

The Catholic Record.

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

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The Hoosier Folk-Child.

The Hoosier Folk-Child—all unsmiling—
Unlettered all of mind and tongue—
Unmastered, unmolested inside—
Most wholly frank and unafraid—
Untroubled of any school—unweaved
Of law or creed—all unperplexed—
Unsummed, eye, and undivided,
An all imperfect-perfect child—
A type which (Heaven forgive us!) you
And do not tardily honor to,
And so profane the sanctities
Of our most sacred memories.
Who, growing thus from boy to man,
That does not be American?
Go, pride, with prudent underbush—
Go whistle in the Folk-Child's loss—
The Hoosier Folk-Child's world is not
Much wider than the stable lot
Between the house and highway fence
That bounds the home his father rents.
His playmates mostly are the ducks
And chickens, and the boy that "snucks"
And whether eyes are "up" or "down,"
And prophesies his own, or
"I will ask the Father and He shall
Give you another Paraclete, that He
May abide with you forever;" "Going
therefore, teach all nations to observe all
things whatsoever I have commanded
you, and behold I am with you all days
even to the consummation of the
world." Two elements are manifestly
present in these divine promises—(1) an
element of supernatural guidance, in-
forming and constituting an infallible
teaching authority, and (2) an element
of perpetuity.

CATHOLIC TENETS UPHELD.

By a Clergyman of the Church of England.

In the above heading we give the title as reported in the *Church Times*, of one of the papers read at the recent Church Congress at Folkestone—that by Prebendary Sadler. It is decidedly more worthy of the attention of Catholics than the generality of these compositions, many of which are of purely sectarian and transient interest. The subject is one which can never cease to be of primary importance to mankind, and as Mr. Sadler appears to advocate a theory considerably less antagonistic to the Catholic rule of faith than many of his co-religionists—notably the latest Anglican authority on *Infallibility*, Dr. Salmon of Dublin—we do not think it will be time wasted to devote some few words to the consideration of his essay. It would almost seem as though Mr. Sadler's paper had been commenced by one hand and completed by another, so conspicuous is the contrast between the strength and straightforwardness of his opening sentences and the weakness and inconsequence of his conclusion. So marked indeed is this difference as to constitute what would be a decided change of front, were it not evident that the speaker does not realize the logical result of his own first principles. However, we will let him speak for himself. (The italics are our own.)

"The authority of the Church," he commences, "and the authority of the New Testament were originally the same; they both rested on the authority of the Apostles." Apostolic authority is displayed in a twofold form, manifesting itself in Scripture and tradition. "It pleased God that all the books of the New Testament should be written by the Apostles or under their direct supervision and dictation. Now we have to consider the fact that every line of the Apostolic Epistles assumes that each one of the Christian churches to which it was sent was already instructed in the fullness of the Christian faith—not merely in outlines, but in the filling up of such outlines. In no one Epistle do we find the Christian faith set forth *ab initio*. All assume that those to whom the Epistle was written were well acquainted with it. From the first planting of the Gospel there was a very large body of Christian teaching in all departments of Christian doctrine; given at first by the apostles, and given by them for the purpose of being handed so that it should form the first instruction of Christians. When did it cease to be such? Not only were they to hand down to others the teaching by letter, but that which apparently had never been committed to writing. How long did this last? It must have lasted for two or three centuries side by side with the Scriptures of the New Testament, for it formed the original Apostolic instruction, and the various books of the New Testament came in, not all at once, but as it were in separate streams. Of the seventeen or eighteen Apostolic Epistles not one was a document containing primary instruction. We do not find in any one of

them an account, in order, of any one Christian doctrine. The oral teaching of the Apostles then is the root of what is called the authority of the Church; that is, authority for dogmas, or teaching of practices which are not written in so many words in the New Testament.

AN EPOCH IN THE HISTORY OF ANGLICANISM.
So far, so good. There is scarcely a syllable in all this to which a Catholic theologian could take exception, and it must have sounded strange in the ears of an assembly composed largely of clerical gentlemen, dignified and indignant, all of whom had subscribed to the sixth article of religion *On the Sufficiency of Scripture*. The "The Bible and the Bible only" theory of a former generation of Protestants, Mr. Sadler evidently discards! But this, as a matter of fact, has long ago been done by the Tractarians, who recognized the claims of tradition so far as to admit that the consent of the Fathers was the only true rule of interpreting the sacred writings. Mr. Sadler, however, he it noted, goes very much further. He recognizes this "oral teaching of the Apostle" as being, equally with the Scriptures, a phase of the apostolic delivery of the divine revelation, and while equal to them, independent of, and separate from them; containing and teaching explicitly doctrines which are not to be found explicitly in the Written Word. At least we do not know how else to interpret the expression, "dogmas which are not written in so many words in the New Testament." This is certainly a great advance upon the old Tractarian hypothesis. It is not the whole truth, very far from it. But it is such a long step forward in the right direction that, could we only believe that Prebendary Sadler voices the growing views of any considerable number of his fellow-clergyman, we should not perhaps be guilty of exaggeration in saying that the enunciation of this theory alone marks out the Folkestone Church Congress as an epoch in the history of Anglicanism. One or two additional excerpts, however, from the latter half of his paper will serve to show how little he himself appreciates the logical conclusion of his own hypothesis.

"The authority of the Church," he says, "appears in early ages in two forms: in the decrees of the General Councils—of course I except the publication of such a document as that which is called the Nicene Creed by the first General Council—seem in great part to have been directed against temporary scandals. The earliest of them, the Nicene, contains many canons, the substance of which can hardly have come down from apostolic times. Owing to the altered circumstances of the Church, the greater part cannot now be acted upon, so that the principle form in which Apostolic authority, external to Holy Scripture, is valuable to us, is the consent of the earliest Fathers."

THE HOLY EUCHARIST.
Mr. Sadler then proceeds to illustrate his thesis by taking the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, regarding which he cites certain well-known passages from St. Ignatius, St. Justin Martyr, and St. Irenaeus, which have no special bearing upon the point we are considering, and concludes as follows: "When the leading writers of the Reformation period—I instance particularly Cranmer and Ridley—appeal to the Primitive Fathers as those by whom they desire to be guided in their doctrinal utterances it is not a matter of sentiment, but of common sense; for the earliest writers had the means of ascertaining the mind of the Apostles which we have not. Now if these apostolic utterances were, though unwritten, the inspired declarations of the Holy Spirit, it is a very serious matter to neglect any means of knowing them. We are not, of course, slavishly to follow one witness or two, but we are to endeavor humbly and prayerfully to ascertain their consent and agreement; and if we find them to be all but unanimous on certain matters, then we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have done our best to ascertain the mind of God on some of the deepest mysteries of the faith."

CHURCH AUTHORITY.
Now the theory and idea of "Church Authority" which Mr. Sadler here lays before us, very beautiful and very plausible as it might be had Divine Providence furnished us with nothing better, is not the theory laid down by our Lord. It is simply the extension of the Lutheran principle of private judgment beyond the range of the written Scriptures—which are inspired, and in all their parts have God for their author—to a mass of manner, originally inspired, but now lying embedded *passim* in the writings of uninspired authors, with the result, at least, of rendering the task of ascertaining God's Word a hundred times more difficult, and the risk of error far greater. The "supernatural" element in the Church's life, the guiding spirit which is the very principle of active as distinguished from passive tradition, is, as we shall presently see, entirely ignored; and so far as we have any means of gathering from Mr. Sadler's words, the Church was left with nothing but human means—human perspicacity—and human care—to collect the Apostolic *paradosis* and to certify alike to the genuineness and the true meaning of this vast *depositum*

fidei, whose existence in and from the beginning he so candidly recognizes.

MISUNDERSTANDING OF TRADITION.
This flaw in Mr. Sadler's conception of "Church Authority"—a flaw which renders the expression "authority" a misnomer, while it deprives his theory of all real utility as a workable hypothesis—arises simply from the fact that, although very far in advance of the average Anglican, he entirely fails to grasp the true nature and function of Tradition. He sees plainly enough that this element is provided for and recognized in the Apostolic Epistles, but he seems to forget Our Lord's own words in this connection: "As my Father hath sent me, I also send you;" "I will ask the Father and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you forever;" "Going therefore, teach all nations to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." Two elements are manifestly present in these divine promises—(1) an element of supernatural guidance, informing and constituting an infallible teaching authority, and (2) an element of perpetuity.

TWO VIEWS OF DIVINE TRADITION.
Hence Divine tradition, according to Catholic theologians, may be viewed under two distinct aspects: the first, objective or material, the second, active or formal. By material tradition is signified the whole body of doctrine delivered to the Apostles by Our Lord, or by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, some of which is contained explicitly in the Scriptures, and some—a fact which Mr. Sadler seems to recognize—not so contained, but is handed down from age to age in the Church through certain recognized channels, chief among which are the works of the Fathers, the Acts of the Ecumenical Councils, the Sacred Liturgy, etc.

THE VIEWS HELD BY THE FATHERS.
Mr. Sadler, in common with almost all Anglicans, confuses material with formal tradition, or, rather, the latter has no place in his creed. Authority, therefore, as we shall see presently, in any true sense of the word, is altogether foreign to his system. The only use that he can make of the *material* of tradition, lying embedded in the uninspired works of antiquity, is to treat it much as Evangelicals treat the Bible, with the additional burden laid upon the private judgment of the individual, of distinguishing between matters revealed and matters not revealed. What guarantee has Mr. Sadler that either he, or Cranmer, or Ridley, when in the exercise of their "common sense" they have "humbly and prayerfully" searched the Fathers, will have really culled from them what is divine and not what is merely human? He himself claims a guarantee in their consent. But this is the merest *ignis fatuus*, it is a system which will never work, it will never lead to the possession of certain truth resting upon infallible authority. There is nothing more certain, to those who know even the elements of Patristic Theology, than that the "earliest Fathers" are in verbal disagreement one with another, with regard even to the "deepest mysteries of the faith." "That the language of the ante-Nicene Fathers on the subject of our Lord's Divinity," says Cardinal Newman in his "Essay on Development" (p. 135), "may be far more easily accommodated to the Arian hypothesis than the language of the post-Nicene, is agreed on all hands." And he tells us elsewhere (p. 17) that "if we limit our view of the Fathers to what they expressly state, St. Ignatius may be considered as a Hippolytus, St. Justin Arrianizes, St. Hippolytus speaks as though he were ignorant of our Lord's Eternal Sonship, St. Methodius speaks incorrectly at least upon the Incarnation." That all these Fathers meant what the Church believes, we may willingly concede; but surely this is only an additional proof of the necessity of formal tradition, the authoritative voice of the "Ecclesia Docens" defining and teaching, separating the revealed from the non-revealed. Had the Church not spoken, is Mr. Sadler so sure that he, individually, would have had clearer or more explicitly orthodox opinions, would have been more successful in separating, in the works of the Fathers, the wheat of the revealed from the cockle of the non-revealed, than St. Hippolytus or St. Methodius were in writing them?

THE ORIGIN OF AUTHORITY.
And yet this searching for consent among the Fathers, not merely for their interpretation of Scripture, but for doctrines which, while equal to Scripture as "inspired declarations of the Holy Ghost," are not found explicitly therein, would appear—apart from the Constantinopolitan Creed, and possibly the Definition of Faith of Chalcedon—to be Mr. Sadler's only idea of "Church Authority." Why surely a heathen with a "Library of the Fathers" at his disposal, could in the course of his own reading do as much. Where then is the authority? Is it the authority—the intrinsic authority—possessed by this or that patriotic writing in itself? But that is not the authority of the Church. When, however, we have eliminated the personal authority of the student, that is, his own private judgment, and the author-

ity of weight due to the author he is studying, there is not a shred, not a ghost of authority left.

INANITY OF THE OLD PROTESTANT THEORY.
Authority, if it is to be heard and heeded, must be plain spoken. The voice of the *pneuma propheticum* must be univocal. That guiding Spirit, whose office it is to abide with the *Ecclesia Docens* throughout all time, teaching it all truth, who alone is the principle of the teaching authority of the Church, cannot contradict Himself. He cannot imbue one humble and prayerful student of the Fathers with a brief—say—in our Lord's real objective presence in the Eucharist, and another, equally humble, equally prayerful, with the conviction of His real objective absence. Mr. Sadler sees plainly enough that the old Protestant theory will not hold water, that it cannot be made to fit in with the conception of "Church Authority" set forth in the Pauline Epistles. But, to be consistent, he must go a step further than this. He admits that the *depositum* which was delivered by our Lord to the Apostles was "handed on" by them, and he styles this "Church Authority;" but he fails to see that our Lord's words necessarily imply that the guidance necessary for the exercise of this authority must also have been handed on. He should remember our Lord Himself has stamped His own divine meaning on the word *paradosis*. Let him carry out his theory to its logical result.—*Rev. Arthur H. Cullen in London Tablet.*

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

N. Y. Sun.
A correspondent in the interior of this State writes to us that as a result of eight years' study of science and of theology he has got himself into a snarl, from which he asks us to extricate him. Here is his case, and, as he seems to be a conscientious man, we will do the best we can for him: "One cannot fail to see the great difference between the Bible story of the creation (or rather stories, because there are two) and the scientific theory. I have read and reread the nebular hypothesis, and have reasoned it out in my own mind, and found no conflicting thought. How, then, can I accept the Bible story, and if I do, which one, the one that ends with man, or the one that begins with man?"

"Similar difficulties present themselves when I try to compare the Bible and modern astronomy. Then I compare the evidences we have of primitive man with the chronology of the Bible, and again I grope in darkness and mystery. I will not speak of ethnological problems, but they will present themselves to the thoughtful mind. Then, on the other hand, when I turn to the New Testament and read and reflect on the teachings of Jesus, I am compelled to exclaim with the writer: 'Never spoke man as this!'"

"Now, to sum up: Science appeals to my reason, religion to my affections. If I cannot make the two harmonize, which shall control? Shall I give up my science, or shall I give up my religion?"

Ten or fifteen years ago we should have been at a loss how to advise this skeptical young man with a strong religious sentiment warring with his religious doubts. We should have been obliged to tell him that, until one or the other had conquered, it would be impossible for him to find a place in which to get rest for his soul. He is simply going through the old battle between faith and infidelity, and, according to the orthodoxy of the past, while that is proceeding the man cannot obtain the shelter of its fold. It demanded that he should conquer his doubts to make him eligible for admission into the Church. Nobody who questioned the absolute truth and divine perfection of the Bible was allowed to come in. He had to remain outside in the ranks of the Infidels.

