

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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What My Clock Says.
Hold fast, dreamer—do not fret!
Everything will come right yet.
Life holds nothing worth regret—
Let the sun rise—let it set.
I have seen the young grow old;
Seen the fond turn stern and cold;
Seen the selfish, vain, and proud
Feed the worm, and create the shroud.
Do not sigh;
Do not cry;
All will come right by and by.
Pearls, and gems, and jewels fine,
Fished from sea or dug from mine,
Silken raiment, filmy lace,
Vanish all, and leave no trace.
Those who walk and those who ride
Yet must lie down, side by side,
When their cruel master, Death,
Seals the eyes and steals the breath.
Do not sigh;
Do not cry;
All will come right by and by.
I have seen the high brought low,
Seen the seasons come and go;
Fields of bloom and wastes of snow,
Sunny skies and winds that blow—
And I mark out all the hours
Whether there are frosts or flowers—
Night and day and day and night
Feeling sorrow nor delight.
Do not cry;
Do not sigh;
All will come right by and by.
Some days come, and shadows bring;
Then come joy, but they take wing;
Nothing matters, here, to me;
Time drifts to eternity,
And like streams that southward run,
Mingling in the sea as one,
So tend all things—every way—
To oblivion and decay.
Do not sigh;
Do not cry;
All will come right by and by.
I have seen the pure and sweet
Smothered with mire from the street;
Seen Sin and her daughter Vice
Look as chaste and cold as ice;
Seen the hungry and the poor;
Like a shadow on you all,
Beg for bread from door to door;
Yet—for all the rich man's load—
God widens not the Narrow Road.
Do not sigh;
Do not cry;
All will come right by and by.
Nothing matters! Nothing can
In the destiny of man.
Vain, alas! all tears and sighs;
Vain, reproaches—vain, replies,
Silence and decay must fall
Like a shadow on you all.
And He who made your life a span
Will judge as never judges man.
Do not cry;
Do not sigh;
All will come right by and by.
—Nelly Marshall McAffee.

"THE HOLOCAUST."

An Article Which Caused Its Publishers to be Sent to Jail.

Appropos of the anniversary of the hanging of the Manchester martyrs, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, which was observed Monday, the following article, which appeared in a special edition of the *Irishman*, on the morning of Nov. 23, 1867, and is, perhaps, one of the ablest literary works which ever adorned the columns of an Irish newspaper, is printed. For its publication the editor was sent to jail, and the Attorney-General, who prosecuted, said of it at the trial, that "it was written by no ordinary pen," and he told the jury—"Perhaps he may live many years—you may drink deep of the stream of literature, but, I believe, you will seldom meet in your reading an article of more power, or more vigor, or more stirring eloquence, than that article 'The Holocaust.'" It was at first attributed to the glowing pen of the illustrious Isaac Butt, but it is believed to have been written by one who still lives, and whose pen has frequently rendered splendid services to the cause of Ireland—the learned Dr. Sigerson of Dublin. It was headed "The Holocaust," and read as follows:

Dead to all warnings, however ominous, spurning alike the argument of the just and the prayers of the merciful, the Government of England has this day done a deed of blood which will overshadow its name before the whole world.

Nothing can account for its perpetration, against all the urgings of statesmanship and humanity, save alone the blindness which falls from heaven upon overweening pride.

Clouds of passion and prejudice have wrapt their terrible as ever fell the black night of darkness upon the Egyptian land "because," said the Lord God Israel, "ye would not let my people go."

Hapless people! Fortunate only in the protection of one sovereign—The King of Kings, the Judge of Judges, THE AVENGER OF OPPRESSED innocence, who shall surely mete out to all offenders, retribution with interest to the uttermost farthing.

Hapless people! They have been required to build without stones, to make brick with straw; and when their task masters have found the task not completed, the lash has been laid unsparingly on their backs.

For they were deprived of their lands, and punished for being poor; deprived of their liberty and scourged for being serfs; deprived of their teachers, and slain alike for learning and for being ignorant.

Those days, they explain, have passed and gone away. We have long desired to govern you mildly and well. Thus they cry out. And since when, we ask, has the change been shown?

Was it in the Relief Act?—granted merely through fear of civil war?

Was it in the prosecutions of the tribune who won it?

Was it in the famine, which slew its millions under their flag?

Was it in the exile of those gallant men whose counsels would have guided them to avert the popular death?

When and where can we behold this beneficent change of policy? Let it not be hid from the nation.

Was it in the mouthing of the viceroy, who incessantly proclaimed

that Ireland was proper only for brute beasts, not for men?

Was it in the millions' exodus fleeing from all ports, before his fiat, to the uttermost ends of the earth?

Was it in the refusal to this day to change a system of land laws which plunders them of their hard-won earnings, and drives them out bare and miserable, sick and dying, in the heat of summer, and

IN THE ICY CHILLS OF WINTER, from the homesteads of their fathers, from the native land of their race?

Let it be shown to us this change which should make us glad.

Is it to be found in the benignity of rulers whose faces we never see, but whose swords we have often felt?

Is it to be found in a denial that we have a right to a voice in our government—like Hungary, like Australia, like Canada, like any colony soever of the empire, however small, provided it be not Ireland?

Finally, the wrongs and grievances of the country are admitted. English statesmen have denounced them in the harshest terms. The present Chancellor of the Exchequer has declared them sufficient cause for revolution. When young men know this—when young men hear this—when, too, they see those statesmen not only justify revolution at home, but foster it abroad—then, stung into desperation and madness, should they act upon the lesson taught, where is the exonerator, where is the mercy?

On a vitiated verdict; on tainted testimony; on evidence which has admitted that of false swearers or perjurers—on a verdict avowed to be flawed with error—two men and a youth—in the eye of the law an infant—are done to a cruel death.

Behold England's justice in the conviction and condemnation—behold England's mercy in the sentence and execution of the political prisoners—Allen, Larkin, O'Brien!

There, indeed, written large and deep, written in letters indelible—written in letters of blood—read the mercy and justice of England!

They died

FAR FROM THE LAND THEY LOVED—far from the nation they would fain have served—foully slandered by the organs of a sanguinary aristocracy, in the midst of five thousand bayonets. It was said as an excuse they were offenders against society; but an army had to interfere between them and the people to prevent a rescue. It was said as an excuse they were non-political criminals; but they offered their lives to save those of two fellow-men, and they died with their faces turned to the West, with trust in God in their souls, and in their lips the patriotic cry—"God Save Ireland."

DEAD, DEAD, DEAD. But there are those who think this in death they will be more powerful than in life. There are those who will read their tributes to the prayer for an avenger, to bring from their bones, *exoriens aliquid ex ossibus altor*, and we foresee troubles and trepidations, which might have been averted by a humane policy, which we would fain have averted, and which we pray, by wiser council, may yet be saved the nations. Mistaken as these martyred men may have been, they shall be remembered in their native land along with those who have gone before them; nor shall their deaths shake her desire for legislative independence, nor her trust in its speedy consummation.

From the morning watches even to the night, Israel shall hope in the Lord.

Because with the Lord there is mercy; with Him there is a plentiful redemption.

And He shall redeem Israel from all who work in iniquity.

Archbishop Walsh Pleads For Peace.

The appended letter from the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, to the editor of the *Evening Press*, might have been headed by both parties with advantage to Ireland: Archbishop's House, Dublin, Dec. 7, 1891.

DEAR SIR—I have no desire in any way to mix myself up in the deplorable political conflict by which the Nationalist forces of Ireland are now, as it seems to me, ruinously, and all but hopelessly divided.

I therefore abstain from expressing any opinion as to the wisdom of the course of political action suggested by Mr. Davitt, and discussed in the leading columns of to-day's *National Press*, in reference to the postponement of an electoral contest in Waterford until after the general election.

But I would venture to suggest that something should be done to secure that Ireland may, at all events, be allowed to spend the Christmas time in peace.

We are now within little more than a fortnight of Christmas Day. This time last year all Ireland was in a ferment of excitement over the events of the contest in Kilkenny. Surely it is not desirable in any interest that at such a time of year the country should be plunged into another such ferment.

I venture, then, to suggest that whatever steps may be deemed necessary should be taken to bring about an honorable truce, so as, at all events, to stave off the Waterford contest until after the feast of the Epiphany. I re-

main, dear sir, most faithfully yours,
WILLIAM J. WALSH,
Archbishop of Dublin.

A CANDID PRESBYTERIAN.

The Rev. William Wilkinson, a Presbyterian clergyman, who has been lecturing on "Catholicism as I found it in Rome," among other things said these words, which are well worth chronicling:

"I had not and have not the slightest intention of ever becoming a Roman Catholic, I am perfectly satisfied with the religious views I hold, but this shall not prevent me doing, to the very best of my ability, ample justice to every man, whatever faith he holds, and to every creed as I understand it. When we put aside prejudice, there is to-day no part of the Church of God which can with more reason ask at the hand of all, as an act of simple justice, a calm consideration of those principles which have for sixty generations made it a power, and which have charmed and captivated some of the choicest minds known to fame. There is no delusion more absurd than that which is held by many persons that education is sure to lessen the power of this branch of the Church. In literature, in art, in sculpture, in architecture, in music, in science and in letters for a thousand years the members of this Church held power which was almost absolute. And to-day it probably has 200,000,000 members of its communion, 8,000,000 of whom are our fellow citizens on these shores.

"A Church which can through more than 250 Popes show an unbroken chain of work does not need to speak with undue abjection when it says: 'Gentlemen, we ask you to consider our history. We admit it is not perfect, but in its sanctions millions of men have sweetly lived and without a single fear have died, some of whom have done service for the world which has made it their debtor forever.'

"It was with these and other feelings that I entered Rome in July. I knew there could be no effect without a cause. So I looked with studious care to find in present men and actions things which, if practised by men in other days, would give the historic results we know to have taken place. I was not disappointed. I met Mr. O'Connell, the Rector of the American College in Rome. A man he is of vast reading and accurate observation. If for an instant you admit his premise you must his conclusion. I can well understand how such a man as he is finds rest in the faith of an infallible Pope, which doctrine settles for him many doubts and vexed questions. I had three long interviews with the Rector. Americans have given more than \$100,000 for the work of endowing the College. So it may go on to the end of time, training young men for the American priesthood.

Rome knows how important it is that her teachers shall, on the one hand, know perfectly and love truly the Church, and on the other, be well informed in the genius of the people among whom they are at work. We have in our midst striking examples of both these facts in the head of the Roman Catholic Church in the State. So every nation has its college, in Rome, and there are about two thousand students for the priesthood here all the time. Each year as they end their student days they are sent to any place to work where authority appoints for purpose of Propaganda. This is a vast power, and it has again and again shown what it is capable of, for in the new world with comparative ease amongst its own people, it repeats in complicated conditions its old-time Middle Age triumphs.

"These are not accidental coincidences. They are the result of wise, deep and far-seeing design, and of a conviction amongst priest and people that they work for eternity and for God. It is a popular mistake to think that the Catholic Propaganda are out of sympathy with the nations in which they work; that they are in profound ignorance of what is being done and said by Protestants; for the contrary is the case. The Rector of the American College at Rome knows what the scholarly Baptists like Professor Harper are writing and planning, as well as the Baptists here know it.

"The same is true in regard to Professor Briggs, and the German Rationalists, and the English Churchman, Dissenters, and Atheists. In Rome I soon found out that the loss of the English people in Reformation times is looked upon as one of the greatest Roman faith ever had. The celibacy of the priesthood, the concentration of power, the obedience to authority, the splendor of church architecture, the magnificence of its liturgy and wondrous song would not have been available to make it the power it is had it lacked other qualities. Whatever may be said to the contrary, the great historic churches of Christendom, the Greek, the English, have never denied to the Church of Rome the claim of a true Church with valid ministry and sacraments. They have said much about its traditions and assumptions. They have said it was a 'noble faith spoiled,' and the like. That it has principles which are deep in the heart of God has never been denied except by fanatics. The grandeur of the churches throughout Europe are

owing to the truth that those who trust they did believe in God. He was very near and very dear to them. Law was impervious, sin terrible, Christ a mighty Saviour, judgment at hand, purgatory, hell and heaven not myths. These things lent impetus to missionary enterprise and sometimes led to which are not to the honor of the Church, as zeal without discretion is at all times dangerous. We must not judge men of other faiths and olden times by our enlightened days, or we shall err. In Rome I learned, as I have never before, to think that the faith which saw the very inception of the highest civilizations which flourish to-day would not be abolished by the designs of men of our own times. For good or ill, the Roman Catholic Church is here to stay."

STAR PREACHERS.

Appropos of the question, what would become of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, should Mr. Talmage die, a Philadelphia paper remarks upon the fleeting character of the influence of churches erected for some celebrated preacher rather than for the service of God. The Tabernacle is essentially a building of this type. It was built at great cost as a suitable place for the display of Mr. Talmage's talents as a platform speaker, and is sufficient to accommodate the vast crowds of strangers, curiosity-seekers and lovers of sensation who go to hear him every Sunday.

Mr. Talmage, as a star preacher, is worth the large salary he draws. There are few men more entertaining on the public platform, and his sermons are even more attractive in their way than his lectures. He is dramatic, startling, pathetic and amusing by turns. Alternately his listeners laugh and weep. He has great command of language and acts out every part of his subject. Once he was travestied by Howson, in a comic opera; but Howson, though mirth provoking, was not half as droll as the original.

