

The Catholic Record.

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

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1892.

N. O. 726.

VOLUME XIV.

Three Graves.

How did he live, this dead man here,
With the temple above his grave?
He lived as a great one—from cradle to bier
He was nursed in luxury, trained in pride,
When the wish was born, it was gratified;
The common man was to him a clod,
Without thanks he took, without heed he gave.
The common man was to him a clod,
From whom he was far as a dead weight.
His pleasure? To know that the crowd obeyed.
His pulse, if you felt it, throbb'd apart,
With a separate stroke from the people's heart,
But when did he love, and when did he bless?
Was the life of him more than a man's, or less?
I know not; he died. There was none to blame,
And as few to weep; but these marble came
For the temple that rose to preserve his name!

How did he live, that other dead man,
From the graves apart and alone?
As a great one, too? Yes, this was one
Who lived to labor and study and plan;
The earth's deep thought he loved to reveal;
He handed the breast of the land with steel;
He filled the cities with wheels and smoke,
And workers by day and workers by night,
For the day was too short for his vigor's flight,
Too firm was he to be feeling and giving;
For labor, for gain, was a life worth living,
He worshipp'd industry, dream'd of her, sigh'd
For her.
Potent he grew by her, famous he died for her,
They say he hurp'd the world in his time,
That his mills and mines were a work sublime,
When he died—the laborers rested and sigh'd,
Which was it—because he had lived or died?

And how did he live—that dead man there,
In the country churchyard laid?
Oh, he? He came from the sweet field air;
He was tired of the town, and he took to pride
In his fashion or fame. He returned and died
In the place he loved, where a child he play'd
With those who have known by his grave and pray'd.
He had no serfs and he knew no pride;
He was one with the workers side by side;
He hated a mill and a mine and a town,
With their fever of misery, struggle, renown;
He could never believe that a man was made
For a nobler end than the glory of trade,
For the youth he mourn'd with an endless
Who were east like snow on the streets of the city.

He was weak, maybe, but he lost no friend;
Who loved him once, loved on to the end;
He mourn'd all alike, and shrill'd no cry;
But he never injur'd a weak one—never.
When censure was passed, he was kindly
And he was never so wise but a fault would come;
He was never so old that he fell to the ground,
The graves and the worms he had had when a
boy.
He erred and was sorry; but never drew
A trusting heart from the pure and true,
When friends look back from the years to be,
God grant they may say—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Boston Pilot.

In these days of soulless corporations it is refreshing to come across a story like that told of T. V. Smith, a glass works contractor, at Hartford City, Maryland. By a recent accident, which the coroner's jury reported as unavoidable, five of Mr. Smith's workmen were killed. He had them buried decently, provided for the immediate wants of the families of the four who were married men, gave to each of the widows \$1,000 and put all of them on the company's pay roll. A man so generous as this must also be a just man.

In the frequent enumeration in our literary journals, of striking short poems, it is strange that no one has included Charles Henry Webb's "Revenge."

Revenge is a wicked sword—
It has neither bill nor hand?
Wouldst thou wield this brand of the Lord?
Is thy grasp then firm and hard?

But the closer thy clutch of the blade,
The deadlier the blow it has made,
Deeper wounds thy hand is made,
It is thy blood reddens the steel.

And when thou hast dealt the blow—
When the blade from thy hand is down—
Instead of the heart of the foe,
Thou mayst find it sheathed in thine own!

Sound philosophy as well as good poetry in the above!

Buffalo News and Times.

Under a new law just passed in Russia, "any man caught buying up a distressed peasant's crops at less than the ruling market rates is flung into a dungeon for six months, and any man who holds an extortionate mortgage on a farmer's land" is treated as an outlaw and a felon. On this subject the Czar is relentless and implacable. He pursues the latter and the spirit of the Greek Church canon, which forbids the practice of usury, and he prosecutes the extortioners with an activity that would obliterate at once any but this pestiferous class. There is something essentially splendid in his determination to exterminate those human leeches who fatten on the necessities and life blood of the unfortunate poor. It is this fact that makes the Czar the "Little Father" of his people and clothes him with that immeasurable influence and popularity which has so often been a bulwark to the tottering throne of the Romanoffs. It is the great central virtue of the Russian despotism, and in acknowledging it we only render unto Caesar what is Caesar's.

Ave Maria.

The Montreal Star having published a Buffalo, N. Y., despatch to the effect that on the Feast of the Assumption a portion of the Blessed Virgin's skull would be venerated in a Buffalo church, the Antigonish *Casket* thus tersely and correctly comments on the absurdity of the telegram: "There is no such relic of the Blessed Virgin, either in Buffalo or at Rome, or anywhere else. A tiny lock of her garment are venerated in St. Peter's at Rome, but no place or church in Christendom has ever claimed to possess a bone or other relic of her virginal body. That Catholics have always and everywhere believed to have been taken up into heaven shortly after she had paid the debt of nature. It would be a strange contradiction surely that a portion of our Blessed Lady's skull should be exhibited in a Catholic church, for the reverence of the faithful, on the very day that the faithful throughout the world commemorate the Virgin's bodily assumption."

N. Y. Catholic Review.

The Grand Master, Adriano Lemmi, has mapped out a new plan of campaign for Free Masons in Italy against the Catholic Church. The lodges must insist, so he said lately at a banquet in Florence, on "the abolition of the Law of Guarantees, prohibition of religious instruction and of religious marriage not preceded by the civil ceremony, the institution of divorce, and the suppression of the Ministry of Worship." Religion is no longer to be tolerated by the State. The secret societies having apparently accomplished the downfall of the Temporal Power of the Pope, are bent on destroying his Spiritual authority. They will advance their lines now, and having begun by rejecting the influence of Christianity in the Government, they will henceforth proceed to efface it. The step from conflagration to persecution is to be taken, and a new chapter of suffering will at once begin for the Church in Italy and for the Holy Father. However, *in hoc signo vinces*—our hope is perennial that the Cross will yet triumph over the Triangle.

The recklessness with which some physicians prescribe opiates and the un-Christian habit which some doctors have of stupefying the dying with drugs, are open to censure. On one point the Right Rev. Bishop of Little Rock says: "There is a growing evil, worse even than the intemperate use of intoxicating drinks to which the C. T. A. Union may well turn its attention—the use of narcotic poison other than fermented or distilled liquors. I but hint at one phase of the matter here, as I am not clear that the subject comes within the scope of your Union. But what priest in charge of souls does not know that it is the well nigh universal practice among physicians of the day to administer intoxicants, morphine, opium, etc., to their dying patients to alleviate their pains, and then send them intoxicated before their Judge! and even without the opportunity of arranging their will or family affairs! To my mind, as a Catholic priest, there is a far greater crime than the occasional abuse of drink, and merits the most severe condemnation of total abstinence societies." The evil practice referred to by Bishop Fitzgerald ought to come to a speedy end.

Pittsburg Catholic.

There is a paper in the *Popular Science Monthly* for August on illegitimacy. The writer claims for Ireland that it is the most virtuous country in the world. Nor is poverty the cause, for in Russia, where the people are most wretchedly poor, the illegitimacy is very high. He attributes the causes in Ireland to race and heredity. We attribute it to that faith which is imbedded in the Irish—that Catholic faith, which neither fire could burn nor steel bleed out of her—that faith which she has preserved pure and intact through all the centuries since St. Patrick preached it in the hall of Tara. Poor Ireland has her faults. She has salted the earth with her vigorous offspring, and in that which raises men above the brute, she has been great as a nation—the stainless purity of her sons and daughters.

All the saints are not canonized. There are untold millions to day united with God, whose names are not registered in any martyrology or Bollandist's edition of the lives of the saints—men and women whose precious sum of deeds was made up in doing their life-work as God willed: faithful and true to their daily tasks, with the thought ever present, as their guide—"Thy will be done." They performed no great achievements; no wonderful miracles are recorded of them; but their lives were one of the greatest of miracles, the correspondence to God's grace, in doing their every day's task in the presence of their "Taskmaster," unobserved as they journeyed along life's pathway, by those around them, but noticed, observed, by Him, rewarded when their precious sheaves were gathered into the garden of paradise.

Conversions.

The Hon. Stephen Powys, son of Lord Lilford, of Lilford, Northamptonshire, has been received into the Catholic Church.

Conversions are becoming frequent in Holland. The greatest landowner of Someren in Dutch Brabant, has "come over" with his entire family, and also the wife and daughter of the pastor of the same district. Rector Krusing, of the Protestant Lyceum of Bois-le-Duc, has adhered to Protestantism, with his whole household, and the Protestant pastor of Babel, on the Belgian Frontier, has followed his example.

Baron Ludwig Joseph Charles Maria von Weber, Chevalier de Saint George, was received into the Catholic Church on Aug. 28 at the cathedral in St. Joseph, Mo. Baron von Weber is a nephew of Dr. C. L. Weber of that city, and dropped his title on going to the United States. He went to St. Joseph about two months ago from St. Louis, and took up the study of medicine, but soon relinquished that and turned toward the Church and applied to Father Augustine at the Cathedral for instructions in religion. The young nobleman is twenty-nine years of age. His father was a Baron of the Grand Duchy, and his mother

was a French lady, from whom he inherited the title of Chevalier de St. George.

DEATH OF BISHOP O'MAHONEY.

Toronto Globe.

Right Rev. Timothy O'Mahoney, auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocese of Toronto, and acting parish priest of St. Paul's, in the east end of that city, died at 7:45 o'clock on Thursday morning 8th inst., at his residence, 83 Power street. He had been ailing for some weeks past, and for several days it was known that the end was approaching. Rev. Father Murray was in attendance at the death-bed and administered the last ordinance and the Church. Dropsy and heart weakness were the cause of death. The late Bishop O'Mahoney was born at Kilmurphy, county Cork, Ireland, November 1, 1822, and was consequently in his sixty-seventh year. He entered the priesthood in 1849 and was created first Bishop of Armadale, South Australia, by Pope Pius IX., where he labored for many years until broken health compelled him to return to Europe. In 1879 he came out to Canada at the personal solicitation of the late Archbishop Lynch, receiving before his departure from Europe the title of Bishop of Eudocia. He at once took charge of St. Paul's parish in this city, where he has remained ever since. During his twelve years' ministrations the present magnificent stone edifice at the corner of Queen and Power streets has been erected, the extensive schools to the east of the church built and the parish thoroughly reorganized, until to day the spiritual and temporal condition of the parish places it among the foremost in the archdiocese. He was beloved and revered in every part of his cure, and esteemed for his faithful labors and erudition throughout the city and Province.

