

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.

The Toronto Mail editor bears feelings of a most intense bitterness towards French Canadians. His aversion, however, varies as regards the different classes of the Lower Canadian population. The average habitant he treats with contempt, mingled with a shade of Orange pity. The French politician he holds in abhorrence because of an alleged dishonesty of purpose, while the cure comes in for savage thrusts on general principles. But to witness the editor in all the trappings of tremendous hate point him out a French Jesuit. He fairly rears in his editorial chair and his cheeks assume a 12th of July hue. And yet, most extraordinary to relate, his English is beautiful and faultless in style. All his bitter, poisonous pills are sugar coated in the choicest terms.

Last Saturday's paper made reference to some elections which recently took place in Quebec Province, and here is a sentence which we find therein:

"How does it come that counties in which at the last Dominion general election and at the recent Provincial general election returned Liberals and Nationalists should at the Federal bye-elections go strongly Conservative? It is stated that money worked the oracle." The above extract shows very clearly the unfairness and inconsistency of the editor. It will be remembered that in the local elections of Ontario in 1888 the Province sustained Mr. Mowat by a large majority. A few months afterwards the general elections for the Dominion House were held and they returned a considerable majority of Conservative members. Will our contemporary claim that in that case "money worked the oracle"? Why does he propound his "How does it come?" as regards an occurrence in the Province of Quebec when he has had a "How did it come?" at his own door? Why, too, does he advance this serious charge in the usual cowardly fashion: "It is stated." Who stated it? When and where was it stated? Where are the proofs?

Those who wish to go back a few years in the history of our own times in the Province of Ontario will read that a certain newspaper manager formed one of a syndicate whose purpose was to buy up the Ontario legislature. The attempt was made with \$100 bills, and the actors were caught, but through some legal trick, escaped imprisonment. Can it be believed that this same newspaper manager is now preaching political purity to the people? Such is the fact. We can, however, place but little confidence in his sincerity. His daily utterances breathe the spirit of devilish hate and tend to create discord in a community where peace and good-will ought to prevail. The Mail is an Orange organ—simply that and nothing more—first, last and always. Those who believe the editor has become a Joe Hess are grievously mistaken.

PRESIDENT E. B. ANDREWS, in the Arena for December, discusses the question of "Patriotism and the Public Schools." He says: "There are Protestants who would deny Catholics their rights, because blind to the fact that this is not legally any more than it is religiously a Protestant land; and there are Catholics whose zeal for their Church would lead them to neglect the public and civic elements in the proper education of their youth." Further on the writer states: "There is not another thoroughly civilized country under the sun whose cities are so ill-ruled as ours." If we grant this contention—and we fear it is but too true—in what way can such a deplorable condition of civic administration be accounted for? The Public School system has been fairly tried in the United States—more than one generation have grown up educated after that fashion at an enormous expense. Money was and is lavished on those institutions, and they have become, as the editor says, a sort of fetish worshipped by the American people. In view of his statement in regard to the government of cities—and he even goes so far as to state that corruption permeates every nook and corner of the body politic—how can we be made to believe the Public School methods are those which will bring glory and honor and true prosperity and happiness to the nation? The tree is known by its fruit, and bitter, indeed, it would appear, is the fruit of the schools from which God has been banished.

The Methodist Churches of the United States voted during October and November on the question of admitting women

as delegates to the General Conference of that body. The majority in favor of their admission as far as heard of reaches seven thousand, and it is not considered likely that later returns will change the result. Pennsylvania was against the proposal, and New York was very evenly divided, but the New England States were strongly in favor of it, and so decisive was the majority in these States that Pennsylvania was outvoted. We shall probably soon hear of the election of some strong-minded lady as member of the United States Methodist Episcopacy. It is understood that there are already some candidates in the field for the office.

The celebration of Christmas day was so distasteful to the Puritans of New England that it was decreed, in the early days of its settlement, that those who would observe it as a holiday should not be allowed to eat on that day, and not until the reign of William the Third was any celebration of the day permitted. Even then the sour Puritans threatened divine vengeance against those Episcopalian who celebrated it.

BISHOP ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Western New York, who has always been notorious for the readiness with which he retells lying stories about Catholics, has been brought to task by Mr. Price, a gentleman who is a native of Hayti, for stating before his congregation that the Catholics of Hayti are addicted to devil-worship and Voodooism. The letter of the Haytian correspondent appeared in the New York Sun of the 25th ultimo, and the writer, who, besides being a native of Hayti, was a resident of that country for fifty years, totally denies these and similar stories concerning the still surviving heathen practices of the blacks of that country. These stories have been invented by Protestant missionaries in order to draw money from the pockets of their dupes towards supporting their missions. Voodooism is rampant among the negroes of Georgia and Alabama, where they have only such religious instruction as was imparted by Protestant missionaries, but among the Catholic negroes of Hayti there is neither Voodooism nor cannibalism, as Bishop Coxie pretends.

A JEWISH RABBI, Leon Harrison, recently lectured before the Jewish congregation of Temple Israel, in Brooklyn, and he strongly insisted on the necessity of teaching morality in the public schools on the basis of religious belief. He ridiculed the idea of teaching morals in homesopathic doses; and to show the effect of education without religion he instanced the fact that some of the greatest scoundrels on record have been educated men. Some Lord High Chancellors, he said, have been most villainous thieves; and statesmen, poets and sages have foully wallowed in the worst mire of corruption. He instanced also the persecution of the Jews by people of Germany, who are an educated nation, and yet have not learned to treat the Israelites in accordance with the obligations imposed by civilization.

An incident which occurred recently at Rome is very likely to bring more prominently forward than ever the question of the independence of the Holy See. The incident is one which puts Signor Crispianti in a ludicrous position, but he could bear it if it were only ludicrous. What is worse is that it shows the reality of the Pope's imprisonment in so strong a light that the Catholic powers, and even Protestant powers, cannot much longer close their eyes to the fact. There is no great power which can really wish to see the spiritual ruler of millions of its own subjects a subject of an unscrupulous king. While the Emperor of Austria was in Italy recently, travelling as a private person, she proposed to pay a visit to the Holy Father, and as soon as her intention became known it became the subject of a diplomatic correspondence by telegraph between Rome and Vienna. The upshot of the matter was that the Austrian ambassador had to go to Civita Vecchia to induce the Emperor to desist from her intended visit. This she was with difficulty persuaded to do, after a stormy interview with the ambassador, who did not even succeed with the Emperor until telegrams were received from the Emperor himself stating that for political reasons it was expedient she should give up her intention. She therefore wrote to His Holiness expressing her regret that she was unable to make the intended visit, as political reasons put an obstacle in the way. Catholic kings and Emperors will sorely endure it long that they and their families are to be prevented from having free intercourse with the head of the Church, and the whole matter is very likely to come up again as a reason for restoring the temporal independence of the Pope.

It has been discovered that an Italian lady, lately deceased, is Signora Aldemira De Meis, made her will in favor of the Holy Father, by which a legacy of nearly \$1,000,000 was bequeathed to him. She died recently, but her will has been surreptitiously removed and it cannot be found. As she has no heirs, the property will be claimed by the State, and this gives rise to the very natural suspicion that the will has been carried away or destroyed under instructions from the Government. An effort is to be made to discover what has become of the will, but it is expected that the Government will throw every possible obstacle in the way of its discovery. It is just by such means as these that the Infidel Italian Government persists in despoiling the Church.

THE bogus Benedictine monk, who is known in Anglican circles as Father Ignatius, is now preaching an Advent Mission in Cooper Union and Chickering Hall, New York. Bishop Paddock, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Boston, refused to accord him permission to preach in that diocese, as the Bishop says he has not papers proving him to be a minister of the Church of England, but Bishop Potter, of New York, gives him the required liberty in the diocese of New York. Notwithstanding this, the clergy do not ask him to preach in their churches, and he is obliged to hold his missions in the public halls. It is a great anomaly to find a Church of England minister in the garb of a monk of St. Benedict, but the Church of England has many anomalies between the bickering of the Ritualistic and Evangelical sections of the Church, so that this incongruity is scarcely a matter for surprise. In the so-called Benedictine Convent which Father Ignatius has established at Llanthony in Wales, there are thirty-five monks and about fifty nuns, and a life-sized statue of the Blessed Virgin is placed at the entry to the chapel, and is respectfully saluted by the monks every night before they retire to rest.

THE Rev. W. W. Carson, a well known Methodist minister of Kingston, has accepted a position as a Presbyterian minister in Detroit. His objection to the Methodists is that the three years' term to which the Methodist clergy are limited to remain in one place, obliges them to leave their congregations just when they have become acquainted with their flocks. But it does seem strange that for such a reason as this the anti-Calvinistic creed of Methodism should be laid aside in order that the Westminster Confession should be taken up with all its harsh doctrines of Predestination and Reprobation. But we presume the reverend gentleman intends to exercise the liberty of believing as much or as little of the Confession as he thinks proper. This is a liberty which many Presbyterian clergymen exercise even now when they are bound to subscribe to the doctrines of the Confession of Faith, and we presume that the newly-made Presbyterian minister expects to have all the privileges enjoyed by his seniors in the ministry.

DEATH OF MRS. T. J. O'MEARA.

The announcement of the sudden death of Mrs. T. J. O'Meara, nee Miss Julia Burns, of Hamilton, wife of Mr. T. J. O'Meara, of the post office department, London, which was made on last Monday, brought grief to the hearts, not alone of her immediate relatives, but to hundreds of friends in this city and elsewhere. The spark of a beautiful life has taken flight to the bosom of our Redeemer. Another and very startling proof of the uncertainty of life is this sad occurrence. Truly the grim visor appears when least expected, and oftentimes, as in the present instance, makes choice of the fairest and purest. Fair and pure and lovely, indeed, was the one whose voice is now silent. She was richly endowed with all that contributed to make womanhood noble and beloved. She was a true type of the Catholic matron—one of those whose characters in all ages have served to ennoble human nature. Her life-work was modelled after the beautiful Mother of Him whose birthday we are about to celebrate. It was a life of sweetness and sunshine and loveliness—made all the more lovely because veiled with a holy modesty. The angel of a happy home has taken its flight to celebrate Christmas in heaven—the soul of a wife, true and good and loving, has been borne away to the bright home above—the mother of innocent and dearly-loved children has been transferred to that mansion of eternal joy and rest, from whence she may, we would fain hope, be yet permitted to guide their footsteps as of old, in the path of truth and holiness of life. Human nature will grieve and lonely hearts will sigh, break with sorrow; but it is wise, after all, to take consolation in the reflection that this world is to be our dwelling place but for a few short years, and that the bitterest partings will be followed by reunions and joys and glances that will endure forever.

THE PARNELL TROUBLE.

EXCITING TIMES IN IRELAND—THE LEADERS LOSING GROUND.

THE anti-Parnell members of the Irish Parliamentary party have issued a manifesto to the Irish people. In this they say: "Feeling bound to protect our country's cause at whatever personal sacrifice, we found ourselves under the sad necessity of terminating Mr. Parnell's leadership. It would have been easier to have left him to his fate, but such a course would have left every man of us a traitor to his country. Mr. Parnell, disregarding our appeals to remember the country, evinced an ill-judged determination to maintain his untenable position, thus threatening to plunge Ireland into a conflict which may overwhelm her and cause her present fair prospects to disappear for ever. It is our duty as Irishmen now, irrespective of all considerations of feelings either for Mr. Parnell or those differing from him, to adopt a course that will tend to save Ireland from destruction."

After detailing various reasons for their action, the signers of the manifesto said that whatever judgment Ireland may pass on the manifesto, her cause stands on the issue, and the signers will abide by that judgment, they being the nation's servants. They enumerated the charges against Parnell as follows: (1) He speaks as if he were the injured party, whereas he alone is responsible for the present deplorable situation. (2) He pledged himself to resign the charges in connection with the O'Shea case, but when the time came to do this he remained silent. (3) He does not hesitate to renounce and denounce the multitudes of English friends of liberty as English wolves. (4) But the English wolves and the Irish Bishops express the same opinion of Mr. Parnell, and he cannot evade matters by calling his nicknames. (5) The remnants of the League re-election was the most ungenerous taunt ever uttered. (6) The effort to sustain Mr. Parnell without paying Ireland false is a cause of attack, whereas it ought to be a vindication. The signers' petition before Ireland is worded as follows: "We, the undersigned, beg that Parnell's re-election be due to his gratitude for past services, and his deposition to the fact that he is contumacious as leader the struggle might have been abandoned. The manifesto says: 'He (Parnell) must be aware that his personality obstructs the efforts for freedom, and leaves Ireland with nothing for many years but the administrative system imposed by the present Government. If he is re-elected, the Tory Government will resume coercion, receive a new lease, and the struggle for Home Rule be lost to the living generation. The final question which rests with the Irish nation is, 'Loss all for Parnell or win all without him?' Home Rule with Gladstone is safe."

The signers say they refuse to abandon Gladstone for Parnell or to insist upon the Liberal leader revealing his plans, which, they say, would be foolishly to give advantageous opportunities to Ireland's foes. The signers refuse to believe that Gladstone desired to dictate. He was bound to publish his conviction that the retention of Parnell in the leadership of the Irish party would wreck Home Rule. Why should a man of worthy one waste the brief remnant of his life in a struggle foredoomed to failure? The signers offered Parnell an opportunity of temporary retirement with a view to his eventual reinstatement, but he never gave the faintest chance of a reticence. His fatal manifesto was issued to the hatred between the people of Great Britain and Ireland, and makes it impossible for him hereafter to co-operate with the Liberal party.

