

# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus sibi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname.)—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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## LUCIFERIAN PLAN OF CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD.  
In the beginning of August, 1871—that is, less than a year after Palladius (of the supreme rite) was established—the "learned Luciferian Pontiff," Albert Pike, received an important letter from Mazzini, the supreme head of political action of universal Freemasonry, asking the supreme dogmatic head of the order (General Pike) to draw up an exact plan of campaign against the Catholic Church.

General Pike called his ten principal advisers together as requested, and the following document is the result of this diabolical reunion held from the 9th of August to the 15th, 1871. The document is in Latin, and the following is a translation of it from Dr. Bataille's version into French:

"The Most Serene Grand Council of Emerited Masons . . . has had under consideration and examined questions of the utmost importance, and after mature deliberation has made the following legitimate decisions, which from this day will have force of law. (The Luciferian titles of the Council members and the Luciferian date are given in place of the dots.)

"Ritab Sabba, Alta Apricano Marlog Hessam, Luciferi Alletia!"  
"As the destruction of evil Catholicism can not be accomplished by one single blow, and as the establishment of good Catholicism (devil worship) requires long labors, the two works are parallel and must be proceeded with at the same time in such a manner that when the temple of Adonai (the God of the Christians), thoroughly undetermined, shall be ready to tumble forever into total ruins, the same power which shall destroy it will manifest to the eyes of humanity, properly prepared, the temple of our divine master (Lucifer), which was until then hidden. Lucifer, the god-king, shall then see the whole world consecrating itself to him in order to adore him; his religion will then be Catholic indeed.

"The name Catholic does really not belong to the Roman superstition. According to revelation, it is certain that its greatest extent will never reach one quarter of the population of the globe; this is written in the heavenly book. The religion of Adonai has indeed already had its greatest development, and is now visibly in decadence.

"Let us glance at the religious condition of the human race in order to perform with certainty the double work of destroying the temple of Adonai and building up the temple of Lucifer. This preliminary review will give us hope and courage in the realization of the divine promises; for it will show us that the future is ours, and that the title of Catholic is reserved to us alone.

"The population of the earth is estimated at 1,400,000,000, of whom only 210,000,000 are Catholics.

"However, let us classify the adherents of religions according to groups:

Roman Catholics . . . 210,000,000  
Protestants . . . 120,000,000  
Orthodox-Schismatics . . . 21,000,000  
Buddhists . . . 120,000,000  
Brahmins . . . 100,000,000  
Mahometans . . . 250,000,000  
Idolaters and Fetichists . . . 250,000,000  
Freethinkers and Deists . . . 250,000,000  
Atheists . . . 2,000,000

"Observe that the truth is known to the priests of Vedas (the Indian group), and that the Mahometans, although not yet possessing the truth, have a large number of their priests inspired by it. The idolaters and Fetichists are doomed to disappear through civilization—not as individuals, but as far as their religion is concerned. The Roman Catholic missionaries endeavor to gain them; but Roman Catholicism will disappear before that conquest shall have been made, even partially, in a serious manner.

"Now, we must not consider the whole Christian group as equally distant from the true light. Protestantism, with its many factions, excepting a very small minority, is composed of adherents who reason and constantly seek the truth, and who consequently shall find it. It is from their ranks that we receive the greatest number of faithful followers of the good God. Even if the Orthodox shall have reunited with the Roman Catholics, they will not number more than 300,000,000 adherents.

"The conversion of Protestants to the true light, according to revelation, will be gradual: that of the Mahometans will be brought about unexpectedly by a great event under the sixth Supreme Pontificate of good Catholicism (Luciferianism). Hence, 320,000,000 souls will be enlightened, instead of being devoted to the accursed superstition and darkness.

"According to our revelation, Roman Catholicism will go on decreasing either by our conquests or by their desertions to Freethinking Deists, and we know that these are in a state of transition and are promised to us. Hence, on the day marked in the heavenly book—that is, when Roman Catholicism shall have reached its greatest final extent by the reunion of the Schismatics and the Catholics—it will find over a milliard (1,000,000,000) Luciferian Catholics opposed to

itself. Therefore the question may be thus resumed: We must be ready, as soon as we find ourselves a milliard strong or more, to create an explosion that will destroy the temple of Adonai; in other words, superstition must then be so weakened and disorganized that its adherents will come of their own accord to join our ranks—striking miracles promised to us will open their eyes—and if then some obstinate preachers of the Evil God still remain, their extermination will be quite easy.

"But how is this gradual and peaceful, but unavoidable, destruction to be brought about?  
"Speaking here of the Christian group only, our tactics must vary according to whether we fight in countries in which Catholicity dominates, or whether we manoeuvre in countries where the Protestant element dominates.

"Our chief aim is to transform Roman Catholics into Freethinking Deists. This requires all our efforts; because this will be the transition of the greatest number. Experience teaches how few are the privileged souls who can detach themselves at one step from the abyss of darkness to take their daring flight through the ether of divine, vivifying light.

"Hence we must gain the Governments of these nations. There lies the root of the matter. In republics as well as in monarchies we must have laws enacted which destroy the influence of the priests of superstition and their auxiliaries, the monks, who mix with the people and the nuns who retain souls in error by covering themselves with the cloak of charity. By means of the press, whose writers we inspire, we must show how degrading to human dignity are the aims of the bad Catholics; that each individual has a right to comforts by means of social reforms and through the assistance of routine charity. On the other hand, we must dissolve, through legislation or otherwise, unpopular societies (congregations) and deftly undermine those which popular prejudice forces us still to tolerate: in one word, monks and nuns must disappear.

"In the intellectual order particularly we must obtain the neutrality of the school from the public powers, so that neither priest nor any of his auxiliaries can alter them; then we will succeed in weaning Roman Catholics from giving their children religious instruction outside of neutralized schools. To prevent the younger generation from having their intelligence obliterated by the lies of false dogmas, this is indeed the main point. But we must at the same time take measures that public instruction remain neutral and not become godless; its neutrality is sufficient for us—that is to say, we must extinguish every tendency that might insinuate false dogmas of Adonai into the youthful minds. For their exists in the human soul an innate tendency directing individuals to a divine ideal, the supernatural organizer and director of the universe. This sentiment being allowed to develop itself freely, that is without being directed towards the superstitions of the evil God, will first swim in the twilight of a vague Deism that is not contaminated with the pestiferous breath of Roman Catholicism. Afterwards when the time shall have come for the good God, who alone is worthy of man's adoration, to reveal himself the aspirations of the children having become men will readily turn to him. Thus in withdrawing the youth from Adonai we will secure the new generation for Lucifer by the very tendency of human nature. Hence godless instruction must be kept out of the schools. The priests of Adonai being driven from the schools, the books put into the hands of the pupils must remain in principle, but without precise definition, the existence of a Supreme Being.

"While the rising generation will thus be formed, we must combat Adonism with all kinds of publications showing how monstrous is the idea of a Divinity as represented by the priests of superstition. In this combat neglect neither the pamphlet, nor satire, nor mockery, which strike the masses better than learned dissertations. Let us never forget the good done us by Voltaire in ridiculing Roman Catholics. But do not adopt the tactics of ridicule only to please and to create a laugh; by discrediting the lying dogmas and the religion of Adonai, we will discredit the ministers of this detestable religion and we will gradually render their temples deserted. We must by no means depend on the results of laws only; for after we shall have deprived the Catholic clergy entirely of State support, they will receive support directly from the fanatics that still remain in their incurable credulity. Hence we must diminish the number of these unfortunate dupes by discrediting all Catholic institutions. The wiser ones must be led to be ashamed of their weakness in going to the sacraments of superstition. Thus the fear of rivalry will accustom them not to support the imposture of priests. Give the worst charlatans—the scum of the priesthood—every freedom; their evil roguery will give our press a chance of making comparisons and will run them in a common mockery and reprobation.

"On the other hand check the recruit-

ing of the Catholic priesthood by all legislative and other means. Good work can be done by teaching young priests a true knowledge of social life which their teachers present to them under false aspects. We must have reliable women who dedicate themselves to the task of initiating them (young priests) to the favors of the good God. The results to be obtained by these means will be great; for the young Adonate priest having once tasted the sweet joys which papal tyranny forbid him, will desert his post and will thereby publicly condemn systematic and absolute celibacy; or he will remain a priest and then he will soon be ours, not merely an ally, but entirely ours and he will render us the most important services in undermining the temple of Adonai.

"The Catholic clergy must be isolated and thinned out by every possible means. Multiply societies of pleasure in the cities and in the country; secular societies and feasts, etc. Insist on the anti-Catholic rule; no priest at the birth! No priest at the marriage! No priest at death! Establish associations with this programme. If a priest of Adonai goes wrong shout scandal at all your might in order to discredit the priesthood. If there is question of a fault not criminal in itself, but only forbidden by the cruel Papal law of chastity, do not spread the report except when its author is not likely ever to become a secret agent of ours.

"To be continued.

## ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

Some Noteworthy Traits of the famous Prelate of St. Paul.

From the New York World.  
Carroll, Hughes, Spalding and England were notable men in their day; Lavigerie, Newman and Manning claimed a large share of public attention during their lives, but in some ways, and to Americans, John Ireland, Bishop of St. Paul, is not less interesting than any of those dignitaries.

Too democratic to show the princely magnificence of the Cardinal of Carthage, too busy ever to acquire the literary finish of Newman, too active to wear the seerlike look of Manning, Archbishop Ireland is a cyrenosure of half the New World's eyes.

The future historian will likewise write much of the Archbishop of St. Paul, because he is one of the greatest American tribunes of his age, and because he has helped largely to save his people by broadening out ecclesiastical policies.

In order to be understood and appreciated he must be studied like a work of the old masters—not too near and in a proper light. Push and perseverance have marked his whole career since 1849, when, being but a boy of eleven he made the United States his home and country.

THE EXTERNALS OF A MAN.  
Ambition, strength and will are writ all over him. They confront you in his prominent chin and his large aquiline nose; they speak to you in his big, burly form; they compel notice in his powerful stride as he walks—or rather swings himself—toward you; they are conspicuous in his every tone and gesture, even when he is most winning and persuasive.

CATCHWORDS AND WATCHWORDS.  
He supplies watchwords to the Catholics of this country. Not mere shibboleths, like the phrases of Benjamin Disraeli, but words of weight and knowledge. Beaconsfield's phrases, "plundering and blundering," "peace with honor," "insolence is not invective," "abuse is no argument," young men "prattling about protoplasm," young women "unconsciously taking atheism in gilded saloons," caught the public ear and furnished the peddler of small talk with ammunition. But Archbishop Ireland's watchwords kindle enthusiasm and arouse action.

HE IS OF HIS OWN AGE.  
Men who would have us live in the tea kettle age instead of in the time of its lusty great grand daughter, the steam engine, do not see the wealth of wisdom contained in Bishop Ireland's words at the first Catholic Congress held in this country, when he told the layman not to wait for the priest, nor the priest for the Bishop, nor the Bishop for the Pope. Yet the conscience of every one proclaims that no hierarchical command is necessary in order that men may do good. It requires no mean courage to tell the country that you preach a new crusade. When the soldier priest from Minnesota, preaching in the cathedral of Baltimore grasped his pectoral cross, and, holding it aloft, said, in dramatic tones, "I preach the new crusade," he showed that the fearless spirit which moved him to become a chaplain in the days of the civil war prompted him to say what he thought from the pulpit of peace.

A MASTERFUL MIND.  
His masterful mind is seen in every line of his rugged face, and in every glitter of his changeable, great gray eyes.

Froude says of the late Cardinal Newman that he was interested in everything that was going on—in science, in politics, literature. The same may be said of Archbishop Ireland.

His advancement in the Church has

been rapid. Born in 1838, ordained priest in 1861, consecrated bishop in 1875, made archbishop in 1886, there is still before him a career even more widely useful than in the past.

Archbishop Ireland's first great prominence was won in connection with the total abstinence movement; and though a quarter of a century has elapsed since he actively espoused that cause, his zeal for it to-day is as ardent as in those golden years when warmer blood ran riot in his veins. To-day he is the recognized leader of Catholic total abstinence all the world over. It was largely through his influence that the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore put itself on record as disapproving the liquor traffic and as advising Catholics to seek a more honorable means of livelihood.

It is hard for a social reformer to be severely philosophical. Yet Archbishop Ireland manages to check the fire of the Celt with the philosophy of the Teuton. When in his lectures he shows that intemperance is the cause of poverty and pauperism, that it saps strength and suggests suicide, that it is the well-spring of vice and crime, he is superior to other lecturers in the same field merely in the sincerity and warmth of his thought.

His best work as an advocate of temperance has been done by the formation of a public opinion which wishes the liquor traffic to be looked upon as disreputable.

## FIGHTING FOR THE POOR.

"Come to me, friends and patrons of the traffic," said His Grace, in one of his memorable perorations, "to garrets and to cellars in back street and in hidden alley, whither the slaves of drink repair from the saloons, and I will show you the poor man and the wife and children of the poor man. And while you stand aghast at the scene of awful wretchedness, I will ask you to take in hand the cause of the poor man. Come with me some morning to the police court and study the poor man as he is introduced from a neighboring cell by the policeman who tells the story of debauch and murder. Come with me to prison, to reformatory, to poorhouse. Follow me to the pauper's corner in your cemeteries—and in pity I will beg you to protect and save the poor man. Protect and save him—from the cause of his poverty, his woe, his sin—the liquor traffic."

## PLEAS FOR PURITY.

Total abstinence is but one of the many planks in the broad platform of social reform as laid down by the Archbishop of St. Paul. He is strong, almost fierce, in his attack upon the enemies of social purity. In his efforts to awaken people to a sense of duty he has made a terrible arraignment against immoral literature and impure art. His passionate words recall Tennyson's awful lines in "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After":

"Authors—atheist, essayist, novelist, realist, rhymester—play your part. Painless change of nature with the living hues of Art."

He depends chiefly upon woman to apply an efficacious remedy to the social evil.

No power has kept the workman so stolidly indifferent to the sublime influence of Christianity more than the apparent apathy of churchmen in relation to the poor man's temporal lot.

AN AMERICAN MANNING.  
Archbishop Ireland has been doing work in the United States akin to that of Cardinal Manning in England. His lectures on the labor problem have won him the ear of the vast army of workmen in this country.

While full of sympathetic interest for the workingman, the Archbishop is very conservative on the labor question. He pleads for the laborer's right to Sunday's rest, to such wages as will decently sustain himself and his family, to a working day short enough not to preclude family life. He holds that as tenants of God, and, therefore, they should spend their superfluous wealth in the interest of their fellow-men. He steadfastly refuses to accept Henry George's theory as a panacea for poverty. He does not damn Mr. George's scheme of land nationalization from an ethical standpoint, but he maintains that the world-famed single tax advocate does not prove his conclusion from the standpoint of political economy. Himself an incessant toiler, he is bitter in his denunciation of those who will not work. He says: "Those who have no more ambition in life than to gain a livelihood by begging from house to house and village to village have no right even to what they obtain."

## NO COLOR LINE FOR HIM.

Men of all races and color command his active sympathy. He pleads successfully with the President of the United States for the red man; he offends the tender sensibilities of the Southerner by his bold words for our black brethren. He has no patience with those who ignore the negro solely because of color—the result of climatic influence. He asks for nothing which he himself is not prepared to grant.

