

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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RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

The Secular Thought of Toronto finds fault with us for saying that whatever rights woman has today she owes to Catholicity. The editor avers that it is a funny bit of historical imagination, and is probably chuckling over it yet, but the reason for his undue hilarity he fails to point out. Sooth to say, your average free thinker is a tiresome repeater of definitions to suit his purpose, of cant words, such as crafty priesthood, and of axioms culled from what are styled advanced thinkers. Anything savouring of the supernatural is, in accordance with the rules of Ingersollian logic, but superstitious.

Recommending to the consideration of the editor the dictum of Pascal that the farthest reach of reason is to recognize that there are an infinity of things above it, and that it must be weak, indeed, if it does not see thus far, we come back to the women.

We have from time to time dipped into the volumes of infidel writers, and we must say that we have never seen anything to lead us to believe that the duty of championing the rights of women pressed heavily upon them. Diderot's remarks about them are unprintable. Rousseau and Voltaire treated them with the grossest disrespect. Goethe regarded them as playthings; and Schopenhauer, though he had small love for the male, had less for the female. Some of our present day thinkers are advocating the doing away with marriage—free love—everything in short that makes for the downfall and profanation of women. "If man is ever rebarbarized by the withdrawal of the softening influence of home, if woman becomes nothing more to him than a competitor in the general struggle for wealth, she will eventually be forced down to that degradation which has always been her lot under the reign of pure selfishness and brute force." What Catholicity has done to avert that, and how it has furthered her intellectual and moral development, may be read in the pages of the past. Any decent history will give the facts. And we recommend the reading especially to those of the faith, so that they may have as it were a balance in order to weigh the statements so often made that the elevation of womanhood is not one of the glories of the Church.

A WORD TO OUR CRITICS.

We have been accused of "booming" books and colleges, not for their intrinsic merit but for their Catholicity. We beg to demur. If we have ever commended a book it was because we deemed it worthy of such. Tastes differ in the matter of approbation of literary wares, and hence we bespeak for ourselves what we grant freely to our critics, the tribute of right intention.

As to our colleges we have said repeatedly in our columns that they are worthy of all encouragement and support, and that parents who confide their children to other institutions are guilty of criminal folly. And, furthermore, we say that our institutions are quite capable—and we speak from experience—of giving our children an education that will enable them to make their way in this world, not to say anything of the world beyond.

There are just a few cynics in Canada who seem to have a grudge against Catholic colleges. And by cynics we mean not only the individuals who resort to any pretext for unjust criticism, and uphold any graduate who may happen to go wrong as proof positive of the inefficiency of our homes of learning, but those also who whilst prating about the standing of Catholic colleges take good care not to give their own children the advantages of Catholic training. Upon cynics we are not going to waste any words, except to advise the voters not to be gulled at election times by the politicians who pose as friends of Catholic education and who unfortunately prove by their deeds that they are but hypocritical declaimers. To guardians of youth we recommend the reading of the following quotation, culled from the Catholic Standard and

Times. It is from the pen of Mr. Capes, who was an Anglican clergyman until Divine grace led him to the Church.

Writing in the year 1849 he said: "As to the present comparative state of English Catholicism and Protestantism in this momentous element of Christian morality, I have been impressed in the profoundest degree since I became a Catholic with the immeasurable superiority of the former over the latter. I know by long experience what are the real habits of thought and recognized principles of every rank. I know what boys and youths and grown-up men and persons of venerable age are in the Public Schools, in the universities, at the bar, in the Protestant ministry and in the higher ranks; I know what is the tone of thought and feeling which is accepted by them all as natural, inevitable and allowable through the overpowering strength of human passions; and I cannot but perceive that the discipline of the Catholic Church is founded upon a depth of practical wisdom and accompanied by a supernatural intelligence which places her commands, when tolerably obedient to children, so far above the level of the gross, sensual world in which they live that by most Protestants I should be treated as a deceiver for attempting to persuade them of what they account an impossibility. * * * No person can become familiar with a Catholic college or with Catholic boys at home under the parental roof without remarking the extraordinary contrast. However deficient may be the Catholic seminaries in many things which cultivate the intellect, however far they may occasionally fall short of that perfection or discipline which the Catholic Church requires of them, no man can compare their inmates with the inmates of Protestant schools and with the general run of young men of respectable character, and fall to be astonished at what he sees. My readers may be assured that a Catholic boy, as such, is generally a different species of being from the Protestant boy. He frequently preserves his innocence, his simplicity, his openness and guilelessness of character, to an extent which I believe to be wholly without parallel among the best of Protestants."

If parents are counselled by misguided friends who would pawn their immortal souls in order to be able to rub elbows with the "smart set," to send their children to non-sectarian institutions, they should before following it, think whether it is better to have their children God-fearing men and women or polished imitations of ungodliness. We may be told that many of those who are graduated from alien colleges are respectable and respected members of society. We admit it. But can any parent conscientious at all of his responsibility take that as a reason for plunging his offspring into an antireligious or indifferent atmosphere?

"APHORISMS AND REFLECTIONS."

It is a charming book well worth the reading, and we have been asked to review it. That, however, is scarcely necessary, for the author is Bishop Spalding, and anything from his pen will without aid of comment find its way to the hearts of thousands of readers. It is sufficient to say that he has published a new book and it will forthwith be read by all who know that the prelate of Peoria has the talent—in our days of fast-writing, a rare one indeed—of setting forth the results of his experience and thinking in exquisite diction. Everything that we have ever seen from his pen bears the stamp of a fertile and disciplined mind and of a culture, born of silence and labor.

He is an aristocrat in the world of letters, neither caring for nor seeking the popularity awarded to every passing novelist, but intent on the truth that is to be sought, followed and loved, though it bring calamity and death. "If thy life seem to thee," he says elsewhere "a useless burden, still bear it bravely and thou shalt find at last that, like St. Christopher, thou hast carried a God across the troubled stream of time. Whosoever does what is right in a generous and brave spirit feels that he acts in harmony with eternal laws and is in his deep soul conscious of thy soul, prevail. Become conscious of thy soul, and bend thy ear to its whisperings, and thou shalt hear the voice of God. In the depths, in the depths—here alone is life. And the voice of the world, the desire to be known, the thirst for pleasure and gold, and whatever things draw the soul to the surface, separate it from the source of its being and joy,

whose waters are clear and deep, where silence reigns where the calm eternal face of God is mirrored."

Bishop Spalding has been often likened to Helme and Emerson. There is, we think, so far as deftness of phrase goes, a certain resemblance between them, but his work is marred neither by cynicism nor by nebulousness and every line of it is pulsating with enthusiasm and love and hope. He is no mere maker of phrases. Paraphrases he has, indeed, finely chiselled, but they but serve as drapings for his message whose inspiration is faith in the worth and sacredness of human life, in the joy of living, in civilization and progress, in God and the soul. And yet his words, despite the glow and color of them, must fall strangely on the ears of some of our generation and of some of the critics who are wisely laudatory of his philosophic and literary gifts. Perhaps they may in their heart of hearts rate him as a visionary, for we have drifted far from the belief that of value only are the things that make a man nobler and tenderer towards his fellows and brings him to his knees in adoration, and that such a man is a benefactor to the race, though material works, whose praises he hymn loudly, never grow under his hands. And that is worth learning. For those who learn it in youth life will be ever a joy; and the world weary may study it and glean therefrom the peace and happiness and liberty that live and can live only in hearts dominated by God. We advise our readers to become acquainted with the works of Bishop Spalding. They are packed full of wisdom, are invaluable for quotation, suggestive and a bracing mental and spiritual tonic. To read him is to dwell in an invigorating and cleansing atmosphere.