The manifesto concludes—"Fellow-countrymen, this issue we submit to you is one upon which the fortunes of our country must depend. May God defend the right." There are forty-seven signatures attached to the manifesto, headed by Justin McCarty. THE IRISH OPPOSITION EMPHATIC. The Irish opposition in the United States have issued another manifesto defining their position and accentuating their opposition to Parnell. It is signed by all the envoys except Harrington. A WAGON LOADED OF EXPLOSIVES DESTROYED. Dublin, Dec. 12.—A wagon loaded with explosives of the anti-Parnell edition of *United Ireland* was driven to the Kingsbridge railway station to be sent to Southern Ireland. As the wagon drew up at the station two men, one masked and the other disguised as a revolver, sprang upon the vehicle and compelled the driver to proceed to the island bridge, where the men flung all the papers into the river.

MR. PARNELL OR HOME RULE? Dublin, Dec. 12.—The Parnellites today secured an injunction restraining the publishers of the *Nation* from issuing the anti-Parnell edition of *United Ireland*. The forbidden edition, however, has appeared. It contains an article addressed in Wm. O'Brien's name to every true lover of Ireland the world over, declaring that the sole alternative now is Parnell or Home Rule, and that Home Rule is impossible under Parnell's leadership. A Parnell edition of the paper was also issued from the regular office.

OPINIONS FOR THE PARNELL CANDIDATE. Dublin, Dec. 12.—A meeting of the Municipal Council of Kilkenny was held yesterday, at which a resolution was adopted rescinding the vote of confidence in Parnell recently adopted. An amendment was submitted to the meeting that an adjournment be taken until next week to allow of discussion on a resolution signifying their adherence to the McCarty faction. This amendment was not seconded.

An anti-Parnell edition of *United Ireland* is being printed in the office of D. Sullivan's paper, the *Nation*. A FLASH IN THE PAN. A special to the *New York Herald*

from Cork says: Parnell's start on a wave of antipathetic sentiment may carry the day at the beginning, but it cannot last. Parnell's apparent success is a flash in the pan. His reception in Dublin was to be expected. The publicans are for Parnell, the priests for the Healyites. The publicans, with the unthinking and parrot-like young, may make a loud noise and much show; still they are only a small portion of the population of Dublin, although headed by the Lord Mayor. McCarthy's supporters are quiet. They are yet without headquarters and an organ, but will soon have both. For a couple of weeks or more, perhaps more, Parnell will have his own way.

MR. PARNELL MOBBED AT MALLOW. Dublin, Dec. 12.—Before the Parnell train departed the crowd at Mallow yesterday became very violent and made repeated attempts to enter Parnell's carriage. The mob flourished sticks in a menacing manner and shouted "Down with the blackguard," "Down with the Parnell," and similar cries. A banner bearing a portrait of William O'Brien was carried by the crowd. At one time it seemed they would accomplish their purpose of forcing their way into the carriage occupied by Parnell, who took a hat rack from the side of the carriage and prepared to defend himself. Mallow is the birthplace of Mr. O'Brien.

MR. PARNELL'S ARRIVAL AT MALLOW, an address was presented by the Town Commission, and people to the address. They begged him to listen "a few outspoken words," and some of these were, "Your audacious claim to be the leader of the Irish race we spurn with infinite disgust." The address referred to his seizure of *United Ireland* as outrageous tyranny, and wound up with a notice that the people of Mallow would fight him to the death. The address having been read, the people cheered O'Brien and Dillon with terrific energy. A man called out, "Ah, you ruffian, you did what Balfour would not do." This was followed by awful groans for Parnell, and a rush was made for the carriage in which he sat. Attempts were made to pull him out of the carriage, and they would have succeeded but for the interference of those with him, assisted by some outsiders. The train left Mallow amidst a storm of groans.

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE SITUATION. London, Dec. 12.—An immense crowd gathered at Bedford, when the train conveying Mr. Gladstone to Haverden halted. The ex-Premier appeared in the best of form, and was received with loud and prolonged cheering. Mr. Gladstone, in his address, declared in emphatic terms that further continuance of Parnell in the leadership of the Irish Nationalist party would have been a blunder fatal to the cause of home rule, not in Ireland alone, but in England, Scotland and Wales as well. Parnell was no longer leader of the Irish Nationalist party. Mr. Gladstone admitted the right and justice of the Irish party enjoy absolute and unhampered independence of political action. That party, he said, ought to exercise a potential influence in the consideration and settlement of the question of home rule, but there was something above and beyond any and all considerations of purely Irish politics. There was the great cause of Liberalism in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. Mr. Gladstone, in referring to the relations of the Liberal party of England and the Irish Nationalist party, said that the confidential communications which had passed between the two parties, as well as the conversation had between himself and Parnell in Haverden in November, 1889, were equally satisfactory to both parties. Speaking of the divorce proceedings, Mr. Gladstone expressed his belief that they were of a nature calculated to destroy that moral force needed in Ireland by any one who aspired to be the leader of the Nationalist cause. The Liberals felt that in granting their adherence to the cause of home rule they would constitute an Irish leader the constitutional ruler of Ireland. They were unwilling, in view of what has been developed in the Divorce Court proceedings, and what now appeared in the private and public life of Mr. Parnell, to make him the constitutional governor of Ireland.

MR. GLADSTONE subsequently addressed an audience of five thousand persons at Workop. He counseled his hearers not to abandon Ireland on account of anything that had happened to an individual. The determination of the Liberals was irrevocable; they could not undertake effectually to support the cause of home rule at the next election in connection with one particular name. He pointed out the importance of continuing the struggle for Ireland, declaring that legislation for England could not be obtained until the country had got rid of the home rule question.

MR. SEXTON ILL. London, December 14.—Mr. Sexton is ill, and has cancelled his engagements to speak in Tipperary. Mr. Davitt will replace him.

BISHOP BROWNRIE'S ADDRESS. Kilkenny, Dec. 14.—The Bishop of Ossory, whose diocese includes Kilkenny, has issued a strong address against Parnell. He reminds the electors that, even a small authority in favor of Parnell will encourage him to pursue his "fell work of dividing the Irish nation."

DENOUNCED FROM THE ALTAR. Dublin, Dec. 14.—At Westport, County Mayo, to-day, Mr. Parnell and his followers were denounced from the altar. In many other Catholic churches similar denunciations were uttered.

The Nationalist League branches in South and East Down have voted against the Parnellites. At Middleton, Cork, the local League branch voted forty-four to twenty-six to support Parnell.

A circular by the Bishop of Cloyne, read in the churches to-day, says, "In consequence of the deplorable state of things produced by Mr. Parnell's un-

principled and unpartisan action it is of the utmost importance to reorganize the League branches of this diocese. The leaders ought to assemble the members and explain the necessity of withdrawing from the control of the central League at Dublin."

IRISH FASCINATION. London, Dec. 13.—The *Star* (Article Rate) this afternoon publishes an article denying that Ireland has declared for Parnell. The Irish people, it says, may be for the moment to the edge of the fascination to which all yield to their attraction of strength, whether bad or good. The feeling which even his opponents cherish for the rude massiveness of Parnell is akin to the admiration entertained for Milton's Satan. Ireland in time will exorcise Parnell and vindicate her right of self-government without confiding her destiny to great personalities.

THE LEAGUE FUNDS. Dublin, Dec. 13.—The *Freeman's Journal* says that Mr. Francis Xavier O'Brien, treasurer of the National League, proposes to pay the salaries of the league officials on the ground that they are not neutral. The dispute in regard to the right of drawing upon the funds of the National League has caused the bank in which the league's money was deposited to order its branches not to honor cheques sent to evicted tenants by that organization. In consequence of this action many families are deprived of the sustenance that they have received week from the league, and they must either suffer greatly or go to the poor-house.

DAVITT IS CONFIDENT. Dublin, Dec. 13.—In an interview at Kilkenny to-day Mr. Davitt expressed the belief that Sir John Pope Hannan, the anti-Parnell candidate for Parliament from Kilkenny, would receive a majority of at least 1,500, and it might possibly reach 2,000. Mr. Davitt said he had addressed three meetings during the day, at each of which much enthusiasm was shown. The miners, he declared, would vote for Parnell almost to a man. Mr. Davitt said he would not have taken any part in the fight against Mr. Parnell had the latter not seized *United Ireland*, which was as much his property as it was Mr. Parnell's.

TELEGRAM FROM DAVITT. The anti-Parnell faction held a meeting to-day at Tipperary at which about two thousand persons were present. Telegrams were read from Messrs. Hooley and Sexton, both of whom apologized for not attending the meeting on the ground that their presence was required elsewhere. Mr. Davitt telegraphed: "Impossible to leave Kilkenny. The fate of Home Rule depends upon the struggle here." Canon Cahill's taking the chair was the signal for a band of fifty Parnellites to start cheering for their leader. This was responded to by the anti-Parnell men, and the cheering was kept up by the two factions for fully an hour, making it impossible for the speakers to be heard. Father Humphreys and others tried hard to pacify the opposing crowds, but in spite of their efforts stones were thrown and sticks were used freely, and a serious conflict was averted only by the withdrawal of the Parnellites. Speeches were made by Father Humphreys and Messrs. Condon and Patrick O'Brien, Nationalist members of Parliament, and a resolution was carried in support of Mr. McCarthy and his followers.

A BEAUTIFUL BOOK.

Catholic young men and women who are out of employment would do well to communicate with Mr. Wm. H. Hughes, proprietor of the Michigan Catholic, 11 Rowland street, Detroit. That beautiful work, giving a full account of the great Centennial celebration at Baltimore, which he has published, sells readily. It is a book which should be in every Catholic home. On reading it over our people will be more than ever impressed with the conviction that it is a proud and glorious privilege to belong to the true fold of Christ. The second edition of the work has just been issued and contains nearly one thousand beautiful half-tone portraits and engravings, including the portraits of the thirteen Canadian Priests who attended the Centennial exercises, and two handsome groups of the delegates of the Catholic Congress.

A Favorite Annual.

Benziger's Catholic Home Almanac for 1891 has been issued. It has a beautiful frontispiece of the Sacred Heart, in colors. The illustrations are of a very fine order, while the best writers in the country were employed to supply matter that will render the volume a treasure in every Catholic home. The price is twenty-five cents. Orders sent to this office will be promptly filled.

The Rev. Father Nicholas Ballies, pastor of St. Francis' Catholic Church of Brooklyn, is one of the oldest priests on this continent. On Sunday, 30th of November, he celebrated his eighty-second birthday, and on Thursday, the 27th ult., he celebrated the 59th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, which took place at Salzburg, Austria, in 1831. Father Ballies was pastor of St. Francis Church since 1866, and he is still actively engaged in the work of the holy ministry.

Mrs. Kate Drexel, who has already spent over \$500,000 for the religious instruction of the Indians of the West, is now at Washington informing herself regarding the education of the Indians and colored people, while her institution for training missionaries to labor among these people is in progress at a station at Annapolis, near Philadelphia. She will also build a school for colored children near Washington. She has been for some years a member of the Order of the Blessed Sacrament, in which she bears the name of Sister Katrina.

A Sister of Mercy.

(Died October 18th.)

BY MARY FERLING.

"He breath his bed sleep," thus said The Holy Scripture. Ah, indeed, 'twere well If the sweet words a message sweet might fall To soothing hearts, and raise their drooping Faith.

In the Lord's love—to be a blessed troop Of love, and hope into a heart most broken.

Like to a lily or a dewy rose Was this young life, a lily snowy white In its virginity, and rose bright In its warm love, the warm fresh love that ences

No earthly lover but the King of Heaven, This wise, young Virgin like the blessed seven.

Lifting her thoughts to higher things above, She fled the joyous world, above each ear Set her hands that she might never hear The earthly noise of an earthly love.

Her small feet chose the path that leadeth higher, Unto the Throne of Him, her son's Desire.

To train Christ's little ones in ways of grace This young nun lived; to shadow in her name Sunlight she brought to many a darkness place.

This blue-eyed girl who wore an ugly bonnet To whom was never written ode or sonnet. It hath pleased God that swiftly should the Cross

Be changed into a crown of shining gold, Ah me, ah me, but how shall it be told? The day, the darkness of the mother's loss; The scene that led to this, the poor mother.

Thou gavest her to God, not any other. By from thy daily life, four years ago, This dear child went. Ah now, of thou mightiest say,

"She hath but higher gone, and some fair day The well-beloved, in raiment white as snow, And I shall meet to live once more together In undreamt bliss, in God's own summer weather."

MOONDYNE.

BOOK FIRST.

THE GOLD MINE OF THE VASSE.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

VIII.

THE KING OF THE VASSE.

He said the bright fire of mahogany wood, and slowly advancing to meet the strangers, was a venerable man—an aborigine, tall, white-haired, and of great dignity. It was Te mana-roa (the long-lived), the King of the Vasse.