His solution of the negro problem is very simple. I give it in his own words: "My solution of the negro problem is to declare that there is no problem to be solved, since we are all equal, as brothers should be, and we will, in con-

sistency with our American and Christian principles, treat alike black and white. I know no color line; I will acknowledge none. I am not unaware that this solemn declaration shall be deemed by many upon whose opinions I set high value rash and untimely. Yet I fear not to make it, for I believe I am right. Aye, untimely to-day, my words will be to-morrow timely. My fault, if there were fault, would be that I am ahead of my day. The time is not distant when Americans and all other Christians will wonder that there ever was a race problem."

COUNTRY OR CITY?  
Archbishop Ireland believes with Emerson that who cuts a straight path and earns his own bread by the help of God in the sun and rain is a universal man; he holds that such a one solves the material problem of life, and not merely for one, but for all men of sound body.

Sixteen years ago he proclaimed from the pulpit, from the platform and through the press that his co-religionists were making a great mistake by living in the large cities instead of settling on the fertile lands of the West. The position was directly opposed to that taken up many years before by Archbishop Hughes, who advised the people to remain in the cities, where they would be sure of the ministrations of religion. Events have shown that the St. Paul prelate was right, both from a religious and economic standpoint.

There is about the same difference between the moral atmosphere of the rural Catholic colonies to which the people were invited and the back streets of the overcrowded cities as there is between the pure air of the prairie and the foul air of the city.

## VIEWS ON EDUCATION.

Less complete, probably because the issues are more complicated, has been the victory of Archbishop Ireland on the school question. On July 10, 1889, the Archbishop of St. Paul read a paper entitled "State Schools and Parish Schools," before the members of the National Educational Association.

This was the opening shot of the war on the school question, the echoes of which have not yet completely died away. He did not propose anything strikingly radical. He emphasized the necessity of religious training. He left upon the minds of his hearers the impression that the solution of the problem lay in the re-adjustment of certain recognized principles, so that all the children of the nation might have that training, religious and secular, which their parents desired, and yet so have it that the conscientious beliefs of all should be respected.

"I solve the difficulty," said the Archbishop, "by submitting it to the calm judgment of the country. No question is insoluble to Americans which truth and justice press home to them."

## SAINTS SHOULD BE SCHOLARS.

Social reformers do not usually pay much attention to the advancement of higher education. They think their special field of reform is a panacea for all the ills of humanity. Not so with the Archbishop of St. Paul. His cry is that of the dying Goethe—for "more light." He believes that churchmen should be scholars as well as saints. When there was question of establishing the Catholic University of America his voice was strongest and his work most unceasing in its favor.

In his own seminary at St. Paul he carries out the same principle. He makes no secret of his opinion that should the leaders of the Catholic Church here become cowardly, then there is no room for a great Church in America.

He belongs to the *possimus et volumus* school of Leo XIII.

The noblest and most far-reaching work undertaken by Archbishop Ireland is reconciliation of the Church and the age. It had almost become fashionable to say that Christianity had worn out. The Archbishop of St. Paul reconciles Christianity with the modern world, not by any sacrifice of principle, but by getting both to understand each other.

Archbishop Ireland teaches that the Church can live under any form of Government, but that she flourishes best where there is a Government of the people for the people. And when a few years ago he put forward these views to the cultured audiences of Paris the thoughtful men of France were wild with delight. It was clear that a people's prelate was speaking—voicing the sentiments of the "people's Pope."

President Carnot complimented Archbishop Ireland on that occasion. "The Archbishop does not take the honor of the new movement to himself. He salutes as its pioneers Ketteler of Mayence, Manning of Westminster, Gibbons of Baltimore and Leo of Rome. John Ireland is a firm believer in man as well as in God. He does not think there is any strife between God and nature, or that the devil is stronger than God; and hence, he always hopes in the progress of humanity. His belief in man's progress and in God's providence is well brought out in his own words: "Man must remain the monarch of nature; the purpose of nature and of all its forces must be the service of man

the betterment and elevation of man. "Man not growing, nothing has been accomplished; man deteriorating, there is evil done. Perish trade and commerce, if man is thereby lessened in his sense of righteousness, and the fibre of his heart is hardened.

"Progress through the whole human family is the progress which God wills, and which we should in me progress."

RESPECT FOR WOMEN.  
For a man so busy, so actively engaged in the great policies of the Church, and the deeply interested in the affairs of the nation, it has been a surprise to many how the Archbishop has been able to find time for the close study of other things.

Even as to the enlargement of the sphere of woman he has a theory. He believes that she has been too dependent upon the stronger sex. And because of her deep charity and unselfish energy he thinks her capable of working out great social and moral reforms. Archbishop Ireland's sphere of usefulness has been greatly widened by reason of his immense and broad patriotism, which has gone a great way to stem the spread of the new Know Nothingism.

He boasts that he is a Catholic to the very fibre of his heart.

Speaking at a banquet of the Loyal Legion in New York not long ago he said: "Storms are passing over the land, arising from sectarian hatred, and nativist or foreign prejudices. These are scarcely to be heeded; they cannot last. Day by day the spirit of Americanism waxes strong; narrowness of thought and unreasoning strife cannot resist its influences."

## HOW THE ARCHBISHOP LIVES.

The Archbishop's manner of living is very regular. He rises at 5 o'clock, makes his meditation, celebrates Mass at 6, which is said by one of the priests of the household, usually his secretary. He makes his thanksgiving and hears another Mass. A few minutes after 7 he breakfasts with the clergy who are staying in his house, reads the papers and retires to his quarters.

Here he works a while writes important letters, gives directions to his secretary and reads a part of the divine office. After dinner he talks and studies. As a rule he retires shortly after 10. He is a splendid story teller and a vivacious talker.

The archiepiscopal residence is large, old fashioned, neat, yet severely simple. The most striking part of the house is the library. It has books in all languages, for he is a great linguist.

## SONNETS.

### Praise for the Celt.

Mr. Grant Allen, in an article in the Westminster Gazette, defends the Irish race from the assaults of a writer of a pamphlet which has been sent him on the supposed "enormous racial differences between Irishmen and Englishmen." He says:

"Transfer the Celtic race to London; in twelve months London would be squalid waste. The average Irish Celt is helpless now; in all past time he has been, in all coming time he will be, helpless." These are the sort of gems our new friend flings at our heads. We are quite familiar with them, we for whom such people have but one favorite prescription—submergence for twenty-four hours under St. George's Channel. I will answer this much from personal experience.

I was brought up in America among Irish Celts. They were the most industrious, thrifty, energetic, long-headed, enterprising people I ever came across. Starting without capital as day laborers they saved and scraped till they had earned enough to rent a farm. Then they saved and scraped till they had earned enough to buy it. They then went on from log to frame house and frame house to solid, substantial, stone built farmhouse. Their sons learned Latin; their daughters went to the convent school and thumped the piano. Their neighbors had only one complaint against them—"The Irish are so close-fisted!"

What made them differ so much from those "idle, improvident Irish" about whom so many ignorant people will rail? Why, just equality of opportunity with that notoriously bad colonist, the Saxon Englishman.

Transport your Irishmen to free America or free Australia and straightaway this creature, incapable of parliamentary Government, gets at once into his own hands the affairs of the city, the county, the State, the federation. Let me end with an apologue. Said the Englishman to the Yankee, "Who built your towns?" Said the Yankee, "The Irishman." "Who built your canals? Who laid out your country?" Said the Yankee, "The Irishman." "And what did the native American do?" the Englishman asked. "I guess he sat on the fence and looked on," said the Yankee. They call that "arduous labor of superintendence."

Everything else was done by the idle, improvident, good-for-nothing Irishman.

The Cardinal Albin Dunajewski, Prince Bishop of Cracow, is dead. The dead prelate belonged to a noble family of Austrian Poland. After having fought in his youth for his unfortunate country, and passed years in prison, he studied for the priesthood. He was created Cardinal 1890.

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Below are the names of a few in this city who have been cured by the use of this Plaster, and parties wishing information can obtain same by calling on these parties: Mrs. DeLay, London West; Mrs. J. J. Miller, 212 Dundas Street, London; Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Kearney, 32 Blackfriars Street, London West; Mrs. C. Jeffery, 270 Dundas Street, London; Mrs. John Dewar, Princess Avenue. This Nine Day Plaster can only be had from me, as I hold the patent and am sole manufacturer. MRS. E. PAYNE, 708 Dundas Street, LONDON.

REID'S HARDWARE. TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY. CARPET SWEEPERS, WRINGERS, BRASS FIRE IRONS. Good stock of General Hardware. 118 DUNDAS STREET, North Side.

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CONCORDIA VINEYARDS SANDWICH, ONT. ERNEST GIRADOT & CO. Altar Wine a Specialty.

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P.P.A. An authentic copy of the Ritual of the P. P. A. will be sent to any address on receipt of 1c. in stamps. By dozen, 1c. By hundred, 3c. Address: THOS. COFFEY, The Catholic Record, London, Ont.

IT HELPS DIGESTION. WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT. IS INDICATED BY THE DOCTOR TO ASSIST DIGESTION, TO IMPROVE THE APPETITE, FOR NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, AS A VALUABLE TONIC.

ARMINIE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID. CHAPTER III.

"That is an interesting face," said the Vicomte de Marigny, as the door closed behind the two feminine figures. "Arminie?" said D'Antignac. "Yes, an interesting face, and a more interesting character. You have heard me speak of her—the daughter of a red hot Communist, a man who devotes his life to forwarding revolutionary aims all over Europe."

"And yet she has that Madonna countenance!" said the other, smiling. "Nature indulges in odd freaks sometimes." "Oh! Duchesne is himself a man of refinement, a man of talent, and there is some suspicion—a man of birth," answered D'Antignac. "Duchesne!" repeated the vicomte, with an expression of surprise. "Are you talking of him? But how is it that you chance to know such people?"

"I do not know him at all; I have never seen him," replied D'Antignac. "But in the house in which we lived before coming here he had an apartment. Helene used to meet Arminie on the stairs and took a fancy to her face. This led to acquaintance and finally to intimacy. You may conceive my surprise when I found this girl—this child almost—pondering upon the deepest problems of life. Her mother had been a Catholic, and some faint memory of her teaching remained in Arminie's mind together with the wild doctrines she had imbibed from her father. When one finds such mental confusion it is usually difficult to clear the ground sufficiently for the reception of first principles; but I have never met with an intelligence which apprehended the logic of truth with greater quickness than that of Arminie. It had been so long in darkness that it seemed almost to leap toward the light."

"And how did the father take her conversion?" asked De Marigny with interest. "I do not fancy that he knows anything about it," said D'Antignac. "A man who is busily engaged in trying to overturn all the governments of Europe is not likely to have time to inquire closely into the beliefs of his daughter. The time may come, however, when she will be forced to astonish him by declaring them, for he makes her of use in preparing matter for the revolutionary propaganda, and she begins to question how far it is right to lend her aid to such work. She has just asked my opinion; I confess that I shrink from giving a positive one."

"Has she no director?" "D'Antignac shook his head. "No. Faith is only an intellectual conviction with her as yet. She shrinks from the practice, learning that it will bring her into some attitude of antagonism to her father. I see that and I do not press her. God, I think, has His own designs with such a soul as hers. But enough of this! Tell me, Gaston, of yourself, of Rome."

"I will tell you first what will interest you most," said De Marigny. "I was received in private audience by the Holy Father and had the happiness of hearing that he approves all my plans and hopes. I wish that you could have heard him speak of France. You would have been struck by two things—the heart of the father and the mind of the statesman. He appreciates clearly all our perils and our needs; he sees that chief among those needs is the union of all conservative elements in concerted action against the destructive forces that have acquired power through our divisions. When I told him that the end to which I intended to direct all my effort was to form a common basis on which Legitimists,

Health Restored. ALL RUN DOWN. No Strength nor Energy.

Miserable IN THE EXTREME. Hands COVERED with SORES. CURED BY USING Ayer's Sarsaparilla.



"Several years ago, my blood was in bad condition, my system all run down, and my general health very much impaired. My hands were covered with large sores, discharging all the time. I had no strength nor energy and my feelings were miserable in the extreme. At last, I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla and soon noticed a change for the better. My appetite returned and with it, renewed strength. Encouraged by these results, I kept on taking the Sarsaparilla, till I had used six bottles, and my hands were restored."—A. A. TOWNE, Prop., Harris House, Thompson, N. Dak.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Admitted AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Orleanists and Bonapartists could meet, he said, "It is a noble aim."

"Yes, it is a noble aim," said D'Antignac. "But have you forgotten that such a conservative alliance was formed once before and betrayed by the Bonapartists?" "No, I have not forgotten," replied the other, "but I trust to the wisdom which time has taught them. All thinking men must recognize the deadly nature of the peril which menaces us now, must see the darkness of the gulf on which France stands. Those who would blot out every glory of our past will soon leave us no hope in any future, if men cannot be roused from their partnership for this or that dynasty to act together as Frenchmen and Catholics and thus save their country and their faith."

"France is so cursed with party madness and party blindness that I have little hope of their doing so," said D'Antignac. "but ends apparently as hopeless have been gained by courage and ability like yours, my Gaston. You must expect, however, to be accused of disloyalty to your own party."

"By some of its members—those, for example, who have not hesitated to attack even the Papal Nuncio—it is likely. But what then? It does not matter in the least to what misunderstanding or accusation I am subjected, if the end is gained. And if it is not gained—well, then I shall at least feel that I have not been one of those who stood by and saw France fall into the gulf of atheistic revolution without an effort to save her."

"And what battle-cry will you find to unite Legitimist, Orleanist and Bonapartist?" "We know," said De Marigny, "that there was once a battle-cry which stirred men's hearts and carried them victorious through many a conflict. It was 'God and the king.' But since we are not agreed what king we desire, I shall inscribe on the banner which I wish to raise the name of God alone. For the line of battle is now sharply drawn. It is not for any political preference that we have to fight, but for the very existence of faith, for the right to hold, practice, or teach religion at all. Whatever else they disagree upon, our opponents are united in enmity to all that is signified by the name of God; and we therefore should sink our differences to unite in defence of it."

"But, unhappily while they are fiercely united on that point, you have to overcome the indifference of multitudes of those who nominally hold the traditions of faith; you have to awaken generous ardor where there is now only selfish apathy."

"Then, in addressing such men one must touch their selfishness by showing them the dangers that lie before a godless people. Surely France, of all countries, should not need to be taught by another revolution of what atheism is capable! Those who have ears to hear may hear on all sides the sound of a coming storm which will not be content with throwing down the church only, but which will not leave one stone of social order standing upon another. If men are prepared to supinely yield their religion they must be prepared to yield also their property, and probably their lives."

"The last arguments may touch them," said D'Antignac, smiling. "I am inclined to think that the world is perishing for lack of logic. Certainly a little clear thinking would make many of the evils which afflict modern society impossible. Well, I can do nothing save wish you God-speed," he added, with a touch of wisfulness; "but you know that in this battle, as in the many we have fought together, my heart is with you though I lie useless here."

"Useless!" repeated De Marigny, much as Arminie had spoken before him. "That you are not, or ever can be while life animates you: for you animate others to battles which might else be fought with but half-heartedness. I can answer for myself that when courage or purpose flags I come here for a spiritual or mental aid which has never failed me."

"D'Antignac's look of thanks was at once eloquent and pathetic. "If," he said, "you do not exaggerate in order to please one who has few pleasures—" "You must know," interposed the other quickly, "that I do not exaggerate in the least; that you are what I have said, not only to me but to many others."

"Then there is compensation for all that I miss or endure," D'Antignac went on: "for to sustain in any degree those who fight is as much as fighting one's self, without the dangers that attend victory. You don't need for me to tell you what those dangers are," he added, with another smile. "I do not think that there is any need for me to guard against them," said De Marigny, answering the smile. "If I succeed it will merely be the success of one who lays a foundation for others to build upon."

