

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

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THE CHRISTIAN CEMETERY.

An esteemed friend in Detroit has kindly furnished us with a report of the subjoined beautiful discourse recently delivered in that city by Rev. Thos. A. Hughes, S. J.:

In this solemn commemoration of all the faithful departed, so soon to be followed by a whole month of devotion to the Holy Souls, I should wish to consider with you the Christian Cemetery; the spirit of which is summed up in two words, constantly repeated on the tombstones of the departed, "In Peace," that is to say, "In Peace." For this purpose, let me call your reverent attention to the Christian tombstone.

There are two things to be observed there; first, the Cross, always prominent and significant; secondly, the inscription, partly commemorative, partly supplicating. That Cross and the inscription show us the whole spirit and design of the Cemetery where the Christian lies, awaiting the hour, when, as the Lord says, "all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God."

THE CROSS.
The word "cemetery," taken from the Greek, means a sleeping place, a dormitory. As applied to a burial ground, it is altogether a Christian word. For it is no wise a pagan idea that the dead are sleeping awhile, till, as the Gospel and Epistle tell us distinctly, they shall rise again. It is in the spirit of Christian faith, that the soldier of Christ dying, does so, commending his spirit to God, as Christ dying said: "Father into Thy hands I commend my spirit." And then he leaves his body for a time in the tomb, as Christ did; knowing that as God the Father would not allow the Sacred Body of His Holy Son to see corruption in the tomb, so neither shall the faithful that depart in Christ see eternal dissolution.

For that matter, every night the servant of Christ, according to the Christian idea, recollects himself, as if about to sleep in death. In the liturgy, every evening, when the Church completes her day's duty in what she calls Compline, one part of the choir sings, repeating the words of Christ dying: "In manus tuas, Domine, into Thy hands, O Lord;" and the other half answers: "Commendo spiritum meum, I commend my spirit;" and the first repeats, insisting with fervor: "Into Thy hands, O Lord;" and the others answer as before: "I commend my spirit." Then the first side sounds a new note, that fundamental one of our redemption in Christ, wherein our hope rests, "Thou hast redeemed us," it says, "O Lord God of truth;" and on this fundamental tone of our redemption, through the Cross of Christ, the refrain rises again from the other side: "I commend my spirit."

ONE MORE ASPIRATION AND RESPONSE follows. "Guard us as the pupil of Thine Eye," "Protect us under the shadow of Thy wings;" and forthwith the antiphon of the last canticle that night, and, perhaps, for life, is intoned: "Save us, O Lord, waking; guard us sleeping; that, waking, it may be with Christ, and, resting, it may be in peace. Now, Thou dost dismiss, O Lord, Thy servant according to Thy word in peace."

During the night, should the Christian awake, and in the morning if he wakes and rises, he is instructed to accept of the additional moments of the new day, as a special gift and a benign prolongation of the term of his life; till the final night comes at length, when he can work no more unto salvation, that nightfall of death, "when no man can work."

So that night descends at last; and he is placed in his own tomb to sleep with Christ. He lies in the hope of peace, and in the peace of this hope, that his soul will not descend into eternal perdition, and that even his body shall rise from corruption with Christ, who rising from the dead has been "the first fruits of them that sleep." His place of peace wherein his body rests, under the sign of the Cross placed upon his tomb, is called the sleeping place of the Christian Church, the Christian Cemetery.

THE CEMETERY'S SILENT SHADES.
During the Christian times, the cemetery gathered round the Church. And even when it is separated, as is generally the case at present, it does not miss the consecration which was due to it: that follows it still, as if it were part of the Church's surroundings. Around the Church as the cemetery lay with its lines of sleeping inmates, it received from the Cross on the high steeples the tracery of those sacred outlines, which, pencilled by the rays of the sun, fell as a shadow on the Road at early morn, moved round the cemetery as the day wore on, and lengthened over the holy graves with the deepening shades of evening. In each grave, too, the cross rests, conveyed there in the consecration of the ground; it has been multiplied there with purifying sprinklings; and graven in stone it rests over the head of each of the departed ones in Christ. Rightly so; for that body which rests there is incorporated into the mystic body of Christ by the Cross in baptism: it was elevated to the dignity belonging to a soldier of Christ with the Cross in confirmation: it has lived and died, signed every day and in reception of every Sacrament,

WITH THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.
Now, so fortified, he rests with the Saints. There are Saints even there, in any single cemetery. Who will deny that some lie there, whom the power of Christ's grace in life preserved in purity, made to bloom in holiness, and culled flowering in perfection? "In every nation," said St. Peter to Cornelius the neophyte, "I perceive in very deed that God is not a respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth God and worketh justice is acceptable to Him." (Acts x. 34-35), and how much more, think you, is it so amid the souls long living and peacefully dying in a Christian community, founded by the holy Church, Mother of the Spiritual Communion of Saints! Oh! there is not a field which has not yielded its flower, nor is there a valley but has bloomed with its lily, to the honor of Him who says of Himself in the song of His love for souls, "I am the Flower of the Field and the Lily of the Valley!"

Aye, with the saints they rest! "We are the children of the saints, and we are waiting for that life which God will give to those who never change their faith from Him."

Behold they have not changed their faith from Him; and now, they nestle under the shadow of Him, who is the Salut of Saints. "Under the shadow of Him, whom their souls have loved, they have taken their place; and His fruit is sweet to their palate."

This is why we are so much at home in the cemetery's silent shades, not as if we found it a park, or made it a garden. We fell at home, even in another hemisphere, amid far off islands, in yonder foreign Christian cemetery, at home there

UNDER THE CROSS OF CHRIST,
close by the altar of Christ, as if we were kneeling by the grave of our mother! For it is not family, it is not race, no, nor the whole world of mankind, which makes this religion of ours and holy communion of persons living and dead; it is Christ purchasing redemption by His Cross. And under this Cross and by this Altar, there where the sun, setting with us, shall rise, our exiled spirit can be at home, in desert and in wild, in crowded city or fair country; till the exile shall come to his true home, where there is no more parting, and no more weeping, and they who were severed in Him here, shall separate no more.

The Cross then is an inscription of faith, hope and charity upon the tomb. If no other inscription were there, that would speak volumes, that sign and that name, in which alone, said St. Peter, it is given to men to be saved. Palms or wreaths may be found to entwine that Cross; but it is the Cross they entwine; as victory is in it and through it alone. Without this Cross of Christ, there is no crown for men. So says the Apostle in the Epistle just read. "Thanks be to God who hath given us the victory through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

THE INSCRIPTION.
That is one part of the Christian inscription. Generally speaking, family piety and religious charity unite to commemorate the departed one by name, and to fix the date of his decease. Religious charity is engaged to do so, as well for the annual commemorations, as to give more interest and point to that reverent supplication which is placed on the tomb, saying to the passer by: "Of your charity pray for the soul of N." Even devout persons pray more earnestly for those of whom they know something.

The manner and use of this double commemoration, the Cross on the one hand and the personal record on the other, mark off completely and sharply the difference which exists between all sepulchre, sepulchres and burial grounds which are not Christian from those which are.

If I had time, I would gladly picture to you the customs regarding death and burial in the classic times of Greece and Rome. Those classic nations are much esteemed in our days, not only as exemplary in literary style and aesthetic culture, but as a sampler too, it would appear, in moral life and religion.

UNCHRISTIAN BURIAL.
I would note how the nearest relative received the dying person's last breath, and then exclaimed: "Good bye," *vale, ave!* A coin was placed in the mouth of the corpse, a sumptuous robe thrown over it: hired men and hired women lamented aloud in the funeral cortege; which, conducted the bier to the forum, there, if the dead man was great enough, listened to an oration delivered over him. Flowers and leaves were not wanting: all that the dignity of public office, ancestry and station could add, with the ostentation of monumental glory on the side of some public avenue, not to mention players, buffoons, gladiators fighting with one another, to make the dead man's funeral day as glorious as possible in the eyes of living men—all was gathered to honor the genius or divinity of the deceased, to connect his memory with the gods below, and to flatter the pride of those whom he left behind in the world above. Whatever the dead had been, they were eulogized, as Tertullian said, where they were not, however glorified where they were.

One remark more. If they had belonged to that select class of mortals, who could wade successfully through blood to a throne, and who by their vice and cruelty have left the vilest trails behind them to befont the pages of history—if they were Roman emperors, it was not enough to send them to the gods below or the gods above by any common kind of canonization: they received a much more solemn "consecration" or *apotheosis* by which they became simply gods themselves. And, in the imperial pageantry of a solemn BURNING ON A FUNERAL PYRE, the flames as they rose let loose a captive eagle, which soaring free into the air figured the newly soaring god. He took rank thenceforth among the tutelary deities of Rome.

Change the names of things in this historic fable and it is seen enacted to-day and at all times outside of the Church of God.

Behold that person dying! If he is conscious at all and he is not drugged into a state of stupor by the narcotics administered to him, he receives the "good-bye" of his friends and a shake of the hand. No cross is signed upon his person, no sacrament imparted to cheer him on his lonely way. Upon the hearse no crucifix and the earth into which he sinks has been hallowed by no blessing! Again, upon his tomb no cross! But, as in his great struggle with death, he was comforted with a shake of the hand, even as a drowning man might be comforted with the clasping of a straw, so after he is gone and his clay is now moulding back into its native clay, he is followed, not by prayers or supplications, not by the sign of redemption, or the sacrifice of propitiation, not by the indication of that Name, wherein alone, says St. Peter, it is given to all men to be saved; but he is followed by flowers, even left graven in stone; by wreaths of immortality, perpetuated in granite; by a hand shaking sculptured there; by a canonization, in short, that seems to dispense him from any law of redemption. There is no thought of sin apparently, as affecting or afflicting him; only coronation, and soaring aloft, and immortality and divinization.

AN UNCHRISTIAN AGE.

If I were speaking, my brethren, of any particular person, the law of charity would forbid the addition of another word. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, "Say nothing but what is sweet of the dead!" But, on general questions about them and about ourselves, or concerning the aspect of a whole age, charity is not imperilled, and so the truth is free. And, the stern philosophy of facts requiring it, I think that I may, without fear of reproach, say of every generation which has been and of that which is, what our Lord said of His own: "A wicked and perverse generation." It is true there are holy souls whom the Church is every where distributing among the mass, those whom she is always forming and who constitute an integral portion of her corporate holiness. Yet, as in logic the larger part drags to itself the lesser, so logically and, in truth, all count as one generation, and we may say of it as a whole "a wicked and perverse generation." There is not a commandment of nature and of God which has not been broken and which is not broken, every day of our lives and in every possible manner. As to them that break the commandments, the Wise Man assures us that their number is infinite, and such, as a rule, die as they live; they die in their sins. For death bed repentance is as difficult, especially without the Sacraments, as sinners are numerous who never use the Sacraments.

THE STORY OF THE TOMBSTONES.

Nevertheless, setting aside the tombstones of the Christian Church, which always tell a very different story, which ask for prayers and put the Cross of Christ in supplication there,—setting aside these tombstones, all the burial grounds of Christendom tell us, that he who lies beneath has taken the wings of a dove upwards; they canonize him. There is no request, no deprecation of divine justice, no sense of expiation, nor recognition of sin anywhere.

Is it kindness, or is it cruelty, which can give a dying man a shake of the hand, and then, turning one's back upon him, say to his friends, "Oh! I shall never see his like again!" and so turns away from hearing the dreadful plume of his soul into eternity! He goes unshaven, unanointed to hold alone with his Judge that meeting so tremendous in its issues, as it takes place there just where he has breathed his last, that not on the day of general judgment, in presence of all mankind, will so terrible a crisis occur for him, as now; when if there is a single breach in the armor of his justice, his purity, his religiousness and charity, he that is thus found guilty in one is guilty in all, and falling in death, like the tree to the North or the South, as he falls now, so shall he lie for eternity.

And before such an incorruptible Judge! Even if he be just, of what profit is that to God? Job asks the question: "What doth it profit God if thou art just?" And I ask, what then doth it profit Him if thou art unjust? And, with regard to the man himself who proves thus unjust and useless to his Owner, his Master and his Maker, Christ asks the same question: "What doth it profit Him? Of him, whom the solemn pageant of sumptuous equipage, and lines of friends, whom all that pomp, all that wealth can give, has so solemnly canonized as one of the great ones of the world. Christ asks: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

The tall granite column lifts its polished front and points its finger to the skies. The smooth-shaven green speaks of vernal hope and summer bloom. The solitary name inscribed with solemn brevity, without prayer, without aspiration, pronounces the eulogy of human pride and grandeur. And the decaying carcass beneath emphasizes with the expressiveness of its silent corruption, that all is passed away forever.

THE SILENCE OF DESPAIR.

And the Soul, my brethren, the Soul! what of it? Allow me to let the curtain drop on that act of the drama. In such tragic circumstances, the canonization itself, which is so universal, is but a form of universal condemnation. It is the silence of despair. God should have to be conceived as conceived He cannot be, if the sanctity of His justice is to take no account of a man's final state, whether he be worthy of love or hatred. He should have to be conceived either as an infinite Judge, without sanctity and justice, or, pardon the word! as an inflexible ignorance, without wisdom and providence;—of that kind which Elias the prophet described mockingly, when he said: "Your god may be sleeping, or on a journey, or at an inn!" Fond fancy! As vague and unsubstantial as the mist of the azure blue above, which looks so fair for our littleness to see, when conjured into beauty by

our distance, but is indeed only the hazy mist of a moist imagination.

Oh, the misery of any religion which in life provides no application of Christ's redemption to cancel deadly sins; and which, in death, has no remedy for the remains of such deadly sins, and for the presence of venial ones; which can contemplate a soul going forth, with perhaps, only a venial fault upon its innocence, yet, because that venial fault, must make up its mind to regard such soul as eternally lost to God! For certainly nothing defiled can enter heaven; and His eyes are too pure to behold iniquity. And what man dying even in sanctity is pure in His sight? I will let the curtain drop upon that scene of the drama.

CHRISTIAN MOURNING.

And I will view it in another act, that of the Holy Church of God, bending over her departed children. What of their souls! Does she canonize them? No, indeed. Behold the solemnity of this day, and let it be witness to you. Behold this mourning with its drapery and the dirge of sorrowing supplication, repeated in a hundred temples of God here, and again elsewhere renewed in over a thousand dioceses all round the world. The Church canonizes no dead man, nor any dead woman. She raises to the honors of canonization, upon the altars of the living God no one who is dead. Her God is the God of the living, "of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob," saith the Lord; and the Church honors only those of whom she knows, with certainty, that they are living with God, and that He is honoring them now and for evermore as His special friends in heaven.

Till she knows that, how does she bend over her children fainting in death! In her weeds of mourning, with the altar of God draped in His presence, She takes up her solemn hymn, and pours forth her plaint of supplication for them. She fortified them with her rites before they departed; she poured upon them every blessing in her keeping, and most of all the Sacraments of God's own institution; and, now that they are gone she weeps; and contemplating that charity of God, which allows all venial faults and all relics of sin to be cleansed away, not only up to the last moment here, but hereafter also in the saving fires of purgatory, she pleads for the soul of her departed one sleeping in Christ.

CHRISTIAN PRAYER.

Assuming his person, and using the pathetic words of Job, she pleads with God: "Spare me, O Lord! *Kyrie Eleison!* Spare me for my days are as nothing. How long wilt Thou not spare me, nor suffer me to breathe freely! I have sinned. What can I do to satisfy Thee and the sanctity of Thy justice, O keeper of men? I am opposed to Thee, by the relics of sin that still cling to me, and I am grievous to myself. Behold I sleep in the dust; and, if Thou search me too rigidly, I cannot abide the rigor of Thy justice."

My flesh is consumed. My skin hath cleaved to my bones. I am as if only my lips remained, wherewith I may cry to Thee. If Thou take not my sin away and forgive me, I cannot abide it, nor its punishment, and I shall never endure to see Thee!"

And turning to us in His name, the Church pleads with us: "Take pity on me, take pity on me, at least you my friends; for the hand of the Lord hath touched me."

Thus does the Church pleading with God and pleading with us address every wayfarer that may pass by the grave, speaking from the tombstone: "Stop, gentle passer by, and of your charity, pray for the soul of one, who died in Christ, fortified with the rites of the Church. May he rest in peace! Sweet Jesus, have mercy on his soul! Eternal rest give to them O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them; and may the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace."

DEATH OF STEPHEN RYAN, OF OSCEOLA.