Now, however, the situation has changed radically. Our skeptical correspondent's state of mind is no bar to his admission into the most orthodox of Churches, the Presbyterian, for instance, if we continue the designation formerly applied. If he is otherwise qualified, his criticisms of the Bible constitute no obstacle to his ordination as a Presbyterian minister, in the New York Presbytery at least, or to his subsequent appointment as a professor in the New York Presbyterian seminary. He has no reason to be troubled in soul because of his doubts, for Dr. Van Dyke describes such belief as he craves, to be a matter of non-sensational opinion merely.

Dr. Briggs went through the same process of questioning the Bible, and reached the conclusion of rejecting everything which did not command itself to his reason; yet he has been adjudged by the New York Presbytery a good enough Presbyterian for these days. Our correspondent and he stand on substantially the same ground so far as concerns science and religion. When the Bible conflicts with the estimation of Dr. Briggs, and he does not vex himself more over the matter, he explains to be a compilation of ancient records and traditions made centuries after the time of Moses; and the contradiction of which our friend

speaks, he ascribes to the carelessness of the unknown editors. Under the teaching of Dr. Briggs, justified by the New York Presbytery, this young man is needlessly alarming himself and undertaking an impossible task in trying to reconcile the Bible with modern astronomy, geology and ethnology.

Hence, in reply to his final question, whether he shall give up science or religion, we advise him to keep both and become a Presbyterian.

HOME RULE.

The *World's* London cable says:—The events of the week in parliament have amply justified Mr. Gladstone's foresight in postponing the Home Rule bill until after Easter. Even without the Home Rule debate, financial business will take all the time left.

Whatever soreness prevailed at first in the Irish ranks at deferring Home Rule for a fortnight has completely worn off. Mr. Gladstone wrote a long letter from his sick bed to Justin McCarthy justifying his action. This was read at a meeting of the members of the Irish party, and they were satisfied by Mr. Gladstone's assurances.

The House of Commons will be called together again on either the 4th or 6th of April. There is grumbling at this arrangement among the Tories, who say a five day holiday vacation is not enough. The fact is it cuts into their plans for the Ulster Orange campaign, which begins on the 5th, as it compels all the Orange members to be back in Parliament.

The illness of Lord Salisbury is also a drawback to the Ulster movement, for, though there is no doubt that he is actually ill with influenza, some Orangemen say his illness is a sham so that he can get out of leading the Orange revolt. Ulster is divided between Mr. Balfour and Lord Randolph Churchill as a substitute leader, but Mr. Balfour is unwilling to go there.

Lord Salisbury's condition makes his family anxious. His son, Lord Cranborne, when privately asked last night about his father's illness, said the doctors are uneasy, and will be so while there is a chance of the influenza attacking his lungs.

READY TO LINE DITCHES.
John Dillon, Nationalist M. P. for East Mayo, in speaking to a Glasgow audience on the 20th, said that if in the trouble with Ulster it came to lining ditches the Home Rule Irishmen could hold their own with anybody. He scouted the idea of the persecution of Protestants by Catholics in Ireland. Nevertheless, he said, the Irish are willing to submit to the humiliation of having clauses for the protection of Protestants in Ireland inserted in the Home Rule Bill.

Lord Salisbury is confined to his bed and has been forbidden by his physicians to attend to any business whatever. He has sent a despatch to Belfast saying that he hopes to be able to address the meeting of Unionists there on April 4.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.
TEARS.
You marvel I never weep:
The sun dries Aurora's tears,
I think, and my thoughts are tears.

You marvel I never weep:
The sun dries Aurora's tears,
I pray, and my prayers are tears.

Why should I weep?
Tears enough on life's pathway,
I smile, and my smiles are tears. —J. M.

A Convert Queen.

Marie, Queen of Bavaria, widow of King Maximilian and first cousin of William, Emperor of Germany, who died at Elbingen on the 19th of May, 1889, was a convert to the Church, and led a life of extraordinary piety. There has rarely been a prince or princess who valued less the earthly splendors of a great name, and added more imperishable honor to it. She maintained (says the *Ace Maria*) the strictest simplicity of dress and surroundings, and was indefatigable in doing good; while she was so truly humble that she bore the bitterest humiliations with perfect resignation. Twice a week she went to confession, and at least four times a week approached Holy Communion. She could not be induced to have a special seat in the church, but insisted upon praying in the midst of the poor country people; "for," she said, "before the majesty of God all earthly greatness is as naught."

The Redeemptorist Fathers, when conducting a mission at Elbingen, noticed in the congregation one regular and especially interested attendant, who proved to be the Dowager Queen of Bavaria. The profound devotion with which she followed the exercises of the mission made a strong impression upon the clergy and was an example to the people.

On one occasion when the parish priest wished to take the Blessed Sacrament to a sick person, it happened that there was no one to accompany him. The Queen was praying in the church, and, divining the need of the priest, she went into the sanctuary, took the lantern with the blessed candle, and, ringing the little bell, led the way through the streets.

Queen Marie walking and praying before the Blessed Sacrament on its

way to the hovel of the poor is a picture worthy a place in the gallery of the confessors of the faith.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

AVE MARIA.
An external conformity with Catholic usage is making rapid strides among the various sects. It is significant when ministers of the Evangelical denominations hold meetings for the avowed purpose of arranging some special religious services for the season of Lent. A quarter of a century ago such a step would have provoked the most bitter opposition, but it appears to have been looked upon as a very desirable and proper innovation. No one rushed forward with wild denunciations of "Romish" practices; no one appeared to be alarmed lest the faith of Puritan ancestors be imperilled. The world moves. The descendants of the Pilgrims build Gothic places of worship, decorate them at Easter and Christmas, maintain a friendly rivalry in regard to music and flowers at those great feasts. Formerly—and not long ago either—the cross was confined to Catholic architecture; now it is no uncommon sight to see even a Congregational, Methodist or Presbyterian meeting-house surmounted by the emblem of man's redemption. May the true religion of the Cross make haste to follow these outward tokens!

In many quarters, especially perhaps in Spain, Freemasons are seeing the error of their ways, and forsaking the pernicious organization to which they were allured by political or other reasons, and returning to the fold from whence they strayed. A notable instance of this is seen in the recantation of Senor Raja Arias, who has acknowledged his error and become reconciled to Mother Church. Another prominent member of the Order, Don Martinez, an avowed freethinker, has also abjured his errors, delivered over all his Masonic books and papers, and begged to be restored to the communion from which he separated himself. He had been most violent in his attacks upon the Church, and his recantation has caused much rejoicing. Meanwhile in Italy the Freemasons are more than ordinarily active and unyielding. The editor of an excellent paper at Genoa, desiring to circulate pamphlets embodying the Holy Father's letter upon Freemasonry, applied, simply as a matter of form, to the Quersura for permission, only to have his request instantly and indignantly refused.

The Cares of a Bishop.

To the Bishop are entrusted priest and people, and on him more than on any other man depends the religious destinies of both. Priests who have left home and sometimes country, who give up human love and human ambition and the pursuit of wealth, depend on him as on a father. A single error of judgment on his part may make one of them unhappy for life. Whilst lifted above them by his episcopal character he is yet only their brother in the priesthood, and he must ever respect the priesthood of Jesus Christ in them as in himself. —*Archbishop Ryan.*

SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

NIAGARA NOTES.
Michael Fitzpatrick died suddenly while attending divine service at the church of Our Lady of Peace, Falls View, Ont., on St. Patrick's Day last. Deceased was an old and faithful domestic of Loretto Academy. He leaves a wife and two daughters to mourn his loss. His end was sudden but not unprepared. The interment took place the next day.

The second performance of *Parish*, by the choir of St. Patrick's, Niagara Falls, Ont., on March 17 was unusually well executed. The town hall was packed to overflowing.

The conference of the St. Catharines Deanery met on March 11 at the Falls View Manse. Very Rev. Dean Harris presided. Subjects theological and liturgical underwent a lengthy discussion.

The Rev. P. J. Harold of Niagara-on-the-Lake, is taking a well-earned rest in the "Sunny South."

Rev. Father Lafontaine has lately succeeded Rev. Father McBae as pastor of Smithville.

The C. M. B. A. fall of members at Snyder, Ont., is making rapid strides towards a lighter water mark.

The Titular Feast was celebrated with becoming solemnity at St. Joseph's church, New Germany, Ont., on the 29th inst.

The Reverend Mother Superior of the Ladies of Loretto has been of late paying an official visit to the convent at Niagara Falls. An interesting and exhaustive work on the early Catholic mission around Niagara Falls is being compiled by the Very Reverend Dean Harris of St. Catharines. The subject could not be treated by a more able pen than that of Father Harris.

The "Social Lion" was performed at Thorold, Ont., on the 17th. The proceeds go to the treasury of Holy Rosary Church. "St. Patrick and his Mission" was ably handled by Rev. Father Kreidt, superior of the Hospice at Falls View, at St. Patrick's Church, Hamilton, on the morning of the 17th. In the evening the reverend lecturer held forth at Thorold, Ont. On the 21st Father Kreidt will deliver the panegyric on St. Benedict at the Church of the Benedictine Fathers in Erie, Pa.

The triennial chapter of the Carmelites of Canada and the United States will convene at Pittsburgh, Pa., soon after Easter. A letter just received from Ireland says that Rev. J. E. Foshan, O. C. S. C., formerly pastor at Niagara Falls, Ont., lies in a very low condition at the Carmelite Monastery in Dublin. —P. A. B.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

SEPARATE SCHOOL EXHIBITS.

Good photographs of school exhibits form a very important item in the Columbian Exhibition. In a list of such, recently published in the *Record*, Berlin and Bradford were inadvertently omitted. We have seen the photographs of the Separate schools of these two places and consider them most elaborate and beautiful pictures.

TO BRACE UP THE SYSTEM after "La Grippe," pneumonia, fevers, and other prostrating acute diseases; to build up needed flesh and strength, and to restore health and vigor when you feel "run-down" and use-up, the best thing in the world is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It promotes all the bodily functions, rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, and through it cleanses, repairs, and invigorates the entire system.

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GRAPES AND THORNS.

By M. A. T., AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORK," "A WINGED WORD," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED. Nothing could have shown more clearly the change in Lawrence Gerald than his manner of receiving this proposal. Instead of expressing at once his aversion, and reproaching his wife that she could believe it possible for him to go sight-seeing at such a time, he stopped to consider if what she thought best might not be best, however it should seem to him.

"You must think for me now, Annette," he said with a sort of despair. "You know I do not wish to seek pleasure nor distraction; but I suppose I must live."

She sent for a carriage at once, and they went out under the full moon, which was beginning to replace, with its pearly southern lights and northern shadows, the fading cross-lights of the sun.

At last they stood together by the crucifix, with the moonlight falling on them and through the great arches in a silvery rain.

Annette saw her husband wipe his forehead, though the night was cool. He breathed heavily, and looked at the earth beneath his feet, as if he saw through it, and beheld the martyr lying where he fell centuries before.

"O my dear!" she said, "I know that there is no lion like remorse. But is it not comfort to you that you are not alone?"

"It is both a comfort and a pain," he answered gently. "I should be desolate without you, and I should have done something desperate, perhaps, if I had been alone. You must understand my gratitude and my regret without expecting me to express them. I cannot speak. I know I have wronged you bitterly, and that you are an angel of goodness to me; but I can say no more about it. If I were at my mother's feet this moment, I should be speechless. I cannot pray even. I acknowledge the justice of God, and will endure whatever He sends. That is all I can say."

He had forced himself to speak, she perceived, with a great effort. The season of complaints and outcries had gone past, and he had entered on the way of silence.

They went out, and left the ruin to its solemn tenants—the gliding shadows, which might be the troubled ghosts of the slayers, and the floating lights, which might be the glorified souls of the slain, visiting the loved spot where they had seen the heavens open for them.

The streets were nearly deserted when the two returned to them, their horses walking. They stopped at the fountain of Trevi, leaned awhile on the stone rail, and watched the streams that burst in snowy foam all along the front.

"What a heap of coals and ashes Rome would be without her fountains!" Annette said. "It would be like a family of patriarchs where no children are seen. And yet the waters do not always seem to me so childish. Theirs is the youth and freshness of angels. See how triumphant they look! They have been a long while in the dark, till they may have despaired of ever seeing the sun again. It is the way of souls, Lawrence. They walk in darkness and pain, they cannot see their way, and they sometimes doubt if light any longer exists. And at last they burst from their prison, and find themselves in the city of God."

"Yes," he said, "but they have not sinned; they have only suffered. I have always thought, Annette, that the saints have the easier life. You know we are told that the way of the transgressor is hard."

"But the saints did not choose that life because it was the easier," she replied. "They gave no thought to such a reward, but it was bestowed on them; and probably, when they chose, the other way assumed the easier. In spite of what the preacher says, the person who chooses a good life because it is the easier will never persevere in it; for the devil will always persuade him that he has made a mistake, and, since he chose from a selfish motive, God will owe him no help. The saints took what was hard, and what seemed the hardest because it was right, and they had their reward. The sinner takes what seems the easiest, and

thinks only of himself; and he, too, has his reward. Do not the waters look lovely? They are so fresh and new! How beautiful an image it is to compare divine grace to a fountain!"

They drove on through the town, across the bridge of S. Angelo, and saw the angel sheathing his sword—or was he unsheathing it?—against the sky, and, leaving their carriage at the entrance of the piazza of S. Peter's, walked across it to that majestic temple, which, more than any other, and at that hour more than ever, seemed worthy of the Spouse of the Spirit. Golden and white, the mystical flood of moonlight veiled it, rippling along its colonnades, glittering in its fountains, setting a pavement of chalcidony across the piazza and up the wide ascent, and trembling round the dome that swelled upward like a breast full with the divine milk and honey with which the Church nourishes her children.

Lawrence stopped near the obelisk. "The first question the Church asked of me when I was brought before her, an infant," he said, "was what I had come to ask of her, and my sponsors answered for me, Faith. Now once again she asks the same question."

He was silent a moment, looking up at the church, but with eyes that saw only the sacred Mother. Tears rolled down his face, and his lips trembled; but there was no sign of that desperate passion which had so sworn him. "I ask for forgiveness and perseverance," he said.