"Do not fear," she said, with a smile at her brother, "that I am going to introduce a visitor. I told Pierre to deny you to any one as long as M. de Marigny was with you. But here is Mr. Egerton's card, with his compliments and hopes that you are better to-day."

"Egerton!" repeated D'Antignac. "If any one but Gaston were here I should say that I was sorry not to have seen him."

"Then I am sorry to have been the cause of your not having that pleasure," said the vicomte, smiling. "But who is this Mr. Egerton who is to be regretted?" "To be regretted only when you are out of the question," said D'Antignac. "Who is he? A young, rich, idle American, clever and with intellectual tastes—a man of whom something brilliant is expected by his friends, but who will probably never verify their expectations, because he has no motive for exertion."

"Has he no ambition?" "None. And, when one thinks of it, why should he have any? He already possesses in large degree that to which all, or nearly all, modern ambition tends—wealth. What has he to gain by subjecting himself to the drudgery of labor in any form?" "It seems to me," said De Marigny, "that the best answer to that question lies in the fact that in all ages men—that is, some men—have felt that there is much besides wealth which is worth the price of labor: rewards so great, indeed, that wealth will bear no comparison to them."

"This is very true," said D'Antignac: "but it must not blind us to the fact that in our age those rewards are constantly diminishing in value—are of worth only as they lead, indirectly perhaps but surely, to a golden end. We hear much of work which is to be unselfishly undertaken for the benefit of humanity, but as a matter of fact we see less of it than ever before in the history of the world. Egotism is more becoming a controlling force: men are more and more asking themselves, *Cui bono?* of any end which does not promise them power or pleasure."

"But the gratification of ambition does promise both," said De Marigny. "Yes; but wealth can purchase both without the long vigil of labor which is essential to attain any really high degree of excellence in any path of human effort. And when a man has that golden talisman he may say, 'Why should I 'scorn delights and live laborious days' for an object which is certainly remote, and which may prove very unsatisfactory if I gain it, when here in my hand is the key to unlock all the doors of life, to enable me to taste all pleasures and most powers, to fill with varied enjoyment the few years granted me in which to live?"

"If he thinks those few years are the sum of his existence there is no reason why he should not ask such a question," said De Marigny. "An answer is impossible until you have proved to him that he has a spiritual as well as a physical and mental life, and that these few years are not all in which he has to live," said D'Antignac. "As philosophers, if not as Christians, we must perceive that every disease which is afflicting our age has its root in the same cause—widespread extinction of religious faith. When man loses his dignity as an immortal being no end remains to him which is not worthless and illusory, save the end of gratifying his personal tastes and desires."

"And has this man of whom you speak no faith?" "Not the least. What man of culture, outside the Catholic Church, has faith now?" "Yet I am interested in him," said Helene, who, with some needlework, had sat down near the open window. "He is intellectual and he is reasonable. I have not found in him any of that ignorant arrogance which characterizes so many of those who are known as 'positive thinkers.'"

"And who are at least positive in the expression of their crude opinions," said the vicomte, smiling. "Well, that Mr. Egerton is not," she said. "He has the good sense not to be positive in anything—not even in denial—when all I doubt with him. It is honest doubt, I think—which makes me sorry for him."

"There is no need to be sorry for him on that account," said M. de Marigny. "If it is the best ground for congratulating him. If he is honest in doubt he may at length receive light to say *Credo*."

D'Antignac made at this point a slight negative motion of the head. "He does not desire to say it," he observed. "That is the worst of eras like this. Men do not wish to be left behind in what they regard as the great intellectual movement of the age. They regard it as the highest triumph of human intelligence to be in doubt about everything. Even the desire for faith is dead in them."

after Helene d'Antignac had taken to her brother the card of a visitor whom he did not see.

"What, Egerton, is this you?" exclaimed one. "How comes it that a butterfly from the Champs Elysees has fluttered over here into the Quartier Latin?" "Egerton!" repeated D'Antignac. "If any one but Gaston were here I should say that I was sorry not to have seen him."

"Then I am sorry to have been the cause of your not having that pleasure," said the vicomte, smiling. "But who is this Mr. Egerton who is to be regretted?" "To be regretted only when you are out of the question," said D'Antignac. "Who is he? A young, rich, idle American, clever and with intellectual tastes—a man of whom something brilliant is expected by his friends, but who will probably never verify their expectations, because he has no motive for exertion."

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growl, but beyond this did not speak, so they walked on in silence for a moment—Egerton having turned and joined him—until, leaving the narrow street with its high, dark houses, they turned into the boulevard which under the Second Empire was opened through the quaint, winding medieval ways, bringing daylight to many an obscure spot where crime and wretchedness dwelt in darkness, but also demolishing much of the picturesque and spoiling much of the charm of this old famous quarter. As they entered the broad thoroughfare which is known on the left bank of the Seine as the Boulevard St. Michel, and which forms a direct line with the Boulevard de Sebastopol on the right bank—the Napoleonic and Haussmannic idea having been to lay out as many straight and tedious avenues, which cannot be readily swept, as possible—Egerton said:

"You have not yet told me when and where I can hear this Duchesne." "I have not told you," Winter answered, "because I don't know. I don't even know whether or not he is in Paris now. But if you are not in haste I may be able to find a man who is pretty certain to know."

"I am not in the least haste," Egerton replied. "Then we will go to a cafe which he frequents and where there is a chance of meeting him—at least he is often to be found there at this hour."

They proceeded, therefore, along the Boulevard St. Michel until, after crossing the Boulevard St. Germain, which intersects it, Winter turned into one of the cafes that are numerous in the neighborhood. It was a dark-looking place, not rendered more cheerful in aspect by the clouds of tobacco-smoke rising from the groups of men who were sitting around various small tables, drinking moderately and talking excessively. Winter received a running fire of salutations as he passed among them; but he did not pause until he reached a table in a corner near a window where only one man was sitting buried in a newspaper, by which stood a glass of absinthe. On this man's shoulder Winter laid his hand.

"*Bonjour, Leroux,*" he said. "I am glad to find you." "*Bonjour, cher Winter,*" returned the other, glancing up. How goes it with you to-day? And why are you glad to find me?" "Because I want some information that you can probably afford," replied Winter. "But first let me introduce my friend Mr. Egerton, and, if you do not object, we will join you."

"With all my heart," said Leroux, adding, with a motion toward his glass as they sat down, Will you join me in this also?" "We prefer a bottle of wine—eh, Alan?" said Winter. "You had much better drink it instead of that poisonous stuff, Leroux."

Leroux shrugged his shoulders. "I am getting up inspiration for my night's work, as an engine gets up steam," he said. "It is a matter of necessity."

"M. Leroux is a writer, a *feuilletonist* whom Paris knows well," said Winter, addressing Egerton. "Whom Paris does not yet know so well as it may, perhaps, some day," said the *feuilletonist* calmly. "*Eh bien,* you have not yet told me what it is that I can do for you."

"Briefly, then, you can tell me whether Duchesne is in Paris, and, if so, when and where he is likely to speak. My friend wishes to hear him." Leroux turned a pair of keen eyes on that gentleman. "Monsieur has heard of Duchesne, then?" he said. "Yes I have heard of him," Egerton answered; "but what I have heard would not have made me desire to listen to one of his speeches, if Winter had not assured me that he is singularly eloquent; and real eloquence is something very uncommon."

"Monsieur is not, then, interested in the cause to which Duchesne lends the aid of his eloquence?" "One cannot be interested in what one knows so little about," replied Egerton indifferently. "I confess that I am not very favorably inclined toward it. But I am open to conviction," he added, with a smile.

TO BE CONTINUED. Converted on the Pilgrimage. Francis H. Throop, whose wife was one of the leaders of the pilgrimage to Lourdes, which left Brooklyn recently, has become a Catholic. Mr. Throop went with the pilgrimage, and he was baptized abroad by Bishop Keane. Mrs. Throop became a convert to the Catholic Church about fifteen years ago while visiting a Catholic family in Dublin. Mr. Throop, after his marriage, began to show a leaning toward his wife's faith, and their two children—a little girl of six and a boy of three and a half years of age, now dead—were baptized in the Catholic faith. Mr. Throop was a High Churchman, and regularly attended St. Martin's P. E. Church, on President street, Brooklyn, prior to going on the pilgrimage. He also attended to Catholic church with his wife. Since the sudden death of his little boy from concussion of the brain, which occurred in January last, it is said that Mr. Throop had inclined more than ever toward the Church to which his wife was a convert and in which his children were baptized.

THE POPE ON PREACHING.

Important Advice from the Holy Father.

The following circular letter has been issued by His Holiness, Leo XIII., from the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, and is addressed to the Italian prelates and the superiors of religious orders and congregations...

QUALITIES OF A PREACHER.

First of all, as to what concerns the qualities required in a holy preacher, let them be careful never to entrust so sacred a ministry to one who is not full of Christian piety, and penetrated with a great love of Our Lord Jesus Christ...

PROPER DOMAIN OF PREACHING.

Those subjects were indicated by our divine Redeemer when He said, "Preach the gospel (Mark xvi. 15), teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you (Matt. xxiii. 20)..."

THE PILGRIMAGE.

...whose wife was of the pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and who was a Bishop of the Holy Land, and who was a Bishop of the Holy Land...

APOSTOLIC FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

and imparts nervous energy and irresistible eloquence. For whoever in speaking reproduces the spirit and strength of the divine word speaks...

great eternal truths of that order ought to form the ordinary subjects of preaching. These great subjects are now-a-days unworthily neglected by many preachers...

PREACHING OF MORALS.

to fall into discredit or disuse, as if the latter were only secondary and of less importance than discussions, and to be left to ordinary preachers and congregations...

THE SACRED CONGREGATION.

wishing, in conformity with the august orders of His Holiness, to apply a remedy to such numerous and grave abuses, asks all the Bishops and Superiors of religious orders and congregations...

A GOOD SPECULATION.

My grandfather always gave the sagest advice to a friend, but generally acted himself from whim. Once, when walking in a London street, he passed a room in which an auction was going on...

WHAT TO DO WITH THE ANARCHIST.

Mr. Henry Holt discusses in the Forum the subject "Punishment of Anarchists and Others." The difficulty in dealing with an anarchist seems to be this: So long as he confines himself to merely denouncing the present social organization...

QUAINT IRISH STORIES.

Interesting Recollections of Aubrey de Vere of the Olden Days in Erin Beautiful.

Aubrey de Vere, the Irish poet, has written a series of recollections, which will be published in two parts in the Century. The first portion, dealing with his childhood and boyhood, is printed in the September number...

THE OLD GRANDMOTHER.

It was a time at which opposites of all sorts oddly combined. The country-gentlemen were then looked up to as so many little princes, and the poor would have gladly adopted them as chiefs, like those of old, had they cared to accept that position...

WHY HOOD'S? BECAUSE HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA IS THE BEST, MOST RELIABLE AND ACCOMPLISHES THE GREATEST CURES.

Send 25 "Sunlight" Soap wrappers (wrappers bearing the words "Why Does a Woman Look Sooner Than a Man" to L. LEVY BROS., Ltd., 45 Scott Street, Toronto, and you will receive by post a pretty picture, free from advertising and well worth framing...

THE RITUAL OF THE P. P. A.

We have published in pamphlet form the entire Ritual of the society known as the P. P. A. The book was obtained from one of the organizers of the association...

DIRECTIONS AND RULES.

remind him of his duty; and, if that does not suffice, they shall deprive him altogether of the power of preaching, employing even canonical penalties if the gravity of the matter requires it.

there a small Irish colony, and drew up for them a very compendious code, including a quaint law of divorce in case of matrimonial disputes...

THE LITTLE CAPTAIN.

I remember my father describing the pride with which he strutted about in his scarlet uniform when the general rode out to review these regiments. "But where is the captain?" exclaimed the veteran. "Here I am," shouted the child. "But, my little man, you are too young to fight!"

THE HANDSOME MAN.

My grandfather was the most popular of our country gentlemen, because he had a great love for the poor, and always helped them at a pinch. A young man was tried for murder, having killed a member of a rival faction in a fight...

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FRANK LEAKE Oshawa, Ont.

Pains in the Joints

Caused by Inflammatory Swelling

A Perfect Cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"It affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. My son was afflicted with great pain in the joints, accompanied with swelling so bad that he could not get up stairs to bed without crawling on hands and knees. I was very anxious about him, and having read so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I determined to try it, and got a half-dozen bottles of which entirely cured him." Mrs. G. A. LAKE, Oshawa, Ontario.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

Table listing various school books and their prices, including 'Dominion Catholic Reading Charts', 'The Hand Book of Penmanship', and 'The New Theoretical and Practical Grammar'.

D. & J. SADDLER & CO.

Advertisement for High-Class Church Windows, featuring an image of a window and text describing the products and services offered by Hobbs Mfg. Co. in London, Ont.

Pictorial Lives of the Saints

The Catholic Record for One Year For \$3.00.

The Pictorial Lives of the Saints contains Reflections for Every Day in the Year. The book is compiled from "Butler's Lives" and other approved sources...

COMMERCIAL HOTEL.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL, 54 and 56 Jarvis Street, Toronto. This hotel has been refitted and furnished throughout. Home comforts. Terms 15c per day. M. DONNELLY, Proprietor.

DR. WOODRUFF'S PILLS.

DR. WOODRUFF'S PILLS, No. 186 QUEEN'S AVE. W. Defective vision, impaired hearing, neuralgic and rheumatic throats, Stomach troubles, indigestion, biliousness, constipation, etc. Hours, 12 to 6.

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London, Saturday, Sept. 29, 1884.  
LUTHER AND LIBERTY.

An age of superficiality this must necessarily foster loose and disconnected habits of thought. We are so intent on the pursuit of the material that we have no time to examine the assertions of our "thinkers," and hence much that we garner and hold as truth is but the offscourings of prejudice—we will not say of falsehood, for many a current opinion has a truthful stamp upon it, and few are there who have the hardihood to relegate it to the domain of the unreal and fanciful. We take our knowledge second-hand, and we must, therefore, stand always in the same groove, thinking the thoughts and crying out the watch-words of past generations. This has always been the bane of intellectual progress. When men begin to think for themselves a new epoch is marked in the world's history. Right reason shakes off the manacles of custom and conservatism and takes a firm hold of the truth. They who have opened up the long vistas of truth, thought well and deeply—examined long and critically, and handed down to us the fruits of their labors. And we also have our work to do. Too many phantoms, vested in the godly raiment of knowledge, walk unchallenged among us. We are well aware that progress is the shibboleth of the century, but when we hear a venerable minister declaring that Luther was the champion of liberty—that he burst the chains of priestly despotism—we are apt to wonder what progress means.

Luther is a very old subject, and has been often dissected by historical and controversial scalpel. The world agrees that he was the veriest puppet that was ever pulled by the strings of lust and pride. It knows that his principles are subversive of morality and that his life was stained with gross licentiousness. These are hard sayings, but the writings of the Wittenberg "reformer" prove them to be undeniable.

Who does not know of his fierce denunciation of chastity—denunciation that pale with rosy cheeks of all who love virtue, and that has placed him on record for all time as the calumniator of every Protestant mother and maiden. "Awful blindness," he says; "relentless cruelty of the Popes. Diabolical precept of keeping chaste. What! make an obligation of keeping chaste, which is impossible to human nature?" Such degrading words would sully the literature of any country. And yet we are accustomed to hear him hailed as the apostle of all that is pure and true! Was he not content before pride obtained the mastery and perchance the thought of the days when he, in gown and with tonsured head, served God amidst his brethren, may have caused him, in very bitterness of remorseful rage, to pen the words that impugn the chastity of his mother. Let they who doubt our words read his life by Audin, and they will see that we have not exaggerated his hostility to chastity.