Of course there is no denying that a public entertainer of this sort is worth money, and Mr. Talmage commands it. And, as he requires a hall of his own, where his talent as an actor may be displayed to the best advantage, his congregation have liberally provided him with one. "But," as the Philadelphia *Press* remarks, "should Talmage die what orator is able to summon these thousands and obtain from them the financial support necessary to sustain so splendid and expensive an edifice?"

Star performers of this class are difficult to find, and usually, when they disappear from the scene, their congregations sink into obscurity or go to pieces. Who hears a word about Plymouth nowadays? Yet not many years ago Mr. Beecher attracted large audiences as Mr. Talmage does at present. The present pastor of Plymouth is an estimable gentleman, but a dull one, and he is one of the last persons a stranger in New York, looking for Sunday amusement, would seek out.

The *Press* observes that "there is a great tendency in these days to make our churches ecclesiastical club houses." Our churches, however, he adds, do not run this risk. Churches are not built to meet a sudden demand for phenomenal fleeting eloquence, but for the worship of the living God. The writer further proceeds to say that "if cathedrals had been simply created to attract attention to some rapt, brilliant orator of a monk, wandering about in the middle ages, preaching his faith, they would long since have gone into abandonment and decay. They were built for the faith. Whether the men lived or died, whether they were eloquent or silent, the cathedral stood and God was worshipped."

Nothing could be more true than this; but many things have changed. The whole world was Catholic when the great cathedrals to which he alludes were built. We are now, however, at the end of the nineteenth century. There are thousands and tens of thousands who do not go to church to worship God, but for entertainment. They go, not to hear the word of God, but to hear Dr. So-and-so, "a different thing. When a platform orator like Mr. Talmage dies, the hall where he was in the habit of appearing is useless. Such a man has no influence beyond the present, any more than the actor on the boards. The spirit of the living truth is not there; having served to amuse an idle hour the mission of such an individual is ended.—*Baltimore Mirror*."

The Defeat of Davitt.

The election of John Redmond to represent the city of Waterford will not tend to promote harmony in the ranks of Ireland's parliamentary representatives. On the contrary, it will increase the factional strife which has so long menaced the cause of Home Rule. It demonstrates the sad fact that the unhappy division among the leaders has taken root with the people. This is to be regretted, but it cannot be helped now.

The efforts made some time ago by Archbishop Walsh and other distinguished prelates in the direction of harmony have failed, and the crushing defeat of Davitt will not be apt to improve the prospect of a truce. The humiliating feature of this last contest

is the unconcealed glee of the Tories and Orangemen over Redmond's victory. It is not that these enemies of Ireland have any love for Mr. Redmond, but because they see in his triumph a prospect of continued strife, and continued strife means a new lease of coercion.

In view of the near approach of a general election the perpetuation of the factional quarrel is to be deplored. Instead of a united people concentrating their whole energies to elect a solid home rule delegation to the next Parliament, there will be witnessed the sad spectacle of two hostile divisions fighting each other at every point and giving to the coercionists and Orangemen the opportunity to steal away several seats which would be surely Nationalist with a solid, undivided party. Such a fight must not only be detrimental to the cause of Ireland, but needlessly expensive. Duplicate organizations must be maintained; duplicate canvassing committees will be pressed into the service. All these luxuries will cost money. And the people of Ireland and their friends abroad must pay the bills.

We sincerely trust that the factional leaders will come to their senses and realize the fact that they are jeopardizing the best interests and brightest hopes of their unfortunate country. The time for union has not passed yet.—*Boston Republic*.

PURGATORY AND PRESBYTERIANS.

If the Presbyterians would only have the good sense to believe in purgatory they would be much happier and have less theological bickering. They need have no difficulty in understanding our doctrine that God has given some revelation to man which is not contained in the Holy Scriptures. All that is there contained is revealed doctrine, but no plausible reason can be alleged for supposing that the Scriptures contain the whole of revelation. Of course, if it be claimed for any statement that it has been revealed by God, the burden of proof is on him that makes the claim; a burden which the Catholic theologian is prepared to bear. It follows that the mere silence of Scripture on any point of doctrine is not conclusive against the truth of the doctrine. We might, if necessary, freely grant that there is no trace of the doctrine in the written Word, and nevertheless be able to show conclusively that this doctrine is part of the deposit of revelation. The mere silence of the Scripture is not equivalent to denial. If anyone do not admit this, the burden is on him to show that silence is equivalent to denial—a burden which is too heavy for the broadest Protestant shoulders.

But it is a different thing if the Scripture appears to contradict the doctrine. In this case the matter must be investigated, and if the contradiction turns out to be real, the doctrine must be abandoned, for the Scriptures are certainly the word of God, who cannot contradict Himself. He cannot have said in one place what is contrary to that which He has said in another. But if the doctrine be part of the teaching of the Church, it will always turn out on examination that the contradiction is not real, but merely apparent. The text will be found to admit two meanings, one of which—perhaps the more obvious—is opposed to the doctrine, while the other is consistent with it. When this is so, there is no sure contradiction, and the text must be put aside as having no clear bearing on the controversy.

It will be found that there are comparatively few cases where a text is clear and unambiguous. It is very hard to be sure that we see the full sense of a text; careful investigation is needed before the text can be quoted as decisive.

We have been led to make these remarks by noticing that many popular writers seem to consider that the Catholic doctrine of purgatory is inconsistent with various passages of Holy Scripture, which teach that man's eternal destiny is determined unalterably at the instant of his death. This is beyond doubt the doctrine of the Scripture; it is conveyed, for instance, in the passage of Ecclesiastes ii, 3; "If the tree fall to the south or to the north, in what place soever it shall fall, there shall it be." When a man dies, he either has the grace of God abiding in his soul, and he is sure of a happy eternity, enjoying the sight of God; or he has not this grace, and he will never be admitted to this blessed vision. But in face of this tremendous distinction it is of comparatively little moment whether the admission of the first class to heaven take place immediately on their death, or is delayed for a time. All time is short and insignificant compared with eternity. The text quoted, and all others to the same effect, are silent on the point, for it was not to the purpose. They therefore do not contradict the teaching of the Catholic Church that there is a purgatory, where some of those who depart this life in the grace of God suffer for a time on account of their sins. The proof of the doctrine must be sought elsewhere, but we hope that we have established the futility of one common objection raised against it.

It is a great mistake to try to put our best thoughts into human language.—*Hartington, Marble Faun*.

The Pope's New Year's Greetings.

A Rome despatch says the Pope on the 1st received the various diplomats in Rome who called upon him to express the customary New Year's greetings. His Holiness devoted an hour to the audience, and extended a most cordial reception to his visitors. He enquired of Count Lefevre de Beaulieu, the French Ambassador to the Vatican, concerning the health of President Carnot. All the diplomats remarked the healthy appearance of the Pope, and spoke in high terms of the extreme lucidity of ideas expressed by him.

Home Rule For India.

At a meeting of the Indian National Congress, at Nagpur, a resolution was adopted declaring that it is necessary that a legislative body shall be established in India, to which the people of India shall elect representatives. The resolution also says that it is imperative that reductions be made in the expenditures of the army of India. The destitution of the masses in certain sections is greatly due to the fact that they have no parliamentary representation, and that, consequently, they are unable to control such expenditures. The Congress sent a despatch to Mr. Gladstone, upon the occasion of his eighty-second birthday, expressing the hope that many years of his life of usefulness may be vouchsafed to him.

HARTINGTON'S VACANT SEAT.

No by-election during the existence of the present Government has approached in interest and vital importance the coming contest for the Rossendale seat, vacated by Lord Hartington. Both parties are fully alive to the fact that the loss of the seat will be accepted throughout the country as an almost decisive test of the fate of the ministry in the coming elections, who will strain their resources in money and local influence, and be alert in the use of every known electorizing art in order to compass a triumph. Lord Hartington held the seat partly in family interest, partly on account of personal popularity, and partly as a Unionist. The vote will decide whether the electorate, which is fairly representative of the whole of Lancashire, is on purely political grounds Gladstonian or Unionist. The dissidents will throw their full strength into the contest. Sir Thomas Brooke, the dissident candidate, is Lord Hartington's own choice. Joseph Chamberlain, Sir Henry James, T. W. Russell, Mr. Bright and a number of other Liberal members of the House of Commons will speak in the canvass of electors. The Gladstonians already muster twenty-five members of the House of Commons working for their candidate. Mr. Maden, who is a young and eloquent speaker, almost an orator, with strong family connections in the district. Mr. Schaffhorst will reinforce his twenty-five speakers by Mr. Broadhurst, M. P., the trades union wire puller, and Mr. Lacy, M. P., the miners' member, besides selected factory delegates. Lord Hartington's valedictory to the electors has no special bearing on the contest. He says that he does not regret the rupture with his old Liberal friends, and that he trusts the country from a violent constitutional change, that the statesmen whom the disruption of the Liberals placed in power have proved to be able and vigorous administrators, passing practical and common sense, and that he trusts that Rossendale will continue to support the dissident party. In reality the Unionists dread the issue, a rapid canvass of the district already made having disclosed a surprising Gladstonian bias.

CHRISTMAS IN INGERSOLL.

The feast of the Nativity of our Lord was celebrated with more than usual solemnity at the church of the Sacred Heart, Ingersoll. There was a large attendance at all the services, and a great number approached the holy sacrament, thereby showing that the congregation heartily cooperated with the earnest endeavors of their good pastor to make the festival both holy and happy. The altar, decorated with beautiful natural flowers and illuminated by various colored lights, showed the excellent taste of the good Sisters of St. Joseph. Masses were celebrated at 6 and 10:30 a. m., Rev. Father Molloy, P. F., officiating and preaching a sermon appropriate to the occasion. The choir sang in a most beautiful manner, Paschall's Mass by Lambillotte was rendered by the choir, with orchestral accompaniment, in good style, and reflected great credit on the organist, Miss Allan. The solos were beautifully sung by Mrs. Dunn, Mrs. O'Neill, Miss Everett, and Messrs. Stacey, Daly and McAll.

In the evening Rev. Father Molloy, officiated, and Rev. Father Brady, P. F., of Woodstock delivered a very interesting course on the birth of our Lord. The choir sang the musical Vespers very effectively. Miss Keating sang the *O Salutaris*, Mr. McAll the *Adeste Fideles*, the *Tantum Ergo*, with violin accompaniment, was given with exquisite taste by Mrs. Dunn. The singing was ably sustained by Messrs. Stacey, Molten, and Daly with clarinet, violin and violoncello, and it is needless to say that the music throughout was of the finest order.

After High Mass, at the kind invitation of the pastor, the choir met at the pastoral residence, where a very pleasant half-hour was spent; all wishing their good parish priest good life and many pleasant returns of the day.

Peel Items.

Monday evening, Dec. 21, a party of young folks of this vicinity assembled at Mr. E. Conroy's residence and surprised their teacher by presenting her with a most beautiful and liberal contribution accompanied by the following address which was read by Miss May Connolly:

Miss Emma Miller, teacher: Dear Miss Miller, I think you have been with us only one short year, during that time we have learned to love and respect you. Hence it is with joyful hearts we assemble here this evening to perform the pleasing duty of expressing our appreciation of the interest you have evinced in our school, and also for the zeal you have shown in your duties as organist of our church. We feel that words cannot convey the great pleasure that we experience in having our minds wafted above by the devotional strains which have filled the school office under your skillful direction. How well you have succeeded as teacher is known to all. You spare no pains, left nothing undone to promote the individual as well as the general interests of your pupils. It would you to depart on your vacation without expressing to you our sincere thanks. At the same time as a souvenir of your sojourn among us and as a pledge of our esteem for a beloved teacher and friend we ask you to accept this slight token. It is but a trifle and represents but feebly our true gratitude and affection. We pray that God may extend to you the blessing of this holy season, which we wish you a safe journey to your home, a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

On behalf of the congregation,
M. Connelly, J. McCartney, H. Casey and M. Courtney.

The teacher then responded by expressing her heartfelt thanks for the very pleasant hour the party then withdrew again to their respective homes.

To my mind music is an important part of education, where boys have a turn for it. It is a great restorer when they are thrown on the world; it is a social amusement perfectly innocent, and what is so great a point, employs their thoughts.—*Cardinal Newman*.

this, that I love you with all the love of my life, that I shall love you always to the end. Mary, Mary, has my love any worth in your eyes? If you can care for me at all; if I am not a mad, presumptuous fool to hope so highly, give me one word of kindness and bid me live."

His voice faltered at the close, and his trembling hands crumpled up, unconsciously, the paper with the verses on it, which he still held. His eyes were fixed imploringly upon the upturned face of the girl, as she sat with her hands still crossed, looking up at her lover.

For a few seconds her face retained the same rigid expression of despair which it had worn all the time that Brian was making his appeal.

Then, suddenly, her firm lips trembled, her dark eyes shone with tears, and, covering her face with her hands, she bent her head in an agony of unconquerable sobbing.

Brian stood still, looking at her, dumb with pain.

Outside the fading sunlight seemed to flame with a stranger glory among the great lustrous blossoms, as if desirous of dying like a king in greater splendour.

A soft summer wind stirred very gently among the flowers, rustling through the rose-leaves, and making the great glowing heads of the roses, crimson and white and saffron, tremble beneath its loving kisses.

On its wings the perfume of the flowers stole in, and seemed to fill the little room with a deep, dreamy fragrance, and across Brian's brain the odd fancy flashed that he had been dead for centuries, embalmed in the aromatic odour of those sleep-breathing roses.

Strangely inappropriate and foolish thoughts will come into men's minds at moments of infinite gravity, of pain, and of danger.