The late Stephen Ryan, whose death occurred on the 10th inst., at his home in the township of Bromley, was one of those whose success in life amply proves that with a fair chance Irishmen have the will and the ability to work their way to prosperity. Not being satisfied to enter upon the miserable career the unfair laws of his native land doomed him to, in common with his fellow-countrymen, he resolved, while yet young, to sever the many sacred ties that bind the Irishman to his native isle, and seek in a foreign land the freedom and justice denied him at home. Accordingly, in the year 1840 he bade farewell, at the age of twenty, to dear friends and the scenes of his youth in the County Tipperary; and after taking a last, long, sad look back at the green hills and receding shores of his dear old land, he looked for support in that hour to the high spirit that became him so well through life; and no doubt, also, to the faithful wife who accompanied him and who now remains to mourn his departure. He came to Canada, and after spending some time in Montreal and Ottawa, where he saved out of his earnings enough to start him at his favorite occupation, farming, he settled down in the County of Renfrew. The late Stephen Ryan was both industrious and economic and hence his great success. He was light hearted and cheerful. He was a kind husband, a solicitous father, and above all a practical Catholic. Seven children and an aged wife now mourn their great loss; but knowing that he died a good death, fortified by all the sacred rites of the Church, they are consoled, and bow in Christian submission to the will of God. The funeral, which was exceedingly large, took place on the 12th inst., from his late home to the parish church, where a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. F. M. Devine, P. P. The organist and full choir were in attendance, and the church draped in its deepest mourning.

Rev. Father Ryan, of Pembroke, a particular friend of the deceased, was present on the occasion, and accompanied the funeral cortege to the cemetery, where all that was mortal of the late Stephen Ryan was laid. Let us hope that his immortal soul was met by a bright host of angels and conducted by them to a place of eternal rest. May he rest in peace.

PURGATORY AND CALUMNY.

To the Editor of the Catholic Record.

SIR:—In your issue of Oct. 6th you give place to an article entitled "Shakespeare and Purgatory," which is a curious illustration of the almost incredible fact that an English Tory Catholic cannot write on even such a sacred subject as purgatory without displaying the cloven hoof of his anti-Irish venom.

At this time of day it matters little to any except Shakespeare himself whether or not he professed the Catholic faith. It does not appear to have sat very heavily upon him, and it may be safely assumed that he was closely akin in spirit to those exemplary Catholics of to-day who arrogate to themselves the right to subject the eight commandment to a permanent suspension, in regard to Irish affairs. Therefore, it would be eminently appropriate that the author of the "great hotch-potch of gibberish and Catholic tradition" should go into the same category as those who have elevated their anti-Irish mania to the dignity of a religious principle.

Let it be accused of doing Mr. Burnand an injustice, I will cite his offensive words from your columns: "Of course, I am aware that he could not consistently have asked for a Mass and a murder in the same breath. He does not, indeed, bid Hamlet 'remember' him, but the meaning of this, (i. e. 'Avenge my foul and most unnatural murder') is as clear as that of the now familiar injunction to 'remember Mitchellstown'. The Ghost simply means 'Remember my murder and avenge it as quickly as possible, as I shall be perfectly happy until you have stained yourself with crime and despatched your uncle to—well, to another place.'"

Does this malignant block head mean to assert or insinuate (which latter is the favorite plan of campaign with the Lying and Plundering Union) that Dillon, O'Brien, Gladstone, and Morley, have bidden lovers of freedom to 'remember Mitchellstown' with the intention of inciting any person to 'stain himself with crime.' There is no other meaning to be deduced from his words. Since he is so outspoken I will try to be equally candid, and I hereby denounce him as a liar and a slanderer. And I must also respectfully protest against your columns being made the vehicle to disseminate and record sentiments so un-Catholic and so obnoxious to your subscribers. Even the editor of a paper which, by a curious perversion of language, is styled "funny" might leave the dream-land long enough to learn that the injunction to "remember Mitchellstown" is a reminder to those who are struggling for the bare right of existence, that they must not relax their efforts in behalf of justice, and against the horrid iniquity and "the atrocities of the hideous hellish thing which calls itself the government of Ireland."

When is this suicidal Celtophobia on the part of British Catholics going to cease? Certainly it will not much longer be tolerated without evoking a tempest of resentment which will not be easily allayed. Irish Catholics have been long suffering to the verge of abjectness; their kin on this side of the ocean will not so tamely receive (or so readily forgive) this uncalled for animosity, whether it proceeds from clerics or laymen. And the greater Ireland of to-day has a long arm and a good memory.

A Scotch priest is not ashamed to refer to T. D. Sullivan as "the jallbird!" Mr. Sullivan, secure in the rectitude of his unspotted reputation, can afford to despise such contemptible malignity; but it would not have been a pleasant sight for the reverend Unionists could he have seen the flush of anger which his venomous letter brought to the faces of the millions scattered over the globe, who love and admire "the white-haired prince of Irish bards." Balfour himself would not dream of describing Mr. Sullivan as a "jallbird" for he well knows that his Cordon Act was never intended to interfere with criminals, and its sole victims have been those who seek to prevent criminal attacks. Knowing this, any gentlemen,—how much more a Catholic priest!—should submit to having his tongue torn out from the roots ere such an expression passed his lips. Scotch prelates have heretofore sent collectors to America to supplement school funds, etc., but if the Archbishop of St. Andrews should ever be so ill-advised as to send the Rev. George Angus upon a collecting tour in America they will both learn a very useful lesson, viz: That some better criterion than Celtophobia is required to render any trans-Atlantic collector acceptable to American Catholics whether of Irish or other extraction; and his failure as a collector will be even more complete than was that of the anti-Irish negotiator, Judas Cassemerlain, in the line of a treaty maker.

The Month is said to be the organ of the Jesuits in England, but it does not seem like the Jesuits to allow themselves to be drawn into opposition to a people rightly struggling to be free; and to depart from their tradition to be all things to all men. I use the phrase, of course, in the sense in which it was applied to St. Paul's ideal Christian gentlemen: not in the lower and perverted sense of those who abandon principle for a temporary advantage. J. W. O'RYAN, St. John, N. B., Oct. 14, 1888.

Mr. Burnand's article would not have appeared in the CATHOLIC RECORD had the uncalled-for and impertinent references above alluded to been noticed.—Ed.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

A new and handsome Church is to be erected in Picton.

A rich Burmese convert has given £6,000 for the erection of a new cathedral at Bombay.

The number of women who have registered in Boston to vote at the school elections has reached 20,000.

Anderson's New General History has been named by the Boston school committee to take the place of Swinton's Outline.

The Jesuit Fathers have decided to open a new college at Sault Ste. Marie, which will be under the direction of Rev. Father Devlin.

We learn from the Boston Pilot that the publishers of Swinton's Outline are preparing a new edition, from which the slanderous footnote which led to the Boston embroglio will be eliminated.

The Rev. Michael O'Brien, P. P., of St. Patrick's Church, Lowell, Mass., has presented \$1,000 to the Lady Superior of the Sacred Heart Convent which was burned at Manhattanville, to assist in the erection of a new building.

The Emperor of Germany was deeply impressed by the Pope's personality on the occasion of his visit. It is believed that in future contingencies this will tend to make the Emperor always preserve a friendly attitude towards the Church.

Eighty thousand pilgrims visited the shrine of St. Anne of Beaupre during the past season. These came as well from the United States as from Canada, and comprised especially French-Canadians from many localities in both countries.

Rev. Rector Keane of the Catholic University announces that that institution will be dedicated Oct. 6th, 1889. Bishop Keane has forwarded to Rome his resignation as ordinary of Richmond, and his successor will doubtless soon be appointed.

The two spires of the Cathedral of New York are completed and are the highest in America. Their height is 332 feet, and they are exceedingly well proportioned and graceful. The cost of the cathedral has been \$2,500,000, of which only \$80,000 is still unpaid.

The Emperor William is now making his visit to Rome. On his visit to the Pope he wore the uniform of the Life Guards. The visit was conducted with the fullest State ceremonies. He remained in private conversation with the Holy Father for about an hour and a half.

Abbe Bagn has been appointed to the Bishopric of Chicoutimi. He has been for some time head of the Normal School at Quebec, and well known in the Province as an educational gentleman of very high order. He is fellow of the Royal Society of Canada.

At the laying of the corner-stone of the Polish Catholic Church in Reading, Pa., on the 7th inst., the floor gave way, on which were fully 2,000 people, of whom several hundred were precipitated into the basement. One hundred men and women were injured, some seriously and some fatally. The accident was caused by the walls spreading.

"It affords us pleasure," says the Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph, "to announce that Father Kenny, of Jacksonville, Florida, (cousin of Rev. Andrew Kenny, of Mount Adams, city), has recovered from the yellow fever, and is around once more ministering to the sick and dying. We trust he may be long spared to provide for the spiritual needs of his flock."

"The Abbe Mallet, a struggling parish priest of the diocese of Limoges who may be 'passing rich' on the £40 a year allowed to him by the Government," the Glasgow Observer says, "has just been informed by a New York lawyer that a relation of his, who died recently in the United States, has left him a magnificent fortune of \$9,000,000, or 45,000,000, or in good English figures, £1,800,000 sterling."

According to recent Catholic returns for 1888, there are in England and Wales 2,314 priests, as against 1,728 in 1875, serving 1,804 churches, chapels and missionary stations. In Scotland there are five bishops and 334 priests, serving 327 chapels, churches and stations. The estimated Catholic population in England and Wales is 1,354,000; in Scotland, 326,000; in Ireland, 3,961,000; total, 5,641,000.

A call has been issued earnestly requesting that representatives of all the colored Catholic organizations of the country meet in Washington, D. C., on Tuesday, January 9th, 1889, for the purpose of taking the status of the race in their relation to the Church; and, if found advisable, to submit a basis of a permanent organization as an auxiliary to cooperate with the venerable clergy in the conversion and education of the race in the United States.

The authorities of Lyons, France, in the seventeenth century dedicated their city to the Blessed Virgin. Since that time the vow has been annually repeated on the Feast of the Nativity of the Mother of God. This year the ceremonies have been splendid, as usual, the Municipal Council, though, like those of Arras and Paris, is tainted with anti-clericalism, not having thought it advisable to prohibit the outdoor processions. In the evening the greater part of the town was illuminated.

The Jesuits' missionary work in India is being energetically pushed. We take this note from the Indo-European Correspondence: "The Jesuit Fathers are busily engaged in levelling the ground at North Point recently made over to them by Government as a site for their new college. There are over 600 coolies employed on the work, and it is clear that the Fathers do not intend to allow the grass to grow under their feet, but mean to have their college in full swing at as early a date as possible."

DIVIDED - YET ONE.

A STORY OF THE CRUSADES.

CHAPTER I.

A grand festival was being held at the castle of Sir Roland de Montepan. It was the eve of departure of a gallant company of knights and nobles for the Holy Land, and the merry making was to bid them "God speed." Not all, it is true, of the brilliant gathering in that hospitable hall were going to see the sacred soil from the crusading motive alone. Some, it must be confessed, had scarce given a thought to the holiness of the work, and very many of the rest had much of the alloy of ambition, curiosity and love of adventure mixed with the pure gold of Christian indignation and holy zeal. Here two or three young knights were conversing excitedly with an old crusader; there Sir Roland and a few of the veterans were "fighting their battles o'er again." The dance was almost forgotten in the excitement of the occasion.

And, yonder, in a deep recess, where a narrow lattice admitted the soft and softening rays of the moon, stood two youthful figures. Forgetful of all around them, these two seemed to be entirely absorbed in the sweets of each other's society. There was an earnest, almost holy look of high purpose mixed with ardent love on the face of the youth. His long crimson cloak, thrown back from his breast, revealed a figure rich with promise of vigorous manhood. He was speaking earnestly, tenderly to the tearful maiden beside him. Presently, and with a deep sigh, she looked up.

"God and our Lady bless thee, dear Edward, and keep thee—"

His earnest look ceased the rest to die away on her lips, and her eyes to seek the floor again.

"Margaret," said her lover, "betrothed of my heart, I feel that it is only the Crusade that can make me not utterly unworthy of thee. I go to win laurels wherewith to enwrap thy pure brow—to bring back a name, which, won in a holy cause, will surely bless our hearth—our hearth, sweet one, for truly we are so pledged, are we not?"

She blushed; he took her willing hand and went on passionately:

"Yes, while my heart is here, in thy keeping, may my sword be a humble instrument for the redemption of the sepulchre of my God."

Margaret de Montepan's heart caught some of the fire of the young enthusiast.

"Go, Edward. Far be it from me to detain thee! I hope in thy hope. I glory in thy glory. Think not because I tremble, and perchance, even weep, that I cannot feel thy fire. Nay, dear love, I am the daughter of warriors, and I am thine the more that thou lovest the trumpet and the war-horse—aye, and the gory field of battle. I am the child of a saintly mother, and my heart goes to fight with thee in the Holy Land. The God thou severest with thy sword will bless thee, and, surely, me, for thy sake."

A movement among the guests made them turn. Sir Roland bade the musicians strike up a crusading hymn, and, as the ladies left the hall, Margaret scarcely had time for "farewell"—yes, a hurried hand-press and farewell! For the next morning all would be hurry, all excitement, and the knights departed early, and, alas, she dared not show her love openly. Margaret went to her chamber and sat musing, her hands hanging listlessly in her lap, her white dress gleaming in the pale light, her eyes gazing dreamily before her.

Edward de Faulkner was the son of an old friend of her father. Noble, chivalrous and honorable, with an ardent heart and high aims—and some of these qualities were by no means common among the Norman knights—he was poor, his name decayed, and needing a brilliant career indeed to make him, in the eyes of Sir Roland de Montepan, a fit consort for his only child. It never even occurred to him to suppose for a single moment that she could dream of union with de Faulkner. And Margaret knew all this. She knew Sir Roland's pride and ambition; she knew of Edward's poverty, and yet— Ah, love is so stealthy! He creeps in quite unknown to the owners of his victim hearts, and before they are aware of his presence, behold, he has already taken possession and will not be gainsaid! So that when the time came for Edward de Faulkner to take the arms and name of a knight and march to the Crusade, Margaret was astonished to find herself clinging with all the love of her young heart to him and weeping bitter tears in secret. She had a gentle, loving mother; but how could she confide in her what might be a hopeless affection? The noble and gentle maidens of that day were taught to be perfectly quiescent in the disposal of their hand. She must abide her time; she must wait and trust that Edward would soon return covered with glory; she must pray that never, never should she be called upon to become the bride of another. All these thoughts and a thousand others rushed through her mind as she sat in her chamber. How deeply and how purely her heart clung to him!

She waited, the scalding tears in her eyes and a dead weight at her heart. At last all sounds of revelry ceased and she was growing calmer. A slight noise in the corridor made her start. The chapel door was opened and closed softly. A small figure over her face as she threw a blue cloak over her shoulder and left the room. Swiftly and noiselessly she glided down the steps to the chapel, opened the tribune door, and entered.

The moonlight bathed the sanctuary floor, casting a thousand glimmering lights over the altar and tabernacle from the rich east window. The sanctuary lamps shone like sparks of red fire amid the upper gloom. On the floor, just outside the sanctuary, lay the armour of a knight, and beside the armour, his eyes intently fixed upon the tabernacle, knelt he for whom her soul longed. Silently she knelt down in the tribune upon the soft cushion. "To-morrow, to-morrow, he will be a knight," she breathed. "Oh, God, guard him; oh, God, accept his vows with graciousness; oh, God, bless him in life and grant him a peaceful death!" He saw her not; she knew it and rejoiced. It was joy un-

speakable to be near him in the silent knowledge of his love; to be near him here, in the presence of the Most Holy Eucharist; to pour forth her prayers for him and to watch with him during the silent night, the eve of his knighthood, the last night—till when!

So they watched together; till, at length, the moon glided past and left the sanctuary dark, and the youth and the armour were almost lost in the shadow. Then she crept back to her chamber and slept.

The sound of cheerful voices, the clink of armour, and the noise of armed footsteps awoke her next morning. She rose hurriedly and opened the casement. There, in the courtyard, was mustering the gay throng of knights. The sun was getting fairly high, the moon was bright and rounding with the songs of a thousand birds. She had missed the ceremony of Knighthood! Her mother, considering the late hour of her retiring to rest, the night before, had forbidden her to be awakened. A pang of disappointment and self-reproach shot through her heart. All the warriors saluted her; but only one did she see; she was conscious of but one horse-man, saw but one face, full of joy and sorrow and love; and the next moment her breath came short, her eyes swam and for a few seconds she was on the verge of swooning. But pride and maidenly reserve came to her aid; and Margaret de Montepan waved her hand in farewell, her eyes bright with the light of tears and a flush which made her radiant as the morning upon her rounded cheek.

"How lovely she is!" exclaimed a young gallant to Sir Edward as they rode away.

"Aye," was the answer. And he murmured to himself, "Mine, mine alone!"

Oh, Youth, truly thou art sanguine; but faintest hope where others would despair! But who would wish it otherwise! We are the nobler for the hopes, the stronger for the dreams. The blossoms of spring and the flowers of summer fade; but the fruit remains.

Thus he departed; and Margaret was left with a remembrance sweet and sad, but hopeful. Would he not return and claim her? She lived on, every day becoming more and more attached to her own nook in the tribune; for here, in the chapel, was the one friend on earth who knew her secret, and could and would help and sympathise with her—the veiled Emmanuel in the Tabernacle.