THE FUNERAL.

Toronto Empire, Sept. 12.

At 5 o'clock on Friday evening the remains of Bishop O'Mahoney were taken to St. Paul's church and placed before the altar within the sanctuary. During the evening and in the early hours of the following morning great numbers of people visited the sacred edifice to view the body of the deceased prelate. Protestants as well as Catholics were found among the concourse who paid their respects to the remains, testifying the high regard in which His Lordship was held by all who knew him. It was noticeable, however, that none but the Roman Catholic visitors kissed the hand of the coffin or reverently kissed the cross lying upon his breast, to which last pious exercise a lady, who had been invited to attend the funeral, was seen to engage. The body was dressed in the vestments of the episcopal office, and these, together with the mitre, were buried with him. Catholic visitors who visited the body in the casket, which was covered with plush-velvet, trimmed with white satin and ornamented with silver, and with six solid silver candles, were permitted to enter the casket, and were draped in mourning, six columns of the beautiful church were wreathed with black and white bands, white festoons of black extending from the top of the choir to the altar and across the front of the gallery. At 10 o'clock the congregation began to gather. Precisely at 10:30 the choir, under the leadership of the organist, began the dead march in Saul, and at the same moment the funeral procession entered from the presbytery, headed by Rev. Father Hand, and followed by the cross-bearer and two attendants, thirty-five acolytes and choir boys, and forty-six priests, most of whom were from the diocese of Toronto. The funeral was conducted by the Rev. Father Gauthier, of Brockville, Vicar-General Rooney, Bishop O'Connor, of London, Bishop O'Connor, of Peterborough, and the Rev. Father Hand, of Toronto. The Bishop's closest and dearest friends, one who served him faithfully for six years as his first assistant at St. Paul's. He showed noticeably the signs of his sorrow.

Eloquent sermon by HIS GRACE. Archbishop Walsh preached the sermon. He referred to feeling in the sanctuary, that the death and resurrection of the deceased had shown in his last illness. On such an occasion the voice of the Church should be heard pleading before the throne of God and offering up a sacrifice for the remission of his sins. He dwelt long on the thought of the departed soul that heathen faults might have stained the soul of the deceased pastor. In his life, as well as in his death, the sermon preached by him was a beautiful and touching example of the death. Thus, that art, to dust thou shalt return, was the sentence pronounced by God against the guilty man. He dwelt on the thought of the departed soul that heathen faults might have stained the soul of the deceased pastor. In his life, as well as in his death, the sermon preached by him was a beautiful and touching example of the death. Thus, that art, to dust thou shalt return, was the sentence pronounced by God against the guilty man. He dwelt on the thought of the departed soul that heathen faults might have stained the soul of the deceased pastor. In his life, as well as in his death, the sermon preached by him was a beautiful and touching example of the death. Thus, that art, to dust thou shalt return, was the sentence pronounced by God against the guilty man.

When the sermon was finished, a beautiful burial service for the dead was chanted, after which the body was placed in the vault which had been prepared in the yard at the south-west corner of the church. The casket was placed in a solid oak shell lined in gold and surmounted with a copper plate, upon which was inscribed the full name of the bishop and the date of his death. To Roman Catholics it is a consolation to know that His Lordship's last moments were peaceful and filled with all the divine hope and consolation that the Church affords to a departing soul. Father Hand, of the House of Providence, was in constant attendance on him and administered the Holy Viaticum. Vicar-General Rooney administered the sacrament of extreme unction, while other priests of the archdiocese afforded the sweetest and most devoted ministrations to the departing prelate.

SEPARATE SCHOOL WORK.—We notice by the report of the Tilsonburg High School entrance examinations that four pupils of the Catholic Separate school passed very creditably. viz: Frank McNamara, Ida Grooms, John Brickman, and Theresa Devlin. Frank McNamara received the highest number of marks out of the 30 candidates who wrote for the examination. He is the son of Mr. J. B. McNamara of Haw-

trey. The teacher of the school is Miss Ella Dalton, who has been long well known as a successful teacher.

INVESTITURE OF ARCHBISHOP VAUGHAN.

Father Gasquet on the Revival of the Church in England.

The sermon at the investiture of the Most Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Cardinal Manning's successor in the See of Westminster, Eng., was by the distinguished Benedictine, Dr. Gasquet. His main object, writes the correspondent of the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, "was to show the religious and political importance of the Pallium through out the history of England, and, as was only natural in the historian of the destruction of the monasteries, he dwelt especially on the circumstances connected with Cranmer's investiture. There was a graceful paragraph in the brief, after referring to the true meaning of continuity, that the family names of the two principal personages of the day, Vaughan and Stonor, were in themselves living proofs of Catholic continuity in this country. And then followed a pleasing allusion to 'my own habit, which I unworthily wear,' and which has been intimately connected with the religious life of England since the first landing of St. Augustine and his monks on our shores."

We quote the concluding passages:

"Well may we think, brethren, that the perfect devotion of those who have gone before us, martyrs, confessors, in the days of persecution and fiery trial, has been rewarded. Not alone have they preserved Catholicity for us, but their faith and zeal have been the means whereby God has brought into the fold of the Church men who were the very salt of the Anglican Establishment. The great generation is passing away, and as we look we see that their work have been accomplished. They have brought home to every mind in England the existence of Catholicity, living, working, acting throughout the length and breadth of the land. For we must beware of measuring the influence of our faith merely by the multiplication of our churches, or the increase of conversions. The resurrection of the Church is shown on all sides by the change which the fact of its very existence has wrought, even within the pale of the Established Church of England. Look around you: Is it not the case that there is hardly a spot in this country, no matter how remote, where the effort is not now being made to imitate the rites and practices of the Catholic religion, even down to minute details and to characteristics of its very inner life? Take the very name Catholic itself. Most of us are old enough to remember the time when we, and we alone, were the Catholics of England—as indeed we still are to men of common sense. A few short years ago and this name would have been resented as an insult by members of the Established Church. To-day, however, forgetful that the Sovereign Head of their Church swears to their Archbishop in the Coronation Oath to maintain the Protestant Reformed religion established by the law, many members of the State religion assume the self-contradictory title of Anglo-Catholic. It is only too obvious that Anglicans do not draw all this from their own past. As with a similar though less marked movement in the days of King Charles I., induced by the same causes, it is done avowedly with the object of preventing people becoming Catholics. And, if the Anglican Church is being, as they declare, Catholicized to-day, it is through the pressure which we Catholics, by our very presence, bring to bear upon it, making Protestants themselves the very witnesses against their own past words and deeds. Truly, the prescribed religion of our God has here its divine revenge, for it is to love and bless that which their forefathers cast out from their midst."

"That, my brethren, which the founders of the Established religion in this country rejected, has been preserved happily for us. Ours is an inheritance above all price, that no man can take from us. That inheritance is continuity indeed—the only continuity worth contending for: a continuity of faith and practice. The possession of family title deeds does not prove descent; the occupation of stone walls, the using of historic names, the publication of lists without a break—none of these are evidences of true continuity, in the presence of recorded history. When Cranmer rejected the authority of Rome, which his sixty-six predecessors in the See of Canterbury had acknowledged, and declared that he accepted his office from the King 'alone and no other,' and that his authority as Primate was derived from the Crown as that of previous occupants of the See had been from the Pope; and when Henry, on April 8, 1531, by his Royal Letters Patent, created the Archbishopric of Canterbury, and granted to it 'the insignia of an archbishopric' common sense, no less than the evidence of subsequent events, tells us that here was a new beginning. The throne of Augustine, founded by Gregory, after enduring for nine hundred and forty years, was cast down in the dust, and in its place

Henry established another for Thomas Cranmer, the first Archbishop of the Protestant See of Canterbury. Nor is this all: as it was with Canterbury so it was with the Archbishopric of the throne of York. When, in 1544 Edward Lee, the Archbishop, died, the King not only translated Robert Holgate from Landaff to the Northern Metropolitan See, giving him power to ordain, hold synods, make visitations, and generally granting him all spiritual and ecclesiastical jurisdiction, but by Royal Letters Patent he bestowed upon him an Archbishopric of the Pall, directing Cranmer to invest him with it. This the Archbishop of Canterbury did in January, 1545, at Lambeth, when he composed a blessing for his new English Pall, and by a solemn parody of the old Catholic form of investiture, placed it on Holgate's shoulders: 'In honor of God, of the Blessed Virgin, of all the saints, and of the most illustrious and serene Prince Henry VIII.' It continues there to be here, surely it is but a continuity of names.

"But I see before me to-day evidences of something more real—a continuity which comes not from the mere abiding in temples made by hands, mere stones heaped up, but from a faithful continuance in that ancient Church founded by our Lord Himself, built up of living stones, made precious and worthy of God's sanctuary by long years of persecution. I see before me those who bear names honored, and rightly honored, in the story of our country, but more honored still by unswerving fidelity to the faith of their fathers. Yes, when our holy religion was driven out from Lincoln and from Canterbury, from St. Albans and Durham, it took refuge in the upper rooms of many a country mansion, and many a sheltered farmstead. And there in obscurity, in fear for life, was maintained in continuous, unbroken existence, the Catholic faith, the Catholic practice, the Catholic life of England. Although the sacred and most necessary rites of religion were banned and proscribed, and the very offering of Holy Mass was visited with death, still, thanks be to God! there never failed those who preferred death in this mortal body to the dying out in our country of the most sacred lamp of faith. In these heroic souls was blended the most sublime devotion which can fill the heart of man—love of God and love of country. For tell me not these were not ardent lovers of their native land. If the exercises of the Catholic religion were proscribed in England, abroad—in foreign lands—they might still be obtained, but these men chose to suffer the loss of worldly goods, to be stretched on the rack, or to die the death of felons, that England should not be robbed of its Catholic inheritance. Thanks be to God! their efforts, their self-sacrifices, in a cause which seemed desperate, have been blessed, for it is through them that we can rejoice to-day in that true unbroken continuity of the living souls of men united in the living Church of God. To all of you will doubtless occur the names of many a house that has never fallen from the ancient faith—each one is a living evidence of this sacred continuity. And to-day two names especially—those of our own Archbishop and of him who has brought the sacred Pall from Peter's shrine—must instinctively rise up in the minds of all, as telling of unvarying, unbroken fidelity to one and the same Holy Roman Catholic Faith."