Brian, standing there with a dull ache at his heart, was still conscious of the play of the sunlight among the rose-bushes, of the heavily scented air that filled the room.

To the day of his death the scent of summer roses and the gleam of golden sunlight on their painted petals were an anguish to him.

I remember once, during the war, when we were riding together down South at the head of our regiment one summer's eve—I remember seeing him shudder and grow pale and tremble like a sick man as we passed a little farmhouse with a long garden in front filled with roses, and an open window at which a girl sat sewing, who looked up with startled eyes as the troops tramped past.

Well, there was dead silence for quite a little while on Brian's part as he stood there watching the woman he loved best in the world sobbing as if her heart would break. His own heart seemed to be on fire, to burn within him as if the living, beating organ had been torn from his bleeding breast, and a glowing ember thrust into its place.

For somehow, although Mary had not yet spoken, he knew, with a cruel sense of certainty, that his hopes were vanity, that all the dreaming and trusting and longing of his youth were washed away for ever, drowning helplessly and hopelessly in the bitter flood of a girl's tears.

He would speak though, none the less. As the prisoner against whom the verdict has just been given is inspired by a ghastly curiosity to know the terms of his sentence, so poor Brian, his heart aflame and his hands crumpling his unhappy verses, was impelled to seek the exquisite agony of confirmation from Mary's lips of the meaning of Mary's tears.

He stepped a little forward and rested his hand on the crouching girl's shoulder. The touch was light as air, but she shivered as she felt it, and a deadly chill seemed to pass into Brian's body and cool his fiery heart, as the wintry water cools the lava flood that races down the scarp of a mountain to its frozen embrace.

His hand dropped to his side and he spoke, quite quietly and firmly. Even then he was conscious of a kind of dumb, half-pitying surprise at his own composure.

"Mary," he said, "Mary, my dear love, forgive me. I have loved you all my life, I shall love you all my life, but I should have held my tongue. Dear Mary, forgive me."

For a moment the girl's sob continued, then they ceased abruptly, as if by a determined effort of the will, and, lifting her head, she looked straight into Formanagh's eyes.

Her pale cheeks were stained with the traces of recent tears; her eyes were still wet with their flow; she gazed at Brian with a kind of wild pity. Her lips trembled painfully when she tried to speak, and her tightly folded hands clasped and unclasped themselves incessantly with a nervous restlessness.

"Forgive you!" she said. "Forgive you, my dear! What have I to forgive? You have done me a great honour, Brian, and it breaks my heart that I cannot take you at your word, and thank you and tell you that I love you; but I cannot, dear Brian, I cannot!"

She trembled again painfully, and the tears flooded her eyes once more. "If there is any forgiveness to be sought for," she went on, "it is by me, who an offered the love of a good and gallant gentleman, and obliged to

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say him nay. Think of my loss, Brian, and forgive me that when your love is offered to me I cannot love you back."

There was dead, dreary silence for a moment between them. Then Brian asked hoarsely: "Can you give me any reason? Can you give me no hope?"

"I can give no hope, of the hope you seek for," she answered him, very quietly and sadly; "I can give you a reason if you wish for it. I am in love with another man. I am in love with your dearest friend!"

Brian groaned aloud in the bitterness of his pain. "God forgive me!" he moaned. "Has Murrough come between me and my heart's desire? The friend of my youth—the friend of my youth."

"Hush," Mary pleaded, interrupting his passionate outcries. "Brian, Brian, he knows nothing of this, does not guess it, does not dream it. As you are my true and dear friend, Brian, let this be for ever secret between you and me."

Brian bent down and took her hand very reverently. "Dearest," he said, softly, "I told you just now that I should love you all my life, and I told the truth. But the world shall end before I ever trouble you again with deed or word. Good-bye!"

He stooped and kissed her hand gently, and, turning, passed from her side, and out into the little garden, and so into the poplar avenue.

The girl watched him through the roses and out into the road beyond, and then once more burst into a passion of unguaranteed tears.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ANOTHER COLORED AMERICAN PRIEST.

Boston Pilot.

Among the young men ordained to the priesthood last Saturday, in Baltimore, Md., by Cardinal Gibbons, was a young colored man, the Rev. Randolph Uncles. He is the first of his race to receive sacred orders in the United States, but he is not the first American colored priest; for the Rev. Augustus Tolton, a full-blooded negro, and born a slave at that, was ordained three years ago at the American College, Rome, for the Diocese of Alton, Ill., and is now at St. Monica's Church, Chicago.

Father Uncles is a light mulatto, a native of Baltimore, and was born a freeman. Free colored people were numerous in Catholic Maryland long before Emancipation. This happy circumstance made it possible to found a convent for colored nuns in Baltimore, and schools for the Catholic colored children, before there was an abolition movement even in Boston.

Father Uncles is a graduate of the colored high school in Baltimore, and was for some years a very successful teacher in the colored public schools of that city. He made his studies for the priesthood at St. Hyacinth's College, Canada, at St. Joseph's and St. Mary's Seminaries, Baltimore, and finally at the Epiphany Apostolate College, Highland Park, where a number of other young men of his race are now preparing for the priesthood.

This ordination is creating a quite unnecessary stir, as if it were something exceptional and extraordinary. It is only in America that colored Catholic priests attract attention. The Church knows nothing of race or color. Black, red and brown candidates for the priesthood study side by side with white in the great Missionary College of the Propaganda at Rome. It is the way of the Catholic Church in her evangelization of the nations to raise up as soon as possible a native priesthood.

What said Wendell Phillips before a Boston Protestant audience in 1842? "From a priest of the Catholic Church we might expect superiority to that prejudice against color which freezes the sympathies of our churches when humanity points to the slave. I remember that African lips may join in the chants of the Church unrebuked even under the proud dome of St. Peter's; and I have seen the colored man in the sacred dress, pass with priest and student beneath the frowning portals of the College of the Propaganda at Rome, with none to sneer at his complexion, or repulse him from society. I remember that a long line of Popes, from Leo to Gregory, have denounced the sin of making merchandise of men: that the voice of Rome was the first to be heard against the slave-trade; and that the Bull of Gregory XVI. forbidding every true Catholic to touch the accursed thing, is yet hardly a year old."

And none but the wilfully blind can fail to note the headway that the Catholic Church has made among the negroes in the South since the abolition of slavery. The Pilot congratulates Father Uncles, and trusts that he will not long enjoy the distinction of being the sole colored priest ordained in America.

Member of the Legislature. In addition to the testimony of the Governor of the State of Maryland, U. S. A., a member of the Maryland Legislature, Hon. Wm. C. Harden, testifies as follows: "746 Dolphin, St., Balto., Md., U. S. A., Jan. 18, 1891. 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. HARDEN, Member of State Legislature."

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

THE DOCTRINE OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

Catholic Review.

One of the striking characteristics of the liberal tendencies of the times, in religion, is the very general disposition, not only to ignore, but to deny and repudiate the idea of future punishment. Indeed, there are certain so-called religious papers which are accustomed to treat the matter as settled beyond possibility of doubt. The idea of hell, they say, is unreasonable and absurd, and they feel perfectly justified in acting as if the idea of hell were a myth, one of those superstitions of a dark age which the superior light of this progressive nineteenth century has completely dissipated.

It is not a pleasant subject. In fact it is too awful to be either ignored or lightly treated. And this is true without for a moment lending countenance to certain exaggerated Calvinistic features with which the subject was invested by the Puritan forefathers. No doubt it would be very agreeable to us all if it could be well assured that even the Scriptural representations of the subject were not literally true. But of this we believe no really intelligent and unprejudiced person, who understands the subject and is not bound by partisan views, can be thoroughly convinced.

We do not propose now to go into a labored Scriptural argument to prove the doctrine of future punishment. We simply remark that the amount of ingenious exegesis that is spent in endeavoring to explain away the plain language of Scripture is really surprising; and we must say it is generally as fanciful and far-fetched as it is inconclusive and unsatisfactory. They are much more consistent—who do not say more reasonable—who discard revelation entirely and argue simply on grounds of reason and common sense. If you admit a divine revelation you must admit the doctrine of future punishment. But what we propose now is to look at the matter in the light of reason—to take a philosophical view of the subject.

It is said, then, that the Scriptural doctrine of future punishment is contrary to the justice of God. The advocates of this view have formed to themselves a certain view of the character and attributes of God, and they do not hesitate to declare that the idea of future punishment is contrary to that character; they say that God could not and would not make people in order to damn them. That certainly is not the doctrine, the Calvinistic Confession of Faith of our Presbyterian friends to the contrary, notwithstanding. The doctrine is simply that God has made us free agents and made our happiness or misery to depend upon our conduct. Life and death are set before us; if we choose life we shall be happy, if death, we shall be unhappy—miserable, and it will be our own fault. The only real and difficult question in the case is, has God made us free agents and placed our happiness or misery in our own hands? But this question is answered by our own consciousness. We know that we are free agents, and we know without the testimony of revelation, that our Maker has placed within us a monitor that indicates that some actions are right and others wrong. And we know from experience that when we do right we are happy; when we do wrong we are unhappy—miserable—according to the degree of guilt incurred. We know that when we violate our conscientious convictions we do it deliberately, and that we might have done otherwise. Now remorse is itself a kind of hell, and we bring it upon ourselves, and there can not be any injustice in it on the part of God.

But it is said the idea of hell is contrary to the goodness and mercy of God. It is impossible to suppose that so good and merciful a Being would inflict such fearful punishment upon His creatures. But this merciful Being has made us capable of suffering, and as a matter of fact, we do suffer, intensely, in this world; and we suffer the consequences of our wicked actions. Bishop Butler's argument from analogy is unanswerable. The Christian doctrine of future punishment for the incorrigibly wicked is in perfect accordance with the dealings of Providence as manifested in the constitution and course of nature. If it be said that the Christian idea of punishment is disproportionate to the sin we see the same apparent disproportion in this world. In fact, God has so constituted us that, sometimes, from some slight indiscretion, some apparently small aberration from the path of duty, a whole life of wretchedness and misery is entailed upon the unhappy victim.

Then look at the consequences of deliberate and habitual indulgence of the appetites and passions. It would seem as if human nature were capable of making a hell for itself even in this world, so that the language of Lucifer is not inapplicable:

"Which way I fly is hell; myself an hell; And in the lowest deep, a lower deep, Still threatening to devour me opens wide, To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven."

Yes, we have hells on earth, and the same reasoning that would do away with future punishment would, if consistently carried out, do away with the misery and wretchedness which constitute the hells of this world. But these hells exist, and they exist by the permission of Almighty God; and although this argument from analogy may not prove the fact of future punishment, it is a full and conclusive answer to the objection against the idea of future punishment founded on the goodness and mercy of God.

This view of the case should be a solemn warning to those public teachers who assume so confidently the impossibility of future punishment. It

is a fearful responsibility. You can not prove that the doctrine of future punishment is false. On the contrary, the analogy to which we have alluded does constitute, as we believe, an a priori probability in favor of the Christian doctrine. Even the doctrine of chances should teach these presumptuous men to be cautious how they put forth their crude and unphilosophical notions on a subject involving such tremendous consequences. If you recognize the Christian doctrine, for which there is abundant proof to satisfy a reasonable mind, and live accordingly, and it should not prove true when you come into another world, it will have been no loss to you, whereas, if you take for granted that the doctrine is not true, and live accordingly, without restraint and without the fear of God, what an awful surprise may await you on waking up in eternity. "As the tree falleth so it lieth." "He that is filthy let him be filthy still; he that is holy let him be holy still." We would say to the opponents of future punishment, in the language of Voltaire: "Don't unchain the tiger."

For the CATHOLIC RECORD. OLD AGE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LOUIS VEILLIOT. And so you are growing old! That is good news for you. The moment is coming for you when your organs, as is usual with old servants, discharge most of their duties badly, and utterly refuse to do some of them. Infirmitudes begin to show themselves and to take root. Let them be welcome! God, in His most merciful providence, sends them in order to impose at last patience and wisdom on the inner man who rebels against growing old. Everything falls away from man, in order to warn him to detach himself. Happy those who take to heart these decisive warnings! Happier still those who do not wait for them, but are wise enough to forestall the blow! It is a good thing to offer up freely to-day, what we shall, willingly or unwillingly, have to yield to-morrow.

Infirmitudes, inferiority of position and worldly misfortunes of what kind soever they may be, are mere trifles unworthy of our attention. Whoever knows God, and is willing to serve Him, is in a good position, in good health, in a good way of living.

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Your soul is the exiled daughter of a King, a noble daughter of Christ, laboring nobly to secure her throne. Await thus the coming of days of which you know nothing, and be not solicitous about there being days of toil and gloom, provided only you advance one step on your way, one step towards your royal and eternal goal. You do not know what God has in store for you, but this you do know: that He is keeping for you nothing that is not suitable for His child. F. B. H.

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London, Saturday, January 9, 1892.

TROUBLES ABOUT RITUALISM.

The horror of Ritualism which is from time to time exhibited by Low Churchmen of the Church of England, and by those of other denominations who delight in calling themselves Evangelicals, sometimes gives rise to exhibitions so absurd that they would only be laughed at, were it not for the painful desecrations of God's worship to which they frequently give rise.

That under the Old Law, instituted by God Himself, distinct sacerdotal vestments were commanded to be used in the Old Testament, and these vestments were to be remarkable for "glory and for beauty." The ceremonies which were to be used in the synagogue were likewise of such a nature as to impress those assisting therewith with sentiments of respect, and a feeling of awe in presence of the Divine Majesty with which these ordinances were carried out.