She observed that he did not ask for peace. He went forward to the steps, and knelt there, and as he went and prayed, his wife heard over the same path that God would have mercy on his mother, that in some way He would spare her the blow that threatened to fall upon her and that she might know how he loved her and mourned his ingratitude.

Annette withdrew from her husband, and paced to and fro not far away. She, too, had a mother who was about to be stricken with grief on her account, and whom she might never again see in life.

She had almost forgotten her husband and how time was flying, when she heard his voice at her side. "My poor Annette, I am killing you," he said. "Come home. See! the day is breaking."

The east was, indeed, growing pale with the early dawn, and the western colonnade was throwing long shadows as the moon declined. It was time for them to return. Chilled and exhausted, they entered their carriage, and were driven home.

The dawn of that same day, when in its course the sun rose from the Atlantic, and brightened the New England shore, saw Mrs. Gerald and Honora Pembroke go to early Mass together.

F. Chevreux had visited them the morning before, and requested them to go to Communion that day, and pray for themselves, their friends, and for his intention.

"I have a difficult duty to perform," he said, "and I want all the help I can get. So make yourselves as saintly as possible, my dear friends. Confess and prepare yourselves for Holy Communion as if it were to be your last, and pray with all your strength, and do not allow a single smallest venial sin to touch you all day."

F. Chevreux often asked them to pray for his intention, and all they observed in this was his unusual earnestness. It had the effect of making them also unusually earnest in their devotion. Mrs. Gerald was, indeed, so absorbed that she failed to notice that when Honora came from the priest's house, where she had been just before evening, she did not look quite well.

F. Chevreux had requested her to come to Mass the next morning, before going home, and she had been with him nearly an hour.

"So you have been to confession," Mrs. Gerald said, arranging the tray for their tea. "I thought we would go there together this evening."

She spoke in a very gentle almost absent way; for she had been saying, as she went about, all the short prayers she could remember to the Blessed Virgin, and would resume them presently.

"So we will go together," Miss Pembroke replied. "But I wanted to see F. Chevreux this afternoon."

She seated herself in a shady corner of the room, and opened her prayer-book; but it trembled so in her hand that she was forced to lay it aside, and pretend to be occupied with her rosary instead. Now and then she stole a glance at her companion, and saw with thankfulness that she was entirely occupied with her devotions. As she went about, preparing with dainty care their simple meal, her lips were moving; and sometimes she would pause a moment to bless herself, or to kiss the crucifix suspended from her neck, or to dwell on some sweet thought she had found hidden in a little prayer, like a blossom under a leaf.

And later in the evening, when the two returned from the priest's house, there was nothing to attract attention in Miss Pembroke's manner; for they sat reading and meditating till it was bed-time. It was their custom, since they lived alone, to prepare thus strictly for the reception of the Holy Eucharist.

Mrs. Gerald stood a minute before the embers of the dying fire, when they were ready to go upstairs, the hand she had stretched for the bed-candle resting on the edge of the mantel-piece near it. "How peaceful we are here, Honora!" she said in her soft way, yet rather suddenly.

Miss Pembroke was bending to push the few remaining coals back, and her reply was indistinct, yet sounded like an affirmative.

"We have so much to be grateful for," Mrs. Gerald went on. "I do not think that we could be more comfortable. I am sure that greater riches would disturb me. Indeed, I never wanted riches, except for Lawrence; and now he does not need them. I can truly say that I have all I desire."

Miss Pembroke did not reply nor look up. She only stooped lower, and stretched her hands out over the coals, as if to warm them. Yet the two had always been so in harmony that her silence seemed to be assent.

"F. Chevreux spoke beautifully to me to-night," Mrs. Gerald continued, still lingering. "He kept me some time talking after I had made my confession; and what is unusual with him, he spoke of himself. He said that all the favors he has to ask God are for others; but that when he comes to pray for himself, he can only say, 'Amen.' Now and then, he said, he thinks to ask some special favor; but when he lifts his eyes to heaven, only one word comes: 'Amen! amen!' I did not understand, while he spoke, how much it meant; but I have been thinking it over since I came home, and I see that the word may include all that a Christian need say."

A murmured "Yes!" came from Honora, who turned her head aside that the candle might not shine in her face. "And now, dear Mrs. Gerald, had better go to bed. Can I do anything for you? Is there anything to do to-night?"

"Nothing, thank you, dear!" They went up stairs together, and, when they parted, Miss Pembroke embraced her friend with unusual tenderness. "May you have a good night's sleep!" she said; and, in the anguish of her heart, could almost have added, "And may you never wake!"

For F. Chevreux had wisely judged it best to prepare her to sustain her friend when the hour of trial should come; and Honora, better than any other perhaps, understood what that should be.

"Go out in the morning and dismiss your school for the day," the priest had said to her. "Then return home immediately, and make some excuse for a headache, if any. Tell Mrs. Gerald that F. O'Donovan is coming to see you, so that she may not go out. And pray, my child, pray! What else is there for any of us to do in this terrible world but pray?"

Honora was obliged to make her excuses before going to school, for Mrs. Gerald at length noticed her altered looks, and almost insisted on dismissing the school for her. But she would not allow that.

"I shall feel better to go out than to sit in the house waiting," she said, quite truly. "But I will come back at once. Pray do not be anxious about me. You know I am strong and healthy."

When she returned, she found that Mrs. Gerald had, with motherly affection, made every preparation for her comfort. A deep sofa was pushed into her shady corner of the sitting-room, pillows and a shawl were laid ready, and, as she entered the room, she perceived the pleasant odor of pennyroyal, their favorite remedy for colds and headaches.

Mrs. Gerald set down the steaming cup she held, and began to remove her young friend's bonnet and shawl. "I thought you would rather lie down here than go up stairs by yourself," she said. "I will keep everything quiet."

Honora submitted to be made an invalid of, since this tender soul could have no greater pleasure than to relieve suffering; allowed herself to be assisted to the sofa; let Mrs. Gerald arrange the pillows under her head and cover her with the shawl; then drank obediently, and was ready to go to bed. But all the while her heart was laid ready, and an agony of apprehension, and she listened breathlessly for a step which was to bring doom to this unconscious victim.

"Now what else can I do for you, dear?" her nurse asked, looking vainly to see what had not been done.

Honora answered, "Nothing;" but, recollecting that something might be needed, if not for her, added, "You might place a glass of water and the camphor-bottle here where I can reach them."

Mrs. Gerald brought them, from the mere pleasure of serving. "But you must not drink the water, for you are to be kept warm," she said. "Your hands are quite cold now. And, you know, camphor never does you any good."

She was about turning away when Honora took her hand, and detained her. She dared not look up, but she held the hand close to her cheek on the pillow. "Dear friend," she said in a stifled voice, "it sometimes almost hurts me to remember how good and kind you have always been to me. I hope I have never seemed ungrateful; I have never felt so. But in future I want to be more than ever to you. Let me be your daughter, and live with you always. I do not want to go away with any one else."

"My daughter!" said Mrs. Gerald, full of loving surprise and pleasure; and stooped to leave a kiss on the girl's forehead.

"And now, dear mother," said Honora, "do not fancy that I am very sick. In an hour, all will be over. Mrs. Gerald smiled at this promise of sudden cure.

"Then I will leave you quiet a little while, and go out to water my plants. The seeds have come up which I sowed in the tracks my other two children made; and in a day or two,

when Lawrence and Annette come home, their footprints will be quite green."

She spoke with a gentle gaiety, for she was happy. So much affection had been shown her, she seemed to be of such help and value to those she loved best, that life assumed for her an aspect of spring and youth, and a gladness long unknown to her rose up in her heart.

As she left the room, Honora looked eagerly after her, raising herself on her elbow, as soon as she was out of sight, and listening toward the door. When she heard her step on the veranda, she started off the sofa, and ran to look out through a blind into the garden. Mrs. Gerald was on her knees by the precious tracks, which she had carefully enclosed with slender pegs of wood, and was sprinkling with water the tiny blades of green that grew thickly inside. A soft and tender smile played round her lips, and the wrinkles that pain and anxiety sometimes drew in her face were all smoothed away. The spring morning hung over her like a benediction, silent and bright, not a breath of wind stirring; and in that secluded street, with its cottages and embowering trees, she was as safe from public observation as she would have been in the country.

Honora glanced at the clock. It wanted five minutes of ten.

"Five minutes more of happiness!" she murmured, and, from faintness, sank on her knees before the window, looking out still with her eyes fixed on that quiet, bending figure.

Mrs. Gerald stretched her hand and slowly made the sign of the cross over each one of those precious footprints. "May all their steps be toward heaven!" she whispered. "May angels guard them now and forever, and may the blessing of the poor and the suffering spring up wherever they go, like these flowers, in their path."

She rose and stood looking off into distance, tears of earnest feeling glistening in her eyes.

"Two minutes longer!" murmured Honora, who felt as if the room were swimming around her, so that she had to grasp the window-ledge for support. She could not see, but she heard a step on the sidewalk, and, though it was more measured than usual, there was no possibility of mistaking it. Only one step would come in that way and stop at their gate this morning. She heard F. O'Donovan's voice, and presently the two came into the entry together.

"Perhaps you had better come into the parlor," Mrs. Gerald was saying. "Honora is lying down in there. She has a bad headache this morning."

"Nevertheless, we will go in and see her," was the reply.

Miss Pembroke started up, frightened at her own weakness. It would never do to fail now, when all the strength she could show would be needed. She had only time to seat herself on the sofa when they entered the room.

"My dear child! why did you not lie still?" Mrs. Gerald exclaimed. "I am sure F. O'Donovan would excuse you."

"I would rather sit up, if you will come and sit by me," Honora answered; and, taking Mrs. Gerald's hands, drew her down to the sofa, and sat there holding her in a half embrace.

The lady noticed with surprise that no greeting passed between the priest and Honora, and that he had not uttered a word of sympathy for her illness, nor, indeed, scarcely glanced at her. He went to the window, and opened one of the blinds.

"Allow me to have a ray of sunshine in the room," he said. "Why should we shut it out? It is like divine love in a sorrowful world."

Mrs. Gerald had hardly time to notice this somewhat unusual freedom of manner on the part of F. O'Donovan, for, as he came and seated himself near her, she was struck by the paleness and gravity of his face.

"Are you ill? Has anything happened?" she asked hastily; but he saw that in her anxiety there was no thought of danger to herself. It was a friendly solicitude for him; and she instantly glanced at Honora, as if connecting her illness with his altered appearance. That her young friend might have some cause of trouble seemed to her quite possible; for she had never been able to disguise her mind of the belief that Honora had become more interested in Mr. Schoningger than she would own, and that she had never recovered entirely from the shock of his disgrace.

"I have great news to tell you," said F. O'Donovan. "Mr. Schoningger is proved innocent, and will immediately be set at liberty."

"How glad I am!" exclaimed Mrs. Gerald, who immediately believed that she understood all. "But how is it known?"

"The real criminal has confessed," the priest went on; "and the confession and the circumstances are all of a sort to excite our deepest compassion. For it was not a deliberate crime, but only one of those steps which a man who has once consented to walk in the wrong path seems compelled to take. The poor fellow was deceived, and led on as all sinners are. He was in pecuniary difficulties, and yielded to a temptation to take F. Chevreux's money, intending to repay it. The rest followed almost as a matter of course. Mother Chevreux's poor sister had her son's property, and the poor sinner had to secure what he had risked so much to obtain, and escape the disgrace of detection. Others were approaching, and he was desperate. He gave an unlucky push, with no intention but to free himself, and the devil looked out for the result. But, if you could know how entirely that poor fellow,

soul has repented, not only the fatal step in which his errors ended, but every smallest fault that led to it, you would have only pity for him. Mother Chevreux died a good and holy woman, full of years and good works, and perhaps her death will be the cause of one man being a saint. He promises everything for the future, and that with a fervor which no one can doubt. He acknowledges the justice of any punishment and suffering and loss which may befall him. The only thought too hard for him to bear is that of the sorrow he has brought on his own family. If he could suffer alone, he would not complain; he would suffer tenfold, if it were possible, to spare those he loves."

Mrs. Gerald had listened with intense interest to this story, and when it was ended she drew a long breath. "Poor man!" she sighed. "Has he a wife?"

"Yes; he has a wife who is all devotion to him, and who will follow him to the last. She will never be separated from him."

"Will she go to prison with him? Will she be allowed to do that?" Mrs. Gerald asked in surprise.

"Oh! it is not a question of imprisonment," the priest replied. "He has escaped, and will probably never be taken. His confession was written, sealed, and entrusted to a priest, to be opened at a certain time. It was opened this morning."

The two watched Mrs. Gerald with trembling anxiety as she sat a moment with downcast eyes, musing over this strange story. Honora did not dare to breathe or stir, lest she should loosen the thunderbolt that hung suspended over their heads, ready to drop, and the priest was inwardly praying for wisdom to speak the right word.

"I hope he has no mother," Mrs. Gerald said without looking up.

"That is the hardest part of all," said F. O'Donovan. "He has a mother, so terrible. But fortunately she is a Christian woman, who will know how to bend to the will of God, and leave her afflictions at His feet. She will be comforted by the thought that her son is a sincere penitent, and is by this awful lesson put forever on his guard against sins which might otherwise have seemed to him trivial."

"Oh! but think of her responsibility!" exclaimed Mrs. Gerald raising her eyes quickly. "Think of her remorse and fear when she looks back on her training of that child, and thinks that all his faults and crimes may be laid at her door. I know a mother's heart, F. O'Donovan, and I tell you there will be no comfort for that mother. Where is she? Where is she? Where is she?"

"She does not yet know," replied the priest, almost in a whisper, and stopped there, though other words seemed about to follow.

She gazed at him in surprise, and her look began to grow sterner. She only looked intently, but said nothing; and in that dreadful silence Honora Pembroke's arm closed tightly about her waist, and her breath trembled on the mother's paling cheek.

"Cast yourself into the arms of God!" exclaimed F. O'Donovan. Do not think. Do not fear nor look abroad. Hide yourself in the bosom of God! Sin and sorrow are but passing clouds, but heaven and hope and peace are eternal!"

Those beautiful violet eyes that had wept so many tears, now dry and dimming, were fixed upon him, and the face changed slowly. One wave of deep red had flown over it and sunk, and from pale it had grown deathly white, and over that whiteness had stolen a faint gray shade.

"Mother! mother! speak!" cried Honora Pembroke, weeping; but the form she clasped was rigid, and the face was beginning to have a blank, unnatural expression.