Graver than the sedateness of civilization was the dignified bearing of this powerful and famous chieftain. His erect stature was touched by his great age, which outran, it was said, all the generations then living. His fame as a ruler was known throughout the whole Western country, and among the aborigines, even of the far Eastern slope, two thousand miles away, his existence was vaguely rumored, as in former times the European people heard reports of a mysterious oriental potentate called Pootar John.

Behind the aged king, in the full light of the fire, stood two young girls, dark and skin clad like their elder, but of surpassing symmetry of body and beauty of feature. They were Koro and Teparu, the grandchildren of Te mana-roa. Startled, timid, wondering, they stood together in the intense light, their soft fur bobs thrown back, showing to rare effect their rounded limbs and exquisitely curved bodies.

The old chief welcomed Moondyne with few words but with many signs of pleasure and deep respect; but he looked with reverent displeasure at his companion.

A long and earnest conversation followed; while the cunning eyes of the sergeant, and the inquiring ones of the young bushman and his sisters followed every expression of the old chief and Moondyne.

It was evident that Moondyne was telling the reason of the stranger's presence—telling the story just as it had happened—that there was no other hope for life—and he had promised to show this man the gold mine.

Te mana-roa heard the story with a troubled brow, and when it had come to an end, he bowed his white head in deep thought. After some moments, he raised his face, and looked long and severely at the sergeant, who grew restless under the piercing scrutiny.

Still keeping his eyes on the trooper's face, he said in his own tongue, half in soliloquy, and half in query: "This man cannot be trusted?"

Every eye in the group was now centred on the sergeant's face.

After a pause, Moondyne simply repeated the words of the chief:

"He cannot be trusted." "Had he come blindfolded from the Kosgrah?" continued the chief, "we might lead him through the pass in the night, and set him free. He has seen the hills and noted the sun and stars as he came; he must not leave this valley."

The old chief uttered the last sentence as one giving judgment.

"Ngaru," he said, still gazing intently on the trooper's face. "The young bushman arose from the fire."

"He must not leave the pass, Ngaru." "Without a word the young and powerful bushman took his spear and woomera, and disappeared in the mouth of the gloomy pass."

Te mana-roa then arose slowly, and, lighting a resinous torch, motioned the sergeant to follow him toward a dark entrance in the ironstone cliff that loomed above them. The sergeant obeyed, followed by Moondyne. The men stooped to enter the face of the cliff, but once inside, the roof rose high, and the way grew spacious.

The walls were black as coal, and dripping with dampness. Not cut by the hands of man, but worn perhaps in ages past by a stream that worked its way, as patient as Fate, through the weaker parts of the rock. The roof soon rose so high that the torchlight was lost in the overhanging gloom. The passage grew white and white, until it seemed as if the whole interior of the mountain were hollow. There were no visible walls; but at intervals there came from the darkness above a ghostly white staccato pillar of vast dimensions, down which in utter silence streamed water that glistened in the torchlight.

A terror crept through the sergeant's heart, that was only strong with evil intent. He glanced suspiciously at Moondyne. But he could not read the face of the two men beside him. They symbol-

ized something unknown to such as he. On them at that moment lay the great but acceptable burden of manhood—the overmastering but sweet allegiance that a true man owes to the truth.

It does not need culture and fine association to develop in some men this highest quality. Those who live by external, though steeped in their parrot learning, are not men, but shells of men. When one turns within his own heart, and finds there the motive and the master, he approaches nobility. There is nothing of a man but the word, that is kept or broken—swept as life, or unstable as water. By this we judge each other, in philosophy and practice; and by this test shall be ruled the ultimate judgment.

Moondyne had solemnly promised to lead to the mine a man he knew to be a villain. The native chief examined the bond of his friend, and acknowledged its force.

The word of the Moondyne must be kept to, but to-morrow the fate of the stranger would be decided.

They proceeded far into the interior of the mountain, until they seemed to stand in the midst of a great plain, with open sky overhead, though in truth above them rose a mountain. The light was reflected from myriad points of spar or crystal, that shone above like stars in the blackness. The air of the place was tremulous with a deep, rushing sound, like the sweep of a river; but the flood was invisible.

At last the old chief, who led the way, stood beside a stone trough or basin, filled with long pieces of wood standing on end. To these he applied the torch, and a flame of refulgent brightness swept instantly over the pile and flicked at the darkness above in long, fiery tongues.

The gloom seemed to struggle with the light, like opposing armies, and a minute passed before the eye took in the surrounding objects.

"Now," said Moondyne to the sergeant, raising his hand as sweeping it around—"Now, you are within the GOLD MINE OF THE VASSE."

The stupendous dimensions of the vault or chamber in which they stood oppressed and terrified the sergeant. Han dred feet above his head spread the shadow of the tremendous roof. Han dred feet from where he stood loomed the awful blackness of the cyclopean walls. From these he scarce could turn his eyes. Their immensity fascinated and stupefied him. Nor was it strange that such a scene should inspire awe. The vastest work of humanity dwindled into insignificance beside the immeasurable dimensions of this mysterious cavern.

It was long before consciousness of his purpose returned to the sergeant; but at length, withdrawing his eyes from the gloomy stretch of iron-stone that roofed the mine, his glance fell upon the wide floor, and there, on every side, from wall to wall, were heaps and masses of yellow metal—of dust and bars and solid rocks of gold.

IX.

A DARK NIGHT AND DAY.

The old chief led the way from the gold mine; and the strangely assorted group of five persons sat by the fire while meat was cooked for the travellers.

The youth who had escorted the white men from the outer valley was the grand-son of the chief, and brother of the beautiful girls. Savages they were, elder and girls, in the eyes of the sergeant; but there was a thoughtfulness in Te mana-roa, bred by the trust of treasure and the supreme confidence of his race, that elevated him to an exalted plane of manhood; and the young people had much of the same quiet and dignified bearing.

The revelations of the day had been too powerful for the small brain of the cunning trooper. They came before him as memory piecemeal. He longed for an opportunity to think them over, to get them into grasp, and to plan his course of action.

The splendid secret must be his own, and he must overreach all who would tomorrow put conditions on his escape. While meditating this, the lovely form of one of the girls, observed by his evil eye as she bent over the fire, suggested a scheme, and before the meal was finished, the sergeant had worked far on the road of success.

The chief and Moondyne talked long in the native language. The sisters, wrapped in soft furs, sat and listened, their large eyes fixed on the face of the Moondyne, their keen senses enjoying a novel pleasure as they heard their familiar words strangely sounded on his lips.

To their simple minds the strongly marked white face must have appeared almost superhuman, known as it had long been to them by hearsay and the unequalled affection of their people.

Their girlhood was on the verge of something fuller; they felt a new and delicious joy in listening to the deep musical tones of the Moondyne. They had long heard how strong and brave he was; they saw that he was gentle when he spoke to them, it seemed that the same thrill of pleasure touched the hearts and lighted the faces of both sisters.

"One outside, and two here," was the dread burden of the sergeant's thought. "Two days' ride—but, can I be sure of the way?"

Again and again his furtive eyes turned on the ardent faces of the girls.

"Ay, that will do," he thought, "these can be used to help me out."

The sisters retired to a tent of skins, and, lighting a fire at the opening to drive off the evil spirit, lay down to rest. Sleep came slowly to every member of the party.

The old chief pondered on the presence of the stranger, who now held the primal secret of the native race.

The sergeant revolved his plans, going carefully over every detail of the next day's work, foreseeing and providing for every difficulty with devilish ingenuity.

The sisters lay in dreamy wakefulness, hearing again the deep musical voice, and seeing in the darkness the strange white face of the Moondyne.

Before sleeping, Moondyne walked into the valley, and, lifting his face to heaven, in simple and manful directness, thanked God for his deliverance; then, stretching himself beside the fire, he fell into a profound sleep.

In the morning, Moondyne spoke to Koro and Teparu in their own tongue, which was not guttural on their lips. They told him, with much earnest gesture

and flashing of eyes, about the smu's nest in the valley beyond the lake, and other such things as made up their daily life. Their steps were light about the camp that morning.

At an early hour the old man entered the gold mine, and did not return. To look after the horses, Moondyne, with the girls, crossed the valley, and then went up the mountain toward the smu's nest.

The sergeant, with bloodshot eyes from a sleepless night, had hung around the camp all the morning, feeling that, though his presence seemed unneeded, he was in the deepest thought of all.

Whatever his purpose, it was settled now. There was dark meaning in the look that followed Moondyne and the girls till they disappeared on the wooded mountain. When at last they were out of sight and hearing, he arose suddenly, and moved toward the mouth of the mine.

At that moment, the young bushman from the outpost emerged from the pass, and, inquiringly for Moondyne and the girls.

As the sergeant explained in dumb show that they had gone up the mountain yonder, there rose a gleam of hideous satisfaction in his eyes. The danger he had dreaded most had come to his hand to be destroyed. All through the night he had heard the whirr of a spear from an unseen hand, and he shuddered at the danger of hiding through the pass to escape. But there was no other course open. Were he to cross the mountains he knew that without a guide he never could reach the penal colony.

Had the sergeant Te mana-roa been present, he would at once have sent the bushman back to his duty. But the youth had drawn his spear from the tuid tree at the outpost, and he proceeded to harden again its injured point in the embers of the fire.

The sergeant, who had carelessly sauntered around the fire till he stood beside the bushman, now took a stride toward him, then suddenly stopped.

Had the native looked around at the moment, he would have seen his spear through the stranger's heart as swiftly as he drove it into the tuid yesterday.

There was murder in the sergeant's face as he took the silent stride, and paused, his hand on his pistol.

"I was not," he muttered, "no noise with him. But this will do."

He stooped for a heavy club, and with a few quick and stealthy paces stood over the bushman. Another instant, and the club descended with crushing violence. Without a sound but the deadly blow, the quivering body fell backward on the assassin's feet.

Replying, he moved in his terrible work. He crept to the entrance of the mine, and far within saw the old man moving, before the light. Patrol in hand he entered the cavern, from which, before many minutes had passed, he came forth white-faced. As he stepped from the cave, he turned a backward glance a fearful import. He saw that he had left the light burning behind him.

Warily scanning the mountain side, he dragged the body of the youth inside the mouth of the cavern, then, seating himself by the fire, he examined his pistol, and awaited the return of Moondyne and the girls.

In the sweet peace of the valley, the livid and anxious wretch seemed the impersonation of crime. He had meditated the whole night on his purpose. All he feared was partial failure. But he had provided for every chance; he had more than half succeeded already. Another hour, and he would be sole master of the treasure—and with the sisters in his power, there was no fear of failure.

It was a terrible hour to wait; but at last he saw them coming, the little figures of the girls waddling among the trees as they crossed the valley.

But they were alone; Moondyne was not with them!

They came with bent faces, as if thinking of pleasant things; but they started with fright, and drew close together, when they saw the stranger, alone, rise from the fire and come toward them.

With signs he asked for Moondyne, and they answered that he had gone across the mountain, and would return when the sun had gone down.

There was an ominous disappointment; but the sergeant knew that his life would not be worth one day's purchase with such an enemy behind him. He must wait.

He returned to the fire, the girls keep- ing distrustfully distant. He feared they might enter the mine, and so soon discover the dreadful secret; so, getting between them and the rock, he lay down at the entrance.

Like startled deer, the girls looked around, instinctively feeling that danger was near. The evil eyes of the sergeant never left them. He had not foreseen this chance, and for the moment knew not how to proceed.

The sisters stood near the fire, alarmed, alert, the left hand of one in the right of the other. At length their quick eyes fell upon a bivouac of the sand, and followed the track till they met again the terrible face at the mouth of the mine.

And, as they looked, a slight beyond the prostrate man, coming from the dark entrance, froze their hearts with terror.

The face of the aged chief, his white hair discolored with blood, appeared above the dreadful watcher, and looked out toward the girls. The old man, who had dragged his wounded body from the cave, rose to his feet when he saw the sisters, tottered forward with a cry of warning, and fell across the murderer.

Paralyzed with horror, the sergeant could not move for some moments. But soon feeling that he was not attacked, he pushed aside the senseless body, and spring to his feet with a terrible malediction. In that moment of his blind terror, the girls had disappeared.

He ran hither and thither searching for them; but found no trace of their hiding-places or path of escape. At length he gave up the search, a shivering dread growing upon him every instant, and hastened to catch the horses. He began to realize that his well-laid plan was a failure.

There was now only one course open. He must take his chance alone, and ride for his life, neither resting nor sleeping. The girls would run straight to Moondyne, and he must act speedily to get beyond his reach.

In a few minutes the horses were ready, standing at the entrance of the mine. The sergeant entered, and, passing the

flaming basin, loaded himself with bars and pieces of gold. Again and again he returned, till the horses were laden with treasure. Then, mounting he called the dogs; but they had gone with Moondyne.

Once more the chill of fear struck like an icicle through his heart at his utter loneliness. Leading the spare horse by the bridle, he rode headlong into the ravine and disappeared.

X.

ON THE TRAIL.

It was evening, and the twilight was grey in the little valley, when Moondyne reached the camp. He was surprised to find the place deserted. He had expected a welcome—had been thinking, perhaps, of the glad faces that would greet him as he approached the fire. But the fire was black, the embers were cold. He looked and saw that there was no light in the mine.

