folks we are brothers, an'—"

"I don't know as I would," said Zekil, gently. "It would only make talk, an' I'm settled here, you know."
"It's unimpossible tone had its effect on his brother. He protested, but rather faintly, finally saying:
"Well, if you'd rather not."
"That's just it. I'd rather not."
They both rose, and Lijy groped uncertainly for his hat.

"Your life ain't worth much to you, Zekil. I know it ain't," with uncontrollable emotion.

"It's worth more'n you think, Lijy, more'n you think."
He knocked the ashes from his pipe, and cleared his throat as though to speak again, but his brother had reached the door before he called to him.

"Lijy."
"Well?"
"What became o' Lizbeth?"
"She's still livin' with us."
He peered into the bowl of the pipe. "She's never married!"
"No. She had a fall about ten years ago which left her a cripple, an' she's sadder than I am. You're not comin' to see us, Zekil?"
"I reckon not, Lijy." And while Lijy stood through the darkness home—his errand to the store forgotten—Zekil stood before the fire, one arm resting against the black, cobwebby mantel. "Crippled an' gray! O Lizbeth, Lizbeth!" he groaned, and put his head down on his arm, the twelve years rolling backward upon him.

"Where have you been, Lijy?" exclaimed Mrs. Morgan when her husband returned. "We waited an'

waited for you, till the supper was spoiled."

"I met a man I used to know," he said, evasively, casting a wistful, troubled glance towards the corner where Lizbeth, his wife's sister, sat knitting, a crutch lying at her side.

Cynthia, a rosy, merry-eyed girl, laughed.

"Pa is always meetin' a man he knows."

Mrs. Morgan began hastily removing the covered dishes from the hearth table, where is the sugar you went over to the store to get?" she demanded with some irritation.

"I forgot it, Marthy, I'll go for it in the mornin'." In a confused, propitiatory tone.

She stared at him.

"I never! Forgot what you went after! You beatt! Lijy Morgan? you certainly do beat all."

"The man must 'a' sent your wits wood-gatherin', pa," cried Cynthia, jocosely.

Lizbeth leaned forward. Her face was long, thin, and pale, and the smooth hair framing it glittered like silver in the firelight; but her dark eyes were wonderfully soft and beautiful, and her mouth had chastened, tender lines about it.

"Are you sick, Lijy?" she inquired, in a gentle, subdued voice, a voice with much underlying, patient sweetness in it.

Morgan gave her a grateful look. "No; but I don't think I care for any supper," he said slowly. "I'll step out an' see if the stock has all been fed."

When he returned Mrs. Morgan sat by the fire alone. He looked hastily about the room.

"Where is Cynthia?"
"Gone to bed."
"An' Lizbeth?"
"She's off too."

He drew a sigh of relief, and stirred the fire into a brighter blaze.

"Marthy Ann, it was Zekil I saw this evenin'."

She dropped the coarse garment she was mending.

"Hush! Yes; he lives up on the hill between here an' the store," and then he went on to tell her about their meeting and conversation. Her hard, sharp-featured face softened a little when he came to Zekil's refusal to live with them or to have their kinship acknowledged.

"I'm glad to see he's got that much consideration. We left the old place because folks couldn't forget how he'd disgraced himself; an' to come right where he is! I never heard of anything like it. Why didn't he leave the State if he wanted to save us more trouble?" wiping tears of vexation from her eyes. "You spent nearly all you had to get him out of prison, an' when he had to go to the penitentiary it killed his pa an' ma, an'—"

"Be silent, woman; you don't know what you are talkin' about," he said sternly, writhing in his chair like a creature in bodily pain. "God Almighty forgive me!" He paused, smote his knee with his open palm, and turned his face away.

"Well, if I don't know what I'm talkin' about, I'd like to know the reason," she cried with the same angry excitement. "You ain't been like the same man you were before that happened, you know you ain't. I'll never be willin' to claim kin with Zekil Morgan again, never. Folks may find it out for themselves; an' they'll do it soon enough, don't you be pestered, soon enough."

But not a suspicion of the truth seemed to occur to Zion Hill settlement. The Morgans were welcomed with great friendliness, and Zekil alone failed to visit them. Children sat around his brother's fireside, a wife ministered to him; but he had forfeited all claim to such heavenly joys. The girls had evidently been informed of his relationship to them, for they looked askance at him as they passed along the road, pity and curiosity in their eyes. Once he came out of the blacksmith shop, and, meeting his sister-in-law in the roadway, stopped her, or she would have passed with averted head.

"You needn't be so careful, Marthy Ann," he said, without the slightest touch of bitterness in his calm tone.

"It is for the children's sake, Zekil," she said, her sorrow face flushing with a feeling akin to shame. "I must think o' them."

He gave her a strange glance, then looked to the ground.

"I know; I thought o' them years ago."

"It's a pity you didn't think before—"

"Yes, so it is; but some deeds aren't to be accounted for, nor recalled either, no matter how deeply we repent."

"We sold out for the children's sake, but, Lord! I'm pestered now more than ever."

"Because I'm here?"
"Well, it is not reasonable to think we can all go right on livin' here an' folks not find out you an' Lijy are brothers."

"What would you like for me to do, Marthy Ann?"

She hesitated a moment, then drew a little nearer to him.

"Couldn't you go away? You've got nobody but yourself to think about, an' I know in reason Lijy would be glad to buy your place, with a careless, half-contemptuous glance at the cabin."

A dull flush passed over his face; his mouth twitched.

"Does Lijy want me to go?"
"He ain't said so; but—"

"I'll think about it," he said slowly, turning back to the smithy, where a red-hot tool awaited his hammer.

But thinking about it only seemed to bind his heart more closely than ever

to the arid spot he called home. He had looked forward to spending all the remaining years of his broken, ruined life there, far from the world and from those who had known him in the past. Then a great desire had risen within him to remain near Lizbeth. He shrank from the thought of meeting her, speaking to her, and felt rather glad that she did not appear at church.

A few times in passing he had caught a glimpse of her walking about the yard or garden in the winter sunshine, leaning on her crutch, and the sight had sent him on his way with downcast face. He had just sat down before the fire to smoke one evening when there came a timid knock on the door. It was just between daylight and darkness, and he supposed it to be some neighbor on his way to or from the store who wished to drop in to warm himself and gossip a little.

"Come in," he said hospitably, and, reaching out, drew the other chair nearer the fire.

The latch was slowly lifted, the door swung open, and then he started to his feet, pipe and tobacco falling to the floor, while his face flushed and paled and his breath came in a sharp sigh. It was Lizbeth, her bonnet pushed back, her shawl hanging loosely around her shoulders.

"I've been to the store for Marthy Ann. I wanted to go to get out away from the house a little while, and I thought I'd step in for a minute, Zekil, to see you."

"You are tired; come an' sit down," he said huskily, and led her to the chair.

What emotion those simple, commonplace words covered! They looked at each other, silently noting the changes time and sorrow had wrought. They had never been openly declared lovers, but words were not needed for them to understand each other, and they knew that they would marry when she had finished her term as teacher in the county school, and he had built a house on the lot of land his father had given him. But that shameful, unadmitted accusation of horse-stealing, followed swiftly by trial and conviction, had put an end to all hopes, all plans.

"You see I'm a cripple now, Zekil," she said, to break the silence.

"An' I've grown old," he replied, and their eyes met again in a long, eloquent, steadfast gaze, and they knew that neither age, nor affliction, nor shame, nor separation had wrought any change in their love. It had only grown stronger and deeper. Her thin face flushed, her trembling fingers gathered up a fold of her gown.

"Why don't you come to see us, Zekil?"

"I can't, Lizbeth; I can't. It wouldn't be right. Don't you know I've been longin' to come, an' hungerin' for the floor at her feet, his face hidden against her knees. "You don't know all; you don't know all." The words were wrung from him by an almost uncontrollable desire to tell her the story of his sufferings. She had not turned against him nor forgotten him. It was almost more than he could bear, to read in her eyes her faith and her pardon. He felt the touch of her hand on his bare head, and tears gushed from his eyes.

"Can't you tell me?" she whispered, her face, her eyes, illumined by a pity and tenderness divine in their beauty.

"No, honey; it's somethin' I must bear alone, I must bear alone."

He rose to his feet again, brushing his sleeve across his eyes, and she stood up also, leaning on her crutch, the transient glow of color fading from her face.

"You shouldn't bear it alone if I didn't have this lameness. You—"

"Hush!" he said, and taking her hand, pressed it against his breast. "Make any difference? Wouldn't I love you all the more, take care o' you all the better for it? It's the disgrace, the shame, standin' between us. I'll never outlive it, get rid of it, an' I'll never ask any woman to share it. I couldn't."

Her physical infirmity held her silent. She would be a care and a burden to him rather than a help. She drew up her shawl.

"The Almighty comfort you, Zekil."

"An' take care o' you, Lizbeth."

He took her hand in a grasp painful in its closeness, then he turned and leaned against the mantel, and she went softly out of the room.

Winter passed. The frost-bound earth sent up faint scents and sounds of spring in fresh-plowed fields and swelling buds. Zekil wandered about his fields in idleness, striving to make up his mind to go away. It would be best, yet the sacrifice seemed cruel.

"It is more than I can bear," he cried aloud one night, and strained one of the violin-strings until it snapped asunder. He laid the instrument across his knees and leaned his head upon it. The candle burned dimly, and a bat flew in through the open door, circled around the room, at last extinguishing the feeble light with one of its outspread wings. But the unhappy man did not heed the gloom. Why should he care to have a light for his eyes when his soul was in such darkness? He groped his way to the bed, and fell down upon it. Rover came back from a nightly prowling, barked to let his master know of his presence, then lay down on the doorstep.

The sound of music vibrated through the air, and Zekil remembered that the young people of the settlement were to have a "singing" at his brother's that evening. He raised his head and listened. They were singing hymns, and many of them were

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associated youth. ye discon ite was born Earth has Ho lay At dusk heating a smith sho open door "Will ing? I I'm a skil try." Zekil forge sh brought form in b "Why walking "Yes; voice, Mi without n tion. They I had nev and less n his ragge He had

associated with recollections of his own youth. A line of Tom Moore's "Come, ye disconsolate," once a special favorite when sorrow seemed far from him, was borne to his ears:

Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal. He lay down and slept.

At dusk the next evening, as he was heating a piece of iron in the blacksmith shop, a man stopped at the wide, open door.

"Will you give me a night's lodging? I have walked far to-day, and I'm a stranger in this part of the country."

Zeki! wheeled, the light from the forge shining across his face. He brought out the stranger's face and form in bold relief.

"Why, it's Zeke Morgan," he cried, walking into the shop. "Yes! I thought I recognized your voice, Miller," said Zeki!, slowly, and without much pleasure at the recognition.