It is very easy for anti-Ritualists to say that all religious ceremonial should be abolished and that everything in the divine service should be carried out with the utmost simplicity—"with Apostolic simplicity," as the favorite saying is—but we have yet to learn that the Apostles, or the primitive Church, rejected the use of these aids to devotion.

It can scarcely be denied that the weakness of human nature is such that an exterior ceremonial of more or less dignity is required to impress an assemblage of Christians with due respect for the House of God, and for God Himself. If this be not the case, what is the meaning of the great strictness with which Evangelicals wish the Sunday, or "Christian Sabbath," as they are pleased to call it, to be observed? It is well known that the anti-Ritualistic Evangelicals are the most zealous of all Protestants for the observance of the Sunday as nearly as possible with the same strictness and in much the same manner as were observed under the Old Law, though the ceremonial observances of the Old Law are no longer obligatory. This is, certainly, Ritualism of a most pronounced type.

It is a curious inconsistency that these same Evangelicals are deadly enemies of "Ritualism" in every other form except in that on which they are pleased to insist upon its observance.

They contend that a very strict observance of the Sunday is necessary in order to ensure due respect for God during the whole week. No doubt the Sunday should be properly observed, according to the laws of God and of His Church; but this truth is no excuse for the extreme views of Sabbatarianism who would oblige Christians, if they could, to observe the Jewish mode of celebrating their Sabbath. They would not, if they were consistent with themselves, allow us to light a fire, or cook our meals on Sunday, because these things were forbidden to the Jews.

But while these Evangelicals are thus zealous for the Jewish ceremonial laws to be observed regarding the keeping of the Sunday, on what principle of consistency do they persist in denouncing as un-Christian all Ritualistic observance in the public offices of the Church? We do not read anywhere in the New Testament that Christ or His Apostles condemned the use of the priestly vestments, or of incense, or of other ceremonial practices which they saw in constant use in the temple of Jerusalem; and we may justly infer that they approved of them, and even that the Apostles made use of some similar ritual when they established churches in the various cities which they visited in obedience to the command of Christ to preach His Gospel throughout the world.

There is evidence in the Apocalypse (or Revelation) of St. John that this was the case. In the description which this Apostle gives of his vision of the Son of God officiating at the altar as the

great high priest of the New Law, the vestments which he describes as worn by our Lord, and the ornaments of the altar at which He officiates, are strikingly similar to those which are used in Catholic churches to this day, and there is not a particle of doubt that the description accords with the usage of the primitive Christian Church.

In fact the early Christian writers and Fathers of the Church, in their descriptions of the usages of the early Church, show that such was really the case, and monuments have come down to us from those days which prove the same thing. We may mention one of these monuments which may be seen to this day by any one who visits the church of St. Clement at Rome. On a fresco painted on the wall of this ancient church dedicated to the saint, he is represented in the act of celebrating Mass, and the vestments he wears are almost exactly the same as those which are worn by Popes and Bishops at the present day. The ornaments of the altar are likewise similar to those still in use: the candlesticks of the altar, the position of the chalice and the Mass-book, and even the position of the celebrant at the moment when he is saying the words "Dominus vobiscum." We may add that it is a matter of history that these words were established by St. Clement as part of the Mass; and they are to be seen on the Mass-book on the fresco as it stands open on the altar. The words "pax Domini sit semper vobiscum" (May the peace of the Lord be always with you) are also plainly to be seen. These words were instituted by St. Clement as part of the Mass.

This ancient Church is known to have been built in the reign of Constantine the Great, and it is spoken of in the writings of St. Augustine as a "Church in which the oratory of St. Clement is still preserved." The Church was destroyed by an earthquake in the ninth century, but it was excavated during the Pontificate of Pope Pius IX., and the debris removed, with the result that these valuable testimonies to the antiquity of Catholic faith and practice were brought to light.

In view of such facts as these, it will be seen that those religionists who style themselves "Evangelicals," and who entertain so much hatred against any use of ceremonial observances and symbolical decorations in churches, wrongly appropriate to themselves the name "Evangelicals." Their practices are woefully at variance with the Gospel, and all the traditions of Christianity.

We mentioned in last week's issue of the Record a disgraceful incident which occurred in St. Mary's Anglican Church in Newry, Ireland, which is one instance of this insane hatred of religious symbolism. Eleven vestrymen, while service was going on in the church, advanced to the "altar rails" and in presence of the whole congregation violently seized and burned from the Communion cloth the letters I. H. S. which were embroidered on it. These words, which signify reverence to "Jesus the Saviour of men," we should suppose would be regarded with respect by any claiming to be called "Evangelicals."

A similar incident is reported from Gloucester, England where objection has been made by the Evangelicals of the Anglican cathedral to the use of a cope and mitre which have been made for the use of their Bishop. They say that "it savors too much of Romanism," and it is all the more objectionable because on the centre-piece of the cope there is a representation of the Lamb of God, which is a Scriptural designation applied to our Blessed Lord by St. John the Baptist, and also by St. John the Evangelist, who, in the Apocalypse, describes our Lord as the "Lamb that was slain" for the sins of mankind. The pseudo-Bishop has not, indeed, any right to the Episcopal insignia; but as he claims to be a Bishop, it is incomprehensible that his flock should object to his use of a Bishop's emblems.

From another direction, also, and a most unexpected quarter, objection has been made to the use of a pastor's gown in the First Reformed Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn. The objectors declare that they are "in favor of plainness and simplicity in the church."

The Rev. James M. Farrar is the name of the pastor who has adopted the preacher's gown, which is peculiarly Calvinistic in its origin and use. It is known as the "Geneva gown," and is used in all the Calvinistic churches of Europe, and in many Protestant churches throughout the United States, as by Dr. Parkhurst, Presbyterian, of

New York, and Dr. Moxom of Boston, who is a Baptist.

There is, certainly, in this case no cause for pretending that the use of the gown shows a tendency to Romanism, but the occurrence shows the vagaries of which so-called "Evangelicals" are capable.

MODEL NO-POPERY LITERATURE.

Of all the controversial literature with which the anti-Catholic religious journals on this continent furnish their readers, that given by the Montreal Witness from time to time is undoubtedly the most stupid and malignant.

It will be remembered that a few weeks ago the news furnishers of the Associated Press thought it worth their while to telegraph by cable a story about a Jesuit in disguise who was detected acting as a butler in the house of Lord Salisbury. This story was to the effect that "a lady" whose name was not even given, chanced, while visiting the house of His Lordship, to notice among the servants a butler whose face she thought she had seen somewhere before under very different circumstances. On reflection she remembered that the face of the servant who perplexed her so much was that of a Jesuit who had conducted her through one of the churches of Rome, while she was on a visit to that city. He was then in the garb of a Roman priest.

The thought alarmed the sensitive lady so much that she went back to Lord Salisbury's house to make a farther investigation, with the result that she discovered that the suspected Jesuit in disguise had fled. She communicated the facts of the case at once to Lord Salisbury, and told him of her suspicion that the pretended butler had been entrusted by the Pope with a mission to enter His Lordship's service as a spy to discover the intentions of the British Government in regard to its policy on the question of the restoration of the Pope's temporal power.

It was then taken as a matter of course that the spy, on seeing her, feared that his plans were discovered, whereupon he suddenly decamped. This story was pretty generally published by the press on this side of the Atlantic, just as it was sent over the cable, but we are not aware that any journal except the Witness gave so much credit to it as to honor it with an editorial notice to the effect that the Jesuits are accustomed to pursue just such a line of conduct as was represented by the unknown "lady," and that the story might well be accepted as true.

Lord Salisbury when spoken to on the subject said that the whole thing was a fabrication, but that it was too absurd on its face to need any official denial. It is not calculated to raise our estimation of the intelligence of the readers and supporters of the Montreal Witness, that this journal feels that it can so far practice upon their credulity as to give countenance and to attest even the probability of such tales, which are characterized as evidently absurd by Lord Salisbury, who is certainly no friend of Catholicism. But of course the Witness, even when it became aware of Lord Salisbury's statement, never informed its readers that the story was an absurd concoction. We do not suppose that Lord Salisbury is accustomed to tell his butlers all the State secrets of the British Government, so it could scarcely be thought that men so cunning as the Jesuits are supposed by people of the Witness stamp to be, would get themselves into butlers' situations in order to learn what is going on in diplomatic circles.

In the Witness of the 28th ult. we find another evidence of its enterprise. In that issue prominence is given to an anonymous letter signed Saul, in which just as silly a story is related as that which came by cable concerning Lord Salisbury. It is no Popery literature, and that is sufficient to ensure that the Witness will give it to its readers as nutritious spiritual food.

The story is now that on the occasion of the obsequies of Rev. Father Dowd, of Montreal, Saul fell in with a "respectably dressed" Catholic woman with whom he went into St. Patrick's church, on receiving the assurance from her that he might enter without danger. The woman knelt near Father Dowd's catafalque, and said "the mortuary prayer." This was very proper, for "it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins," according to Scripture.

Saul, however, would not pray for the deceased priest, and when his companion asked him his reason for not doing so, he answered: "I believe

the good man is very comfortable, and any prayer of mine now would not be of much avail one way or the other." We wonder that he had so high an opinion of a priest's virtue as to acknowledge that he could be a "good man."

This writer further informs us that his Catholic companion told him:

"See! I have half a dozen beads with me, because it was given out only yesterday—and they don't all know it yet—that two hundred days' Indulgence will be granted to any one who had their beads touched by his (Father Dowd's) hands. Anyhow have you not a bead about you, or even a handkerchief? It might do you a service. It is seldom we have the opportunity of getting such a long Indulgence for trifling slips and offences."

The woman is stated to have made Saul otherwise her confidant, but it is unnecessary to repeat here the rest of the reported conversation.

The whole story told by Saul is evidently an invention. No Catholic woman would have made such a statement as we have quoted; but it appears that the Witness is always ready to open its columns to every slander against Catholics or Catholic doctrine.

THE TABLES TURNED.

Four years ago the bigots of Boston succeeded, by means of a No-Popery cry, but more effectually by inducing the Protestant women of the city to register as voters, in electing a Mayor, a Common Council, and a school commission hostile to Catholics. Not only were the Catholics of the city deprived of representation, but all Protestants who were suspected of being in favor of doing justice to Catholics in educational matters were ruthlessly rejected from the Council, and we cannot easily forget the paeans of victory which were sung on the occasion by anti-Catholic journals in our own Dominion, which we need not name.

We had also Justin D. Fulton boasting in a lecture delivered in Toronto soon after, that he had been very instrumental in gaining the glorious victory over Rome. And what was the nature of the victory? It was the victory of intolerance and deceit, and they who gloried in it were boasted advocates of Equal Rights! It was a victory whereby a Bostonian majority declared that the Catholic children of Boston, in attendance at schools for which their parents paid taxes, should be taught that the Catholic Church holds doctrines which she never held.

We told these gentlemen at the time, that their rejoicings were premature. We told them that they had succeeded in arousing the spirit of fanaticism, but we added that the victory they had gained would be short-lived; and our prognostications have proved to be correct. At the elections which have just been held the fanatics have been routed, horse, foot and artillery; and what is better still, there is every reason to believe that the recent victory is an earnest of what will be the permanent state of affairs in the city.

At the elections last year there was already evidence that a reaction was taking place, but this year has settled the question.

The Democrats announced boldly that justice to Catholics was part of their programme. The Republicans, both this year and last, pandered to the fanatics, while putting on a mask of hypocrisy over their intentions while seeking for Catholic votes. The whole strength of the Fulton and Company's Committee of One Hundred, which had dictatorially determined to rule the city, and especially to hold the schools under their control, was concentrated on the Republican side. The result is that whereas last year the Democrats had a majority of 9 in the city council, there are now 48 Democrats to 27 Republicans: the Democratic majority being 21.

On the School Committee, 9 Democrats and three nominees of the fanatical One Hundred were elected. The most decisive vote of all, however, was for the Mayoralty. A much larger vote than usual was polled, a vote which was scarcely ever exceeded, except in the years of the Presidential elections, and the result is that the Democratic candidate for the Mayoralty, Mr. Matthews, was elected by a majority of 15,182 over the Republican, or by 14,418 over both of his opponents together. This is the largest majority ever given to a Mayor of the city. The figures were: Democratic, 34,716; Republican, 19,534; Prohibitionist, 761.

There will be no peans in the anti-Catholic journals this time, over the result.

It is not altogether outside of the possibilities, or even probabilities, that this discomfiture of the fanatics may have such an influence on the coming presidential election as to turn the scale. It would be very amusing and instructive if Fildy Fulton proved to be the Rev. Burchard of the Republicans for 1892.

THE SCOTCH CROFTERS.

It is a mistake to suppose that Ireland is the only portion of the British Isles where the greed of the landlord has brought into existence a land question which needed to be settled in order to rescue the tenantry from a condition of abject poverty bordering on starvation. The Ulster Orangemen and all those in Canada who sympathize with them oppose tenant right and Home Rule in Ireland because the people of Ireland are mostly Catholic; but they conveniently close their eyes to the fact that Protestant Scotland has its land question also, which is in every respect similar to that of Ireland, and which must be solved on the same general principles recognizing the right of the tillers of the ground to its first fruits, enabling them to live out of their own earnings.

The case of the Crofters of the North and West of the Scotch Highlands is one more prominently before the public, and this time in the form of a decisive victory which they have achieved in the Courts.