"Live for your son's sake!" said F. O'Donovan, taking in his her cold hands—"live to see his repentance, to see him win the forgiveness of the world and of God."

But that blankness overspread her face, and the light in her fixed eyes grew more dim.

The priest stood up, still holding strongly one of her hands, and with his other made the sign of the cross over her, giving with it the final absolution. Then he seated himself beside her, and while Honora fell at her feet, put his arm around the rigid form, and touched the cheeks with his warm, magnetic hand and pleaded tenderly and with tears, as if she had been his own mother, now a word of human love, now a word of divine hope; and suddenly she stopped, and Honora, with her face hidden in Mrs. Gerald's lap, heard him exclaim, "Depart, Christian soul, out of the body, in the name of the Father who created thee, in the name of the Son who redeemed thee, and in the name of the Holy Ghost who has sanctified thee."

She started up with a faint cry, and saw that Mrs. Gerald's head had dropped sideways on to her shoulder, her eyes were half closed, and her relaxing form was sinking backward, supported by F. O'Donovan.

How it happened she did not know, but almost at the same instant Mrs. Macon entered the room followed by a doctor, and to Honora's confused sense it seemed as though helpers were all about and she was separated from her friend. She heard F. O'Donovan's voice repeating the prayers for the dead, and presently the weeping responses of the servant, but she was powerless to join them.

She roused herself only when she heard the priest speak her name. "Did I make any mistake? Did I do well, do you think?" he asked anxiously. "I did not know any better way."

Honora opened her eyes and looked about. "There was no better way," she said. "The result would have been the same in any case, and she suffered only a minute."

Tears were swimming in his fine eyes. "She has, indeed, hidden herself in the bosom of God, where no harm can reach her, and it is best so. We can see that it is most merciful for her. But for that unhappy son..."

"Do not name him!" exclaimed Miss Pembroke, shuddering. "I cannot think of him without abhorrence! See what ruin he has wrought wherever he has been. What has escaped him? Nothing! Do you, can you, believe there is hope for one whose soul is such an abyss of weakness and selfishness? He has stripped from me my dearest friends; he has smitten those who loved him best..."

She stopped, half from the bitter weeping that choked her words, half because the priest had laid his checking hand on her arm.

"The silence of death is in the house," he said gently. "Do not disturb it by anger. Leave Lawrence Gerald to the lashes of his guilty conscience. Believe me, it will be punishment enough. Forgive him, and pray for him."

"Not yet! I cannot yet!" she protested. "He has been forgiven too much. But I will say no more. I am sorry I should have spoken so in her home."

"Come out into the air of the garden a little while; it will refresh you," the priest urged. "I must go directly to F. Chevreuse, but I will return. He went to Mrs. Ferrier more than an hour ago, and was to wait there for me or come this way to learn the result. Poor F. Chevreuse! he is sorely tried. Everything rests on him. Don't sit here in the dark any longer. Come!"

"You had better go, Miss Pembroke, you can do nothing here," Mrs. Macon said to her.

She went out and hid herself in a little arbor that had been a favorite resort of Mrs. Gerald's on warm summer days, and sitting there, too stunned for weeping, now that the first burst of tears was dried, tried to recollect and realize what had happened.

As she sat there she heard presently the tramping of horses and the roll of a carriage, and mechanically leaned forward to see who was passing, but without in the least caring. The bright rays and the sparkling harness were very familiar to her eyes, and she saw that Mrs. Ferrier herself was in the carriage. The woman's face was red and swollen with weeping and excitement, and as she passed the cottage she put up her hand as if she would have shut it from her sight. Evidently her interview with F. Chevreuse had been a stormy one, and had left her in anything but a charitable frame of mind.

Miss Pembroke looked indifferently at first, but a moment after she rose and took a step forward to see better; for F. Chevreuse and F. O'Donovan had appeared in the street in front of the carriage and stopped it, and the elder priest was speaking sternly to Mrs. Ferrier.

"Where are you going?" he demanded. "I am going to the prison to tell them to let Mr. Schoningher go free," she answered defiantly. "I am going to take him to my house."

"You are going to do nothing of the sort," said the priest. "You have no right to, and will only do harm, and disgrace yourself."

"I couldn't be more disgraced than I am already, with that..." she began in a loud voice, but F. Chevreuse stopped her.

"Silence!" he said authoritatively. "You are insane."

"John drive on!" she called out of the window. "John, you will not drive a step further," said the priest in a low voice.

"You'd better do what he says, ma'am," said John, leaning down from the box. "And you'd better not talk so loud. People are beginning to notice."

"I should like to know what you think of yourself for a priest, making my own servants disobey me," the poor woman cried, relapsing into tears. And then, instantly recovering her spirit, she added, "If I cannot go to the prison, I will know where my poor daughter is. I believe Mrs. Gerald could tell. She must know where they are hid. I will have Annette back again."

"You had better come in and ask Mrs. Gerald," F. Chevreuse said calmly. "Do not hesitate! It will, perhaps, be better for you to see her."

She shrank a little, yet could not bear to remain inactive. To her mind, she had been hushed, and imposed on, and silenced by everybody, in order that this worthless criminal might ruin her daughter's happiness, and obtain possession of her money, and she was burning to pour her anger out on some one. F. Chevreuse's authoritative interference, while she yielded to it, only exasperated her more. "I will go in and find where Annette is," she said resolutely, and stepped out of her carriage, too much excited to stumble.

Honora Pembroke came forward and stood between her and the door, looking in astonishment at the two priests who followed her.

"Let her go in!" F. O'Donovan said. She was obliged to, indeed, for Mrs. Ferrier's strong hand set her aside as if she had been a feather.

The woman entered with a haughty step and a high head, her silks rust-

ling about her through the solemn silence, and walked straight to the sitting-room. Mrs. Macon met her at the door, but she put her aside, and took a step into the room—only one step, and then she stopped short, and uttered a cry.

"See how that mother heard the news!" said F. Chevreuse in a low voice at her side. "Have you any questions to ask her?"

Mrs. Ferrier retreated a step, and leaned against the door-frame. They all drew back and left her a full view of the silent form stretched on the sofa, and only Honora Pembroke's weeping disturbed the silence.

"You don't say that it killed her!" she exclaimed in a low, frightened voice; then, before they could answer, she threw up her arms, and ran across the room. "You poor dear!" she sobbed. "You poor, broken-hearted dear!"

She flung herself on her knees beside the sofa, and embraced and wept over the motionless form there, all her anger, all thought of self, forgotten in a generous and loving pity and grief.

F. Chevreuse glanced at his brother priest with a faint, sad smile. "Her heart is right," he said. "It is always right."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MEMORARE.

I happened to be in Naut, a little town in Aveyron; while there I met a poor woman whose advanced age and sad appearance struck me. I soon learned that she had lost her only son, and, so wishing to show her my sympathy, I spoke to her of her sorrow. Here is nearly word for word what she told me:

I had an only son, whom I fondly loved, and he loved me too, this son of mine. He was clever, so I kept him at school for a long time, where he carried off all the prizes. Perhaps I was too proud of him. He went up for an examination in Marseilles, and passed it. Everyone predicted a brilliant future for him; so I consented to let him go from me as I thought it might be for his advantage. When parting from my child I said to him 'You love the Blessed Virgin, my boy; do not fail in remembering that she never abandons those who have recourse to her. You promise me this, Charles!' and he answered: 'Yes mother, as he left me to enter upon his new life. He went to Marseilles. At first he wrote to me often, and his letters were most affectionate, but by degrees they became rarer until—I wept, I prayed, I waited, but alas! nothing came. One day—oh, a long time afterwards. I received a telegram which said: 'Come quickly. Your son needs you.' I went off at once, and in twenty-four hours I was in Marseilles."

"I went to the house where Charles was lodging. The servant who opened the door did not wish to allow me to go to him."

"I am his mother," I cried, as I rushed upstairs like a mad woman. I went into my son's room in spite of two men, who wanted to keep me out. "Poor Charles, my dearest child, was very ill. He clasped me in his arms as he said: 'I have implored of Our Blessed Lady to send me a priest, and it is she who has sent you, mother.'"

"I calmed him, and then he told me what had happened to him. He had fallen into the company of men without any faith; he had become a Freemason, and had sworn to live and die without God. However, when sickness came upon him and he saw death approaching quickly, he remembered that he was a Christian. He asked for a priest, but his request was refused. Two of his friends were stationed as sentinels of the demon to prevent a priest coming near to my son; even the nurse refused to bring him one!

And thus was Charles dying when he recollected my parting words, and the 'Memorare' rose to his lips; he repeated it unceasingly and aloud. A lady—or, rather, an angel I should call her—passing by the door of his room heard him pray. During the absence of the nurse she approached my child, and, touched with pity, she sent me the telegram which enabled me to save him and free him from his wicked friends by my presence."

"Imagine, mother," he said to me, 'they wanted my body. In order to enter it with their ceremonial; they pressed me to sign a paper which would have given it to them. But I did not do that. You would have died from sorrow, mother, if I had.'

"A priest, whom I had asked to follow me, came immediately. He heard my son's Confession, and gave him much comfort and consolation. I remained two days with him; at the end of the second he called me over to him and whispered into my ear: 'Mother, it was Our Lady who sent you.'

"A moment afterwards my poor dear boy was dead."

Probably in March more than any other month in the year are the ravages of cold in the head and stomach most severely felt. Do not neglect either for an instant, but apply Naudin's Balm, a time-tried, never-failing cure. Easy to use, pleasant and agreeable. Try it. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price—5c. and \$1 a bottle. Fallow & Co., Brockville, Ont.

There are so many cough medicines in the market that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

Beware of Cholera. The healthy body throws off the germs of cholera, therefore wisdom counsels the use of Burdock Blood Bitters this spring to purify the blood, regulate the system, and fortify the body against cholera or other epidemics. Mianard's Liniment cures Distemper,

BROWN SCAPULARS.

The Manner in Which They Caused the Conversion of a Minister and his Wife.

About the year 1845, the sailing ship King of the Ocean, left London Docks with a full complement of passengers for that far off land of South Australia. Amongst the passengers was a devout English Protestant clergyman, the Rev. James Fisher, and his wife and two children, James and Amelia, aged, respectively, about nine and seven. The good ship ploughed her way pleasantly over the wild waste of waters until about making her eastward course, some five hundred miles west of Cape Agulhas, where the trade winds generally keep revel with the fierce under-current in that part of the Indian Ocean. The sun had scarcely sunk beneath the western waters when a wild tornado swept the ocean from N. W. Waves were lashed into fury, the sails torn to shreds, and all the wooden structure on deck were only as reeds before the angry winds and waves on that memorable occasion. The passengers (says D. P. K. in the Cork Examiner) were batted below; the captain and crew, who had lashed themselves to the deck rigging, were unable to act. Moans of despair and cries of mercy, mingled with prayers, were heard alike from passengers and crew. Waves on wave washed over the apparently doomed boat, and nothing, but the intervention of Providence, could now save her from a watery bed. The Rev. Mr. Fisher, with his family and others, came on deck and asked that all might join in prayer for mercy and forgiveness, as their doom seemed inevitable, but the prayers and cries of help seemed only to be mocked by the hissing and moaning of the infuriated elements. Amongst the crew was a young Irish sailor, a native of the county Louth, named John M'Auliffe, who opening his smock, took from his neck a pair of scapulars, given him by a pious mother, waved them in the form of a cross and then threw them into the ocean. This action was only witnessed by the Rev. Mr. Fisher, his wife and children. Immediately the waters abated their fury, and the howling tempest calmed, as it were to a zephyr, but a wavelet washed over the side of the boat and cast near the sailor boy the scapulars he had thrown into the seething foam some minutes before. All was now calm; captain and sailors freed themselves from their lashings to right and set about re-rigging their boat, and steered her safely into Botany harbor. The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher approached the sailor boy with deep reverence, and begged of him to let them know what these simple pieces of brown braid and cloth marked B. V. M., signified. When told, they, then and there, promised to join the Faith which has for its protector and powerful advocate, "Star of the Sea," the "Mother of Help."

On landing at Sydney, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher fulfilled their promises. They repaired to the little wooded chapel of St. Mary, on the site of which now stands a most gorgeous and magnificent church—and sought the advice and spiritual assistance of the then pious Father Palding, afterwards Archbishop, by whom they were received within the folds of the Catholic Church. This good family afterwards settled down on a farm on a nice plateau on the Blue Mountains, distant from Sydney some two hundred miles. The writer had the pleasure of conversing in the same house with James Fisher, the son of the Rev. Mr. Fisher, and hearing from him the foregoing facts, and no more devoted and practical members of our holy Faith at the antipodes can be found than the Fisher family of the Blue Mountains, N. S. W.

He Belonged to the A. P. A.

The Chicago Tribune of last Saturday presented to its readers the picture of a man dressed in Highland Scotch costume—kilt, tartan, bonnet and all—and explained that it was a portrait of John Cornelius Swalm. The picture is accompanied by more than a column of reading matter, and this reading matter informs the public that the man of the picture is a Scotchman who has resided in Chicago for some years; it is not said that he came here from Ontario, as that goes without saying, that he carried on the business of architect and engineer, had a wife and several children, was a member of the Methodist church and remarkable for the loudness of his prayers in meeting, borrowed money from all who were fools enough to trust him, tried to get money from a bank on bogus checks, deserted his wife and children and is now suspected (by his deserted wife) to be in the company of another woman in another state, etc., etc. The account closes with the statement, "He belonged to the A. P. A."

Moral: Watch those who belong to the A.P.A. They are not to be trusted. They may be, in appearance, pious Methodists and pray loudly; but they are hypocrites and frauds. We repeat, they are not to be trusted.—New World.

Ah! there is one devotion! It is to have more confidence in our Blessed Mother's prayers. More undoubted trust, more bold petition, more real faith in her. There would be more love for Mary if there were more faith in Mary. She has been in the secret of all the good things that has happened to us in life. She is ever mindful of that second maternity which dates from Calvary, and how we cost her in the travail of her dollars a price which has no fellow, except the Sacrifice of her Son, Our Brother, and Our Lord.—Father Faber.

STRIVE TO SAVE YOUR SOUL.

BY PHILIP O'NEIL.

If I had the finger with which Christ wrote in the sand you then could see the particular crime that is your besetting sin, and which shuts you out from your natural inheritance. If you think a moment your sins will come up before you. If you could see with the eyes of the spirit, your soul deformed as it is by your sins, and under the slavery of the devil, and surrounded by his imps, you would shriek out in horror and dismay. Your exclamation would be: "My God!" ere you swooned in affright.