"Nay, speaking before this great assembly, I know not whether I may express all that fills my mind, but this habit which I wear—all unworthy as I am—tells me, tells you, brethren—if indeed material evidence be asked, that we, and we alone, possess that true continuity of Catholic life which others now would fain enjoy. For from the day when Augustine first landed in England to the present hour, the Order of St. Benedict, proscribed as it was, ruined, scattered, was never driven from the land. Aye, this, too, is a witness of a continuity which carries us back even beyond the days of the See of Canterbury, but carries us back like it only to the see of Rome and the Chair of Peter, whence, at the command of Peter's successor, thirteen hundred years ago, the children of St. Benedict came as the apostle of the English race. Thoughts such as these make us realize the true import of this day's ceremony whereby our own Archbishop becomes the heir and representative of that illustrious line of prelates of the Church of Canterbury whose succession runs back more than two centuries before the foundation of the English, or, if you will, Saxon monarchy. Has not Westminster been created in the place of St. Augustine's first see by the same authority which first called Canterbury into existence? Yes, this Pall, this narrow strip of woven wool, blessed by the hands of Peter's successor, is the witness and the true title to unextinguished rights. The jurisdiction conferred on St. Augustine by the word of Leo, successor of Gregory, now descends to you, my Lord Archbishop, as heir to the faith and authority of the first Apostle of our race. Ours word more. This morning, my brethren, as your voices join in the joyous *Te Deum*, let all our soul go out with heartfelt thanks to our God, whose loving kind-

ness has preserved in us the faith of those glorious English saints, Augustine and Dunstan, Anselm and Thomas of Canterbury, and has kept us loyal to Rome, the centre of all unity, the only sure foundation of Catholic truth. To Him, then, to the King of Ages, Immortal, Invisible, the only God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen."

FOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

This letter, written on a type writer and signed with no one's name, has been received at this office:

Columbus, Ohio, August 11, 1892.

DEAR EDITOR:—If you deem it proper to do so, I would like to have you answer in your next issue the following pertinent questions:

1. Does your Church believe and teach the Ten Commandments?
2. Do you not have in your Church images and likenesses of Saints?
3. Do you not believe that these Saints are in the Heaven above?
4. How do you reconcile yourselves to the Second Commandment: "Thou shalt not make thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in the Heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water beneath the earth?"

Very truly yours,

AN OLD FELLOW.

We are glad to get this letter. We thank the writer for sending it. We do not wish to find out who he is. We hope that he will continue his inquiries, and that others will do as he has done—ask us questions on Catholic matters that they do not understand.

Here are our answers to the four questions:

1. Yes, the Catholic Church believes and teaches the Ten Commandments.

2. Yes, we have in our churches statues and paintings of the Blessed Virgin, of St. Joseph, of St. John the Baptist, of St. Peter and St. Paul, and of other saints.

3. Yes, we do believe that these saints are in Heaven.

4. We reconcile ourselves to the Second Commandment very easily. Our correspondent has quoted only half of it. It is given in the Bible (Exodus, Chap. xx, v. 4, 5, 6) as follows: "Thou shalt not make to thyself a graven thing, nor the likeness of anything that is in the Heaven above, or in the earth beneath, nor of those things that are in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not adore them, nor serve them: I am the Lord thy God, mighty, jealous, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, upon the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me, and showing mercy unto thousands to them that love Me and keep My commandments."

What God forbid by this commandment was idolatry—the making of images to be adored or served, like the golden calf. He did not forbid absolutely the making of images, because He Himself commanded to be made with wings outstretched in order to cover the oracle in the sanctuary of His temple (see Exodus, chap. xxv, v. 18, 19, 20); and He also ordered Moses to "make a brazen serpent and set it up for a sign." (Numbers, chap. xxi, v. 8, 9.)

You yourself, probably, have statues in your parlor at home and pictures on the walls of it. But you don't believe that you violate the Second Commandment by them, for the reason that you do not adore them or serve them.

We do not adore the statues and paintings of saints in our churches. We adore God, and Him only. We use images to remind us of Him and of His saints, but we do not adore them, nor serve them, nor make idols of them.

We worship God. We honor His saints and ask them to pray for us to Him. We serve Him and Him only, in spirit and in truth.—*Catholic Columbian.*

OBITUARY.

Miss Ellen Cook, London.

At the residence of her brother, Philip Cook, London, on Saturday, Sept. 3, 1892, Miss Ellen Cook, of London, daughter of the late Owen Cook and aunt of Messrs. Pooock Bros., of this city, and Mr. S. B. Pooock, of St. Thomas, died in her forty-eighth year, from pneumonia, aggravated by the effects of a stroke of paralysis, received by her some twenty-five years ago, and from which she never recovered. Her sufferings, which were very great, during that period, were patiently endured and her life was always characterized by piety and the most Christian charity. Endowed to a very high degree with the virtues of humanity, and always practising her religion most devoutly, having a good word for every one, she secured for herself the good-will, respect and admiration of all her friends, and the love of her family and relatives. Two nieces of hers are Sisters in St. Joseph's convent, in Toronto, under the religious names of Sister Alphonsa and Sister Herman.

Monsieur Agliero, the Vicar-Apostolic of Patagonia, under whose special charge the Salesian missions of South America are also operated, is on his way to Rome with an intelligent family of converted and civilized savages who are bringing to Rome as presents to the Pope many curious and interesting objects, the work of themselves and other native converts. These articles will be illustrative of the methods followed in the mission schools, and will no doubt be regarded with much interest at the centre of European art.

Archbishop Ireland has been appointed World's Fair Commissioner to have charge of the exhibit arranged by the Vatican.

Kathleen Mavourneen.

Kathleen Mavourneen! The song is still singing... As fresh and as clear as the trill of the birds...

A WOMAN'S PLEA

For Temperance in the Home and School.

The following admirable paper was read by its author, Miss Mary I. Cranston, of St. Paul, Minn., before the late convention of the Catholic National Temperance Union, at Indianapolis.

The subject of temperance in the "Home and School" necessarily includes woman's work and influence, for, while man is acknowledged head of every household, woman is the heart and soul, the uncrowned queen...

Shakespeare represents them as infallibility faithful and

WISE COUNSELLORS.

strong always to sanctify even when they can not save. With Scott, as with Shakespeare, it is the woman who watches over, teaches, and guides...

From these all virtues spread As from a fountain head...

The Greek writers furnish ideal types of human beauty and faith in Cassandra, Penelope, Antigone and Iphigenia...

wherever his valor led him, his prayers accompanied him. Indeed, when his less sympathetic and less hopeful nature failed to awake to the faint call of a forlorn hope, her intuition inspired and led him...

BUCKLED ON HIS ARMOR

and power, and the influence of the good teacher is second only to that of the good mother. In the school-room a high standard of morality should prevail. Pupils must be taught that courage and truth are the pillars of their being...

MYSTERY OF MOTHERHOOD.

and looking down upon him with a smile of unutterable tenderness, she murmured: "Thank God, my son, that I do not find you drunk!"

This is not an isolated case. The world is full of beautiful lives whose histories remain unwritten and unsung.

Kingston, Ont. The careful proprietor in all the houses of the world...

the secret wound that caused them: daughters and sisters—who braved the world with smiling faces, and undaunted spirits while their souls were seared in despair and humiliation.

but they can not tell all. They can not echo the sad voices of children moaning with hunger or shivering with cold. They can not tell how many bright hopes and fond expectations have been blasted...

To the mothers of our land, the sisters of humanity, we appeal for the help which they alone can give. They must come to the rescue with all the instinctive wisdom and mercy of their womanhood.

and their loving hearts will respond to the sad story of His desolation: their fervor will lead them until their reason comes to set its seal upon their pure and lofty enthusiasm.

It is said that the saddest music is that which makes the best words most beautiful: which enchants them in our memories each with its own glory of sound, and which applies them closest to the heart at the moment we need them.

Shakespeare represents them as infallibility faithful and

strong always to sanctify even when they can not save.

The Greek writers furnish ideal types of human beauty and faith in Cassandra, Penelope, Antigone and Iphigenia...

wherever his valor led him, his prayers accompanied him. Indeed, when his less sympathetic and less hopeful nature failed to awake to the faint call of a forlorn hope...

and power, and the influence of the good teacher is second only to that of the good mother.

In the school-room a high standard of morality should prevail. Pupils must be taught that courage and truth are the pillars of their being...

and looking down upon him with a smile of unutterable tenderness, she murmured: "Thank God, my son, that I do not find you drunk!"

This is not an isolated case. The world is full of beautiful lives whose histories remain unwritten and unsung.

Kingston, Ont. The careful proprietor in all the houses of the world...

digestion and repair of the system they might be taught that alcohol, far from being a food, is treated by nature as a poison. From the stomach it is swept through the entire system, and every organ of elimination is at once set at work to throw off the enemy.

but they can not tell all. They can not echo the sad voices of children moaning with hunger or shivering with cold. They can not tell how many bright hopes and fond expectations have been blasted...

To the mothers of our land, the sisters of humanity, we appeal for the help which they alone can give. They must come to the rescue with all the instinctive wisdom and mercy of their womanhood.