The abodes of the Crofters in the Highlands, and on the islands, are humble huts of the poorest description, and the Crofters themselves earn a precarious subsistence by cultivating the small portions of land which are there allotted to them, but which are quite inadequate for their subsistence, so that they are obliged, besides cultivating their land, to seek some other occupation in addition to enable them to earn a living.

The patches of land which are tilled by the Crofters are so small that they cannot be called farms, and so the name Crofts is given to them, and the tenants who till them are called Crofters, but the Crofters of each township have, in addition to the piece of land they occupy, the right of pasturage on the hill or moorland adjoining their holdings. They have, however, no lease to ensure to them that their holdings will be permanent, the only guarantee being the word of the proprietor, which is usually unreliable, and they are consequently liable to eviction at any moment, and such eviction is often as ruthlessly carried out as in Ireland, at the will of the landlord. These tenants-at-will are either turned adrift, or are obliged to remove to poorer crofts so that their holdings may be divided among several other tenants whose combined rental will be greater than a single tenant is expected to pay; or the rents may be raised at the whim of the landlord. This occurs, especially, when for not being sufficiently subservient, the tenant is not regarded with favor by the proprietor or factor in charge.

No remuneration is allowed the tenants for improvements, when they are evicted, and of course as time lapses, the holdings become poorer and poorer, for there is no encouragement to improve them or the mode of farming them. Hence the condition of the crofters is constantly becoming less and less endurable, as their farms become poorer, which must necessarily be the case when they are not improved.

In addition to all this, the whole population of a township have frequently been evicted and placed upon hillsides and moorlands, which are bleak and sterile, because the proprietors wished to turn their comparatively more fertile fields into large farms or deer forests.

Under such circumstances, of course, the condition of the crofters has become every year worse than ever before.

The old tribal tenure of land gave the clansmen a title to their holdings as long as they rendered military service to their chief, but as this feudal tenure has become absolute, the proprietors have taken advantage of the changed conditions to claim an absolute ownership, thus making the condition of the people as intolerable as that of the Irish tenantry, and in some respects even more so, so that at the present time it is about as intolerable as it can possibly be. They are subject to all the hardships of which the Irish complain, except the single one of landlord absenteeism. The introduction of improved methods of cultivating the soil, sowing the seed, and mowing by machinery, has also cut off from them the oppor-

tunities they formerly had for earning a living by working in the Lowlands during the summer, and thus, between rack-renting, loss of their improvements, evictions and deprivation of employment, they are reduced to the most deplorable state of indigence.

If at any time a crofter offended his lord, or refused to accede to his unjust and even criminal demands, which it was frequently necessary for him to do, as he valued the honor of his family, there was no alternative for him but to leave the country, and it was not until the inhabitants of Lewis, the largest and most Northerly of the Hebrides, actually took up arms to protect their homes against their landlords who proposed to evict them in order to seize upon their little farms and their common pastures, that public attention was called to their hard condition, which has not been improved since Burns wrote,

Lord, man! our gentry care sae little For delvers, ditchers and sic cattle They gang as saucy by poor folk As I would by a stinking brock I've noticed on our Lord's court day, And moony a time my heart's been wae, Puir tenant bottles, scant o' cash Hee they maun, thole a snash; He'll stamp and threaten, curse and swear He'll apprehend them, point their gear; While they maun stand w/ aspect humble And hear it a' an' fear an' tremble, I see how folk live that hae riches, But surely puir folk maun be wretches.

The General Assemblies of the Kirk of Scotland and the Free Kirk received many petitions or overtures, begging of them to intervene in favor of the crofters by petitioning Parliament to ameliorate their condition. They did so, and a court was soon established to adjust the rental and reduce excessive arrears. The proprietors, among whom was the Duke of Argyll, claimed, like the Irish landlords, that the crofters had no just grounds for complaint. But, in spite of their representations, Parliament passed a law establishing a court on the basis demanded by the General Assemblies. This court recently held a session with the result that in nearly every case brought before it, the rent was reduced to a degree unexpected by the landlords, who are now very indignant at the decisions which have been reached. The average reduction of rents has been fully 35 per cent., and of arrears 65 per cent., and in some cases the rents were reduced even 60 per cent. and the arrears 90 per cent. There is scarcely an estate in the whole crofter region on which these reductions have not been made, the whole sum due to the owners having been cut down by some millions of pounds sterling. The landlords have, in consequence, been obliged to curtail their expenditure to such an extent that the merchants say that their receipts from the Scotch Northern land owners have been very much diminished.

The land owners threaten to appeal to Parliament to have the court abolished, or at least to have its most sweeping decisions quashed. But they are not likely to be successful. The present Tory Government is obstinate enough in refusing to ameliorate the condition of the Irish; but where it is a question of relieving Scotchmen, they do not dare to perpetuate a like injustice.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN FIRES OFF A BOOMERANG.

Mr. Chamberlain, in a recent speech delivered at Edinburgh, in the hope of reanimating the spirits of the Tories of that city, took occasion to attack Home Rule on the exploded ground that it would be "Rome Rule," and further to convince his audience that this would be a dreadful misfortune he pointed with the finger of scorn at the Province of Quebec as being an illustration of the evils of priestly and of all Catholic domination. The inference is, of course, that Home Rule should be withheld from Ireland. He said:

"In the French Province of Quebec, the Church of Rome wields an unquestionable and an unlimited authority. It has secured possession of the greater part of the land. It controls the Legislature; it discourages Protestants and Protestantism; and it favors the members of its own community; and, as a result of that, enterprise is dead within the Province, and there is no contrast more striking on the American continent than that between the energy and the industry of the great Protestant city of Toronto and the decrepitude and the apathy and the silence of the once famous Catholic city of Quebec. That is the effect of the intervention of the priest in politics. That is the effect of Catholic domination."

Mr. Chamberlain has never been remarkable for truthfulness during his political career, especially since he became the henchman of an unscrupulous Government; but the above few lines contain so many untruths and misrepresentations that none but a politician without the least regard for honesty could give utterance to them.

Ireland is not the only country in the British Empire which has sought for Home Rule. It has been long attained by Canada and the Australian colonies, and if it had been granted with good will to the British American colonies a hundred years ago, they would have had no cause then to fight for national independence, and the sixty five millions of people who now constitute the population of the United States of America might have continued to be to this day part of the British Empire, and if this had been the case they would be now the brightest jewel in the crown of the Queen of Great Britain and the Empress of India. There were then men who ruled the destinies of the British Empire who declared that to grant the liberty of self-government to colonists would be to destroy the unity of the Empire, and it is to their blind policy that we must attribute the loss of half a continent, and if it ever come to pass that Canada join her fortunes with those of the United States, it will be likewise a consequence of that same blindness.

It cannot be forgotten that before the Convention of Colonial Delegates, which assembled in 1775 to consider the relations of the colonies with their mother country, Patrick Henry said:

"I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future, but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been solacing themselves."

The gentlemen referred to solaced themselves with the hope that by letting events take their course the rights of the colonists would in time be acknowledged. But Patrick Henry saw that if they would be free, "themselves must strike the blow," so he said:

"If we shall be free: if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending: if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon till the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight."

The same reasoning holds good for Ireland. The people of Ireland are tired of asking the Government at Westminster to redress grievances which have sacrificed their lives by millions in the paltry interests of heartless absentee landlords and the manufacturers of London. And why should not the priesthood of Ireland contend side by side with their suffering people in the peaceful fight in a constitutional and lawful warfare for so noble an object?

It is only a few months since the Presbyterian General Assemblies of Scotland issued their pronouncements in favor of the Crofters of the Highlands whose cause is similar to that of the people of Ireland, and we have yet to hear that they have been blamed for their interference. They have, on the contrary, been applauded for their boldness in siding with the weak against the strong, with the oppressed against their oppressors; and why should the Bishops and priests of Ireland alone be blamed for siding with the right against the iniquities of an oppressive landlordism?

It is not true, as Mr. Chamberlain pretends, that Home Rule in Ireland means oppression of the Protestants. If this were the truth it would still be a comparatively trivial iniquity to tyrannize over the Protestant population, consisting of less than twenty-five per cent. of the people, than to tyrannize over, and grind into the dust 50 percent. of the population, consisting of the entire tenantry, both Catholic and Protestant, according to the policy which Mr. Chamberlain upholds.

Mr. Chamberlain charges the Quebec priesthood with "discouraging Protestants and Protestantism, and favoring the members of its own community." We arraign him of having co-operated with Mr. Balfour in the outrageous murders at Mitchelstown by his sustaining with his vote the fiendish orders which the late Irish Secretary gave to the Irish police — "don't hesitate to shoot." We leave it to the judgment of fair-minded readers whether Mr. Chamberlain's guilt or that of the Quebec hierarchy be the greater, even on the false hypothesis that his charge against the hierarchy were truthful, in the political sense in which he makes it. We do not deny that the Quebec hierarchy and priesthood prefer their own religion to Protestantism, and that they encourage their people to cling to the "faith once delivered to the saints;" but the laws of the Province

of Quebec are fair to Protestants, as the most representative Protestants of that Province have frequently acknowledged. Now, according to Mr. Chamberlain, those laws were made at the dictation of the hierarchy. It follows that the hierarchy have maintained equality of political rights for all denominations.

That the laws which Mr. Chamberlain maintains are not so fair toward Catholics is evident from the single fact that to this day in Catholic Ireland the Government sustains Trinity College, which is still a Church of England institution, besides Dublin University, the Royal University and three godless colleges, while the Catholics of Ireland have not yet received a single penny for the establishment of a Catholic University. The Protestants of Quebec receive very different treatment from the Catholic Government of that Province.

Truly Mr. Chamberlain's indictment of the Quebec hierarchy is very like the Pharisical Pecksniff's indictment of Tom Pinch:

"Mr. Pinch: Oh Mr. Pinch! I wonder you can look me in the face. Tom did it, though, . . . and he stood as upright then as man could stand."

Next, as regards the Catholics of Ireland, one fact is sufficient to show that they are disposed to deal liberally with their Protestant neighbors. They supported readily Protestant candidates for Parliament, for thoroughly Catholic constituencies, and never ostracised them on account of their religion, provided only that they were sound on the burning political issues which were agitating the country; and for their political leaders, they nearly always selected Protestants instead of any of the Catholic gentlemen who were fully as deserving of their confidence. Would the Ulster Protestants or the Protestants of England, Scotland or Wales, place as much confidence in a Catholic leader, or would they contribute so generously toward covering his losses by litigation, as the Irish Catholics did for Charles Stewart Parnell? We have every reason to assert that they would not. As a matter of fact, they have never done so.

A word now on Mr. Chamberlain's next slur upon the Catholics of Quebec, and we shall have finished.

He says that enterprise is dead in Quebec. We may inform him that the last available census of the Dominion of Canada tells a different story. We do not concede that either enterprise or wealth is the test to be applied in order to distinguish the true religion. Sometimes the wicked prosper in temporal possessions, simply because they are less honest; for "not by bread alone doth man live, but by every word which proceedeth from the mouth of God." Nevertheless, the proportion of land proprietors to the whole population is considerably greater in Quebec than in Mr. Chamberlain's model Province of Ontario, and the mortgages on property are much less, all of which is a proof that home comforts are much more generally diffused there than in the model Protestant Province. In one respect, Quebec is behind Ontario. It has not so much money invested in commercial enterprises. There is no reason for asserting, however, that this is because Quebec is Catholic. The reason is rather because Quebec has not the natural advantages of Ontario; and the soil of the surrounding country is inferior for agricultural purposes. Yet even in this respect, Quebec is further ahead of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick than is Ontario before Quebec.

As regards Mr. Chamberlain's comparison between the cities of Toronto and Quebec, we need only say, first, that Quebec is in the midst of a much less fertile district. It is, besides, not the terminus of the ocean vessels which make Montreal their goal, as being better suited for their purpose. Montreal is, however, a Catholic city, also, and it is further ahead of Toronto in commercial prosperity than Toronto excels Quebec; and there are more Catholics in Montreal than there are inhabitants in Toronto of all creeds. We may very fairly remark, also, that the Catholics of Montreal are not far behind, if they are behind the Protestants of that city at all, in commercial prosperity and enterprise. It is with Montreal that Mr. Chamberlain should have contrasted Toronto, if he wished to be fair and truthful. He is, therefore, very unfortunate in his choice of subjects for comparison.

We might also inform the noble Lord that the number of empty houses in Toronto at the present time outnumber those in Quebec altogether. Shall we attribute this state of affairs to Toronto's Protestantism?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

MR. SPENCER has been elected Mayor of this city for the coming year, by a majority of about 300. His opponent was Mr. E. T. Essery. The surprise on all hands appears to be that the latter polled a vote so large, and it seems, indeed, a proof that the ballot box will at times cut up some queer capers. Mr. Essery has been a great success as a mob orator, a dealer in smart sayings, and crude originalities carrying with them on all occasions a viperous sting. Mr. Essery cares not for consequences, so long as the shout of the rabble goes up in his favor. It is the only music for which he has a liking.

MR. TAYLOR held the position of Mayor for three years. This may be taken as an exception to the rule concerning the survival of the fittest. A few years ago Mr. Essery and Mr. Taylor made a pair. Mr. Essery was the right hand man of the Orange squad. Mr. Taylor held a place on the left. The platform used on the 12th of July always held Mr. Essery and Mr. Taylor. Mr. Essery usually made a red hot speech unflinching in its tone towards the Pope and the Catholics. Mr. Taylor likewise spoke his mind, but it always happened that there was nothing in his mind worth the listening to. He was appreciated, however, because it was known that his heart was in the cause, and so it was, but the dupes of the cause were expected to requite him in ballot papers.