They had been in prison together, and Zeki! had left Miller there. He had never felt any liking for the man, and less now than ever, as he looked at his ragged clothing and dissipated face. He had evidently been steadily sinking in vice, and his repentance was impressed upon his outward being. But a certain pity stirred Zeki!'s heart. He remembered his own friendlessness when he entered that settlement. Could he show less mercy than had been shown to him?

"Sit down, won't you?" he said kindly, blowing up the coals in the forge to a glowing heat.

"That I will, I'm footsore, and hungry as a bear. I'm in luck to meet with you, comrade," chuckling.

Zeki! winced. "The man's familiarity grated upon him."

"Where are you going?" he inquired.

"Oh, nowhere in particular. I'm just out."

"Why, I thought your time would be up in two years after I left."

Miller shrugged his shoulders. "Yes; but I made so many attempts to escape that they kept adding extra time to my term."

He sat down while Zeki! finished his work.

"You seem to be getting on pretty well," he continued, his restless eyes scanning the surroundings.

"Only tolerable."

Two or three of the neighbors dropped in, one to have a broken plow, another to tell a bit of gossip. They stared curiously at Zeki!'s disreputable companion, who jocosely informed them that Morgan had once been his chum.

Zeki! felt annoyed, and, closing up the shop, invited his guest into the house. They had supper, then sat down and smoked. Miller talked a good deal, and asked many questions about the neighborhood and the store; but at last he fell asleep, huddled up on the bed, and Zeki! lay down on a bench, recollections of his prison life keeping him awake far into the night.

When he awoke the next morning his guest was gone. He was glad of it. The man's presence oppressed him, but brought a sense of degradation. But what were his feelings when he heard that Mr. Davy Tanner's store had been robbed, the mail-box rifled, letters torn open, and various articles of wearing apparel taken!

He grew so pale, seemed so agitated and confused, that the man who had come up to tell the news stared wonderingly, half-suspiciously at him. He had brought the plow to the shop the evening before, and he now looked around for the stranger.

"Where is your friend?" he inquired.

"He is no friend of mine."

"But he loved that he knew you."

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In prison," said Zeki!, quietly, though he flushed with shame.

"Aha! I loved so, I just loved so, last night."

Zeki! tingled all over. He had never felt the degradation of being a convict more heavily than at that moment. He suspected Miller of the theft, this man's tone implied that he suspected them both. It showed how slight a hold he had upon the trust of his neighbors if they could so readily believe that he would rob the best friend he had in the settlement. He went into the house and sat down by the hearth, his head leaned between his hands.

News of the robbery spread, and men left their work to go over to the store, stirred up, pleasantly excited. It was not often that Zion Hill settlement could boast of having anything so important as this robbery take place within its limits, and it must be made the most of.

Zeki! held aloof from the store, where he knew a large crowd had collected, but, later in the day, a small delegation came up to interview him. He read suspicion in every face, indignation in every eye. His quiet, honest life among them had been forgotten; they remembered only that he had been a convict.

"Once a thief, always a thief, I say," one man cried loudly.

Zeki! clenched his hands, but what could he say in self-defence? He made a clear, straightforward statement of all he knew about Miller, earnestly denying all knowledge of the robbery, but he felt the slight impression made on their doubting minds. They did not openly accuse him, but they asked many questions, they exchanged knowing glances, and when they went away he felt that he had been tried and condemned. The sheriff had gone in pursuit of Miller, and all day groups of men sat or stood about the store talking sticks, chewing tobacco, and talking. It was a

most enjoyable day to them. It afforded excitement, and gave an opportunity to air opinions, to bring forth old prejudices. There was almost universal condemnation of Zeki!. He had entertained the thief, had given him all the information necessary, and the more bitter ones wagged their heads and said that no doubt he had shared in the spoils. Even Mr. Davy Tanner looked sad and doubtful, though he defended the unfortunate man.

"We've no right ever to accuse a person without evidence o' guilt. We don't know even that this other man had anything to do with it—though circumstances do all p'int that way—let alone Zeki! Morgan. It's best to hold our peace till we find out the truth."

"But it looks mighty suspicious ag'in Zeki!."

"Because he's been in the penitentiary, an' we think he's got a bad name by it."

"Well, ain't that enough to set honest men ag'in him?"

"Yes; but it ain't best to always judge a man by his misdeeds in the past, but rather by his good deeds in the present, an' what they promise for the future."

"Why not, when it's accordin' to scripture?"

So the talk went on, while Zeki! sat by his fireless hearth or walked aimlessly up and down the yard. At dusk his brother called, looking almost as haggard as he did.

"It's a bad thing, Zeki!."

"Yes," said Zeki!, listlessly.

"They are fools to think you had anything to do with it, plumb-fools."

"It's natural they should, Lijy."

"I can't stand it, Zeki!. Lord! I can't stand it."

He fell into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"Chut, man! what does it matter?" said Zeki!, bracing himself up and forcing a smile. "Don't let Lizbeth believe it, that's all I ask."

"She'll never believe it."

"It's all right then; I'll not care what the rest o' the world thinks."

"But I do," cried Lijy, starting up.

"An' I'll put an end to it by—"

"You'll not do anything rash, Lijy," said Zeki!, firmly, quietly, and laid his hand on the other's shoulder.

"Recollect your family."

He looked slight and insignificant by the side of his brother, but his face had a strength and calmness which seemed to give it a power the other lacked. Lijy groaned, and turned tremblingly away.

A week passed, but Zion Hill settlement could not go back to its everyday vocations until somebody had been arrested for the robbery. The man Miller seemed to be wary prey, eluding his pursuers with the crafty skill of an old offender. It was a solitary week to Zeki!. He had been completely ostracized by his neighbors. They openly shunned him, and no more work came to his forge. He stood in the empty shop one day wondering what he should do next, where he should go, when Lizbeth walked slowly, quietly in.

He flushed painfully.

"You see I'm idle," he said, pointing to the dead coals in the forge.

"They don't think I'm worthy o' doin' their work any longer."

"I wouldn't mind," she said, tenderly, laying her hand on his arm.

"They'll see they are mistaken after a while, and be glad enough to come back to you."

"I don't know," with a heavy sigh. "It's the injustice that hurts me, an' the lack o' faith in my honesty. The years I've lived here count for nothin' with them."

"I have faith in you, Zeki!."

He laid his hand over hers.

"If I had you, Lizbeth, if I only had you to help me bear it."

"That's what I've come for, Zeki!. I'm crippled. It may be that I'll turn out to be more of a burden than a comfort to you, but I can't sit down there any longer knowin' you are here slighted and sufferin' all alone. Zeki!, have pity on me, if you've none on yourself, and let me bear this trouble with you."

He trembled before the future her words conjured up.

"Could you, would you, be willin' to bear my disgrace, share it, be shunned like a plague, have no company, no friend, but me?"

"What are friends to the one we love, or company? I'd give up all the world, Zeki!, willinly, willinly, for you."

He looked into her deep, earnest eyes, realized the full truth of her words, and drew her closer to him.

"It's a great sacrifice, Lizbeth, an' I'm wrong to let you make it; but—"

"The Lord forgive me!—I can't hold out alone any longer. My will an' my courage are all broke down. I need help, I need you."

After a momentary silence he dusted a bench, and they sat down to talk over their plans for the future. The shop, black with charcoal and iron dust, was a queer place for such a conversation; but they paid little heed to their surroundings.

"Marthy Ann will never get over your marryin' me," said Zeki!.

"Then she can make the best of it."

The next day was Saturday, and regular "meetin'" day at Zion Hill church. Everybody in the settlement who could attend services that day. The Morgans were all there, even Lizbeth, and Zeki! sat in his accustomed place, apparently unmindful of the cold, hostile glances and whispers around him. Through open doors and windows shone golden sunlight, floated spicy odors from the woods surrounding all but the front of the church, which faced the public road; and vagrant bees mingled their lazy

hum with the clamping of bits and the stamping of iron-shod hoofs in the thickets, where the mules and the horses were tied.

It was a quiet but alert congregation. A kind of expectancy, of suspense, filled the air. No telling what might happen before the day was over. The preacher made the robbery the theme of his discourse, and there were nods and approving looks when he referred to the punishment laid out for those who persisted in doing evil. It was fitting finale that just before the benediction was pronounced a small cavalcade rode up to the church door—the sheriff, two deputies, and Miller. A thrill ran through the church, a rustle, a whisper, and the preacher cried aloud to the sheriff:

"What do you want, Brother Mangum?"

"Zeki! Morgan."

"Here he is, here he is," cried more than one voice, and men rose to their feet and laid eager hands on the unresisting Zeki!.

"What do you want him for?" cried Lijy Morgan, rising from his seat in the deacons' corner. "What's he done?"

"Helped to rob the store."

"We've said so, we've said so, ever since it happened," a chorus of stern but triumphant voices exclaimed.

"Bring up the witness ag'in him, the man that says he did it," said Lijy, advancing to the open space before the pulpit.

"No man has said out an' out that he helped to do it, but Miller—"

"It's a lie," cried Lijy, loud enough to be heard beyond the church door.

Zeki!'s eyes were fixed anxiously, warningly, on his brother, and once he tried to throw off the hands holding him.

"Prove it then," a taunting voice cried out.

"I will," said Lijy, though he grew pale, and trembled strangely. "A more honest man than Zeki! Morgan never lived."

"What do you know of him?"

Again Zeki! strove to free himself, but failed.

"Lijy," he called imploringly.

"Lijy, Lijy, mind what you say!"

Lijy looked across at him.

"I will mind the truth, Zeki!. He turned to the congregation.

"I came here with good recommendations, brethren; I am a deacon of the church; you have faith in my integrity, my honor." An approving murmur went up. "If a dozen thieves were to stop at my house there'd be no suspicion against me."

He paused, passed his hand over his face, then looked up again. "Years ago there were two brothers in this State who grew up together happy and contented. The elder one was always a little wild, and would get drunk sometimes, even after he'd married and had a family to look after, but the younger was the steadiest, best boy in the settlement. One night the elder brother, in a fit of drunken recklessness, stole a horse from the camp of a Kentucky drover, an' nobody found out but his brother, who undertook to return the horse, an' was arrested. He took the guilt, he stood the trial, an' went to the penitentiary. He lost his good name, the girl he loved, his home, everything in the world an' honest man values. He served his time, an' instead o' comin' home to be a father to his cowardly brother when free, when he went away into a strange settlement to live. An' by an' by his brother moved there too, an' his conscience hurt him more an' more as he saw what a sad, lonesome life the convict lived. He was prosperous, he enjoyed the confidence of his fellow-men, while the other was shunned, and regarded with distrust." Emotion checked his utterance for a moment; then he turned and pointed to Zeki!.

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The Catholic Record.

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REV. GEORGE H. NORTHGRAVES, Author of "Mistakes of Modern Ireland," REV. WILLIAM FLANNERY, THOMAS COFFEY.

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Persons writing for a change of address should invariably send us the name of their former post office.