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Kingston, Ont. The careful proprietor in all the houses of the world...

of "mother's temperance song" rises in his memory to dim

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Kingston, Ont. The careful proprietor in all the houses of the world...

Irish Lassies at the Fair.

All visitors to the World's Fair will, doubtless, want to inspect the Irish village which is being arranged under the auspices of the Countess of Aberdeen and Mrs. Ernest Hart.

"We shall have seven cottages in which peasant girls and lads from Donegal and elsewhere will be seen at work, weaving, spinning, dyeing, sprigging, carving, etc. The girls will look very pretty in Connemara red petticoats, fishwife skirts and blouses, and scarlet cloaks. In the first cottage will be a precise model of a cottage in Donegal, with unfenced walls of granite, with a headed fireplace and dresser full of bright crockery; a girl will be seen dyeing and spinning our famous Hand and Hearth flannels, the wool of which she gets from the lichen and heather of her native bog outside. There will be an imitation peat fire, and on this the dyer will from time to time place her iron potato pot, and proceed to dye the wool. This operation is certain to prove immensely attractive to sight-seers, and, as well as the carding, spinning and bobbin-filling which will be shown here, is an extremely interesting process.

In the second cottage there will be linen weaving and embroidery of the famous Kells Art Embroidery; whilst linen damask weaving on a Jacquard handloom and fringe-knotting will go on in the third cottage. Between this and the next cottage there will be a model dairy, in which dairymaids will be at work churning and butter-making. I can assure our American cousins that they will have a chance of some good butter, as we shall send over some of the world-famed Kerry cows, which will be stabled at the rear. There will also be a pleasant, cool spot here, where visitors can rest and drink iced milk.

In the fourth cottage, which is under the special care of the Irish Industries Association, every description of Irish lace will be shown. There will be a Limerick lace worker at her frame, the Torchon lace worker at the pillow, the numerous varieties of point lace, and so forth.

Sprigging and veining, which are employed in the production of the beautiful hemstitched handkerchiefs of Belfast, will be shown in the next cottage. The girls of Down are especially noted for their exquisite and delicate work. We have not quite definitely decided about the two remaining cottages, but we shall probably show in the seventh the wood-carving industry in Ireland, which has reached a remarkable degree of development when one remembers the workers and teachers are peasant lads.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in condensed form the elements for building up the blood and nerve system. When broken down from overwork, mental worry, abuse of excess, you will find them a never-failing cure. Sold by dealers, or sent on receipt of price—50 cents a box, 6 boxes, \$2.50—by addressing The Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Brockville, Ont. Take no substitute.

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

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It cannot injure the most delicate skin or fabric. Its purity and excellence have given it the largest sale in the world.

Job's Endurance. A man may bear up patiently for hours under trials of physical endurance, but when prolonged to years, we cry out. But why should we suffer thus? There is a sure and prompt cure. Bethany, Mo., U.S.A. Aug. 4th, 1888. "I suffered for years with neuralgia, but was finally cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil." T. B. SHERMAN.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla. She felt a little better. Could keep more food on her stomach and grow stronger. She took 2 bottles, has a good appetite, gained 22 lbs., does her work as usual, is now in perfect health.

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London, Saturday, Sept. 17, 1892.

SENSATIONAL STORIES CONCERNING THE POPE.

Some journals in this country are much troubled about the political alliances which the Pope is contemplating, whether they will be on the side of the great Triple Alliance, or the presumed antagonist one which exists between France and Russia.

There is not the least danger that the Holy Father will subject the Holy See to any political alliance. It is true that his position in the middle ages frequently obliged him as the recognized mediator between the nations when all Europe was Catholic, to interfere to put an end to the rapacity or tyranny of kings, but the present condition of affairs is quite different from that which he occupied under the system which made Europe almost as one great Confederation of States with the Pope as umpire between them.

Even then his duties were nearly always confined to taking the part of oppressed peoples or to defending the liberty of the Church. He may still do what is, and always was, his right and duty—define the justice and right in a quarrel which is evidently unjust on one side. But with the merely political world he has not, nor does he profess to have, anything to do.

The mistake of the non-Catholic press arises from the fact that they have all along persisted in the false statement that the Pope is always endeavoring to control the politics of the different States. Ministers in America will persist in saying that he is trying to rule the United States and Canada, and the British Tories pretend that the Home Rule movement is intended to gain for him the control over Ireland. It has even been stated recently that it is to further his designs that the Knights of St. John in America have military drill, with the object in view to seize the political power on this continent when the proper time for so doing shall be seen to have arrived.

Of course all this is the merest nonsense, and as far as the Knights are concerned, none will be more surprised than themselves to learn that they have any such purpose in view, as they are simply a mutual benevolent association. What military drill they have, like that of similar associations among Protestants, is merely intended for purposes of recreation, physical development, and to some extent instruction in an art of which the people of any free country ought not to be entirely ignorant.

The papers which make the statement that the Pope is contemplating new alliances, found their hypothesis on a statement of the Pester Lloyd that "consent has been given by the Pope to the introduction of a new Slav liturgy in Russian Poland." That journal then asks whether this is to be interpreted as a confirmation of reports of an alliance including in its bond France, Russia and the Papacy.

It is true that the language and general form of the Catholic Liturgies are matters purely disciplinary, and that they may therefore be changed by the Pope, the essentials which are of divine institution being always unchanged; but the Pester Lloyd's statement is a most improbable one, and has every appearance of being a fabrication. The Pope does not fancifully make or approve of new Liturgies. The old ones, derived from Apostolic days, or from days near to those of the Apostles, are preferred, because they are a testimony to the unity of the faith through the centuries.

Besides, if a new Liturgy were to be made, the first intelligence of it would not come from the Pester Lloyd as an evidently sensational report. It is to be hoped, however, that the Pope's temporal power will be restored, and the European nations must be brought to understand its necessity, that the liberty of the Holy Father, of which he has been deprived, may become once more an actuality. The Italian guarantee laws are not worth the paper on which they are engrossed.

ORIENTAL CONVERSIONS.

The efforts of Pope Leo XIII. to bring about a reunion with the Eastern Churches have already borne fruit by the conversion of many schismatic communities, and though the numbers which have thus submitted to the authority of the Church of which their ancestors were members so many centuries ago are in each case small when we compare them with the millions who belong to the various forms of non-Catholic Oriental belief, in the aggregate the number of conversions has been considerable, and they prove that a salutary leaven is operating among those who, though differing from the Catholic faith on some points, have nevertheless retained most of the doctrines of the Church through all the vicissitudes through which their countries have passed during the long period which has elapsed since their first separation.

The latest accession to the Church from this quarter is reported from Constantinople. Mgr. Chismoun, the Nestorian patriarch of that city, has just been formally received into the Catholic Church, with five thousand of his adherents. This consoling news is accompanied with the further intelligence that throughout the Turkish Empire other Nestorian communities are soon to follow the lead of the patriarch of Constantinople.

These Nestorians are the remnant of the most ancient of the Eastern schismatics or heretics, as they derive their origin from Nestorius, who was appointed Patriarch of Constantinople in the year of our Lord 428. He was appointed to this important See on account of his piety and eloquence, and he was at first a zealous defender of the faith, but one of his priests, Athanasius, and the Bishop Dorotheus, one of his suffragans, began openly to teach, with the approval of Nestorius, that there are in Christ two distinct persons, one human and one divine, of whom the human person only was born of Mary. From this they draw the inference that Mary is not to be called the mother of God, but only the mother of the man Christ. Nestorius then openly taught and preached these doctrines in his cathedral at Constantinople. As at a recent date a Nestorian emissary from Malabar passed through this continent preaching in many Protestant churches, and asking and obtaining contributions towards the propagation of Nestorianism, it is proper to state here that Protestantism and Nestorianism have nothing in common, except the facts that both set at defiance the Pope's authority, and both deny the highest prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin—her divine Maternity, or her title to the name "Mother of God" which has constantly been applied to her by the Catholic Church. It is to be remarked, however, that not only in the Catholic prayer, the Hail Mary, is this title given to her, but also in Holy Scripture, as in St. Luke i, 41, 43, we find that St. Elizabeth, when "filled with the Holy Ghost," addressed her with the equivalent title "Mother of my Lord," saying, "and whence is this to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?"

But Protestantism does not teach the doctrine from which the Nestorian teaching was derived, the double personality of Christ. On the contrary, the Athanasian creed, which the Church of England says that it may be proved by "most certain warranty of Holy Scripture," teaches most distinctly that Christ as God and man is but one person, even as the body and soul of man are one person. This is also the general teaching of Protestantism, and we might infer even from the efforts which have recently been made by the various sects to show that their doctrines are the same on all important points with the exception of a few distinctive dogmas, of which the single or the twofold personality of Christ is not one.

Nestorianism is thus seen to be more consistent with itself than is Protestantism, since the latter rejects the principle from which alone they could sustain their denial of the divine Maternity of Mary.

In all other respects than those we have mentioned, the doctrines of Nestorius agreed with those of the Catholic Church, and the great majority of his followers to this day do the same.

A little consideration will show how completely the Catholic teachings on all these interdependent subjects accord with each other. If in Christ there were two persons, as Nestorius taught, it will follow that it was the human personality that suffered on the cross for our redemption, just as it is supposed to follow that only the humanity of Christ should be called the Son of Mary. As a necessary consequence of this we must assert that we were not redeemed by the sufferings of Christ, since those sufferings would be merely those of a human being, finite in value and efficacy, and therefore totally inadequate as an atonement for sin. The redemption of mankind through the blood of Christ would be a mere phantasm, and the whole fabric of Christianity would be a delusion.

But if the unity of Christ's personality be admitted, as is done by Protestants as well as Catholics, the doctrine of redemption becomes clear, since it is effected by a person who is at the same time God and man. That same divine and human person is the Son of Mary, and she is properly called the Mother of God, because she is Mother of the person who is at the same time God and Man. Thus the words of St. John are verified: "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we saw His glory, the glory as it were of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." (St. John, i, 14.) This could be said only of Him who is at the same time God and man.