When we think of the important interests at stake for all eternity, it seems that we should drop everything and take up our real life-work—the salvation of our souls. Of what use are fine houses and lands and stocks when our soul is in hell?

HOW TO REPENT.

Those people who have committed the crimes of which St. Paul speaks; the woman who has destroyed a hidden life; the man who has turned one aside from the path of innocence, or has wronged the weak, the widow or the orphan, by fraud or foreclosure; these must all repent. It must be an extraordinary repentance. These crimes have made an eternal hell our just doom. You have to overcome all this, and yet conquer heaven. God in His mercy has made this possible for you through repentance. My friend, when in five, ten or twenty years, or days you depart on your unknown journey would you not like to feel a sense of security that your works have obtained forgiveness, and that it will be well with you at the judgment seat? Then you will drop everything and repent. Repent for the whole time that is left—repent for life. Your crimes alone would require the death of Christ. Your repentance must be a supreme effort of the whole man. Pray in the day, pray in the night, pray with sighs and tears. Ask others to pray for you. It would be well to stand in front of your church as did the Emperor Theodosius, asking the people to pray for you as they enter. What would they think? What matter, they are all sinners, too. Your main idea is to save your soul, not what others think. Your example would lead others to repent also. David shows how to repent, (Ps. 102.) "By reason of the voice of my groaning, my bones cleave to my skin. I am like a pelican in the wilderness; I am like an owl of the desert. I watch and am as a sparrow alone upon the house top." Think you there is any misery so great as the knowledge that you are living at enmity with God?

If you could see the infinite malice of sin, if you could see God's infinite hatred of sin, you would then be lost in astonishment of His long suffering patience. What must we do? We must drop everything, and make salvation the work of our life. Wait not a day, nor even a moment. God has never promised a day for repentance. St. Paul says: "Now is the acceptable time, behold now is the day of salvation." My friend, it is a frightful thing to be at enmity with the living God, even for one moment. If you saw the terrible flash of His sleepless eye as He looks deep into your heart with an infinite longing for your shocking sins, you would turn white. If you could see the anxiety of your guardian angel you would pity that radiant creature, who loves you more than you deserve. After reading these lines and knowing your startling condition, being sensible, too, that God is watching your decision, what will you do?

Archbishop Tache on Purely Secular Education.

Archbishop Corrigan has received an open letter from Archbishop Tache of St. Boniface, Manitoba, which he has made public. It is an exhaustive exposition of the school question. He insists that the Church maintains that she is the divinely established power to teach truth and morals, and that she prescribes the necessity for religious instruction in schools, reading greatly the consequence of neutral instruction in Public schools. He also insists that the Church acknowledges the right of parents and indicates their duties with regard to the education of their children; that the Church is not antagonistic to the civil power, but at the same time repudiates the idea of purely secular education.

He concludes that the Church in its wisdom recognizes that the ordinary rules admit of relaxation in exceptional cases. She leaves to her chief pastors to decide each particular in stance, and insists all the more that great caution should be taken to remove evil consequences that may arise from the dispensation.

"What's in a name?" Well that depends. For instance, the name of "Ayer" is sufficient guarantee that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a genuine, scientific blood-purifier, and not a sham, like so much that goes by the name of "sarsaparilla." Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the standard.

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The Moustached Minister, the Communion Cup, and the Lady.

From the N. Y. Sun.

In a recent conference of the Methodist Episcopal clergymen of St. Louis the question of "the propriety of a moustached minister offering the communion cup to a lady" was discussed. The two brief newspaper accounts of the meeting contain no information as to the substance of the discussion. This is a pity, for the question is now in theological controversy, and while it does not have to do with the foundations of faith, like the issues involved in the Briggs trial, it is nevertheless a matter in which all the brethren and sisters may be interested. In the absence of all information as to how the discussion arose, it is impossible to say whether it had its cause in the reluctance of some sister to partake of the communion cup from the hands of a moustached minister, or in the objection of some one of the brethren to seeing a moustached minister offer the communion cup to a sister. It would be interesting to know which of these sources gave rise to the discussion; and when the minutes of the meeting are published, as surely they must be in response to the demand created by public interest in this new theological question, the committee having the matter in charge should not fail to set forth in the preface whether the first objection came from a masculine or from a feminine communicant.

A few years ago our strict Methodist friends held that the moustache was hardly less iniquitous than the fiddle. For a minister of that denomination to be seen wearing a moustache would have been considered almost as great a sacrilege as for him to be heard fiddling "the Devil's Dream." Not only did the preachers avoid the moustache, but class leaders and other men of prominence in the congregation kept the upper lip close shaven and purple, even while permitting the beard to grow elsewhere as it would; and not too much confidence was placed in the orthodoxy of the ordinary layman who indulged himself in a moustache, especially if it turned up at the ends. Is it to be inferred now from the raising of that question by the Methodist preachers of St. Louis that our Methodist friends have become so tolerant of the moustache that they propose to draw the line against it only on the lip of a minister offering the communion cup to a lady? And, if so, why should the line be drawn there? If there is no inherent devilry in the moustache, why discriminate against it at all? In no spirit of irreverence much has been said by sanitary experts in opposition to the communion cup. If the objection to the moustache is wholly of a sanitary and in no degree a religious-sanitary nature, why not dispose of the objection by doing away with the communion cup in favor of individual cups for the communion service, and let the sisters provide the preacher with a moustache cup if they think he needs one?

These thoughts are put forth from the darkness, so to speak, for we don't know what the St. Louis Methodists said or what they decided upon. We respectfully call for the minutes of what must have been an interesting discussion.

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Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, and the Bishops of London, Hamilton and Peterboro, and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London not later than Tuesday morning.

Advertisements must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

London, Saturday, March 25, 1892.

THE OBLIGATION OF SUPPORTING PASTORS.

A recent occurrence in Victoria, B. C., the details of which are given in the Toronto Mail of the 11th inst., is well calculated to remind Catholics of their duties towards their pastors, though it concerns the relations not of a priest, but those of a Presbyterian minister, with his congregation, and for this reason we here refer to the matter.

The circumstances, briefly told are the following.

The Rev. P. McF. McLeod, formerly of Toronto, is now pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church of Victoria; but at the last meeting of the synod of British Columbia a complaint was made by one of the former church managers that owing to financial difficulties, chiefly, the clergyman's usefulness in his pastorate had been impaired, and practically his removal was asked on this ground.

Rev. Mr. McLeod's salary had been \$3,750 per annum, or \$312.50 per month, which had been paid regularly in advance every month from the beginning of his pastorate, though at first the congregation consisted of only forty-seven members. But after the lapse of some years, and when the congregation had greatly increased in numbers, the old managers seemed to take a dislike to their minister, and on the plea of financial difficulties of the church they offered him to pay part of his salary at the beginning of each month, and part at the end, and Mr. McLeod claims that they desired thus to make a beginning with a view to end his pastorate. At all events he refused their offer, and as the majority of the congregation were favorable to him, a new board was elected to sustain him. The old managers then made an attempt to reduce his salary to \$2000, but in this they were opposed by the new board of managers.

The Rev. Mr. McLeod stated to the synod that "it had been said he had a strong will and was unworkable." He acknowledged that "he had a strong will, and he would not give a straw for a man who had not a strong will;" yet "he could not plead guilty to being unworkable." He added that "the whole difficulty could be traced to a bit of Church gossip, and not true at that. He had been in a state of mental torture for the last three months . . . which might soon lead him to Westminster or Ross Bay."

The difficulty, if not settled satisfactorily, will be brought before the General Assembly, which will meet in June.

From all this it will be seen by our readers that some of them are under the wrong impression that Catholic priests are paid very large salaries in comparison with Protestant ministers, and that Catholics are heavily taxed for their support. This impression is also fostered by such articles as are to be read in the Mail and some other journals from day to day, representing, for example, that the taxation of the people for Church purposes is an intolerable burden, especially in the Province of Quebec. We know that there is not a Catholic congregation in the Dominion so heavily taxed as that of the Rev. Mr. McLeod has been; yet we see how resolutely he insisted on the prompt payment of his salary. We know, indeed, that many priests, probably the majority, receive less than \$500 or \$600 per annum for their support. Yet they are, almost without exception, zealous, talented and hard-working laborers in the Lord's vineyard, having in view no object other than the progress of religion and the spiritual and temporal welfare of their people.

It is a natural obligation on our Catholic people to contribute generously, according to their means, for the respectable support of their pastors; and it is, as the catechism and Holy Scripture state, a divine precept also "that they who preach the Gospel should live by the Gospel."

The offerings required from each

Catholic family for the support of pastors is but small, and the total amount which the latter receive is barely sufficient for them, if paid promptly. It is, however, sad to say that there are some in every parish who pay their quota grudgingly; and many who delay payment, leaving their pastors to go into debt, and often to pay interest on borrowed money because of the dilatoriness of their parishioners in paying their just proportion towards their pastors' support. Such neglect shows great want of appreciation of the zeal of their pastors, and of the hard work they perform in fulfilling their duty. A sentiment of loyalty to religion should make Catholics pay the salaries of their priests cheerfully, generously and promptly.

THE BABEL OF OUR AGE.

Some curious details are noticeable in the official return of the Registrar-General regarding the different places of religious worship registered in England and Wales for the year 1892. The persons registered as having places of meeting are recorded under two hundred and sixty-seven different names whereby the denominations to which they belong are described. In some instances the same religious body is described under several different names. Thus Jews, who have three or four different divisions among them, are registered under eight names, Moslems under three, and there are twenty-five associations which appear to be rather societies established for special purposes than denominations.

Six associations appear to be for the propagation of Infidelity more or less pronounced, and there are three sects of Mormons or Latter Day Saints.

If we deduct these from the total, the Catholics, three Oriental Churches, and allow 10 for other repetitions, we shall have about 221 different Protestant sects in England and Wales alone, which is probably very near the correct number of denominations claiming to constitute the one fold and one Church which Christ established, and into which He proposed to bring together His whole flock. They are one only in this sense, that they alike deny that there is any lawful authority existing in the Church for the preservation of unity of faith.

Among those who are set down as Methodists we find Wesleyans, New Connexion, Primitive, Bible Christians, the United Free Methodist Church, the United Free Gospel, formerly called Independent Methodists, Wesleyan Reformers, Benevolent, Modern Methodists, the Methodist Army, New Methodists, Reformed Free Wesleyans, and Calvinistic Methodists. This is not a bad showing of disintegrating power in the short period of one hundred and two years that Methodism has existed. To these must be added the Episcopal Methodist of America.

The Baptists are similarly divided into Baptists (proper), Baptized Brethren, Bunyan, Calvinistic, Congregational, General, Particular, General New Connexion, Old, Open, Strict, Union, Seventh Day, and Unitarian Baptists.

Presbyterians, and even Episcopalians, are also greatly divided, though not to the same extent as those we have indicated. The Salvation Army is by no means alone as a military religious organization. There are the Armies of the Lord, and of the King's Own, the Blue Ribbon Gospel Army, the Christian, the Free Salvation, the Glassbrook, the Holiness, the Hosanna, the King Jesus', the Methodist, the Redeemed, the Royal Gospel, the United Christian, and the White Ribbon Gospel Armies.

Among the most fancifully named sects we find the Christian Eliasites, Christian Israelites, the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, Eclectics, Glassites, Inghamites, Loving Brethren, Peculiar People, Recreative Religionists, and even Saints, to lead us to believe that all people else are sinners. We find also Sandemanians, Separatists, and strictly Udenominationals, besides Unsectarians, so-called probably because they add one to the number of sectarian organizations.

It would be difficult to conceive, if we had not the official report thereof, that three and a half centuries of a professedly pure religion should have produced such a babel of Religious belief, when we know that the thirteen centuries preceding the Reformation were marked by unity of faith, the only thing which marred the picture being the occasional rise of a temporary heresy which wore itself out after a few years of noisy propagandism.

We must add that it appears that the followers of Johanna Southcote,

who passed herself off as the mother of Christ coming again to earth, still exist. This woman also issued 144,000 tickets to Paradise, which were greatly cherished by her devotees.

THE GRAND ORANGE LODGE OF WESTERN ONTARIO.

The Grand Orange Lodge of Ontario West held last week its annual meeting at Orangeville, Ontario, at which utterance was given to somewhat more than the usual amount of nonsensical bluster concerning the dreaded influence of Romanism on the politics of Canada, and efforts were made to pass a resolution embodying the views of the greatest firebrands of the order on this subject.

The resolution as moved by "Brother Morrison" of Sarnia was that "the Grand Lodge views with alarm the increased power of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada."

It was generally understood that the concealed meaning of the resolution was a condemnation of the Dominion Government for the reason that a Catholic occupies the position of Premier, a condemnation especially of the Hon. N. Clarke Wallace for accepting a position in the Cabinet under a Catholic Premier.

Of course, Mr. Wallace could not permit such a resolution to pass unchallenged, and we should have expected that he would have shown the absurdity of the proposed resolution. He was aware, however, that the Lodge must make some exhibition of bigotry, so he moved in amendment that the word "Ontario" be inserted instead of Canada in the resolution. He then made a speech in which he attacked the Ontario Government, and charged it with the well-worn accusation of "travelling to Rome."

In reference to the appointment of Mr. Wallace to the position of Controller of Customs, one speaker in favor of the original resolution said it was a "sop to the Orangemen." In reply it was maintained that "it was a tribute to his great ability."

One delegate asserted that judging from the discussion which had taken place, one would imagine that "the members present were not Orangemen, but that the Pope had some of his emissaries there to manipulate the wires," and another stated that "Sir John Thompson is a Jesuit and has taken an oath to suppress heretics."

This assertion brought from the Controller of Customs an indignant denial. He said "he would not allow such a foul slander against Sir John Thompson to go unchallenged. Sir John Thompson had taken the oath of allegiance to the Queen. From what he knew of the society of Jesuits they were all priests, and had to spend a number of years in the service of the Church as such before being admitted to full membership. Being priests they could not marry. Sir John Thompson was not a priest, as he was a married man. The delegate who made the charge did not know what a Jesuit was, or he would not have spoken like that. Sir John Thompson was a man of character and ability."