Months rolled past, and there came tidings of a great victory over Saladin, then of the march to Jaffa, then the straggling and contradictory reports of King Richard's movements, followed by his uncertain fate. He returned to his kingdom; and still there came no Sir Edward de Faulkner to claim her. Twice she had heard something of him—once a pilgrim asking alms at the castle had mentioned his name in his story of a brilliant sortie; and, again, a knight returned from the crusade, reported him and his mercy to a vanquished Turkish officer. But he knew not what had become of him on the return of Richard's army. That was all.

CHAPTER II.

And the year went by—two, three, five. Still Margaret loved and hoped on; hoped till she found that hope had gradually and unconsciously died out, leaving a grave in his heart. Calmly and sadly she thought of him as dead, and instead of praying for his return, found herself supplicating for the repose of his soul. Several times had her hand been sought; but she had ever shown such a dislike of marriage that her mother, deeming from her frequent visits to the chapel, from her thoughtful and saintly ways, that she looked to the convent as her haven of love and peace, did not urge it; and Sir Roland, who had intense respect for his wife, yielded to her representations, though he occasionally brought a vivid blush to his daughter's cheek by a word or a hint about her long maidenhood.

But now the gentle Lady de Montepan was anxious to have Margaret's desire expressed in words. As a mother, she shrank from parting with a beloved child; but, as a Catholic, she dared not place herself between her and her consecration to God.

One morning, when they were at their embroidery frames, Margaret unconsciously paused, and looking up, her mother saw her eyes wistfully turned towards the distant convent, where it stood on the hill-side shaded by noble trees, as if the whisperings of nature alone were allowed to intermingle with its holy quiet. The thin wreath of smoke, rising from amid the foliage, seemed an emblem of the peaceful and Heavenward happiness and prayer within.

Lady de Montepan watched her in silence a moment or two.

"Margaret, my child," at the sound of her mother's voice the maiden started, and a quick flush overspread her features—"hast thou a love for yonder convent, that thine eyes are so often turned towards it?"

"It is a holy life, sweet mother," she replied.

"Truly, my child; and thy constant dislike of suitors has led me to—"

She paused, her voice trembled, and tears started to her eyes.

Margaret crossed over, knelt down, and kissed her mother's hand.

"Nay, dearest mother, that life is not for me. I was but thinking of our cousin Agnes, the abbess, and of the fullness and beauty of her life. In sooth, to speak with her is to be holier for a season."

Lady de Montepan started with a mingled sensation of surprise and relief. This, then, was not the goal of Margaret's hopes, if she had, indeed, any hopes, for of suitors would she have none either. Soon she spoke again, determined, if possible, to fathom the mystery.

"Then, my Margaret, must we needs find thee a fit companion for thy life. But thou hast been ever so coy that, if we hasten not betimes the flower of thy youth will be withered ere thy hand be bestowed. If thou couldst have found it in thy heart to love—"

to man. There is none that I love upon earth."

She blushed painfully, aware that she had shown more passion than her mother would deem becoming. And, indeed, there was a slight tone of displeasure mingled with the tenderness of Lady de Montepan's reply.

"These are strange words, Margaret. Thy father and I, methinks, are the best guardians of thy welfare. We have not pressed a choice upon thee nor chosen for thee, because I deemed—but that matters not. There are suitors enow for thy hand."

Margaret clasped her hands with a look of agony.

"My mother, forgive me if I speak yet this once. Thou art merciful; compel me not. Oh, if thou knewest all, if thou knewest all!"

Again a deep flush overspread her features. Her memory told over the scenes and hopes of long ago; and she wept. Gladly would she have suppressed her tears, but their tide, swept onward by the force of remembrance, was too strong.

Lady de Montepan turned pale. What meant all this? She felt at one moment bewildered, at another exclaiming with a look of dismay, "Presently she said, 'Margaret, this is but foolishness. Look up and tell me thy meaning.'"

Thus commanded, her daughter, by a great effort, overcame her emotion sufficiently to say, "Rememberest thou, my mother, Edward de Faulkner?"

"Aye, surely," responded her parent. "But what, have all these tears to do with him?"

"We loved each other," said Margaret, falteringly, and then, little by little, followed the short story of that youthful love.

Lady de Montepan listened with sympathetic interest. "But, my poor child, he returned not, with or without glory. He is surely dead. King Richard returned, and the last straggling knight has re-entered his own halls. Thou must not waste thy heart's love on the dead. Strive to bury it with him. Come, thou shalt have twelve months for thy task; and then a living love shall be thine."

"Oh, lady and mother, have pity, I cannot love again!—I dare not—"

began the weeping girl; but with a look of dignified astonishment, and with severe distinct emphasis, her mother replied:

"Such is not the condition of mind befitting a modest maiden and true child, Margaret. I find I needs must leave thee alone to calm thy disordered heart."

And the maiden was left alone, alone with her own thoughts. The embroidery frame was forgotten. Mechanically she twisted the bright silks round her fingers, as they lay on a table near her. The past seemed bright with hopes, the future, to her sensitive and romantic mind, ominous and dark with fears. A quiet life in the old castle with its romantic scenery had done much to foster the imaginative tenderness of her nature, so that the mere prospect of union with any one but her beloved Edward was the bitterness of death to our heroine. Nevertheless, she was conscientiously assured that nothing remained for her but obedience to her parents and could only pray for strength. And, now, a series of festivities was devised to rouse Margaret into gaiety. Many a tournament, also, was graced by her sweet presence. But even the prowess of knighthood—so powerful a stimulus in that chivalric age—was unable to warm her with more than a passing excitement. Yet she was so gentle, so obedient, so sweet that neither her mother nor Sir Roland could find a single tangible fault in her.

The twelve months' respite was drawing to a close, when a sudden and fatal illness seized the Lady of the Castle. No more was said about Margaret's marriage; it seemed clearly her duty to take, as far as possible, her beloved mother's place, and to soften the grief of Sir Roland. Terrible was the blow to her also. But the knife of bitter grief had been plunged in her heart before, and lo! it had discovered a well of sweetness and sympathy and patience that, now occasion offered, made her a meet comforter for her father, and a gentle and true mistress and benefactress of all under her rule. Trials are blessings or curses according as we receive or reject them.

CHAPTER III.

Years passed; Sir Roland died in battle; a nephew had taken his place in the Castle, whose two motherless children were the special solicitude of "Cousin Margaret." The simple peasantry, in whose hearts she was shrined, told many stories and surmised many reasons why she was still "Miss Margaret." Some said she had made a vow of maidenhood; others that she had been warned in a vision not to marry a certain knight and would not marry another; and others again that she had remained single to minister to her father, and later had sacrificed herself to her little cousins. But all agreed that it was stranger such loveliness had not made her a bride long ago.

One day, when summer was ripening into autumn; when the hedges shone with the red fruit of the rose; when the fields were heavy with their wealth of golden grain and the trees were resplendent in their farewell robes of crimson and gold, a solitary horseman rode slowly towards the Castle. A knight he seemed to be by the style of his dress. But his armour was rusty and dented; his cloak was threadbare, and his face worn and anxious. He came across a peasant who happened to be working in one of the fields and accosted him.

"A fine castle, my good friend! Canst thou tell me what knight or noble is its lord?"

"Marry, that can I. 'Tis the young Lord Fitzburgh." Then, gazing curiously on the shabby accoutrements of the rider, "Sir Knight, thou must be a stranger in these parts."

"Fitzburgh—Fitzburgh?" murmured the knight questioning.

"Aye, Fitzburgh," interrupted the man, "the nephew of our good lord Roland de Montepan."

The knight started painfully. "Aye, I knew Sir Roland once—many years ago.

Canst thou tell me, good fellow, aught of him and his family. Methinks he had a daughter?"

"He died some six years since, and my lady long before him."

"But his daughter—his daughter?" questioned the horseman, impatiently, "what of her?"

"Oh, aye," responded the peasant, getting surly, and looking with ill-disguised contempt at his interrogator, "and who be thee, I'd like to know, to ask with such mightily spleenful about his daughter? But, an you are minded to know, she's at the castle, and a right noble lady she is!"

The knight turned rapidly, put spurs to his horse, and galloped off.

"Why, saints help us, what's in him! He's gone, and never a groat for my pains. May St. Anthony forget me if ever I tell strangers all I know again," and the man slung his sword over his shoulder and turned off towards the road.

But the knight—suddenly he reined in his steed, and passed his mailed hand across his brow. Should he venture to see her, without name, without glory? He looked down at his shabby accoutrements, and smiled bitterly. "She was scarce more than a child when we parted," he murmured; then, with the words came a thought which nearly stunned him. The peasant had said she was at the castle, but was it on a visit? If so, she was married. Or was it still her home? Delirious thought! Could he dare to think so? Then a thousand possibilities flashed through his mind, swifter than lightning. She might have forgotten him, might be widowed. Twenty years was a long time! But oh! the longer he thought the more did those twenty years contract, till the spurs across them was but that between yesterday and to-day. Slowly he rode on through the park. How he, instinctively, as it were, threaded his way through its groves and labyrinths! Calmed by the very vehemence of his thoughts, Sir Edward de Faulkner hoped the bright hopes and dreamed the sweet dreams of youth again. Presently a turn in the park brought into view the western angle of the castle, flooded with the glowing light of the setting sun, which glittered, too, on the arms and badge of the warder who paced the battlements.

He dismounted and leaned against his horse. The Angelus bell from the distant convent told sweetly the time of prayer, and he obeyed the summons. As the last pearl died away amid the forest trees, he was startled by the sound of children's voices. Soon, two bright little maidens darted across his path, stood for a moment to gaze wonderingly at him, and then sprang away again in a wild chase towards the castle. An old servant was soon upon them from another direction. De Faulkner watched them over the draw-bridge, half hidden from his view in foliage. His cheek was blanched; his gaze fascinated—were they her's? So terribly was every sense absorbed in that one fear, that he heard not a soft step across the mossy sward. A lady was walking swiftly towards the spot where he stood; but she hesitated when she caught sight of the knight and seemed inclined to turn in another direction. Changing her mind, however, and smiling at what she deemed a foolish fear, struck, also by the dejected attitude of the horseman, she advanced.

"Sir Knight, methinks rest is thy need. If I may offer thee the hospitality of my castle, say so; and all its best is at thy service."

What was there in that voice that made the knight turn so suddenly? It was the voice he had carried in his heart for twenty long years. Mechanically he held out his arms. For one moment the lady started and drew herself up with dignity not unmixed with fear, and the deep flush that dyed her cheek recalled her youth. The next, some impulse moved her to scan his face. She looked with doubt and uncertainty into his eyes, a new-born hope leapt in her heart—there was a look that she remembered there. As for her lover, he had forgotten all but the Margaret of long ago, and a wild longing took possession of him to clasp her once more.

"Margaret," he said in a low voice of passionate appeal, "it is I,—come!" And she came; the last time was twenty years before. "It is I"—oh, sweet, instinctive certainty of love! There was but one "I" for her in the world.

Let us draw a veil over these moments. After all, words are but clumsy interpreters of feeling; and the more solemn, the more sacred, the more absorbing the feeling, the more inadequate the speech. At last, a fullness of supreme rest succeeded to the rapture of re-union. And as the sun was casting its last rays over the earth Margaret, leaning on De Faulkner's arm, entered the castle.

"My own," said he, as he passed on the threshold, "this is a hundred-fold return for the heats of the Arabian desert, aye for a Mohammedan dungeon and years of longing. The thought of thee has guarded me from the sins of the East, even as the possession of thee will be my shield from time to time."

"May God grant it!" was the low reply, as Margaret glanced upward with tearful and grateful eyes.

THE END.

When you feel your strength is falling, In some strange, mysterious way; When your cheek is slowly paling, And "Poor thing," the neighbors say, As they look at you in pity, To the nearest drug store send, At the earliest chance, and get a Bottle of the Sick Man's Friend.

You will get what you want by asking for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This medicine tones up and invigorates the weakened system by purifying the blood and restoring lost vigor.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

On the Platform.

Public speakers and singers are often troubled with sore throat and hoarseness and are liable to severe bronchial attacks which might be prevented and cured by the use of Hagyard's Pectoral Balm—the best throat and lung remedy in use.

Why go limping and whining about your cures when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial and you will not regret it.

THE SALVATION OF PROTESTANTS.

A JESUIT FATHER SPEAKS AT ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S ON THE SUBJECT. Reported for the Freeman's Journal by Thomas J. M'Geoghean.

Rev. Father Russo, S. J., delivered an able discourse, last Sunday evening, in St. Francis Xavier's church, West Sixteenth street, this city, in the course of which he dwelt on the salvation of Protestants at some considerable length.

In the beginning of his remarks he said that the Catholic Church had now existed nineteen centuries, while other denominations came into being only a few centuries ago. There cannot be two true Churches. One of them must necessarily be in error; for, truth is one and indivisible. The objections made against the Catholic Church are numerous. Some will say that, at one time, it was the true Church, but that it became corrupt. If so, then Christ broke His word, for He promised to be with His Church "all days even to the consummation of the world." As He, the God of Truth, made this promise, He will keep it, and it is blasphemy to assert the contrary. Therefore, the Church is the true Church to-day, the same as it ever was.

As to the teaching of the Church, our Protestant friends could never prove or point to one error taught by her; no, not even one; and the calumnies uttered against the Church have been disproved by the testimony of history. It is impossible for her to teach error because her doctrines are those inculcated by her Divine Founder to His Apostles, and by them to their successors, the priests and bishops of the Church. They have their commission from Him. "Going, therefore," said our Lord, "teach all nations, and I will be with you all days even to the consummation of the world." In these words, he could not have meant the Apostles alone, as some object, for they could not possibly live till the end of the world. He must undoubtedly, therefore, meant all their legitimate successors in the Apostolate, and addressed Himself to them as well as to those who had been immediately gathered around Him. Hence, the only infallible guide to lead souls to God to-day is the Catholic Church, and she, in fact, is the only Church that even lays claim to infallibility in the matter. The others are all drifting about "with every wind of doctrine."

But of all the slanders attributed to us, one of the worst is that we Catholics assert, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that all Protestants will be damned! We do nothing of the kind. This is not the teaching of the Catholic Church. It is anti-Catholic teaching. It must be distinctly understood that we distinguish in the Church two elements. One of these elements can be seen, such as the administration of the sacraments, the preaching of the Word of God, the offering up of the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar; in a word, all the external exercises of our religion, the exterior practice of our faith. All these constitute what we term the body of the Church. But, besides this, there is also the soul of the Church, by which the body is kept alive. This is the second element, and it consists of the sanctifying grace of God, the very life which sustains, as I said, the body of the Church. In this we do not, for a moment admit the existence of two Churches, for there is only the one Church with the body and soul united, the same as in the individual, who has also a body and soul. We do not, we cannot call him two men; we call him one man. Otherwise, we would be laughed at. It is the same way with the Church of Christ.

What then is the doctrine of faith? It is simply this, that in order to be saved, we must at least belong to the soul of the Church. Therefore we must have the grace of God, and if we appear before God without it we are lost. If our Protestant friends, then, belong to the soul of the Church by being in a state of sanctifying grace, God will not suffer them to be lost when they are in invincible ignorance, for invincible ignorance will never be punished by God. If they are in good faith, and lead sinless lives, they belong to the soul of the Church, and if they die in that condition they are saved. Or, if, having sinned, they make an act of perfect contrition, and thus recover the grace of God, they are also secure of their salvation, and God will not take into account their errors of faith when they happen to be in a state of invincible ignorance, or when they are in good faith regarding their religion.

The great difficulty with Protestants is that, though they have the privilege to belong to the soul of the Church of God, they lose numerous advantages possessed by those who belong to both the body and soul of the Church. They lose the benefit of the Sacraments and a thousand spiritual graces and helps derived therefrom to aid us to gain heaven. At the hour of death, after a careless life, it may not be easy to make an act of perfect contrition, although it may be comparatively easy to make an act of attrition, which latter suffices, with the grace of the sacrament of Penance, to purify the soul. The Protestant, not having this grace of the sacrament of Penance, and not being able to feel that intense love for God required in the act of perfect contrition, after a sinful life will be lost not because of his want of faith, but because of the sins unrepented of when he did not make the act of perfect contrition, a thing not easily done after a reckless life. If, however, he should happen to feel that perfect sorrow for insulting his Maker so often, then, no doubt, God will show him His mercy.

So far, then, for the slander so often uttered against Catholics in relation to their doctrine about the salvation of Protestants. You see how false and how groundless the calumny is.

Father Russo here dwelt on the objection made by some Protestants against our religion, because, indeed, it was the religion of the poor. Why, remarked the learned divine, we glory in this! Did not Christ come to preach the Gospel to the poor? Did He not belong to the poorest of the poor? This certainly was a very bad argument, and it should never deter our Protestant friends from entering the "One Fold." They

all must necessarily see the consistency of Catholic teaching; at least those of them who give any serious thought to the matter. We do not teach one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow. But how is it with those of other denominations? They listen to their pastor preach one doctrine and quite a different doctrine the Sunday following. They have, therefore, no unerring guide. Ministers will preach to suit the congregation addressed, as a general thing. It is not so with us. We preach Christ and Christ crucified.