London, Saturday, Sept. 19, 1891.

IMPENDING FAMINE.

Heavy rains and disastrous floods have during the last two weeks been playing havoc with the crops in Great Britain and Ireland.

Legislative independence, or Home Rule, it is to be fondly hoped, will put an end, and forever, to this state of things.

As rents have been lowered from 20 to 50 per cent, the deluge of rain that has wrought so much widespread damage to the crops in Ireland will be more easily borne with, and the usual consequence—a general famine—will this year be averted.

The despatches received during the week continue the doleful tale of deepening distress and most gloomy prospects for the coming winter.

Should any contributions be sent to our office we shall deem it a sacred duty, as a pleasure, to transmit them immediately to the Archbishop of Dublin, or to any other Bishop or priest whom the donors may select as the dispensers of their charity in Ireland.

The General Methodist Conference of Michigan has just made a huge stride on the question which has been agitating Methodist circles within the last few years—the question of permitting women to take part in the government of the Church by being elected as members of Conference.

all home manufactures and every industrial enterprise were utterly discouraged and destroyed. All woolen goods, tweeds, serges and broadcloth, in whose manufacture the Irish artizan excelled, were forbidden exportation to foreign lands under very heavy penalties.

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The Michigan Conference, which assembled last week at Grand Rapids, has resolved on admitting them to their body by an immense majority.

WHO IS THE "LADY"?

A new sensation, which from present appearances emanates from a well-known, or at least well advertised, former no-Popery lecturer, has cropped up in Chicago and Cincinnati.

An English woman calling herself Miss Vera Ava, and representing herself as wealthy, appeared suddenly in Chicago on the first of August and stayed at the residence of Rev. Dr. Bolton, a minister attached to the Centenary Methodist Church of the city.

On the 9th of September Miss Ava requested Mrs. Bolton to accompany her to the Jesuits' College, where she had some business to transact.

These particulars were given by Mrs. Bolton to a reporter of the associated press. She added that Miss Ava was of prepossessing appearance, about thirty-eight years of age, and must have weighed two hundred and ten pounds.

The missing woman had purchased a house on Monroe street and had left a family named Mingay in charge. Members of this family stated to the reporter that though Miss Ava was accustomed to say that she was wealthy, they were doubtful of this, as they had no reason to think that this was the case.

Father Kelly, the parish priest, stated that he had received a visit from a lady who came in a carriage, but, after an interview, he had shown her to the church through the door leading to it from the college, and had left her there, as she expressed a wish to pray there.

The strangest part of the story is now to be told. A lady calling herself Miss Vera Ava appeared suddenly in a Cincinnati drug store, on Friday, the 11th inst., declaring that she had no recollection how she had reached Cincinnati from Chicago.

The whole story is a very fishy one, but it becomes somewhat clearer by the fact that telegrams sent to the New York and Chicago police with her description were answered with the suggestion that she is the celebrated Madame Diss De Barr, who made the circuit of the States some years ago as an eloquent and acceptable lecturer against Popery.

There is, undoubtedly, some good reason in the remarks of the Observer, to this extent, that any Protestant Church is forced by necessity to insist that its ministers shall teach the doctrines which it upholds, for otherwise it would acknowledge its own falsity.

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centuries. She was imprisoned for her frauds, and was forced to disgorge part of her ill-gotten gains.

The Cincinnati police think she is insane, but this is not certain. She is, however, kept in the House of Detention until more be known of her. The description corresponds very well with that which is given of Madame Diss De Barr, who has been hidden for some time from the eyes of the public.

Another thing which confirms this view of the case is that she refuses to tell where she lived before coming to Chicago.

Miss Ava is just the right kind of person for a popular no-Popery lecturer.

THE HERESY TRIALS.

We observe in the press, both secular and denominational, that the battle is still raging between the various factions in the different sects concerning the manner in which Dr. Briggs, of the New York (Presbyterian) Union Theological Seminary, was dealt with by the General Assembly at the meeting of that body held at Detroit this summer.

This is not very new to be wondered at, because this now celebrated case has attracted the attention of the whole community, inasmuch as Dr. Briggs denies the divine inspiration of Scripture, and thus saps the foundation itself of Christianity.

Our readers will remember that Dr. Briggs, on his appointment to the chair of Biblical Theology in the seminary of which he is a professor, openly denied the divine inspiration of Scripture, and maintained that reason is of equal authority with it.

Professor Smyth, of New York, is one of those who think that the General Assembly acted liberally towards the other professor. He has said that the Church is in "a panic which blinds, stultifies and demoralizes."

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should believe. A Church which maintains such a principle as this surely can have no right to insist that either clergy or laity should be bound to accept any special creed, and any punishment inflicted for refusing to teach any particular doctrine is an act of unreasonable persecution.

A greater inconsistency cannot be imagined than to proclaim the complete liberty of man to believe what he pleases, and yet to condemn him as a heretic for not believing some special doctrine.

The Methodist Review is another periodical which is lavish in its praises of the Assembly, which, it says, "has demonstrated to the world that the Presbyterian Church is greater than any man in it," and it foretells that "the effect of the action of that Church will be to check . . . the rationalistic tendency of younger scholars who imagine that the bible in its literary character is wholly misunderstood, and that they have come into the world to correct old errors and elevate the great book on new and solid foundations."

We venture to say that the action of the Assembly will have no such effect. Rationalistic thought has already made such headway among Presbyterians that it cannot be so readily checked.

It must be remarked also that in vetoing the appointment of the Doctor the action of the Assembly was really very weak. It passed no condemnation against the doctrines which he taught, and many of the ministers who voted with the majority in condemnation of him expressly declared that they did so, rather on account of his vacillation, which they thought made him unfit to be a Professor of Biblical Theology, than on account of his Rationalism.

DEATH OF EX-PRESIDENT GREEVY, OF FRANCE.

Francois Paul Jules Greevvy, ex-President of the French Republic, died on the 9th inst. He was born at Mont-Sour-Vaudrieux in the Jura, on 15th August, 1807, so that he was in his eighty-fifth year.

When Napoleon made his celebrated coup d'etat which placed him on the French throne as Emperor, M. Greevvy retired from political life, but in 1869 he was again returned as deputy for the Jura, and when President McMahon resigned in 1876 Mons. Greevvy was elected by 563 votes to succeed him, General Chauzy receiving 99 votes.

M. Greevvy was thoroughly Republican in his politics, and during his occupancy of the office of President his Government put into operation many of the anti-Catholic measures which are now proving to be so disastrous to

the country. Among these was the abolition of religion from the schools and their laicization, the present result of which is that a generation has grown up in which a large percentage of the youth are neglectful of the practice of their religious duties.

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THE UPPER OTTAWA

We spent a few very enjoyable days last week on the Ottawa River, and we fancy that were the grandeur of scenery and other attractions of this romantic and beautiful stream better known thousands would stop to enjoy them every summer, who now flit by on the C. P. R., without thinking that such marvels of picturesque loveliness are passed by unnoticed and unknown.

Pembroke is but a few hours' ride on the C. P. R. (Pullman if you choose) from Ottawa city. You find the most pleasing and obliging entertainers in mine host and hostess of the Copeland House, who pay every attention to your comfort and enjoyment and give every possible information about the Ottawa, Lake Allumette, the Chapeau, the Petewawa, the five hundred wooded isles scattered over the broad expanse and along the swelling bosom of the Ottawa from Allumette Isle to the "Oiseau Rock" on "Deep River," finishing up with the tumbling cascades of the Deux Joachims.

Such recalling related to ally they have been tried ever since 71, on this special bitter it is now asserted new hostility Should this it is known to meet the al Austria and powers have Triple Alliance effort has also to draw England and it was even agreed to it however, its stances which point to the edge given her ally.

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Pembroke has a very successful and ever-increasing branch of the C. M. B. A., with eighty-five members all in good standing, and all not only practical, as the rule requires, but zealous and fervent members of the Catholic Church.

Mr. Michael Howe, merchant, who has filled the presidency for the last two years, is spoken of as the next delegate to the convention which one year from now will be held in the Ambitious City.

At 8 a. m. you embark on the steamer "Ottawa," under the guidance of Captain Duggan. The latter, of Irish birth, as the name implies, has been earning fame as a trustworthy, genial, and attentive ship-master for the last

twenty-two years aboard and ar Duggan you vined that enjoyment.

TO WAR

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twenty-two years. The moment you step aboard and are introduced to Captain Duggan you feel at home and convinced that you are in for a day's enjoyment.

TO BE CONTINUED. WAR PROSPECTS.

For the last two weeks there have been once more, to an alarming extent, rumors that war may break out soon— even almost immediately— between some of the Great Powers which control the destiny, and even comprise of themselves almost the entire continent of Europe. Such rumors have been in the air frequently during late years, yet the evil has not broken out, and we may hope still that peace may continue to reign; nevertheless the fact is not to be concealed that several events have occurred very lately which make the prospect more alarming than it has been for many years; and in view of the magnitude of the Powers concerned, the struggle will be the most fearful which the world has ever witnessed, if it once begins on the threatened scale.

On the second of the present month Germany celebrated the battle of Sedan, the result of which was the complete humiliation of France, and the annexation of the fair Provinces of Alsace and Lorraine to the German Empire. For a short period after Sedan France was still able to resist the German siege of Paris, but with the flower of her army in German prisons, the resistance could not last long.

The French press and people have been deeply angered by the celebration of this fatal anniversary, and much bellicose talk of revenge was indulged in on account thereof. At the same time the Germans were equally belligerent, both in their laudations of the courage and efficiency of their army, and in retorting their readiness to fight again.

Such recriminations are not calculated to allay ill feeling, and though they have been repeated in both countries ever since the great war of 1870-71, on this occasion they have stirred especial bitterness on both sides, and it is now asserted that the outbreak of new hostilities must soon occur. Should this prove to be the case, it is known that France will have to meet the allied forces of Germany, Austria and Italy, as these three powers have formed the oft-talked of Triple Alliance or Dreibund. An effort has also undoubtedly been made to draw England into this alliance, and it was even asserted that she had agreed to it in part at least. This, however, is unlikely, and circumstances which have since occurred point to the conclusion that she has not given her adhesion to that league.

How is France to meet the powerful alliance which has been formed against her? Russian interests conflict, especially along the Russian frontier, with those of Austria and Germany, and it seems doubtful that France can find any friends except Russia. Yet there is no certainty that any alliance has been made between these countries, though by the compliments which have passed between Russia and France one might suppose that between these two powers there is at least an understanding of some kind.