As it is not our purpose to treat here fully the theological question of the divine Maternity, we shall not quote further those passages of Scripture, the Creeds and Patristic writings which prove it. We must, however, point out that the avidity with which the Nestorian missionary from Malabar was lionized by American secretaries, and his teachings embraced before the world as those of the most ancient form of Christianity, is a proof that the ministers who gave him so cordial a welcome proved themselves to be anxious to find rebels against the authority of the Pope, who had some claim to antiquity, but they did not manifest that solicitude for Christian truth which might reasonably be expected from those who constantly pretend that their quarrel with the Pope and the Catholic Church arises from the fact that the Church has wandered away from the truth as taught by the Apostles. If the Catholic Church has corrupted primitive Christianity, the Nestorians must have done so likewise, as their teachings are similar to those of the Catholic Church on almost every point; and where a difference is to be found, it comes from a principle which Protestants as well as Catholics hold to be subversive of "vital Christianity."

The Council of Ephesus, held in A. D. 431, was convened purposely to consider the Nestorian doctrines, which were evidently new at that time, as they were almost unanimously so regarded and declared to be by the two hundred Bishops who were present at it. Nestorius and his faction refused to appear at the Council, on the plea that his friends would not be there. These friends if present would only number forty, but the two hundred refused to remain inactive because forty thought to delay the proceedings by neglecting or refusing to attend when summoned. It must be added that the forty did not maintain the orthodoxy of Nestorius. They were mostly of opinion that the discussion was inopportune, and they hoped to delay proceedings by absenting themselves. The action of the Council, however, was not delayed, and on all the points in dispute the decision was against Nestorius, and most emphatically so on the question of the divine Maternity, to assert which most positively the Council gave to Mary the expressive title *Theotokos*, which means Mother of God.

The Nestorians afterwards dispersed themselves through Mesopotamia, Persia and Malabar, some churches remaining in Constantinople and its vicinity. Many of their prelates have at various times returned to the Catholic Church, with numbers of their adherents; but there still remain some who are attached to their ancient heresy. The recent return of 5,000 in the city where the heresy originated is an evidence that the work of their conversion is still going on, and the same causes are producing similar results among the other oriental sectaries, who are becoming convinced that their separation from Catholic

unity is a culpable rendering of the seamless garment of our Blessed Lord.

THE CHOLERA.

For several months past alarming reports concerning the prevalence of cholera in several countries of Europe have led to the expectation that we would not escape the plague on this continent. Russia, France and Germany have all suffered severely; but while the broad Atlantic Ocean lay between us it was regarded as a distant evil which we might possibly escape, though we were not without fear that we would be visited by it in our turn; but whatever hopes may have been entertained have been rudely dispelled by the recent news which reaches us from New York. It is to the effect that the scourge is at our door. Several infected vessels have reached New York. The *Rugia* and *Normannia*, both from Hamburg, have a terrible story to tell of the sufferings of the victims of the dreaded plague. The *Rugia* buried five victims at sea and came into port with five cholera patients on board. The *Normannia* also buried five at sea, and came into port with four living cholera patients.

President Harrison has issued a proclamation establishing a quarantine of twenty days, to which all immigrants, including those from Canada, entering the United States will be subjected until the danger be passed. The effect of the proclamation will undoubtedly be to stop immigration. We are pleased to notice that the Dominion and Provincial Governments are also on the alert to take precautions to keep the plague confined to the narrowest limits. We may hope that their efforts in this direction will be effectual.

THE NEW KNOW-NOTHING MOVEMENT.

There have arisen within the last few years in many of the United States several societies which are animated by the same diabolical spirit of animosity against Catholics which formerly characterized the Know-Nothings. The Know-Nothings, though an American society, could not stand the test of time in the face of American patriotism, which recognized the necessity of admitting to the right of citizenship, foreigners as well as born Americans if they were ready to make themselves truly Americans; though a certain time of probation has always been required before a foreigner could become a citizen.

The progress of the country which resulted from the broad views thus adopted has sufficiently proved that this was the correct policy. The Know-Nothings utterly failed to make any impression upon the mass of the people, and within four years they were utterly extinct as a body, so that not a trace of the organization was left behind. Nevertheless, during the period of its existence it caused much disturbance, and a number of Catholic churches and convents were even destroyed, besides other outrages being committed by the bigots. The news from most quarters is now to the effect that the promoters of the recently established societies of similar character are Canadian Orangemen. The *Joliet Times* says of them:

"The Republican party in Illinois is depending for success in the coming campaign upon certain secret societies which call themselves American, and are opposed to allowing any foreign-born or Catholic citizen to hold an office. Curiously enough, these societies were founded, and are said to be controlled, by foreigners, mainly Canadians. In Chicago they number several thousand, and in several smaller cities strong organizations are reported."

It would seem at first sight unlikely that when an American society of this character failed in establishing itself permanently, a society chiefly Canadian, or at least foreign, must also fail. Yet this cannot be positively assumed to be the case. There is in the United States, as in Canada, a considerable fanatical element which is ready at any time to co-operate with a movement like this, whatsoever may have been its origin, and it is barely possible that the addition of an Orange population to the American fanatical element of the country may make the present movement stronger even than that of the old Know-nothings.

We do not think that this will prove to be the case. The people of America are more intelligent and more tolerant than they were forty years ago. A striking proof of this is to be found in the Catholic Summer School, which was recently so successfully held in New London, Conn., the attendants at which were received as welcome guests, and were publicly honored by the authori-

ties, whereas forty years ago their presence would not have been even tolerated. We believe, therefore, that the present movement will prove to be a more miserable failure than the former.

The organization does not confine its efforts to ostracise Catholics to either political party. The *Joliet Times* says that in Illinois the Republicans expect to get the solid anti-Catholic society vote, the condition being that there shall be no Catholics on the Republican State ticket. But in Kansas, where they made a proposition to the Democratic State Convention held at Jefferson City to take precisely this same course, as the price of their receiving any good Protestant support, the proposition was hooted down on every side.

A circular was distributed among the delegates concluding as follows: "We warn you of such men as John B. O'Meara and Noonan, and we urge upon you to keep all Roman Catholics off your State ticket. But if you, as a convention of one of the great parties of this State, will not listen to the word of warning, then you must take the consequences, for in thirty cities in this State we have lodges of men who will oppose the election of a Roman Catholic to any office, and we herewith give our reasons for so doing."

The delegation were of many shades of opinion. There were Gibson men, Claycomb men, Dalton men, Stone men, Mesman men, but all rivalled each other in denouncing the fanatical document.

In Michigan, or at least in Detroit, the association, which is there called the "American Protective Association," has met with a blow as decisive as it was unexpected. Some members of this society who were employed by the Michigan Central Railway Co. seemed to think it part of their duty to insult certain Catholic priests who were travelling by that road. The President dismissed them instantly when he became acquainted with the facts, and the sympathy shown by other members of the society with the dismissed men led to the issuing of an order that no members thereof should be retained in the employ of the road. The police of the city have also been ordered not to exhibit secret society badges, owing to manifestations of fanaticism which were made by members of the association, in and out of the police. Elsewhere there has been equally culpable exhibitions of this fanaticism, but we need only remark further that the resolute stand taken by the President of the Michigan Central Railway Co. and the Detroit city authorities has won the commendation of fair-minded people, while it confirms our opinion that the American people generally are not so narrow-minded as to submit to be dominated by this intolerant faction.

THE ST. JOHN BAPTIST CELEBRATION.

A notable demonstration was held in Quebec on the 1st inst. to celebrate the founding of the St. John Baptist Society, fifty years ago, and the entrance of His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau into the priesthood. The meeting was of a kind calculated to create a feeling of patriotism in the breasts of the French-Canadians, and a noteworthy feature of it was the presence of the French Admiral and the officers of the French man-of-war which are now in the harbor of Quebec.

It has been the custom in the past for those who are engaged in stirring up dissensions between the French and English-speaking races in Canada to manifest great indignation whenever there is any interchange of good feeling on the part of French-Canadians with distinguished and representative Frenchmen. There are pseudo-patriots who would prefer to see ill feeling existing, and whenever there is a manifestation of good will they profess to see a yearning for France which is inconsistent with British connection.

The celebration of last Thursday should suffice to convince any one who has read an account of the proceedings of the fallacy of such an interpretation. The Hon. Wilfred Laurier was the chief speaker, and his speech was both manly and patriotic. He had no fear lest his words would be misconstrued. The French Admiral gave expression to the most kindly feelings for the French-Canadians, and these were warmly reciprocated by Mr. Laurier; and surely it is better that such sentiments should be entertained than that enmity should be nurtured.

Mr. Laurier remarked: "After the speech of Monsieur the Admiral, I have no more hesitation and I remind you that we have this evening brothers come from beyond the sea. They again find everywhere in this land of British allegiance the colors of France in the streets, in the

Churches, in the public places, in our hearts—in our hearts above all. Our fellow-citizens of English origin know that since the blood of France runs in our veins we would be less than men if the love of France did not run also in our veins along with each drop of blood. And we, on the other hand, do not hesitate to proclaim that we love, that we respect this other flag, the cross of St. George which shelters for us so much liberty, a toleration so complete."

There is no reason why the French-Canadians should not cherish an affection for France, consistently with their obligation of allegiance to England, and we are pleased to see this honest expression from the Hon. Wilfred Laurier.

THE VANDALS AGAIN IN ROME.

The conduct of the mob which attacked the Catholic procession in Rome on the 7th ult. was much more disgraceful than it was represented in the telegraphic reports; yet the general indignation which has been shown by all classes of the people prove that the anti-clerical mob are held in detestation by the great majority of Romans, and we are convinced, by the great majority of the people throughout Italy.

Why it is that mobs like the one we speak of can carry on their brutality with impunity when the public are against them is at first sight perplexing; but it is more readily understood when it is borne in mind that the Government has continuously encouraged anti-Catholic demonstrations, while Catholic demonstrations have been uniformly left unprotected by the authorities, and their assailants have been screened.