But Protestants say that the Catholic Church is not "respectable;" that it is persecuted and despised by the world. Ah, here we glory in this again! Has it not been said that "the Church is the mystical body of Christ?" Has not Christ been persecuted? Therefore, of necessity, the Church must be persecuted, and come out triumphant through the very midst of persecution and suffering, even as Our Blessed Lord triumphed finally over death itself.

But the pride of poor human nature is the chief stumbling-block in the way of Protestants. Many of them, especially among the wealthy classes, would become Catholics, but they cannot bring themselves to kneel at the same altar with the afflicted and with the poor, suffering ones of Christ. The great ones of the world, indeed, associate with such as these, even in the house of God! The idea that the great and powerful ones of the world should have to depend on the absolution of a priest to save their souls! Oh, no! And so they will perish in their pride, forgetful of Christ's mandate to His Apostles, "Going therefore, teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, and behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world. And again: "As the Father sent Me, I send you. . . . whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." words that prove clearly the power given by Christ to priests of His Church to forgive sins in His name.

But this humiliation of the confessional is a great drawback with Protestants whenever they conceive an idea of becoming Catholics. But the humiliation is not greater for them than it is for us. From the lowest to the highest among us—to the Pope himself—all must bend the knee in the confessional to receive absolution before going to Holy Communion, for it is a condition placed by Our Blessed Lord for the cleansing of the soul from sin.

We Catholics have one very important duty to perform, and one which we cannot lay too much stress upon. It is to pray—to pray with fervor and with perseverance, for the conversion of our Protestant friends. But, above all things, let us give them good example. Oh, this is the chief thing—good example. If they see that our religion makes us lead holy lives, they will naturally say there is something in it, and they themselves will pray and investigate, till at last, with the blessing of God, they will be brought into the body of the Church. How rejoiced you would be to know that such and such a friend became a Catholic! What feelings of satisfaction it would be to you! How it would help you to gain your own salvation, too! Oh, think of it! Pray, then, for the conversion of our Protestant friends, for the grace of God is all-powerful, and prayer is the great key that will open the treasures of God's grace for all who are disposed to possess them.

HE WAS FROM DAKOTA.

Our Princeton correspondent writes as follows: A tall, attenuated specimen of humanity, looking as if he might be a lineal descendant of Brother Z-phaniah Sockdolger, quietly dropped into the paragon last Saturday evening and introduced himself as the Rev. Mr. Kennedy of Rapid City, Dakota. In the light of subsequent events it is an easy matter to say that his reasons for visiting this district were not satisfactory; however, they were sufficient to secure a pleasant reception, a hospitable entertainment and an invitation to preach. To the latter he mildly demurred on the ground that his clerical outfit was in Toronto, but his reluctance was finally overcome. He, however, tenaciously clung to the opinion that his shoes were not exactly orthodox, so he bought a pair from one of our merchants, promising to pay for the same upon the arrival of his wife, who always carried the purse. The merchant would doubtless have been pleased to fill further esteemed orders upon similar terms, but the man from the boundless West was a big-hearted, unselfish being, whose gentlemanly instincts would not allow him to play the hog. On Sunday the Rev. Mr. Kennedy preached. It is true that he didn't read the hymns like an elocutionist; and it was noticed that at times his discourse lacked coherency; but these little faults were readily overlooked in a man who had wrestled with Dakota blizzards and been generally shaken up by his struggles to wrest the inhabitants of his far away home from the clutches of the Evil one. Where is the Rev. Mr. Kennedy now? He left early Monday morning. His departure was quiet and unceremonious, befitting one of his vocation. Some of our people have been looking for him, but he has a provoking way of keeping out of sight. When his wife arrives he will likely return and pay for those shoes.—Woodstock Sentinel Review.

It seems to be no hard matter to find one's way into some pulpits. Ed. CATHOLIC RECORD.

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CATHOLICS OF SCOTLAND.

BY THE REV. ENNAS M'DONELL DAWSON, LL. D., F. R. S.

PART II.

JAMES GRANT, J. M'DONALD, GEO. HAY, ETC., AND THEIR TIME.

At this time the loyalty of Catholic soldiers and their bravery in the field was nothing new to the British public. These great qualities, however, met with but little consideration on the part of the more dark and bigoted portion of the Presbyterian world. Two Highland battalions of British troops, composed in great part of Catholics, both officers and privates, had served in the war which led to the cession of Canada to Great Britain. On leaving the service, these brave veterans were allowed a pension, sufficient for their comfortable maintenance. They retired to their mountain homes; and generally their being Catholics was not considered as an objection to the regular payment of their pensions. In some of the remotest parts of the Highlands, however, the ministers raised such an objection, and threatened those brave men, who had risked their lives in fighting the battles of their country with the loss of their pensions unless they would abstain from any public profession of their Faith. As many of those men were entirely dependent on what the Government allowed them, the threat of the ministers implied a total privation of their livelihood. It does not appear that such a threat was, or could have been carried into execution, in defiance of the general opinion which prevailed. In fact, the Lord Justice Clerk (the chief judge in Scotland) and the Lord Advocate pledged their word in answer to Bishop Hay's appeal, that, although they could give no public assurance in favour of the pensioners, no complaint as to religion, made against them, should be listened to by the law officers of the crown. This, we may conclude, was a sufficient check to the charitable ministers, and the retired soldiers were directed to ask, as usual, without fear, the payment of their pensions.

It had been the custom to administer to recruits the attestation oath, in other words, that they should swear that they were Protestants. This custom must have been highly injurious to the military service. Bishop Hay publicly advised all Catholics who wished to enlist, to declare openly when they were called upon to make the attestation, that they were Catholics, and would never take the oath in its existing form. They followed the Bishop's directions, were applauded for their honesty, allowed to omit the objectionable clause and swear only to be obedient and faithful. This reform greatly facilitated recruiting. Many Catholics were added to the ranks of the army as privates, and young gentlemen, notwithstanding their religious profession, obtained commissions.

Lord Stanhope, a minister of the Crown, and a leading member of the Government, endeavored in 1718 to obtain some mitigation of the penal laws in favor of Catholics. He was supported by the Government of the time and had many friends in Parliament. He, nevertheless, utterly failed. The age of greater light and a more tolerant mind had not yet dawned. It had made but small progress when our army men, in 1770, took up the gauntlet in favor of their Catholic fellow-citizens. They knew the value of the Catholic soldier; and they would have him a free man, and not a Pariah or Helot crushed to a state worse than servitude, by cruel and degrading penal laws. A motion made in the House of Commons, 11th Dec., 1770, by General Bourgoyne, and seconded by General Conway, had in view to provide soldiers for the British army at the beginning of the American war. To this end it was proposed to relax the penal statutes which prevented Catholics from serving under the British flag, unless they did violence to their conscience. General Bourgoyne addressed the Commons with great freedom. During the late war he had had the honor to command 500 Roman Catholics. It was true that they had come to him as Protestants; but it was also very well known that the poor fellows went when they were able, to their own place of worship; and, as they went out of uniform, he had not opposed it. He declared that they were as brave soldiers as any in the British army; and that foreign nations were astonished that so many fine soldiers should be forced into foreign service by the imposition of oaths at home, which they could not take without violating Truth and Religion. The eloquence of the noble General was lost on the House of Commons of 1770. In the short period of eight years there was a change. Shall it be said a change of opinion? The sentiments of a nation do not change so rapidly. But, wars and rumors of wars, more eloquent than the words of orators, more powerful than "the still small voice of reason," some times oblige them to change their policy. It cannot be alleged that the statesmen who composed the Government of Lord North were unfriendly to toleration and a mitigation of the penal laws. But the war with America and an impending war with France, no doubt quickened their zeal in endeavoring to pass through Parliament some form of bill that would considerably lessen the odious laws. It behoved them to move with caution, for they knew not, as yet, what the sentiments of the Opposition were; and, accordingly, they wisely resolved to refrain from bringing the subject before Parliament until they had made all possible enquiry and preparation. They looked first to Scotland, and sent thither a confidential agent, Sir John Dalrymple, a Scotch Baron or Eschequer. This gentleman was already known as friendly to Catholics, having originated a plan for raising Catholic soldiers in Ireland and having nearly succeeded in obtaining the restoration of the forfeited estates to the families of their original proprietors, when his laudable endeavors were interrupted by the state of affairs in America. Sir John was not without

friends in Scotland. Among these was Lord Linton, the son and heir of the Earl of Faquair, a Scotch Peer; and, in order to be introduced to Bishop Hay, he had recourse to the good services of the Rev. Alexander Gordon, newly appointed principal of the Scotch College of Paris, with whom he had formerly been intimate at the French capital. Sir John now proceeded to business, visited Bishop Hay and desired to learn from him the sentiments of the Scotch Catholics on the three following points: 1. How they were generally disposed to regard the war with America? 2. What grounds there were to expect that they would enter freely into his Majesty's service if invited? 3. What ameliorations in their social condition they would look for as an equivalent for their services? To these queries the Bishop gave distinct answers in writing, under date of 16th February, 1778. He assured the Government agent of the loyalty of the Catholic people, and that, although they were incapacitated by law for serving their country, either as military men, or as civilians, their honest endeavor was directed to the discharge of their private duties to their country as good citizens. With regard to the question of the war with America, the Bishop took it upon himself to say that the conduct of the Americans was generally disapproved of by the Scotch Catholics of his acquaintance. As a proof of this, as well as of the readiness with which Catholics would enter into his Majesty's service, he reminded Sir John that nearly all the emigrants who had left the Highlands for America, a few years before, were now wearing his Majesty's uniform. He also referred to the great number of Catholics who had enlisted in spite of every discouragement, during the last war, and to the popularity of the recruiting sergeant in Catholic districts of the country at the present time. The bishop added and at some length, that he considered it undoubted that if the whole penal code were repealed and Catholics restored to all the rights and privileges of their fellow subjects, Catholics would become entirely attached to his Majesty's person and Government and that the more favored they were in this way, the more cordial would be their service, but this was more than could be hoped for in the present state of matters. In the mean time his object could be attained by the removal of three chief impediments to a cordial service of his Majesty. First, a repeal of the sanguinary laws against all hearers and sayers of mass. As long as it is death or banishment to attend the Catholic worship, it cannot be supposed that Catholics would cheerfully serve, or consider themselves as looked upon in a friendly light by Government. Secondly, a repeal of those statutes which enable the Protestant seller of an estate to take it back again from the Catholic purchaser without allowing to the latter action for the restitution of the price, and of those which enable the nearest Protestant heir to take the estate from the rightful Catholic proprietor. Thirdly, that that part of the attestation oath which regards religion be done away with and those who enter the service be required only to swear fidelity to the king and obedience to the laws of war. Lord Linton's opinion, which Sir John had taken separately, agreed in every point with that of Bishop Hay. The agent was now ready for further negotiations with the ministry. Accordingly he saw Premier Lord North, Lord George Germain and Lord Suffolk. These gentlemen were highly pleased with the opinions which he had laid before them. Bishop Hay had suggested to Sir John the importance of obtaining the co-operation of the English Catholic body in their negotiations. He wrote, accordingly, to Edinburgh for letters of introduction to Bishop Challoner and other leading Catholics of England. Bishop Hay, in reply, immediately forwarded to the agent a letter for his venerable friend, Bishop Challoner, and another to the coadjutor, Bishop Talbot. More he declined to do, lest he should appear too assuming in the matter, considering that it would be better if in Scotland they seemed to follow rather than to lead. He knew also that the two bishops for whom he gave introductions had great influence with all their friends in England, and the persons best qualified to give advice as regards the important business in hand. Bishop Challoner did not enter with much warmth or courage into the plan of a partial repeal of the penal code. But he assured Sir John Dalrymple of the loyal sentiments of the Catholics of England in the present crisis. The aged Bishop had suffered so long from the oppression of the odious laws that he could not be reconciled to the idea of the Catholics acting in the open and public way now proposed to them. He dreaded lest by coming forward in support of Government, they should give offence to the Opposition and perhaps occasion a renewal of persecution. Through the timidity incident to his great age, he started many difficulties. An eminent Catholic lawyer, Mr. Duane, gave the agent a similar reception. Sir John, however, was not to be discouraged. He waited on the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Shrewsbury, Lord Petre and many other Catholic noblemen and gentlemen in London. He induced them to hold several meetings for the discussion of the subject. They came at last to the conclusion, with the concurrence of the ministry, that a loyal address should be presented to the king in the name of the English and Scotch Catholics. His Majesty would receive it graciously and reply in the most encouraging terms. Soon after they would jointly present a petition, praying for a mitigation of the penal laws. This petition would be referred to Parliament and supported by all the influence of the court. Thus, by avoiding to introduce the subject merely as a Government measure, unsustained by the voice of the Catholics themselves, it was hoped that it would meet with less opposition. About the same time, also, the Irish Catholics presented a loyal address, so that nothing was wanting to show what sentiments prevailed.

ton, in the absence of the Earl of Faquair, who was resident with his daughters in France, represented the Scotch Catholics. He was willingly accompanied, as he desired, by Bishop Hay. As soon as they arrived, Lord Linton attended a meeting of the Catholic body, at which the address was adopted and signed, personally, or by proxy, by ten peers and nearly two hundred commoners who were gentlemen of family and property in England. Lord Linton and Mr. George Maxwell, of Kirkconnel, signed for the Scotch Catholics. The address expressed the attachment of his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects to his person and Government, notwithstanding the disabilities under which they labored. The address disclaimed, moreover, all sympathies with the designs of any foreign power against the crown, and the safety and tranquility of his Majesty's subjects. It appeals for proof of the sentiments to the irreproachable conduct of the Roman Catholics for many years past "under circumstances of public discontenance and displeasure." Lord Arundel and Surrey, Lord Linton and Lord Petre presented the address at a public levee. It was graciously received, as his Majesty had promised it would be, and afforded him much gratification. The Irish Catholics presented a like address, dated Dublin, April 13th, and signed by three hundred persons. As the Penal Laws were not the same in the three kingdoms, the Ministry desired that the Catholic representatives should prepare for them a note showing what their constituents wished to be done for them by Parliament. It was also signified that if their first demands were moderate, everything that they possibly could desire, the Nation approving, would be done for them in course of time. There was still great anxiety as to the light in which the Opposition in the House of Commons might view the measure. If it were presented merely as a scheme of the ministry, it might, on that account, fail. Several circumstances, however, concurred to dispel all doubt on this head, and made it apparent that the members of the Opposition were the warmest supporters of the measure. Many of them were connected with Ireland by property and family, and from a human feeling towards their fellow-countrymen, they were anxious that the Irish should be relieved of their social and political grievances. Of this liberality, however, Great Britain must set the example. The name of the leader of the Opposition, was a sufficient guarantee for the sincerity and humanity of their motives. And now comes State policy which concurred with so many other causes to secure unanimous support for the Catholic Relief Bill. The American Congress had invited all Catholics to emigrate to the West, promising them entire liberty of conscience. There was also, throughout the land, the salutary fear of a French invasion. This added not a little to the pressure of the American war; and hence it became highly important that all parties in the State should unite against the common enemy. The dissenting Protestants of England, at the same time, lent their aid. They needed a little more religious liberty than the jealous State church and its supporters had hitherto allowed them. They were inclined, therefore, to favour the Catholic movement, considering it a step towards their own complete emancipation. They no doubt also had a view to securing the support which the Catholics, from gratitude, in return for their timely aid, would be disposed to bestow, when the dissenting bodies came to claim an extension of their liberties.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

PARISH OF GRIMSBY.

The Agricultural Hall, Grimsby, was filled on Tuesday evening, the occasion being a lecture by the Rev. Dean Harris, of St. Catharines, and a concert by talented artists under the auspices of the Catholic church. W. H. Morgan was in the chair, and after a few opening remarks, introduced Mrs. Wignere, of Hamilton, who gave a violin solo, accompanied on the piano by Miss Grace McAllister. Mrs. Wignere's style is free and her playing of St. Patrick's day was received with applause. The next was a bass solo, "The Sentinel," by Mr. Thomas, of Hamilton, followed by a duet, "Folly and Fashion," by Miss Sullivan and Mr. Bryant, of Hamilton. This piece was received with applause. In response to a hearty encore they sang "Gipsy Maid." Miss Sullivan's singing in the encore was very fine, while Mr. Bryant kept up his end both as a lover and singer, in gallant style. The next was a very pretty selection entitled "the Song from the Beach," by Miss O'Brien, of Hamilton, which was rendered in good style. Mr. Bryant then appeared as "The Chilly Man," which was greeted with well deserved applause, his appearance being as amusing as his song. His encore, "I'm getting a big boy now," was taken even better than his first piece and received hearty applause.

At this stage in the proceedings the chairman announced that the Rev. Dean Harris would lecture on the subject of "The Mission to the Huron Indians." Dean Harris is a man of very commanding appearance, and speaks in a clear and expressive tone and with a forcible and emphatic manner. He entered into the details of the life of the Indian savages of this country previous to the visits of the Jesuit Missionaries. The lecture throughout was replete with interesting information and was delivered in a style that could not but command attention. His description of Father Brechou's death was listened to with breathless interest. To give the least idea of the lecture in this report is utterly impossible. To be appreciated it had to be heard.