True, he wrote much on Christian Liberty; but liberty was to him a word of uncertain meaning. He incited the peasants to revolt, and history has no blacker page than those which describe the part he played in it. Munzer was the leader of the revolt. Everywhere he preached the doctrine of insurrection, and the peasants, eager with the hope of freeing themselves from the despotism of the German princes, flocked to his standard. Munzer, half-educated enthusiast that he was, promised them that God would aid them. Monasteries were sacked and churches were burned and the blood of faithful monks and nobles ran in the hands of the peasants.

This was the result of Luther's doctrine on liberty. If he believed in it, he should have benefited the victims of his teachings. But he deserted them in their hour of need—and, more, he commanded the princes to slaughter them:

"Come, princes, to arms. The

times are come—the wondrous times in which a prince can gain heaven more easily by shedding blood than I by praying. Strike and strangle the peasants."

We shudder at the cruel perfidy and cold brutality of the man, and wonder how anyone can hold him up as a defender of Christian Liberty.

Many other passages might be cited to prove that he cared little about human rights and that he was ever the first to use them as a stepping-stone to his advancement. His splendid abilities were directed to the furtherance of personal aims, and history has no record of an unselfish deed that might figure as a merciful angel in the long cortege of his lustful and treacherous actions.

### THE FREEDOM OF THE HOLY SEE.

Notwithstanding the confident assertions of enemies of the Pope to the effect that the union of Italy under one king has settled finally that the Holy Father will never regain his temporal power, the question persists in cropping up in a manner very distasteful to the Italian Government. At the Liege International Conference of Catholics, recently held, resolutions in favor of the restoration of the Pope's temporal power were passed unanimously; and similar resolutions were passed at the German Conference of Cologne.

Professor Kurth, of the University of Liege, was one of the principal speakers, and in a speech, which was vehemently applauded, he declared that a question which affects the whole Catholic world, numbering much more than two hundred millions of souls, the dictum of one avaricious Government is not to be considered as settling this momentous question. It is a question which concerns all Catholics, and we must not rest content until the head of the universal Church be really free.

He asked: "Is the head of the Church free now?" and his answer was decidedly negative.

The religious freedom of the Catholic Church requires that its head be not the subject of or under the supervision of any national sovereign whose predilections are at the best local, and often personal, after the fashion of Louis XIV., who laid it down as a maxim: "L'Etat, c'est moi" or, "The State means me."

Professor Kurth asked: "Is the Church really free? Pope, Church, sound reason, and the evidence of facts say No. Our adversaries say Yes. This contradiction alone shows which answer is the right one, for where no consciousness of freedom is, there is no real freedom. By our protest every year, we want to show that the Church wishes in a peaceful way to regain its rights in order to make peace among the nations."

The unanimity of the conference in approving of the professor's sentiments is an evidence of unanimity on the part of German Catholics, and they necessarily assist in giving shape to the policy of the German Empire, of the population of which they constitute 36 per cent.

Protestant nations as well as Catholics understand that for their own interests it is important that the head of the Catholic Church should not be the subject of any local sovereign. This consciousness made England as anxious as any power to secure freedom for the Pope when the national boundaries of Europe were fixed by the Great Powers after the fall of the first Napoleon; and the same reasons which prevailed then must prevail now with such powers as England, Germany and Russia.

France, Austria and the minor powers of Europe, though apparently not anxious at present to intermeddle in the affairs of the Italian peninsula, will naturally turn to the consideration of this matter at some time or other, and the question must be settled yet in a more satisfactory manner than that of the present state of affairs.

The Catholic world may depend upon it that the question of the Pope's independence remains to be settled yet, and that the settlement will come before very long. The Catholic Congress of Cologne but echoes the sentiments of Catholics the world over, and those sentiments will yet be respected.

Only a few days ago in a speech at Naples, Signor Crispi declared that

"The social system is passing through a crisis of the greatest importance. So acute is the situation that it is necessary that the civil and religious authority should unite and work in harmony together against that infamous band on whose flag is inscribed the motto: 'No God, No King.' This band has declared war upon society. Let society accept the challenge and shout as its battle-cry: 'For God, King and country.'"

This is generally regarded as a re- treat from the anti-religious policy

which has hitherto been the policy of the Italian Government. It seems now to be conscious that in nourishing irreligion it has warmed into life a viper which aims at fixing its fangs into the very vitals of the Italian monarchy, and it wishes now to make peace with the Pope.

Crispi's words were uttered while he was declaring that the Government consents to the appointment, long since made by the Pope, of Cardinal Sarto to the patriarchate of Venice—an appointment which the Government has hitherto refused to endorse. Some go so far as to say that at last "the Italian Government has gone to Canossa, like Bismarck." Whether this be true or not, it seems probable that the Government is on the point of beginning a new policy of conciliation which will prove far more beneficial and acceptable to the Italian people than the policy of hostility which has been hitherto pursued, and may end in results which but a few days ago were not expected, or even dreamed of. The Government, which has hitherto favored Atheism, seems to be becoming conscious that its Atheism has brought into existence that very Anarchy of which it is now so much in dread. It is now the business of the Government to destroy the monster it created, and this it cannot do without making peace with the Pope.

### THE BOURBON DYNASTY.

The Comte de Paris died as a good Christian and Catholic. We admire especially his last letter addressed on July 23 to his adherents and friends, when he knew that his end was drawing near. He said:

"At the moment I am about to appear before God, I do not wish to trace a line of conduct for my son, who knows my thoughts, but address myself to all those who have expressed a wish for the success of the Monarchist cause, and who will pray for me at the moment of my death."

After recalling all he did for the Monarchist cause, the Comte continues:

"My adversaries responded to my efforts with exile, in which I pursued the work begun in France. My object was always to preserve the traditional depositary. I transmit it to my son, and ask my friends to rally around him. I do not believe God has abandoned France. I think in order to recover her position she must again become Christian. My last wish is that all honest people may join my friends in accomplishing this work."

The Holy Father, while advising the French people to accept the Republic heartily, did not mean to impose upon them any obligation to believe Republicanism better than the Monarchical form of Government. He wished the French people to understand that they are not bound to stand by the effete monarchies of the past, whether Bourbon or Imperial; but he had no intention to make them believe that it is their duty to prefer a Republic to a Monarchy. We believe that the Comte de Paris appreciated the position, and though he differed from Pope Leo, XIII. in regard to the policy which the people of France ought to pursue, he remained throughout a true Catholic.

But we have too much respect for the dignity of the house of Orleans to admire the temper which the Duke of Orleans, the Comte's son, displayed after his father's funeral on the occasion of the visit of the Duc d'Anmale. The new chief of the House of Bourbon is reported to have burst into tears, saying:

"Exile killed my father. I will endure anything rather than inaction. I will risk my head to return to France, and if I am fortunate to reign I will risk my head rather than be driven out."

France has already pronounced upon the pretensions of all claimants to the throne, whether Bourbonist or Napoleonic, and she has decided against them all. The verdict of the country ought to be accepted by all parties; and while we cannot very severely regard the aspirations of the young duke, nor entirely condemn him for believing that the country needs the restoration of the old monarchy, we believe it would be extremely foolish for him to attempt to overturn that verdict by risking the lives of himself and his countrymen to re-establish a dynasty which has now no adherents worth speaking of—a dynasty which has been virtually defunct for half a century.

It is too late now to restore, or even to hope to restore, either the Bourbon or the Napoleonic dynasty.

The true salvation of France now depends upon the whole country uniting in defence of the Republican form of Government, which has stood the test of a quarter of a generation, and is now the only form of Government to which the people are really attached, in spite of all shortcomings.

### LOURDES.

Dr. Boissarie, a French doctor, has given to the public a work entitled "Medical History of Lourdes." The author gives a plain and positive statement of facts that have come under his notice, and he has no hesitation in declaring that medical science is unable to explain many of the cures attributed to Lourdes. He takes a fact and views it long and carefully by the light of scientific principles. There is no room for imagination or devotional enthusiasm: he is there simply as an expert. When he cannot explain it he says so; and his example might well be imitated by a great many medical luminaries who go to Lourdes to enlighten the benighted Catholics, and return with much prattle of sublimated condition of nerves. The word "miracle" is not in their vocabulary, and yet they will have to go back some centuries to expunge it from the vocabulary of the world. Every year marks Lourdes as a favored spot of heaven. And no attempt has been spared to destroy its supernatural character. Bernadette was exposed for years to the closest scrutiny of an army of medical men, who examined her and watched her, and to-day they are where they began—baffled and mystified and powerless to explain the phenomena.

The first cures that took place were known quickly enough all over the country. Popular opinion exaggerated some and misrepresented others. Then it was that the Bishop of Tarbes commissioned Dr. Vergeze, a man of the highest reputation in the medical world, to examine the principal cases. The result was published, and provoked much adverse criticism and controversy. Still the facts remained, and the doctors, remembering that discretion is the better part of valor, became silent.

Some years elapsed and the question was again taken up, but the result was the same as before. The doctors classified the cures under three categories: 1. Cases which contained only a probability of a miracle. 2. Cases which, though surprising, might yet by some means be accounted for by a natural agency. 3. Cases which, without any contestation, were above the power of nature.

Later on Dr. Buchanan laid down in the *Lancet* similar principles. Medical science has thus proved to the world that there are certain events which have their origin and their being not from nature but from God. The scalpel does not mark all knowledge, and they who would fain believe it are like those described by Plato—men sitting with their backs to the window and refusing to see the light.

### MR. GLADSTONE ON HERESY AND SCHISM.

Mr. Gladstone, even while he was occupied with the cares of Government, found time to write on theological subjects; but of course it was to be expected that his views on such matters would be written from his own standpoint, the point of view being that of a man who has been accustomed all his life to rely on his own judgment rather than that of the Christian Church through more than eighteen centuries.

This is the standpoint from which Protestants, however honest and talented they may be, necessarily form their judgment on Christian doctrine and practice. They would not be consistent with the palmary principle of Protestantism if this were not the case; but it is a standpoint which is not authorized to be taken, whether we regard the teaching of Holy Scripture or Christian tradition. Hence, we are not to be surprised if even Mr. Gladstone, with all his unquestionable genius, falls into error when he deals with this subject.

Our Blessed Lord in establishing His Church committed to it the duty of teaching all nations, not what the pastors and members thereof might evolve out of their own minds, but what He taught. Even Mr. Gladstone has not grasped this great truth; and his theological conclusions, starting from a mixture of right and wrong principles, have brought out conclusions, sometimes very true, though startling to the prevalent Protestant convictions, but sometimes as startlingly erroneous.

His well-known pamphlet on Vaticanism was published in revenge for the defeat of his Government by the votes of Irish members, on the education question. Since that time he has learned that Catholic faith is in no way inconsistent with loyalty to country; and though he has not made any formal renunciation of the errors

contained in his pamphlet, he has renounced them by his acts.

On the education question, too, he has learned that it is not the duty of a Liberal legislator to force on an unwilling people the particular kind of education which he deems to be most suitable for them—that kind which would ignore the existence of God, or of teachings which God has ordained.

All this shows that even Mr. Gladstone is not so infallible on questions of religion as he and his most enthusiastic admirers imagined him to be.

Later came his "Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture," with a purpose with which we are fully in accord. We welcome any reasonable assistance in stemming the tide of rampant infidelity; and Mr. Gladstone has used his powerful pen for this purpose. In this he reasoned on the side of truth, and his arguments are irrefutable. Yet we must confess that his pen was not always wielded in defence of the truth; and we believe no one is more conscious of this than himself, or more sorry for his erroneous views, especially those contained in his work *Vaticanism*.

The retirement of the eminent gentleman from political turmoil seems to have given him a new opportunity to deal with theological questions, and he takes advantage of it; for in the *Nineteenth Century* for August there appears an article from him on "The Place of Heresy and Schism in the Modern Christian Church." His natural kindness leads him in this article to great tolerance of almost any degree of doctrinal difference, and he pleads that our ideas of heresy should be modified and readjusted so that Christians of all sorts may co-operate harmoniously. Especially he recommends that his own Church should make this move so that a common belief in the Trinity and our redemption through the blood of Christ should suffice for a basis of unity between denominations. On this basis, he thinks, all Christians should learn to fraternize; and thus, the old Jewish law forbidding the making of graven images should be now regarded as unnecessary to be observed.

We submit, with all due deference to Mr. Gladstone as a profound thinker, that this way of dealing with what is supposed to be one of the commandments of God, is not respectful to God, if it is really forbidden by the first, or, as Protestants make it out, the second commandment, to make images. Of course we understand, that this is said as a concession to Catholics, but Catholics do not want a concession which implies that we are, or have been, breakers of one of the commandments of God.

This matter is of importance, because the Catholic faith does not change to suit the ever-varying whims of men. It is unchangeable, because it is the divine revelation; and so it would be an intolerable inconsistency for us to accept as a concession or favor such a change as Mr. Gladstone proposes to Protestants to make in their belief, as if the error were entirely on our side. The fact that the change is proposed to Protestantism proves that the error to be corrected is also in Protestantism and not in Catholic doctrine.

Scripture makes it clear that the words of the Catholic Catechism are correct, which are to the effect that it is not forbidden by the first commandment to make images "if we do not make them for gods, to adore and serve them, as the idolaters did."

That it was never meant by God to forbid absolutely the making of images, is clear from the fact that not long after God revealed the ten commandments to Moses, He ordered Ooliab and Beseleel, the skillful workmen who were chosen to use all their skill in the erection of the tabernacle and altar, and their appurtenances, to erect two cherubim or images of angels on the sides of the holy propitiatory. (Exod. xxxvii.) So in the erection of Solomon's temple there were cherubim on the oracle, and others on various parts of the temple.

It was, therefore, not forbidden to the Jews to make images which would enliven their devotion, without exposing them to the danger of falling into idolatry.

It is undeniable that the first Protestants adopted the Jewish, in preference to the Christian, arrangement of the commandments, dividing the first into two for the purpose of arising before the populace an express commandment of God against the making of images under all circumstances, so as to make it appear that the Catholic practise of showing respect to the images of saints is thereby condemned as idolatry. To make this representa-

tion of the case more credible the Hebrew word *pesel*, "a graven image," was translated "a graven image," whereas its proper meaning is *an idol*, as is evident from the use of the word throughout Holy Scripture. Thus, in admitting now that Catholics may lawfully use and show respect to images of the saints there is no need of the roundabout and rather absurd method of Mr. Gladstone, first in applying that God forbade entirely the use of images to the Jews, and secondly that the time has come when it is allowable for man to change God's law. That was never God's law; and there is no need of changing God's law in order to admit that Catholicism has at last become admissible into the category of Christian Churches. Mr. Gladstone, well-intentioned as we believe him to be, makes an egregious mistake in putting the matter in this way. It is Protestantism which committed the error in the first place, in asserting pertinaciously that all images and pictures are forbidden by the first commandment. But in taking this stand, Protestantism was never consistent. While maintaining this, Protestants always in practise showed reverence to the images of those who had no claim to be called saints, while they maintained that it is idolatry to reverence the images of the saints of God.

We cannot, without considerable difficulty, understand how the truth of the case escaped Mr. Gladstone's notice. The only solution of the matter which we can give is that while making his eirenicon, he wished to let his own Church down easily.

### SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS AT MASS.

Detroit was the scene of quite a sensation during two Sundays, the one immediately before the State Fair was to be held, and the other during the Fair. The cause of the excitement was the march of fifty South Sea islanders to hear Mass at the Church of the Holy Redeemer. These islanders were brought to this continent to form the Samoan village at the World's Fair, and they have since been travelling from place to place exhibiting their war dances and other peculiarities under guidance of a manager. They are all Catholics, having been converted to the faith by the Marist religious order who began their mission on the islands in 1836. Many of the early missionaries were martyred and eaten by the savages, whose objects of worship were of the most absurd and frequently disgusting character.

The islanders were followed to the church by hundreds, including many Protestants, who were desirous to see how they conducted themselves. In the church they behaved with the greatest decorum and manifested the most fervent piety. The gentlemen who made the customary collection had been instructed by the priests not to bring the collection boxes to the pews which were occupied by the islanders, but when they saw themselves thus passed by they called the collectors back and each one deposited a coin in the boxes.

Many read the prayers at Mass from books, and others used rosaries, with the purpose of which they are quite familiar. They are very earnest in their devotion to the Mother of God.

Their garb was the usual dress of this country, though at their exhibitions they dress as they were accustomed to do on their native islands. The dress they wear at their homes is decent though light and scanty.

The beholders were edified at their deportment in the church while they assisted at the same Holy Sacrifice at which they are accustomed to worship at their homes in the southern seas.

One of the islanders became very ill while at Mass, but he refused to drink a glass of water in the house of God, and when carried out of the church, parched with thirst, before taking the water he made on himself, and over the water, the sign of the cross.

The earnest piety of these strangers from the Antipodes is a beautiful testimony to the zeal of the devoted missionary Fathers who brought to them the knowledge of the Saviour of mankind, and to the unity of the Catholic Church, which makes brethren of the people of every land. The color of the islanders is not black, but brownish or tawny, resembling that of the American Indian, but somewhat darker.

The Detroit *Free Press* made a strange mistake in describing the hymns sung by these islanders at the State Fair as Methodist hymns. They were the well-known hymns of the Catholic Church, and were sung in

Latin. There are a few nominal Methodists among the Fijians, who are part of the company; but it is stated that their religious ideas are of the crudest kind.

HOME RULE.

The following letters, which we copy from the Dublin Freeman's Journal of September 6th, testify to Rev. Dr. Flannery's fidelity and promptness in remitting to Hon. E. Blake the sums entrusted to him as treasurer for the Home Rule Fund. It should be explained that when the draft for £50 reached the House of Commons, Mr. Blake had left England and was with his family at the summer resort at Point a Pic in Quebec, when he received the letter in which the money was enclosed. This will explain the delay of acknowledgment.

The contributors to the Irish Parliamentary Fund were:

- Biddulph, per Rev. Jno. Connolly..... \$50 00
Kinkora, per Rev. Jno. O'Neil..... 25 00
St. Thomas Branch of A. O. H..... 11 00
Coruna, per Rev. P. Muzan..... 3 00
Windsor, per Rev. Dean Wagner..... 25 00
Wyoming, per Rev. P. Quinn..... 16 00
Ingersoll, per P. Kennedy, Esq..... 100 00
St. Thomas..... 22 00
\$400 00

The National Trustees beg to acknowledge the receipt of the sum of £50 for the Irish Parliamentary Fund, as mentioned in the following letters:

Point a Pic, P. Que, Aug. 24, 94. Dear Sirs - I beg to enclose a draft for £50, payable to me, and by me endorsed to your order. This draft is sent by the Rev. Father Flannery, D. D., of St. Thomas, whose letter I enclose for publication. You will see it represents a part of the subscription to the Irish Parliamentary Fund, from the diocese of London, Ont.

Pray let it be acknowledged and published as usual. Yours faithfully,

EDWARD BLAKE, Hon. E. BLAKE, M. P. St. Thomas, Ont., July 26, 1894.

Dear Mr. Blake - I have much pleasure in forwarding to your care \$400 for the Parliamentary Fund, contributed from a few parishes in this diocese. Strathroy, Seaford, Stratford, and other places sent their contributions directly. I may obtain other subscriptions, which shall be despatched as soon as received. Chicago's \$8,000 and the Paris Fund must have given renewed courage to your heartied and much-vaunted friends, whose real enemies are the Factionists, who bring discredit on the sacred cause and dry up the ordinary sources of help and encouragement from Ireland beyond the seas. In the hope that God's right arm will lift up and soon roll back the rock for Ireland's resurrection, I am, yours faithfully,

W. FLANNERY, D. D.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

An individual with a taste for statistics is busily employed in the compilation of what he terms a "Religious Directory." It will give the names of all those who go to church. He is very enterprising, and, though professing to be actuated by a purely religious spirit, he expects a great many who keep the eleventh commandment to pay him liberally for registering their names.

It is very strange that secular journals that come in for a large share of Catholic patronage devote such scanty space to Catholic news, and give whole columns to tract societies, etc., and to the vapid vapourings of Rev. Mr. So-and-so. They pose, of course, as models of liberality, but it is of the surface and shallow. Rub off the veneering of business interest and you behold the monster of bigotry and prejudice.

The RECORD has been censured for its continued denunciations of the A. P. A. We admit that we are tired of the subject - tired and disgusted - but we have the consolation of knowing that we have laid bare the workings of the nefarious organization and effected thereby much good. We denounced it not only as a Catholic editor, but as a Canadian, as we will ever denounce any person or organization that will have for object the fostering of dissension. And we know that our action has secured the approval of many without the pale of the Catholic Church.

The Franciscan Tertiary reports that the progress of the Catholic Church among the Egyptians is exceedingly satisfactory. The Franciscans established some years ago a mission at Luxor, and now the Church of that locality is the most flourishing in Upper Egypt. There are some heretical Copts there, the descendants of the ancient Nestorians and Arians, but many of them have renounced their heresies and have become Catholics, receiving instruction from the Franciscan Fathers. The Egyptian Govern-

ment was so highly pleased with the educational work of the missionaries that it gave a large donation of land and money towards the erection of a school, and the whole population of the town made it a festival day when the school was opened. Among those present on the occasion were the Turkish Cadi, and all the prominent citizens. The school is attended by Catholics, Mahometans, Greeks and Jews, of every shade from white to the blackest hues of children from the Sudan.

Italy is beginning to learn that true progress does not consist merely in Atheistical Government. This species of Government has brought the country to the verge of bankruptcy; and now an effort is being made to receive expenditure, simultaneously with Signor Crispi's pronouncement that it is necessary that Church and State should work harmoniously together for the protection of the country against Anarchical principles. To effect economy in administration, the number of Provinces is to be reduced from sixty-nine to twenty-three. There are to be only eighty-nine tribunals instead of one hundred and eighty, and in other respects expenses are to be reduced. It is very questionable if these cheeseparing economies will be enough to save Humbert's dynasty, which has brought on bankruptcy and a general corruption of morals. The spirit of revolution is in the air, and these reforms appear to be mere make-shifts to defer the day of reckoning.

It will be remembered by our readers that Miss Ryan of Elmira not long since brought to task a lecturer who declared that Catholics are image-worshippers. The lecturer was confounded while the young lady proved him to be a slanderer. The Colorado Catholic has the following appropriate remarks on the circumstance:

Would that there were more like her. The Catholic laity of America is very much to blame for the toleration and countenance given to the bigots in this country. At almost every public gathering where they can gain admission, be it some entertainment gotten up for charitable purposes to which all classes of people are expected to contribute, or the public exercises of our national schools, for whose support we all pay taxes, these pestiferous bigots never let an opportunity pass to offer up some stupid, musty calumnies against the Church. If they were given to understand that they might expect to be called down every time they attempted such a thing they would not be so busy in their uncalled-for criticisms.

The half a million of French Protestants are now divided into almost as many sects as the fifty five millions of American Protestants of all kinds. Beside the "Old Catholics" of Father Hyacinth, a sect which may now be considered defunct, there are Swedenborgians, Buddhists, Theosophists, Salvation Army and others of every conceivable name and doctrine; but, taken altogether, their number is very small, as the French, when they cease to be Catholics, become Nothingarians.

DR. BATAILLE, a Frenchman, is publishing the secrets of Freemasonry and the Luciferians. The latter, who are also secretly directly Freemasons, work might and main to utterly destroy faith in the God of Christians and to establish a universal church of Lucifer worshippers. Dr. Bataille's work is a complement and a strong confirmation of the revelations about Freemasons already made by the celebrated Leo Taxil, Paul Rosen, and others. Incredible as Dr. Bataille's revelations may appear at first sight on account of their enormity, they will become not merely plausible, but stern, sad realities if studied side by side with the revelations already made by Taxil and others. Among a mass of important Luciferian documents published by Bataille not one perhaps exceeds in interest their programme of proceedings against the Catholic Church as laid down in a Luciferian convention in the year 1871. Those who will take the trouble of perusing this rather lengthy document, and compare the rules laid down in it with the actions of the enemies of the Catholic Church will find therein a strong confirmation of the genuineness of this document.

DIocese OF LONDON.

On Thursday, the 20th instant, the sacrament of confirmation was administered by His Lordship the Bishop of London, at St. Mary's church, Simcoe. Among those confirmed were three converts to the true Faith - one result of the Scripture class established by the pastor, Rev. D. P. McMennamin. Rev. Father Laussie, of Cayuga, sang High Mass. His Lordship preached a very appropriate sermon on Confirmation and expressed himself highly pleased with his visit and the

good work going on under Father McMennamin's care.

In the sanctuary were noticed Rev. P. Corcoran, of La Salette, and Rev. T. Noonan, of London.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston visited Carleton Place on Monday, September 10, for the purpose of administering the sacrament of confirmation in that mission. He was accompanied by Archdeacon Kelly and the Reverend Fathers Stanton, Twohey and O'Connor. At the railway depot and the Carleton Place mission, he was received by the local pastor, Rev. M. O'Rourke, and by the mayor of the town, the latter in his official capacity extending to the distinguished visitor a courteous welcome. The zealous pastor had made arrangements for a suitable reception. Accordingly the large concourse that had assembled at the station resolved itself into a procession and escorted His Grace and the visiting clergy from that point to the presbytery. Headed by the Citizens' band and including the local branch of the C. M. B. A. and candidates for confirmation arrived in the manner so suggestive of that happy event in the lives of children, the procession was an imposing and picturesque spectacle.

On Tuesday, in the church of St. Mary de Mercede, His Grace administered confirmation to one hundred candidates, and addressed them on the reciprocal duties of parents and children. The treatment of his theme was admirable, and showed the fervour and earnestness with which His Grace discharges that most important duty - the instruction of the young. The thought was profound, yet the language in which it was dressed brought it home to his listeners. Striking example, apt illustration, the resources of a mind replete with the learning of the schools and of an experience beyond the ordinary, shed light upon many a recalcitrant proposition and presented the glorious teachings of Catholic truth with a simplicity and directness that readily won for him not only the close attention of the children, but of the entire congregation. The effect produced was visible on every face. Not a few Protestants were present.

Most of welcome and respect and other special decorations were *en evidence*, and reflect credit on the taste of those who had arranged them.

The examination by His Grace of the children, preparatory to confirmation, was strict and yet considerate; it occupied three hours of the morning. After His Grace's closing advice, Mr. Geo. A. Cornell advanced and read the address from the congregation, to which the Archbishop made kindly reference in the course of his remarks to the children. The address was as follows:

To the Most Rev. James Vincent Cleary, S. T. D. May it please Your Grace - We, the undersigned, speaking in the name of the congregation of St. Mary's, respectfully approach Your Grace to extend to you a hearty welcome to Carleton Place.

Since Your Grace's last visit, some three years ago, when we placed on record our feeble appreciation of your deep and unwearied interest in our welfare and of its happy results which were then, evened out, your spiritual and temporal, among our people has been unabated. To our beloved pastor, whom in your solicitude for us you selected for this young mission, we owe much for his helpful sympathy and concern in everything that makes for our advancement. The zeal and devotion so characteristic of his work, have made our burdens lighter and our cooperation with him a labor of love.

We note with sincere pleasure that the purpose of Your Grace's present visit includes the administration of the sacrament of confirmation, thus adding another joyous event to the many which your visits to this congregation have been associated.

From our hearts we thank Your Grace and pray that you may long be spared to direct the great and expanding interests committed to your care.

Reverently asking the favor of Your Grace's blessing, we beg to subscribe ourselves, Your Grace's most devoted children, G. A. Cornell, James L. Murphy, Maurice Burke, Thomas L. Nagle and James S. Galvin.

On Wednesday the Archbishop, accompanied by Father O'Rourke, Archdeacon Kelly and Father Twohey, drove to the Carleton Place mission, and where a large congregation awaited the party. After addressing the people in the church of St. Patrick in the manner which makes his visit to the various parts of his diocese an incentive to greater and continued effort for the progress of religion, His Grace returned to Carleton Place, and on the following day proceeded to Spencer-ville for visitation and confirmation.

Truly the labors of the beloved Archbishop of Kingston, as shown during any one of his visitations and multiplied as these are by the number of missions in his diocese, are arduous and exacting to a degree, and prosecuted as they are with an Apostolic zeal, it is not to be wondered at that his visits invariably result in a quickening of faith and in a clearer recognition by his people of their duties and responsibilities. A noteworthy feature of His Grace's visit to Carleton Place was the good feeling evinced by our separated brethren, who vied with Catholics, in tokens of respect for ecclesiastical authority and many of whom were present in church and listened with close attention to the admirable addresses delivered by His Grace.

Catholic and non-Catholics alike, to protest so welcome a spectacle of union and harmony which would find so repeated in every part of our fair Dominion.

DIocese OF HAMILTON.

The following address was recently presented to Rev. Father Kehoe of Brantford, accompanied by the presentation of a sum of money. To the Reverend Father Kehoe, Brantford: Rev. and Dear Father - We, the undersigned members of St. Mary's parish, in the city of Brantford, upon the occasion of your departure from our midst take this opportunity of expressing to you the high esteem in which you are held by us and the deep regret we feel at your removal.

Your earnest zeal, the spiritual welfare of your parishioners your courteous manner, your kindness and magnetic eloquence have endeared you to all with whom you have come in contact. Your advent here has marked an era in the history of the Catholic Church of the city of Brantford which will ever be gratefully remembered by the members of St. Mary's parish. It is pleasing to know that the holy sacrifice of the Mass will continue to be said every Sunday in St. Joseph's school. It has been the desire of the Catholics of East Brantford for many years that not only should Mass be said in the east ward but that a regular parish should be established there. Your departure, with great surprise and regret that such is not to be the case, and we would therefore earnestly hope that the matter will be reconsidered and the desire of the Catholics of East Brantford soon be conceded to.

In conclusion we beg to ask your acceptance of this purse as a slight token of the high esteem in which you are held and as an expression of the love and heartfelt gratitude of the Catholics of East Brantford. Signed by Timothy Gokely, William Brown, John Whalen, Andrew Quinlan, J. J. Lillis, John Golden, John Hickey, W. Schuler, D. J. Monahan, Roger McKinnon, Joseph Quinn, Thos. Brown, Thos. Dwyer, L. McCormack, Nicholas Nolan, M. J. Kew, R. B. Smith, and one hundred others.