We must also remember that for more than twenty years, that is to say, ever since that occupation of Rome by the Italian Government, every effort of that Government has been directed towards the abolition of all religious teaching in the schools. Only by means of the greatest sacrifices, by indefatigable perseverance on the part of the clergy, and the co-operation of the laity who are still faithful to the Church, has religious teaching been kept up in those schools which are under control of the Church. In the Government schools the teaching is actually anti-Catholic and anti-Christian. How long this condition of affairs will continue, God only knows; but the result of it can be seen in the rapid growth of an intensely anti-Christian element in the population, which becomes bolder in its malignity the more it is assured of impunity.

It is, of course, from this element that the Masonic societies of Rome are recruited, and these societies, being under ban of the Church, do all they can to increase that hostility to religion which already exists to a deplorable degree. There is thus a constant battle going on between the religious and anti-religious elements of the population.

It was this state of affairs which led to the outrages of the 7th of August. A grand demonstration was to take place at the unveiling of the statue of Columbus, erected on the Pincian Hill. A number of Catholic societies were to take the chief part in it, and among them were borne a banner and a laurel wreath, each of which was inscribed with a motto in Italian signifying "Catholic Rome to Christopher Columbus." It was against this part of the demonstration that the fury of the anti-Christian mob was directed. The attacking party were not numerous, but were vindictive and strong in their confidence that they were under the patronage of the Government, and the result proved that their confidence was not misplaced. They were made up of members of the *Giordano Bruno* circle, and some other similar societies, and when the procession was organized they began to shout out their usual offensive cries, "down with the Papalini, down with the Vatican, death to priests," etc., and though it was regarded by the Government as an abominable act for the French pilgrims who visited Rome in 1891 to cry out "Long live the Pope," it was not deemed worthy of censure for the mob to cry out on the present occasion, "Down with the long-eared Carpinetan," Pope Leo XIII. being of course referred to in this vulgar manner, while they sang stanzas equally disgraceful from the hymn of Garibaldi. Even while the mob was passing the office of the Roman Assessor, Ranzani, an official under the Government, several Italian flags were hung from the windows to encourage their indecent display.

As the Government desire to make it appear to the world that religion is free in Rome, the soldiers and police made a pretence of putting down the disturbance; but this was a mere sham. Two or three were actually arrested, immediately let loose, their disturbance Catholic newspapers shouting was prolonged, but no police to put a stop to it. At the Pincian the gates to prevent the mob from entering, but stronger in numbers they bravely for their demonstration in Catholic navigators their banners were one with the inscribed above, while the mob were bold and the Catholics of the Pincio. They threw the bust on the base and left it to the most notorious city, Cappellini, make an infatigable here the police in there might be a pellini was obliged. The day was mended to its position until next morning ities of the city object of the mob successful that the Columbus, being during the melting into the position occupy.

The rabble, evil they had during the demonstrations attempted announce, to burn d Andrew of the fines; and was of the Eternal driven off by to the spot to structure, and itself was saved erably injured. The intention due honor to C frustrated by th and the commi of the processio to all Catholics ate with them to be erected itenary day of ica. These wic in the Church Genoa, and on the former beo olic Italy," and Catholic Rome. their reason fo wreaths on th "Tasso was an and wrote poem erment will be the placing of Columbus in a therefore been on the tomb where it will b Church, and w down to poste that the Italia come conscious doing to civilia ance in atten Christian gener later the day shall be con present policy teaching in th misgoverned ually remedy which Italy is

THE The Toron work of ende on the groun members of We are not either from editorial man been for year the purpose who sold his of six razors were made to it must be s advertised by men at a cer and magnify peration of against emic ous grounds religious bel and the obst to his elevat the Domini has not resi mature to bilities whic resignation would great his health resignation

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there is a general consent of public opinion that Sir John Thompson is the one man most eminently qualified to be his successor. We have not the least doubt that in the event we have indicated Sir John will be chosen. He would be both popular and efficient as Premier of the Dominion.

lectures that were greatly in demand. Among his noteworthy addresses was one delivered before the literary societies of Lafayette College, which was quoted and commented on by Lord Lytton in the House of Commons in 1859. He made the speech of welcome to President Lincoln at the Philadelphia Union League in January, 1864, and the speech nominating Gen. Hancock for the presidency in the Democratic Convention of 1880.

calumniate it in speeches, books and journals. Mgr. Cazet is a Jesuit, and there are none more frequently calumniated by the Freemasons than the members of this illustrious religious order, yet the latter are not allowed to return blow for blow, while their enemies are allowed freedom to act as they see fit in the matter. It is, per contra, a sign that France is gradually returning to a policy of reconciling the Government with the Church when we find that the Minister of the Interior has interdicted recently a pamphlet grossly insulting to religion, and that some immoral and irreligious pictures have also been seized by the Paris police, and their continued publication prohibited.

Leaving the wooded Isle of Innisfallen on our left, we rowed directly to Ross Castle, where we left our jolly oarsmen and found a wagonette in waiting to convey us to our hotel, just in time for dinner, for which the day's wanderings had given us a keen relish and wholesome appetite.

her most famous shrines, and the manifold blessings which so often flow therefrom—a visit to that little village, nestled against the hills on the banks of the noble St. Laurence, and to the ancient Capital itself—the cradle of Catholicity in our hand-will well repay the pilgrim.

DIocese OF LONDON.

Another grand edifice for the worship of Almighty God is about to be erected in this diocese. The parish of St. Mary's does not contain a large Catholic population as many of the other parishes in this western part of Ontario, but what is wanting in numbers is fully made up in fervor and attachment towards the Church of God and in obedience to its teachings. Father Brennan, the parish priest, is to be congratulated on this happy condition of affairs, and to his incessant labors for many years may be attributed in large measure the keen interest taken by his good people in all undertakings having in view the glory of God. For some time it has been considered that the present church had become inadequate to the wants of the parish, and steps have therefore been taken to erect a much larger and grander edifice.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

RECEPTION AND PROFESSION OF NUNS AT THE MONASTERY OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD. One of the most solemn and interesting ceremonies of the Catholic Church took place in the beautiful little chapel of the monastery of the Precious Blood, Toronto, on Thursday, 8th Sept. The day being the anniversary of the nativity of the Blessed Virgin, was selected as the most appropriate day for the reception of three young ladies becoming members of the community of the Precious Blood. The ceremony of making their solemn vows, consecrating their lives to the worship of the most Precious Blood of Jesus and Mary Immaculate, was performed by His Grace Archbishop Walsh, assisted by the Vicar-General, Rev. Father Marjolin (Provincial, St. Basil's), Brennan, Walsh, Teefe, Christian, Cherrier and J. Collins.

LONDON EQUAL RIGHTERS.

So far, at least, as the London, Ont., Public School Board is concerned, we may take it for granted that a person professing the Catholic faith thereby becomes disqualified to teach in the Public Schools. The finance committee of the Board met on Friday last, and Miss Kate Brown applied for the position of substitute teacher. "She is a clever girl," said Principal Merchant, of the High School. "My first recommendation is that she is a Roman Catholic," said Inspector Carson; upon which Mr. Brady, trustee, declared, "Then we won't entertain the application;" adding, "If we were to hang a Protestant girl all over with jewels, we could not get her into the Separate schools." The other committeemen, the report goes on to state, were also averse to entertaining the application, and it was filed. Consequently, Miss Kate Brown—although possessing every requisite required by law—although declared to be a clever girl by the Principal of the High School, and recommended by the Inspector—becomes ostracised in this land of civil and religious liberty, because she is a Catholic.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

ON THE 10th of November next His Grace Archbishop Walsh will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his episcopal consecration. The occasion will be a notable one. A quarter of a century of noble endeavor in the cause of religion will be passed in review, and priests and people will vie one with the other to do honor to a churchman under whose supervision, guidance and encouragement our holy faith has been made to march onward with giant strides. One and all will pray that the Archbishop of Toronto may long be spared to continue the great work in which he is engaged, and into which he has thrown his whole heart.

REV. JAMES COBURN, of Belfast, has come across the ocean to tell the people of this country that Home Rule is all wrong and that the people of Ulster are a very saintly and liberty-loving community. He lectured recently in Toronto and was patted on the back by the Orange daily. It would be waste of space to enter at length into an argument with Rev. James Coburn. Readers of current history will laugh at him—laugh at his arguments and his mission. We may say to the rev. gentleman that the people of Canada are not all children; and those who have taken the trouble to read a synopsis of his lecture in the Queen City will wonder that any sane man could have the hardihood to deal out such a mass of nonsense to a presumably intelligent audience. His reference to Catholic persecution of Protestants is the work of a firebrand who has scant regard for the truth. The world over Catholics take a pride in dealing out even-handed justice, wherever they constitute the majority, to their Protestant neighbors. Rev. Mr. Coburn might explain to us how it happens that in Belfast, where his people are in the majority, but where there is a Catholic population of seventy thousand, not one of them is permitted to hold an office under the civic government.

THE PREMIERSHIP.

The Toronto Mail is at its usual work of endeavoring to create discord on the ground of the religious belief of members of the Dominion Cabinet. We are not surprised at this conduct, either from the Mail's business or editorial managers. That journal has been for years managed simply with the purpose in view of the razorman who sold his stock to Hodge at the rate of six razors for a penny. The razors were made to sell; so is the Mail, and it must be sold whether the war be advertised by prizes to popular clergymen at a cent a vote, or by retailing and magnifying the slanders and vituperation of Drs. Wilde and Douglas against eminent politicians on religious grounds. The theme is now the religious belief of Sir John Thompson, and the obstacle it is supposed to create in his elevation to the Premiership of the Dominion. As Sir John Abbott has not resigned his office, it is premature to speculate upon the possibilities which might ensue if such resignation should take place. We would greatly regret should the state of his health necessitate the Premier's resignation; but should this occur,

LETTER FROM REV. DR. FLANNERY.