Russia's desire to extend her conquests in the East makes her interests conflict with those of England, and France has certainly a decided wish to see England out of Egypt; but would these Powers unite for the purpose of carrying out their desires at the risk of driving England into the Dreibund? After the cordial reception given by the Russians to the French fleet on the occasion of the visit of the latter to Cronstadt, it was undoubtedly England's desire to prove to the French that she had not become a partner to any alliance against them, and it was for this reason that the Queen invited the fleet to Portsmouth. Many of the French papers protested against the acceptance of the invitation by President Carnot. Nevertheless it was accepted, and the reception by the English officers and people alike rivalled that of the Russians in cordiality. This does not, indeed, imply that war may not break out between the two powers, but it implies that they do not now desire to go to war with each other. It is to be hoped that with such feelings any danger of war may be averted. But since this reception some incidents have occurred which are very threatening as between England and Russia, and there is no knowing what may be the result as far as they are concerned.

The Sultan of Turkey has given umbrage to England by insults which have been offered to English merchant vessels, which the Sultan seems unwilling to atone for, though the British ambassador has demanded an apology; and in other ways the Sultan has shown himself willing to treat England with coolness.

Again, permission is said to have been given by the Sultan to Russia to pass her warships through the Dardanelles into the Black Sea, a state of things which would enable Russia to control the Suez Canal, and thus seriously to threaten England's eastern interests, contrary to the provisions of the Berlin treaty.

The English diplomats are endeavoring to secure the co-operation of the other Powers to prevent this move on the part of Russia, but they hold aloof, apparently for the purpose of forcing England into the Dreibund against her will. England will be obliged, it is thought, to protest against this violation of the Berlin treaty, but she may have to do so alone, and this may precipitate a war with Russia, the issue of which cannot be foreseen. Germany and Austria have a deep interest in the preservation of the Berlin treaty intact, but they may let England enter on this contest alone unless she submit to their terms, so that there is immediate danger that the long-threatened war may break out of the present complications, which are even more involved than we have here represented; and we can only speculate whether all or only a portion of the Powers we have named may participate in its operations and chances when it may come with all its terrors. Human foresight cannot tell the consequences of such a contest, which we sincerely hope heaven may avert.

It has been stated that Pope Leo XIII. has a project in view which might put an end to the ill feeling between France and Germany, and perhaps terminate the causes of quarrel between all the nearly all the European nations. It may not have this effect, yet the thought is a holy one, and it is worthy of the great Pontiff to endeavor to solve the difficulties of the present position. The plan of the Holy Father is said to comprise the establishment of a neutral zone between France and Germany, which shall include Alsace-Lorraine, the present bone of contention between the two countries.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

Archbishop Cleary at Carleton Place.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD. On Tuesday, 1st September, there occurred in the young but promising mission of Carleton Place one of those events which never fail to stir the heart of a Catholic community with joy, and invest its progress with a new and special interest. This was the visit of His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Cleary, Archbishop of Kingston. His Grace came for the two-fold purpose of holding visitation and administering the holy sacrament of confirmation. He was received at the depot by the Rev. M. O'Rourke, local pastor, who was accompanied by the entire Catholic congregation, several priests from the neighboring missions, the Mayor of the town (Dr. Preston), and a considerable number of Protestants. Superb weather favored the occasion, and a rare and impressive sight it was to see at the close of a perfect September day the long procession, formed from so many classes and creeds, wending its way from the depot to the church of St. Mary's. The efficient local band led the children who were to be confirmed; then the laymen of the congregation; next came the Archbishop in a carriage with the Rev. Father O'Rourke; the Mayor with Rev. M. J. Stanton, pastor of Smith's Falls; Rev. C. Duffus, pastor of Perth, and Rev. Thomas Kelly, Archbishop's secretary, occupied the next carriage. These were followed by another carriage in which were the Rev. P. A. Twomey, pastor of Westport, and Rev. M. O'Brien, pastor of Merrickville. Then came a number of carriages and other vehicles in which sat the laity from the district of Ferguson's Falls. Arrived at the entrance to the church, the Archbishop thanked the Mayor for his unvarying kindness to the Catholic people of Carleton Place. The usual formalities of opening visitation having been gone through, the Archbishop proceeded at once to examine the children in the prescribed forms of prayer and the catechism of Christian doctrine. Their exactness and readiness in answering gave him entire satisfaction, whereon he bestowed praise on the children, the priest and the parents. He then exacted from all the boys and girls two pledges, viz., to attend the class of catechism held by the priest every Sunday in the church for at least one year after confirmation, and to abstain from tasting alcoholic drink of any kind until each shall have completed the twenty-first year of age. All raised their hands in token of acceptance of these two pledges. His Grace concluded by arranging the order of proceedings for next day. On Wednesday morning, at half past ten, solemn High Mass was celebrated. His Grace presided in pontificals and all the priests assisted in choir. After Mass an address was presented to the Archbishop by the church committee in the name of the congregation, to which he briefly but eloquently replied. An able sermon on the reciprocal duties of parents and children was preached by the Rev. C. Duffus. After administering the sacrament of confirmation to sixty-five children, His Grace delivered a beautiful and lucid instruction, in the course of which he lauded the pastor for the evidence of his zeal and labor afforded by the examination of the children. He praised the parents for their co-operation with the pastor in the religious training of the youth of the parish; and spoke words of kind encouragement to the children from whom he took the present occasion to obtain a public renewal of the two pledges they had given him the previous evening. He thanked the congregation for their loyal and warm sentiments of reverence and gratitude expressed to himself in their formal address, and adverted, with much feeling, to their reference to the untiring energy of their present pastor and their grateful remembrance of the lamented Father O'Donohoe, to whose self-sacrifice, ability and tact they justly

attributed the remarkable success that attended the difficult enterprise of establishing and equipping the mission of Carleton Place and supplying the previously destitute Catholics of that town with the religious advantages they now enjoy. His Grace gave them his apostolic blessing and bade them an affectionate adieu.

The decorations not only of the interior of the church but of the exterior, as well as of the lawn and balcony of the presbytery, were of an artistic character, and evoked expressions of admiration from all who saw them. On Tuesday evening the grounds were illuminated by some two hundred Chinese lanterns tastefully varied in size, design and hue; flags of many colors fluttered here and there in the breeze, and music, furnished by the town band, lent its charm to a scene at once picturesque and memorable.

The large gathering that came to see it and hear the Archbishop's address were unanimous in their praises of the spectacle presented. His Grace's brief but pithy speech, delivered in the open air to the large assemblage on the church grounds, spoke the joy with which he witnessed such an unmistakable evidence of the good-will and friendship existing among the various classes and creeds of the population as that exhibited in the splendid reception accorded him, and delighted those who heard it by its broad spirit and moving eloquence.

The decorations were the work of the ladies of the mission, upon whose taste and generosity they reflected the utmost credit.

Father O'Rourke is to be congratulated upon the successful manner in which the comprehensive arrangements for the reception of His Grace were carried out.

CANADA'S EARLY MARTYRS.

How the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires Received its Name.

Philadelphia Public Ledger. The most extensive collection of religious buildings in Quebec is the Convent and Hospital of the Hotel Dieu in the Upper Town. There are some forty cloistered nuns of this Order, which was founded in 1639 by Cardinal Richelieu's niece, the Duchess d'Anguillon. They care for the sick and infirm poor, their hospital accommodating over six hundred, who have the best medical attendance, the buildings looking out upon pleasant gardens. The oldest structures date from 1654, and much of the collection was built more than two centuries ago. In their convent the most precious relics are the remains of two of the Jesuit martyrs who went out from Sillery, Fathers Breboul and Lallemand. There is a silver bust, in life-size, of Breboul, and in its base is carefully preserved his skull. Jean de Breboul was a Norman of noble birth, who came out with Champlain, and he and Lallemand were sent on a mission beyond Ontario to the Huron country establishing the mission town of St. Ignace, near the Niagara River. They lived with these Indians for sixteen years, learnt their language thoroughly, studied the Indian character, and gained great influence over them. The Iroquois were deadly enemies of the Hurons, and tracked and captured their town in 1649, taking the two missionaries prisoners and putting them to death with fearful tortures. Breboul, who frequently had celestial visions, always announced his belief that he would die for Christ. The story of his tortures is one of the most horrible in the history of the fierce colonial wars. He was bound to a stake, and scorched from head to foot. His lower lip was cut away, and the savages then thrust a red-hot iron down his throat. They hung a neck-lace of glowing coals around his neck, which the indomitable priest stood heroically; they poured boiling water over his head and face in mockery of baptism; cut strips of flesh from his limbs, eating them before his eyes; scalped him, cut open his breast and drank his blood, then filled his eyes with live coals, and after four hours of torture finally killed him by tearing out his heart, which the Indian chief at once devoured. The writer who makes this terrible recital says:—"Thus died Jean de Breboul, the founder of the Huron Mission, its truest hero and its greatest martyr. He came of a noble race—the same, it is said, from which sprang the English Earls of Arundel, but never had the mailed barons of his line confronted a fate so appalling with so prodigious a constancy. To the last he refused to flinch, and his death was the accomplishment of his murderers."

His colleague, Gabriel Lallemand, was a delicate young man, and was tortured for seventeen hours, but he bore the torments nobly, and, although at times faltering, yet he would rally, and with uplifted hands offer his sufferings in heaven as a sacrifice. His bones are preserved in the Hotel Dieu. The burning of this village and the torture and death of the intrepid missionaries marked the destruction of the Hurons and their dispersal. Years afterward a remnant of the tribe were gathered by the Jesuit Fathers on the Isle of Orleans, subsequently remov-

ing to Loretto, up St. Charles River. Such was the devotion and the hardships of the early French-Canadian missionaries, and it is no wonder their spirit imbued almost the entire nation, founded as it had been by religious inspiration.

NOTRE DAME DES VICTOIRES. The little Church of Notre Dame, down in the Lower Town at the foot of the Champlain Steps, typifies the religious fervor of the French-Canadian character. It is a plain stone church of moderate size, built in 1688, on the site of Champlain's house. The interior displays rich gilding, having evidently been recently renovated, and the church's interesting story is told by two angels hovering over the chancel, each bearing a banner. Inscribed on one is "1690," and on the other "1711." The fiery Count de Frontenac, who was Louis XIV.'s Governor, had ravaged the New England colonies, and in 1690, shortly after the church was built, Sir William Phips retaliated. The Iroquois, who were English allies, menaced Montreal, and all the French troops were sent thither. Suddenly, in October, Phips and his fleet were reported in the St. Lawrence, below Quebec. Urgent messages were sent the troops to return, and the devout Ursuline Nuns prayed with such fervor in the little church that contrary winds delayed the enemy's ships, and the troops got back from Montreal before Phips's fleet could attack the town. Their demonstration, when it finally came, was successfully repulsed, and, after repeated disasters, they sailed away to Portsmouth and Boston. Great then was the rejoicing. A thanksgiving procession marched to the church, Te Deums were sung, and, in fulfillment of a vow, the church was named "Notre Dame de la Victoire."