A dreadful presentiment grew upon him. A glance for the saddles, and another across the valley, and he knew that the horses were gone. Following the strange action of the dogs, he strode toward the cave, and there, at the entrance, read the terrible story.

The slight struck this strange convict like a physical blow. His limbs failed him, and his body sank till he knelt on the sand at the mouth of the mine. He felt no wrath, but only crushing self-accusation.

"God forgive me!" was the intense cry of heart and brain: "God forgive me for this crime!"

The consequence of this fatal selfishness crushed him, and the outstretched arms of the old chief, whose unconsciousness, for he was not dead, was fearfully like death, seemed to call down curses on the destroyer of his people.

The life went miserably down before Moondyne till he grovelled in the desolation of his dismal abasement. A ban had followed him, and blighted all he had touched.

Years were pressed into minutes as he crouched beside the smoldering bodies of his friends. The living man lay as motionless as the dead. The strong mind brought up the whole scene for judgment. His forward eye saw the fleeing murderer; but he felt more of pity for the wretched man of vengeance. The entire sensibility of Moondyne was concentrated in the line of his own conscience. Himself focused himself—and should the criminal condemn another?

When at last he raised his face, with a new thought of duty, the trace of the unutterable hour was graven upon him in deep lines.

Where were the sisters? Had they been sacrificed too? By the moonlight he searched the valley; he entered the cave, and called through all its passages. It was past midnight when he gave up the search and stood alone in the desolate place.

In the loose sand of the valley he scooped a grave, to which he carried the body of the young bushman, and buried it. When this was done he proceeded to perform a like office for Te mana-roa, but looking toward the cave he was startled at the sight of the sisters, one of whom, Koro, stood as if watching him, while the other, aided by an extremely old woman, was tending on the almost dying chief, whose consciousness was slowly returning.

Bemused and silent, Moondyne approached the cave. The girl who had watched him shrink back to the others. Teparu, the youngest sister, rose and faced the white man with a threatening aspect. She pointed her finger toward the pass.

"Go!" she said, sternly, in her own tongue.

Moondyne paused and looked at her. "Begone!" she cried, still pointing; and once again came the words, "begone, begone!"

Remembered had strangled grief in Moondyne's breast, or the agony of the girl, uttered in this terrible reproach, would have almost killed him. Accused a second, and he knew that the word was true.

He turned from the place, not toward the sisters, but toward the mountain, and walked from the valley with an aimless purpose, and a heart filled with ashes.

For hours he held steadily on, heedless of direction. He marked no places—had no thoughts—only the one gnawing and consuming presence of the ruin he had wrought.

The dogs followed him, tired and split- tled. The moon sank, and the sun rose, and still the lonely man held his straight and aimless road—a road mountain and through ravines, until at last his consciousness was recalled as he recognized the valley in which he stood as one he had travelled two days before, on the way to the gold mine.

Stretching his exhausted body on a sheltered bank beside a stream, he fell into a deep sleep that lasted many hours.

He awoke with a start, as if a voice had called him. In an instant his brow was set and his mind determined. He glanced at the sun to settle his direction, and then walked slowly across the valley, intently observing the ground. Before he had taken a hundred paces he stopped suddenly, turned to right angles down the valley, and strode on with a purpose, that, though rapidly, almost instantaneously formed, had evidently taken full possession of his will.

Sometimes persons of keen sensibility lie down to sleep with a trouble on the mind and an unsettled purpose, and wake in the night to find the brain clear and the problem solved. From this process of unconscious cerebration Moondyne awoke with a complete and settled resolution.

There could be no doubt of the determination in his mind. He had struck the trail of the murderer.

There was no more indirection or hesitation in his manner. He settled down to the pursuit with a grim and terrible earnestness. His purpose was clear before him—to stop the devil he had let loose—to prevent the escape of the assassin—to save the people who had trusted and saved him.

He would not turn from this intent though the trail led him to the prison gate of Fremantle; and even there, in the face of the guards, he would slay the wretch before he had betrayed the secret. Death is on the trail of every man; but we have grown used to him, and heed him not. Crime and Sin are following us—we will surely find us, and some day will open the owl and show us the death-head. But more terrible than these Fates,

because more physically real, is the knowledge ever present that a relentless human enemy is on our track.

Through the silent passes of the hills, he heard a storm of fears and hopes, the sergeant fled toward security. Every mile added to the light ahead. He rode wildly and without rest—rode all day and into the night, and would still have hurried on, but the horses failed and must have rest.

He fed and watered them, watching with feverish eyes the renewal of their strength; and as he watched them eat, the wretched man fell into a sleep, from which he started in terror, fearful that the pursuer was upon him.

Through the day and night, depending on his great strength, Moondyne followed. While the fugitive rested, he strode on, and he knew by instinct and observation that he was gaining in the race.

Every hour the tracks were fresher. On the morning of the second day, he had found the sand still moist where the horses had drunk from a stream. On the evening of that day he passed the burning embers of a fire. The murderer was gaining confidence, and taking longer rest.

The third day came with a revelation to Moondyne. The sergeant had lost the way—had turned from the valley that led toward the Settlement, and had sealed his doom by choosing one that reached toward the impenetrable deserts of the interior.

The pursuer was not stayed by the discovery. To the prison or the wilderness, should the track lead, he would follow.

At first the new direction was pleasant—Dim woods on either side of a stream, the banks fringed with verdure and pranked with bright flowers. But like the pleasant ways of life, the tempting valley led to the desolate plains; before night had closed, pursuer and pursued were far from hills and streams, in the midst of a treeless sea of sand.

Nothing but fear of death could drive the sergeant forward. He was bushman enough to know the danger of being lost on the plains. But he dare not return to meet him whom he knew was hunting him down.

There was but one chance before him, and this was to tire out the pursuer—if, as his heart suggested, there was only one in pursuit—to lead him farther and farther into the desert, till he fell on the barren track and died.

It was sore travelling for horse and man under the blazing sun, with no food nor water save what he pressed from the pith of the palm, and even these were growing scarce. The only life on the plains was the hard and dusty scrub. Every hour brought a more hopeless and gristlier desolation.

How was it with Moondyne? The storm will still uphold him. He knew he had gained till they took to the plains; but he also knew that here the mounted man had the advantage. Every day the track was less distinct, and he suffered more and more from thirst. The palms he passed had been opened by the fœgaunt, and he had to leave the trail to find one untouched.

The sun flamed in the bare sky, and the sand was so hot that the air hung above it in a tremulous haze. In the woods the dogs had brought him food; but no living thing was to be hunted on the plains. He had lived two days on the pith of the palm.

On the third day Moondyne with difficulty found the sand trail, which had been blown over by the night breeze. He had slept on the sheltered desert, and had dreamt of sweet wells of water as the light dew fell on his parched body.

That day he was quite alone. The dogs, suffering from thirst, had deserted him in the night.

He began the day with a firm heart but an unsteady step. There was not a palm in sight. It was hot noon before he found a small scrub to moisten his throat and lips.

But to day, he thought, he must come face to face with the villain, and would kill him like a wild beast on the desert; and he thought upon him.

His hand was bare and his body nearly naked. Another man would have fallen senseless under the cruel sun; but Moondyne did not even rest—the day passed he did not seem to need rest.

It was strange how pleasant, how like a dream, part of that day appeared. Some times he seemed to be awake, and to know that he was moving over the sand, and with a dread purpose; but at these times he knew that the trail had disappeared—and he was blindly going forward, lost on the wilderness. Toward evening the cool breeze creeping over the sand dispelled the dreams and made him mercilessly conscious.

The large red sun was standing on the horizon of sand, and an awful shadow seemed waiting to fall upon the desert.

When the sun had gone down, and the wanderer looked at the stars, there came to him a new thought, like a friend, with a grave but not unkind face—a vast and noble thought, that held him for a long time with appraised face and hands, as if it had been whispered from the deep quiet sky. Slowly he walked with his new communion, and when he saw before him in the moonlight two palms, he did not rush to cut them open, but stood beside them smiling. Opening one, at length, he took the morsel of pith, and ate, and slept.

How sweet it was to wake up and see the wide sky studded with golden stars—to feel that there were no bands any more, nor hopes, nor heart-burnings.

The Divine Thought that had come to him the day before was with him still—grave and kindly, and now they were so utterly alone, it seemed almost to smile. He raised his body and knelt upon the sand, looking upward, and all things seemed closing quietly in upon him, as if coming to a great rest, and he would have laid down on the sand at peace—but a cry, a human-like cry, startled him into wakefulness—surely it was a cry!

It was clear and near and full of suffering. Surely, he had heard—he had not dreamt of such a cry. Again—God! how near and how keen it was—from the darkness—a cry of mortal agony!

With a tottering step Moondyne ran toward the woeful sound. He saw by the moonlight a dark object on the sand. The low wail cry hurried him on, till he stood beside the poor throat whence it came, and was smote with pity at the dismal sight.

On the sand lay two horses, chained at the neck, one dead, the other dying in

an agony of thirst and imprisonment. Beside the dead horse, almost buried in sand, as he had fallen from the saddle, lay a man, seemingly dead, but whose glowing eyes turned with hideous suffering as Moondyne approached. The wretched being was powerless to free himself from the fallen horse; and upon his body, and all around him were scattered heavy bars and pieces of gold.

Moondyne looked the chain from the suffering horse, that struggled to its feet, ran forward a few yards, and fell dead on the sand.

The men's eyes met, and the blistered lips of the sergeant—for it was he—moved in piteous appeal. Moondyne paused one stem moment, then turned and ran from the place—ran toward the palm near which he had slept. With heavy hand he tore it open and cut out the pith, and sped back to the sufferer. He knelt down, and squeezed the precious moisture into the mouth of the dying man—the man whom he had followed into the desert to kill like a wild beast.

Till the last drop was gone he pressed the young wood. Then the guilty wretch raised his eyes and looked at Moondyne—the girl's eyes grew bright, and brighter, till a tear rose within them, and rolled down the steamed and sin lined face. The barked lips moved, and the weak hands were raised imploringly. The sergeant fell back dead.

Moondyne knew that his last breath was contrition, and his last dumb cry, "Par-don."

Then, too, the strength failed from the limbs and the light from the eyes of Moondyne—and as he sank to the earth, the great thought that had come to him filled his heart with peace—and he lay unconscious beside the dead.

The sun rose on the desert, but the sleeper did not move. Before the day was an hour old, other forms rapidly crossed the plain—not wanderers, but fierce, skinned men, in search of vengeance.

They flung themselves from their horses when they reached the scene; and one, throwing himself upon the body of the sergeant, sprang back with a guttural cry of wrath and disappointment, which was echoed by the savage party.

Next moment, one of the natives, stooping to lay his hand on the head of the Moondyne, uttered an excited call. The spearman crouched around, and one poured water from a skin on the face and body of the senseless man.

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TO OUR FRIENDS.

We have mailed to all our subscribers who are in arrears a statement of their accounts. We need scarcely say that it requires a large cash expenditure each week to produce a newspaper. Our subscribers are surely aware of this already, and they must, on reflection, arrive at the conclusion that it is unfair to overlook the duty of squaring their indebtedness at least once a year.

THE FESTIVAL OF CHRISTMAS.

The great festival of Christmas, which the Church is to celebrate next Thursday, is justly considered to be one of the two greatest festivals of the year, both on account of the importance of the event in itself which is thereby commemorated (and because of the benefit conferred on mankind by the mystery which was accomplished on that day.

The importance of the mystery of the birth of Jesus was recognized in heaven itself, for a Redeemer had been promised to mankind when our first parents were yet in the garden of Paradise, that is to say, before God punished them for the disobedience of which they had been guilty, by driving them from that happy abode, condemning them for the future to earn their living by the labor of their hands.

This news was a source of gladness to these pious shepherds, because the coming of the Christ, the Messiah, through whom man was to be redeemed, had been long expected as the precursor of a new era of peace to man.

An era of peace was indeed then inaugurated, for there could be no true peace until the sad effects of the sins of mankind were repaired by the work of Redemption, which could be accomplished only through the incarnation of the Son

of God. The birth of Christ was therefore the signal that the work of Redemption was about to begin, which was to restore the human race to that high destiny for which it was created, but which through sin had been forfeited. No atonement which man could offer for the sins of four thousand years could suffice to satisfy the divine justice which demanded that an adequate sacrifice should be offered to the adorable Trinity in satisfaction for the many enormities of which the world had been guilty during forty centuries: and it was only the infinite wisdom and mercy of God which could find a remedy for evils so great and so numerous.

The coming of Christ into the world was the only means whereby that atonement could be made, and it was for this purpose that Christ was born. It was for this reason that He is announced as the Saviour whose coming was an occasion of great joy to all the people, inasmuch as it is "for us and for our salvation that He came down from heaven," as we are told in the words of the Nicene Creed.

As our future Redeemer, a Saviour was expected and announced by the Prophets who preceded our Blessed Lord. To Him were applied those words of Isaiah: "Rejoice and give praise together, O ye deserts of Jerusalem; for the Lord hath comforted His people, He hath redeemed Jerusalem." (Isaiah 62.) The fulfilment of this prophecy is announced by the Apostles of Christ in many forms, among which we may particularly cite the words of St. Paul to Titus (ii, 14): "He gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto Himself a people acceptable, pursuing good works."