The following thoughts are selected from his new book: "There are many lovers, but little love; many believers, but little faith. What thou dost for another, thou dost for thyself. With the Greeks the women of the house sat at the loom; with us they sit at the piano. But it may be doubted whether our lives are more filled with music than were theirs. "Whoever would test friendship, or love, or culture, or religion by its utility, is a philistine. "No one is interesting to the crowd unless he has a touch of vulgarity. "They who in ceaseless meditation wrestle with the difficulties which faith involves, believe not less, but more lovingly, than those who passively accept what they have been taught. Thou sayest thou hast not strength for such effort. But even children may learn to understand a father's commands, a mother's love. "Oateries against those who are not criminals are pious. "To learn the worth of man's religion, do business with him. "God save us, says Schopenhauer, from women whose soul has shot up into mere intellect. The weakness of reformers lies in their inability to embrace the whole cycle of virtues that make a man. They who would rise must learn to stoop, as climbers have to bend. As the scent of the new-plowed ground, the odor of woodlands, the fragrance of flowers have power to recall vanished memory breathes a perfumed air, which sweetens and keeps fresh the thought of those we love, even though they be dead. Demand of thyself more than thou art able to do that thy ability may increase. When one is caught in a machine he is bruised and broken by fatal forces. Business, politics, and social conditions generally easily become such a machine. Be not entangled in the wheels and bands, but free thyself from within; make thyself a person whose essential and ultimate relations are with God. "There is in our youth a failure of will, of the power to resolve highly and to pursue the object of desire through long years of unwearying labor. "Let the young be taught to believe in the best things—in courage, magnanimity, truthfulness, chastity, and love; for so long as experience has not revealed their supreme worth, through faith alone can their value become known to them. "One's work is the best company. What never happens is the chief cause of worry. The deepest love is silent; the deepest faith is dumb. By speaking as we think, we learn to think what we speak. Culture must make us more virtuous, or it is not culture. The eye is the great despot. Help-

less as worshippers of Juggernaut, we lie prostrate in the world of visible things, unconscious that what we see is but the vesture of the Eternal.

A MIRACLE AT LOURDES.

A Paralytic Arises and Walks—Graphic Description of the Scenes Near the Grotto.

A correspondent of the London Mail writes as follows from Lourdes: The host had just been carried past us yesterday afternoon when there came an inarticulate cry from a man lying on a stretcher just in front of me, and a sobbing exclamation, "Holy Mother, I thank thee!" from the white-haired woman near the stretcher. The man upon it grasped its sides with hands which looked like claws, so thin were they, and with a convulsive movement raised himself to a sitting posture. "Help me up," he gasped, while two great tears rolled down his emaciated cheeks into his beard. "I can walk, I feel it." Ready hands helped him to his feet, and like one risen from the dead he stood tall and trouserless, with nothing on him but a night-dress and a dressing gown. "Let me walk," he cried again in a queer hollow voice. "Hear him, Holy Virgin, hear him," sobbed the mother. "He has not spoken almost for twenty months. In the sight of thousands massed along the line of procession this rag of humanity, with legs like rolling pins, and feet a mass of sores, walked five tottering steps upon his dressing gown, which had been pulled from his shoulders for him to stand upon, and fell back exhausted into the outstretched arms of him.

I followed his stretcher, which was carried through kneeling crowds to the hospital, and learned all about it. His name is Gabriel Gargan, and he was, until twenty months ago, a letter sorter in a railway postal van. He was so badly paralysed of the spinal marrow set in, and immediately rendered him incapable of taking food except through a tube. He was able to speak only at rare intervals, and from the waist downwards his body was absolutely rigid—insensible even to hot irons, which the doctors from time to time used upon him. This morning, after being bathed with water from the grotto, and receiving holy Communion, he was able to eat almost normally, and walk as well as any man could, the muscles of whose legs have entirely disappeared owing to long immobility. The woman sitting in his feet, which were suppurating yesterday, are almost entirely healed; his face has a little color in it, and he talks perfectly distinctly. Gargan told us all this morning at the office of the doctor's where he was examined that his faith dated only from his cure. He was always a Catholic, but rarely went to Mass, and hardly remembered the prayers to be said while the Host was carried past. A less serious side to the mystery of Gargan's recovery is that a few weeks ago the railway company lost the case which he brought to recover damages, and was ordered to pay him an annuity of £240. The sum was paid over the day before he left for Lourdes, in order that his mother might have it in case he died in the "violet train" from Angoulême.

Gargan told me himself that he only consented to be moved here as a last resource before an operation, which the doctors feared would kill rather than cure him. The male nurse and the Sisters of Mercy who travelled with Gargan told me that they expected him to die at any moment in the train. He had not even brought clothes with him, never thinking he would have need of them again. I have described this cure at length and as I saw it. No one in Lourdes doubts that a miracle has happened, and there is random talk of many others.

By the time this is in the readers' hands the first train loads of pilgrims will be leaving Lourdes. The attitude of the uncured sick is inexpressibly pathetic. "God's will be done," is the invariable answer to the question I have asked numbers of them—whether they were not terribly cast down and disappointed at the negative result of their journey. One Sister of Mercy, who was in the last stage of consumption, said: "Lourdes is not merely a place for the cure of the sick. Some have been cured there by the intercession of the Holy Virgin. That strengthens faith in us who are still ailing."

The greatest and most real miracle I have seen at Lourdes is the unquestioning faith and absolute belief of 30,000 people, from all parts of France, and the unflinching cheerfulness of those who return to their poor homes to die, hoping, as every man and woman of their hopes, still to have strength next year to make the long journey and pray for mercy once again.

Make your home a sanctuary. In it let no harsh word, no angry, indelicate or profane expression be uttered. Charity, sweetness, and industry should prevail. Heaven blesses such homes—they are truly sanctuaries.

THE WAY OF DALLIANCE.

Pitiable End That Came After a Careless Life.

The following little story was written for the Northwestern Review by a surgeon general in the English army. The incident which he relates seems to have impressed him deeply; if it will convey even a part of the impression to others it is worth reproducing:

Several years ago, when still a young man, I was the surgeon in a regiment serving in Bombay. Among my brother officers was a Captain C., who had lately married in Ireland and brought out a charming bride. It was not without a sense of satisfaction that I found that the beautiful Mrs. C. was my countrywoman, and I inquired of a friend of her husband's with great interest whether she was not a Catholic. "To tell the plain truth, I believe she is, or was," was the disappointing reply. "But it's just there that people are the hitch comes in between them. I was told he promised before the marriage that she should do as she liked; but it turns out now that he meant that he was sure she would only want to do what he liked, and he has a very devil of a temper. There's a Catholic church not far off, as you know, but nobody ever saw Mrs. C. go there. I've heard some women say she frets about it some times. These difficulties of religion make a confounded lot of trouble. I met Mrs. C. at a ball. She was fond of dancing, and that night everybody said she was the belle of the evening. Her husband introduced her to me, and she let me put my name down on her card for a dance.