The second part of the concert opened by Miss Sullivan singing "The Lament of the Irish Emigrant." Miss Sullivan has a powerful voice and perfect articulation, and the pathos with which she sang her selection held the audience spell bound. She received a well merited encore. On returning she sang "Jamie Dear," which received a hearty round of applause. Mr. Thomas followed with a solo "Over the Garden Wall." Mr. Bryant's appearance in "Have you seen my Girl" was the signal for a burst of applause and he lost no ground by his rendering of it, and when he turned to leave the stage he received an encore that made the hall shake. He returned and sang "Is any one ill?" Miss O'Brien sang next "Tit for Tat" very prettily, and in answer to an encore sang again. There is music in Miss O'Brien's singing, but she does not do herself full justice, as she held her voice in check, seldom letting it rise to its full power. The concluding piece was a duet, "Life Dream is o'er," by Miss Sullivan and Mr. Thomas, the latter singing much better than he did in his solos, and the former fully maintaining her position as "star" of the evening. The accompanist throughout was Mrs. Wignere, who materially assisted the performers by her skilful playing.

After the close of the concert the very Rev. Dean Harris, Father Davis, formerly Priest at Smithville, the Chairman, those who took part in the entertainment, J. A. Livingston of the Independent, and several gentlemen and ladies of Smithville, sat down to a sumptuous repast, at the residence of the Rev. Father McCrae, where a most enjoyable hour was spent.—Grimsey Independent.

BILLY RAMCAT.

It was at Tralee, O'Connell completely silenced a Cork attorney who defied all gentle rebuke. This individual possessed a love for fighting not inferior to the Scotch terrier that lost his appetite when he had "naething to worrit." "His person," we are told, "was indicative of his disposition. His face was bold, menacing, and scornful in its expression. He had stamped upon him the defiance and resolution of a pugilist. Upon either temple there stood erect a lock of hair which no brush could smooth down. These locks looked like horns, and added to the combative expression of his countenance. He was fiery in his nature, excessively spirited and ejaculated, rather than spoke, to an audience; his speeches consisted of a series of short, hissing, spluttering sentences, by no means devoid of talent of a certain kind." Upon the occasion referred to this irrepressible attorney gave O'Connell great annoyance. He interrupted O'Connell several times; he improperly addressed the witnesses as they mounted the witness chair, and altogether was quite unruly. The counsel engaged with O'Connell tried to keep him quiet; more than once the judge severely rebuked his improper interference—it was all in vain; up he would start, like a jack in a box, and hiss out some remark which was sure to provoke O'Connell. At last, O'Connell, losing all patience, shouted in a voice of thunder, "Sit down you audacious, snarling, pugacious ramcat!" The words were no sooner uttered than every one in court saw the truth of their application. Judge, jury, counsel, attorneys, were convulsed with laughter. The judge extremely enjoyed the happy epithets, which completely suited the combative attorney, who gasped with suppressed rage. He bore the sobriquet of "Billy Ramcat" for the rest of his natural life.

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Catholic Record.

London, Sat., Oct. 27th, 1888.

PROSPECTS OF ROMANISM.

Dr. Dorchester, who in his history lately published accused Catholics of the desire to destroy the religious liberty of Protestants in the United States, and quoted Archbishop Ryan as expressly declaring that this would be the certain result, if Catholics ever should become strong enough, has been further enlightening the public on the "Prospects of Romanism." Being called to task for misquoting Archbishop Ryan, he was honorable enough to acknowledge that he had fallen into an error from carelessly copying a number of respectable periodicals which had furnished him with the quotation, and accordingly he apologized to the Archbishop. His letter of apology we need not reproduce, as it appeared lately in the columns of the CATHOLIC RECORD. At all events this whole occurrence is not calculated to inspire very great confidence in the blunderer as one specially competent to deal with Catholic matters, as he never would have made such a blunder, if he had been moderately acquainted with his subject.

The Doctor's new subject is treated as an answer to a question in the magazine of Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston, "Our Day", and is stated to be one of several "Questions to Specialists." The question which our "Specialist" Dr. Dorchester undertakes to answer is: "What are the prospects of Roman Catholicism in the United States?" A specialist on this subject ought to be a careful statistician, weighing his data so as to eliminate errors from the figures which he has before him, when such exist. He ought to be able to detect oversights, and even to evolve truth out of a mixed mass of truth and falsehood. Now in his treatment of the subject named at the head of this article, the Doctor has proved himself utterly incapable of fulfilling these duties of a statistician, and even if he be perfectly honest in the views which he upholds, we maintain that his failure in this respect is sufficient to make his conclusions on the "Prospects of Romanism" utterly unreliable.

As yet we have only seen that portion of Dr. Dorchester's essay which was published in the Globe of the 6th inst. From this we begin by taking the following extract. The year 1886 in the first occurrence of the date, we change to 1888, as the whole context shows that the year 1887 is compared with 1888, and not 1886. This error is, of course, typographical:

"Taking the Catholic Year Book for 1887, and comparing it with the Year Book for 1888, I find there has been an actual diminution, so far as their figures go, in churches, in chapels and stations, in priests, in parochial schools, and in charitable institutions. For instance, 81 less churches are reported in the Year Book for 1888 than in the Year Book for 1887, 224 less chapels and stations, 62 less priests, 91 less parochial schools, 26 662 less pupils in parochial schools, and 13 less charitable institutions. I mention this peculiar change as a query. I wish somebody would explain it. It is possible that there are less complete returns made now than before, but it is a little singular that in these six leading items there should be this falling off."

"A little singular!" This is indeed putting the matter mildly. Not a week passes in which we do not read of the opening or the laying of the cornerstones of new churches and parochial schools throughout the United States, from Cape Flattery to Key West, and seldom do we hear that the buildings thus erected are either closed to their purpose or that they have taken flight to the moon. It is, therefore, a little, or perhaps not a little singular that the number of them should have decreased, and they have not—"Eighty-one less churches, 224 less chapels and stations, 91 less parochial schools, and 13 less charitable institutions." altogether a decrease of 409! This is simply preposterous.

Yet it is a fact which we must concede that Dr. Dorchester has found figures in Sadlier's Catholic Directory, or Year Book, which might seem to a cursory reader to bear him out in his statement. But the Doctor is presented to us, not as a merely cursory reader, but as a specialist, that is, one who has mastered his subject. Now did he not notice that the "Year Book" does not profess to give for either year a full report of the number of parochial schools, or of chapels and stations? And the same is true of the

number of pupils in the parochial schools, and of charitable institutions, though in the last case the report is more complete than in the others. The dioceses which have given returns under each of these heads are different in the two years named, so that the Doctor by his method of comparison deduces the increase or decrease in each case by comparing two territories which are quite different from each other in the two years named. If he had compared the same territory for both years, the result would have been quite different, and this is what a specialist would have done, if he were honest. We shall endeavor to show the result of this method of procedure.

Dr. Dorchester's figures are taken from Sadlier's Directory, by a superficial glance at totals, without reference to the territory they regard, and if this were a correct method of computing statistics, his conclusions would be correct. We are sorry to say that beside the fact that these totals cover a different territory, there are also some inaccuracies in the totals, arising from typographical errors, and from transferring to the summary figures which differ from those which are given in the diocesan reports. These errors must be attributed to the compilers of the Directory, but to get at the truth they must be eliminated. We hope that in future more care will be devoted to the compilation of the Directory. This work is a grand contribution to the history of the Catholic Church on this continent, but carelessness in its compilation mars its value very much. It contains a vast amount of facts relative to the Church's history, and much credit is due to the enterprising firm of the Messrs. Sadlier who issue it regularly every year, but in collating these facts into tables, unless care be given to the work, much of the confidence which has hitherto been given to it will necessarily be withdrawn.

Dr. Dorchester may find in what we have said here the explanation of the apparent anomaly of the decrease in leading items, which so much surprises him. We do not pretend that our corrections of Messrs. Sadlier's tables are a complete or exact statement of the case. In the hurried manner in which we have been obliged to make our observations, some errors may have escaped our notice, but we are certainly very near the exact figures which a more leisurely examination would give.

Let us first take the figures regarding parochial schools. There are in the United States 79 dioceses. Of these many do not state in their reports the number of parochial schools comprised within their boundaries; and even when a number is given in the tabular summary of the directory, it is sometimes found to be a mere estimate of the compiler on insufficient data. We find 56 dioceses which give these reports, both in 1887 and 1888, and in certain of these cases the figures given in the tabular statement are not those given in the diocesan reports. For these reasons we omit taking into account the dioceses of Little Rock, New Orleans, Milwaukee, Oregon, Leavenworth, Concordia, Kansas, Santa Fe and Indian Territory. It is not to better our case that we omit these, as will be evident when we compare the figures. Thus, in the diocese of Little Rock, the tabular number of schools is 11 for 1888, whereas the diocesan report merely states that there were "20 schools in 1887." In New Orleans the tabular summary gives 53 and 40 for the number of schools in the successive years, whereas the diocesan reports state the matter thus: for 1887 the number of academies and free schools under supervision of the priests is said to be 40, and for 1888 it is merely said there are "parochial schools in every parish." Evidently we must reject the figures 53 and 40 as guesses of the compiler. Similar reasons hold for the other dioceses we have named. Dakota we include in our estimate, because though it is accidentally omitted in the summary, it gives accurate returns for both years, viz.: 21, 24, respectively. Monterey, which is placed in the tables as having 4 and 15 schools in the successive years, reports itself as having 15 in each year. If we wished to cook the figures, we would, of course, let Monterey stand as in the table. We would do the same with Milwaukee, as the figures are given for this diocese at 75, 118, respectively. We have on making these corrections, as we have stated above, 56 dioceses with the schools for each year as in the following table. We give results by Ecclesiastical Provinces for greater compactness:

Ecc. Pro.	Dioceses fully reported	Schools in 1887	Schools in 1888
Baltimore.....	5	142	145
Boston.....	7	189	205
Chicago.....	3	244	253
Cincinnati.....	8	474	494
Cincinnati.....	3	112	121
Milwaukee.....	3	70	77
New Orleans....	5	395	400
New York.....	2	8	10
Oregon.....	2	239	244
Philadelphia....	5	42	42
San Francisco..	4	27	27
Santa Fe.....	3	243	252
St. Louis.....	8	56	2,185
		2,185	2,270

It is thus seen that parochial schools have increased by 85 in the 56 dioceses which have reported for both years. There can be very little doubt that the remaining 23 dioceses have had a similar increase, which is a very different showing

from that which a superficial glance at the bottom of one page of the Directory would lead one to suppose.

Treating the details of the number of pupils attending the schools in the same way, the result will be similar, except that the increase of the number of pupils attending each school would be found larger in proportion, and so with each of the other heads under which Dr. Dorchester has found a decrease.

In the case of the number of priests and of churches, there should be much greater accuracy in the Directory summary. We notice the following errors under these heads: Chicago is stated to have 206 priests. The diocesan report gives 286. Dakota is omitted in 1888 with 90 priests. Concordia is stated in the table to have 22 priests. The diocesan report gives the names of 23. Thus the table is to be corrected by adding 171 to the number of priests for 1888. The increase for the year is therefore 109 priests, instead of a decrease of 62.

As to the number of churches we notice these errors: In 1888 Dakota is omitted with 130 churches. Detroit is reported with 144 in 1887 and 84 in 1888. Only the Churches with resident pastors are numbered, and these are given in the diocesan report as 84 in each year. Probably if the churches without resident pastors were given there would be an increase. The tables give a decrease of 9 in Boston, whereas the diocesan reports state that the number was the same in each year, 157. In Fort Wayne a similar decrease of 2 is an error. The reports give 122 in each year. The tables give Little Rock 87 churches in 1888, an increase of 52. This should be 37, an increase of 2. In Mobile the diocesan report for 1887 states that there were 36 churches, not 40, as counted in the table. Thus to obtain the truth we must deduct 64 from the tabular number of churches given for 1887, and we must add 91 to the number for 1888. When these corrections are made we shall have the increase for the year 74, instead of a falling off of 81.

The lists of priests and churches are the only two of all the heads which profess to be complete in the Directory for all the dioceses, and which cover the same territory. Under the heads chapels and stations, and charitable institutions, the same process of correction which we have followed will give a similar result, a satisfactory increase in every case.

It was our intention when beginning this article to have reviewed others of Dr. Dorchester's statements, but as we have already carried this article to considerable length, we shall content ourselves with a few general remarks upon some of the salient points treated by him.

He says "Romanism has made five great efforts to capture this country of ours." One of these efforts consisted in an attempt at the "separation, dismemberment and destruction of the early Protestant colonies." The fact is that the only efforts made in the Territory which now forms the United States, to establish religious persecution, were made by Protestants. While the pious pilgrims of New England and their descendants were persecuting as heretics, with pillory and fire, those who differed from them, the Catholics of Maryland were proclaiming universal toleration and religious equality to all Christians.

He also endeavors to show that at least at the present time the progress of Protestantism is greater than that of Catholicism, or "Romanism," as he terms it, after the fashion of intolerant polemicists. We shall at a future time enter more specifically into this question. For the present we shall only remark that he has a convenient way of representing the number of Protestants by multiplying by 3 1/2 the figures of the Evangelical Church books representing membership, so as to arrive at the number of adherents. This method of making reliable statistics is quite on a par with his specialist tactics by which he shows the decrease of the Catholic Church in 1887-1888.

Regarding the real prospects of the Catholic Church he says absolutely nothing: unless it be to his purpose to say: "A common sentiment seems to be developing among leading Roman Catholic laymen that the Pope, so far as political matters are concerned, must keep his hands off from the United States." In what way the Pope has endeavored to interfere in the political matters of the United States the Doctor does not condescend to enlighten us, for the good reason that there has been no such interference in the past, nor will there be in the future, except in so far as to point out that it is the duty of states also, to govern their actions in accordance with the laws of God. This the Pope does teach, but he does so in conformity with the mandate on which his authority rests: "Teach all nations to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."

THE Prince Edward Island newspapers chronicle the late clerical changes in the diocese of Charlottetown: The Rev. A. E. Bourke, formerly secretary of the diocese and lately in charge of Vernon River and Rustico, has been named pastor of the Sacred Heart mission, Alberton; the Rev. Stephen Phelan assumes the pastoral charge of Georgetown. The Rev. Francis Gallant, curate of the Cathedral, is promoted to the pastorate of St. Ann's, Hope River, and the Rev. G. De France takes Father McPhee's place at Rustico, that gentleman being absent in Colorado for the winter for the benefit of his health. Father McElmeel, recently ordained, has been stationed at the cathedral.

RELIGION AND COUNTRY.

One fact in the relations of Irishmen to each other, and to the people of England and Scotland, which in the past has undoubtedly been a great obstacle to the obtaining of Home Rule, or indeed justice to Ireland, in any form, is the difference of religious belief. If it had not been for the existence of such difference, the question of Home Rule would indeed never have arisen to its present magnitude, for the oppression of which Ireland has had to complain would never have existed to the extent to which it has been carried, for it is well known that religious hate was a great factor in bringing about the state of affairs now existing in the country. The fanatical spirit prevailed especially in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and William III., and under the benign protectorate of Cromwell, was established an alien absentee landlordism, a system which was rendered still more odious and noxious by the removal of the seat of Government, such as it was, from Ireland, at the beginning of this century, and it was by fostering religious dissension in the country that England was able ever since to preserve the system by which the tenantry have been reduced to a condition far more galling than that under which the black slaves of the South suffered at any time.

The land question of Ireland is not, however, by any means a religious question, nor is its oppressiveness confined by any means to Catholics, or to the Catholic provinces, and there is no reason whatever why the Nationalist agitation should be confined to Catholics, or why it should be looked upon as a movement of Catholics. It is a movement of the people of Ireland for the amelioration of their condition, and it is a movement of Catholics only in this sense that as Catholics constitute the great majority of the people, the majority of those who will be benefited by obtaining redress will be Catholics, just as the majority of those who suffer under the present bad laws are Catholics. But the Ulster Protestants are not exempt from their oppressiveness, nor are the Protestants of the other Provinces treated any more mercifully than their Catholic neighbors, except as far as they are themselves landlords, or are placed in lucrative positions because of their want of sympathy with the general population. From these facts it may well be matter for surprise that the parties in Ireland should be so nearly divided by religious lines, that the Catholics should be for the most part Nationalists, and the Protestants Unionists. Yet this is far from being universally the case. Among the supporters of landlord tyranny there are Catholics, some being themselves rack-renting landlords, others being bound to the landlord party by ties of interest or Government employment, while many Protestants are among the most earnest workers in the Nationalist cause, among whom Mr. Parnell himself stands pre-eminent. And this has ever been the case in the Nationalist movements of the past, which have always witnessed many noble Protestants working faithfully side by side with their Catholic compatriots.