Arrived at the gap itself we are directed by our guide, this time the bugler who made all arrangements for boat, ponies and lunch; we turn round to view the road up which we have been ascending, and contemplate its borders of rocky hills and far-reaching valleys which present in their rugged vastness and changing beauty a striking and magnificent coup d'oeil. We soon are on the upper lake, with four brawny men at the oar, who seem in the very best of humor, for they laugh and sing in chorus as they bend to their work. Out in mid lake we turn on our benches to take a last look at the purple mountain whose heathery brow is lost in the clouds. The next object of admiration is the Eagle's Nest, a rocky cliff that stands up several hundred feet above the water, and which repeats, note from the trumpet of our guide. To steady the arm of the latter he was obliged to land. He then concealed himself behind some clumps of trees, and immediately the rocks and crevices of the hill opposite became loud and resonant with the sweetest sounds. We were not aware of the near presence of our hidden guide, we could have sworn that the Eagle's Nest had more than one brass band performing along its dizzy boulders. It was here that one of our boatmen stood up and shouted "Are you there Paddy Blake," when the same question came back in its entirety—"Paddy"—(echo) "Paddy." "Do you speak French?" Echo—"Speak French"—"Parlez vous Francais." Echo—"Parlez vous Francais." etc. The conversation was thus carried on very amusingly for some time between our boatman and Paddy Blake, until echo seemed a reality.

The island we had touched is called "Arbutus Island," from the marvelous growth of this plant, called by the Latins oggizia, or strawberry tree. The arbutus grows only in Killarney, and in some few places in southern France. Its fruit ripens towards the middle of October, and very much resembles the strawberry in color and formation, but is not used in general for food on account of its acrid taste. Some of the most artistic and beautiful designs in carved wood and inlaid mahogany work are made from the arbutus, which on this island attains to a great size, and becomes no longer a shrub, but a tree of respectable dimensions.

The lake here narrows, but only to expand again as you enter suddenly to the left of it and enter the wide, river-like expansion known as the Long Range. After another mile of widening river you see ahead the old Weir Bridge; and there it is that the chief part of the drop of four feet between the upper and lower lake occurs. The boatmen shorten their oars and tell you to sit still as the boat shoots the rapids; the water boils up on both sides, but there is little or no danger. The nerves are tried, however, and as our boat went too close to a rock and was suddenly jerked out again, well nigh swamping us, the ladies screamed a scream; but all danger passed away instantly, and the screaming was succeeded by good-humored banter.

The middle lake, which is now entered, is noted for its tiny islands, covered with the wildest and most luxuriant growth of flowering shrubs, whose fragrance fills the air; and the "Meeting of the Waters," a name given to the sweet spot below the rapids, because there the channels around Danish meet, until you enter a cul de sac of water, from which it seems impossible to emerge. We now reach Lower lake, into which we debouch by rounding an arm never suspected by the shrewdest at guessing, and, gliding under Bricken's Bridge, we enter Glena Bay, which opens out gradually until we find ourselves well launched upon the Lower lake. Here we pause to first look back and view the receding hills just left behind, and which, though wild and distinct in height and color, yet nestle so close to each other, they are styled "the happy family."

LETTER FROM REV. DR. FLANNERY.

Continued. Neenagh, August 27, 1892. Arrived at the gap itself we are directed by our guide, this time the bugler who made all arrangements for boat, ponies and lunch; we turn round to view the road up which we have been ascending, and contemplate its borders of rocky hills and far-reaching valleys which present in their rugged vastness and changing beauty a striking and magnificent coup d'oeil. We soon are on the upper lake, with four brawny men at the oar, who seem in the very best of humor, for they laugh and sing in chorus as they bend to their work. Out in mid lake we turn on our benches to take a last look at the purple mountain whose heathery brow is lost in the clouds. The next object of admiration is the Eagle's Nest, a rocky cliff that stands up several hundred feet above the water, and which repeats, note from the trumpet of our guide. To steady the arm of the latter he was obliged to land. He then concealed himself behind some clumps of trees, and immediately the rocks and crevices of the hill opposite became loud and resonant with the sweetest sounds. We were not aware of the near presence of our hidden guide, we could have sworn that the Eagle's Nest had more than one brass band performing along its dizzy boulders. It was here that one of our boatmen stood up and shouted "Are you there Paddy Blake," when the same question came back in its entirety—"Paddy"—(echo) "Paddy." "Do you speak French?" Echo—"Speak French"—"Parlez vous Francais." Echo—"Parlez vous Francais." etc. The conversation was thus carried on very amusingly for some time between our boatman and Paddy Blake, until echo seemed a reality.

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THE PILGRIMAGE TO STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

Arrangements have, we understand, been completed for a pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupre from Smith's Falls, including points on the C. P. R. as far west as Tweed, north as far as Almonte and east as far as Green Valley. The pilgrimage will start on Monday, 26th September, in-tant. The rates are remarkably low; \$1.25 from Smith's Falls, with a dining scale from the other points based upon their respective distances from Ste. Anne's, \$4.70 being the figure from Tweed. The tickets will be good for six days, thus giving an opportunity to visit Quebec and Montreal on the return trip. The pilgrimage, which is under the auspices of the church of St. Francis de Sales, Smith's Falls, has the approval of His Grace Archbishop Cleary, and will be attended by several priests of the Archdiocese. As this will, no doubt, be the last of the season, and as the rates are, all things considered, most favorable, the number taking advantage of it is sure to be large. The last week of September and first week of October have been regarded by those who know Quebec to be there the most pleasant part of the whole year. The growing autumn weather has not yet departed, and the glory of its tints is seen on leaf and water. Apart from the main object of such a journey—the veneration of the "good Ste. Anne"—at one of

How Manitoba Looks.

LONDON EAST, Sept. 10, 1892. DEAR CATHOLIC RECORD.—Having just returned from Manitoba, I thought that perhaps the observations of a former resident would be of interest to our people here. I took passage from St. Thomas via C. P. R., and the trip as far as Winnipeg was one of the many Canadian trips never to be forgotten, as the scenery of rock and water is something of a wild and romantic nature. Arriving at Winnipeg I took the Pembina branch of the C. P. R. for Pilot Mound, a distance of about one hundred miles. Arriving at Pilot Mound I betook myself and baggage to an old resident of London, Chas. Carothers, who made himself wealthy and also respected by keeping a first class hotel in the land of wheat and honey. Next day my worthy host drove me out some miles in the country. The crops and farms had the appearance of wealth and prosperity, and there is no doubt that Manitoba will yield largely to the world's wheat crop this year, and gain for her Province a name that will increase her population many fold before the close of next year. Southern Manitoba is fast becoming a thickly populated country, and the class of building erected there is of a different type from those of the school sections were adorned with a nice, neat school house. I inquired from the residents their feeling as to the school question, and the great majority, both Protestant and Catholic, thought that the Separate school system was a good method, and one which is alike fair to all denominations. It was established by the Catholics, and it is fair to say for them. Many Protestants ask: "Why should we be deprived of this right? Under this system the Province has rapidly grown. The Catholics, too, claim the right to have their religion taught in their schools, and the majority of Southern Manitoba people say: "Why should one of the most fertile Provinces in our happy Dominion be handicapped when it could be easy, as in times gone by, to go ahead?" J. C. H. B. K. Veterinary Surgeon, East, 315 Adelaide street, London, East.

THE MUSIC OF WORSHIP.

That Which is Appropriate to the Celebration of Catholic Mysteries.

Right Rev. Bishop Marty writes: Music is one of the seven fine arts, which exhibit the divine in material forms and elevate the heart and mind of man to the knowledge and love of God.

In this communion of truth and grace God is everything and man is drawn and enabled by Him to perform those inward acts of adoration, praise and thanksgiving by which God is glorified and man sanctified.

The music of the liturgy is a sacramental, indicating as well as producing communion with God. As the sacrifices were daily offered in the temple of Jerusalem...

And yet, strange to say, though we all do acknowledge this law of nature in everything outside of ourselves, we fail to apply it to ourselves, and especially to our souls.

When the music composers and the organists and singers shall have been educated in that school, they shall not be compelled any more to draw their inspiration from the opera house and to borrow their melodies from the street and theater.

The Psalms, which had been the soul of divine worship in the temple of Jerusalem, passed as a sacred heritage into the hands of the Apostles and their neophytes, Greeks and Romans; this treasure was then increased by the hymns of the Saints and Fathers of the Church.

Prayer engages the whole man, soul and body; it is individual as well as social; it brings about the union of all material and spiritual world in giving glory to God.

and all time, and only secondarily emotional. Prayer, according to St. Gregory, enlightens the mind of the most learned as well as of the simple; it purifies and consoles the heart; it elevates and directs the will, by the truth, the beauty and goodness of God.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

THE FRUITS OF A BAD LIFE. He not deceived, God is not mocked; for what things a man shall sow, those also shall he reap.

One would think, my dear friends, that the Apostle would hardly have needed to remind any one having common sense, or even a little experience, of such an obvious truth as this.

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IRISH SAINTS.

Their Exploits in Italy Told by an Irish Protestant Lady.

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devastating the country, into a new bed, traced for it by the saint with a rake or hoe. So he is portrayed by Fra Filippo Lippi, with the docile stream following in the path prescribed for it.

Miss Stokes tracked his footsteps to the romantic solitude of his hermitage on Monte Pisano, where the Rippe Cavo, the cavern that gave him shelter, and found by her in the same state as when he occupied it.

Another Irish saint buried in Lucca, Miss Stokes passes on the life and records of St. Columbanus, born, like St. Finbar, of royal parents in Ireland, and, like him, destined to combat the Arian heresy brought by the Lombards into Italy.

An interesting antiquarian discovery made by Miss Stokes was that of the old well of the monastery, of which by a singular clause in the character of the Lombard King Agilulph, only half was bestowed on the saint.

The lives and wanderings of many other Irish saints are traced out with the same fidelity of loving detail, giving as the result a wonderful picture of the activity of piety and learning in the Ireland of the "dark ages."

The merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is not accidental, but is the result of careful study and experiment by educated pharmacists.