When I led her back to her seat I took a chair by her side to improve the acquaintance. We talked of Ireland and music and various local matters, and by and by I contrived to inquire whether she was a Catholic. Mrs. C. blushed deeply as she almost whispered: "That is a sad subject, Mr. O'—Pray, don't bring it up before Harry; he won't hear of my going to our Church. I have tried to coax him to let me go to confession, but without any result, except to make him angry for days. Indeed, he was really furious the last time the subject was alluded to; so much so that I should be frightened to speak of it again."

Mrs. C. was a very popular little woman so that I seldom found her alone when I called. Thus weeks and months passed, until one day, leaving the mess, Captain C. joined me, and said that his wife was ill, and that he should feel extremely obliged if I would call and see her.

I went at once to the house; and after a long conversation about her health, and relating all the news that I thought could amuse her in any way, I ventured: "You must forgive me, my dear Mrs. C.—if I trespass beyond the limit of my professional advice, but you are my countrywoman and a Catholic; what about seeing a priest? As a medical adviser—I don't mind any personal unpleasantness—don't you think I could speak to Captain C.—on the forbidden topic? I could easily tell him that, as a doctor, I require your mind to be at ease in every respect." "Oh, no!—on no account just now, though I thank you very much," was the disheartening reply. "Harry has been so very kind to me lately—since I gave up letting him see that not going to Mass vexed me and put away a little crucifix which he used constantly to say he could not bear the sight of, that I would not annoy him for the world."

I have in my thoughts not this world but the next, my dear lady; but of course, it must be as you please. I do not wish to make you nervous, but you may be worse, and life is always uncertain in spite of the utmost care." "O, Mr. O'—I never expected that you would have alarmed me! Harry is always saying that I shall very soon be well again; and he bought me a most perfect lady's wanted last week, because he said he wanted me to have something pleasant to think about. Disappointed, but still hoping for the best, I took leave assuring the patient that I would gladly ride over at any moment of the day or night that she might fancy she should like to see me.

At length a day came when I was summoned. In a quarter of an hour I was by the sick-bed, and did my best to keep up a cheerful conversation until the captain appeared, who insisted that I remain to dine. I shall never forget that perfectly quiet evening. Warm and sultry as is common in Bombay, even the sound of insects seemed hushed.

As soon as we had finished dessert, the captain suggested that we should enjoy our cigars better walking up and down in what is there called the compound; so I agreed. But before going outside, I stepped for a moment into Mrs. C.'s room, arranged her pillow comfortably, saw both her attendants were there and that she needed nothing; and, explaining that we were within a stone's throw, joined her husband.

We had been slowing pacing up and down some time, discussing various regimental matters, and the last news

from England, when all at once an agonizing cry of pain struck my ear. With one bound I cleared the steps of the veranda, and before the last echo of that sound, that seemed to remain in my hearing for weeks after, could have died away completely in the distance, I was by Mrs. C.'s side. Her malady had taken a very unusual turn.

I know in a moment what; and so awfully sudden was it in its results that when Captain C.—entered the room a few seconds after I had done so, I could only gasp out, hulkily: "It's all over!" Surely no lips save those divinely chosen to teach men could add any weight to the lesson of such an end as this! A layman cannot do so, and I will not try, but shall be only too thankful if this case of my personal experience may be found useful as illustrating the words we have all so heard so often from the chair of truth: "Be ye therefore ready; for at an hour when ye think not the Son of Man will come."

CONVERSION OF ALEXANDRINE D'ALOPESU.

There is a remarkably interesting passage in that charming booklet of Madam Craven's "A Sister's Story," which we think more than likely contains a lesson applicable to some of our readers. The courtship of her enthusiastic brother, Albert de la Ferronay's with the charming Alexandrine d'Alopesu, of Russia, constitutes one of the most fascinating pictures in modern literature. He was a very devout and fervent Catholic, she was a Protestant. She was very beautiful, a most sweet and attractive character, very conscientious and piously inclined. Having met her in Rome, he fell desperately in love with her; but being thoroughly imbued with the true Catholic idea of the inexpediency and danger of mixed marriage, he was for some time terribly exercised with the question whether Alexandrine would become a Catholic.

As time went on, he rejoiced to find that she was quite inclined toward the Church, but had the usual fear and dread of changing her religion. In this emergency, he applied to his highly esteemed and learned friend the venerable Abbe Martin De Nolirien for advice and direction. This admirable ecclesiastic wrote him a letter of which the following is an extract. After recommending him especially to be instant and earnest in prayer as the most important means of success, he goes on to say:

"I am not surprised at what you tell me of the agitation which Mademoiselle—feels at the idea of a change of religion. It seems to her as if taking this step she had to cross an abyss, and however courageous a person may be, it is natural to draw back on the brink of an unfathomable abyss. Protestants erroneously suppose that in renouncing heresy they are compelled to trample under foot and anathematise those they leave behind. God forbid that this should be the case! We condemn error but we feel only love and pity for those whom it enthralled. By the fact of her reception into the Church she will simply declare that she returns to the faith which her ancestors held for fifteen centuries, and renounces the errors which separated from Catholic unity those amongst them who lived three hundred years ago."

This pure soul had the ordinary trials and temptations incident to change from Protestantism to the Catholic Church, but, thank God! she had grace to triumph over all and she experienced the joy and peace in believing which are the ordinary reward of Catholic converts. The history of the courtship and union of these pure and thoroughly Christian souls is as edifying as it is fascinating.

This book of Mrs. Craven's, as our readers doubtless know, is a faithful record of certain experiences of a distinguished Catholic family. It is not a novel, but very few novels equal it in interest, while it has a charm and a value that fiction can hardly hope to give.—Catholic Columbian.

Armenia Returning.

Father Galland, O. P., writing from Van to the director of the Ecoles d'Orient, thus states that the great movement towards reunion is steadily progressing in Turkish Armenia: "Not a week passes without some village or other asking to return to Catholic unity. Yesterday it was Casem Ogin, consisting of one hundred and thirty houses. We have had to defer our decision till we shall have sufficient resources to organize divine service. Since our expedition with Father DeFrance among the Nestorians, the latter have opened their doors wide to us. Twenty-two villages in the districts of Van, Seral, Norduz, Mahandie and Lewin, have become Catholic together with their priests, and in most of them we are maintaining schools. This represents a population of 2,400 souls."

From information just received from the district of Giver, there are also 697 Catholics there. The chief of the Gelo tribe, Malik Benjamin, is a Catholic, and the Baz tribe is also asking for reunion.

said Malone as he reined up. "Will he be able to carry on, d'ye think?"

But he got no answer, for the horse presently shivered a bit, shook himself, plunged forward on his head and side, and took all Maher's quickness to get his feet out of the stirrups before he fell, and save himself from being crushed.