It is encouraging to find that in the present Nationalist movement many Protestants of all denominations are laboring in the same cause with the Catholic majority, and exhibit their sympathy for the tenants who have been evicted. Archbishop Plunkett's patriotic words to the conference of his clergy will not soon be forgotten by the Irish people, wherein he declared that like thousands of Episcopalians and other Protestants, he reprobated the Government of Ireland by means of an English garrison; and that many others of the Anglican clergy entertain similar sentiments. It is manifest by a late letter from the Rev. Alfred Burton, Rector of Stetehworth, England, to the editor of United Ireland, enclosing £23 7s 10d, for the Evicted Tenants' fund, which amount was subscribed by English Church clergymen as "a mark of deep and heartfelt sympathy with the poor tenants in the gross cruelty and shameful injustice meted out to them under cover of British law, and further, as a mark of our admiration of the manful and resolute patience they have displayed in their many and great sufferings."

The Rev. Mr. Burton quotes from several of the letters he received with the subscriptions, one of which, that of the Dean of Winchester, expresses regret that he can only send £1; but he adds: "I do so with all my heart." The Rev. C. D. Cleaver writes: "Being an Irishman myself, and having tenants in Ireland, my purse is being continually emptied for Irish purposes. I have seen more than enough of the oppression and robbery of the poor tenants. In my young days I simply hated the English. But I am thankful to have learned how wide and general is the sympathy felt by the English people, now that they know a little of the facts, for those who have been so long oppressed and trodden in the dust in my poor country." The Rev. G. W. Rolfe, Rector of Swanton Novers, writes: "There is one eviction I should like to see—that of Balfour, the Biunderer."

On the other hand, we find among the Nationalist members of Parliament many

Protestants who do not yield in patriotism to their Catholic colleagues. Among these are the following: Dublin city is represented by Thomas A. Dickson, the City of Cork by Chas. S. Parnell, the City of Limerick by Wm. Abraham, the City of Waterford by Douglas Pyne, North East Cork by Chas. K. Tanner, the City of Galway by Wm. Pinkerton, Clare by Jeremiah Jordan, Donegal by Swift McNeill, and Queen's Co. by the blind member, W. A. McDonald.

When it is considered that every one of these constituencies, sending Protestant members to represent them in Parliament, is Catholic to an overwhelming extent, it will be seen that the Nationalists are thoroughly united and in earnest in the cause of their country, and that they do not intend to let religious differences keep them sunder. In many cases, indeed, they have elected Protestants in preference to Catholics, whom they could have got to represent their views equally well. This brotherly feeling exhibited by Catholic voters toward their Protestant fellow-Nationalists gives promise of early success to the common cause, because it is an unanswerable refutation of the oft-repeated allegation that the liberties of Protestants would not be safe in an Irish National Parliament.

DISSOLUTION OF THE MORMON CHURCH.

The Supreme Court of Utah has entered a final judgment escheating to the Government the property of the Mormon Church. The suit was brought under an Act of Congress of 10th February, 1887, and a receiver was appointed who succeeded in collecting \$1,000,000 worth of real and personal property. The decree declares the Church corporation dissolved, and that all the property of the late corporation reverts to the Government. The decree further states that the present church maintains polygamy, and that the possession of any property would be for the upholding of that unlawful practice. The case has been taken by the Mormons to the Supreme Court of the United States, before which it will be hotly contested, but there seems to be little doubt that the decree will be upheld, and the total dissolution of the Mormon Church is inevitable.

The Mormons seem themselves to be convinced that their days are numbered in Utah, and they are looking for other fields in which to establish themselves. It is stated that they have bought land in Mexico, and that they will establish a colony there. They are already moving in that direction, but polygamy will no more be tolerated among the Mexicans than it has been in the United States.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN ON COERCION.

Mr. Chamberlain, in a recent speech, makes the following charge against the Nationalists who have been the victims of Balfour's Coercion Courts. He says:

"What do you mean by Coercion? I will tell you what I mean, and I denounce coercion as strongly as any person. I mean the coercion of the weak and oppressed, the shooting of old men, the mutilation and outrage and violence of all kinds established by the decrees of a secret tribunal, and inflicted upon persons who cannot defend themselves, the coercion which denied the rites of burial to the dead and the rites of religion to the living. But this is not the Coercion which the Gladstonians denounce. The Gladstonians denounce the Coercion of the law. In Ireland Coercion means only what it means in England and Scotland, that men must obey the law. The second clause of the Crimes Act provides that certain offences, every one of which is punishable at the present time by imprisonment in England, should be tried before two magistrates instead of a jury."

It would be hard to compress more falsehoods within so narrow a compass as Mr. Chamberlain has succeeded in doing. Over and over again it has been demonstrated that there are fewer crimes, of the character described by Mr. Chamberlain, committed in Ireland, than in England, such as the shooting of innocent old men and the mutilation of cattle. It is not for the punishment of these crimes at all that the Coercion Act was passed. Chief Baron Pallas and Baron Dowse have decided many times that the Coercion Act creates crimes, which are not crimes in England and Scotland, and Mr. Chamberlain must have known that this is the case. It is evident therefore that he wilfully violates the truth in the above statement. The crimes for which Messrs. O'Brien, Dillon, Blunt, T. D. Sullivan, and the three thousand other victims of Coercion were convicted bear no resemblance to the cowardly and atrocious acts described by Mr. Chamberlain. They are guilty only of maintaining the cause of the oppressed and vindicating their right to free speech. The Coercion Act has nothing to do with the repression of real crime in Ireland.

A fair specimen of the kind of crimes which are punished under Coercion Law is to be found in sentences passed upon Fathers Farrelly and Clarke, who were convicted of boycotting John O'Connor of Kevin st., Dublin. Mr. O'Connor was guilty of evicting Mr. Waldron under circumstances of special cruelty. Mr. Waldron was tenant for thirty years, during which time he paid £2, 10s an acre and all taxes, without receiving any reduction.

His people were tenants on the same property for eighty years previously, and the house from which he was evicted was his own property. The two priests commented very severely on the unjust conduct of the landlord, which was acknowledged even by the Crown to be unreasonable, harsh and unjust. The priests did no more than recommend the people to make use of their legal right not to deal with Mr. O'Connor when buying butter, that so they might obtain justice for the harshly-treated tenant. For this they have been convicted and sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment each.

MR. DILLON'S SENTIMENTS.

Mr. John Dillon, M. P., made his first public pronouncement since his release from prison, at the meeting of the Central branch of the National League, in Dublin, on the 25th ult., at which meeting he presided. He informed the members present that he appeared before them as a "hardened sinner," after having had the advantage of three months of quietude for reflection. In the views of the present Government and of Mr. Chamberlain, it is, no doubt, a crime, a sin of the blackest dye to desire for Ireland prosperity and happiness—it is a most heinous crime to wish the people to defend themselves resolutely and effectually against the rack-renters who are sucking the very life's blood from the country, and in this sense, Mr. Dillon is undoubtedly a sinner. Time for meditation has hardened him in his sin, and he is the same uncompromising foe to tyranny that he was when first immured in the cells. But only his enemies, the enemies of liberty, the advocates and upholders of tyranny in its worst form will call this a sin. All others will honor Mr. Dillon as a patriot, and the more staunchly he adheres to his former course of loving his country and battling with its oppressors, the more ardent will be the affection with which his compatriots will regard him.

He has declared that imprisonment has not changed him. Every one expected that on his release he would be ready to battle for his country's rights as before, and to march in the front rank. No one, therefore, will be disappointed in his declarations that he will continue to labor in his country's cause and to do battle as before for Ireland's right as a nation.

Concerning the manner in which he was treated in prison, Mr. Dillon gave Mr. Balfour all the credit he was entitled to for having carried out his pronounced determination to treat Irish political prisoners as culprits of the worst class. He had been scandalously found guilty on evidence which no crown prosecutor would dare to place before even a packed jury, and then he was treated as a common pickpocket. If he was still alive, he had to thank, not the system under which he was imprisoned, but the prison officials, who had shown humanity towards him which the men who had sent him to prison did not manifest.

A remarkable feature in Mr. Dillon's address is the testimony he gave to the great change which has taken place in the feelings of Englishmen and Scotchmen towards Ireland within the last few years. There was a time when he hated the name and power of England, but he had experienced from Englishmen many acts of kindness, and much sympathy, and now he would receive in English and Scotch towns a reception very similar to that which Cork or Dublin would accord to him.

This undoubtedly makes it manifest that the rights of Ireland are being recognized in England and Scotland in a way in which they have never been before. The English and Scotch people as a rule appreciate that the people of Ireland are not any longer strangers, but brethren who are to be treated as freemen and fellow-citizens. This is all that Ireland asks, and if this were once granted we would hear no more of Irish grievances, and of the dissatisfaction which now exists against alien rule. Irishmen require to exercise much patience before they will gain the justice they demand, but they are greatly encouraged by the generosity which the people of Great Britain now extend towards them, and like Mr. Dillon himself, the changed attitude of the people of the sister countries is rapidly convincing them that their just rights will not be delayed much longer, and that the Empire will become really strong in the councils of the world, when a union of hearts will be firmly established between the people of the three kingdoms. In the meantime Ireland must not abate one iota of her demands, for she can never occupy the position of a constituent and contented party to the Union, until her people be recognized as having liberties equally sacred with those of Englishmen and Scotchmen. Were the latter suffering under the same iron rule as Irishmen, their grievances would have been redressed long ago. It is not wonderful at all, therefore, that some are discouraged at the present prospect, and incline to adopt methods for attaining redress which only utter despair would dictate. The majority of Irishmen, however, are more than ever convinced that by constitutional measures that redress is within their reach, and will soon be gained.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD. BISHOP DOWLING'S VISIT TO ARTHUR.

On Friday last, His Lordship Bishop Dowling, of Peterborough, attended at Arthur for the purpose of blessing the convent just completed. Several masses were said during the morning by Fathers Keough of Hamilton, Feeny of Priceville, Bourke of Arthur, and Doherty, the parish priest, and at 10 o'clock the Bishop officiated and gave the benediction, after which some twenty gentlemen of the congregation advanced within the altar rails, when Mr. J. J. Landy, Solicitor, read the following address:

To the Right Rev. T. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Peterborough:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP.—The Catholics of this parish avail themselves of the opportunity presented by your Lordship's visit here to offer to you their respectful homage and regard, and congratulating you on your deserved elevation to the Episcopacy, which you are so fitted to adorn, pray that you may be long spared to add lustre to and dignify the sacred office. The occasion that brings your Lordship here is one of unfeigned pleasure to the people of this parish, the blessing of the convent and having ardently longed for the time when a suitable structure would be commenced and watched with solicitude the rearing of the edifice, now on its completion, return thanks to God who guided and directed all concerned in promoting, aiding and encouraging the undertaking. For years the good Sisters of St. Joseph pursued their labors here with almost phenomenal success, earning for their school the foremost place at the entrance examinations in the county, contending with the disadvantage of a miserable school building insufficiently equipped and living meanwhile in an humble tenement. With God's help and the energy displayed by our zealous and devoted pastor, these disadvantages have mostly disappeared, a good and substantial school building, complete in all its appointments, has replaced the former structure, and a home befitting ladies of pure and hallowed lives has risen, as if by magic, for their future habitation.

As the world acknowledges the obligation it is under to the learned bishops, priests and monks of the middle ages, when barbarism and darkness pervaded Europe, for preserving to it the classic treasures of antiquity and much of the learning and science of to-day, for founding and fostering the great universities of England and the continent, which still exist and flourish, for those great inventions, printing, musical notes, instruments for keeping time, the mariner's compass, gunpowder, for those great and astonishing discoveries, America, Australia and India, whose simple development has enriched mankind, for exacting from despotism the liberties we still enjoy, cling to, and cherish, so we of this age thank, extol and revere those noble ladies, who, forsaking parents, home and kindred, the world and its attractions and allurements and dedicating themselves to the service of their Maker and of humanity, go forth on missions of charity, benevolence and mercy, actuated by the noble ambition of ministering to the cares, wants and sorrows of the poor and lowly, or of imparting to our children secular knowledge and religious truth, looking for no compensation beyond the grand results that follow the conscientious discharge of their duties and the reward in the Heavenly mansions for the attainment of which every sacrifice is borne and their lives cheerfully offered up. Wherever established, their schools are flourishing and occupy a large space in the popular regard, and there is little doubt that diplomas from them will at no distant day be the best introduction young men and women can take into the world with them, as they will be considered badges and guarantees of the morality, honesty and worth of the bearers. To these good ladies Arthur is much indebted, an indebtedness readily acknowledged but which cannot be repaid. This parish has been blessed with good and devoted priests, who have faithfully attended to the spiritual wants of the people committed to their care, and in this regard our present respected pastor, Father Doherty, while equalling his predecessors far surpasses them in the originality and boldness of his conceptions and the energy with which he carries them through. He possesses the faculty of inspiring his parishioners with the ardent enthusiasm that animates himself in all religious and secular affairs, and under this inspiration obstacles apparently insurmountable have been readily overcome. Within six years, the period of his pastorate, a debt of \$6,000 has been liquidated, a new and elegant altar purchased and placed, the church renovated and adorned and the splendid school and stately convent projected and completed, that for long years will stand as ornaments of the town and monuments of his untiring zeal and energy. The C. M. B. A. and altar societies, and other sodalities, confraternities and societies have been established by him or through his aid, encouragement and co-operation, and are all working harmoniously and well, and are on a sound and firm basis.

It will always be a source of pleasure to welcome your Lordship here, and we trust you will find time occasionally to visit us, and wishing you continued health and happiness we request for ourselves and families your benediction.

J. J. Landy E. J. O'Callaghan
J. A. Devlin, M. D. Jas. Brown, V. S.
J. Donnell, P. M. Kirby
J. McCarthy, P. McCaul,
Joseph Halley, Maurice Halley,
P. Fitzpatrick, D. Driscoll,
D. McIntosh, Thomas Harcourt,
M. C. O'Donnell Timothy Riordan,
and forty others.

Arthur 12th October, 1888.

His Lordship in response replied as is his wont, in a most eloquent manner, in the course of which he said that being here for a particular purpose at the solicitation of their pastor and at the instance of the administrator of the diocese, the address just read and presented took him quite by surprise, that being a priest of the diocese of Hamilton for nearly twenty-five years he felt at home any place in it, that he was

aware of the hearty good feeling and willing co-operation of pastor and people in every good work in all parts of it and that the progress and improvements made during the last few years here manifested to Catholics and out siders the zeal and energy of the pastor and the active support and sympathy of the whole of his parishioners, and he earnestly congratulated all on the progress made and the many good works completed. His Lordship then gave an earnest and impassioned discourse on the aim, object and advantage of education, coupled with religion, as distinguished from intellectual culture merely, and which made a deep and lasting impression on the large congregation, amongst whom were many Protestants from the village and surrounding country.

The choir led by Miss Appleton, and assisted by Miss Kate Strong, of Mount Forest, rendered Peters' Mass finely, Miss Strong rendering Millard's Ave Marie at the offertory magnificently. After benediction His Lordship, with the attendant clergy and congregation, repaired to the convent building, which was blessed with appropriate ceremony. The building is a commodious and beautiful structure, furnace heated, costing \$5,000, and in which there is said to be ample accommodation for thirty boarders.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD. FEAST OF ST. TERESA AT LORETTO ABBEY.

It has often been our pleasure to witness entertainments at Loretto Abbey and we have ever found them particularly choice and recherche, yet the one the young pupils under the guidance of their able teachers gave in honor of St. Teresa, by far excelled any previous effort of the kind.

The spacious and well-lit hall looked most beautiful and artistic, pictures of merit ornamented the tinted walls, the pillars were festooned with wreaths of brilliant autumn leaves, and here and there stood pedestals on which rested copies of some of the most famous classical busts.

The programme was as follows:

Hark! 'tis now the Festal Hour
Thou Sublime Evening Star, (2 pianos) Liszt
Recitation, Home of the Muses
Violin Solo, Air Hongrois, Ernest
The Winds that Wait my Signs to Thee,
Vincent Wallace
Recitation, Part I Cross and Crescent
Heaven Hath Shed a Tear (Violin
obligato), Kucken
Dance antique (temps de Louis XIV)
Cross and Crescent, Part II
Violin Solo, Ronde des Sauts, Bazzini
Spanish Fandango
Recitation, Painter of Seville
Piano Study, Henselt
Famine Scene From Hiawatha
Grand Finale, Hymn to St. Teresa.

The performances and performers were so perfect it would be truly invidious to particularize, yet it is simply just to say that the musical selections were classical and beautiful, and both senior and junior pupils gave evidence of careful training and patient supervision of their practising. The richness of the musical treat was enhanced by the blending of harp, piano and violin. The young vocalists surpassed anything we ever heard in a drawing room, and it was impossible not to endorse the verdict of several of our friends in the audience, that at no concert had they ever more enjoyed the beauty and power of the human voice.