Dated this 10th day of September, 1894. The presentation occurred at the residence of Mr. John Whalen, and although it was an informal gathering, a very large crowd assembled to bid their pastor good-bye. Had he remained until evening so that the ceremony could have taken place in the school house it would have been crowded to its utmost capacity, and some six or eight hundred persons would have been present. The address was made by Mr. T. Brown, Brantford. Father Kehoe in reply thanked them most heartily for their kindness and generosity. Any good that had been accomplished since his advent to the parish, he attributed to the blessing of God and the hearty cooperation of the good people of East Brantford. Referring to the postponement of the parish he advised them to be entirely submissive to the judgment of the Bishop, who would see that in any case their spiritual wants would not be neglected. His Lordship wished to be gratified to hear of your appreciation of the good people of East Brantford. Referring to the postponement of the parish he advised them to be entirely submissive to the judgment of the Bishop, who would see that in any case their spiritual wants would not be neglected. His Lordship wished to be gratified to hear of your appreciation of the good people of East Brantford.

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A LOURDES MIRACLE.

The following, writes the Reverend E. Martin in the London Tablet, is an account of a wonderful cure of a young woman living in the neighborhood of Eltham who has lately been to Lourdes with the French National Pilgrimage. The young woman and her mother came to live at Eltham last April. Before that they lived in South Kensington. Since they settled here I have been a constant visitor at their house, and what I shall state I have either seen or have learnt directly from themselves. I will endeavor to tell the facts without, I hope, any exaggeration. Indeed the truth is so wonderful that it does not need any addition of mine.

Sarah Arter, aged thirty-five, has been suffering more or less since she was eighteen with some disease of the stomach. For the last five years she has been bedridden. As to the precise nature of the disease, the doctors did not seem to agree. Some said it was cancer in the stomach; others a tumor, others ulcers. She had been an inmate of several hospitals; among others Saint George's five times, and the Cancer Hospital once. At the latter they said it was cancer in the stomach, and treated her for it. The symptoms seemed to favor that opinion. She was habitually in great pain and for years had taken no food without vomiting directly afterwards. She could not even keep down a cup of tea and bread and butter. At times she would vomit blood, which had a fatal odor.

Besides this disease of the stomach, she was quite paralyzed from her hip downwards. This paralysis came on by degrees. Ten years ago she began to lose the use of her legs, but walked with two crutches till five years next November, when she lost the use of her legs entirely and has been bedridden ever since. One leg then became contracted. They measured her at the Cancer Hospital, and said one leg was two inches shorter than the other. She also had the last bone of the spine protruding, and this caused her additional suffering. The doctors at the hospital told her that they could do nothing more for her, and they seem to have tried almost everything. Three years ago Dr. Foulerton put a tube down her throat into the stomach to wash it out, and for three weeks administered her food by means of injections. Having been told by the doctors that she was incurable she sought for help from Him who can give it if He will. She at length decided to go to Lourdes and ask the intercession of Our Blessed Lady, that if it were God's will, she might be cured. At the same time she was quite resigned to suffer and die if God willed it. When she told Doctor Foulerton, who is a Protestant, that she was going to Lourdes, he laughed at the idea, because he naturally did not believe in the miracles of Lourdes. He used to say to her in joke, "Well, Sarah, if you are cured at Lourdes I shall believe in the Catholic Church." But what an undertaking this journey was for her! She an invalid, who could not even stand, poor, and her mother who looked after her seventy years of age. She used to employ her time while in bed in doing needlework and sold the work to make up an income. Out of her earnings she tried to save up enough to take herself and her mother to Lourdes and determined to go this next September. Fortunately, however, she had some kind friends, and they arranged for her to go with the French National Pilgrimage, which leaves Paris every year about August 15. They also paid her fare to Paris and sent Sister Julienne of the "Bon Secours," Haverstock Hill, with her to wait on her. Since this Sister was French and could speak English perfectly she was well suited in every way for the task. Miss Arter was accepted by the Committee of the National Pilgrimage and was told to be at Paris by August 18, to travel in the white train. The white train is one which takes all the great invalids. It is well described by M. Zola in his recent novel "Lourdes." She now began to prepare for her journey; since Sister Julienne was going to take her, we all thought that there was no need for her mother or anyone else to go with her. All we could do was to help her with our prayers. She made a general confession and prepared for death if it should be God's holy will to take her; for, humbly speaking, it was madness for her in her weak state to undertake that journey. She received Holy Communion on the feast of the Assumption, and the next day, August 16, after the prayers and blessing given in the Ritual, started by the 11 o'clock train for Paris. I myself and a few friends saw her and Sister Julienne off from Cannon street. She had to be carried in an invalid chair to the carriage, and from the train to the boat. I must admit when I said good-bye to them at the station she was so weak that I felt grave doubts as to whether she would ever reach Lourdes. They got as far as Paris the same day, more dead than alive, and after being put to bed, she remained there all the next day, till Saturday afternoon when the White train started for Lourdes. It was arranged that the White train should stop at Pottiers, which is half way, from Sunday morning till the following day, to give the pilgrims time to rest. She was so ill when they arrived at Pottiers that she had to be carried on a stretcher to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, where one of her friends, Mrs. Munster, had arranged for her and the Sister to be lodged. When they arrived at the Convent she was too ill to be taken up to the bed room which had been prepared for her; so the good nurse had a bed put on the ground floor. After resting all day Sunday they were to proceed to Lourdes the following day. On Sunday morning it was decided to give the Holy Communion by way of Viaticum, for it was considered very doubtful whether she would ever arrive at Lourdes alive. No sooner had she received Our Lord than she, as it were, by inspiration, got up and knelt down. Finding she could stand and walk she went and knelt at the little altar which had been prepared for the Blessed Sacrament. The priest, followed by all the nuns, had by this time gone to administer the Holy Communion to another pilgrim who was very ill in a room above. We can imagine the astonishment of the Sisters when they returned and found the dying pilgrim out of bed and kneeling at the altar some distance off. After making her thanksgiving she dressed and walked to the chapel which was some distance from the room she was in; and there the candles were lit and a Te Deum sung by all the Community to thank God for so great a favor. She walked by herself but felt weak. At the same time as she regained the use of her limbs the bone in her spine returned to its proper place, and she felt no more pain in the back. Now the malady in the stomach seemed to increase, and she suffered the most acute agony on the journey from Pottiers to Lourdes. The train arrived at Lourdes about 5 o'clock on Tuesday morning, and she was taken as soon as possible to the Grotto and put into the Pisaine. No sooner was she in the water than all the pain in her stomach disappeared, and she felt quite cured. Since when was with the pilgrims of the White train her lodging was prepared at the Hospital des Douleurs. They now lost no time in letting us hear of the cure. Her poor mother nearly fainted when I told her that her daughter was cured. She, who a few hours before could not eat the least thing without vomiting, now found the food given to the patients at the hospital sufficient; so the Sister took her to the restaurant at the Hotel d'Angleterre, where she devoured two helpings of chicken, bread, and beans, and drank four cups of tea. She walked from there back to the Grotto, which is a quarter of a mile, and then to the Harquet to be examined by the doctors. She was interviewed by a great number of doctors, who, after reading the certificate of her malady which she had brought from London, examined her and pronounced her cured. She had to leave the certificate with the doctors, but she tells me that

as far as she can remember, it ran as follows: "I have known and attended Sarah Arter for three years, during the whole of which time, and for some years previously, she has been quite confined to her bed with loss of power and wasting of the lower limbs. Added to this she suffers from ulcers in the stomach, which were the cause of great suffering, and are incurable. (Signed) Alexander Foulerton, 122, Brompton-road."

Without a certificate from a doctor saying that she was incurable I do not think she would have been accepted by the Committee to travel by the White train. Miss Arter returned on Monday last, got out of the train, walked down the platform and mounted unaided the steps of the bridge at New Eltham station. She who ten days before was nearly dead with the fatigue of the journey from London to Paris, now returned cured and none the worse for travelling from Paris, which she left at 11 that morning. I saw her home, where she ate a good supper of cold meat and pastry, and drank a bottle of stout. She has every day gained flesh and strength and walks about, but is still weak. I have nothing more to add, except that what I have written is the simple truth without, I hope, any exaggeration. Let others think what they like of this cure, I for my part believe it to be a miracle. Before sending this account I have been to read it over to Miss Arter to be sure that there was no mistake, and she tells me that Dr. Sturges, of New Eltham, who has attended her since she came here, saw her this morning and said he could only regard it as a miracle, and that he will give her a certificate to say that what she was suffering from could not be cured by any natural means.

"JUSTICE POSTPONED IS JUSTICE DENIED."

Mr. Gladstone never coined a truer saying than when he declared that justice postponed is justice denied. Justice is still denied, however plausible and even friendly the language in which the refusal is couched. Hence we have had in Parliament the perennial complaints of the humiliation of the Irish people by the administrative remnants of Protestant ascendancy. Attention was drawn to the small proportion of officers, and especially staff officers, of the Royal Irish Constabulary who are Catholics as compared with the overwhelming majority of the Irish population. In Dublin Castle the Inspector-General and three assistants are Protestants. At the depot the commanding adjutant, riding-master, medical officer, apothecary, and the four company officers are of the same favored creed; so are four Divisional Commissioners and seven of the eight officers attending them. Others found time amidst the ecstatic contemplation of the beauties of the reformed religion to slip comfortably into thirty-two out of the thirty-six county inspectorships, and one hundred and eighty out of the two hundred and twenty-four sub-inspectorships. The same, or nearly the same, proportion applies to all the officers about Dublin Castle and to the very clerks in the constabulary department. Now, the constabulary and efficiency and soldierly qualities of the "Royal Irish" have been extolled by Tories and Liberals alike. They are mainly composed of Catholics, and while praise is lavishly bestowed on them the plums go to the Protestant policemen. In this case the want of loyalty to the British connection or the lack of property qualification - as is lamely urged when the disproportionate magisterial appointments are under consideration - cannot be put forward as an excuse or extenuation. The injustice is pressing to the world in all its nakedness. It is the curse of ascendancy still working its evil course, a menace and a detriment to the peace and happiness of this great empire. It is but very poor amends to the Irish policeman for the bitter disappointment of a lifetime, for the wreck of his legitimate and well-worked for ambition, to be told that Pope Hennessy was once Governor of Hong Kong or that Lord Russell is the Chief Justice of England. The fatuity of this system is now manifest to all men except to its interested upholders. -Liverpool Catholic Times.

OBITUARY.

On Sunday, Sept. 16, the late John Hart died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Wallace, Oshawa. His death was all that a Catholic might wish for. Deceased was eighty-seven years of age. He was born in the county Mayo, Ireland. About sixty-five years ago he came to this country and settled on a farm near Oshawa, Ont. He was a well-known figure in the congregation of Oshawa. He was a staunch Catholic. His death removes one of the oldest pioneer Catholics of that part of the country. He leaves two sons and three daughters, one of whom is Sr. Francis Joseph. The funeral took place from his late residence to St. Gregory's church, Oshawa, where solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Jellcott, after which it proceeded to the cemetery. The funeral was largely attended, showing the great respect in which he was held by the people of Oshawa. R. I. P.

PRESENCE. - We were pleased to have a call last week from an old and respected subscriber Mr. Thos. Woodcock, of Teeswater, formerly a resident of Tweed, Hastings county.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER. - Make application to any resident physician of a public hospital, accompanied with a recommendation from a clergyman and a doctor. He will then send you form which you will be required to fill up. The pay is \$4 a month for the first year and \$3 a month for subsequent years.

Do you wish to be at peace amidst suffering and temptation? Then make it your principal endeavor to grow in habits of prayer and in union with Christ.

THE JAPANESE AMONGST THE JESUITS.

(NOTE.—The following article, contributed by Mr. J. Theodore Bent to The Antiquary some years ago, gives an interesting account of the first Japanese embassy to Europe and to the Holy See in the sixteenth century. Unhappily the cordial relations then established were not destined to continue, but after the long night of persecution to which Christianity was subsequently subjected, and which was fruitful in so many martyrs, the dawn of a brighter day is ushered in by the more enlightened influences now controlling the destinies of that country.)

In the year 1582 the Jesuits, who had for years carried on mission work in Japan, induced three kings to send an embassy to Europe to present their allegiance to the Holy See. A Jesuit Father was always in attendance on the four Japanese who were chosen for this mission, and from his diary, written at considerable length, the following experiences are taken.

On the 20th of February the ambassadors left Japan on a Portuguese trading-ship; they had to tarry nine months at the Portuguese settlement of Macao, awaiting a ship to take them to India, which time they employed in the study of Latin, and in writing in European characters. Many months' delay was caused by contrary winds, but they passed a pleasant time at Goa, where the Portuguese viceroy, Don Francisco Mascaregna, received them with every honour, placing gold chains, with relics attached, round their necks. They had to return from India to Cochin, the then centre of Portuguese trade, on purpose to catch a fleet of five vessels freighted with spices, which was bound for Europe; and not till the 20th of February, 1584, the second anniversary of their departure from Japan, were the travellers able to start definitely for Europe. On the 10th of April they rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and in doing so encountered a fearful gale; and then we have an account of the grand festivities held after this danger was passed, and of the presents which everybody on board gave to the pilot.

St. Helena was their next halting-place. "An island," says the diary, "placed by Divine Providence in mid-ocean for the benefit of mariners, abounding in figs, oranges, lemons, and above all, in fresh water. The first who made this place so convenient was a Portuguese soldier, in the year 1512, who, on returning from India, elected to stay there in solitude by way of penance for his sins. He took a vast quantity of goats, hens, and such animals, also seeds of herbs; and owing to the fertility of the country these things multiplied rapidly. After this man died, the King of Portugal prohibited anyone to dwell there, and ordered that all these provisions should be free for the ships, which wait for one another here, in order that they may make the rest of their voyage together, for fear of the corsairs, which are waiting to rob them."

At St. Helena the Japanese fished and hunted a great deal, besides attending Mass every day in a little chapel erected for the purpose.

The ships landed the Japanese at Lisbon on the 10th of August, 1584, "having accomplished the voyage from Japan to Europe," says the diary, "in the surprisingly short time of two years and a half." Here the Jesuit Fathers immediately took possession of them, and conveyed them to the Convent of San Rocco, where sumptuous apartments had been prepared; and they stayed twenty days there to rest after their long voyage, and to visit the sights of the place. The governor of the kingdom, Cardinal d'Austria, received them kindly, gave them handsome presents, and received in return from the Japanese a cup of rhinoceros horn, mounted in silver. On the 5th of September they set off again in a carriage belonging to Don Teotino di Braganza, Archbishop of Evoca, who wished to entertain them at his own house at Evoca; but, says the diary, "according to their custom they went to the house of the Company of Jesus," and were only permitted to dine with the Archbishop one day after attending a great ceremony in the church. "The Archbishop's table was well spread, and lovely music played the while; but what interested them most was a table set out near them, at which the Archbishop entertained twelve poor beggars, waiting upon them himself, and expounding the Scriptures during the meal, after which he washed their feet, and sent them away with his blessing, to the great admiration of the Japanese."

At Villa Vittosa the Duke of Braganza received them most cordially; he got up a wild-boar hunt for their special edification, and his wife covertly took a pattern of their dress, and made a suit for her second son, Don Duarte, who appeared in it, to the great astonishment of the strangers. Their progress to Madrid was one scene of festivities; relics were exposed for them, special Masses were sung in every church, and crowds came forth to gaze on these first representatives of their race who had appeared in Europe.

The 12th of November was the day appointed for a solemn interview with King Philip II. "They wore their white silk robes, all woven with various colors, and figures of birds, flowers, and leaves scattered thereover. This was a long flowing robe, open in front, and with sleeves only reaching to the elbow, while the rest of the arm was bare; their scimitars were inlaid with precious stones, and their whole appearance created such a profound impression on the Spaniards present that scarce a breath was heard as they passed on to the royal palace. So intent were the bystanders in gazing, that they generally drove about in a

closed coach to escape observation.