Twenty-one years afterwards, in 1711, another British invading force came up the river under Sir Hovenden Walker, and again was the intercession of Notre Dame implored. The answer quickly came in storm and fog, producing such dire disaster to the fleet that eight ships were wrecked and hundreds were drowned. Again there was the greatest rejoicing; in honor of the double triumph the church became "Notre Dame des Victoires." It is no wonder that so much of the pious fervor of early Quebec is intertwined about this sacred building. A religious festival in October is held in memory of these miraculous deliverances. But the little church was not always to escape unscathed. One of the Ursuline nuns prophesied that it would be ultimately burned by the British, who would finally conquer, and, in the bombardment of Quebec by Wolfe's batteries in 1759, it severely suffered. To-day it exists as one of the most precious relics in Quebec, located in the oldest quarter of the city, surrounded by shops and adjoining the market-place, but revered with all the unquestioning devotion of the habitant.

The pious veneration, like the creed, of these simple-minded people is the same to-day as it was before the British conquest of Canada, in the days of the best French regime, two centuries ago. Their faith is fervent and their belief complete. They typify the beautiful idea, which the late Cardinal Newman exemplified in his exquisitely touching poem:—

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead thou me on: The night is dark, and I am far from home; The night is dark, and I am far from home; Keep thou my path; that I may see the dawn: The distant sunbeams one step onward for me. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou shouldst lead me on: I loved to choose and see my path; and now Lead thou me on! I loved the light of the sun and fire: Pride ruled my will:—Remember not past years, So long thy power has blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on: Over moor and fen, over crag and torrent, till With the morn' these angel faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile! I. C.

KENNY THE "CONVERT."

Archbishop Ireland Reveals a Few Facts in the History of the New Methodist Convert.

One of the events of the Des Plaines camp-meeting last week was the conversion of a so-called Catholic priest. A great deal of noise was made over the affair, and the "converted" man was greeted with open arms. A gentleman in the city having had some experience in the conversion of Catholic priests was inclined to doubt that the man was in good standing, and acting upon this thought communicated with Archbishop Ireland, from whose archdiocese Kenny said he came. The facts were explained to the Archbishop, and he was told that the Rev. Kenny embraced Methodism owing to his lack of belief in Catholicism, and especially in the doctrine of transubstantiation. The Archbishop listened attentively, and a smile illumined his face—half cynical and half sarcastic. Then he said:—"Well, well; another conversion, eh? and a priest at that. I am sorry for those who have converted him. The Rev. J. Kenny was never a clergyman of the diocese of St. Paul."

A man, however, of this name was received temporarily a year ago into the diocese of Winona. His record before coming to Winona was not unknown. He had been several times and in different places, notably in Illinois and northern Michigan, suspended from the ministry for drunkenness. He had originally belonged to the diocese of Rochester, N. Y., where also he had some trouble, presumably on the same ground. He had for some time before coming to Minnesota sobered up, and on showing apparently extraordinary signs of repentance he was admitted on trial by Bishop Cotter. After a few months, however, he fell back into his old sin, and was unceremoniously and ingloriously driven out of the diocese. These facts explain his conversion to Methodism. Transubstantiation, I am sure, is giving him little trouble. Whisky is his bete noire. For my part I resign him cheerfully to Elder Trusdell, cautioning the latter to keep carefully from him the intoxicating cup.—Miltona-kee Catholic Citizen.

Viscount St. Cyres, son of the Earl of Ildesleigh, and grandson of Sir Stafford Northcote, who was the first to bear the title, has joined the Catholic Church. His conversion was announced before but was denied, but it is now announced as a certainty.

Rheumatism,

BEING due to the presence of uric acid in the blood, is most effectually cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Be sure you get Ayer's and no other, and take it till the poisonous acid is thoroughly expelled from the system. We challenge attention to this testimony:— "About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatism, being able to walk only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months, and am pleased to state that it has effected a complete cure. I have since had no return of the disease."—Mrs. R. Irving Dodge, 110 West 125th St., New York.

"One year ago I was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism, being confined to my house six months. I came out of the sickness very much debilitated, with no appetite, and my system disordered in every way. I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve at once, gaining in strength and soon recovering my usual health. I cannot say too much in praise of this well-known medicine."—Mrs. L. A. Stark, Nashua, N. H.

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PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price 25¢; six bottles, \$5. Worth 5¢ a bottle.

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Arrangements are complete for the largest and most exhaustive exhibit ever seen in Ontario. Entries are rapidly coming in. The first in secure the best spaces. The Art Exhibit will be magnificent and comprises pictures valued at \$1,000,000. Special features include: Making, Cross-cut Sawing and Fire Engine Contests. The Attractions are without doubt simply immense.

ENTRIES close in speed class Sept. 10th, in all other classes Sept. 12th. For Prize Lists and information address, CAPT. A. W. FORTE, THOS. A. BROWNE, President Secretary.

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TEACHER WANTED

FOR R. C. SEPARATE SCHOOL SECTION No. 12, Per. y and Seymour, 2nd or 3rd class certificate. Salary not to be less than \$1000 per year. Services to commence 1st October. Address letter with test results to JAMES H. COLLIS, Secretary, Campbellford P. O., Ont.

FOR THE PRESCOTT SEP. SCHOOL, two assistant female teachers, holding 2nd or 3rd class certificate. Duties to commence 1st Sept. State salary and experience. Apply to P. K. HALPIN, Secy. R. C. Separate School Board, Prescott, Ont. 9247

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CHRISTIAN DOCTORS.

The Power of the Medical Faculty for Good or Evil.

"Where there are three doctors, there are two atheists," say the Italians.

And the truth is, the medical profession, more than any other, seems to expose its members to the danger of moral and religious shipwreck. Constant familiarity with human misery and weakness blunts their sense of awe and reverence.

These are not merely negligible quantities in his practice, they are entirely outside of life. And this is true of many who nevertheless practice their religion. What must be the result in the case of doctors who have no faith, whose entire training has been in materialistic and infidel hands?

Where this spirit goes farther and becomes, as it were, a system influencing the views of the physician, and ruling his practice, it is not only folly; it becomes a clear menace to society and to religion.

Greatly then do we need to pray for Christian doctors. We need men not inferior in attainments to the best; men who can speak with authority to their professional brethren.

Indeed it is not without deep significance that our Blessed Lord is called the Physician of Souls or that He pointed out the parallelism between His work among men and that of the doctor.

"They that are whole," He said to the carping Pharisees, "need not the physician, but they that are sick."

The physician and the priest stand side by side. Birth, life, and often enough a happy death, depend much on the skill and conscience of the doctor, and let us hasten to add, on his friendship with God.

And if we take him out of the sick-room and put him in the laboratory, what service may he not render the cause of truth, that is of Jesus Christ.

and misrepresentations of facts; to put himself in the van of discovery and to force the world to see that truth cannot be opposed to truth, that the God Who created medicines out of the earth and gave the knowledge of them to men, is the same God Who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets; and last of all, in these days hath spoken to us by His Son, Whom He hath appointed heir of all things.

ALTAR BOYS.

The Important Part They Take in All the Cereemonies of the Church.

There are few practices of the Church more interesting than the part given to children in all the beautiful ceremonies of her ritual, writes Eliza Allen Starr, in the San Francisco Monitor.

On Corpus Christi little boys and girls go forth in troops; the boys with candles and thuribles, from which rise soft clouds of fragrant incense; and the girls with baskets of flowers, to strew in the path of the same loving Redeemer.

But it is not alone on such high festivals that the Church calls in her little boys to assist in the solemn exercises. There is no day in the year, however lowly the church, or however retired, that the priest who says Mass has not at his side one, two, or even more little boys, who thus voluntarily wait upon God in His house.

Who would presume to wait upon a gentleman's table in soiled garments, with unbrushed hair, with filthy hands? How much less pretend to serve Jesus in His Real Presence in an untidy dress!

For years we have quietly watched from our pew the acolytes as they have come and gone from the ranks of the sanctuary. Sometimes we have been pained to see one becoming by degrees a bad boy; and soon—now very soon indeed!—he ceases to care for his place, even on Sunday, for the bright cap or the white surplice.

The young acolytes who throng the sanctuary on a Sunday can hardly know with what anxiously loving hearts they are watched by pious friends; or how many a time, they are envied for their nearness to the Blessed Sacrament by those who are afar off in their pews.

Remember, dear boys, that is a grace for which Jesus asks a return from you. He asks of you to be better boys—more truthful, more honorable, more fervent at your prayers, and more faithful to remember that you are always in the presence of God.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is in favor with all classes because it combines economy and strength. 100 Doses One Dollar.

The great American game, Baseball, in the States, and the great English game, Cricket, in the Dominion, are in full career, and it is apropos to consider what a celebrated pitcher says: Mr. Louis Rush, 49 Preston St., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A., writes: "In pitching ball I sprained my arm; two applications of St. Jacobs Oil cured me."

Mr. Peter Vermont, Hochelaga, P. Q., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cured me of Rheumatism after I tried many medicines to no purpose. It is a good medicine." Just think of it—you can relieve the twinges of rheumatism, or the most painful attack of neuralgia—you can check a cough, and heal bruised or broken skin, with a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, costing only 25 cents.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia. You cannot be too particular about the medicines you use. When you need a blood-purifier, be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and no other. It will mingle with, purify, and vitalize every drop of blood. Is makes the weak strong. Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

ARTIFICIAL WEATHER.

Gen. Dyrenforth's Success as a Rain-Maker.

A telegram from Midland, Texas, August 19, says: "Gen. Dyrenforth's party of rain-makers are jubilant today. The first important experiments have met with great success. A rain fell for more than six hours yesterday, and they declared that it was undoubtedly caused by the explosion of oxyhydrogen balloons, rackarock powder and dynamite. At 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon a large balloon was sent up at the Cranch, where the men of science have their headquarters. The ranch is about twenty-five miles from this town. The balloon was sent up about one and a quarter miles, and was then exploded. It made a report like a severe clap of thunder. There was only a few white clouds floating in the blue sky at the time, the sun was shining, and any old farmer or mariner would have said that it would not rain in a week. The weather instruments showed that the air was remarkably dry, and the barometer pointed at 'fair'.

Ten minutes after the balloon had disappeared in a peal of thunder, kites were set flying, and attached to their tails was dynamite. This was exploded when the kites were high in the air, and then a great quantity of powder, which was scattered over the ground for about two miles, was set off by electricity. This made a noise like a succession of batteries of artillery. The smoke rose in the air for about 200 feet and drifted toward the experts' headquarters. Before it reached there, however, it was driven to the earth by a torrent of rain.

The few fleecy clouds had gathered together, others had formed, the sky quickly had become overcast, and a storm had been created by man's efforts. The barometer began falling ten minutes after the balloon was exploded. The rain was very heavy, and the centre of the storm was over the ranch. According to reports from the ranchmen and employers along the line of the Texas and Pacific Railroad, the storm extended over an area of not less than 1,000 square miles. It is hard to get definite reports, and it may have reached further.