By the programme it can be seen how very choice the elocutionary selection was, but only those who had the pleasure of being present and seeing each piece presented in character can form an idea of the perfection with which they were rendered. The young ladies were not only talented, but bore evidence of remarkable training, training such as is seldom granted but to those who are studying professionally.

The difficult Court minuet danced by two very young ladies formed a feature of the entertainment which delighted all. As it was considered the test of grace and courtly training in the days of Louis Inatorza, so in our own times it is still the model upheld to all who aim at being perfectly graceful. Not many have had the opportunity of seeing it danced, because very few now attempt learning it, and fewer still excel, as did these two young performers. Their costumes and those of the bevy of children and young ladies who danced one of the Spanish national dances were picturesque in the extreme, the latter accompanied themselves with song and castanet.

On the whole we could not fail to admire, not only the skill, talent and refinement that pervaded the halls of Loretto, but also the patience and thought evidently always expended in making each entertainment perfect of its kind, and as the strains of the national anthem filled the apartment and the favored guests wended their way out, we think they one and all felt that never would they forget the feast-day of the great Saint Teresa, or the manner in which honor was paid to her at Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

The Millionaire's Secret.
"The secret of success," said the prince of American millionaires, "is very simple. Keep out of debt, keep your head cool and your bowels open." Thus in twelve words of wisdom was summed up the policy which turned a poor boy into a hundred-millionaire. Success often hinges upon as small a matter as the state of the bowels. So, you see that Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are not only the royal road to health, but to wealth and happiness as well.

An Open Letter.

Nov. 25th, 1888.
Messrs T. Milburn & Co.
I wish I had used B. B. B. sooner, which would have saved me years of suffering with erysipelas, from which I could get no relief until I tried B. B. B. which soon cleared away the itching, burning rash that had so long distressed me." Mrs. Edward Romkey, Eastern Passage, Halifax, N. S.

In his Vegetable Pills, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions Parmelee's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD. LETTER FROM ALMONTE.

FATHER MATHEW'S ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATED BY A CONCERT IN THE TOWN HALL BY THE F. M. T. ASSOCIATION.

The ever-recurring anniversary of Father Mathew, the greatest temperance reformer the world has ever known, was duly celebrated by a concert in the town hall on Wednesday evening, October 10th, by the local society. Long before the time for the commencement of the entertainment the people began to assemble, and at a few minutes past eight o'clock, when the chair was taken, a large and appreciative audience filled the hall. The onerous duties of chairman were discharged by Rev. Father Foley, P. P., in his usual graceful manner. In his opening remarks the rev. gentleman extended a warm and sincere welcome to all and thanked them on behalf of the association for their kind attendance and assistance on this as well as on many previous occasions. He offered warm words of encouragement to the members of the association in the work being done by them, and expressed the hope that their numbers would increase in the future as in the past and that the usefulness of the society would grow in strength with each returning anniversary of their patron. Father Foley reviewed the life and works of Father Mathew, paying eloquent tributes to the memory of that great and zealous priest, who was not only an ornament to the Church, but whose voice in the cause of temperance and various works of charity resounded from public platforms on both sides of the Atlantic. He recalled many interesting features of the career of that great and saintly priest and held up his life as a model of virtue, patience, perseverance, and as an example for all men to follow.

He then reverted to matters of local interest, singling out our schools as institutions worthy of special praise. The rev. gentleman noted the fact that nature had been, if anything, partial to Almonte in providing us with facilities which rendered it an easy task for those endowed with ordinary gifts to engage in various branches of study. The poet need not be at a loss for a theme, nor the painter for a subject, as the scenery abounding in and around Almonte furnished unlimited scope for their talents.

His address was warmly received and the rev. gentleman resumed his seat amidst loud and prolonged applause. The musical programme was varied and attractive and rendered in a manner that seemed to please everybody. The chorus, "Come where the Wild Flowers Bloom," by Mr. J. O'Heare and members of St. Mary's choir, assisted by Mr. R. McCogherty, served well for the opening selection, and was followed by a violin solo by Mr. M. Fay. Mr. T. Walton sang "The Anchor" and "Safe in My Father's Home," in an acceptable manner, and Miss Annie McDonald rendered a pretty solo (from the Spanish) entitled "Junonia." After this a dramatic sketch entitled, "The Tables Turned or Hoist with His Own Petard" was admirably played by Messrs. J. M. E. Lavallee, M. Fay, T. W. McGarry and others. In the role of a high court judge, Mr. Lavallee proved a decided success, his dignified air and gentlemanly bearing, which was not at all unbecoming to him giving him the appearance of a real instead of an imaginary judge. He was ably assisted by Mr. T. W. McGarry, who assumed the role of a barrister and the manner in which he disposed of an interesting breach of promise case won the favor and warm sympathy of the audience.

The juvenile pupils of the Catholic school sang a couple of choruses entitled "The Cobbler" and "The Farmer," which was perhaps the most pleasing feature of the concert. The voices of the little ones blended in the most pleasing harmony, and their efforts to entertain found a ready response in the heart of every person in the hall. They were vociferously encored, but marched off the platform to the air of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the boys are Marching," and of course did not reappear. Miss O'Keefe sang "Tyrol's lovely dell" in a pleasing manner and Mr. P. C. McGreggor gave a reading which was well received. "Killarney," by Master J. Gibb, subjected him to a recall, to which he cheerfully responded. Mr. M. J. Welsh appeared in his usual humorous role and his reading and recitation elicited rounds of applause. Messrs. T. W. McGarry, M. J. Welsh, J. M. E. Lavallee, J. Raleigh and M. Fay then played a laughable dramatic piece entitled "Two Lectures," in which the two first named brought down the house with their clever witticisms. Mr. P. J. Dowdall's address added much to the success of the entertainment, delivered as it was in that pleasing and eloquent style which is a characteristic of the popular young speaker.

In the course of his remarks he reviewed the temperance career of Father Mathew and the work done by the F. M. T. A. of Almonte. He spoke of the temperance movements which had been progressing slowly for eight or ten years previous to Father Mathew's espousing the cause, and described the complicating emotions undergone by the afterwards great temperance apostle before he decided to take the temperance platform in 1837. On the one hand Father Mathew reflected that to advocate teetotalism would be to injure, perhaps ruin, financially, many who had generously assisted him in his works of charity, and even some of his own relatives were largely interested in the liquor traffic.

He wondered whether he should enjoy total abstinence upon many of his friends who had always used liquor in moderation and had neglected none of their duties on account of its use. These and many other local considerations vanished forever when Father Mathew seriously recalled the experience of his past life as a priest, as a visitor of poor houses, work houses, asylums for the insane and inebriate, and jails. Thus Father Mathew commenced his career as a temperance orator after long and serious thought and many earnest solicitations from William Martin, the Quaker, and others. The temperance work of Father Mathew was reviewed, showing that over 30,000 had taken the pledge from his hands in a single day, and those of all persuasions. The great apostle's life was held up as an example

of what could be done to blend all nations and creeds in the advocacy of humanity in general. Many other interesting points in the life of Father Mathew were brought out in Mr. Dowdall's address, which was listened to throughout with close attention and warmly applauded at the finish.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD. EARLY MISSION WORK.

Extract from the Journal of Monseigneur Piessis, Bishop of Quebec, giving an account of his voyage in 1816 to the Catholic settlements of Upper Canada, and a part of the United States.

The Bishop left Quebec on the 6th of May, 1816, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Kelly, cure of St. Denis, the Abbe Gauvreau, His Lordship's secretary, and Joseph Roi, servant. Passing through Ontario, halting at Cornwall, Toronto, Chippawa, Lincoln, Waterloo, His Lordship came to Fort Erie, Buffalo, Detroit, thence to Amherstburg, Riviere aux Dindes, Sandwich, Navarre, Malden, and thence to Riviere la Tranche, which he tells us has been named Thames by the English.

30th June, 1816.
The hospitable house was that of an Acadian named Pitre, where we arrived at sunset, in the midst of millions of mosquitoes that kept guard over the avenues as well as the centre of the place. Such is the lot of those who live on the borders of the water in a country that is low and swampy beyond description. The land still suffers from the rise of the water in the preceding year, which was higher than any that has been known for twenty or thirty years. It is now falling, but is still higher than in ordinary seasons, and the farms which were covered are soaked, so that cultivation is extremely difficult, especially near the borders of the lake, and of the rivers which flow into it, such as Riviere aux Puces, the Riviere-a-la-Pointe, the Riviere Roskam and the Riviere-a-la-Tranche, where we went. It was towards this river named Thames, or Tamise, by the English, that Major-General Proctor retreated in 1813. We have seen above that he was a Lieutenant of General J. Brock at the time of the taking of the town of Detroit by the English forces. He was sent from there to Fort Miami, where his successes were such as to give him a considerable reputation. But returning to Amherstburg, seeing Detroit retaken by the Americans, learning of the loss of the English squadron on Lake Erie, and dreading an assault upon the post which he occupied, he only consulted his own fears, and took the course of flying before an army that perhaps had no intention of attacking him. On the 26th September he unexpectedly sounded the retreat, gained Sandwich and then Riviere la Tranche, where he arrived the following day, but did not halt, always keeping far ahead of his troops, who were greatly impeded by their march by their own baggage, as well as by his, with which they were hampered. A band of Indians, who had joined the fugitive army, made havoc along the route, not considering the fact that the habitants, whose cattle they killed for pleasure, and whose horses they carried off, were faithful subjects of the King of England, who had done nothing to merit such treatment.

TECUMSETH.
A flight so precipitate as that effected by Major General Proctor, invited the pursuit of the Americans, who, armed with a superior force, caught up to the flying army on the sixth or seventh day of their march, and gave battle. In this engagement there perished many good officers on both sides, among others the British lost the brave Tecumseth, an Indian as remarkable for his attachment to the Government of England, as for his influence over all the savage tribes of the southern and western part of upper Canada. All our army surrendered as prisoners of war, except the commandant, who was sufficiently in advance not to be involved in the last battle. At the news of such cowardice, the world cried out against the poor general. A court martial was established in 1814 to exact from him on account of his conduct. The absence of some distant witnesses caused it to be deferred until the month of January, 1815, when it was held at Montreal, Major General de Rottenburg presiding. The report of this court martial was transmitted to England to the commander-in-chief of the army, who finding it much too favorable to the accused, published his disapprobation in the general orders and condemned Major-General Proctor to a disgraceful suspension from his appointments and covered him with blame, from which it is feared that he will never succeed in freeing himself.

OXFORD AND LONDON.
The Riviere la-Tranche has not more than forty leagues of a course from the North East to the South West. The land near it is good, and the number of houses there is multiplying. It waters two projected towns, distant six or seven leagues one from the other—Oxford and London. Its source is not far from that of the Grand River, which discharges itself into the north of Lake Erie. The few Canadians who are established on the Riviere-la-Tranche have chosen the farms the least advantageous, those which border the river in the vicinity of Lake St. Claire. These farms are so low and so marshy, that there are seasons during which the colonists in their houses can have no communication with their fields and still less with their woods, except by passing through water up to their waists for a distance of several acres. Animals sink in the mud and sometimes perish. Serpents swarm there.

The chapel, placed under the invocation of St. Pierre, is this year two leagues from the lake, last year it was scarcely half a league. All this part of the country is subject to the caprices of the water, which is sometimes rising, sometimes falling.

We arrived on Monday, the 1st July, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, having left Pitre's house at break of day, as we had agreed upon the preceding evening. The weather being calm and warm, navigation could not fail to be very tedious. The evening was

more so, because of the continued heat, and the increased multitude of mosquitoes, that scarcely permitted one to close one's eyes during the night.

This was a bad preparation for a day that promised to be full of hard work, very few parishioners having been to confession the preceding evening. However there was not a crowd.

These people, badly instructed, by reason of their distance from a priest, are of the order of those who occupy themselves more with vanity and pleasure than with religion. There were in all thirty-seven confirmed, and the Bishop was obliged to interrupt the ceremony in order to give the women who presented themselves time to cover their throats, which they displayed in a shocking manner.

At eleven o'clock all the masses were said, and nobody coming to confession, so we thought of nothing but to get away from a place where the temporal inconveniences were not atoned for by any spiritual consolation. Many Catholics of this parish have taken Protestant wives, who would not be far from a return to the Church if there were some one who had leisure to follow them up, and to instruct them in English. This was one of the motives which inspired the Bishop of Quebec to give a priest to Sandwich from this year.

The presbytery of St. Pierre is sufficiently spacious, and well situated. The chapel, smaller still, than that of Malden, would already need to be double the size it is, in order to contain the inhabitants, although there were only about a hundred and sixty communicants. It is provided with vestments, linen, sacred vessels, etc., and in this respect does honor to the zeal and the piety of Mr. Marchand, to which these two chapels, as well as their cemetery and presbytery, owe their existence.

About a mile above the chapel the banks of the river begin to rise, and the land is drier, and more easily worked, yielding a better return to the farmers than that through which we had passed.

Unfortunately these farmers are not Canadians nor Catholics, but people of every other sect and every other nation, even Moravian Brothers, who have cleared a part of this land, and have excellent farms thereon. The Riviere la-Tranche is the most westerly point from the Episcopal town to which a Bishop of Quebec has yet penetrated. He who visits it this year has not forgotten that the year preceding he was at the same date in another part of his diocese, distant from this at least eighteen hundred miles. There! one may say, is an immense space, yes—but to make the tour of this interminable diocese, one must still go fifteen hundred miles towards the west, and towards the north.

May Providence allow, either the same Bishop, or some one of his successors more zealous than he, to fulfil an undertaking that is as yet only roughly sketched out, happy if from his tedious and laborious excursions there may result some fruit of salvation to those souls with which he is charged and who in the meantime are being lost in great numbers.

It was noon when we re-entered the boat. The little wind that there was was against us: happily it did not increase, but all the same it was not possible to carry sail. The entire voyage was made with oars, and did not take less than fourteen hours, for it was two o'clock in the morning, and the day was breaking, when we disembarked at the presbytery of Sandwich. Happily the night, although without moonlight, was extremely fine. Praying, talking, singing, sleeping, were the exercises by which we beguiled the tediousness of this voyage that would have doubtless been shorter if the zeal of the oarsmen had been sufficient to make up for the lack of a current.

The above account of the first visit ever paid by a Catholic bishop to the present site of London, has never before been given to the public. This translation is from a manuscript copy of the original journal which is in the private library of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec. A. M. P.

Have You Neuralgia?

If you are suffering the agonies of neuralgia, and have failed to get a remedy that will afford relief, we want you to try Polson's Nerviline. No remedy in the market has given anything like the same degree of satisfaction. Its action on nerve pain is simply marvellous, and as it is put up in 10 cent sample bottles no great expense is involved in giving it a trial. Polson's Nerviline is the most pleasant, powerful, and certain pain remedy in the world. Sold by all dealers in medicine, 10 and 25 cents a bottle.

Mr. John Magwood, Victoria Road, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is a splendid medicine. My customers say they never used anything so effectual. Good results immediately follow its use. I know its value from personal experience, having been troubled for nine or ten years with Dyspepsia, and since using it digestion goes on without that depressed feeling so well known to dyspeptics. I have no hesitation in recommending it in any case of Indigestion, Constipation, Heartburn, or troubles arising from a disordered stomach."

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There is no better remedy for frost bites, chilblains and similar troubles, than Hag-Yard's Yellow Oil. It also cures rheumatism, lumbago, sore throat, deafness, and lameness and pain generally. Yellow Oil is used internally and externally.

N. McRae, Wyebridge, writes: "I have sold large quantities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; it is used for colds, sore throat, croup, etc., and in fact for any affection of the throat it works like magic. It is a sure cure for burns, wounds and bruises."

NEVER ALLOW the bowels to remain constipated lest serious evil ensue. National Pills are unsurpassed as a remedy for constipation.

MILBURN'S AROMATIC QUININE WINE fortifies the system against attacks of ague, chills, bilious fever, dumb ague and like troubles.

WORMS CAUSE MUCH SICKNESS among children. Freeman's Worm Powders prevent this, and make the child bright and healthy.

VICTORIA CARBOLIC SALVE is a wonderful healing compound for cuts, wounds, bruises, burns, scalds, boils, pimples, etc.

It is Absurd

For people to expect a cure for Indigestion, unless they refrain from eating what is unwholesome; but if anything will sharpen the appetite and give tone to the digestive organs, it is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Thousands all over the land testify to the merits of this medicine.

Mrs. Sarah Burroughs, of 248 Eighth street, South Boston, writes: "My husband has taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla, for Dyspepsia and torpid liver, and has been greatly benefited."

A Confirmed Dyspeptic.

C. Canterbury, of 141 Franklin st., Boston, Mass., writes, that, suffering for years from indigestion, he was at last induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla and, by its use, was entirely cured.

Mrs. Joseph Aubin, of High street, Holyoke, Mass., suffered for over a year from Dyspepsia, so that she could not eat substantial food, became very weak, and was unable to care for her family. Neither the medicines prescribed by physicians, nor any of the remedies advertised for the cure of Dyspepsia, helped her, until she commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "Three bottles of this medicine," she writes, "cured me."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

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TO THE CLERGY.