On this occasion the royal guard had much to do to check the crowd; they passed through twelve rooms before reaching the king's reception-room, where they handed to His Majesty letters from the sovereigns, kissed his hand, gave him a present, and were received most graciously—"so graciously," says the diary, "that all the countries expressed great surprise at the unwonted affability of the taciturn king." Afterwards the king led them to his private chapel, where Vespers were sung by two of the best choirs of Madrid; the Japanese sat on seats close to the high altar, and the chapel was crowded with nobility. It was night before they reached home, and the Jesuits illuminated their church with torches to receive them after so much honor had been paid to them by the king.

Much is told us of their admiration on visiting the Escorial, the royal armoury, and treasury, and a "detailed account is given of their further travels through Spain; how at Alcalá the Rector of the University prepared for them a theological dispute between two learned divines; during the discussion the Japanese sat and listened attentively, but the writer of the diary doubts if they understood much of what was going on. When the dispute was over the Master of the Ceremonies gave the Japanese a pair of gloves on a silver basin, as it was the custom to do when the king attended like discussions. At Orignuela the citizens celebrated a game or tournament by torch-light beneath their windows, and the great delectation of the strangers; and passing through numerous towns, where they were received in similar fashion, they reached Alicante, from whence they sailed for Italy, reaching Leghorn on the 1st of March, 1585, having narrowly escaped from corsairs, which the Bey of Algiers had sent out expressly to capture them.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany sent two coaches, and an English gentleman who was at his court at the time, to fetch them to Pisa, where he was then residing. Their first visit was to the cathedral, where they went to return thanks for their safety; and in the evening they were conducted by torch-bearers to the ducal palace, where they were warmly received, and invited to spend the Carnival week, when every kind of sport was arranged for them in the duke's hunting grounds.

On Ash Wednesday morning the more serious duties of their religious mission began. They sat by the ducal throne in the Church of St. Stephen at Pisa, and witnessed the annual ceremony at which the Knights of the Order of St. Stephen took oaths, and did homage to their grand master, the duke himself, who was dressed for the occasion in long flowing robes of white. Next day they set off for Florence, and spent five days there, devoting their time exclusively to religion, visiting the churches, worshipping relics, and making themselves acquainted with the ritual of the Holy Church.

Pope Gregory XIII. awaited the pilgrims, who had come from so far to venerate him, at Siena, and accompanied them to Rome in person. At each town on the way the crowds and enthusiasm exceeded anything they had yet seen; and finally, on the 22nd of March, they reached the Eternal City, "the goal for which they had travelled so long and so far."

The description of their sojourn here is described at very minute length, and a most interesting account it is, for they were received in full consistory, for which purpose the Sala Regia was thrown open. During their stay Gregory XIII. died, and they assisted at the election of his successor. On arrival the Father General of the Jesuits met them, and the quadrangle of the college was brilliantly illuminated with torches as they were conducted to the adjoining church, where a Te Deum was sung to them as they knelt on four velvet cushions; and the diary tells us how tears of joy and gratitude flowed from their eyes. Every luxury was lavished on the adornment of their apartments.

Next morning Pope Gregory held his consistory. The Japanese were driven in a coach secretly to a spot termed the "Vineyard of Pope Julius," just outside the Porta del Popolo, where kings, cardinals, and ambassadors were wont to make their public entry into Rome. One of the Japanese, called by his Christian name Don Manlio in the diary, had a fever at the time, and the doctors admonished him not to go; but so great was his enthusiasm that he could not be prevented, declaring that the sight of the Pope would cure him. His weakness increased so greatly that he was unable to sit on his horse, so Monsignore Pinto conveyed him to the consistory in a covered carriage, and during the remainder of his travels he felt the evil results of his folly.

The three others on horseback were joined by a numerous accompaniment of cardinals outside the gate, and the Bishop of Fiesole on behalf of the Pope bade them welcome to Rome; and then the procession began—a glorious cortege by the description given. In the Sala Regia the Japanese were led up to the Pope's throne, where three times they rapturously embraced his foot, delivered to him letters from their sovereigns, and offered to the "Vicar of Christ and universal Pastor," homage in the name of the kings of Japan. The Pope read aloud the letters, and a Jesuit Father pronounced an oration in Latin, giving a glowing account of the Japanese mission, and after the conclusion of the ceremony the pilgrims had the honor of holding up the train of the papal mantle, and of being invited to dine

at the Vatican with several cardinals, who were struck, says the diary, with their prudence of speech, and with their cleanliness and modesty in eating."

Next day, the Feast of the Annunciation, they went with the Pope to Sta. Maria Sopra Minerva, and were so much molested by the crowds that henceforth they gave up wearing their national dress, and Pope Gregory sent them three suits of clothes in the Italian fashion: "one a court dress, and another a long black velvet robe embroidered with gold and coloured damask, and a dressing-gown of the same material and equally handsome trimmings for indoor wear; and as a further mark of favor he sent them the choicest of fish for their Lenten board."

It is interesting to read how energetic the Japanese were in sight-seeing, and the Pope deputed his master of the chamber to conduct them through the galleries and churches. "Adagio, Adagio, so that each gem might be studied in its turn." "It was with the greatest grief," says the diary, "that the Japanese heard on the 10th of April of the death of the Pope; they felt as if their own father were dead, and that they were left orphans. So great was their distress that it was thought necessary to send Monsignore Sasso to console them. Divine Providence was not long in consoling his afflicted Church. On the 13th of April Sixtus V. came out of the conclave as a new father to the mourning Japanese."

Sixtus V. was equally kind to them; they assisted the other ambassadors in carrying the baldachino over his head; they gave water into his hands at the Mass, and the Pope not only confirmed a gift of 4,000 scudi, which his predecessor had promised for the Japanese mission, but added 2,000 more from his own purse. To their three kings the Pope sent as gifts three rapiers, with the hilts and scabbards of silver gilt, beautifully wrought, and caps of velvet covered with pearls, such as the Popes were wont to bless annually, and to send to sovereigns of Europe as a mark of special favor.

Besides this, he gave the Japanese for their own private travelling expenses 3,000 scudi, and made them Knights of the Golden Spurs with his own hands, on the vigil of the Ascension, in the presence of all the Cardinals, princes and ambassadors; the Pope himself girt them with the sword of office, whilst the ambassadors of France and Venice fastened it. Finally, the Pope cast around their necks golden collars, and embraced them. Through their interpreter they promised not only to defend the Christian religion with sword and spurs, but to pour out their own blood if necessary in its defence.

Before leaving Rome the Japanese publicly took leave of the people assembled in the Campidoglio, where many congratulatory speeches were made to them, and a richly adorned parchment was presented to them, making them Roman citizens. In response to this their interpreter said, "Rome had reason to be proud of having once ruled the world with her arms, but now the Holy Faith had added additional laurels to her crown, and had extended her dominions even to the Island of Japan."

On their departure Sixtus V. gave them an unlimited number of indulgences, and a guard of honor to conduct them to the confines of the papal territory. The annals of their journey through Italy give us an interesting insight into contemporary customs. At Venice their reception by the Doge surpassed almost everything else in magnificence. Every treasure the city possessed was brought forth to make the pageant effective as it went up the canals, in which the diary tells us 10,000 people took a part; boats with tableaux representing Scriptural scenes, martyrdoms, passion plays, and such-like things floated down the street; and last of all a boat with representations of the four Japanese being blessed by the Pope, passed before them. "Nothing," says the diary, "during the whole of their long voyage gave them so much pleasure as this."

At Mantua a Hebrew Rabbi was publicly received into the bosom of the Church for their edification, and Don Manlio was asked to stand as godfather, and to give the proselyte his name. "The Japanese was shy," says the diary, "but they continued pressing him to give this lasting memorial of his visit, and the Hebrew Rabbi was received into the Church under the name of Michele Manlio."

One town vied with the other in doing honor to the strangers, and the diary of their progress through Italy and their return through Spain, which country they did not leave till 13th of August, 1586, forms a valuable insight into mediæval life.

Nothing Strange.

Intelligent people, who realize the important part the blood holds in keeping the body in a normal condition, find nothing strange in the number of diseases Hood's Sarsaparilla is able to cure. So many troubles result from impure blood, the best way to treat them is through the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla vitalizes the blood.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, prevent constipation. There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

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SANCTITY OF MARRIAGE.

Some Pointed Comments by a Great Daily.

Mr. Smith Ely, jr., in speaking of the many civil marriages performed by him while he was mayor, referred to the indisposition of Mayor Grant and Mayor Gilroy to officiate at such ceremonies and explained it by saying that as Roman Catholics they "take a higher view of the sanctity and indissolubility of marriage than Protestants do." Mayor Ely himself is a Presbyterian of the old school.

This is a consideration which ought, perhaps, to receive some attention in the discussion which is now proceeding as to the marriage of Roman Catholic girls. Marriage by the law and faith of the Roman Catholic Church is a sacrament, indissoluble except by death. Rome allows no divorce and it recognizes none, whatever may be the law of the State. Marriage, accordingly, is a more serious matter with a Catholic than with a Protestant. For one it is a step that cannot be retraced. For the other it is a contract from which there is escape under the laws of the State governing it.

Undoubtedly some Protestant Churches refuse to recognize in their own law any other cause for divorce save adultery; but practically all of them tolerate divorce for any cause and all causes allowed in any State. A Divorce Reform League, made up of Protestants, has been in existence in this country for many years, for the purpose of inducing the States generally to make adultery the sole cause of divorce; but meanwhile members of the churches represented in that association are obtaining divorces for other and many different causes, and are marrying again without suffering ecclesiastical punishment or the social disapproval of their fellow members. So far from creating a sentiment against freer divorce, such divorce has become more frequent and less reprobated than before the organization of this reform movement.

The circle of society in New York which is made up of people of fashion more peculiarly consists in chief part of members of the Episcopal Church, the Protestant Church which is most exacting in its canonical requirement that no divorce shall be treated as ecclesiastically valid which is obtained for any other cause than conjugal infidelity. Under that law persons who marry again after having been divorced for any cause are adulterers; their union is sinful; they live in concubinage and not in holy matrimony. But such marriages of divorced people not only occur, but are frequent in that society. Moreover, they are sanctioned and solemnized by Protestant ministers of other churches than the Episcopal. The society of which we have spoken does not debar those who enter into them, but grants its continued favor to people whom its Church denounces by its law as living in adultery. Neither have we heard of any instance where the Church itself has visited upon them any penalties. Practically, it recognizes as sufficient any marriage which will stand the test of the civil law. The society does not assume to interfere with its members in their divorces and marriages so long as they keep within the legal bounds. If a mated pair find that their temperaments are incompatible, and that they cannot live together without unhappiness and bickering, they are not reprobated because they go East or go West to get a divorce, and, having obtained it, proceed to wed other mates with whom they think they will be more congenial. They cast off old wives and husbands and are welcomed back to society with new wives and husbands.

Of course, when people make up their minds to be married they are not likely to be directly influenced by the possibility of their getting divorced, but when they see such toleration of divorce all around them, among those whose opinion is of the most consequence to them socially, they are not likely to be impressed by the feeling that marriage has any other sanctity than the love of the pair imparts to it. Their sentiment regarding it is romantic rather than religious. They get the sanction of the Church for it as a conventional matter, not as an essential requisite, and hence if the marriage prove a disappointment to them, they pay heed to their inclinations rather than render obedience to the Church in deciding the question of a divorce.

With a Roman Catholic the marriage ceremony is not a merely perfunctory concession to a custom of society, but an obligatory religious sacrament. The sentimentalists might not admit that this is "a higher view of the sanctity of marriage," as Mayor Ely says, for they might reply that love alone gives marriage its highest sanctity, but that, undoubtedly, is not the religious view, though it seems to prevail among people of religious associations.—New York Sun.

Some days nothing will "come out right," from the time you rise till you retire. Ten to one, the trouble is in yourself. Your blood is in bad condition, and every organ suffers in consequence. What you need is the cleansing, invigorating influence of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Totally Deaf.—Mr. S. E. Crandell, Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. I warmed the Oil and poured a little of it into my ear, and before one-half the bottle was used my hearing was completely restored." I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine.

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DISPENSATIONS.

A blunder regarding the government and practice of the Catholic Church is made in the current issue of the Church Times. It appears that recently a marriage was contracted in the diocese of Nottingham between a Dr. Corcoran and his deceased wife's sister. For granting the dispensation necessary for this marriage, the Bishop of Nottingham is assailed by the organ of Anglicanism, and the dispensing power of the Pope is ridiculed. The discussion of this isolated case is of interest, not as a quota to the debates on the question of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, but as illustrating the power exercised by the Pope in regard to dispensations. What the Church Times objects to is apparently "Papal interference with national law." This is nothing new in the history of the Papacy and of the Church. The laws by which the Church is governed are independent of all national systems of legislation, and the power of the Pope in enacting, enforcing, or dispensing these laws has always been freely exercised, even when conflict arises with temporal powers and princes. It was by insisting on respect for this Divine prerogative in curbing a base king of the unholiness of the subject of England to the Vicar of Christ was lost—temporarily the exercise of his power even at the risk of displeasing the ministers of the Establishment who would to-morrow yield up every article in their mutilated creed if such action were essential to their State-aided existence. They are taught by the State and fed by the State. The Catholic Church, on the other hand, teaches States and peoples, guiding them, through Christ's representative, in all matters of faith and morals. Now how does the case bear on what the Church Times describes as the "boasted" unity of the Catholic Church? No assertions could be more baseless than those which point to the Nottingham instance as a sign of disunion amongst Catholics, or as an example of inconsistency in Catholic practice. The cardinal point in Catholic unity is submission to the laws of God, as administered by teachers to whom these laws have been committed. All power on earth to deal with Divine laws is committed to the Pope. Of this the editor of the Church Times is ignorant, but Catholics are familiar with its truth from infancy, and accordingly they obey unquestioningly. What mystifies outsiders is palpably evident to those within the fold of the one true Church. But it cannot be expected that members of a sect which owns no central authority, and which has no head—a sect wherein every man is his own lawgiver—can understand the order, submission and harmony which prevail where Christ governs and the Holy Spirit abides.—London Catholic News.

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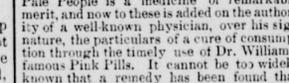
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**FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.**

Twentieth Sunday after Pentecost

GOOD EXAMPLE.  
"And himself believed, and his whole house." (St. John iv. 53.)

I wish to say a few words this morning, dear brethren, on the force of example. St. Paul tells us in the Epistle to the Romans that "none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself"; and, again, that we are "members one of another." That is to say, we all influence the conduct of others and determine the course of their lives far more than we perhaps imagine. This is especially true in regard to parents and children. Bad parents, as a rule, have had children, and good parents good children. How striking an example of the former is the inherited tendency to drink so often seen in those whose fathers and mothers were drunkards before them! Such children may have lost their parents very young and been brought up away from all temptation, but the tendency is there; there is in them a secret yearning after stimulants, and the first occasion awakes this sleeping appetite, and they end in the great majority of cases by becoming in their turn the abject slaves of strong drink.

You remember how, in the fable, the father crab was so worried that his children would not walk straight along the sands, but persisted in scuttling along sideways. When he reproved them for so doing, they replied: "Well, father, show us how to walk straight yourself and we will all dutifully follow."

So, my brethren, if you wish your children to walk in the straight path of piety and virtue, first see to it that your footsteps are directed in that path. Lead the way yourselves, and then there will be little doubt that your children will follow you. Do you, Christian father, wish your sons to turn out well, to keep away from saloons, to avoid oaths and foul language? Then set the example by avoiding those things yourself.