The cheers and ribald shouts of their pursuers were plain enough now—plain almost as if beside.

"If I were never to see the setting sun again, I'll put a kink in their saddle, and slinging his gun, got it ready. "Don't mind that horse, Mick, don't bother yourself about him, he'll never travel a foot again. Got your gun."

It was fortunate the horse was a trooper's horse and could stand fire, for both rested their muskets on his back, took steady aim at the yelling pursuers behind, who were in no hurry now knowing their prey was certain, and fired.

They were both good shots. Much firing at horses and wild fowl in these same regions in the more peaceful days had made them so. When the smoke lifted they found that their pursuers had something else to occupy themselves with than yelling forth ribald insults. They were in a state of confusion, and their horses were rearing and trembling.

"There! that will delay 'em a time," Malone said, slinging up his gun again and leaping into the saddle. "Now, Mick, jump up behind me. Why—eh? What the devil are you doing?"

"Well! Saint Aidan help us! Of all the loonies I ever saw! Jump up, will you—while there's time!"

The words came in a wildly desperate wail—hot with indignation and wrath.

Mick Maher did as he was told.

"We'll never make it, George," he said. "We'll never make Glenmalur. This horse is tired, an' too too much."

"He wouldn't be much the better for having your saddle on him," said Malone angrily. "Anyhow, we can only do the best we can. It's all in the hands of God! How dreadful dark it's growing!"

Two were too much on him, as Mick Maher had said. That was evident from the labored way in which the horse strove to get along. That was quite evident. All the more evident when, gazing through a narrow cleft, he staggered visibly against the cleft side rock, scraping the rider's shins.

George Malone felt Maher's fingers, holding on to him, go in through his ribs at this.

"Never mind," he said, in reply to this unintended remark. "It's all right. The best horse in the world might do that. Did you bring the cartridges?"

"No," said Maher with a choke.

"No, they're under the saddleskirts. I never thought of them. Why did you hurry me?"

This seemed to be the last straw for Malone.

"Ah—oh my!" he said glibly. "Yes, I know. I forgot all about the cartridges. Never once thought of 'em, no more than yourself. Oh, my! Do you know what we'll do, Mick?"

"What?"

"We'll make for Darrycorrig. It's all we can do. We'll get shelter there a bit."

"But what's the good of that?" broke in Maher, with something like a sob. "They can shoot us from the banks, like hares in a trap."

"It's better than hiding in the boulders here, where they could stalk us at their ease like deer. Isn't it growing frightfully dark?"

It was indeed growing frightfully dark, as their horse, under its double weight, stumbled along. One would think old Carn Tual was putting on mourning for them—as indeed well he might. Men could not be much more dead than they were in that gloom. They had some six miles to go, perhaps eight, to reach Glenmalur. They might as well try to make their horse fly to the moon! They might, by a miracle, reach that. It was not much; but, at Malone had said, it was the only thing to be done.

Darrycorrig was a narrow ravine—something like what the calli caun in Arizona—about a mile long. In the long foretime, when Wicklow was tossed and rent and torn by convulsions of nature, before the form of man had been seen on this round globe, it had been made. Just as the scalp had been rent asunder—just as the severance where the Avoca runs through at Cronbane had been made—just in a similar manner had nature made this great rent. It was not more than twice the length of a horse's leap in width, but it was very deep. Its sides were studded with protruding rocks, out cropping in places straggling with bushes. Otherwise its walls were steep as the side-walls of a house. And below, in the bed of the ravine, ran a tiny brook—tiny now in the summer, but roaring wild in the winter, when Carn Tual caught the rains and the snow melted on its tall summit and sides. To its shelter they turned their horse's head.

Pounding down the rocky ways, floundering across the spaces of shaggy heath, laboring heavy and with dead lifeless strides, their steed finally reached its edge, about centreways in its length. They did not expect it would do so much. But he did, and whipping off the winkers, they turned him loose and crept over the edge of the precipice, just as the yelling and shouts of their pursuers came on their

ears from behind the boulders, not three hundred yards away.

It was not much of a shelter, when there.

Each bank commanded a complete view of the opposite side, and if the soldiers went to the far bank they could pot them at their leisure—riddle them with holes, like a cullender while they were helpless to reply; or they could come down the canon from either end, or both ends, and capture them. From the near side, the projecting stone under which they crouched protected them in a degree. The darkness, or cloud, or whatever it was—so very unusual of a summer's day—protected them also. But it was a poor shelter, and a dismal business at the best, and Death was spreading his wings very close to them. They could feel his icy, shivering breath on their faces.

The second plan was that adopted by the soldiers, perhaps in ignorance of the ground—perhaps because they wanted to take them alive to wreak more tortures on them. The Ancient Britons were a nice lot, and if anything, the Hessians were worse.

One party rode up and, dismounting at the Carn Tual side, entered the gorge; the other went to the lower end and entered there. They were caught as a hare between two nets, or a salmon in the weir.

"I knew we'd be caught here," Mick Maher said. "We're just like rabbits in a ditch, with the ferrets tracking 'em up."

"We have done the best we could," God help us! An' that's not much.

"Well, crying will make it no better. Say a prayer or two and I'll share my cartridges with you. We'll make a last fight for it, anyhow," Malone said.

"It's so dark I can hardly see your hand," said Mick, after a minute or so as he reached out for the cartridges.

"What's amiss with the day at all, at all?"

"I'm blest if I know," said Malone, as mortal fear for the first time grew over him. "God bless us! It's like a day that would be going to thunder, and yet it don't."

"I never saw a thunderstorm come like this, whatever it means," observed Mick.

They were quite right in saying so, for the blackness was not that of a thunderstorm. A blanket of heavy clouds had covered the face of the sky, obscuring it completely—the result of a long spell of very hot weather. It was not that blanket so much that made the intense gloom. Over the sea made the intense gloom. Over the sea made the intense gloom. Over the sea made the intense gloom.

And forthwith rose up from the sea another, coneshaped, to meet it—forming a waterspout. And this went whirling, revolving landwards. The two fugitives saw not all this. But they could see the top of the enormous cloud, and they could see the intense blackness of the day.

"Listen! Eh! What's that?" as a dull, subdued, sullen roar burst on their ears. "Was that a volley fired?"

"No," Malone answered. "Too dull to be firearms. I think it must be thunder."

"It isn't thunder, whatever it is," Maher said.

And presently, the sky cleared and the summer day shone out, revealing all things plainly.

"We had a better chance while it was dark," Maher said again. "Give me the cartridges. We ought to stay a bit apart. I'll fire at those coming up—you at those coming down."

"The very thing, Mick. God send they don't go to the other bank facing us. There's no hope then. But, eh? See here! What is up? The stock of my gun's all wet."

They had been hiding very near the bottom of the canon, and the barrel of Malone's gun was between his knees.

"In the name of God! Look! The stream's rising!"

It was, indeed, rising—fast, too. Rising by the half-foot per second—so very fast that there was nothing for it but to climb up by bush and rock as quick as they could. Even so the rising stream caught them, and their feet and boots got wet.