It is certain that the Christian Church celebrated this festival from the earliest times, though it cannot be said that there was complete uniformity in regard to the very day on which it was celebrated. Pope Julius the First, whose pontificate was in the first half of the fourth century, made close inquiry into the records of Judea, which had been brought to Rome by Titus after the destruction of Jerusalem, and in a letter which he addressed to the Bishops of Jerusalem, in answer to enquiries made on the subject, he states that the proper day for the celebration of the nativity of Christ is the 25th of December, and this is the date on which it has been celebrated in the Western Church, though the practice in the Eastern Church was then to celebrate it along with the Epiphany on the 6th of January.

After the time of Pope Julius, however, the Eastern Church accommodated its practice to that of the west, and St. John Chrysostom in one of his sermons delivered in Antioch on the 25th of December speaks of that date as being the day universally observed as our Saviour's birthday. The Eastern Church, the Schismatics, as well as the Catholics, celebrate the festival on the 25th of December, though owing to the difference in the calendar, between the old and new styles, the 25th of December in the old style used in the east does not occur until our feast of the Epiphany, January 6th, which is on this account often called "Old Christmas day." It will be borne in mind that owing to a few minutes difference between the actual time of the earth's revolution around the sun, and the length of the year as observed under the calendar used down to the sixteenth century, there was at that time a variation of ten days between the date of the actual vernal equinox and the date on which it occurred in the old or Julian calendar which was instituted in the year 45 B. C.

The vernal equinox in 1582 occurred on the 11th instead of the 21st of March, and in that year Pope Gregory XIII. ordained that the 6th of October should be called the 15th of October. Since that time the discrepancy has reached twelve days, so that the orientals now observe Christmas day while we are celebrating the Epiphany.

The season of Advent was instituted by the Church for the purpose of preparing for the great solemnity of Christmas, and as the best preparation which can be made, in order to fulfil the purpose for which the feast is to be observed, is to be in the state of grace, the Church strongly recommends all Catholics during this holy season to make their peace with God, and to receive worthily the two Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist, for it is of the last-named sacrament that our Blessed Lord says: "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood you shall not have life in you." (St. John, vi.) At this time, therefore, all good Catholics should prepare themselves carefully for the fulfilment of this sacred duty.

HERR WINTHORST, the leader of the Centre or Catholic party in the German Reichstag, earnestly supports the Government. His relations with Chancellor Von Caprivi are most cordial, and it is confidently stated that the Chancellor is in accord with Herr Windthorst on the question of repealing the laws under which the religious orders were expelled from Germany. The Bundesrath is less favorably inclined towards the Catholic Church than is the Reichsrath, but there is good reason to believe that Gen. Von Caprivi will use his influence in inducing them to repeal all obnoxious penal laws which were passed under Bismarck.

WHAT IS IN A NAME?

A valued friend of ours, a merchant in a flourishing Canadian town, in the course of his business, became possessed of a large number of pigs' heads, which being a useful article for purposes of domestic economy, he desired to sell at a low price. As his customers came in he informed them in the course of trade that he had pigs' heads which he would sell cheap, but to his discomfiture he could find no buyers. A happy thought hereupon struck him. He would give the pigs' heads a pleasant name, and would again try his luck. He began to tell his customers that he could sell jwels cheap, and as soon as they saw what the jwels were, his stock of pigs' heads was rapidly disposed of.

The Methodists have the idea of holding a general meeting of representative Methodists from all parts of the world. It is well known that Methodist Conferences are rather tame affairs in the matter of religious results, rather devoting themselves to the discussion of such questions as, how many cigars or pinches of snuff a brother may lawfully make use of in a day, than to any practical religious questions. With a happy thought somewhat like that of our merchant friend they have decided to call their coming conference by an attractive name. It shall not be an ordinary conference. That would be somewhat flat; so it has been dubbed "an Ecumenical Council," and by this name the Interdenominational gathering of Methodist Fathers of the Church is seriously spoken of by its promoters.

Arrangements are now being made for holding this conference, and in order to select a place for the meeting, and to settle other matters of detail, a preliminary meeting was held recently at Philadelphia, at which representatives were present from all the American Methodist churches, including those of Canada. It was decided that the conference should take place at Washington, in October 1891, and the number of delegates who are to be present was fixed at five hundred, of whom three hundred will represent the Western or American section, and two hundred the Eastern or European section. Canada will have twenty-four delegates.

There is something extremely ludicrous in the application of the term Ecumenical to this coming conference. An Ecumenical Council is a council of the authorized teachers of the whole Church of God on earth, and as such it has supreme authority to define matters of faith, and to settle the discipline of the Church. It has always been held that the decrees of such a council in matters of faith are obligatory on the whole Church, and that they must be accepted as the voice of God. The Church is described in Holy Scripture as the pillar and the ground of truth, and as Ecumenical Councils with the Head of the Church presiding in person or by his delegate represent the authority of the Church, their decrees of faith have always been held as infallible.

Thus the great ecclesiastical historian Socrates, speaking of the Council of Nice, says that the Fathers present "could not by any means err from the truth because they were enlightened by God; and by the grace of the Holy Ghost. St. Gregory the Great says of the five Ecumenical Councils which had been held up to his time, that he "receives and venerates them as the four books of the holy gospel." St. Ambrose said that "not death nor the sword could separate him from the Council of Nice," and Leo I., called also Leo the Great, declared repeatedly that the faith of Nice and Chalcedon is a first principle from which neither he nor any one else is permitted to swerve; and the Council of Chalcedon itself declared the Creed of Nice to be unalterable. St. Augustine and St. Vincent of Lerins declare that future Councils must build their decisions of faith upon what has already been decided by previous Councils. It is because the authority of the body of the pastors of the Church is to be received with unquestioning faith that the holy Apostle St. John says: "We are of God. He that knoweth God heareth us. He that is not of God heareth us not. By this we know the spirit of truth and the spirit of error." (1 John, iv, 6.)

The early Fathers who wrote so strongly defining the authority of General Councils to be indispensable merely propound what the universal doctrine of the Church was in their day, and a truly Ecumenical Council has to-day the same authority as it had when the Councils of Nice, Chalcedon, etc., were held, and for the same reason.

But will the proposed Methodist Ecumenical Council have any such authority? Can it decide between the Calvinistic and Arminian doctrines, which are just now so hotly debated among the Protestant denominations, each doctrine having its supporters among Methodists as among others? Every one is aware that it will possess no such authority, and that it will carefully avoid any such decision. What then is its purpose? Can it insist that the Methodists of the Southern States shall regard the colored Methodists as fellow-men, having, before God, equal rights with their white brethren?

It can do nothing of the kind. It will be a convention absolutely without authority, and should it attempt to assert that it possesses authority its claims

would be listened to with laughter. Those who will assemble are perfectly aware of this, as the Anglican Bishops who met at the Pan-Anglican Council, and the Presbyterians who assembled at the Pan-Presbyterian Councils were sensible that they also were destitute of authority. They did not attempt to exercise authority, and neither will the General Council of Methodism, though Christ certainly gave authority to the Church which he established, and declared those to be as heathens and publicans who would reject her decrees.

These facts prove indubitably that neither the Methodist, nor the Presbyterian, nor the Anglican Church, is the one which Christ instituted, if such a proof be needed. The future Methodist Ecumenical Council will not dare to say with the Apostle St. John: "He that knoweth God heareth us. He that is not of God heareth us not. By this we know the spirit of truth and the spirit of error." It is only the Catholic Church which can speak with Apostolic authority, and which can say as did the Apostles in promulgating their decrees: "It hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us to lay no further burden upon you than these necessary things." (Acts xv.) And in similar terms does the Church issue her decrees to this day.

We presume there will be much self-gratulation indulged in at the coming convention, and many declarations of good-will indulged in, and it may be productive of some friendly feeling between the members, but as an authoritative body, legislating for the Church, or deciding questions of morals, it will be a farce. It is much more likely to fulminate a decree against the use of cider and snuff than to explain the Christian doctrine, or to establish uniformity of discipline, or as regards, for example, the extent of the authority of those ministers to whom some of the Methodist Churches have thought proper to apply the name "Bishops." But at all events it is evident that the promoters of the coming Council will succeed in attracting public attention to their proceedings, if, like the jowl dealer, they can persuade that something peculiarly valuable is offered to them because it is given under an attractive name.

RELIGIOUS ITALIANS.

A despatch to the New York Times from St. Louis was extensively published in the papers last week respecting a celebration of the feast of the Immaculate Conception by the Italians in St. Louis. The celebration was interesting as an evidence of the fervent faith of those who took part in it, but it was no means an extraordinary occurrence, as a careful reading of the despatch will show. Yet by highly coloring it, the penny hammer who furnished the item to the papers makes it appear to be something in the style of the Voodoo orgies of the Protestant negroes of Georgia and Alabama, or perhaps, rather the more lucrative and polished absurdities of the astute spiritualistic demon worshippers which have been so popular with New York and Toronto audiences from time to time.

Here is the manner in which the news-monger introduces his description: "New York, Dec. 9.—A St. Louis despatch to the Times says:—A weird procession such as was certainly never seen before in this city and probably not in any other city in the United States took place between 2 and 6:30 yesterday morning, the occasion being the celebration of the feast of the Immaculate Conception by the Italians."

And in what did the weirdness of the ceremony consist? We will let the despatcher describe it himself:

"Half a hundred torch-bearers were in front. Then followed a bugler, who at intervals sent his clarion notes resounding along the well lighted deserted thoroughfares. Behind him came a dozen stalwart Sicilians bearing on their shoulders a wooden platform. On this rested an image of the Virgin Mary, decorated and adorned with gold and silver and precious stones and surrounded with wreaths of fruit and flowers. On all four sides candles burned, the reflection of which sent dazzling glares of light from the diamonds which bedecked the figure. The image was of plaster of Paris, and was moulded in this city. * * *

Just as the day was dawning the carriers deposited their burden in a niche in a corner of a room at 85 Essex alley, where the image will remain for the next eight days. The room has been gorgeously decorated with bright colored tissue paper, flowers and fruits, one corner being arranged to form an altar. Here every evening of the present week the faithful will gather to repeat their prayers to the Virgin."

A very beautiful mode the participants took of testifying their devotion to the Mother of God, who was addressed with respect by the archangel who brought to her a message of good tidings to all mankind, a message from the adorable Trinity. The archangel does not hesitate to acknowledge the glorious privileges of Mary, "full of grace, and blessed among women;" and why should we or the Italians of St. Louis be in doubt about our duty in this regard? But though the adornments of the Italians were, no doubt, as handsome as they could afford to make them, there is nothing to justify the news-furnisher in styling the event

as a "weird procession" of unprecedented character.

But where we have marked the hiatus in the newspaper correspondent's account of the matter, there is a sentence which we purposely leave out there, so as to give uninterrupted what is undoubtedly the truth of the description. We must insert here the part omitted above, as it is probably the "weird" part of the demonstration to which the writer refers. He says:

"The procession stopped several times in the Italian quarter, where the image of the Virgin was lowered and worshipped by crowds of Italians."

Every one will know at once that this part of the story is a misrepresentation. Those poor, perhaps, but religious Italians know their religion too well to offer to a plaster of Paris statue the honor which belongs only to God. They know better how God is to be worshipped than does the scoffing, and probably infidel writer who furnishes this bit of news. The little Catechism which all our Catholic children learn, and which we venture to say, every one of those Italians knows by heart says that we are by no means to pray to the crucifix or to the images of the saints "for they have neither life nor sense nor power to hear or help us." It tells us also that we are not "to give to any creature the honor due to God alone," but that we should honor the saints of God as "God's special friends and faithful servants." Also "of God alone we beg grace and mercy, and of the Saints we only ask the assistance of their prayers." That this is lawful and useful is evident from the fact that we are recommended to ask the prayers of our fellow creatures on earth and to pray for them. If the prayers of the Saints of God on earth are beneficial to us, there can be no reason why those prayers should be less powerful to benefit us when they are offered for us by the Saints in heaven.

The St. Louis Italians, no doubt, asked the Blessed Virgin to intercede with her divine Son for her children on earth, but they did not ask the prayers of the plaster statue. Nevertheless, they showed respect to the image of Mary because it represents her, just as we might show marks of respect to the image of the Queen if it were exhibited on the Queen's birthday in a transparency at a procession in her honor. There is nothing more weird—that is to say, witelike or superstitious—in the procession of the Italians in honor of the Immaculate Conception than there is in any celebration of the Queen's birthday which we have ever witnessed.

It gives us pleasure to know that not all the Italians have lost faith in the power of religion, as have done the followers of Signor Crispi and his colleagues in the Italian Government; and the early hour at which these Italians began their devotions, before going to their work, shows the earnestness of their faith, for which we thank God fervently.

REV. MR. HAGAR.

Rev. Mr. Hagar, of Kingston, has certainly placed Archbishop Cleary on his defence. His Grace, it will be remembered, in a recent speech, characterized Protestant clergymen as "poor little wretched ministers," "poisonous pastors," "hireling pastors," and "leaders of infidels." Mr. Hagar quotes to the Archbishop passages of Scripture in which Christians are enjoined to love one another. He also refers his Grace to such texts as these:

"Speak not evil one of another, brethren."—James iv, 2.