MR. ESSERY and Mr. Taylor are no longer in loving embrace, and Mr. Essery's tongue has for some time been working like a flail around the shoulders of Mr. Taylor. They have fallen out, as that class of people usually do, and now another class of people will get their own. It has been said that the Catholic vote was polled solid against Mr. Essery. Strange, indeed, would it be were this not the case. Were any other class of our citizens abused by him as the Catholics have been it would appear to us extraordinary were one of its number found marking a ballot for him.

CATHOLICS do not desire to be isolated in the community. Their wish is to take their place amongst the citizens as citizens, fulfilling all their duties as best they can. When they are found voting as one man against those who treat them unjustly, the reasonable person will blame them not. Let the onus rest on that miserable, ignorant fanaticism which is a veritable pest amongst us. Soon, we hope, the time will come when this disease will be stamped out. Meantime, every person, be he Grit or Tory, who panders to the lower instincts, every person who endeavors to raise himself to place and power upon the ladder of bigotry and intolerance, need not be astonished if the Catholic vote is hurled against him, and a healthy public opinion, no longer postponing thought, helps also to consign him to a place on the shelf where are laid away, from time to time, the things which are found to be valueless.

The London Tory press are very anxious to make political capital out of the recent explosion at Dublin Castle. The *St. James Gazette* and other organs of the aristocratic party claim that the explosion is undoubtedly the work of Irish dynamiters, but, strange to say, the *Dublin Express*, the *Orange* organ, admits that it is impossible to attribute political motives to the affair. The *National Press*, the organ of the McCarthyites, says:

"It does not think the explosion can be attributed to an accident. It was undoubtedly the disgraceful and cowardly act of some blackguard, for which it would be unjust to hold the Irish people responsible. There is no doubt, the paper says, that the Tories will try to make political capital out of the explosion. They would be very willing to sacrifice a few panes of glass from the Castle windows for the sake of being furnished with an argument against the granting of Home Rule to Ireland."

Knowing as we do the methods of the Castle officials it would not at all surprise us to hear that they know more about it themselves than any one else. Watched and guarded as the castle is, it would be impossible for an outsider to gain entrance and carry out such a scheme, and we may well feel assured that all the employees of that unsavory institution are actuated by feelings not at all friendly to the country in which it is situated.

The Author and Finisher of the devotion which the Church perpetuates to the Blessed Mother of God was Jesus Himself. He founded it by His own example, and taught it to His disciples by His own words and deeds. They who reproach us for the honor we pay to her, reproach Him; for we have never honored her so much as He did. — Cardinal Manning.

DIocese of London.

LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE NEW ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.

This building, situated at Mount Hope, and gradually assuming an imposing shape, was on New Year's Day solemnly blessed by His Lordship the Bishop of London on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone. At 3 o'clock the Bishop, accompanied by Rev. Father Ferguson, of Assumption College, Sandwich, and Rev. Fathers Tiernan, Noonan, Kennedy and Gahan, of the Cathedral, proceeded from the present hospital to the new structure for the purpose of performing this impressive ceremony.

Before commencing, however, His Lordship took occasion to address the large assemblage present, explaining the meaning of the act about to be performed, and also referring to the object for which the new building was to be constructed in our midst. First of all, he said, the end in view was the greater honor and glory of our Divine Redeemer, for whatever served to relieve the sick and minister to their comfort was a work very dear to the heart of our Lord. It had been asked, "Where is the need for this hospital, as we have one already in our midst?" In answer he would say that there was always room for more and more charity — more and more good works — by which human sorrows might be alleviated and human weaknesses and infirmities ministered to, according to the divine ideal. The present City Hospital is doing a good work, and His Lordship wished it to be understood that St. Joseph's was in no sense a rival of that institution. It would be conducted on the same plan as all other Catholic hospitals. Its doors would be thrown open to all — to the poor, as well as to the rich; — and the former class would receive precisely the same treatment in every regard as the latter. The poor and the needy, it may be said, have even a greater claim upon its beneficence, and our blessed Saviour has a special regard for the afflicted, the friendless and those who are burdened with sorrow and sickness. Whoever performs works of mercy for these dependent ones of Christ are rewarded in the same degree as if they had performed them for Himself. The new institution, as they were aware, would be placed in charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph. They had devoted their lives to this work. They had left home and parents and friends and society to embrace the religious life. They had even given up the names by which they were known in the world, and had assumed others so that their act of consecration to Almighty God might be the more complete. Not one word had he to say in disparagement of those who were known as nurses in the other hospitals. They were doing a noble work, and God would bless them for it. He also desired to have it well understood that this hospital was open to all. Its doors would never be closed to anyone, because of their holding any particular creed. The passport to entrance was sickness. It was not a proselytizing institution, for Protestant patients would always be permitted to receive ministers who desired to extend words of comfort or encouragement to them in their distress. The hospital staff, the Bishop said, comprised medical men who had attained distinction even beyond the limits of the Dominion, and when he mentioned that this staff comprised Doctors Woodruff, Waugh, Wishart and McArthur, he felt assured the public would have every confidence in its management. Other distinguished medical men of the city had also promised their assistance, and patients had the privilege of being attended by their family physician. The erection of this Hospital was a great work, and many there are who wonder where the money will come from. For this we must put our trust in God. The wealthy will, he felt assured, act nobly in regard to the matter. This they have always done on like occasions, but it is the pennies of the poor that will form the greater part of the fund that will liquidate the debt on this magnificent building erected for God's work and God's glory.

His Lordship also made complimentary reference to the contractors who had in hands the erection of the building — Messrs. Flory and Tylor. The reputation these gentlemen had attained as builders would be a guarantee, he said, that the new hospital would be a first class structure in every respect.

His Lordship then proceeded with the ceremony of laying the corner-stone, with a trowel arranging the cement around it after it had been put in place. He then, accompanied by the priests, proceeded around the building, sprinkling it with holy water and reciting the prayers assigned for such occasions.

LECTURE AND CONCERT.

On New Year's evening a sacred concert by the choir and a sermon by Rev. Father Ferguson, C. S. B., were given in St. Mary's church, this city. The subject of the discourse was "The Real Presence." The reverend speaker went on to say that God was always and everywhere present, that He was so in a special manner before the fall of our first parents. Then He walked and talked with them in some obscure manner which we do not rightly understand or of which we have no clear idea. But that He manifested Himself to them in some special way is certain. After their sin of disobedience He withdrew this act of condescension and hid Himself from them. For four thousand years He made no sign other than by the mouths of the patriarchs and prophets that He was really present with His creatures. He did not come within the range of the

ORDINATION.

On Thursday last, in St. Joseph's church, Stratford, Patrick J. Quinlan was raised to the sublime dignity of the priesthood by His Lordship Bishop O'Connor. Rev. Father Quinlan is a native of Stratford and is a son of Mr. John Quinlan of Elice Township. Rev. Dr. Kilroy acted as archdeacon. Father Brennan, of St. Mary's, as deacon, and Fathers Boubat, of Stratford, and Kennedy, of London, as masters of ceremonies. The other priests present were Rev. Dean Murphy of Irishtown, Father Cahill of London, and Lennon of Brantford. As this was the first ordination ever performed in Stratford the church was completely filled. After the ceremony the people came forward to the railing to receive the blessing of the newly-ordained priest. His Lordship spoke a few words, dwelling on the duties incumbent on the clergy and the graces conferred by the sacrament of Holy Orders.

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION.

At St. Joseph's convent, in this city, on the 2nd of January, four candidates made their final profession as Sisters of that order. His Lordship the Bishop of London was present and received the vows. The young ladies who entered were Sister Mary Bernadine, Sister Pauline, Sister Ambrosia and Sister Columba. His Lordship was assisted by Archdeacon Campbell and Revs. N. Gahan and Cahill. The sermon on the occasion was preached by Rev. Father Ferguson, of Assumption College. Before the profession His Lordship addressed the candidates, fully explaining the nature of the holy duties they would be expected to perform.

FROM CORNWALL.

Mass was celebrated in the new French church here on Christmas day for the first time, and although the interior is far from finished, yet it is very comfortable; work is constantly going on, and in a few months the French speaking people of Cornwall can boast of one of the finest churches in the province. It is situated in the eastern part of the town, and is very conveniently located, and is in every way worthy of the high and noble purpose for which it is intended. The dimensions are as follows: length 136 feet, width 64 feet, side walls 32 feet, basement 8 feet high; at present the tower is 82 feet high, to which a spire and belfry of 75 feet will be added. The style is plain Gothic, built of stone, and all of the most substantial workmanship. The church will be heated by three fireplaces. The above dimensions do not include the vestry, which is about 30x40.

We congratulate Father Pierre De Saunhae on the happy result of his indefatigable efforts. The people must also be congratulated on the possession of such a fine church in their midst.

Your readers are doubtless aware that this is the second Catholic church here — a very rare thing in any town of the size of Cornwall; the other, St. Columba's, being allotted to the English-speaking people. Until now all worshipped in the one church, although for a few years the parish was divided, and Father De Saunhae, formerly of Brewer's Mills, given charge of the new parish.

To build the new church the English speaking people assisted their French co-religionists generously, but of course the greater part has to be borne by those for whose benefit the church was built, who have given, and are still giving, according to their means. While however, giving credit where it is due, it were only meet and just that the worthy pastor should receive his share of praise for the part he has taken in this good work, and in order to do so it might be well to mention that the building of the church was by day's work, not, as usual, by contract. In many cases the latter is by far the cheaper, unless the contractor can get in a few "extras," or alterations, as is generally the case; but in the present instance the work is expected to be much below the tenders received; for instance, the cost, up to the present, not including ground is about \$19,000, and allowing a liberal margin for plastering, pews, bellows, etc., it is thought the whole cost will not exceed \$25,000; while, we understand, the lowest tender was for about \$40,000. This does not include the altars, which are to be erected as follows: the main altar by the married ladies of the congregation, the altar

of the Blessed Virgin by the young ladies, and St. Joseph's by the young men.

Why then this great saving in the cost of building? It was simply the untiring industry of Father De Saunhae, for we are told he was architect, superintendent, paymaster, etc., even occasionally assisting in the work. Scarcely a stone or brick was put on without his knowledge.

It is expected that the church will be completed during the coming summer. Notwithstanding that the French speaking people have left St. Columba's church, the old edifice has been found inadequate for the congregation, and it has been decided by the proper authorities to build a new church. Collections are being made monthly for the building fund. It is not known when work on the new church will begin, but for reasons above given all possible expedition will be used.

Since my last visit a new Separate school for the English-speaking Catholics has been erected, at a cost of about \$12,000. L. K. December 28, 1891.

Nine years in Captivity.

Telegrams have been received from the Congo which confirm the statements made by Father Ohrawald, the priest of the Sudanese mission, who was taken prisoner by the Mahdists some nine years ago, but who recently escaped from Oudurnan and made his way to Koroko. Father Ohrawald, who was accompanied in his flight from captivity by Sisters Chincirari and Venturini, said that a constant struggle with the hands of the Mahdists at Oudurnan. He added that they are loaded with manacles and cruelly beaten. They are so closely watched that they had lost all hope of escaping.

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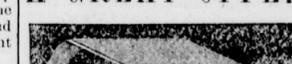
"Several years ago I was severely ill. The doctors said I was in consumption, and that they could do nothing for me, but advised me, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine two or three months I was cured, and my health remains good to the present day." — James Birchard, Darien, Conn.

"Several years ago, on a passage home from California, by steamer, I contracted so severe a cold that for some days I was confined to my state-room, and a physician on board considered my life in danger. Happening to have a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I used it freely, and my lungs were soon restored to a healthy condition. Since then I have invariably recommended this preparation." — J. B. Chaudrier, Junction, Va.

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ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN'S RE-SPONSE.

The Catholic Church in the United States - Valuable Statistics - Nailing the Cahensy Lie.

In response to the sentiment, "The Catholic Church in the United States," Archbishop Corrigan delivered the following pregnant address at the banquet in St. Louis:

"Most Rev. Archbishops, Right Rev. Bishops, Reverend Clergy:— Permit me first of all to thank you for the very kind manner in which you have received the mention of my name, the kindness which I appreciate all the more that I am a stranger to the majority.

"I have heard somewhere, if I remember aright, that when there was a question of the establishment of the hierarchy of the United States, the matter was broached in a diplomatic way by the Papal Nuncio in Paris to Benjamin Franklin, who was then our Minister to France. The Nuncio inquired whether the Government of the United States would have any objection to the appointment of a Bishop, and Mr. Franklin stated that that was a matter in which the Government did not concern itself, and as foreign to its jurisdiction. In due course these words were reported to the Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Pius VI. I remember the remark he made: he exclaimed, 'Where am I so much a Pope as in the United States?' (Applause). The remark of Pope Pius VI. conveys more to our mind than the mere fact that the Church in America is free; it also explains the reasons, in a great measure, of the secret of its success. In almost every other country in the world the Church is more or less proscribed, or if protected by the civil power, it is made in return to wear a gilded livery. In the French Republic, for instance, at this moment the Bishops and clergy are subjected to such restraints upon their personal liberty that in this country no one would ever think of accepting or imposing. The condemnation of the undaunted Archbishop of Aix, in a country which at heart is most profoundly Catholic, in a country enjoying a Republican form of government, because he asserted the right to visit the common father of the faith when necessary, is a case in point. Thank God the Constitution is different in free America and has been so from the very beginning of our history.