The noise of the explosion was heard plainly at Midland, and even at ranches forty miles from the scene of the experiments. The people thought it was thunder. At about 7 o'clock this evening several explosions were heard here. The experimenters were undoubtedly at work again. The sky became overcast inside of half an hour, and it began to rain at 7:40 o'clock. It looks now as if it would rain all night.

"This region, as a rule, is very dry, and it is exceedingly unusual to have much rain at this season of the year. The rain-makers are sure that they have stolen the secret of Jupiter Pluvius, and say they can flood this country at an hour's notice. Their greatest experiment, when they will explode a tremendous lot of balloons, kites, and dynamite, will probably not take place until Friday. The ranchmen and town weather prophets don't believe the storm was made by the rain-producers, but Gen. Dyrenforth says he will convince the most sceptical in a day or two."

The Bright Side.

Is there, then, place for merriment in this fallen world, in this valley of tears? Is laughter compatible with sanctity? Is not any kind of joking impossible to a soul that thoroughly realizes that it has once been condemned to hell, that it has been purchased by the agonizing death of the Son of God, and that it has still to work out its salvation with fear and trembling? Blessed Thomas More, in his book called "A Dialogue of Comfort against Tribulation," written by him when a prisoner in the Tower (which is perhaps the brightest as well as the most pathetic of all his work), discusses these questions. His answer is that life is indeed a serious matter; that we were sent into this world to work, and not to idle or amuse ourselves; that those who think that the sun will stand still over their heads unless they can wear away the day by feasting, games or dancing, have no sense of the purpose of life, or their responsibility to God. But he will not condemn (he says) relaxation in pleasant talk or other amusements, provided they are only used as sauce to the meat, and that the sauce is not made the substance of the banquet of life. He says that laughter is like anger; it may be good or bad according to circumstances. We must consider both the person who laughs and the object of his laughter. Laughter does not belitt the wifful enemies of God, though it may be sometimes skillfully and lawfully awakened in such to lead them to a better mind. Laughter in applause of what is wicked, vile, impure, is criminal laughter. "A fool will laugh at sin," says the Book of Proverbs. Laughter at incongruous trifles which are innocent beyond by right to childhood and youth; yet it may have its season even in the life of the wisest and the saintliest; while laughter at the errors, the vices, the foolish pretenses of men, may be a participation in that Divine sarcasm or irony described by the Psalmist; and has been frequently used by the Doctors of the Church.

You cannot be too particular about the medicines you use. When you need a blood-purifier, be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and no other. It will mingle with, purify, and vitalize every drop of blood. Is makes the weak strong. Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

THE EQUIPMENT OF A MEDICAL CHURCH.

Walter Besant, in Harper's Magazine for August.

As for the vast numbers actually maintained by the Church, the single example of St. Paul's Cathedral, of course the largest foundation in the city, will furnish an illustration. In the year 1450 the society, the cathedral body, included the following: The Bishop, the dean, the four archdeacons, the treasurer, the precentor, the chancellor, thirty greater canons, twelve lesser canons, about fifty chaplains or chantry priests and thirty vicars. Of inferior rank to these were the sacrist and three vergers, the successor, the master of the singing school, the master of the grammar school, the almoner and his four vergers, the servitors, the book transcriber, the bookbinder, the chamberlain, the rent collector, the baker, the brewer—the brewer, who brewed in the year 1286, 67,814 gallons, must have employed a good many more—the servants of all these officers—the singing men and choir boys, of whom priests were made, the bedsmen and poor folk, the sextons, grave-diggers, gardeners, bell-ringers, makers and menders of the ecclesiastical robes, cleaners and sweepers, carpenters, masons, painters, carvers and gilders—one can very well understand that the Church of St. Paul's alone must have found livelihood for thousands.

The same equipment was necessary in every other religious foundation. Not a monastery but had its greater and lesser officers and their servants. In every one there were the bell-ringers, the singing-men and boys, the vergers, the gardeners, the brewers, bakers, cooks, messengers, scribes, rent collectors and all complete as was St. Paul's though on a smaller scale. It does not seem too much to estimate the ecclesiastical establishments of London as including a fourth part of the whole population of the city.

Heroism of a Sister of Charity.

A touching episode of the Argentine revolution is told by a Buenos Ayres correspondent of an Italian paper, the Caffaro. A cavalryman was passing before a hospital in Buenos Ayres when a ball knocked him, mortally wounded, from the saddle. No member of the Red Cross Society was in the neighborhood at the time, but from one of the doors of the hospital a Sister of Charity rushed like an angel of mercy to the succor of the wounded man, heading not the bullets which were flying around like hail. She bent over him, but only to fall into his arms a corpse. She was shot dead in a fusillade. "When the smoke cleared away," says the correspondent, "I went towards her. She was young—perhaps not over twenty—and her face was singularly beautiful. I learned that she called Sister Estella, and that she had come from near Naples. Amid the dreadful commotion that is all I could learn about this heroine."

Christ was raised by God to the glory of the Resurrection, because charity and obedience had humbled Him to the death of the Cross.—St. Thomas Aquinas.

Congregational Singing.

The Sacred Heart Review, in a recent issue, gives an account of the manner in which services are conducted at the church of St. Paul, the Apostle, New York. We will summarize this description: The pulpit stands about the center of the church, and near it is an organ, somewhat smaller than the grand organ which is behind the main altar. Each pew is provided with a rack, and each rack is a number of cards printed all over with the prayers, hymns and devotions in which the people are to engage. At the appointed hour, Father Elliot ascends the pulpit and intones a hymn to the Holy Ghost, in which all the congregation join. The Our Father, Hail Mary, Gloria and the Creed are then said by priest and people. Father Elliot then gives out the hymn by number on the cards, and in his rich, melodious voice begins the singing, which raises into a solemn and majestic swell as it is taken up by the people. The effect is described as being inspiring and most edifying. After reciting some prayers together, and instruction is given, and then follows Benediction, the people singing with hearty goodwill the Tantum Ergo.

Regina Ripples. "I took six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for liver complaint, headache and dull stupid feeling, but now I am entirely well and healthy, having also a good appetite which I did not have previously."—Mrs. T. Davis, Rozina, N. W. T.

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excrescences, as many have testified who have tried it.

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Secarian Missionaries.

These worthies are the butt of much ridicule, and a good deal of it they deserve, thinks the Glasgow Observer. From writers of their own faith they receive the most severe condemnation and the most unsparring satire. W. S. Caine's pronouncement on what he found in India will still be fresh in our readers' minds, and Canon Taylor, though a Protestant divine, has given "the pony carriage and perambulator," which is the badge of all the tribe, as much cynical sarcasm as would have killed a less hardy institution. The latest specimen comes from West Africa, and the impachment is the weightier that it appears in the Protestant Graphic, evidently from a Protestant pen.

"An old priest who has been in Freetown (Africa) for sixteen years, was at last prevailed upon to go home for a year. On his journey the ship touched at Gambia, when it was learned that a plague had broken out. The 'padre' spent his holiday there! Here is the reverse of the medal. The English bishop of that town hearing at the 'Palace' that an epidemic had broken out at Freetown sat shut up in his rooms, his teeth a chatter with fear, until he could hire him to the first homeward bound vessel. And from England he addressed a pastoral to his flock in which he assured them that his prayers went up daily on their behalf."

We say nothing about the value of the prayers, but the practice was hardly inspiring.

IN THE OLD, HARD RUT.



Some women will persist in sticking to the old, hard rut through life, when the easy and pleasant road is open to them. For instance, many toil and slave over the washing, steaming themselves half to death, and rubbing their fingers sore to get the clothes clean; whereas if they would use "Sunlight" Soap and follow directions, this Soap would do most the work for them, and save the house from steam, and the clothes and hands from injury. Make up your mind to try it.

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Right Rev. John Bishop of Peoria Educational Record the important theory of development widely received things, from station, is at once of the almost unput in the ruling power of education less to seek to world view is in. What is called the spirit which, as the roaring loom for God the garment made visible to influence upon a doing. We live and progress more are its separate, becomes a character. The patriarch is in Greece and Rome of the State. The Church and form such an initial special domain of both. But differences place, and we all between the things of God. far-reaching results which, in the incursions of cultivated almost parasites, grew to the porance to lay knowledge increased the scholar ceased.

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RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

It is Necessary to the Inculcation of Personal Morality.

Right Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, Ill., writes to the Educational Review as follows upon the important question of religious education in the State schools: The theory of development, which is now widely received and applied to all things, from star dust to the latest fashion, is at once a sign and a cause of the almost unlimited confidence which we put in the remedial and transforming power of education. And it is useless to seek to convince people whose world view is different from our own. What is called the spirit of the age, the spirit which, as the poet says, sits at the roaring loom of time, and weaves for God the garment whereby He is made visible to us, exercises a potent influence upon all our thinking and doing. We live in an age of progress, and progress means differentiation of structure and specialization of function. The more perfect the organism, the more are its separate functions assigned to separate parts. Specialization thus becomes a characteristic of civilization. The patriarch is both king and priest. In Greece and Rome religion is a function of the State. In the middle age the Church and State coalesce, and form such an intimate union that the special domain of either is invaded by both. But differentiation finally takes place, and we learn to distinguish between the things of Caesar and the things of God. This separation has far-reaching results. Thus learning, which, in the confusion that succeeded the incursions of the barbarians, was cultivated almost exclusively by ecclesiastics, grew to be of interest and importance to laymen. The thirst for knowledge increased, and the cleric and the scholar ceased to be identical.

THE DOMINANCE OF KNOWLEDGE was enlarged when the inductive method was applied to the study of nature, and it soon became impossible for one man to pretend to a mastery of all science. And so the principle of division of labor was introduced into things of the intellect. This led to other developments. The business of teaching, which had been almost exclusively in the hands of ecclesiastics, was now necessarily taken up by laymen also. The result of all this has been that the school, which throughout Christendom is the creation of the Church, has, in most countries, very largely passed into the hands of the civil government.

This transference of control need not, however, involve the exclusion of religious influence and instruction, though once the State has gained the ascendancy the natural tendency is to take a partial and secular view of the whole question of education, and to limit the functions of the school to the training of the mental faculties. In the spirit of the age, religion is regarded as simply morality suffused by the glow and warmth of a devout and reverent temper; and to teach doctrines about God and the Church will make men religious.

Morality, it is claimed, is independent not only of metaphysics, but of religion as well. It is a science, as we understand it, perfectly developed, but a science nevertheless, just as chemistry and physiology are sciences. Human acts are controlled, not by a higher will, or man's freedom of choice, but by physical laws. The peculiarity of this view does not lie in the mere contention that ethics is a science, but that it is a science altogether independent of religious or metaphysical dogmas. All forces, it is asserted, physical, mental and moral, are identical; and morality, like bodily vigor, is a product of organism. It is, in fact, but an elaboration of the two radical instincts of nutrition and propagation, from which spring the twofold movement of conscious life, the egoistic and the altruistic. This theory is accepted alike in the German school of materialism, in the French school of positivism and the English school of utilitarianism.