They lifted themselves swiftly to near the brim.

"Oh! glory be to the high name of God! Mick Maher—as he fraged the other's arms with fingers that seemed grown into steel—'There! See there. Was ever anything like that!"

Not often, indeed. A quarter of a mile higher up a living green wall came swooping along, roaring with a mighty rush. It was high as a two-story house, and its front was perpendicular as a cloven cheese. It carried rocks, shrubs, trees—everything—before it and with it. Grasping one another with a fear to which their former fear was as nothing, they watched it come. It did not take long to come and sweep by, but that passing, though instantaneous, seemed a generation in time.

"Father in Heaven!" Did you see that?" whispered Malone, in awestruck tones.

"I did! I saw it—saw them," said Maher, while his form shivered and shook, and his face had grown the color of the newly dead.

In that momentary rush by, they had seen men's forms sweep by on its surface like straws. They had time to take the swift glance to note the faces of the red-coated men, and to see the terrible look of unspokeable dread that was on them—a dread that there are no words given to any language to describe. The look that Dante tells us comes into the eyes of those sinners who see Death before them—and Hell after.

The two men, unspokeable, stood

there for full half an hour, watching that stormy rush of raging water. It struck like one solid mass and fell as swiftly as it rose.

The apparition was afterwards simply explained. The whirling waterspout, coming inwards, had struck Carn Tual and at once dissolved—fell in one mass. It had poured down the mountain sides and open to it—through the ravine or canon of Darrycorrig; thence down the Carraway Stick, into the valley of Glenmalur, whence it rushed, doing immense mischief, back to its home again in the sea.

There were less thankful men in Ireland that day, and a good many less religious, than George Malone and Mick Maher, as they emerged on to the solid bank and looked around them on the smiling summer noon.

There was but one soldier left, he who had care of the picketed horses, and him they had little difficulty in securing. The troop of horses they lead with them over the uplands and down into the valley. Then turning their faces westward, from the direction which the rushing waters had taken, they came to the end of Glenmalur and deflected northwards.

The summer eve was falling, and a peaceful haze setting in over the Avonmore, at the time they stood in the shadow of Derrybawn, and handed Michael Dwyer the letter with the welcome news of Ballyellis.—The Southern Cross.

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

Father Coleman's Recent Agitation Discussed.

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The Catholic Record.

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Agents for advertising—Ten cents per line each insertion, scale measurement.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Dear Sir:—For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Blessing you, and wishing you success, Believe me, to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCÓNIO, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

London, Saturday, Sept. 28, 1901.

A NEW REVISED BIBLE.

The American Committee which aided in the revision of the Bible in 1884 have at length issued another revised version differing in many important points from that of the British revisers which has now been before the public for seventeen years.

The two Committees, British and American, did their work of revision independently at first, and the British revisers had, in fact, gone twice through the books of Moses before both began to work together, but the proposed new revision was submitted, so far as it was prepared, to the American revisers, and all suggestions of the latter were carefully considered on their merits before the British Committee issued their version, and some of them were adopted.

By agreement, the proposed American readings which the British Committee did not adopt, were placed as a supplement to the British version; and in this way the revised version was issued. Of these various readings, some arose out of differences in the English and American use of words; others express a preference of one out of two possible interpretations, and in this case one was placed in the text and the other in the margin, whereas the American Committee preferred that the marginal reading should be placed in the text, while the text should be put in the margin; and others involved a real difference of interpretation.

But now, the survivors of the American Committee, apparently fearing that their proposals might pass into oblivion, determined to issue their version of the revision, and the new revised volume is the result.

The revised version itself as issued by the British Committee was not as favorably received by Protestants as it was expected would be the case, and it has made but little if any headway, not having been officially adopted by any of the sects, nor even by the Anglicans who were the first movers in the work of making the revision, the Convocation of Canterbury having laid down in May 1870 the rules according to which the revision should be conducted.

The newly published American version has met with less favor from the American press than even the British revision, and the generally expressed opinion is that it will disturb the faith of the public even more than the British version has done.

The principal purpose of the American revision is to use modern language instead of certain archaic expressions which occurred in the King James version and are retained in the British revision. This purpose does not meet with very general approval. Thus the Baltimore American says:

"There is not one of these words which would puzzle a half grown schoolboy. Some have acquired two meanings instead of one, with the passage of time, like many other words in the language, and ordinarily intelligent people are familiar with both usages. There are words in the Bible which may fairly be called obsolete, but they are not many, and with some exceptions, they are of a kind and in places not to interfere with the reading or study of the sacred volume. Had the revision Committee confined itself to changing these, there could not have been much ground for criticism, because they would not have disfigured the text appreciably. They have, however, made sweeping

changes in the language of the Scriptures without any apparent reason. They say they wanted to make it easily intelligible to the people. What people? It is very like translating Robinson Crusoe into words of one syllable for the benefit of those just beginning to read. If it be intended for such people, they will be the first to protest against such treatment of the Bible to which they are accustomed."

Many other papers have spoken to similar effect, the general opinion being that the result of the changes proposed will be to create confusion in the minds of believers generally, and to disturb the reverence in which the Bible has been held hitherto by Protestants. That respect has been ever diminishing since Protestantism was first thought of, but this tinkering with what they have been taught to believe is the infallible word of God, has certainly tended toward destroying all faith in both God and the Bible. The rejection of the authority of the Church in the first instance destroyed by degrees much faith in Christianity, and prepared the way for the introduction of Latitudinarianism among Protestants. But now, when it is seen that the leaders of Protestantism have so little respect for the Bible that they are ready to change it according to the way the wind blows, it is not at all wonderful that the rank and file have become as incredulous as are those to whom they have looked for direction in regard to spiritual matters, and to the knowledge of God and the dogmas He has revealed to mankind. The publication of the new revision will bring them more rapidly than ever to the abyss of unbelief.

CONTINUING THE WORK.

Another Anarchistic crank named Frank Idings was arrested at Cleveland, Ohio, as a suspicious character for threatening the life of Theodore Roosevelt, the new President of the United States. He is alleged to have said in a saloon: "I belong to a society that will give \$50,000 to any man who will kill President Roosevelt."

Idings at his hearing did not deny that he had made the statement. He was remanded to jail, and will be given another hearing Wednesday. Meanwhile the police will make every effort to learn all about the prisoner.

Still another is said to have left Berlin, N. H., who declared that he was on his way to kill President Roosevelt. His name is unknown, but he is said to be a foreigner. The police have received a description of him, and they are on the alert to discover him and to arrest him when found.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

At the Provincial Synod of the Church of England which met recently at Montreal, the following resolution was passed:

It was moved by Dr. L. H. Davidson and seconded by Chancellor Walkham, "That the prayer of the memorial of the synod of the diocese of Montreal be granted, and it be resolved that the following paragraph be added to canon 16 on the prohibited degrees:

"No clergyman of this ecclesiastical Province shall knowingly solemnize a marriage between persons, either or both of whom have been previously married, and have been divorced during the lifetime of the other party to the first marriage without reference to the ordinary, except where such persons desire to be reunited to each other."