The Clergy of Western Ontario will, we feel assured, be glad to learn that Wilson Bros., General Grocers, of London, have now in stock a large quantity of Stilian Wine, whose purity and genuineness for Sacramental use is attested by a certificate signed by the Rector and Prefect of Stines of the Diocese of Western Ontario. We have ourselves seen the original of the certificate, and can testify to its authenticity. The Clergy of Western Ontario are cordially invited to send for samples of this truly superior wine for altar use.

CHURCH PEWS and SCHOOL FURNITURE

The Bennett Furnishing Co., of London, Ont., make a specialty of manufacturing the latest designs in Church and School Furniture. The Catholic Clergy of Canada are respectfully invited to send for catalogue and prices before awarding contracts. We have lately put in a complete set of Pews in the Brantford Catholic Church, and for many years past have been favored with contracts from a number of the Clergy in other parts of Ontario, in all cases the most entire satisfaction having been expressed in regard to quality of work, lowness of price, and quickness of execution. Since has been the increase of business in this special line that we find it necessary some time since to establish a branch office in Glasgow, Scotland, and we are now engaged manufacturing Pews for new Churches in that country and Ireland. Address—BENNETT FURNISHING CO'Y LONDON, W.C., CANADA.

References: Rev. Father Bazard, Sarnia; Lemmon, Brantford; Molphy, Ingersoll; Rogers, Parkhill; Twonly, Kingston; and Rev. Bro Arnold, Montreal.

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New Book on Christian Evidences and Complete Answer to Col. Ingersoll's "Mistakes of Moses." Highly recommended by Cardinal Taschereau of Quebec, Archbishop Ryan, Philadelphia, and 14 other Catholic Archbishops and Bishops. Five Protestant Bishops, many other prominent clergymen, and the press. Cloth \$1.25, Paper 75 cents. AGENTS WANTED. Address—REV. GEO. B. NORTHGRAVES, Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada.

SHORT INSTRUCTIONS FOR LOW MASSES.

[Delivered by the Rev. James Donohoe, rector of the church of St. Thomas Aquinas, Brooklyn, N. Y.]

XIII.

MATRIMONY.

DEAR PEOPLE: Our Saviour elevated the natural contract of Matrimony to the dignity of a sacrament. God instituted the natural contract; Jesus Christ instituted the sacrament. It is not certain when He instituted it. Many theologians assert, with much probability in their favor, that the sacrament of Matrimony was instituted at the marriage-feast in Cana. The Catholic doctrine that marriage is a true sacrament has met with much bitter and foolish opposition. There have been heretics who contended that marriage was unlawful and that the use of Matrimony was a sin. Luther and Calvin admitted that God instituted Matrimony, but denied that it was a sacrament of the New Law. The Council of Trent defines as an article of faith that Matrimony is a true and proper sacrament instituted by Christ. The Scripture proof most generally put forward in support of the Church's doctrine on the sacrament of Matrimony is taken from St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians: "Let women be subject to their husbands, as to the Lord: For the husband is the head of the wife, as Christ is the head of the Church, therefore as the Church is subject to Christ, so also let wives be to their husbands in all things. Husbands love your wives as Christ also loved the Church and delivered Himself up for it, that He might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of water in the word of life; that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle nor any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish. So also ought men to love their wives as they love their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself. For no man ever hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it, as also Christ doth the Church, For we are members of His body. For this cause shall a man leave his father and his mother and shall adhere to his wife and they shall be two in one flesh. This is a great sacrament, but I speak in Christ and in the Church." St. Paul, in these last words, refers to the marriage of Christians, for this whole Epistle is addressed to all the Saints who are at Ephesus and to the faithful in Christ Jesus. He calls marriage "a great Sacrament."

The Fathers of the Church, Tertullian, St. Ambrose, St. Cyril, and the Fathers of the fourth Council of Carthage, regard marriage not only as a holy and religious act, but also formally teach that Christ sanctified marriage and destined for it a particular grace. Such is the teaching of St. Cyril of Alexandria, St. Epiphanius, St. Chrysostom, St. Augustine, and indeed of all the Fathers who treat of the subject. St. Cyril says that Christ was present at the wedding in Cana of Galilee in order to sanctify the principle of men's generation, "to drive away the old sadness of child-bearing." St. Augustine proves the indissolubility of marriage from the fact of its being a sacrament. The rituals of the Church, in the East and West alike, regard marriage as one of the seven sacraments. The various sects of the East, some dating from the earliest times, although cutting themselves off from the Church, still adhere to the Church's doctrines respecting the sacramental character of Matrimony.

Catholics must never lose sight of the sacramental character of Matrimony. Knowing that it is a sacrament which must be received in the state of grace, they will prepare for its reception by having recourse to the sacrament of Penance. This knowledge of the sacramental character of Matrimony will insure modesty on the part of those who are keeping company. Knowing that they are preparing for a holy sacrament, young people will seek advice and guidance of their parents and confessors. When Catholics thoroughly realize that Matrimony is a sacrament of Holy Church, they will look to the Church for all information concerning it. Marriages which are merely marriages in the eyes of the civil law will be looked upon by them with horror. They will not endure, when it can be helped, any interference on the part of the State with an institution which Christ has raised to the dignity of a sacrament, and consequently placed under the exclusive direction and authority of the Church. In the words of Leo XIII., it is impossible for the Church to sanction any withdrawal of the management and direction of sacramental marriage from her ecclesiastical jurisdiction, since Christ has placed the sacraments under her exclusive care and direction.

The matter of this sacrament is the natural contract entered into between the parties, and the form is the expression of consent to the nuptial union. The ministers of the sacrament are two persons differing in sex, who are not prevented from entering into a matrimonial union by any law of the Church. There are two properties of marriage which should be clearly understood by all Catholics: its unity and indissolubility. The Church has always taught that the bond of Matrimony can only be broken by the death of one of the parties, and that recourse cannot be had to a second marriage whilst both parties are living. Any civil law to the contrary is against the natural law, and against the positive teaching of Holy Scripture. The effect of the sacrament of Matrimony, according to the Council of Trent, is divine grace, which perfects the natural love of the parties, renders their union indissoluble, and gives them the graces necessary for their state.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites is very palatable and much better than the plain oil. Dr. W. H. Cameron, of Halifax, N. S., says: "I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites for the past two years and found it more agreeable to the stomach, and have better results from its use than any other preparation of the kind I have ever tried." Put up in 50c. and \$1 size.

HOME RULE FOR IRELAND.

GREAT MEETING IN WICKLOW.

A great National meeting was held in the market square of Wicklow on last Sunday, to protest against the evictions recently carried out in the neighborhood and also to condemn the prosecution of the Rev. Father Farrelly and the Rev. Father Clarke for these evictions. The Very Rev. Canon Dillon, P. P., Wicklow, occupied the chair, Mr. M'Carroll moved the resolutions, including the following:—"That we denounce the action of the Government in giving the forces to Tottenham, Lord Carysfort, Littledale, and John O'Connor for the purpose of sweeping Irishmen from the homes where they were born, and turning the country into a desert." "That we tender to Rev. Father Farrelly and Rev. Father Clarke our heartfelt gratitude for their devoted patriotism and unswerving courage in the cause of the defenceless victims of Lord Carysfort, Littledale, and O'Connor, and we rejoice for the sake of faith and fatherland that Irish priests are unchangeable and unpurchasable."

Mr. Wm. Byrne, P. L. G., seconded the resolutions, which were declared carried amidst loud cheers. MR. O'BRIEN'S SPEECH. Mr. Wm. O'Brien said—Fellow countrymen, I congratulate you that your great meeting to-day is not proclaimed, and I congratulate you, not that we were one brass farthing about proclamations (laughter and cheers), but because it shows that Mr. Balfour is learning the lesson that we taught him in Clare the other day, that we can drive a coach and four—ay, a coach and eight—through the proclamation (cheers), and that we can hold our meetings when and where we please without the patronage or presence of a Government notetaker (cheers). We have maintained the right of public meeting as we have maintained the right of a free press, not by cringing to an infamous law, but by defying and trampling upon it (loud cheers).

My first business here was because my friend, Tom Condon, was addressing his constituents. As Father Power in his ringing speech reminded me, Tom Condon has done a great work for me in my constituency in Mitchelstown (cheers), and the least I might do is to return him the compliment here in his own Tipperary (cheers). If there is any Irishman—any better Irishman than Tom Condon living on Irish ground—I can say I never met him, and I don't want to meet him (cheers). He is so close to me now I am afraid to say half that I think about him (laughter), but I could never understand why we should wait until a man is dead to discover all his good qualities and tell him that his countrymen appreciate and love him (cheers). We have passed through many a dark hour together, and all I can say is that Tom Condon is the sort of comrade that makes a campaign for Ireland a something to glory in and look back on (cheers). He and your other member for Tipperary, who is a splendid cross between Cork and Tipperary, John O'Connor (cheers)—the two of them have always seemed to me to be the very types of the soldiers who used to assemble in the mess tents of the Irish Brigade the night before the battle, and there is something even better than their songs the night before the battle, and that is their blitheness when the battle begins (a Voice—"Mitchelstown") (cheering). The great poet of your country has said, "Oh, for a hundred thousand of such weapons and such men!" (a Voice—"If we had them, Mr. O'Brien, if we had I am afraid we would be strongly tempted to strike out a plan of campaign of a different character (laughter and cheers). I am never done admiring their stalwart forms, their level heads, their dauntless spirit, and their kindly Irish hearts (cheers)."

THE MANHOOD OF TIPPERARY. But what I want to ask you above all else here to-day is, why you should not have thousands—ay, tens of thousands of Tom Condons in Tipperary? I tell you candidly that it is the deepest desire of my heart to bring the full fighting force of Tipperary into this fight (cheers). As long as Tipperary was inactive our right arm was paralysed; and, on the other hand, I tell you that the cowardly heart of landlordism will quake and every Irish heart will jump for joy if you can enable me to announce it here to-day that the fighting manhood of Tipperary takes its stand once more under the old flag and for the old land (cheers, and cries of "We are with you"). I know you have a good deal of leeway to make up. The fair of Slievenamon used not to be a wholesome climate for

LAND GRABBERS OR EMERGENCYMEN. (A Voice—"They are in it.") Yes; I am afraid they are in it, living and thriving in the midst of you, and you know it. I need not go into particulars. If all our labours for the past ten years have not been in vain you ought to know the land robber when you meet him, and you ought to know, too, how to deal with him without any instructions from me. Your own instinct and your own manhood ought to have many a day ago burned it into your hearts, and it would be an eternal disgrace to you if you wanted me or any other man to go to jail in order to proclaim it to you from the Market Cross, and oblige Mr. George Bolton's notetaker.

LESSONS FROM ENGLAND. If you want a lesson how to deal with land grabbers go to the English trades' unions, and ask them how they deal with wits and sneaks; if you want to deal with land grabbers go and ask the Primrose dames in England; ask them how they deal with Radical shopkeepers who are guilty of tenderness for Mr. Gladstone (cheers). The Primrose dames do not go about shouting "boycott" in the hearing of the police, but they do what is a thousand times more effective. When they meet them in the street they give them "the cut direct" and a look which, as we say in Ireland, is as bad as a process (laughter and cheers). They leave their shops deserted and their lives a misery. And instead of sending those high and titled Prim-

rose dames to the plank bed Mr. Balfour makes pretty speeches to them, and he receives bouquets of flowers from them (cheers). I hold that the Irish grabber deserves infinitely more than the English Radical shopkeeper to suffer under the lash of public opinion, and I say here to-day that I defy any law ever formed to protect them from the righteous wrath and reprobation of their fellow-countrymen (cheers).

THE GREATER CRIME. The Radical shopkeeper in England is boycotted and persecuted because he gives a vote against the Tories, but the crime of the Irish land-grabber against his own country, and against society, is something of a very different character; and I say here to-day, with your priest standing beside me, that in everything, except the technical description, that man is a robber of God's poor (cheers). He is infected with a disease which, if it were to spread, would destroy the homes and confiscate the property of hundreds and thousands of the small farmers of Ireland (cheers). I hold it then no crime before God or man to put such in moral quarantine to cure him of this disease and bring him to repentance (cheers), and I hold that when land grabbing breaks out in a district every honest man should feel as if an epidemic of yellow fever had broken out. He should feel that the air is contaminated, that there is a deadly danger to every one living in the community, and he ought never rest in his bed until the last case is stamped out and the air is purified (cheers). The natural repulsion of man for the land-grabber is a feeling that no law can crush us (cheers). You have the authority of Lord Salisbury, in his famous speech at Newport, when he said there was a sort of boycotting which no law ever dealt with, and no law ever would deal (cheers), and that is precisely the sort of boycotting I advocate here to-day (cheers).

A LAW OF NATURE. As we were coming along here from Clonmel this morning, I was thinking, for Mr. Balfour has improved my acquaintance with Scripture for the short time I was in prison (laughter), I was thinking of a higher authority than Lord Salisbury upon this very question of land grabbing, and the words came back to my mind, the mighty words of the Scripture—"Break not the bounds of the widow, and enter not into the fields of the fatherless, for the Lord has raised them up a kinsman whose arm is mighty, and He will avenge." (Loud cheers). Yes, the Lord has raised up for the homeless and defenceless Irish peasant, the Lord has raised a friend whose arm is mighty, and I tell you that no law can deal with that power, because it is absolutely the law of nature itself, the first principle of self-preservation for hundreds and thousands of the people of Ireland (cheers). There is no alternative—absolutely no alternative—for many of the homeless poor of Ireland except the alternative of the blunder-buss, but because I abhor and condemn crime in every shape and form, I hope every man and woman in Tipperary to-day will enroll themselves Primrose knights and Primrose dames, and will take a leaf out of their books, and will never rest until they show that the trade of land grabbing is not a pleasant, not a profitable, not a possible trade from this day forth amidst your green fields of Tipperary (cheers). Now, I want to ask you to empower me here to-day to give a notice to quit to the land grabbers in the name of Tipperary (cheers, and cries of "we do"). If you do let every man before me hold up his hand. (Here, amidst a scene of intense enthusiasm, every man in the crowd held his hand aloft.) Mr. O'Brien continued—Faith, I promise you, you will not want to employ a process-server to serve that notice, and you will not want to buy a registered letter to send it through the post (laughter and cheers).

MAKE EVICTIONS DIFFICULT. But I want you to go further. We have heard a good deal about eviction-made-easy notices, and I am sorry to hear that you have had a good many of them about this neighbourhood. What I want you to do to-day is to serve the landlords of Tipperary with another notice, and that is an eviction made difficult notice (loud cheering). That is what I want you to thunder into the ears of the landlords—that they had better leave evictions alone this winter, and that they had better never attempt again, as they once did, to thin the homes of Tipperary (cheers). Tell them—thunder it into their ears—that this time the tenant-farmers will never submit while they have life to be hunted like vermin out of this fertile land (cheers). I tell you you have plenty of work out for you. I cannot help thinking that if Tipperary had done its duty well over the example of Mrs. Meagher of Kilburry (cheers)—I cannot help thinking that if you had a couple of thousand Father Cahills, Father Powers, John Mandevilles (cheers), and Michael Cusacks—if you had thousands of good men scattered along the slopes of Slievenamon, I cannot believe that the lazy horde of emergencymen would have been encamped here all these years, whiskey-drinking and revolver-firing (cheers). I cannot believe that Mr. Eyre or his representatives would be quite so stiff about their abetments, and I cannot believe that the Modeshill Campaigners would not have been long ago restored in triumph to their homes (cheers). I cannot believe it, only that there was weakness or supineness somewhere, and only that a man like Hanly imagined he was only dealing with a handful of tenants instead of dealing with the organized and embattled might of Tipperary (cheers). If their spies give them a good report of this day's meeting and of the thousands of strong arms they represented, I think Hanly will make no further mistake about the men of Tipperary (cheers). I think they will know perfectly well now that if they lay a finger on the Modeshill or Eyre tenants—if they do, they will be fighting, not against a few men, but they will be dealing with the heart's blood of Tipperary (cheers).

A NEW SPIRIT. Yes, I believe that to-day we have inaugurated a new spirit in Tipperary, and I believe that the signal fires that will light along the slopes of Slievenamon to-

night will summon every gallant heart in Tipperary to the standard in the war raging round us for the homes of our people and for the freedom of our land (cheers). I believe there is not a home in Tipperary that will not give us a soldier to take his place in the ranks in the cause for which your glorious countryman, John Dillon, suffered and the Redmonds are now suffering in jail (cheers). I must say that I never doubted Tipperary—"My sowl, I never doubted you, said Rory of the Hills" (cheers). So say I also; and certain I am, when the last charge for Ireland comes, Tipperary will be found where the fight is thickest—certain I am that when the coercionists and the exterminators reel and fly, as you will see them flying before the allied democracies of England and Ireland—certain I am that Ireland will have reason to cry, as an English general cried in a less worthy cause, "Well done, magnificent Tipperary" (loud and continued cheers).

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