Among Americans there is a disposition to treat doubts of the truths of Christianity as a mark of intellectual vigor and sometimes as a sign of religious sincerity. PREOCCUPIED WITH MATERIAL INTERESTS, but yet finding time to read the thoughts of many minds, and to hear the discussion of antagonistic opinions and systems, they find it difficult to trust with entire confidence to what they know or believe. It all seems to be relative, and another generation may see everything in a different light. Problems take the place of principles, religious convictions are feeble, the grasp of Christian truth is relaxed, and the result is a certain moral hesitancy and infirmity.

BUT apart from all theories and systems of belief and thought, public opinion in America is set strongly against the denominational school. To introduce the spirit of sectarianism into the class-room would destroy the harmony and good-will among citizens, which is one of the aims of the common school to cherish. There is, besides, no reason why this should be done, since the family and the Church give all the religious instruction which the children are capable of receiving.

This, it seems to me, is a fair presentation of the views and ideas which go to the making of current American opinion on the subject of religious instruction in State schools; and current opinion, when the subject matter is not susceptible of physical demonstration, cannot be turned suddenly in an opposite direction. The Catholic view of the school question is as clearly defined as it is well known. It rests upon the general

ground that man is created for a supernatural end, and that the Church is the divinely appointed agency to help him attain his supreme destiny. If education is a training for completeness of life, its primary element is the religious, for

COMPLETE LIFE IS LIFE IN GOD. Theorists may be able to construct a system of ethics upon a foundation of materialism, but their mechanical and utilitarian doctrines have not the power to exalt the imagination or confirm the will. The atmosphere of religion is the natural medium for the development of character. In the purely secular school only secular morality may be taught, and whatever our opinion of this system of ethics may otherwise be, it is manifestly deficient in the power which appeals to the heart and to the conscience.

If the chief end of education is virtue, if character is indispensable while knowledge is only useful, then it follows that religion, which more than any other vital influence has power to create virtue, should enter into all the processes of education. Our school system, then, does not rest upon a philosophic view of life and education. We have done what it was easiest to do, not what it was best to do. The denominational system of popular education is the right system. The secular system is a wrong system.

A CONVERT'S REASON.

Why Kegan Paul, the Publisher, Became a Catholic—A Strong Argument.

Says the Liverpool Catholic Times: Since the appearance of Cardinal Newman's "Apologia" there has not been published a more deeply interesting account of a convert's religious struggles than that which appears from the pen of Mr. C. Kegan Paul in the current issue of the Month under the title, "Confessio Victoris." The record of an earnest soul's battles against prejudices and doubts and its progress towards the true light of the Catholic faith must always possess an absorbing attraction; but its attractive power is immensely increased when, as in Mr. Kegan Paul's narrative, every word breathes the most sincere conviction. This, indeed, constitutes the great beauty and force of Mr. Kegan Paul's article—that it is written with a frank, straightforward simplicity which not only wins the sympathy of the reader, but convinces him that the writer's object is to tell in the most direct way the truth, and nothing but the truth. Mr. Kegan Paul is the son of an Anglican clergyman who, in his son's early childhood, ministered to the congregation of a Somersetshire village. It was not, however, from his father but from his mother that he received the strongest and most lasting impressions. As in so many other instances, the mother's influence in the days of boyhood was all powerful for good even amongst the anxieties and troubles of manhood.

"My mother," says Mr. Kegan Paul, "always prayed with her children, and till long after I was grown up always came to me after I was in bed and read me a chapter in the Bible. This nightly reading is among the happiest memories of my youth."

THE OLD FORMALISM OF THE ANGLICAN RITUAL had little relish for him. To such an extent did it excite his aversion that, though not an irreligious child, he loathed church-going. The first Catholic service of which he heard a description seems to have filled his young mind with new ideas of the beauty of religious worship. He thus recounts the circumstances:

"The first time I was conscious of a dignified church beyond the Anglican, and no mere body of dissenters, was when my mother went one Holy Thursday to the tenebrae service at Prior Park, and gave me an account of it. She had made acquaintance, how I do not know, with a certain Father Logan, who preached the three hours' devotion on that occasion. I think my mother went to Prior Park now and then for some years, and all that she told me impressed me deeply."

Even from the age of eight Mr. Kegan Paul possessed and exercised a logical and analytic faculty. Some few books intended to confirm Protestants in antagonism to the Catholic Church fell into his hands, but the effect they produced upon the mind of the youthful reader was by no means that for which they were obviously designed. We have heard of Protestants being converted to Catholicism by the unfair diatribes of the late Dr. Littledale against the Church. Honest Protestants, capable of weighing arguments, have revolted against the injustice of his attacks. Mr. Kegan Paul was animated by a similar feeling in reading controversial literature composed with a manifest anti-Catholic animus. About the age of eight or nine years he read a discussion between one of the Downside Fathers and a Protestant champion, and it became clear to him that the advocate of Protestantism had not answered all that was advanced by his opponent. Other books, such as "The Nun," by Mrs. Sherwood, and the tale "Father Clement," meant to inspire him of a horror of Catholic practices, had a distinctly opposite effect. The customs which were held up to scorn by the author were held in admiration by the young reader. His leaning towards the Catholic Church was thus becoming decided, but there was no one to deepen these early impressions. His religious instruction during his school life from eight to thirteen seems to have been slight and superficial, and from this point of view he appears to have fared little better at Eton, though

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT was then making a stir throughout the country. Mr. Kegan Paul, indeed, paints a sad picture of the life led by the average boy at our great Public schools.

There are lads who, by the grace of God, have in them a natural and ingrained purity of soul, a revolt from every wrong word and deed, an instinct against evil, which preserves them in ignorant innocence through the perils of boyhood; but, as a rule, an average English lad is neither an ignorant nor innocent. When he ceases to say his nightly prayer at his mother's knee, there is no one who enforces on him the connection between religion and morals; no one, except from the distant pulpit, ever speaks to him of his soul; no one deals with him individually, or attempts to help him in his special trials. A father is, as a rule, shy of his son; tutors are apt to treat all more transgressions as school offences and are unwilling to see what is not forced on them, so that the boy's soul shifts for itself, and for the most part fares badly. I can truly say that for the five years I was at Eton, between the ages of thirteen and eighteen, no one ever said one word to me about my own religious life, save always my mother, but she could know nothing of a boy's dangers, and was as one that fought the air."

Proceeding from Eton to Oxford, Mr. Kegan Paul felt the spell of the religious energy which the Tractarian movement had generated. Though the set with which he mainly lived was not much given to habits of piety, his religious sympathies were not inactive. He was careful to attend any church at which Dr. Pusey was announced to preach, read Newman's sermons to his mother and sister in the vacations, and, unknown to his Oxford friends, endeavored to do some little district visiting amongst the poor in a fitful way, under the direction of Rev. William Knott, fellow of Brasenose, afterwards vicar of St. Saviour's, Leeds. In his vacations, more than in Oxford, he saw the High Church party at its best. Much of his time was spent with the family of a member of his college. They held much Catholic doctrine, and adopted many Catholic practices with a simplicity, earnest piety and thoroughness very beautiful to witness. The eldest daughter took much interest in the attempt at a revival of sisterhood in the Church of England, and is now a Catholic nun.

OF THE ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC. The remainder of the family are still satisfied with their half-way house. Mr. Kegan Paul would probably have been more closely identified with them and their opinions but for the influence exercised upon him by Charles Kingsley, then rector of Eversley, with whom he contracted a friendship. Kingsley was broad and tolerant towards every religion but the Catholic, on which he poured the whole viols of his wrath. He mixed with his religion eager democratic politics, and he endeavored, with success, to persuade Mr. Kegan Paul that work brought the solution of all doubts. When, therefore, Mr. Kegan Paul took orders in the Church of England his aim was to become a parson after Kingsley's pattern. First at Tew and then at Bloxham he labored to attain his ideal. He then went abroad as a private tutor, and about a year subsequently he accepted a curatorship at chaplaincy at Eton. Here, in dealing with the boys, the necessity of one of the principal practices of the Church soon became manifest to him, and something very like confession entered into the relation between many of those entrusted to his charge and himself. Still he was far from being a High Churchman in creed. Neologian criticism, which he read more and more, took increasing hold on him teaching him to minimize dogma, and to hold the least possible doctrine compatible with a love for a somewhat stately ritual, chanted services and frequent celebration of communion, in which

PIOUS REMEMBRANCE OF CHRIST'S DEATH there seemed for himself and others great help towards a spiritual life. A college living in Dorset was then offered to him and accepted. The Bishop frankly told him that he would, if it were possible, have refused to accept a man of his opinions, but as he could not help himself he trusted Mr. Kegan Paul would at least continue the outward character of the services. "It struck me as most grotesque," says Mr. Kegan Paul, "that the chief pastor of a diocese should have no voice whatever in the selection of the men appointed to serve under him, no power to inhibit what he considered false doctrine, and should have to appeal to the forbearance and good sense of his clergy to hinder a complete reversal of an established ritual approved by himself." In this new position Mr. Kegan Paul strove hard to improve the condition of the agricultural laborer, which was then deplorable, indeed; but whilst social and political work had been carried as far as possible, faith had not grown firmer; rather it had insensibly slipped away. He accordingly resigned his living and went to London to take up a literary life. At present he is in the services of the Church of England and the outward scaffolding on which he had striven to rise to God had crumbled into nothingness, and when, though he did not deny Him nor cease to believe that a first cause existed, he was attracted by the Positivist system of Auguste Comte, the so-called religion of humanity.

"It should in fairness be said," writes Mr. Kegan Paul, "that in this faith, if so it may be called, man and woman live high, restrained, ascetic lives, and find in humanity an object, not self, for their devotion. Like the men of Athens, they would soon ignorantly, and under false names, do worship God. And for myself I may say that I doubt if I should have known the faith but for Positivism, which gave me a rule and discipline of which I had been unaware. The historical side of Comte's teaching still remains in large measures true to my mind, based as it is on the teaching of the Church. Comte had the inestimable advantage of having been Catholic in his youth; and could not, even when he tried, put aside the lessons he had learnt from her. But Auguste Comte did more for me than this. It may seem strange, but till I did so under his direction I had never read the "Imitation of Christ." Comte bids all his followers meditate on this holy book, telling them to substitute humanity for God. The daily study of the "Imitation" for several years did more than ought else to bring me back to faith and faith back to me."

Beautiful old age—beautiful is the slow-dropping mellow autumn of a rich, glorious summer. In the old man nature has done her work; she loads him with fruits of a well-spent life, and surrounded by his children's children she rocks him softly to a grave. God forbid we should not call it beautiful. It is beautiful, but not the most beautiful. There is another life—hard, rough, and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet and aching brow, the life of which the cross is the symbol; a battle which no peace follows this side of the grave; which the grave gapes to finish before the victory is won, and—strange that it should be so—that is the highest life of man.