"If any man among you seemeth to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain."—James i, 26.

"But whosoever shall say to his brother thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire."—Matthew v, 22.

Having made these extracts he asks the prelate if he thinks the terms "poor little wretched ministers," "poisonous pastors," "hireling pastors," and "leaders of infidels," are justified by Scripture, to say nothing of courtesy. The expressions were certainly unfortunate. It is difficult to suppose that the Archbishop in his cooler moments would use them. But, of course, His Grace will explain.—Toronto Mail.

It has been explained over and over again that Archbishop Cleary never made use of such expressions. It was the Mail's own reporter that misrepresented and faultily misrepresented the Archbishop's words. The Archbishop has proved himself a master in the employment of sound Anglo-Saxon terms, and should not be suspected even of saying "poisonous pastors." What he did say was: that men of no faith wanted to lead the lambs of his flock into "poisonous pastures." He referred to no ministers except to those "poor little fellows" calling themselves Equal Righters, who stumped the country at the last election and had one man elected, the member for East Durham, who, last week, was unseated by judicial authority at Millbrook—Hon. Justice Macleannan and Falconbridge declaring his election void. And, strange to say, Dalton McCarthy acted as lawyer for the petitioners who asked to have Mr. Campbell unseated. The "hireling pastors" and "leaders of infidels" were the very few ministers who, shunted "down with religious education," and who accompanied or followed

the advocates of the godless system from town to town and from platform to platform all through the Province.

Archbishop Cleary is no bigot. All those who know him socially or otherwise in Kingston entertain the deepest respect for him as a very ripe scholar, a deeply learned theologian and a perfect gentleman. To the unscrupulous reporters of the Toronto press must be attributed all the harsh and un-English expressions for which Archbishop Cleary has been so unjustly pilloried; and, in spite of all explanations is still held up day after day in the columns of the Mail to the unjust criticisms of a too easily duped Protestant public.

THE SITUATION.

Our first pronouncement on the question of Mr. Parnell's guilt or innocence, of the independent stand he assumed, was all in his favor. We believed in his reserved power, in his capability of some day and very soon proving himself guiltless, and satisfactorily demonstrating that the O'Shea scandal was a trumped up case of diabolical forgery, in which Capt. O'Shea and his servants were filling the roles of La Caron and Pigott. We believe that British gold and Balfour's unscrupulous methods could be proved, as by many they are held to be accountable for the disgrace brought home to Parnell's door, and to Ireland wounded in her chieftain's honor. A new feature is now given to the situation. Mr. Parnell declines positively to make any explanation. He sees all Paritential Scotland shocked at the revelations of the divorce court, the city of Edinburgh withdrawing its honors of citizenship she had in admiration of his patriotism conferred upon him. He sees all the masses of the English people with their leaders, Morley, Harcourt and the grand old Man, who, for the last five years, has had Ireland in his day dreams, and for declared policy the reversal of England's conduct towards Ireland with full restitution to the Irish people for all the wrongs and confiscations of past legislation—Parnell sees all these grand results of his and his colleagues' work for the last ten years that away before him on a wave of calumny that one word from him could arrest. He sees those grand results—more extensive knowledge of and sympathy for the Irish people, a general uprising all over England and Scotland in favor of Ireland's claims to self-government, statesmen, peers and commoners all equally enlisted in the cause of Ireland's prosperity and regeneration. All these magnificent and hitherto unexpected results, the fruit of twelve years' hard struggle against coercion, are borne in on the rock of scandal and crushed out of sight. We ask how is it, in the nature of any man, as it was in the nature of Mr. Parnell, to view such mighty ruins unmoved and undismayed?

Mr. Parnell may allege that those wonderful changes in British opinion and among English statesmen are the natural outcome of the independent policy he devised, and, being his own handiwork, he can let it perish, that he may bring about still greater changes, and in the long run show still more wonderful results. But Mr. Parnell was not alone in the formation of the Land League and the obstructive policy that forced the House of Commons to the serious consideration of Ireland's claims to self-government. Michael Davitt is the father of the Land League. To him especially is Mr. Parnell indebted for the bold and independent policy of passive resistance that broke the power of landlordism. Mr. Parnell had able and self-sacrificing colleagues in John Dillon, Wm. O'Brien, Justin McCarthy, Thomas Sexton, Timothy Healy and others. All these he has been willing to sacrifice, that he, with a few others, may escape. And yet it must be admitted that, while under plea of illness he was enjoying himself at the seaside, John Dillon and Wm. O'Brien were in the thick of the fight, defying Balfour's janissaries or enduring the horrors of solitary confinement on penitential hard tack and the plank bed.

It is our humble opinion that such considerations should have weighed with Mr. Parnell before he flung his banner of self-willed independence to the breeze. He certainly should have hesitated before he broke with Gladstone, and treated so grand and noble a figure in history with contempt and the reproach of garrulousness and deceit. He should have hesitated before he telegraphed his ultimatum to his old-tried lieutenant, Wm. O'Brien, the noblest Roman of them all, and pronounced the fatal words: "Too late." Naught, however, is "too late" or too difficult of attainment or solution for the intrepid O'Brien. He is now speeding his way over the ocean in the midst of winter's raging billows, to attempt, if possible, the allaying of the storm that has already burst upon unhappy Ireland. "The tone of your reply," he wired to Parnell, "leaves little ground for hope, but, having regard to the horrible consequences to the country of prolonged internecine struggle, I am still anxious

to have an interview, and will start for France on my way to Ireland.

A WATERLOO FOR BOSTON BIGOTS.

After two years of triumph, which we were all along confident would be only temporary, the bigots of Boston have had a severe lesson administered to them at the polls.

The result was that the Republican candidate for the mayoralty was defeated by a majority of 12,566, and nearly two thirds of the new aldermen and city councilors are Democrats.

All the Catholics, three in number, whose names were on the Democratic ticket, have been elected, and one Protestant gentleman against whom the shafts of the bigots were specially aimed.

THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON.

Rev. Hugh Johnston, of Toronto, is one of the great guns that, during the agitation on the Jesuits Estates Act, played most havoc on the credulity of sincere and fair minded Protestants.

her unwillingness to tolerate any corruption either of faith or morals. Other churches or religious institutions, so-called, may advance with the corrupt age in which we live, and may admit and embrace its latitudinarian principles of belief and of practice, but the Catholic Church was founded, and is upheld, by Him who said: "My kingdom is not of this world."

WHY PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD?

In a former issue we made some comments upon an article which appeared in a recent issue of the Church Review under the above title.

The Review maintains that there is no Scriptural authority for such prayers: "The absence of Scriptural support for prayers for the dead is further shown by those who find it in confessedly obscure texts; for example, 1 Peter iii, 19, which is specially applied to the times of Noah, and the conclusion from which is the great benefit of Holy Baptism."

It is not very consistent for one who maintains that private or individual judgment is sufficient for the elucidation of all Christian doctrine, to set aside Scriptural texts, as the Review does, on the plea that they are obscure.

Such is the interpretation of Sts. Augustine, Cyril, Epiphanius, Gregory of Nazianzum, Justin Martyr and others. There is, therefore, a prison where some souls are detained before being admitted into heaven; and just as it is God's will that the prayers of the just on earth are powerful to obtain favors for themselves and for all men, so pious prayers for the souls of the dead who are in prison are useful to them also.

St. Paul for Onesiphorus, (2 Tim. i, 16, 18): "The Lord give mercy to the house of Onesiphorus. . . . The Lord grant unto him to find mercy of the Lord in that day."

The Review says that Onesiphorus was probably absent from home, and that this is the reason why St. Paul salutes his household in iv, 19, and why in the passage here quoted he prays in different form for Onesiphorus and his house, but the touching words of the Apostle in the whole passage, which should be read, sufficiently imply that the difference between the two cases arises from the fact that his prayer for Onesiphorus is a prayer for the dead, while that for his household is for the living.

The well known passage in 2 Mch xii, 40, 46, relates that Judas Maccabeus sent to the temple of Jerusalem 12,000 drachms of silver "for sacrifice" to be offered for the souls of the dead, "that were slain in battle; and the inspired writer adds:

"It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins."

The writer in the Review acknowledges, as we mentioned in our last article on this subject, that the Jews prayed for the dead, but he says that Judas Maccabeus did not know "the grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ." He overlooks the fact that the religion of the Jews was a divine revelation, and was therefore true.

So far from decreeing that sin shall no longer be remitted in the next life, our Blessed Lord confirms the belief of the Jews in Matt. xii, 32, saying, "and whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of Man, it shall be forgiven him; but he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him neither in this world nor in the world to come."

The Books of the Machabees are not received by Protestants as part of Holy Scripture on the plea that they were not so received by the Jews of Palestine. But independently of their divine authority, they stand as a historical testimony to the constant belief of the Jews and inform us of their religious belief.

It is to the testimony of the Christian Church we must look for the Christian canon of scripture, and the Christian Church has always received these books as of the same value as the rest of Holy Scripture. The Protestant objection to the books of the Machabees might have some force coming from the mouth of Martin Luther, for he maintained that the book of Job is "but a fable written to give an example of a patient man," but coming from the Protestants, with whom we have to deal in this country, it is but a device for propping up a bad cause.

It may be said that Job is spoken of in Ezechiel xiv, 14, and St. James v, 11. We acknowledge that there is force in this; but we have evidence of the same kind in favor of the books of the Machabees, for we read in St. John x, 22, 23, that Jesus kept the feast of the Dedication at Jerusalem in winter. The winter feast of the Dedication is that which was established by Judas Maccabeus under the name "the Dedication of the altar." (1 Mach, iv, 56, 59.) If, therefore, we should receive the book of Job because the holy man Job is spoken of by an Apostle, much more should the books of Machabees be received since our Lord Himself kept a festival the institution of which is recorded only in them.

We may add here that Josephus, who, being high priest of the Jews, could speak with authority concerning the Jewish belief, states that his Antiquities

are drawn "out of the Hebrew Scriptures," or, as he says further on, they are "contained in our records. . . . without adding anything to what is therein contained, or taking away anything therefrom." The twelfth book of the Antiquities is drawn almost entirely from the books of the Machabees. We may therefore infer that though these books were not in the Canon of the Jews, which was framed by Edras, they were nevertheless regarded as sacred records which required only that an authority equal to Edras (or Ezra), should pronounce upon them that they should be fully received into the Canon. A greater than Edras is our Lord, and even the Apostles and their successors were invested with more than the authority of Edras. The Church established by Christ is called in Holy Scripture the pillar and ground of truth. She has declared the books of the Machabees to be Scripture, and they must therefore be regarded as equal in authority to any other portion of Holy Writ. We quoted already in our former article the words of St. Augustine, wherein that Doctor speaks of them as being Scripture. Sts. Gregory of Nazianzum, Cyprian, and Ambrose do the same, thus proving that they have always been regarded by the Church as the inspired word of God.

We might further quote those many texts which prove there is a middle state, wherein some souls are detained in prison before being admitted into heaven; but we shall content ourselves with pointing out that the people of Israel fasted seven days for Sui when he was slain. 1 Ki. (Samuel) xxxi, 13. David and all Israel mourned and wept fasted both for Saul and Jonathan. 2 Ki. (2 Sam) 12. David did similarly after the death of Abner. Ca 3.

Fasting is a form of prayer. Its use, as manifested in Holy Scripture, is a supplication to God. It is therefore a prayer in action, and these passages fully justify prayers for the dead.

SOME INTERESTING AND USEFUL DISCOVERIES.

A recent discovery has been made at Luxor, Egypt, which throws new light upon the history of the Jews in that country, and which goes far in vindicating the claims of the Old Testament to be a true and authentic record of the facts which it narrates.

No part of the Sacred Scripture has been so violently assailed as the Pentateuch, or first five books of the Old Testament, penned by Moses, the deliverer of Israel from Egyptian bondage. They have tried to make it appear that these books were written by some forger who lived "hundreds of years after Moses was dust and ashes," to use the words of Bob Ingersoll. Whatever, therefore, throws light upon the history of Egypt during the time while the people of Israel were in that country, the period of which Moses writes in Genesis and Exodus, must be deemed of great interest and importance to all Christians.

The article found at Luxor is a tablet which describes that the Nile for seven years failed to overflow its banks, and that thus a famine was caused.

By comparison of the dates at which the various kings of Egypt are known to have lived at that early epoch, the finder of the tablet estimates, purely from the evidence which Egyptian history itself affords, that this must have occurred about nineteen hundred years before Christ.

Now, if we turn to the book of Genesis, and read from the 40th to the 47th chapter, we shall find described a full history of just such a famine as that which is recorded upon the stone. According to the Bible this seven years' famine was foretold by Joseph and was the occasion which caused his elevation to the post of Governor of the country. It was during this famine that Joseph's brothers came to Egypt to buy corn, and that afterwards their father as well as themselves and families settled in Egypt.

The date usually assigned to Joseph's assuming the governorship of Egypt is generally supposed to be about the year of the world 2289, but it must be borne in mind that this date, which would be, according to the same authorities, about one thousand seven hundred and fifteen years before Christ, is not at all believed to be absolutely sure. The Holy Scripture does not give all the information necessary to enable us to fix the date so precisely, and men of science have the very best grounds for believing that Joseph's assumption of the government of Egypt was about one thousand nine hundred years before Christ, which makes a wonderful accord between Scripture and this new discovery.