This clause is not to become operative, however, for three years, according to the rules under which the synod legislates.

We cannot but congratulate the Provincial Synod and the Church of England on the adoption of this canon, which, except in one particular, assimilates the future action of that Church, at all events in Ontario, and the Maritime provinces, to the unvarying practice of the Catholic Church, which is the only practice which sustains the sanctity of the marriage tie. Yet there are certain thoughts which suggest themselves to our mind in connection with this matter to which we deem it a duty to call the attention of our readers.

It is notably admitted that this canon which is only now adopted by the Church of England in certain provinces of the Dominion, has not been urged simply as a local rule which ought to be followed by the clergy of certain territories, owing to local circumstances. It has been adopted by the Provincial Synod as being the law of God and not of man—a divine, and not merely an ecclesiastical law.

This has been clear throughout the discussions on the question which have been brought up time and again for many years past, without any result. This was shown by Rev. Mr. Walkham during the recent discussion on the

matter when it was moved by one of the delegates to the synod that "no action should be taken," but that "the general synod" (of the Dominion) "should be asked to pronounce upon the question."

Chancellor Walkham replied that: "We have been dealing with this question for years, and nothing has been done. Six years ago the whole question was threshed out, and the Bishops were asked to make a pronouncement. The Bishops did nothing, and we are in the same position to-day. If members are not prepared, they should be, for all the arguments have been adduced, and have been printed in the journal of proceedings."

Dr. Davidson, the mover of the resolution, as adopted, stated that:

"The synod should lay it down absolutely that so far as the opinion of that Church is concerned, the law of God should be intact, and no divorced person during the life-time of the other should be married. But he recognized the difference of opinion which had prevailed, and he was as ready to give as he hoped he was ready to take. It is shocking, and it is a great injustice that one priest in one parish in a great city like Montreal might be able to open the doors of his Church and allow the marriage of persons well known to be divorced, because there is no canon on the subject."

We have here the curious admission that hitherto the law of God has not been observed by the Canadian Church of England on so important a matter as the indissolubility of the marriage tie, and that there was no attempt made by the constituted authorities of that Church to enforce that law! And even now, the same law of God is to be put into force in only some of the seven provinces of Canada; and even in these, the law is to remain in abeyance for three years!

During all this time, where are, and where have been the "watchmen upon the walls of Jerusalem who shall never hold their peace day and night; ye that are the Lord's remembrancers, take ye no rest and give him no rest till he establish and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." (Is. lxxii, 6, 7.) (Revised Version.)

And here we may remind our readers that only a few weeks ago we were gravely informed by certain Anglican clergymen, speaking on behalf of the Church of England, that this Church is the same which existed in England in pre-reformation days, back to the days of Alfred the Great, Saints Augustine and Anselm, and even of King Lucius. Surely the pre-reformation Church maintained the LAW OF GOD in regard to marriage, and it was for this very reason that King Henry VIII. finding that in the Church which then existed he could not be divorced and then remarried to another person, that he caused the modern Church of England to be established with himself for its head, instead of St. Peter's successor, in the hope that the new Church would be more accommodating to him; and in this expectation he was not disappointed.

The fact that the Catholic Church to-day maintains the same law of God which it maintained in the face of Henry, shows us which Church was the real Church of England in pre-reformation times.

We have noticed above that in one respect the new canon of the synod departs from the practice of the Catholic Church. It is provided that "the ordinary," that is the Bishop, can dispense from strict adherence to the canon, which is admittedly based on God's law. In the Catholic Church, there is no authority for priest, Bishop or Pope to override the law of God. Dispensations are sometimes granted for the removal of matrimonial impediments which are decreed by the Church, but the law of God is supreme, and cannot be derogated from by any human authority.

Another remark on this subject, and we shall close this article.

The Catholic Church has frequently been reproached by Protestant controversialists for constantly maintaining her unchangeableness. Indeed, she has not changed her teaching so far as God's revelation and law are concerned, though her disciplinary laws which are made by the Church itself may be modified according to the circumstances of time and place. This unchangeableness of the Church in her teachings will be readily understood when it is remembered that "the Church of the living God is the pillar and ground of truth." (1 Tim. iii: 15.)

The truth of God's revelation does not change, and we must therefore expect that in regard to God's law the Church of Christ should be unchangeable. It is not necessary, therefore, that the Catholic Church should pass any new canon against the marriage of divorced persons. Her treatment of them is the same to-day as it has always been.

The matter on which action was

taken in the synod was brought before that body, as the resolution expresses, by the diocesan synod of Montreal which asked by a memorial that "some definite binding rule should be made to guide the clergy in regard to such marriages as are referred to." The action of the Provincial synod, of course, has no force beyond the limits of the jurisdiction of the Church of England in the Canadian Provinces represented. The Church in England is still as subject as ever to the British civil law which requires such marriages as are in question to be celebrated, and the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, in which every clergyman follows his own views on the matter, is not affected at all by the decision of the Canadian Provincial Synod.

Since the above was written, the House of Bishops in the Synod decided that the words "without reference to the ordinary" should be struck out of the resolution as above given. It also made more clear the conclusion of the resolution by substituting for the words following those struck out:

"If a man and wife who have procured divorce desire to come together again, the clergyman may bestow a blessing upon such persons."

The sense intended by the resolution is not changed by this substitution; but the rejection of the previous words implies that the Bishops will not claim the right to change or dispense from the divine law on the subject, though the Lower House was willing to grant this power to them.

SLAVERY UNDER THE U. S. FLAG.

Some American papers complain very energetically at the anomalous state of affairs existing on the Sulu Islands which fell to the lot of the United States through the war with Spain. These islands are inhabited chiefly by Mahometans and were ruled by a Sultan until 1878 when after a short but sharp war, they were annexed by Spain, in order to put an end to the piratical expeditions which were constantly being sent out from them. The Sultan, however, took advantage of the conquest of the Philippines to make a treaty with the victorious Americans whereby his authority was recognized and slavery confirmed as an institution under the suzerainty of the United States. Slaves are now bought and sold there at an average of about \$12.50 for boys and girls. Adults are not much in demand except women with children, as they too easily make their escape. These slaves are regarded as property, and are cared for as horses and cattle. This condition of affairs is not relished especially by Republican papers, which in the United States are the most zealous and loud upholders of the rights of the negro race. Hence the dissatisfaction in the United States where many Republicans on principle declare that there should be no slavery under the American flag.

WHAT MUST BE DONE WITH THEM?

Johann Most, the notorious propagator of Anarchical principles, was arrested in New York city charged with having violated section 575 of the penal code by the publication of sentiments tending to disturb the public peace.

The crime for which Most has thus been called to account was the publication of an inflammatory article in his paper, the Freiheit, the day after President McKinley was shot. It was declared in this article that "the use of treachery, poison, murder, against despots is not merely a right, but a duty of every one who has the opportunity to carry it out, and it will be his glory if successful."