Look back along the great names of history; there is none whose life has been other than this. They to whom it has been given to do the really highest work on this earth—whether they are Jew or Gentile, Pagan or Christian, warriors, legislators, philosophers, poets, priests, kings, slaves—one and all, their fate has been the same—the same bitter cup has been given to them to drink.

Brave Catholic Priests. Father Reginald Collins, the Catholic chaplain whose heroism at the Battle of Tofrek, in the Sudan, made him famous in the army even though it received no official recognition, has lately been elected a member of the Senate of the University of Malta.

In connection with the appointment Piccolly has an interesting note on Father Collins. "This fighting priest of the Church of Rome," says our contemporary, "is as distinguished by his learning as for his pluck. He is master of nine languages, including Arabic, which he picked up during his five years' campaigning in Egypt and the Sudan, winning the first prize offered by the military authorities for the greatest proficiency in that tongue. A very celebrated General once remarked of him and a colleague, 'Oh, Brindle and Collins are worth a whole bench of Bishops.'"

It will be remembered that Father Brindle was the only chaplain that shared the dangers and hardships of the terrible march across the Bayuda desert. "The very celebrated" General who thus referred to him and Father Collins is, we believe, no other than Lord Wolseley. Father Brindle's portrait used to be one of the few pictures in Lord Wolseley's study when he lived in London.

The use of calomel for derangements of the liver has ruined many a fine constitution. Those who, for similar troubles, have tried Ayer's Pills testify to their efficacy in thoroughly remedying the malady, without injury to the system.

Clinton Clippings. "I had for years been troubled with dyspepsia and sick headache and found but little relief until I got Burdock Blood Bitters which made a perfect cure. It is the best medicine I ever used in my life."—Hattie Davis, Mary St., Clinton, Ont.

Thomas Myers, Esq., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the best medicine I sell. It always gives satisfaction, and in cases of coughs, colds, sore throat, &c., immediate relief has been received by those who use it."

Could Scarcely See. Mrs. John Martin, of Montague Bridge, P. E. I., writes: "I was troubled last summer with very bad headaches and constipation and sometimes could scarcely see. One bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters made a complete cure of my case, and I wish you every success."

ST. JACOBS OIL. THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN. RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Frost Bites, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Etc. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Price 25c a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages. THE CHARLES A. VOGLER CO., Baltimore, Md. Canadian Depot: Toronto, Ont.

SURPRISE. Dear Sirs: I have only been from England about six months. I like your soap better than any I have used either in the old country or this. I am sure it is superior to any other. I remain yours truly, S. MURRAY. LINCOLN, C.B., Nov. 9, 1888. Dear Sirs: We use no other soap, as we find the labor greatly reduced in washing, scrubbing or any other work by using Surprise. Yours truly, Mrs. JOHN BURKE. OTTAWA, March 3, 1891. My wife says your Soap is and does everything with one-half the labor and that the hands are not chapped in doing it. The above is no "fluff," but genuine admiration of your soap. Yours faithfully, W. H. GRAFTON, Customs Dept., Ottawa. UPPER GASTONS, Oct. 15, 1888. Dear Sirs: Please send me the Picture for twenty-five wrappers. I am sure only a little boy. My papa keeps soap and sells lots of your Surprise Soap. Dale McMURDIN. ST. JOHN'S, N.S. HARRY STATION, Aug. 19, 1888. Dear Sirs: Please send me the Picture for the twenty-five wrappers. My mamma says she would not be without your Soap for our family washing for anything. Yours truly, BERTIE L. LITTLE.

Coal. Cameron's. Farmers, Millmen and Threshers. USE M'COLL'S Lardine Machine Oil. Which as a Lubricant has never been excelled. CYLINDER OIL acknowledged to be the BEST in Canada. MADE ONLY BY McCOLL BROS. & CO. TORONTO. BRANCH OFFICE, 85 RICHMOND STREET.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY AUTHORIZED BY LEGISLATURE. Next Bi-Monthly Drawings in 1891: July 15th, August 5th and 19th, September 2nd. 3134 PRIZES. LIST OF PRIZES. WORTH - \$52,740.00. CAPITAL PRIZE. WORTH - \$15,000.00. TICKET, - \$1.00. 11 TICKETS FOR \$10.00. S. E. LEFEBVRE MANAGER, 81 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

ALWAYS USE JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF. FOR IMPROVING Soups, Sauces and Gravies. HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT. THE PILLS. Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless. THE OINTMENT. Is an invaluable remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Brusses, Old Wounds, Itches and Bleeds. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal. FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, Colic, glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm. Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 NEW OXFORD ST. (LATE 538 OXFORD ST.), LONDON. And are sold in the U.S., by Dr. J.C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass., and by all Medicine Vendors, throughout the world. Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not correct, send to London, they are spurious.

W. K. MURPHY, UNDERTAKER. FUNERALS FURNISHED AT MODERATE PRICES. 479 Queen Street West, TORONTO. JOHN FERGUSON & SONS, The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open night and day. Telephone—Home, 573; Factory, 583. JAMES KILGOUR, Undertaker and Importer of Fine Funerals. Funerals furnished at their real and proper value. 225 RICHMOND STREET, Residence—112 Elmwood Avenue, London South. ONTARIO STAINED GLASS WORKS. STAINED GLASS FOR CHURCHES. PUBLIC AND PRIVATE BUILDINGS. Furnished in the best style and at prices low enough to bring it within the reach of all. WORKS: 484 RICHMOND STREET, R. LEWIS. BUILDERS' HARDWARE. GLASS, PAINTS, OILS, ETC. AT BOTTOM PRICES. ALSO FRENCH BAND SAWS. JAMES REID AND COMPANY, 118 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, featuring a picture of a man and text describing the benefits of the medicine for various ailments like weakness, nervousness, and general debility.

Branch No. 4, London. Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursdays of every month...

C. M. B. A. Official. A meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Grand Council of Canada of the C. M. B. A. will be held at the office of the Grand President...

JOHN A. MACCABE, Grand President. Ottawa, 14 Sept., 1891. From Branch 139, Fort Erie, Ont. Fort Erie, Sept. 8, 1891.

Mr. Thos. Coffey, Editor Record - Dear Sir and Brother - Please do us the kindness to publish following and oblige.

EDITOR RECORD - In May last this branch sent out an appeal in behalf of an afflicted brother, addressed to one hundred and sixty branches...

W. E. EDWARDS, Rec. Sec. Fort Erie, Sept. 8, 1891. EDITOR RECORD - At a regular meeting of Branch 139, held on Sept. 7, 1891, the following resolution was carried unanimously:

Separate Beneficiary. Toronto, Sept. 14, 1891. Mr. Thomas Coffey - Dear Sir - I am a member of Branch 41, C. M. B. A., and believe that it is for the benefit of the C. M. B. A. to have separate beneficiaries...

Table with columns for Year, Beneficiary, and Amount. Lists various beneficiaries and their respective amounts for the years 1889, 1890, and 1891.

They are the same figures Brother Smith worked from, and I have taken care that they are correct.

As Brother Smith's ability as a writer on different subjects and figures is well known, I regret that I must believe he has endeavored to make his figures favorable with those opposed to separate beneficiaries...

Resolution of Condolence. Trenton, Ont., Sept. 2, 1891. To Mr. and Mrs. P. Knick - DEAR SIR AND MADAM - At a regular meeting of Branch 7, Trenton, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted...

At a meeting of Branch No. 70, C. M. B. A., the following resolution of condolence was moved by Financial Secretary Giesler and carried by acclamation.

The Death Roll. On Friday morning, the 11th inst., Mr. Thomas Brady of Fingal, breathed his last at the patriarchal age of eighty seven.

WEDDING BELLS. LACY - FLANNERY. On Wednesday, the 9th inst., Mr. William Edward Lacy and Miss Marion Flannery, daughter of the late William Flannery...

REV. FATHER O'REILLY HONORED.

A Celebration of his Twenty-fifth Anniversary as a Priest.

Toronto, Globe, Sept. 8. For a quarter of a century the Rev. Father O'Reilly of St. Joseph's Church, Lodiaville, has been a priest, and yesterday he celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood...

PICNIC AT COBDEN, CO. RENFREW.

Rev. Father Devine, of Osceola, held one of his wonderfully successful picnics at Cobden, county Renfrew, on Thursday last, the 10th inst.

A Terrible Earthquake.

The Republic of San Salvador has been unfortunately visited by a new disaster which, it is to be feared, will prove to have caused more destruction than the war by which the country was desolated a year ago.

MARKET REPORTS.

London, Sept. 17. - There was a large supply of wheat and beef was easy at 5.00 to 5.50 per cwt. Pork was scarce at 5.50 to 5.75 per cwt.

"IRENE OF CORINTH."

Father Harold's Historical Catholic Romance.

Buffalo Catholic Union. We have just issued a revised edition of "Irene of Corinth," a historical romance of the first century, by Rev. P. J. Harold of Niagara, Ont.

The Great Polish Easter Opens Here.

Mr. James V. Cooke, Mme. Modjeska's husband, is in Toronto, and on the appearance of the well-known Polish actress in this city on Monday, Sept. 21, Mme. Modjeska will be greeted by a large and enthusiastic audience.

I. C. B. U. DEMONSTRATION.

Hamilton Times, Sept. 7. Notwithstanding the heavy rain which fell Saturday afternoon and evening about one hundred and fifty people gathered for the demonstration in Dundas Park.

pearl ornaments, was given away by her sister-in-law, Mrs. J. J. O'Reilly. At the conclusion of the Mass, the priest pronounced the blessing of the bride and bridegroom...

Mr. John Smith read an address of welcome to the visiting delegates. After an interesting discussion several important business resolutions were passed...

REPORTS were presented showing the union to be a flourishing one. The meeting was held in a hall in Cobourg on June 18, 1891.

A cable despatch of the 11th inst. states that the physicians in attendance upon Cardinal Manning have ordered him to cease work, and it is announced that the Pope will shortly appoint a coadjutor.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO. Gents - I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT successfully in a serious case of cramp in my family.

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By order, E. F. E. ROY, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 5th Sept., 1891.

THEIR LAST HOPE IS PARNELL.

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The Coercionists' hope is no longer in plank beds nor in charitable doles through the police sergeant's hands, nor yet in fractured skulls through the force of his baton.

When the layman worthy of the name of Christian must assert his moral convictions in his political action. The time has come when the rum shop and the race course and the dance hall politician must be given to understand that no matter what party he belongs to he cannot represent a Christian constituency.

"Surely we have a country worth working for, and a Constitution worth preserving, and no party lines, however strong, can seduce us from our allegiance to the great God of Justice whom we adore, and the grand institutions of our land that we love."

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