A seven years' famine is an extraordinary event in the history of a nation, and the Biblical account of it, thus confirmed by a witness just dug out of the earth, is a valuable testimony to the fact that the Pentateuch was written by one who knew the history of Egypt, while the records of the country were accessible to him—by one who was familiar with them, as Moses was. A fact like this scatters to the winds the difficulties

on which Infidels like Ingersoll rest their case.

The little town of Luxor is known to be on the spot where existed one of the most magnificent cities of ancient times, the city which was called by the Hebrews No or No-Ammon, and by the Greeks Thebes or Thebe, and Diospolis. It is said to have been seventeen miles in circumference, and the ruins of ancient Thebe on both sides of the Nile as far as Karnak astonish the world at this day by their grandeur.

This recent discovery is only one of many which have been made throwing light upon Biblical history. We cannot forbear to mention here another which is even more astonishing than the present. A few years ago Mr. George Smith, the celebrated Orientalist of the British Museum, discovered in a tablet which had been brought to the Museum from Babylon, and which was written in cuneiform characters an unexpected reference to a ship which rested on the mountains of Nizir, and that a dove was sent forth which found its resting place and returned.

He states that he at once recognized from this that he had found part of the ancient Chaldean account of the deluge, and this gave him the idea to prosecute further researches on this point. Difficult as was the task, he succeeded. The discovery was made in the palace of the Assyrian king, Assur-banipal, who is described in modern books under the name Sardanapalus. Among the things found was the library of the king, written on bricks, or we might call them tiles. Among the books he found a history of the creation, another of the flood, and a third giving a history of the building of the tower of Babel, and the dispersion of the human race.

These histories are very much mixed up with the absurd mythology of the Chaldeans, but the salient features coincide with the narrative of these events as they are described by Moses.

The history of the flood, especially, bears a close resemblance to the history which is given in the Bible. But when were these histories written? Mr. Smith gives most satisfactory proof that they were originally written at least two thousand years before Christ, and therefore before the time of Joseph—long before the days of Moses—in fact but a short time after the events described therein actually occurred. The tablets of Sardanapalus are not precisely of so early a date, but they are declared to be copies of books which were then hadly worn out on account of their age, and which were thus placed in the king's library in order to preserve the narratives therein contained.

The inference to be drawn from these facts is that, at that early age of man's life on earth, while the first traditions of the human race were preserved, the substance of the history of mankind was preserved by other nations beside the Jews, and that these histories are derived from a common source.

Long before Mr. Smith's discovery it was known that the Assyrians and Chaldeans had preserved the history of the flood, for their earliest historians, Alexander Polyhistor and Herodotus, have left accounts of events which accord in their principal features with the accounts given by Moses; but the late discoveries, of which we have spoken here, will throw a light upon an important subject, which cannot but help to establish faith upon earth as the difficulties raised by infidels are dispelled.

The monuments which have been discovered during this century are very numerous, and the tendency of them all is to confirm the faith of Christians; while on the other hand not a single statement of Holy Writ has been overturned or unproved by them.

Real science is truth, and as it reveals them. One will never understand the other when both are properly understood; so we say we should be glad to see these antiquarian researches prosecuted which will throw light on ancient history.

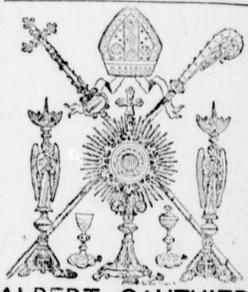
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TEACHER WANTED. MALE OR FEMALE FOR SEPARATE school section No. 6, Borough, holding 2nd or 3rd class certificate, duties to begin 1st January; send salary required, experience and testimonials to S. McCOMBICK, Sec. Ed. Bd., Brockville, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED. FEMALE, HOLDING A FIRST OR SECOND class certificate, for Catholic separate school, Brockville, Ont., for 1891. Applications, with testimonials, will be received up to Dec. 21, 1890. Applicant to state salary required. None but an experienced teacher need apply; one capable of conducting a choir preferred. Address: REV. JOHN FLEMING, Sec. Ed. Bd., Brockville, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED. MALE OR FEMALE, FOR UNION S. S. No. 1, McKillop, holding 2nd or 3rd class certificate; duties to commence Jan. 1, 1891; state salary and qualifications. ROBERT DREVERUX, Sec. Ed. Bd., St. Catharines, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED. FEMALE TEACHER, HOLDING SECOND or third class certificate, for Protestant separate school, second division (there are three divisions). Apply, stating qualifications, references, experience, salary expected. REV. FATHER LABOURER, Penabook, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED. FOR R. C. SEPARATE SCHOOL SECTION No. 3 A, Malton; one who can teach both English and French preferred; duties to commence Jan. 1, 1891; state salary and qualifications. JOHN O'CONNOR, Sec. Ed. Bd., Malton, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED. MALE OR FEMALE, FOR CATHOLIC separate school, No. 1, Malton, holding second or third class certificate; duties to commence January 3, 1891. State salary and qualifications. JOHN O'CONNOR, Sec. Ed. Bd., Malton, Ont.

A HANDSOME PRESENT FOR \$2.50. The Second and Complete Edition OF THE Souvenir Volume OF THE Centennial Celebration AND Catholic Congress IS NOW READY. WITH its admirable contents, wealth of illustrations, and handsome binding, The Souvenir Volume is the most noteworthy publication of the year in the entire field of American Catholic literature.

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

Say not what one woman can do, but say what could all true women do. Your influence, your action within your homes and outside; on your servants, on the poor and sick, on your own daughters, on all minds, and hearts that come within your goodly deeds— all this will help to heal the wounded hearts into which the hatred of the rich, of the Church, of religion, of God Himself, is every day sinking deeper.

UNGRACIOUSNESS. Ungaciousness is wholly opposed to all our ideas of good breeding. An ungracious person will never come up to our standard of a true gentleman or gentlewoman, although possibly well born and well educated.

CONVERSATION. Benjamin Franklin, in his autobiography, lays down a canon of good-breeding in conversation which is worth keeping in mind. He says that he formed the habit of expressing himself "in terms of modest diffidence," never using the words "certainly, undoubtedly, or any others that give an air of positiveness to an opinion."

FIGS AND WHISTLES. The man who expects to die like a beast will live like a beast. To hate is the most terrible misfortune that can befall a soul. Love never has to be watched to see that it does a full day's work.

MAKING AN HONEST LIVING. From the Light, Worcester, Mass. It is said that Mrs. Bonanza Mackay is advertising herself for the detection of the person who circulated the infamous story that she once took in washing in order to make an honest living.

UP AND DOWN. THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY. UP IN HEALTH YESTERDAY—DOWN IN SICKNESS TO-DAY. THE POINT IS: KEEP UP! YOU CAN OXYGEN WILL HELP YOU HERE. NOT THE AMOUNT OF IT WHICH YOU SHARE IN COMMON WITH EVERYBODY ELSE; BUT A SALUTARY EXCESS. THIS IS FOUND IN THE COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, No. 1529 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TWO STORIES OF THE DESERT.

CLEVER RUSE OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT—WHAT SAVED HARMOSAN.

By David Ker. My three camels drank as if they would burst themselves and no wonder, for this was the first water that we had seen that day, and the sun of noon was now heating red hot the dismal waste of sand, gravel and broken rocks through which we had been struggling ever since dawn.

It may sometimes be awkward to find one's self alone in the desert, but it is often quite as unpleasant to meet other men there, especially when you know that the other men are ready and willing to rob and murder you whenever they get the chance.

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dark and silent he would steal out of the town with a band of his bravest warriors, burst into the Arab camp, setting fire to the tents and cutting loose the horses, and then get back into the town again in spite of all that the enemy could do to stop him.

But the Arabs who were besieging the place were not the men to be easily beaten, and notwithstanding all the valor taken at last and the brave general made prisoner after fighting till his sword was broken and he himself beaten down upon his knees.

As he lay bound hand and foot in one of the chisels towers Harmosan heard a great shouting from the plain below. A fresh army had just come up to help the Omar himself, the ruler of all the king doms of the east, and although he came too late to assist in the taking of the town the Arab soldiers welcomed him none the less heartier, for they all knew how hard he had striven to arrive in time and how hard he had been must have suffered on that long and dreary march.

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pay starvation sent to these individuals, as keeping the landlord's money." This is the case simply and I think accurately stated. Several years ago, mostly in Cromwell's time or before, the ancestors of the three thousand persons who are now said to "own" most of Ireland, seized upon the land of that unhappy country, either by violence or by fraud (these are not hasty or intemperate words), and thereby acquired for themselves and their descendants absolute power over the lives and fortunes of the Irish people, until such time as the Irish people shall take counsel of wise leaders and learn to snap their fingers at their alien masters and their heinous and iniquitous pretences of title to the Irish soil.

It is true in other senses than that intended by the defeated Jew in the play that "you take my life when you do take the means whereby I live." To take the land of a people is to take the life of a people. This is not true merely as a matter of sentiment; it is a bald fact, palpable to the materials and the economist. The people must have land in order to live, and in a populous country like Ireland it is demonstrable that they will bid against each other higher and higher rentals clear up to the dead line—the starvation point—for the sake of securing the tenancy and use of land.

So it has been in this case as all the world knows. The most virile part of the Irish race has been driven away from its wretched fatherland by the greed of idle lords and worthless landlords, the aged have starved even while the young have exported vast stores of provisions to feed the luxury of alien masters, and if the remnant should prove to be not the most virtuous and prudent of mankind, that ought not to be matter of surprise.

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A FEW EXAMPLES. St. Johnsbury Church of Notre Dame, Vermont, U.S. Church of the Rev. Leonard Barry, V. G., Milwaukee, Wis., endorsed by His Lordship the B. Bishop Odo J. Arnold, M. C. (1879). Chapel of the Sacred Heart Convent, Montreal. St. Bridget's Church, Ottawa, Ont.

TESTIMONIAL. ST. THERESE. Messrs. Castle & Son have put in stained glass in all windows of our church. These windows present a magnificent sight and add greatly to the beauty of our temple. It would be very difficult to be better served than we have been by Messrs. Castle & Son. The figures placed in the six windows in the Transsept are perfect. The best workmen in Europe could not give a better or more perfect finish. Messrs. Castle & Son deserve the patronage of all who intend having this kind of work done in their churches. L. A. CHARLEBOIS, Priest, Curate of Ste Therese.

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY. Under the patronage of the Rev. Established in 1884, under the Act of Quebec, 32 Vic., Chap. 36, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

CLASS D. The 42nd Monthly Drawing will take place WEDNESDAY, JAN. 21, 1890, at 2 o'clock p. m.

PRIZES VALUE \$5,000. One Real Estate worth \$5,000.

Table with 3 columns: Prize, Value, and Quantity. Includes Real Estate, Silver Watches, and other prizes.

With a Remarkably beautiful Frontpiece of the Sacred Heart in Color. Price, free by mail, \$2.50.

The Best Writers, The Best Illustrations, The Best Family Reading for Winter Nights.

Its list of contributors includes such names as John Gilmary Shea, L.L.D., Hon. Wm. J. O'Shaughnessy, M.P., Hon. L. D. Ellis, Hon. J. A. O'Shaughnessy, Hon. J. A. O'Shaughnessy, Hon. J. A. O'Shaughnessy.

A CATHOLIC YOUNG MAN OF THE PRESENT DAY. Letters to a Young Man by Right Rev. Augustin Egger, S.J.

THE RIGHTS OF OUR LITTLE ONES; or First Principles of Education. By Rev. James Conroy, S. J.

BENZIGER BROTHERS. MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF ORNAMENTS AND CHURCH ORNAMENTS.

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Worms, Colds, sore throat and many painful ailments are easily caught in this changeable climate. The never-failing remedy is just as easily obtained in Halloway's Yellow Oil, which is undoubtedly the best of all the remedies offered for the cure of colds or pain.

There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

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SOLID GOLD FILLED. 22 Carats, for \$2.00. 24 Carats, for \$2.50.

The Cheerful Heart.

"The world is ever as we take it, And life, dear child, is what we make it." So spoke a grand dame with care, To little Mabel, flushed and fair.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR EARLY MASSES.

BY THE PAULIST FATHERS. Preached in their church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifth Street and Ninth Avenue, New York City.

SECOND SUNDAY OF ADVENT.