Hereupon Brother Campbell of Toronto—probably the "Jumbo Campbell" whose idiosyncracies caused so much amusement and disturbance in the Queen's park, when he persisted in breaking the law by his Sunday speeches or sermons—said that the Jesuits extend from the priests to the crossing sweepers, and that laymen could be Jesuits as well as priests. Bro. Wallace then said he would give \$500 to any charitable institution in Toronto if Brother Campbell could prove his assertion, and also \$100 to the town of Orangeville.

The amusing discussion was brought to a close by the chairman, who stated that "they did not wish any lectures on Jesuitism," and it would appear that a compromise resolution was passed to the effect that "the Orangemen of Ontario be on the alert to resist any undue attempts of the Roman Catholic Church to obtain unequal advantages in this country."

We have only to say that this is about as ridiculous as either of the two resolutions in place of which it was adopted. There can be no better proof of the declining influence of Orangeism than the fact that the Grand Lodge of Western Ontario could spend its time in such a discussion.

In the election of officers, the contest for the Grand Mastership was between J. L. Hughes, the Toronto School Inspector, and Alderman Bell. Mr. Hughes, who was understood to stand as supporting the Dominion Government, was elected by a very decisive majority.

A resolution was also passed con-

demning the Home Rule measure of Mr. Gladstone. This will not interfere, however, with the passage of the Bill, though it may tickle the ears of the Ulster Orangemen, to whom Mr. N. Clarke recently promised material aid in case they desire to assume the character of rebels.

BISHOP CAMERON.

The persistence with which infamous attacks upon the hierarchy, and especially upon His Lordship the Bishop of Antigonish, have been made in the Montreal Witness and some other journals, accusing them of having plotted against the welfare of Canada in order to bring John Thompson into the Dominion Cabinet, and finally to the Premiership of the Dominion, has become notorious and discreditable. The following mainly letter was sent by Bishop Cameron to the editor of the Witness, and appeared in that paper on the 10th inst.:

SIR,—My attention has been called to two letters that lately appeared in the Witness over the signature of "Nova Scotia." As both of them seriously reflect on myself and my clergy, I beg leave to make the following proposal: Provided that your anonymous correspondent is not a man of straw, and that he will have removed his visor, I hereby undertake to prove his communications to be tissues of untruths and misrepresentations. If he declines to honestly show his face, he will deserve to be stigmatized as an impostor, a coward and a slanderer, and as such to be treated by me with silent contempt. Let him choose his alternative. Meanwhile, I confidently affirm that neither have I, either as a citizen or as an ecclesiastic, said, writ or done aught that I have reason to be ashamed of before God or man, in connection with Sir John Thompson's public or private career. Truth compelled me to prefer him to his political rivals, according to his deserts. To condemn me for having so preferred him is like the impiety of censuring the great Giver of "every excellent grace and of every perfect gift" for having graced him with such a rare combination of abilities and virtues.

JOHN CAMERON, Bishop of Antigonish, Antigonish, March 8, 1892.

THE EXODUS AND THE CHURCH IN QUEBEC.

"Harp on that still" was the cunning advice given by Junius Brutus to the discontented citizens of Rome when he wished them to revoke their vote in favor of the appointment of Coriolanus to the consulship; and the Toronto Mail seems to have equal confidence in the virtue of harping on a statement which it has repeated unceasingly, that the principal cause of the exodus of French-Canadians to the United States is the oppressiveness of the taxes levied for Church purposes in the Province of Quebec.

In an article which appeared in that journal on the 13th inst. this statement is repeated. This article proceeds to show that there are various causes for the exodus in question, one of the reasons being that "life on the farm is not attractive" because "the rising generation is educated to avoid the isolation and labor which the pioneers undertook, and which are inseparable from agricultural pursuits;" and "the labors are more severe in Quebec than elsewhere, owing to the fact that new methods are not promptly adopted there."

It tells us, further, that in Quebec agriculture is in an unsatisfactory condition and unremunerative, because "it is so far behind the age," and the farmer is obliged to go into debt, borrowing money at from 10 to 12 per cent., whereby "he is speedily disheartened and swamped."

It is very true, and this fact the Mail keeps in the background, that the land in Quebec is not nearly so good and productive as in Ontario, and is consequently not so profitable, notwithstanding all of which the Quebec farmers, being very economical in their habits, are generally contented and comfortable; and by the census returns of the Dominion their farms are not nearly so heavily mortgaged as are the farms of Ontario.

It is a fact which we deplore that the Dominion has lost a large proportion of its population, so that notwithstanding emigration, we have not retained what we might have reasonably expected even from the natural increase by births alone. But the exodus to the United States is not confined to French Canadians from Quebec, but extends almost equally to British or English speaking Canadians throughout the Dominion. Thus the increase of population in Quebec during the last decade was 10.3 per cent., while the increase in Ontario was 11.9 per cent. But the increase of the Catholic population of Quebec was over 11 per cent., which is not very much

under the increase of Ontario, showing that the discrepancy is not so very great as to justify the closing words of the Mail's article which makes the onerous tithes of Quebec the chief cause of the exodus in that Province. Thus the article concludes:

"Equally probable is it that if the people enjoyed the social liberty, the freedom from ecclesiastical restraints, and the exemption from unnecessarily heavy Church burdens that they secure when they are out of Quebec, they would not be in such a hurry to go. Men, religious though they may be, do not care to labor all their lives to erect cathedrals in the neighboring villages and to build palaces for the priests."

The Mail is evidently determined to "harp on that still;" but we might with equal justice say that the Protestants of Ontario are fleeing to the States to get rid of the burden of paying for their churches and for palaces for their clergy. They are more heavily burdened in this respect than are the Catholics of Quebec, and their ministers are more costly, even in proportion to the wealth of their congregations, than are the priests and the Catholic Church in any of our Provinces. The very issue of the Mail which preceded that containing the editorial on which we have here commented gives us an evidence of this. We are told in the Mail of the 11th inst. of a Presbyterian clergyman, formerly of Toronto, now living in Victoria, B. C., who received from a congregation consisting of forty-seven members, a yearly salary of \$3,500; and afterwards when on account of some dissatisfaction the monthly payments were not paid strictly in advance, he threatened severe measures to enforce payment, while, on the other hand, the trustees endeavored to force his resignation, though the congregation had very considerably increased.

It is needless to say that such a state of things does not exist among Catholics, but as we have some remarks on this subject in another column we forbear from entering into further details here. Suffice it to say that the whole tithing on farmers in Quebec amounts to only one twenty-sixth of the produce of the land. They pay this willingly, and harshness is never employed to collect it, and in cases of poverty it is not demanded at all.

The Mail acknowledges that there are causes for the exodus besides the tithing system. Those other causes are surely enough to account for an exodus which has continued for a long period, under government of both political parties, and under every policy of successive administrations, whether reciprocity or partial protection.

The Church must be supported in some way, and if the French-Canadians prefer to maintain it by the tithing system, they have a right to their liberty on this point, and they are not likely to adopt some other plan merely because it is the Mail's wish they should do so.

NEW LIES TO SUSTAIN OLD ONES.

On the recurrence of the day known as "Guy Fawkes' Day," (November 5th), of last year, the Rev. Dr. Campbell of Ottawa, made in a church of that city an harangue of character similar to those which are usually delivered for the delectation of Orangemen whenever the memory of the Gunpowder Plot is to be commemorated. The harangue was, of course, filled with the usual trash against Popery, and was reported in the newspapers.

The Catholic Truth Society at the time called attention to the fact that in quoting from Cardinal Manning a certain passage, Dr. Campbell said, "Cardinal Manning says so and so," to the effect that Catholics cannot be subjects, and he drew the inference that they cannot be good citizens.

The Catholic Truth Society showed that the words attributed to Cardinal Manning were merely imaginary words which the latter put in the mouth of the Pope as supposed to be addressed to the King of Italy, and were quite suitable as words addressed by one sovereign to another.

Now Dr. Campbell has denied in a new lecture that he was correctly reported, thus acknowledging that his former statement was a falsehood which he dare not defend.

The Ottawa Evening Journal maintains the accuracy of its report, and in its issue of 25th February thus chastises the doctor for his mendacious quibbling:

"The reporter of the Journal who was present at Dr. Campbell's lecture on November 6, is unshaken in his belief that Dr. Campbell did not mention the Pope in connection with the quotation. In this belief he is to day sustained by others who were present on that occasion, as well as by other reporters that then appeared in the press. Dr.

Campbell was endeavoring to show that Roman Catholics, by virtue of the doctrines of their Church, could not be good citizens; he referred to the writings of Cardinal Manning, an eminent authority in that Church, in support of his contention; and he was reported as saying that "Cardinal Manning says so and so," without mentioning or explaining the qualifying utterances preceding the quotation (as he did on Thursday evening) showing that Cardinal Manning was merely placing in the mouth of the Pope imaginary terms in which the Pope might fittingly address another earthly potentate. Now, the Journal reporter, like the reporter of another city paper, may possibly have been mistaken on Nov. 6. Anything is possible. But the reporter is confident that he was not mistaken, and the Journal is interested enough in Dr. Campbell's denial at this late date, of its accuracy, to analyze the matter further.

The reporter's recollection and notes of the matter on Nov. 6 are that Dr. Campbell did not read the quotation from the book direct, but that he said: "I have not the quotation with me, but I can give the effect. Cardinal Manning says, etc." And this was the report that was published in the press. The Catholic Truth Society, in commenting on Dr. Campbell's utterance, admitted that Cardinal Manning used the words quoted, but denied that he used them as his own, showing that the Cardinal was supposing a reply by the Pope to the King of Italy over the latter's claim to the Pope's allegiance to him as an Italian subject. The Catholic Truth Society, in taking up the matter, accepted the press reports and proceeded on the assumption that they were correct. Representatives of that society wrote to Dr. Campbell, first privately and then publicly, calling his statement in question on that basis. Dr. Campbell made no response to them. Should he not at once have notified them that all the published reports of his remarks were so grossly incorrect? Or, if he did not wish to notice the Catholic Truth Society, should he not in simplest justice to the public, so misled, have immediately asked a correction from the press? Dr. Campbell did neither. After much delay, several weeks indeed, he made a statement. This statement was only to the effect that he would vindicate the assertions he had made on Nov. 6. He did not say that he had never made the assertions credited to him; he simply said that he would vindicate his assertions. If he had never made the assertions, why not say so? If the assertions he made on Nov. 6 were simply those admitted by the Catholic Truth Society, where was the need of the vindication? But Dr. Campbell reserved himself until Thursday night—nearly four months after his original deliverance—and then instead of the proof which the public reasonably expected of a supposed statement that Cardinal Manning said so and so, Dr. Campbell for the first time informs the public that the reporters had been wrong four months before.

Rev. Dr. Campbell is a fair sample of the no-Popery lecturer. All of this class maintain their cause by bare-faced mendacity.

THE CHURCH IN GERMANY.

There seems to be now no doubt of the speedy return of the Jesuits to Germany, whence they have been excluded by the rigid laws enacted against them under Bismarck's iron regime. Herr Richter and the Freisinnige party have intimated their intention to vote for the repeal of the law, and the Catholic party in the Reichstag will at an early date introduce a bill for the purpose of its repeal.

It is not long since Chancellor Von Caprivi declared that the Government will never consent to the abrogation, but it is known that they have modified their views very much, owing to the greatly increased influence of the Catholics of the Empire, as well as to the liberal views now entertained by the Emperor towards Catholics. To these motives for the change of policy of the Government must be added the fact that it has become evident that the Government have found out that the Army Bill cannot be passed in the Reichstag without the vote of the Catholic party, which is the strongest and most coherent party in that Chamber. As the Government are most anxious that this bill should be passed, they have a strong motive for conciliating the Catholics; and as they were never seriously of opinion that the Jesuits are a noxious order, they are the more ready to depart from the hostile attitude they formerly assumed towards that illustrious body of missionaries and educators.

This persecuting law against the Jesuits, which was originally due to Bismarck's expressed wish to check the progress of the Catholic Church, and thoroughly to Protestantize the German Empire, was kept up for the purpose of satisfying the Lutheran and Calvinistic hatred of the Jesuits even after it became evident that the wonderful increase of Catholic influence was not thereby lessened, and that a continuous anti-Catholic policy is not

practicable in thus it remain marckian desp It will be Bismarck's bo go to Canossa that he and never reverse policy. He w for even dur repeal of his p will soon be c A few mont announced that bring pressur lic party in them to supp vided he were ment would a titude towards reference to th stated at th that the Holy fero on this p and the event ion. It is no of the Gove Kopp request Catholic party that the Pop use any infl them towards on a matter w internal poli pire. NO CANAD The Metho more distric Canadian mi those born on possession of wealthy an tions. Accor is no distric the Greek; f all, rich unt (Rom. x. 12 were we Jew whether Jew bond or free have all been Methodists of States gene relish this though the bondage the even yet to same Church organization But it was dians and o strisks would ostracism wit and the M Episcopal Ch wealthy and district, p largest sala call to the R of Toronto, of the congr In the pa occurrence tion desired conferences, in the way; to draw the boundary, a speaking r regarding drians who sirable con States. "T tain circuit places," it w clergymen p One speak annex Cana way." Can supply Cana She had be preachers to As there remains so on the othe version of w tude would States, it ca argument spoke is a v thess, it p tory to the which refus 17, to sanct Vernon who the vote w applause; a to the man of Protesta Presbyterian is nowada ducted. T men who t tive meeti ception of character o of which is pertaining kind and Gospel of s conducted assemblies in Acts 1, 2 no higher

practicable in the present age; and thus it remains the last vestige of Bismarckian despotism.

It will be remembered that it was Bismarck's boast that he "would never go to Canossa;" by which he meant that he and his Government would never reverse their anti-Catholic policy.

A few months ago it was formally announced that the Pope was expected to bring pressure to bear upon the Catholic party in the Reichstag to induce them to support the Army Bill, provided he were assured that the Government would adopt a more friendly attitude towards Catholics, especially in reference to the Jesuit question.

NO CANADIAN NEED APPLY.

The Methodist Conference of Baltimore district is in no humor to allow Canadian ministers to compete with those born on United States soil, for the possession of the pulpits of their wealthy and fashionable congregations.

But it was not supposed that Canadians and other foreigners with white skins would be subjected to similar ostracism with those of African blood; and the Mount Vernon Methodist Episcopal Church, the largest and most wealthy and fashionable in Baltimore district, paying to its pastor the largest salary, recently extended a call to the Rev. Dr. John Ellis Lancelotti, of Toronto, to take the spiritual charge of the congregation.