"In the struggle for independence too many other interests were at stake to permit religious duties to be called into requisition. Men of different creeds fought side by side for liberty. And when peace came to our shores, gratitude, common-sense, kindly feeling and happy results of actual experience, and later on the very strength of increasing numbers continue to perpetuate that liberty in religious matters which has contributed so much to the prosperity of the Church in this country, and which will enable her, with God's blessing, to give glory to Him in the highest, and on earth peace and good will.

"The Church in this country has been benefited extremely, as we have already heard, from immigration. From beyond the ocean men looked toward America with straining eyes as the land of the brave and the home of the free. Nor were they disappointed in their expectations. Their very coming here has been a source of education to them. The cutting adrift from old associations and the nobler condition of life they have found here on their arrival, the large opportunities bountifully put before them by the Creator in the inexhaustible resources of a virgin land, the stimulating and alluring surroundings, have served to educate them, while their fresh blood and energy and industry were of incalculable benefit to the country of their adoption. (Applause.)

"Their children born in America, know no other land than the land of their birth. In this way many of the best elements of life in Europe were retained, while that which was incidental or local, or the result of peculiar circumstances, or even the outgrowth of prejudice, was gradually put aside, and gave way to the deeper life of their new home, and to a firmer attachment to their ancestral faith, and a blended love of country and religion—of their country because of the many advantages which you have already heard related in that address to the visiting clergy, and of their religion because of the sacrifices they made for it; because we value a thing in proportion to the sacrifices made for it, and where there have been greater sacrifices than in this land of ours? (Applause.) Now, there has been a result. On an occasion like this, if permitted, it would be pleasing to speak of the great and marvelous progress made in this province of St. Louis; but that subject, fortunately, is reserved for abler hands, and, therefore, I can cast but a mere glance at the general progress of the Church in the United States.

"Fifty years ago, as His Eminence has remarked, when the venerable Archbishop of St. Louis was consecrated, there was but one Archbishop in the entire United States, with but fifteen other Bishops. There were 50 priests, with 518 churches and chapels. There were thirty-three Catholic schools, containing some 5,200 pupils, and a Catholic population estimated at 1,300,000. Now the ratio of our increase in this: For every priest then ministering at the altar there are now sixteen others; for every church and chapel there are eighteen, and most of these churches are more beautiful and far more enduring. The Catholic population has multiplied seven times over, and for

every pupil then attending a Catholic school there are now 120, and our schools themselves have multiplied at the ratio of a hundred for a single one. (Applause.)

"But, with all this, a cloud seems to come over the spirit of our dreams. It sobers our joy at a time like this even to hear the suggestion of a cloud; but, perhaps, it is not a cloud that forebodes havoc and destruction, it may be only a little mist that a few rays of sunshine will scatter to the winds. We know from statistics preserved in Washington that from the year 1820, when the tide of emigration first began to be considerable, until the present day, the number of emigrants who came to our hospitable shores was nearly 16,000,000 and we are told that the Church in the same period has lost 16,000,000 of souls. Such, you know, was the statement made seriously last year at the International Congress at Lucerne, and made later at the social Congress of Liege, and repeated in so many words in the famous and memorable address only a few months ago to the Holy See. Is it credible that the Church in this period had lost a number equal to the total influx of emigrants—Catholics, Protestants, Hebraeans and all others? and all of this while she managed to retain enough people in her churches and in her colleges and schools and innumerable institutions throughout the land which are not only not surpassed, but I say it boldly, are not even equaled in any country in the world. (Applause). Is it possible that a Church holding now 8,000,000 of disciples has lost two for every one that remains faithful? How is it that we should live on and never stop to think, and have never been conscious of this enormous leak? How is it, also, that our consecrated brethren, who ought naturally to have profited by our loss, have never made this astounding discovery? (Applause.)

"I believe that there is no man now living better qualified to give an authoritative judgment of this matter than the distinguished historian of the Catholic Church in the United States, Dr. John Gilmary Shea. (Applause.) Nearly forty years ago, at the request of Archbishop Hughes, he first gave his attention to this subject of our alleged losses, and since that time the study of Catholic statistics has never escaped him, and it is a matter to which he has given his consent and unremitting attention.

"At my humble request, notwithstanding his many other arduous labors, Mr. O'Shea has recently taken up the subject again in a series of editorial articles, and it is rather refreshing to see the manner in which he dismissed all these arguments in the following unmistakable words. He says: 'When we think of all that which the charge of the loss of 16,000,000 of souls implies, and whom it accuses, namely the heroic Bishops and devoted clergy of the past, and the Bishops still living,—of whom we have heard that one, not very far from the center of the table, has always given his attention to the care of emigrants and provided for their faith—Mr. O'Shea says: 'When we think of all those which are assembled and whom it accuses, we stand appalled at the awful enormity of the audacious mendacity.' (Applause.)

"Now, one word more. If we have been able to retain our hold on the children, it has been mainly through the Catholics. (Applause.) Of their advantage and necessity, it is not required to speak, because the three Plenary Councils of Baltimore unite in beseeching parents to educate the offspring given them by God that religion and religious influences may be most fostering, sunshine ever present day by day and hour by hour to give life and warmth and vigor to those tender plants that experience its benefits. (Applause.) In this wise action the councils have only followed the paternal warnings of the Holy See and the Chair of Peter, and it is needless to say here that this advice in no wise restricts our liberty. In no wise cramps our zeal no more than the wrath of God itself warms or hampers, but rather stimulates and ennobles the highest flights of human genius.

"And, therefore, for the Church in America I would make a twofold prayer: First, that it may ever, by God's mercy, enjoy the privilege of being untrammelled in its work, shielded alike from State patronage as from the fiery furnace of persecution, and then that it may ever keep up those relations already described by an eminence of filial devotion to the chair of truth, and that devotion which will make the efforts of our children more powerful because more united, more fruitful because more conformable to sound doctrine. You shall know the truth, and the truth will make you free. I think that I may say that the day is very far distant, especially as the march of empire westward winds its way (laughter), when the traveller from New England or from any other country shall ever see the ruins of St. Paul." (Laughter and applause.)

"Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls. The 'Sunlight' Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 16, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of 'Sunlight' wrappers: 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$5; 3rd, \$3; 4th, \$1; 5th to 10th, a Handsome Book; and a pretty picture to those who send not less than 25th of each month, and marked 'Competition'; also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winners names will be published in the Toronto Mail on first Saturday in each month.

Mrs. L. Squire, Ontario Steam Dye Works, Toronto, says: "For about 30 years I have doctored for Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia without getting any cure. I then tried Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and the benefits I have received from this medicine are such that I cannot withhold this expression of my gratitude. It acts immediately on the liver. As a Dyspepsia remedy I don't think it can be equalled."

THE MAN OF WESTMINSTER.

The Grand and Noble Character of England's Cardinal.

Perhaps you never remarked how the three great English Cardinals of our times have the syllable man in their names. Isn't this a very singular coincidence?

"What's in a name?" says Shakespeare. Yet, if names were given, as we have reason to believe, on account of some quality or circumstance attending the individual, then it is not accidental that each of these illustrious men should possess that particle in his; and as we are further led to inquire what it denotes, suspecting that it must imply some eminent attribute, when they who are marked by it should, three together, rise to such important and lofty places in the Church. Browning noticed the fact I refer to, and thus writes:

"Mend your ways indeed, and we may stretch a point.
"Go get you manned by Manning, and new-manned.
"By Newman, and maybe, wise-manned to boot.
"By Newman, and well-see, or else we won't."

Man signifies one who thinks, and thus designates that one among the animals which uses thought and by reason gains and holds dominion over the rest. This is the literal signification of the term; but, as you know, it is commonly taken to mean one possessed of the very highest endowments of humanity—one who not only thinks, but does more—wills, exercises that divine attribute of liberty which, as Leo XIII. says in his encyclical on the Christian Commonwealth, is God's noblest gift to us.

I stay not to inquire how far these lofty qualities are displayed in the lives, works and words of Wiseman and Newman, but will ask your attention to the man, as portrayed in Manning's career, whose portrait seems at this Christmas time a proper one to set before those who would learn the lessons of Our Blessed Lord's character in one of the successors of His Apostles. Take, then, his intellectual gifts. The man seems to be all mind. His body is nothing but a shell that holds the overpowering spirit, and intelligence not only beams but beats upon you from his penetrating eyes. Look at his sermons, writings, speeches. Every occasion for penning a timely word or uttering an appropriate word in aid of truth he has evidently watched, for he has certainly seized it, during his long career in the Church; and out of season, has instructed and guided, not his own diocese nor the people of England only, but for many years may be truly said to have taught the entire English-speaking world.

Consider his executive ability, who, governing the faithful in the metropolis of the universe, has administered the charge with such catholicity, that I believe, there is scarcely a Catholic child among those hundreds of thousands, most of them poor and despised immigrants and children of immigrants, who does not enjoy the advantage of a Christian education.

"I will not begin in the cathedral until every Catholic child in London is in a Catholic school." These were his words when Mr. Tait presented the church with land on which to erect the new Westminster Abbey, and the vicar there. And now, notwithstanding the degradation consequent on their position as strangers in the country, and the vicar, which they share in common with their English and Scotch fellow-citizens, notwithstanding their low social and intellectual standing as a body, yet he has made their Church—mainly women in its membership—the most prominent intellectually, and has so asserted it socially, that it actually at intervals became the fashion to join the fold of Cardinal Manning. Yet it was not by going back on Ireland. No! He acknowledges that "St. Patrick is the Apostle of my people;" and, "Anything connected with Ireland has my heartfelt sympathy."

Executive ability implies intellect, of course, but much more does it mean will power, and that force of character which constitutes one a leader, as well as that self-control by which he rules himself, and thus becomes a safe governor of the multitude. How strongly is this characteristic expressed in Manning's actions as well as in his words!

He is a total abstainer from alcoholic drinks. "For the last thirty years I have abstained from those stimulants," he says, "and only regret that I did not earlier take this means of edifying the people; but with God's help I will keep this pledge to the end of my life." Here is courage. I don't mean precisely in subjecting himself to this discipline, although it is an easy matter, I wonder that so many refuse to undertake it when they have such all-powerful reasons for doing so—those especially who are devoted to the same calling and among the same race as the Cardinal. But I refer to the apparent smallness and singularity, seemingly unworthy of a Catholic Bishop, who must be "all things to all men," in binding himself to a practice that is, to say the least, at times awkward if not impolite, all the more in a country where such beverages are still looked upon almost as necessities of life. I allude to the unpleasant singularity and exceptionalness attaching to the man who "won't join in a social glass."

There are trials that you and I understand. Mr. Editor, and small though they may seem, yet men who have taken cities in fierce conflict of arms have had their courage fail them here. So much the worse for them! So much the more markedly do they fall

THE CONVERT.

He has embraced a higher grade of faith, has brought into closer and holier communion with the unseen world, and has adopted a more just and charitable estimate of human veracity.

He has taken a step towards the Celestial City, from the low, murky valleys of discord, where the fogs of error do love to dwell. He shakes hands with the brethren of every kind, name and tongue. He worships with the people of every nation. He joins his prayer with those who speak the varied languages of the earth. On every shore, in every land, beneath every sky, and in every city, he meets brethren of the universal Church. He is at home everywhere, and bows down with the millions who have worshipped and still worship, at the same altar, and hold the same faith.

This is not all. He traverses the records of all history, and goes back, link after link, by an indubitable chain to the apostolic day. He has no chains to leap, no deserts to cross. At every step in this progress he finds the same old Church—the same faith—the same worship still pre-eminent in the Christian world. He sees the rise and fall of empires and sects, but the same old Church always pre-eminent. The records of the past are with him. He has the sanction of antiquity. Times tell for him a glorious story. He meets with myriads of brethren all along the slumbering ages. The old martyrs and saints are his brethren. He claims companionship with them. Their memories are beloved by him.

And Blaudina, the poor slave, but noblest of martyrs, was his sister. And Ignatius, and Polycarp, and Justin, and Irenaeus, are also his brethren. And she, the humblest of the humblest the purest of the pure—the stainless Virgin Mother of his Lord, whom all generations call "blessed," is revered by him as the noblest of creatures. And the Apostles—the noble and the true—the holy and the just—the despised and persecuted—they, too, are his brethren. In short, the saints and martyrs of the olden times held the same faith, worshipped at the same altar, and used the same form of worship that he does. He loves and venerates their memory, admires their virtues, calls them brethren, and asks their prayers in heaven. He has no accusations to bring against them, no crimes to lay to their charge.

Besides all this, his faith is sustained by a logical power, and a Scriptural proof, that cannot be fairly met and confuted. It is sustained by every plain and luminous principle upon which society and government are founded. His reason, his common sense, the best feelings of his heart, the holiest impulses of his mind, all satisfy him beyond a doubt, that he is right. "When all the blandishments of life are gone—when tired dissipation drops her mask—when eternity, with its mighty consequences, rolls up its endless proportions before the dying vision—ah! then, no Catholic asks to change his faith. Oh! give me the last sacraments of the Church! Let me die in her only communion! Let me be buried in consecrated ground! Let my brethren pray for me!"—Hon. P. H. Burnett, The Path which led a Protestant Lawyer into the Church.