It is clear to any one that these are exactly the class of sentiments which are calculated to excite fury, or even moody spirits to commit such crimes as that for which Czoizgoz is now on trial for his life. The object of Most's language becomes more clear when the meaning he attaches to the word despot is taken into consideration. This word is commonly understood to mean one who being in authority makes use of his power to inflict severe and unjust punishment upon the innocent, or who uses his power to oppress those who are subject to him. But the signification attached to it by Most is different from this, as he includes under the term any one who belongs to the class of rulers of any country, or who assists in any way to maintain law and order. He says:

"Whatever stands on the other side of the line which divides the camp, the ruling possessors of power from that of the people has come under the

ban. Let the people carry out the sentence."

From such principles it would follow that not only the Presidents of the United States and France, and the monarchs of other countries, but legislators, as members of Parliament or Congress in any country, lawyers, judges, police, etc., should all be made victims of the assassin's dagger or bullets, and even of poisoned bullets to make the work sure.

The Chicago Haymarket outrage in 1886, when a band of Anarchists threw bombs into the midst of a company of policemen, was the outcome of just such principles, but the American people showed, by their universal approval of the speedy justice dealt out to the murderers, that they are not disposed to trifle with such enemies of mankind; and now that the trial of the assassin has begun, we have no doubt that due punishment will be meted out to the guilty one.

Johann Most's outrageous article, though it appeared immediately after the attempt of Czoizgoz, was not thought by Magistrate Olmstead to have been written in consequence of the attack on President McKinley. It is supposed that Most's paper was printed already when the attack on the President was made, nevertheless Most has been held for trial because the principles set forth by him are such as must lead to murder. He may not, therefore, be tried for complicity in the actual crime, but only for a breach of the law already referred to.

It does not appear likely that the immunity which Anarchists have enjoyed for the inflammatory language in which they have so frequently indulged during the last year, will be extended for the future; for the entire press of the United States are now clamoring for the expulsion of Anarchists from the country.

If this plan could be carried out, the United States would be effectually cleared of the vermin. But there are difficulties in the way. It may be no easy matter to find out who the Anarchists are, in the first place. But even if they were known to the police and could be arrested to-morrow, where could they be dumped?

There is not a civilized country in the world which would willingly receive them, and to receive them unwillingly would imply that the country so taking them in would do so under compulsion or through fear of giving offence to the United States by rejecting its refuse. It would seem, therefore, that the Americans must do one of three things: either send the Anarchists surreptitiously to some other civilized country, or deal with them themselves in what they may consider the most efficacious way, or ship them off to some desolate or uncivilized land where the amenities of civilization are an unknown quantity.

The first and third modes of getting rid of the nuisance are not very likely to be adopted; so that the only way open appears to be to deal with them within United States territory. Perhaps they could be put on one of the Philippine or Ladrones islands to make the experiment to live under the form of government, or rather of no government at all, which they declare to be the ideal manner in which men ought to live. It would be no great loss to the world if they exterminated each other, as their principles would lead them to do; but if they learned to conduct themselves somewhat like civilized beings, their descendants, at least, might become a civilized community. This is not an altogether unlikely contingency, for the same thing has happened on more than one occasion, as in the case of the inhabitants of Pitcairn Island, which was settled in 1789 by the lawless mutineers of the Bounty.

Another alternative would be that the powers of the world should choose some island in the Pacific, or elsewhere, which should be made an international prison for Anarchists of all nations, who will there be guarded by garisons of troops furnished by the various powers; and this, after all, may be, perhaps, the best way to deal with these wild beasts who are the dregs of society.

It is even now mooted that a conference of the nations should soon be held for the consideration of the matter, and that some such plan as this may possibly be adopted.

THE FRIARS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The Rev. Father Doherty, a New York Paullist Father who went to Manila with one of the military expeditions, being commissioned as a chaplain to the troops, and also being empowered to endeavor to help to bring about a peaceful settlement between the United States and the Philippines, if possible, declared in a lecture at the Detroit Summer School that in his belief the United States Government will not interfere with the Friars in the Philippines. Nevertheless, as there is certainly a strong opposition to the Friars on the part of a section of the natives, because they are foreigners, he is of opinion that they will withdraw from the islands gradually. The Friars have done great work on the islands, but their usefulness would be greatly impaired if they were to persist in remaining in the face of so much opposition.

MARRIED IN HASTE.

A curious piece of intelligence comes from Manila to the effect that when the vessel which was carrying to that port several hundred school teachers who are to be placed in charge of the schools on the island of Luzon reached Honolulu, thirty couples were married there. The vessel had been only ten days out, and as most of the teachers must have been strangers to each other when they left San Francisco, most of the marriages must have taken place after a very short acquaintance.

There is an old saying to the effect, "they that marry in haste repent at leisure" and it may be presumed that the experience embodied in the proverb will be realized in many of these marriages. They were contracted in haste, and the parties in many of the instances will, in all probability, soon be seeking to take advantage of the very lax divorce laws which are characteristic of the United States. The question then arises whether the divorce laws of the States will be applicable to the newly acquired territory. If this is to be the case, it is awful to contemplate how large a proportion of these hastily married couples will be looking for divorces within a few months of their arrival at Manila.

The Filipinos have been accustomed to the marriage laws of the Catholic Church, according to which marriage is a sacred rite, and the union of husband and wife cannot be dissolved except by death. It will not be an edifying spectacle to the innocent natives, if the island schools are to be taught by teachers, 80 or 40 per cent. of whom shall be divorced young men and women who shall have married again in many instances, while their first husbands and wives are living, and perhaps they will be teaching schools in close proximity to those taught by the former husbands and wives from whom they have been divorced.

We cannot contemplate such a state of affairs without the presentiment that it will be productive of a great demoralization among the people whose children are to be taught by such teachers; and is this to be one of the consequences resulting from the new civilization which is to be brought into the Philippine islands now that they are delivered from Spanish domination?

From these rash marriages, a large crop of divorces may naturally be expected, and the marriage tie will necessarily be regarded slightly where the evil of divorce will be so rampant, and thus an incalculable amount of open immorality will be spread throughout the country under the aegis of American civilization and law.

WELCOME TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

On Monday, the 16th inst., the Duke of Cornwall and York, the heir apparent of the British throne, and the representative of His Majesty King Edward VII. reached Quebec per steamship Ophir, and landed on Canadian soil, together with his accomplished Duchess. The royal visitors were attended by a number of nobles and by the ships Niobs and Diadem as an escort, and by several warships and Government vessels which had gone out early in the morning to meet the Ophir and join in the naval procession accompanying the vessel which bore the Duke and Duchess to the shores of Canada.

The Governor General Lord Minto, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier met the Royal marine procession at some distance below Quebec, having sailed out early in the morning to greet the visitors, and to be the first to welcome them to Canada.

On their arrival at the dock, the Governor General and Sir Wilfrid came first ashore, whereupon Sir Wilfrid at once brought the members of

his Government to the landing point in the order of seniority, to greet the Prince and Princess. Now from the citadel the royal salute of twenty one guns was given, which was repeated by all the war-ships, and the royal Duke and Duchess stepped ashore.

The Duke was dressed in the uniform of a British admiral. The Duchess and her ladies in waiting were in mourning dresses as a mark of respect for the Empress Frederic of Germany, whose death was so recent, and also for President McKinley, who was slain by the assassin's bullet.