In the past it has been a common occurrence that when this congregation desired a minister from other conferences, no obstacle was thrown in the way; but the conference seems to draw the line at the United States boundary, and there was some plain speaking at the recent meeting regarding the presumption of Canadians who aspire to the charge of desirable congregations in the United States.

One speaker said, "We are willing to annex Canada; but not in this small way." Another remarked, "We supply Canada with first class rogues. She had better keep her first class preachers to save her morality."

As there is little doubt there still remains some few first-class rogues on the other side of the line, the conversion of whom to the paths of rectitude would be of benefit to the United States, it can scarcely be said that the argument of the minister who thus spoke is a very conclusive one; nevertheless, it proved to be quite satisfactory to the majority of the conference, which refused, by a majority of 121 to 17, to sanction the choice of the Mount Vernon worshippers.

In order to show the unfairness of the correspondent we might say that while he puts down St. Joseph's Hospital as a charitable institution— which it is not—receiving a grant of \$1531.57, he does not take into account the grant given to the city hospital. The fact is that both of these institutions are public ones, and both are treated alike as regards Government

general public by exhibitions of buffoonery which might do honor to Forepaugh's circus or a Variety Show, but are certainly unseemly in gatherings for such a purpose as they profess to have in view.

The Baltimore Conference was not unique in this respect. It was but a sample of what is occurring whenever the Conference or General Assembly season comes around. It is no wonder that the decisions of these bodies are not regarded by their co-religionists with any respect, whereas they themselves have no respect for the sacredness of the purpose for which they profess to be assembled; and it is stated that the Mount Vernon congregation will disregard the Conference decree. The choice of a pastor will now devolve upon the Bishop of the district, but it is understood that the congregation of Mount Vernon will not accept any minister of the Conference, if an attempt be made to impose such upon them.

Elsewhere a similar case to that of Baltimore has also arisen. The Metropolitan Church at Washington, likewise a very fashionable church, and what is called a "desirable pastorate," has extended a call to the Rev. Hugh Johnson of Toronto. It is expected that this call will be treated by the District Conference there similarly to that of Mount Vernon. It remains to be seen what result will follow.

THE "EQUAL RIGHTERS."

The tide of stupid bigotry has, we regret to note, risen to considerable dimensions in our midst. Whenever the managers of the different Protestant charitable institutions make application for grants of money to the Board of Aldermen, a chorus of "ayes" is always heard, but when the aged and helpless people and little orphans of the St. Joseph Asylum ask for aid, they are sent away empty-handed.

The following extract from the proceedings of the Board of Aldermen last Monday evening is significant:

Ald. Connor moved in accordance with previous notice, that \$200 be granted to the Mount Hope Orphanage.

Ald. Parnell objected to making the grant till the parties interested applied for it. Ald. Taylor moved in amendment that the matter be referred to No. 1 to report on the amount of taxes paid by Protestant and Catholic ratepayers.

Ald. Connor said the Protestant Home had received a grant of \$500 a year this year already. He thought these charities should be aided equally, as they were certainly doing good work. He asked for the amount as a citizen, and if it were asked for by any other citizen he would support it as an Alderman. In fairness the grant should be made. The motion was lost.

Yeas—Ald. Connor, J. W. Jones, Monie, Thomas Jones, Carrothers, Scarrow, Garratt and Shaw.

Nays—Ald. Taylor, Heaman, Coe, James Fitzgerald, Dremey, Wellford, F. J. Fitzgerald, Parrell, Pritchett and the Mayor.

We feel convinced that a vast number of our respectable and intelligent Protestant fellow-citizens will condemn this exhibition of what we may fairly call ignorant bigotry. Were Catholics five to one of the population of London, and were a Catholic Board of Aldermen to act in like manner as regards Protestant institutions of charity, they would not be acting in accordance with the teachings of the Catholic Church, nor would they be reflecting the sentiments of the Catholic people.

grant, the hospitals and charitable institutions being paid so much per head on attendance.

The appearance of this letter a few hours before the meeting of the aldermen leads us to the conclusion that the writer is a member of that society termed the P. P. A., who take an oath "not to subscribe to any charitable institution in which are found Roman Catholic interests." The letter is not alone untruthful and misleading, but it is the work of an arrant coward and a dark-lantern rib-stabber, else why should he be guilty of sneaking this letter into print, with a view of influencing votes, when no time was afforded for explanation? Why, too, does he take the role of hypocrite, and state he is looking for more light while he deliberately suppressed the full information afforded in the public accounts?

Aldermen Connor, J. W. Jones, Moule, Thos. Jones, Carrothers, Scarrow, Garrett and Shaw deserve credit for the manly and honest vote they gave at the council meeting.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AMONG the many lectures and sermons on the Jubilee of Pope Leo XIII. we cannot fail to notice that of Archbishop Ireland. It, earnest and original, is thoroughly characteristic of the man. In diction as forcible as it is elegant, he outlines the mission of Leo XIII.—"To maintain amidst the breaking up of old forms of social existence and of governments, the unchangeable Church, and to convince humanity that the principles of the unchangeable Church are the cardinal points around which in its evolutions humanity itself must turn, under penalty of emerging, in spite of its holiest and best aspirations, into chaos and death." St. Paul's Archbishop is no mere theorist, gazing lovingly upon one ideal and scornfully upon all that does not approach it; but he is a churchman who is in touch with the age, and whose every effort is to second its aspirations. Hence, the wise, comprehensive policy of the Pope could not but call forth his unqualified admiration. He calls him, and truly, "the friend of democracy."

"Our century is the age of democracy, an age in which man's value is his manhood, and the rights of manhood are required for all men. This, indeed, is, above all, the distinctive mark of the age. The people and the great masses—and not the classes—the multitude on which Christ had pity, are to be considered; the human race no longer lives for the few; the few, whoever they may be, live for the race; the people take their destinies into their own hands and reign."

Brave words these, and from a brave man! He recognises nothing save right, and he fears not to scourge the wrong. He is not carried away by the rush of circumstances, nor is he in that category of characters who, as Emerson says, never see a principle until it is lodged in a person. He does not, to form a judgment, examine the profit of an action. If the principle is right he defends it with heart and intellect as ardently as ever hero strives for a just cause, and he believes in the ultimate triumph of right. He praises the message of Leo to humanity—the message of charity and justice to employer and employee. "State and Church have for prime duty to guard the rights of the poorest and weakest, and the poorest and weakest have the right to clamor and to work for what is due to them."

There are no classes, no races, but one human brotherhood; There are no creeds to be outlawed, no colors of skin debarred; Mankind is one in its rights and wrongs—one right, one hope, one goal—The right to be free and the hope to be just, and the goal against selfish greed."

We should wish this sermon to be read by all who imagine that the Church, overburdened by antique traditions, has ceased to take interest in aught that concerns humanity. She, as her Divine Founder, stretches out her hands to all who are poor and despised—to all who are oppressed by selfish greed—and bids them remember that they are entitled to brotherly charity and justice; and, more, she points out the means of obtaining justice. This is the mission of Pope Leo XIII.—to show how Christ's teachings are the source of our best and purest civilization, and to prove how well they may be applied to the solution of every social problem.

Is the February number of the *Out*, published at Ottawa University, there appeared a translation of a review of the philosophical work of Count Joseph de Maistre, from the pen of the scholarly Very Rev. A. M. Dawson, LL. D. De Maistre was indeed the most

intrepid and vigorous champion that battled against the pernicious spirit of the eighteenth century, and as such he claims and secures the unstinted praise and gratitude of all who love truth. And yet his works abound in sentiments repugnant to common sense. An accomplished theologian of our time thus speaks of de Maistre: "He will be always a sincere and devoted Christian, a noble and useful servant of the Church. We will take care to uplift the dishonor with which jealous and prejudiced writers would fain stain his name, but on account of his exaggerations he must be read with precaution. He exaggerates the principle of authority, and consequently the weakness of individual science, that marches to the conquest of truth." He confounds true and false scientists; he wishes to make authority the sole guardian of all necessary truths, and to forbid all reasoning upon these truths. Is not this exaggeration?

FROM time to time Catholic societies are formed, and we hear much of what they intend performing for themselves and for the community in general. Some of them are doing noble work, and we have but words of praise for their unselfish, untiring endeavors; others, however, are in a state of innocuous desuetude. What is the cause? We do not purpose to enumerate all the reasons that may perhaps explain their degeneracy, but we venture to say that one of the most potent factors of their failure is that they develop into mere debating clubs, and nothing else. A Catholic society should not talk only, but work. While its members are phrasing and indulging in glittering generalities, opportunities that may never come again are seized upon by others. Let us organize but let us work.

DURING the long season of Lent Catholics should endeavor to mortify the tongue by refraining from the taking of the Holy Name in vain. St. Peter tells us that it is a most powerful name, for at its utterance every knee should bow, of those that are in heaven and on earth and in hell. We may judge, then, of the power of the name which excites the reverence not only of angels but of damned spirits. We come to appreciate its power when we consider the glory with which it, even from the first ages of the Church, has been associated, and the punishment and defeat of those who refused to acknowledge it, or who endeavored to blot it from the memory of man. The name of Jesus is, then, sacred and powerful. We ought to pronounce it always with all possible reverence and respect. And do we? Is it not true that many who profess to be Catholics mingle the Holy Name with what is foul and disrespectful? Is it not true, also, that every day in the streets of our city we may hear little children, who, perhaps, do not know what they say, commit the sin of blasphemy? Where do they learn it? From bad company sometimes, but more often from their parents, who, in excesses of passions, take the Holy Name in vain. And if these children grew up enslaved to that sin, and through it incur eternal damnation, the father and mother must indeed receive a terrible sentence at the bar of God's justice. A master of the spiritual life tells us that blasphemers are worse than the damned spirits. And, moreover, what does it profit a man to commit the sin of blasphemy?

THE Ulster Orangemen are in a laughable predicament. To their influence, and to that of their leaders, the lords and landlords, is due the enactment of the law which prohibits the importation of firearms into Ireland without the permission of the Government. This measure was of course intended to handicap the people whom they have styled "rebels;" but now that they have become rebels themselves, loyalty, so far as they are concerned, being both unlovable and unprofitable, they are loudly cursing this regulation which prevents them from obtaining arms to shoot the "Papists."

A BILL to amend the Pharmacy Act is about to be introduced into the Ontario Legislature, which, if it becomes law, will prevent storekeepers who are not licensed druggists from selling medicines of any kind, which, of course, includes proprietary preparations. It is advisable that the law should protect the public in the matter of unlicensed persons dispensing medicines, but it would be well, we think, to make liberal exceptions in so far as standard articles are concerned; for instance, it would be just as safe for a person to buy a bottle of Fellow's Syrup of Hypophosphites from any ordinary country storekeeper as from the cleverest chemist in Ontario; and

ton may be, as the Paris of medieval times, the home of students from all climes, drinking deep at the well of knowledge pure and undefiled. That, indeed, shall be a strange spectacle in an age of materialism. It aims to fit men to control the thought and spirit of the times. The school of philosophy embraces the thorough study of man's spiritual, rational and ethical nature with the aid imparted by the wisdom of the philosophers and schoolmen of all ages, especially St. Thomas Aquinas. It cherishes the hope of making its students true scholars, not inclined to accept generally received opinions merely because they are surrounded by the halo of a great name, but who will be able to sift the false from the true, and whose utterances on scientific and philosophical questions will sound forth no weak or uncertain tone. The philosophy and science taught, says Cardinal Gibbons, will be philosophy, and science, not Catholic philosophy or Catholic science.

THE Irish Protestants of Toronto celebrated St. Patrick's day by holding a banquet. We were glad to notice that many pleasant and patriotic utterances were delivered by some of the speakers on the occasion. It is to be regretted, however, that some few of the orators have not yet advanced beyond the firebrand stage. A person named O'Hara was particularly offensive in this regard; but it is not worth while dealing with his statements, as they were the outcome of ignorance. Mr. Dalton McCarthy also made a speech—we might say, the same dear old speech he always delivers. He dealt with the Manitoba school and dual language questions—topics not very closely related to the celebration of St. Patrick's day. Mr. McCarthy, though undoubtedly a "clever man," is possessed of much narrowness and loves to hear the cheers of those who hate their Catholic neighbors. His political gospel seems to be that Protestants—more particularly Irish Protestants—should always be the ruling power, no matter whether they form a minority or a majority of the population. While he insists upon Home Rule for the majority in Manitoba, he contends at the same time that less than one-half of one of the provinces in Ireland should be permitted to rule the whole country.

MR. ASQUITH'S Bill which is now before the Imperial House of Commons, proposes to make it illegal to appoint any new Bishops in Wales if vacancies occur. This bill, if it becomes law, will remain in force till August, 1894, and if Parliament be then in session, it will continue in force till the close of business. It is acknowledged that this is preliminary to an Act to be passed hereafter disestablishing the Church in Wales, but time is required for the consideration of a disestablishment measure, and the present Bill will in the meantime afford partial relief to the people of Wales. The Archbishop of Canterbury is bitterly opposed to the passage of the Bill, and is exciting his clergy and suffragan Bishops to do all in their power to prevent its passage, as he regards it as a first step towards the disestablishment of the Church of England. In this he is not mistaken, but there is no doubt the Bill will pass in the present House of Parliament.

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the same may be said of a thousand and one other preparations.

A DESPATCH from Rome states that in the conference held by Pope Leo XIII. with the French Bishops, who were in attendance at the celebration of his Episcopal Jubilee, the Holy Father announced that immediately before the next French Parliamentary elections he will address a letter to the French Episcopacy in which he will urge the formation of a Catholic Republican party in the Chamber. There is good reason to believe that the report is correct, and there is little room to doubt that the result will be the strengthening of the cause of the Republic as against the hopes of any of the Monarchical parties which menace the peace of the Republic, while there is no prospect that they will benefit any of the worn-out monarchical claimants to a throne in France. Another result will be a Catholic Government, which in the near future will replace the successive Infidel Governments which have hitherto ruled the country since the fall of the Empire.

NEW YORK is now to be made the centre of a Moslem propagandism. Mr. Alex. Russell, who was recently consul to the Philippine Islands, became a convert to Mahomet's doctrines, and he is said to be backed up by wealthy Turks in an attempt to propagate that belief in the New World. As all novelties are sure to have followers in America, where Mormonism, Spiritualism, Theosophy and other fads gain adherents, it is very probable that Mahometanism will gain some followers also. It will commend itself to many from the fact that it allows both polygamy and divorce on the easiest imaginable terms.