Rheumatism is like sand in the bearings of machinery. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great lubricator which cures the disease. Just so many people suffer pain like a remedy of longen and certain effect like Hagar's Yellow Oil may be had at every drug store, is not very clear. This peerless pain soothing remedy is a prompt and pleasant cure for sore throat, croup, colic, rheumatism, lame back, etc. Price 25 cents. Worms derange the whole system. Mother Gray's Worm Expeller deranges worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs twenty-five cents to try it and to be convinced.

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Minnard's Liniment cures Burns, etc. "August Flower" I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash of clear matter. Sometimes a deadly Sickness at the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I used August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition, and from whom I bought the medicine. I live with my wife and family at 39 James St., Allegheny City, Pa. Signed, JOHN D. COX. G. C. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

First Sunday after Epiphany.

THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

He went down with them and came to Nazareth, and was subject to them. And Jesus advanced in wisdom and age, and grace with God and men. (Gospel of the day.)

In these few words, my brethren, the sacred writer raises the veil that conceals the mysteries of our Lord's hidden life, and gives us an insight into the domestic concerns of the Holy Family at Nazareth. Jesus lived with Mary and Joseph. He was obedient and subject to them, and so He advanced in age and wisdom and grace with God and men. The door of the holy house is opened to us, but only for a moment, so that we might get a glimpse of the domestic life of a model family. Joseph, the father, day by day works at his trade to support the family. He rises in the morning; gives his soul to God in prayer. He toils through the day. He comes home at night to enjoy his rest in the company of Jesus and Mary. He meets with trials, but he is patient; he is tempted, but he is not; he leads a busy life, but he still finds time to pray. Mary, the Mother, tends the household duties with care and precision, and by her sweet, kind ways diffuses an air of peace and contentment throughout the home. Jesus, the Child, is affectionate and submissive to His parents in everything. Here is the model of a true Christian home. Its ground-work is the love of God; it is surrounded by an atmosphere of holiness, and to its members it is the holiest and dearest spot on earth. Such should our homes be.

The true Christian home is to society what the sanctuary is to the Church of God. The parents are the priests in this sanctuary. It was God who ordained them priests when they stood before the altar with clasped hands and promised that they would be faithful to each other while life lasts. The Blessed Sacrament of this sanctuary is the sacrament of matrimony. It is the great treasure-house of supernatural strength to the married couple.

The perpetual presence of our Lord in this sanctuary is by His grace, which is never wanting.

The altar in this sanctuary is the hearthstone around which the family gathers. The communion-rail in this sanctuary is the family table, from which are dispensed the necessities of life.

There is about the sanctuary in the Church of God an atmosphere of piety and reverence. It has a sanctity that no stranger dare violate; it has a privacy which no one but he who has a right dare invade. Such an atmosphere should be about the sanctuary of home. A priest would never allow a heretic or an infidel to sit in the sanctuary of God. He would never allow a corrupt man to stand on the altar of God. Take care, then, Christian parents, how you violate the sanctity of your homes! Take care what heretical or infidel books you allow within its sacred precincts! Take care of the persons whom you allow to stand around your family altar! It is one thing, you know, to be obliged to meet a man in every-day life; it is a far different thing to invite him to your home, and permit him to violate its sanctity.

It is the duty of a priest on the altar of God, by his good example, to edify his flock; to stand at all times before his people a bright, shining light of Christian virtues. So, too, it is your duty, priests at the family altar, to be a model of all virtues to your children, so that they might learn from you what it is to be a Christian. Would it not be horrible for a man to come in on the altar and utter repeated curses? Would it not be fearful to see him stagger up to the altar of God in the state of intoxication? It happened once while Mass was going on, during the Elevation, while all heads were bowed in humble adoration, a drunken man rushed into the church, and in a loud voice uttered a horrible oath. It made the hearts of the good Catholic people stand still, and their blood ran cold in their veins. Is it any the less horrible for a father to come home intoxicated to the household sanctuary, or a mother, when anything goes wrong in the house, to give vent to her wrath in harsh language and sometimes even cursing?

See to it, then, dear parents; make your homes holy places—real sanctuaries, where you can do your duty as priests of our All-Holy God. Keep from them all evil influences, so that they might be places where even the Child Jesus would not be ashamed to dwell.

A Sensible Statement.
SIRS—Having used your Burdock Blood Bitters successfully for some time past, I must state that for my complaint of biliousness and acid stomach I have never found an equal, and I continue to use it and recommend it to my friends and neighbors.
W. SUTTON, St. Thomas, Ont.

John Hays, Credit P. O., says: "His shoulder was so lame for nine months that he could not raise his hand to his head, but by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil the pain and lameness disappeared, and although three months has elapsed, he has not had an attack of it since."
Falling Fast.
DEAR SIR—My mother was falling very fast after three months' suffering from dropsy, being swollen from head to foot, but after she had used one bottle of your Burdock Blood Bitters it was removed, and she felt quite well. We think there is no better medicine, and are true friends to B. B. B.
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Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Sunbeam.

A golden Sunbeam in the sky Said to itself one day: "I'm very small, but why should I do nothing else but play? Down to the earth I'll go and see if there is any use for me."

The violet beds were wet with dew, Which filled each drooping cup; The golden Sunbeam darted through, And raised their blue heads up. They smiled to see it, and they lent The morning breeze their sweetest scent.

A mother 'neath a shady haw Had left her babe asleep; It woke and cried, but when it saw The golden Sunbeam peep So shyly in, with glance so bright, It laughed and chuckled with delight.

On, on it went—it might not stay— Now through a window small It poured its glad and tiny ray, And danced upon the wall. A pale young face looked up to hail The beam God sent to fill her wall.

And on it travelled to and fro, And frisked and danced about, And not a door was shut, I know, To keep the Sunbeam out; It woke up happiness and mirth, It woke up happiness and mirth.

I may not tell the story Of all that it could do; But I tell you this—that you may try To be a Sunbeam, too, By little smiles to soothe and cheer, And make your presence ever dear!

A Resolute Lad.

"Sir," said a lad, coming to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant, "sir, have you any berth for me on your ship? I want to earn something." "What can you do?" asked the gentleman. "I can try my best to do whatever I am put to," answered the boy. "What have you done?" "I have sawed and split all mother's wood for eight two years." "What have you not done?" asked the gentleman who was a queer sort of a questioner. "Well, sir, I have not whispered once in school for a whole year," answered the boy, after a moment's pause. "That's enough," said the gentleman; "you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you master of her some day. A boy who can master a woodpile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff."

Small Beginnings.

Once upon a time a little orphan girl lived with an ill-tempered old woman called Sarah in an almshouse in Stockholm. Johanne, as the lassie was named, used to make hair-plaits, and whenever Sarah took them to market to sell them she would lock the door and keep poor Johanne prisoner till she came back. But Johanne was a good little girl, and tried to forget her troubles by working as hard as she could. However, one fine day she could not help crying as she thought of her loneliness; but noticing the cat, as neglected as herself, she dried her tears, took it up in her lap, and nursed it till pussy fell asleep. Then she opened the window to let in the summer breeze, and began to sing with a lighter heart as she worked at her plaits. And as she sang her beautiful voice attracted a lady, who stopped her carriage that she might listen. The neighbors told her about Johanne, and the lady placed her in school. Then she was entered as a pupil elsewhere, and in course of time, under the name of Jenny Lind, "the Swedish nightingale," became the most famous singer of her day.

Sermons for Boys.

Most boys and girls do not like sermons—they say that they are too long for their highnesses. Perhaps they may like these short sermons. They will give food to think over and must not be read too hastily.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was badly hurt, but with clenched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The King, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous Gen. Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol, with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful work. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me one day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself, "This will never do. I got too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes," and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

Do you know what these little sermons mean? Why, simply this, that in boyhood and girlhood are shown the traits for good or evil that makes the man or woman good or not.

A Little Girl's Thanks.

Even in the life of the grimy railroad engineer, whose existence is one of almost constant danger, there sometimes falls a spark of light and a ray of human sunshine illuminates his smoky cab, penetrates his greasy blouse and finds its way deep down into his breast. A little incident happened in Oakland, Cal., the other evening after the arrival of the overland train, which though of a simple nature, will long be remembered by a certain Central Pacific engineer. The great iron monster attached to the train was throbbing and puffing after the long and sinuous trip over mountain sides and rocky defiles, trembling trestles and marshy stretches. The din in the depot was deafening, but out of the chaos of sounds, a sweet, girlish voice was heard welcoming home her parents, who had arrived on the train. She was a little golden-haired beauty, scarcely six years of

age, with a quick, intelligent eye, and a loving nature, to which she gave full vent in the radiant and impulsive way she welcomed her fond parents back. At last they took her by the hand and proceeded towards the waiting ferry boat. As they passed by the engine belonging to the train the little one broke away, ran up to the big black machine and patted the driving-wheels affectionately with her little white hands. Looking up at the smokestack, she said: "You good, big old iron horse, you have brought back my papa and mamma safe over the fearful mountains to their little girl and I want to thank you, even if you don't care for me because I am so little, and you too," she continued, turning her face wistfully towards the grimy engineer, who was leaning out of the cab window. "I love you both."

Then she kissed her hand to him and was gone like a ray of sunshine. Just then a fleeting sunbeam from the great orb sinking down into the Golden Gate came steading through a chink in the depot and stole by the engineer into his cab. There was a strange look on his face for an instant, and all at once the depot was dark and lonesome. When he turned his head into the cab there were two light spots on the cheeks of his dust begrimed face.

A Quaint Little Sermon.
A gentleman was riding slowly along the dusty road, looking in all directions for a stream, or even a house, where he might refresh his tired, thirsty horse with a draught of water. While he was thinking and wondering he turned an abrupt bend in the road, and saw before him a comfortable farm-house; and at the same time a boy ten or twelve years old came out into the road with a small pail and stood directly before him.

"What do you wish, my boy?" said the gentleman, stopping his horse.

"Would your horse like a drink, sir?" said the boy respectfully.

"Indeed he would; and I was wondering where I could obtain it."

The gentleman thought little of it, supposing, of course, the boy earned a few pennies in this manner; and, therefore, he offered him a bit of silver, and was astonished to see him refuse it.

"I would like you to take it," he said, looking earnestly at the child and observing for the first time that he limped slightly.

"Indeed, sir, I don't want it. It is little enough I can do for myself or any one. I am lame, and my back is bad, sir; and mother says, no matter how small a favor may seem, if it is all we are capable of, God loves it as much as He does a very large favor. And this is the most I can do for others. You see, sir, the distance from Painesville is eight miles to this spot, and I happen to know there is no stream crossing the road that distance; and so, sir, almost every one passing here from that place is sure to have a thirsty horse."

The gentleman looked down into the gray eyes that were kindling and

glowing with the thought of doing good to others; and a moisture gathered in his own as, a moment later, he jogged off, pondering deeply upon the quaint little sermon that had been delivered so innocently and unexpectedly.

Write to Mother.

Boys some of you who read this are absent from home. You are attending a school, learning a trade, or engaged in some kind of employment that has called you away. There is a mother at home who longs to hear from you often. Do you give her that privilege, or are you willing to let her watch day after day, until the thought comes forcing its way into her heart that you have forgotten her, or care more for the new associates around? Do you realize that her thoughts are with you often, and linger much longer with you than yours with her?

You are young, and out in a world which she knows is full of snares and temptations. And while her confidence in your strength of character may be great, yet she cannot keep back the anxious thoughts that come unbidden, especially when she has not heard from you for a long time.

She knows that this is an important period of your life. A great change is going on. You are developing into something. Can you suppose her to have ought but the deepest solicitude in knowing what that something shall be? She has foregone much pleasure for your sake, and has centered many hopes in you. She cannot help feeling a deep interest in watching the results of her years of labor in your behalf.

I know a boy who, during a year's absence, wrote but two letters to his mother. At the close of the year he was summoned hastily home to look on that mother's face for the last time. He found the two letters he had written carefully laid away in a drawer where she kept a few things that were highly prized. When he learned how many times his mother had read these letters, even after every word they contained had been committed to memory, he felt as though he would give the whole world if he could only live that year over again, that he might swell the number to a hundred instead of two.

Write to your mother, and write often. Answer the many questions found in her letter to you. Do not miss a single one. Tell her all about yourself, tell her all about your studies, your work, or whatever you might be engaged in. Tell her about your associates; and such as you cannot tell her about do not hesitate to drop at once. Boys, write to your mothers.

A HAPPY HINT—We don't believe in keeping a good thing when we hear of it, and for this reason take special pleasure in recommending those suffering with Piles in any form, blind, bleeding, protruding, etc., to **Letton's Pile Salve**, the best and safest remedy in the world, the use of which cuts short a vast deal of suffering and inconvenience. Send 50 cts to the Winkelman & Brown Drug Co., Baltimore, Md., or ask your druggist to order for you.

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Mr. Henry Macombe, Leyland St., Blackburn, London, Eng., states that his little girl fell and struck her knee against a curbstone. The knee began to swell, became very painful and terminated in what doctors call "white swelling." She was treated by the best medical men, but grew worse. Finally
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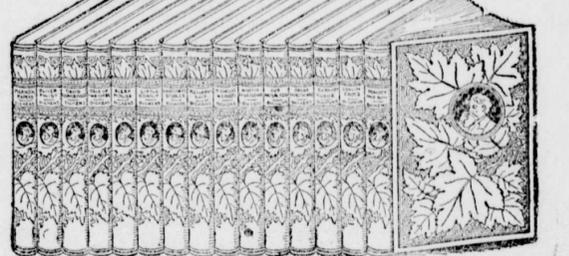
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