Everywhere the people of the ancient capital of Canada manifested their joy on the occasion of this long expected visit.

At the St. Louis gate of the city an interesting feature of the reception was a chorus sung by three thousand children, "O, Canada, Land of Our Forefathers," which expressed the loyalty of French Canada to the British flag and throne.

A loyal address was read in the chamber of the Legislative Council, on behalf of the city of Quebec, by Mayor Parent, who is also Premier of the Province.

At Laval University an address was read on behalf of the University Corporation, and another by the Archbishop of Quebec on behalf of the Catholic hierarchy and clergy of Quebec.

All these addresses expressed the most intense sentiments of loyalty, and was answered by the Duke in the happiest terms and in a manner which elicited hearty applause.

Everywhere throughout Canada the Royal visitors will be received with a most hearty welcome, and with an appreciation of the blessings the country enjoys from its being part of a great Empire in which civil and religious liberty is enjoyed; and French Canada has not been behind in the expression of these its sentiments to this effect.

From Quebec the Royal party proceeded to Montreal, reaching the latter city on the 18th inst. Here again the reception was most cordial and enthusiastic. The whole city turned out to do honor to the Prince and Princess.

The royal party next proceeded to Ottawa and thence to Toronto, and it is needless to say that in each place the reception was thoroughly enthusiastic and cordial.

It has been remarked that the cheering was louder in these cities where there is a larger British population; but this does not indicate a want of enthusiasm on the part of the French Canadians, as cheering is essentially British custom, which is not so much practiced by our fellow citizens of French descent; but the greetings of the latter were none the less hearty on this occasion.

The royal party will visit London October 12, on their return from their trip to the North-West.

THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

We are pleased to be able to state that the attendance at the University of Ottawa this year is larger than before at the opening. This is an encouraging proof, as it does, our Catholic people are fully alive to the great importance of giving their boys a first class education. Nor were we surprised that success continued the efforts of the good O. Fathers. Indeed, from the very beginning, each year showed an increased attendance and the prospect of the present year is guaranteed of that success which will be expected. The hearts of the and gifted priests are wedded work of Catholic education in its best and highest sense, and God will surely continue to bless their

Who is Thy Neighbor? The Rev. Augustine Brugnoli M., preaching recently at the Church, Fulham, London, wrote, "And who is my neighbor said every poor person was our neighbor, and those who were rich remember that the wealth they in charge of was not theirs, was left to them to dispose of. 'The earth is the Lord's fullness thereof.' Man was steward, and would have a strict account of the property entrusted to him. It was, therefore, necessary for the rich to assist his poor neighbor, for 'giveth to the poor lendeth to God and God in turn will be a cheerful giver. Life here is a subject to many changes and it often occurred that those who were uppermost to-day upon the fortune, were to-day down the and the afflicted for their neighbors, and especially to sinners upon whom Our has the Son of God did not refuse to give to those whom the rejected. We should, therefore,

OTHER THINGS.

We have been sent the report of a certain literary society and invited to comment thereon — ecologically, of course. But we refrain. We are not in the business. We are quite content to accept its own valuation and to agree that everything was lovely. The music, we suppose, was charmingly rendered, and recitations all cut on the bias and very soulful. We suggest that the members after they get through with Chopin may wish to tune up the hearts of the sick and sorrowful in tenement and hospital. There is a lot of music packed away in all of us. Pain and misery may prevent the outpouring of the melody, but it is within us slumbering and waiting for the liberating hand of kindness and sympathy.

SO-CALLED "CHRISTIAN SCIENCE."

We are told that some "Catholics" in Canada have accepted the doctrine of Christian Science. Well, a Catholic can be an idiot as well as anyone else. And then they may deary be a lord, and the fact that a noble journeyed from a distant land to look upon the face of the dear old mother and to hear from her venerable lips that sin and sorrow exist not and that the world is but a dream, may have convinced them that there must be something in Christian Science. There is a good deal in it, for the most part, but it is not the Christian Science. There is no use prating about the efficacy of Christian Science. There may have been real or imagined cures, but Mrs. Eddy may be a daffodil of human credulity and stupidity. All that is said is question. The only fact for a Catholic to recognize is that a rigmorale student into a system is not sure ground for anyone who wants to enter eternal life.

TRUE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

To possess the truth, says F. Campbell, S. J., to know when it came, and whether we are going, are our opportunities, and what obligations — to have the secret of inventing the sorrows — this is the Catholic faith alone can give. Christian Science, but it is not Eddy's.

WHO ARE THE FOES OF CIVILIZATION?

Some ministers of the Gospel border have been talking a good deal for gentlemen of their cloth. They would have done had they on the scene of President McKinley savours strangely of a lessness which they abominate, may, however, suppose that he had swept them off their feet and provoked them to explain which square neither with religion.

To our mind it is futile to putting down anarchy by force. It has been tried elsewhere, in England, where, despite a well-armed example, a network of ruthless punishment, the only exist, but, as we are yearly in numbers and in force indeed may prevent that would ensue in the Catholic getting the upper hand cannot extinguish their ideas. These are intangible reach of (ficial) and ward manifestation may locked for and dreaded. We believe that a great many avchists are in our parts of But we cannot help think the present conditions their principles, or their attitude towards civil viewed with no disfavor sections of the population people will be found among who have been educated of God and His chastisement the poor chafing under cruel wrong — in a word those who have been taught selfish luxury of the men who now are sad fate of Mr. McKinley but an illusion, and the

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON.

London, Sept. 29. — Dairy Produce. Eggs, fresh laid, (medium) 10 to 12; extra, 12 to 14; do, 14 to 16; butter, best, 10 to 11; do, 11 to 12; do, 12 to 13; do, 13 to 14; do, 14 to 15; do, 15 to 16; do, 16 to 17; do, 17 to 18; do, 18 to 19; do, 19 to 20; do, 20 to 21; do, 21 to 22; do, 22 to 23; do, 23 to 24; do, 24 to 25; do, 25 to 26; do, 26 to 27; do, 27 to 28; do, 28 to 29; do, 29 to 30; do, 30 to 31; do, 31 to 32; do, 32 to 33; do, 33 to 34; do, 34 to 35; do, 35 to 36; do, 36 to 37; do, 37 to 38; do, 38 to 39; do, 39 to 40; do, 40 to 41; do, 41 to 42; do, 42 to 43; do, 43 to 44; do, 44 to 45; do, 45 to 46; do, 46 to 47; do, 47 to 48; do, 48 to 49; do, 49 to 50; do, 50 to 51; do, 51 to 52; do, 52 to 53; do, 53 to 54; do, 54 to 55; do, 55 to 56; do, 56 to 57; do, 57 to 58; do, 58 to 59; do, 59 to 60; do, 60 to 61; do, 61 to 62; do, 62 to 63; do, 63 to 64; do, 64 to 65; do, 65 to 66; do, 66 to 67; do, 67 to 68; do, 68 to 69; do, 69 to 70; do, 70 to 71; do, 71 to 72; do, 72 to 73; do, 73 to 74; do, 74 to 75; do, 75 to 76; 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