In to-day's Gospel Our Blessed Redeemer bids us learn a lesson of constancy and also one of self denial, from St. John the Baptist. "What went you out into the desert to see? A reed shaken with the wind?" This form of putting a question about what everybody knows to be beyond question is here used by our Lord to express a fact universally acknowledged. St. John the Baptist was the very reverse of a man who is shaken and tossed about by every wind that blows. He was a determined man. He was constant in his purposes. He was of a positive disposition. St. John the Baptist never swayed a leaf of his heart from what he knew to be the right path. When an example is set to us, my brethren, there are many among us who are as feeble as a reed shaken by the wind, fickle and cowardly and inconstant. How often have you not professed God to keep away from bad company, and gone back to it before a week was out? Are there none here this morning who cannot refuse an invitation to go to the saloon? And is it not true that what we know to be dangerous in the newspaper we often read from a silly curiosity—the very charm of the serpent which stings us? Hence are our Lord's words well selected by the Holy Church for this season of Advent, which is that of good resolutions. In Advent we are to rise up from our creeping posture and stand erect like men courageous, steady, and fast. We need to emulate, at least in miniature that most manly figure whom our Saviour places in the foremost ranks of human greatness, saying: "Amen I say to you, there hath not risen among men that is born of women a greater than John the Baptist." Take him for your model, my brethren, when you prepare by a good confession, for your Christmas communion. Let your preparation be made, simply and determined, again at all sin and all occasions of sin, to be hated and shunned finally and forever. And St. John is pointed to by our Lord as a model of self denial. "But what went you out to see? A man clothed in garments of silk? There is, in fact, no sin so heinous as to be content with the virtue of self restraint as our Lord's precursor. He lived in the desert, fasting and watching, from childhood, clothed in no soft garments, but like Adam and Eve when driven out of Paradise, dressed in the skins of beasts. Yet he was not a penitent. He had never committed a single sin. Why, then, such self-denial? Because, in the first place, he was a man and he wanted to be master of his appetites. He aspired to rule his passions and his appetites by his reason, and no man can be sure of success in that except by actual conflict and real victory—often repeated victory. The supremacy of reason over appetite, of the man over the animal—that was the aim of St. John, and he secured it by one only way of mortification of the flesh. But he also practiced self denial out of sympathy with his poor sinners, who must do it not only for manhood's sake, but also for justice' sake, because we have sinned to atone for. St. John was our Lord's forerunner, and began his mission by calling the people to penance: "Do penance," said he, "for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." Yet what was a Kingdom of Heaven made up of sinners must be a kingdom of penance. Let us lay up our Lord's lessons, drawn from the Baptist's life, earnestly to heart, and by constant prayer, fasting, abstinence, and bodily mortification of all kinds, win for ourselves an interior sorrow for sin and a fervent love of God.

HE SUFFERED IN SILENCE.

"Monsieur Vincent," said the Queen of France to St. Vincent de Paul, one day, "have you heard what is being said of you?" "I am, indeed, a great sinner, madam." "Nevertheless, I think that you should justify yourself from these charges." "Ah, madam!" replied the saint, "my neighbor's accusations than these were brought against my Master, and He opened not His mouth."

Member of the Legislature.

In addition to the testimony of the Governor of the State of Maryland, U. S. A., a number of the Maryland Legislature, Hon. Wm. C. Hardon, testifies as follows: "746 Dolphin St., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A., Jan. 18, 1909. Gentlemen: I met with a severe accident by falling down the back stairs of my residence, in the darkness, and was bruised badly in my hip and side, and suffered severely. One and a half bottles of St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me. Wm. C. HARDON. Member of State Legislature.

A Friend's Face.

A FRIEND'S face often looks rosy and gleam from the effects of merrymaking bluntness or liver complaint. If we look him to use Burdock Blood Bitters and he sees it, the face soon brightens with returning health and happiness. B. B. B. never fails.

EVICTON HORRORS.

GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF THE RECENT SCENES ON THE OLPHERT ESTATE.

The following graphic account of the evictions on the Olphert estate in Donegal is taken from the letters of a correspondent of the Dublin Freeman's Journal: The opening day of the now eviction campaign on the Olphert estate was ushered in by as fierce a storm as ever swept the wild and desolate hills of Donegal. All through Monday night, Nov. 10, the winds roared in a diabolical chorus and the rain came down in torrents, flooding the fields and the blighted potato gardens of the wretched peasantry. The storm abated during the morning, but the hills were shrouded in mist and a biting wind was blowing when the sub-sheriff, Mr. John S. McCay, and the agent of the property, Mr. Hewson, and their party started at 9:30 from Falcarragh. The evicting forces consisted of one hundred and fifty constabulary—one hundred batmen and fifty men armed with rifles—under the direction of County Inspector Milling, and accompanied by their surgeon, Dr. Joyce. Captain Slacks, R. M., was in command of the expedition, and Mr. Ulick Burke, R. M., was present in his capacity in case any arrests were made during the course of the proceedings. Half a dozen police cars accompanied the evicting forces. The evictions were witnessed by a large party of sympathizers. After a stiff march of an hour and a half over the mountains, through lands already evicted, passing on the way a Land League village where a large number of tenants are comfortably housed in newly erected cottages, we arrived on the townland of Ardabeg, the scene of operations. The first house visited was that of Neal Ferry and his wife and five children. A cordon of police was drawn round the house at a distance of about two hundred yards, and another cordon immediately surrounded the house. The people in the case of every eviction were kept outside the outer ring, but the members of Parliament,

THE ENGLISH VISITORS

and the members of the press were admitted inside, and were able to see through the inner cordon the incidents of each eviction. Six emergency men now arrived on the scene with a cart containing scaling ladders, crowbars, hatchets and other implements of eviction, and proceeded to remove the furniture from the house. When the household goods had been flung on the roadside, some wooden laths were nailed across the doorway by the bailiffs, the sheriff pulled a straw from the roof of the thatch and handed it to Hewson, the agent, and with this formula the eviction of Neal Ferry was completed. By the next eviction an old widow named Herraghty, her son Hugh and his wife and eight children were rendered homeless. During the removal of the furniture from the cabin we could see Hugh Herraghty at the door gesticulating wildly, and shouting in Irish, in which the word "oggarth," or priest, could be distinguished. "He wants me," said Father Boyle, one of the priests of the parish, as he left our group, and rushing through the inner cordon he reached the house, when he was seized by two constables, and despite his protests that somebody ill inside needed his ministrations, he was removed outside the cordon again, by orders of County Inspector Milling, who kept shouting: "Turn him out!" As a matter of fact the wife of Hugh Herraghty was in bed in the cabin, weak and ill after a confinement. Dr. Joyce, the police surgeon, was sent for by the sheriff. He certified that the woman was well enough to be removed, and removed she was forthwith with her baby, a month old. After the police had left the place the mother and child were found lying on a few sacks in the shelter of a table of the house. The poor woman was pale and emaciated, and wept bitterly. The ladies remained behind for a time to give her comfort, and Sir John Swinburne, who was deeply moved by the scene, said if he had perpetrated but one tenth of that cruelty on his estate in Staffordshire, he would have been strung up at his own door by his tenants, and the country would have said, "Serve him right!" That was a very harsh case, but a case of still greater hardship was the eviction of the widow Kate Gallagher and her family. This poor woman had actually paid her rent. It seems she holds another piece of land as sub-tenant to James Dugan, and in forwarding the rent of her residence, holding to the agent she by mistake enclosed the eviction notice she had received in respect his sub-tenancy. The agent finding the amount forwarded was far in excess of the debt due by Mrs. Gallagher as sub-tenant to Dugan, applied it to wipe out the arrears of Dugan, who was also under notice of eviction, and sent Dugan

A CLEAR RECEIPT.

Mrs. Gallagher, on discovering her error, waited at once on the landlord, and he promised her that everything would be made right by the agent. The way the agent made things all right was evicting the old woman. Thus ended the first day's work.

On the 12th the evictions were resumed. The rain poured in torrents all day, the wind came in terrific gusts from the Atlantic, and at times blew a regular hurricane. The work of eviction was taken up at the point at which it was left off on yesterday. The district known as Derryconner lies on a very remote point of the seaboard. Access to it was found extremely troublesome. The cars accompanying the expedition had to be left on the roadside, and striking a rough bridge path, we pursued our way on foot in the wind and rain for miles through tracks of bog and over rocky stretches of mountain. It was 10 o'clock before the cry "halt," was heard. We had reached the first of the houses to be evicted. It was a small hovel, built of rough, unburnt stones, placed on each other higgledy piggledy fashion, with the interstices filled with clay. On the walls thus erected, to a height of about six feet, were placed some sticks in the usual slanting fashion to form the roof, and over the sticks a layer of sods of heather. The roof was bound with straw ropes as a protection from the gales that blow so frequently over the Donegal highlands. That is the common Olphert but as it appears on the outside, Go inside and you find, as a rule, a single

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE CONVENT KEYS.

The Abbess of Lechtenthal assembled her Community in the Chapter room. Every face among them was sorrowful, for all times had fallen upon the fair abbey. It was in 1869, and war devastated the country round. "My daughters," said the Abbess, "our peaceful days are over, and it is not our Lord's will that I at least should die as my predecessors have in the midst of that peace which I sought in the shadow of the Tabernacle. Heavy clouds are passing over us; let us humble ourselves, and by earnest prayer, seek to make reparation to our offended God. Let us trust in His mercy, which never forsakes us even when the sword of His justice is unsheathed. If we could die on the altar steps I would let you remain, but it is my duty to guard you in safety, dear flock, whom the Master has given into my care. The army is advancing and its trumpets break in upon our prayers. Children, we must fly. Fear not, the Lord will send His angels to guard you." The weeping religious knelt for their Mother's last blessing. "Let us go into the chapel," said the Abbess, "for we will be long, probably, ere we can again assist at the Holy Sacrifice."

The Mass was finished, the tabernacle was empty. The Blessed Sacrament, in a silver pyx, rested on the chaplain's breast; the Abbess, with her own hands, extinguished the sanctuary light. The nuns, prostrate on the ground, recited the Miserere; then they rose up, bathed in tears. "Weep not," said the Abbess, "all is not lost—the protection of Mary is still ours." She went towards the image of Our Lady, taking with her the convent keys. "O, my Lady," she said, "I confide these to thy care. This house is thine; defend it from stain and sacrilege—thou art more powerful than an army in battle array; do thou put our enemies to flight. Tower of David, from which flies the standard of victory; Tower of Ivory, canst thou laugh heavenly weapons! Most powerful Virgin, House of God! keep this dwelling in which thy prayers have been so often sought! Protect these clustered walls which were sheltered the innocents consigned to thee." Then the Abbess laid the keys in the hand of the statue, and the nuns slowly left the chapel and convent, singing the litanies as they went. They had hardly reached a safe refuge in the mountains, when a band of troops arrived at the convent door. They were in high spirits, for rich plunder was expected—their uniforms of the chapel were numerous and precious. They hurried into the place and rushed to the chapel. The door was shut. They stepped back in order to rush with all their united force against it, when suddenly it opened of its own accord.

A lady, around whom shone a splendor before which royal magnificence paled, stood on the threshold, holding in her hand the Abbess's keys. The soldiers, overwhelmed with terror, took to flight, falling over each other in their haste; nor did they draw breath till they were far away from Lechtenthal. When they were gone the chapel doors were closed again. The Abbess and the nuns returned to the abbey; they found all their property untouched. From that day forward Our Lady of Lechtenthal was held in veneration— "From the French, by the Author of 'Tyburne'."

THE GREAT CENTENARY OF 1898.

Rev. A. F. Messelstein, author of "The Key to the Gregorian Calendar," calls attention to the year 1898 as being the 100th anniversary of the birth of Christ. The reverend gentleman writes as follows: Christ was born on the 25th of December in the 18th year of the Metonic Cycle, and the year 1898 will be likewise the 18th year of that cycle, and will be the 100th recurrence of the time of the birth of Christ. Christ was born in the year of the building of the city of Rome 752. Some of the early fathers of the Church place His birth in the year of Rome 791. Their differing arises from this: According to the Metonic or natural year Christ was born in the year of Julian year he was born in the year of Rome 751. Julius Caesar, in his pride, deprived the Metonic year of the eleven days which immediately followed the winter solstice, relegating them to the end of the previous year, thereby to secure to himself the honor which was due to the famous Greek astronomer, Meton and Callippus.

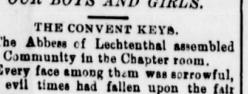
WEIGHED IN THE SCALES, but not found wanting. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure has been weighed in that just balance, the experience of an impartial and intelligent public. Both remedially and peculiarly it is a success. It is sold cheaply in bottles, tested money in its favor is daily pouring in. The question of its efficacy in Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Kidney Ailments, and for Blood Impurity, is decided. Was very bad with costiveness, and one bottle of B. B. B. cured me, would not be without it, says Mrs. Wm. FISLEY, Jr., of Bobcaygeon, Ont.

IF YOUR HOUSE IS ON FIRE

You put water on the burning timbers, not on the smoke. And if you have asthma you should attack the disease in the blood, not in your nose. Remove the impure cause, and the local effect subsides. To do this, take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, which radically and permanently cures catarrh. It also strengthens the nerves. Be sure to get only Hood's Sarsaparilla. Jacob H. Bloomer, of Virgil, N. Y., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cured a badly swollen neck and sore throat on my son in forty-eight hours; one application also removed the pain from a sore toe; my wife's foot was also swollen with inflammation so that she could not walk about the house; she applied the Oil, and in twenty-four hours was entirely cured."

A. D. Noyes, Newark, Michigan, writes: "I have enquired at the drug stores for Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, but have failed to find it. We brought a bottle with us from Quebec, but it is nearly gone and we do not want to be without it, as my wife is troubled with a pain in the shoulder, and nothing else gives relief. Can you send us some?" Binard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

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THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN.

RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Frost Bites, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Etc.

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