THE Orange Lodges are busy passing resolutions to the effect that a Catholic ought not to occupy the Premiership of the Dominion. Resolutions to this effect have been passed in Ontario, New Brunswick and Manitoba. If Catholics, who constitute 42 per cent. of the population, must never be appointed to this high office, for much greater reason Anglicans, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, etc., must be excluded, each of which denominations forms but a small fraction of the people; and where will a Premier be found? Next, we suppose the Lodges will turn their attention toward Queen Victoria, to condemn her for having telegraphed to the Pope her congratulations on his having reached the fiftieth year of his Episcopate and "wishing him health and happiness." The impudence of the Lodges seems to have no bounds.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MICHAEL O'SHEA, ST. THOMAS. Mrs. Michael O'Shea, well known and highly respected in St. Thomas and vicinity, passed this life on Sunday night, the 19th inst. The deceased lady was born in the county Tipperary, Ireland, where she resided until she was about forty years of age and settled with her family in the township of Biddeford, in 1871. She was the wife of a faithful, devoted wife and good mother. A third daughter is the respected wife of Mr. Thomas Duffy, Engineer, M.C.R. Mrs. O'Shea was in the fifty-sixth year of her age. At the Requiem High Mass on Wednesday following, Rev. Dr. Flanagan paid a well-deserved tribute of praise to the virtues of the deceased. The large attendance in the church, and the long procession which followed, are a tribute to the Catholic cemetery, testified to the respect in which Mrs. O'Shea was held in the parish and city of St. Thomas. May her soul rest in everlasting peace!

BERNARD GALLAGHY, PORT LAMTON. It is our sad duty to chronicle the death of another old pioneer, in the person of Mr. Bernard Gallagher, who died at his death took place on the morning of the 17th. His death was unlooked for that day, as a grand banquet had been given in his honor at that residence on the evening of the 15th. Nearly two hundred persons were present enjoying themselves in the most delightful manner, and the low state of Mr. Gallagher, that they would retire as soon as possible. All had gone before the banquet, and a few of those present knew of his death till the next day.

At the age of twenty four Mr. Gallagher left home for America, and settled in Pictou, where he carried on his trade as tailor for twenty five years, when, with his family, he moved west, and for the past twenty six years has been resident of Sombra township. His funeral took place on Sunday afternoon, and was followed by a host of friends, many of whom were non-Catholics; for it was a well known trait in his character that he was very ready to assist his fellow man at all times. At the church the rev. pastor dwelt at length on the death of the just, and referred in feeling terms to the exemplary life of deceased; in particular to the great respect he always had for the priest; his devotion to the Sacred Heart, having completed but a short time ago, the Communion of the Fridays. On the 1st Friday of this month he was seen as usual approaching Holy Communion, and few thought that it was to be his last time to kneel at the altar.

He leaves a wife and family in very comfortable circumstances, who mourn the loss of a good husband and kind father. To them we offer our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement. May his soul rest in peace!

A CANADIAN'S SUCCESS.—We are pleased to notice the successful career of a Canadian young man—Dr. J. O'Reilly—now residing in Saginaw, Mich. The *Saginaw Globe* published a very clever speech delivered by him on the occasion of the eleventh annual festival of the St. Vincent's Home. Dr. O'Reilly was born in the township of Percy, near the village of Hastings, in the county of Northumberland. He was Principal of the Catholic Separate school in Belleville in 1881 and 1885, and for some time held a like position in Wallaceburg, in the county of Kent. He graduated in the Detroit College of Medicine in 1890, going to Saginaw law the same year, where he has since been practising his profession. Our Canadian young men, we are pleased to note, invariably climb to high places in the American Republic. We extend our congratulations to Dr. O'Reilly, and hope he will be spared many years to reflect credit upon his faith and upon his native land.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Makes the hair soft and glossy. I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from falling out. A number of years ago, by recommendation of a friend, I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop the hair from falling out and prevent it from turning gray.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Restores hair after fevers. Over a year ago I had a severe fever, and when I recovered my hair began to fall out, and what little remained turned gray.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from turning gray. My hair was rapidly turning gray and falling out; one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor has remedied the trouble, and my hair is now its original color and fullness.

A GREAT OFFER

(Charges prepaid to any part of the Dominion.)



The CATHOLIC RECORD

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Webster's - Dictionary

FOR \$4.00.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Palm Sunday. SPIRIT OF HOLY WEEK.

Think diligently upon him that endured such opposition from sinners against Himself. (Feb. xii. 3.)

The week which we this Sunday enter upon, my dear brethren, is called Holy Week; and of all the many sacred seasons which the Church has set apart, this is by far the most solemn and sacred.

Now, what is the truth which these services have it for their object to impress upon our minds? No other than that fundamental, distinctive truth—the Passion and death of Christ, its reason and effects.

And, first, as to those who are in the habit of going frequently to the sacraments, who understand their great value, and find in these means of grace their chief consolation in the midst of the troubles and cares which surround them.

But there are many who neglect the sacraments, who come to them but seldom, perhaps only to their Easter Communion; perhaps not even to that.

I wish I could conclude without alluding to another class which, though I trust it is not numerous, yet does exist—I mean those who do not neglect the sacraments, but those who do worse: who profane them.

That cure of Geo. W. Turner of Galway, N. Y., of scrofula, by Hood's Sarsaparilla, was one of the most remarkable on record.

DILEKONE PILLS

A POSITIVE CURE FOR PILES.

Application painless and easy. Relief immediate. This preparation fills a great and long felt want among those who suffer from piles.

LADY JANE.

CHAPTER XXXII. A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas evening, and Mrs. Lanier's beautiful house was bright with lights and flowers, and merry with music and laughter.

There were, besides the little Laniers and Lady Jane, a dozen children or more, who had been invited to see the wonderful Christmas-tree, which Mr. and Mrs. Lanier and Arthur Maynard had spent a good part of the day in decorating.

"Whom is that basket for, papa?" asked Ethel Lanier of her father, who was unfastening and distributing the presents.

"We shall see presently, my dear," replied Mr. Lanier, glancing at Lady Jane, who stood, a radiant little figure, beside Arthur Maynard, watching every movement with sparkling eyes and dimpling smiles.

"I hope you will like my present," he said, smiling brightly, while he helped the wondering child untie the strings that fastened the cover.

"It's so large. What can it be?" Oh, oh! It's Tony!" she cried, as the cover was lifted, and the bird hopped gravely out and stood on one leg, winking and blinking in the dazzling light.

"I told you I would find him for you," whispered Arthur, bending over her, almost as happy as she.

"Do you think he remembers you, Lady Jane?" asked Mr. Lanier, who was watching her with a smile of amusement.

"Oh yes, I know he does: Tony couldn't forget me. I'm sure he'll come to me if I call him."

"Please try him. Oh, do try him!" cried Ethel and May.

Mr. Lanier took the bird and placed him behind a chair at the extreme end of the room, where he stood gravely blinking and nodding, but the moment he heard Lady Jane's little chirp, and "Tony, Tony," he ran fluttering to her and nestled close against her.

"Doesn't she dance like a little fairy!" said Arthur admiringly to Mrs. Lanier, as they stood, a little later, watching the children dancing.

"Yes, she is very graceful and altogether charming," replied Mrs. Lanier. "It is delightful to see her so happy after all she has suffered."

"I don't imagine she will care half as much for her rich grandfather as she does for Tony," returned Arthur.

"That cure of Geo. W. Turner of Galway, N. Y., of scrofula, by Hood's Sarsaparilla, was one of the most remarkable on record."

think his remorse would be terrible, and that he would do everything to atone for his unkindness.

"I have faith in Lady Jane," laughed Arthur. "It must be a hard heart to withstand her winning ways. I'll wager before a week that the old millionaire will be her devoted slave."

Just at that moment a servant entered, and handed Mrs. Lanier a card. "It is Mr. Chetwynd," she said to Arthur. "They have come: he is in the library, and Mr. Lanier asks me to bring the child."

"Oh no, I have not forgotten you, Mr. Chetwynd; but I hardly expected you to recall me among all Jane's young friends."

"I do, I do perfectly," he replied, with his eyes fixed on Lady Jane, who clung to Mrs. Lanier and looked at the tall, grave stranger with timid scrutiny.

Then he held out his hand to the child. "And this is Jane Chetwynd's daughter. There is no doubt of it. She is the image of her mother," he said in a low, restrained voice.

What passed between Lady Jane and her grandfather, Mr. and Mrs. Lanier never knew, for they slipped quietly out of the room, and left the cold, stern man alone with the last of his family—the child of that idolized but disobedient daughter, who had caused him untold sorrow, and whom he had never forgiven until that moment.

It was some time before Mr. Chetwynd appeared, and when he did he was as cold and self-possessed as if he had never felt a throbb of emotion, or shed a tear of sorrow on the pretty head of the child, who held his hand, and prattled as freely and confidently as though she had known him always.

TO BE CONTINUED.

In Cleveland's Drawing-Room.

An Ave Maria reader who recently had occasion to call at the residence of President-elect Cleveland in New York was delighted to find that the place of honor on the wall at the head of the main drawing-room was occupied by a beautiful bronze plaque of the Madonna and Child.

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SURPRISE SOAP

While the best for all household uses, has peculiar qualities for easy and quick washing of clothes, it does away with that boiling and scalding—the clothes come out sweet, clean and white.

Harmless to hands and fabrics—lathers freely—lasts longest.

St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

THE HURON AND ERIE Loan & Savings Company

ESTABLISHED 1864. Subscribed Capital, - \$2,500,000 Paid up Capital, - - - 1,300,000 Reserve Fund, - - - 626,000

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR The Celebrated CHOCOLAT MENIER

Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION Lbs. For Samples sent Free write to C. ALFRED CHOUILLON, MONTREAL.



PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS

With Reflections for Every Day in the Year. Compiled from "Butler's Lives" and other approved sources, to which are added Lives of the American Saints

INSURE IN THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE.

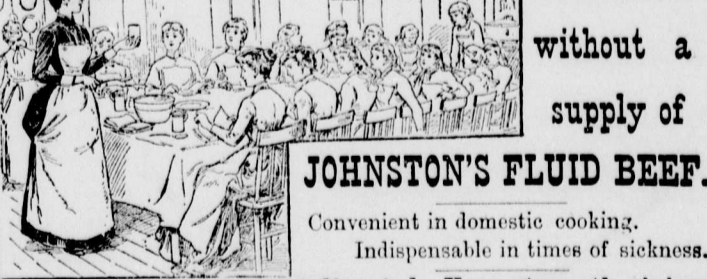
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BECAUSE The results of the Ontario's policies on matured policies are unsurpassed.

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Never be without a supply of JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF.

Convenient in domestic cooking. Indispensable in times of sickness. Easily prepared, Readily digested, Very strength-giving. HEALTH FOR ALL

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages.

Branch No. 4, London, meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month...

C. M. B. A.

New Branch. Branch No. 103, was organized on March 6, 1899, at St. John Baptist Church, Woodbine, Ontario...

Resolution of Condolence.

Moved by Bro. John Rogers and seconded by Peter Keenan, that whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from this earth James, brother of our esteemed Bro. John Healey...

We are glad to notice the success of this excellent association. On the 17th of March last the cash on hand amounted to \$204.47, and the disbursements to \$185.55...

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

IN LONDON.

The celebration of St. Patrick's day this year was in every way befitting the occasion. The flags on the Custom House and Post Office were thrown to the breeze in honor of the event...

IN TORONTO.

The parade of the Irish societies took place as usual this year on St. Patrick's Day. Fortunately the weather was favorable, and made one think that the saint obtained it particularly for his feast...

The marshals of the day were: John Falby, Grand Marshal A. H. H. Martin, Assistant Marshals A. O. H. James Fleming, John Hurst, T. Judge, James Hannon, James Maloney, Michael O'Connor, Patrick McDonnell, Assistant Marshals I. C. B. U., Patrick Riley, John Brennan and John Callahan.

IN DUNVILLE.

High Mass was celebrated at 10.30. Mrs. Dr. Green of Hamilton, organist and leader, presided at the organ. The choir sang Farmer's Mass in D. The children, with Carrie O'Connell as soloist, sang some appropriate hymns.

TO BEE, JAMES EUGENE CRINON, PARISH PRIEST OF DUNVILLE, ONT.

REVEREND FATHER—The undersigned, in behalf of the Catholics of the parish of Dunville, and your many friends therein, come to convey to you the warmest and most affectionate thanks for the high esteem, sincere affection and lasting gratitude in which you are justly held.

IN ANTIHUR.

On the 17th a very large concourse of people turned out to attend High Mass in the village. It was solemn High Mass, Rev. Father Dube being celebrant, Father Hulm acting as deacon and Father Dougherty as sub-deacon.

FROM BRANTFORD.

From our own Correspondent. We have just passed through a three days' sojourn of Mrs. Margaret D. Sheppard. She gave the lecture of a character and life of St. Francis Xavier in Brantford who went there through curiosity to brush crimson: all who paid up their money for the lecture were not built for blushing.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Love is ever on the wing. Fitting like the bird of spring. It comes to us in many guises. Slipping sweetness everywhere.

A WARKWORTH SENSATION.

The Happy Termination of Years of Suffering—Mr. B. Crozier Relates an Experience of His Own. A man who has been afflicted for many years with rheumatism and neuralgia, and who has been unable to do any work, has been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

IN ST. THOMAS.

St. Patrick's day was celebrated in St. Thomas in the usual manner. The celebration of Mass in the morning, with the choir singing in the evening at the Opera House, were the principal features of the day.

of the Scotch and Welsh. Ireland, he said, would soon be what all Irishmen love to see, a world over, and all patriots of every country would wish her to be.

MR. C. RICHARDS & CO.

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MARKET REPORTS.

London, March 23.—Wheat was short in supply and wheat remained at 21.10 to 21.12 per cent. Oats were scarce, at 14.10 per cent. Red clover seed, 25.75 to 26 per bushel. Timothy seed was in demand, at 24.25 to 24.50 per bushel.

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It will STRENGTHEN WEAK LUNGS, STOP THE COUGH, AND CHECK ALL WASTING DISEASES. A remarkable fresh product and it is almost as Palatable as Milk.

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By a thorough knowledge of the human system, with careful application of the fine properties of this emulsion, the doctor has been enabled to make a valuable discovery.

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