Do you, Christian mother, wish your daughters to be gentle, modest, sweet, self-respecting girls? Then set the example! Do not be a gossip and a gadabout yourself.

Do you, Christian parents, wish your children to reverence God's sanctuary, to be devout attendants at Holy Mass on Sundays, to be scrupulous in their fulfillment of every religious duty? Then set the example.

Do you want your boys and girls to set a guard on their tongues, to refrain from wrangling and snapping and scolding and quarreling with each other? Then set the example. Lead the way, that they may follow.

Guard your tongues; be gentle and forbearing, husbands and wives, with each other; and your children will be quick to see and profit by and imitate such a beautiful model.

We hear a good deal now-a-days about "heredity." Well, there is heredity in religion as well as in other things. If parents are good, devout, reverent Catholics, attentive to their duties, peaceable and considerate of one another at home, regular in their reception of the Sacraments, punctual and unflinching in their presence at Mass and the other services in church, living in charity and good-will with their neighbors, never forgetting to commend themselves and their households to God in morning and evening prayer—then their children will grow up like them, just, upright, God-fearing, dutiful, and pure. This is the sort of "hereditary religion" that we want; the goodness and piety of every family in this parish descending to their children and to their children's children; broadening and deepening like a fertilizing river, bringing blessing and prosperity to everything it touches.

What an encouragement to all parents to lead good lives! In this way your example never dies; it goes on and on, and is reproduced in your descendants. When the ruler in today's Gospel believed, it brought belief to his whole house. So it was in the case of Zachæus. May your faith and works bring blessing and salvation to yourselves and your children from generation to generation!

**Do Good Whenever You Can.**

Charity, it is said by some, should begin at home. This is doubtful Christian doctrine; but however this may be it is certain that it should not end at home, even if it does begin there. Each one should do good as he may have opportunity. His opportunities at home, however, are always greatest. It is a very different principle from that of charity beginning at home. One is essentially selfish, the other unselfish.

It is not often that twin brothers are ordained priests on the same day in the same place. In the Cathedral of Detroit on July 1, Reverends Peter and Michael Esper received Holy Orders from Right Reverend Bishop Foley. This is the second case of the kind in the history of the Church in the United States—the other instance being offered by the Quinn brothers, of Peoria, Illinois, who were ordained in the Cathedral of Baltimore some years ago.

A true friend is distinguished in the crisis of hazard and necessity—when the gallantry of his aid may show the worth of his soul and the loyalty of his heart.—Ennius

The sense of security against sudden emergencies from croup and bronchitis, felt by those who are provided with a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, would be cheaply purchased at ten times the cost of that remedy. In all lung complaints, it is prompt to act and sure to cure.

**DAN.**

A Story For Boys.

By MARY D. BRINE.

CONTINUED.

"They ought to be playin' in the big meadow close by mammy's house," replied Dan; "there's lots of room there, an' once some people, havin' a picnic in the woods 'cross the road, put some wickets in the meadow an' played a good while, an' had fun, I tell you. If—Oh! Miss V'la! If I can earn money enough to ask mammy to lend me some to buy that dollar set down to Jones store, I just know I could fix things so I'd make some money out of it, an' soon pay back mammy's dollar; couldn't I?"

"Couldn't I?" said Miss V'la, did you see? "Miss V'la did see, and complimented Dan for his clever idea.

"Why, certainly," she said, "that would be a good business venture, Dan, for no doubt the young people, ladies and gentlemen, riding and driving past your house on the way to the beach, or to pass away time on a summer's day, would feel like stopping awhile to have a game of croquet, and you could—let me see—you could have a table near by and sell lemonade, so much a glass, to those who might get thirsty, you know, and need refreshment. Why, Dan, little chap, I'll help you out in it yourself."

Dan's eyes sparkled like big stars. He hopped right up and down, and clapped his hands, and almost obeyed a sudden impulse to hug Miss V'la as she stood there looking so dainty and sweet, and being so kind to him.

"I declare, I never thought I'd be such a happy boy," he said at last. "I like being alive so much better'n I used to, do you know, Miss V'la."

Well so things were settled very soon. Miss V'la loaned the dollar to Dan, she wanted to give it outright, but wisely thought the boy would have more respect for himself and his "business" if he knew that he was simply borrowing capital to begin with, and must pay back as soon as he would be able. So she loaned him the price of the croquet set, and found an old but serviceable table elsewhere, which she gave him free use of, and which was to be his lemonade stand. All the next morning she was busy with the boy in the fair green field which was the "meadow," he had told of. The brand-new yellow, blue, orange, and white balls—very round, rolling balls—and short-handled mallets were arranged beside their box so as to have a sort of "careless elegance" appearance. The wickets were set in position, the stakes driven down, and the grass as low as the mowers, who had been there at work recently, had thought fit to have it. It made, in fact, a tolerably nice croquet ground, and Dan planned that "if he really made it go," he would be able to have the grass cut shorter some time, by doing an odd job for the loan of a lawnmower. But, oh dear! after every thing was completed, even to the placing of the old table under the spreading branches of a large tree near by, who should come along, shaking his fist, and crying out in a rough voice, but one of the men who had been mowing there a few days previous.

"Here, you, Dan Carmen, git out of here; don't you know yer trespassin' in? Git long, or I'll make yer Then turning to V'la, who stood amazed and indignant, he added, "Beg pardon, miss, but this ere meadow is private property, so it are, an' I'm 'bleeged to ax yer to quit to once."

"To whom does this field belong?" questioned the girl, quietly, and laying her hand on Dan's arm.

"It's Mis' Howe's meadow, miss, an' she don't low no people to make free with it."

Here Dan burst in excitedly, "Oh, I saw people once, my own self, playin' croquet here, an' nobody, drove 'em off neither, an'—an' I don't believe Mrs. Howe would let you do it, anyhow."

"Why, Miss V'la, do you s'pose it's that Mrs. Howe mammy washes for?"

"It's Mis' Howe what's-a-livin' in the village, an' she's mighty high an' particler, an' if folks has played anythin' here I didn't see 'em, or I'd driv 'em out quick, I tell yer."

"Well, you won't drive us out, my man. I am well acquainted in the village, and if you lay your finger on one piece of our croquet set, or the table here, until your are armed with written authority to do so from the owner, I'll have you arrested. Now, Dan, I'll remain here and you go to Mrs. Howe, whether you know—I think it must be she, for I haven't heard of another lady here by that name—and ask her about this thing, see if she is willing to let you use the field for this purpose. If she objects, we will find another place, if we can."

Dan ran like the wind down the road. It was quite a long stretch between the field in question and the entrance to the village itself, or I should say more correctly, the village centre. But Mrs. Howe's was the nearest house, and Dan's feet made the dust fly, and the distance shorter than usual, it seemed, as he raced along on his very important errand, leaving Miss V'la calmly seated under the tree in the meadow, and the angry, ignorant farm hand sitting astride the stone wall, batted, yet stubborn.

There was a short but satisfactory meeting between Dan and Mrs. Howe. The lady was glad to oblige the honest little fellow who had once fought a battle for his own honor and mammy's sake so nobly before her. She gave a written consent that Dan Carmen and all who were friendly to him should enter the field to use as they liked, in reason, of course; but it withheld that right from Bill Barley and the four

boys always seen with him, and the man in charge was to keep strict watch that the last-mentioned five did not attempt to trespass.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted Dan, as above more he approached the meadow, holding up his paper, and shouting, lustily enough.

Viola advanced to meet him and took the paper. She read it aloud, and then handed it to the man, who pulled his cap off, muttered something, and shuffled sullenly away.

So there was joy again, and then Viola proceeded to make use of the little box of oil-colors she had brought with her, while Dan produced a clean piece of board which was meant for the little sign—"business sign"—he would have to use:

"Croquet played here—Four cents a game. Lemonade fresh and cold—Three cents a glass; Two glasses, five cents. Play a game? Have a glass?"

In good-sized letters neatly painted in white, picked out with black, this sign was prepared by Viola and fastened to the trunk of the tree nearest the roadside. Dan went out and viewed it from all directions, and Viola laughed at the "proprietor" air he unconsciously assumed.

"Now, I'll lend you some money to buy your lemons and the sugar with which to make your lemonade, and mammy will help you in that when she has an idle moment. You can squeeze enough in bottles to last as long as possible, and put for a drink. And I'll make you a present of an ice-cooler, Dan, so that you can have nice cold water to use. Your house is so near, you can replenish your jar any time."

"Miss V'la, some day, when you think my face is real clean, will you let me kiss you? I've been jus' crazy to for ever'n ever so long, an' I can't wait much longer."

Dan's voice was as eager as his eyes, and though there was a great streak of brown dust, browner than his skin a good deal, on his cheek, and his little hands were far from being clean in the least degree,—he had been working so, you see,—yet Viola gathered him just as he was, in her arms, and let him kiss her as long as he liked, and kissed him back again, which was more than he had dared hope for.

Then gathering the balls and mallets into the box, and hiding that and the table in a high, thick clump of bushes, the two friends went away, and left the meadow to its own silence until the morning, when Dan would take his place as proprietor, and hope for custom.

"Custom" he should have, thought and plotted Viola Carew on her homeward way, and she would bring it about. And how do you think she managed? A very popular young lady was "Miss V'la" amongst her young neighbors (and the elderly ones, too, for that matter), and when she suggested anything her young friends were, as a rule, quite ready to agree with her.

So, what did she do that evening but fit into this and that house, and lay her suggestions and desires lovingly before her friends, and with good-natured sympathy for little Dan and his "idea," they agreed to give him a fair start in the way of his new undertaking.

They promised to meet at the meadow at 10 o'clock in the morning, and Viola laughed in anticipation of Dan's face when they should all arrive as his first "customers."

It was a beautiful day, as Dan had hoped it would be. Plenty of sunshine, and plenty of shade, also, beneath the trees, and especially the grand old oak under which the lemonade-table was to be placed. Dan was up bright and early, and finished his little duties about the small house, which helped his mother, and helped make a little man of him as well.

"Now, mammy, dear, sweet mammy, you an' I've got to keep our eyes open. I'm goin' to make this business pay, 'cause I box the money to Miss V'la, you know, an' I'm 'shamed to think I had to borrow, 'stead of havin' earned it ahead."

"Oh, well, now, lad, never fear but you'll get along. I asked for you this mornin' the first thing, an' I s'pose you didn't forget to ask for yourself?"

Dan looked up brightly. "Oh, no, mammy dear. I did ask God to please help a little boy that was tryin' to help his mammy; an' so long as He knows I'm tryin' to be good, whether other folks do or not, I ain't a bit 'traid; so don't you fret, mammy."

Well, Mrs. Carmen made the lemonade, and filled two large jugs, and let Dan have two or three tumblers she had recently bought at the store, also a pail of water to rinse the glasses with. It was made nicely, just sweet enough, and cool enough; and after the table was ready, the boy set up the game, and took another survey (the twentieth one that morning already) of his gorgeous sign. By that time Viola arrived, and looked about to see that things were all right and kept her secret bravely, while Dan asked anxiously:

"Don't you guess this is a nice kind of day to draw folks out to ride, ma'am? Don't you s'pose there'll likely be quite a plenty people 'long bymoby, it's such a fine day for drivin' an' doin' things, you see?"

"I shouldn't wonder, Dannie, if quite a number appeared. It is just the day for temptin' some young people out for a walk or drive. Keep up your courage, little boy, and look up at the blue sky all you can. Don't search for clouds."

Presently a ringing shout from Dan

announced the fact that "something was up."

"Oh! oh! Miss V'la, please look! there's a crowd of ladies an' a gentleman comin'." Do you think they'll notice my sign?"

"A crowd, Dan, where?" from Viola, pretending to be surprised, and purposely looking in the wrong direction.

"Not that way—this way. Miss V'la. See, see!"

"Oh, yes, four of them; no, six, counting two little people who are trotting along behind. Why, Dan, they are neighbors of mine, and if there isn't Bennie, and—yes, it is little Dolly Howe, she and Bennie are great friends lately, and I suppose Bennie coaxed her mother to let her come. Well, I rather fancy you will do some business this morning, Dan."

Dan clapped his hands in an agony of hope and fear. Would they look up and see that sign? Ah!

"Hello, ladies, read that!" in a few moments called the young gentleman who escorted the party, and who was brother to one of the girls, and who, like Dan, thought Miss Viola the loveliest girl in the world.

The girls looked up at the sign to which he was pointing, and affected great surprise.

"Croquet! the very thing of things!" cried one, not unmindful of the fact that Dan was all eyes and ears beside the style steps (by which the field was entered, without letting down bars.)

"Certainly; let's have a game," replied another.

"I wonder if the proprietor is anywhere near?"

Dan stepped forward, twirling his cap nervously.

"Oh, yes'm, here I am," he said: "want a game? Four cents a game, miss, an' lemonade three cents a glass, two for five, miss."

They all laughed, and stepped over the style, greeting Viola as though her being there was such a surprise to them, while Dan, Dolly, and Bennie greeted each other with great delight.

Viola looked at Dan, and Dan looked at her, and then the boy, regardless of everything save his own wild delight and gratitude at this, to him, most unexpected streak of good fortune, rolled over and over on the grass, and Bennie followed suit. Dolly screamed to, but contented herself by screaming laughter; and so there seemed to be a good time all around.

Then the three ladies and the gentleman played several good games of croquet, and while resting afterwards indulged in lemonade and praised it highly, while Dan grinned for very joy.

Bennie, feeling as important as anybody, but his small fingers into a small side-pocket, and loftily called for his glass of lemonade also.

"Only three cents a glass, young feller, two for five," Dan said, with his best proprietor air.

And Bennie ordered two, with a sublime indifference to the expense.

"There now, Dolly, I'll treat you," he said; and Dolly answered politely, "I is glad, 'cause I forgot to bring any money, an' I love drinks like that."

"You darlin' thing," cried Dan, pouring her a big glass full, and refusing to take the five cents from Bennie. "You shall have all you want. Ain't this your own mammy's own meadow, I'd jus' like to know? an' ain't she let me have it all free? I guess I ain't goin' to be paid for your drinks of lemonade; I ain't that kind of a Dan!"

Dolly didn't quite comprehend all Dan's speech, but she understood well enough that he was being good to her, and drank her lemonade with all the complacency of a regular little "deadhead" (as you have heard it called, no doubt).

Well, after the players had gone, and the meadow was deserted by the busy flying feet of the children, the grasshoppers and other insects ventured to take undisturbed possession again, and Dan ran home to count his profits.

"You see it's four cents a game, an' that's a penny apiece for 'em; an' if only two plays, that's two cents apiece for 'em. An' let's see, they played six games, mammy, that's—"

"Now add it, if you can't remember the way you studied your multiplication 'other night," said his mother.

"You must try to be a smart scholar, Dan, lad, though I can't teach you much, more's the pity."

So Dan put six figure '4's on his slate and added them up, and said: "Yes, there's twenty-four cents for the games, an'—why, I know how to say it the other day—six times four's twenty-four; that's multiplication, isn't it?" Then he went on, after a kiss from mammy,—"Well, then they had

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lemonade, an', mammy, they said it was awful good, I tell you! Well, let's see: drinks, three cents a glass, an' the gentleman he paid for 'em, you see, and they all drank twice, an'—oh, wait—it ain't only five cents for two glasses at a time, so—what does that make, mammy?" Mammy wisely kept the money in her hand, preferring that Dan should learn as well as play, and he could not fall back on the pennies or nickels to help his memory.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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