Having been carried from the grottoes of the Monte Pisano, when he had taken up his abode in the neighborhood of Lucca, its people the ranks of whose native priesthood had been thinned by the famine and pestilence consequent on the Gothic war, claimed him for their Bishop—a charge which the reigning Pope, John II., commanded him to undertake.

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A LITTLE GIRL'S DANCER. Mr. Henry Macombe, Leyland St., Blackburn, London, Eng., states that his little girl fell and struck her knee against a curbstone. The knee began to swell, became very painful and terminated in what doctors call "white swelling." She was treated by the best medical men, but grew worse. Finally ST. JACOBS OIL was used. The contents of one bottle completely reduced the swelling, killed the pain and cured her. "ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

HAVE YOU TRIED THE "CABLE EXTRA" CIGAR? BURDOCK. Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all Impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore. BLOOD. CURES. DYSPESIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEART BURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES. BITTERS.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE, BERLIN, ONT. Complete Classical, Philosophical and Commercial Courses. And Short-hand and Typewriting. For further particulars apply to REV. THEO. SPITZ, President.

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LADY CHAPTER I. "She has no other," she continued voice. "They took carried him away, 'I never come back San Antonio, he's g we can't go there n to New York; but heaven where papa there are no train; there, now, but by if they're very good. The boy listened prattle with a sad easily now and the fearful loss the plim might reach her ea to be sleeping, sl with that hot flush cheeks. "Have you ever he asked, looking head nestled again taken off her hat, fortably curled up Tony in his lap. "Perfectly satisfied."

"Oh, no, I've n only on the ran Carlo, and kitty, a and my pony, named Sunflower, low. I used to rid lifted me on, and Sunflower was so —I loved him wh he's gone away, a again. Here the rosy lit in Tony's feathers a sob made the list "Come, come," mustn't cry, or I care for the blue h In a moment, raised, and a smile tears. "Oh, I do have him I won't c "I'm quite sur sent. Now, let m have lots of pets, to describe so ma that the child for ing; and soon, y little head droop with her rosy h shoulder, and her arms. And so the long away, and the tr destination, while child slept, happi strange fate that city, of which the even now visible light of the eveni CHAI TONY GOES. And now that I was so near, the gran to bestir them, look a little mo faces and hands frowny heads we hats and bonnets even the prettiest coaxed into shap able in their so their mothers w mingled relief a Lady Jane did until her compa disengage Tony to consign him to looked up with a her mother, who "Why, mamma," been asleep, and dream; I thought and the blue her I'm sorry it was My dear, yo young gentleman. We are near New bird must go to me smooth your hat. "But, mamma, The boy was the basket, and he looked at the "It will amuse it'll be no troubl "I suppose I set her heart on The boy held and Lady Jane "Oh, how go "I'll never, ne love Tony again. At that mom although he wa smothering a parting with really prized, had gone out and she was ab out any certain ing again. V vaguely passin lady turned an "I am goi which I believe not a nearer st city, than the "Certainly, the train wil minutes. You and the ferry-Jackson street carriages and where you wi save an hour." "I'm very g are not expc le to reach th far to the ferry. "Only a few trouble findi to add, "Can way?" when the door an Grate-na! pe Before he c the lady's sat them toward t

"August Flower" This is the query perpetually on your little boy's lips. And he is no worse than the bigger, older, balder-headed boys. Life is an interrogation point. "What is it for?" we continually cry from the cradle to the grave. So with this little introductory sermon we turn and ask: "What is AUGUST FLOWER FOR?" As easily answered as asked: It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver. Nothing more than this; but this brimful. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. Twenty years ago it started in a small country town. To-day it has an honored place in every city and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country and sells everywhere. Why is this? The reason is as simple as a child's thought. It is honest, does one thing, and does it right along—it cures Dyspepsia. G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

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LADY JANE.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

"She has no one but me to love her," she continued, lowering her voice. "They took papa from us, and carried him away, and mama says he'll never come back. He's not gone to San Antonio, he's gone to heaven; and we can't go there now. We're going to New York; but I'd rather go to heaven where papa is, only mama says there are no trains or ships to take us there, now, but by-and-by we're going if we're very good."

The boy listened to her innocent prattle with a sad smile, glancing uneasily now and then at the mother, fearful lest the plaintive little voice might reach her ear; but she seemed to be sleeping, sleeping uneasy, and with that hot flush still burning on her cheeks.

"Have you ever been in New York?" he asked, looking tenderly at the little head nestled against his arm. She had taken off her hat, and was very comfortably curled up on the seat with Tony in her lap. The bird also seemed perfectly satisfied with his position.

"Oh, no; I've never been anywhere only on the ranch. That's where Carlo, and kitty, and the lambs were, and my pony, Sunflower; he was named Sunflower, because he was yellow. I used to ride on him, and papa lifted me on, and took me off; and Sunflower was so gentle. Dear papa—I loved him best of all and now he's gone away, and I can't see him again."

Here the rosy little face was buried in Tony's feathers, and something like a sob made the listener's heart ache.

"Come, come," he said softly, "you mustn't cry, or I shall think you don't care for the blue heron."

In a moment, her little head was raised, and a smile shone through her tears. "Oh, I do, I do. And if I can have him I won't cry for the others."

"I'm quite sure your mama will consent. Now, let me tell you about my home. I live in New Orleans, and I have lots of pets," and the boy went on to describe so many delightful things that the child forgot her grief in listening; and soon, very soon, the weary little head drooped, and she was sleeping with her rosy cheek pressed against his shoulder, and Tony clasped close in her arms.

And so the long, hot afternoon passed away, and the train sped on toward its destination, while the mother and the child slept, happily unconscious of the strange fate that awaited them in that city, of which the spires and walls were even now visible, bathed in the red light of the evening sun.

CHAPTER II.

TONY GOES WITH LADY JANE.

And now that the end of the journey was so near, the drowsy passengers began to bestir themselves. In order to look a little more presentable, dusty faces and hands were hastily wiped, frowny heads were smoothed, tumbled hats and bonnets were arranged, and even the fretful babies, pulled and coaxed into shape, looked less miserable in their soiled garments, while their mothers wore an expression of mingled relief and expectation.

Lady Jane did not open her eyes until her companion gently tried to disengage Tony from her clasp in order to consign him to his basket; then she looked up with a smile of surprise at her mother, who was bending over her. "Why, mama," she said brightly, "I've been asleep, and I had such a lovely dream; I thought I was at the ranch, and the blue heron was there too. Oh, I'm sorry it was only a dream!"

"My dear, you must thank this kind young gentleman for his care of you. We are near New Orleans now, and the bird must go to his basket. Come, let me smooth your hair and put on your hat."

"But, mama, am I to have Tony?" The boy was trying the cover over the basket, and, at the child's question, he looked at the mother entreatingly. "It will amuse her," he said, "and it'll be no trouble. May she have it?"

"I suppose I must consent; she has set her heart on it."

The boy held out the little basket, and Lady Jane grasped it rapturously. "Oh, how good you are?" she cried. "I'll never, never forget you, and I'll love Tony always."

At that moment the young fellow, although he was smiling brightly, was smothering a pang of regret, not at parting with the blue heron, which he really prized, but because his heart had gone out to the charming child, and she was about to leave him, without any certainty of their ever meeting again. While this thought was vaguely passing through his mind, the lady turned and said to him:

"I am going to Jackson street, which I believe is uptown. Is there not a nearer station for that part of the city, than the lower one?"

"Certainly, you can stop at Gretna; the train will be there in a few minutes. You cross the river there, and the ferry-landing is at the foot of Jackson street, where you will find carriages and horse-cars to take you where you wish to go, and you will save an hour."

"I'm very glad of that; my friends are not expecting me, and I should like to reach them before dark. Is it far to the ferry?"

"Only a few blocks; you'll have no trouble finding it," and he was about to add, "Can't I go and show you the way?" when the conductor flung open the door and bawled, "Grate-na! Grate-na! passengers for Grate-na!"

Before he could give expression to the request, the conductor had seized the lady's satchel, and was hurrying them toward the door. When he reached

the platform, the train had stopped, and they had already stepped off. For a moment, he saw them standing on the dusty road, the river and the setting sun behind them—the black-robed, graceful figure of the woman, and the fair-haired child with her violet eyes raised to his, while she clasped the little basket and smiled.

He touched his hat and waved his hand in farewell; the mother lifted her veil and sent him a sad good-by smile, and the child pressed her rosy fingers to her lips, and gracefully and gravely threw him a kiss. Then the train moved on; and the last he saw of them, they were walking hand in hand toward the river.

As the boy went back to his seat, he was reproaching himself for his neglect and stupidity. "Why didn't I find out her name?—or the name of the people to whom she was going?—or why didn't I go with her? It was too bad to leave her to cross alone, and she a stranger and looking so ill. She seemed hardly able to walk and carry her bag. I don't see how I could have been so stupid. It would not have been much out of my way, and, if I'd crossed with them, I should have found out who they were. I didn't want to seem too presuming, and especially after I gave the child the heron; but I wish I'd gone with them. Oh, she's left something," and in an instant he was reaching under the seat lately occupied by the object of his solicitude.

"It's a book, 'Daily Devotions,' bound in russet, silver clasp, monogram 'J. C.,' he said, as he opened it; "and here's a name."

On the fly-leaf was written JANE CHETWYND. From Papa, New York, Christmas, 18—.

"Jane Chetwynd, that must be the mother. It can't be the child, because the date is ten years ago. 'New York.' They're from the North then; I thought they were. Hello! here's a photograph."

It was a group, a family group—the father, the mother, and the child; the father's a bright, handsome, almost boyish face, the mother's not pale and tear-stained, but fresh and winsome, with smiling lips and merry eyes, and the child, the little "Lady Jane," clinging to her father's neck, two years younger, perhaps, but the same lovely, golden-haired child.

The boy's heart bounded with pleasure as he looked at the sweet little face that had such a fascination for him. "I wish I could keep it," he thought, "but it's not mine, and I must try to return it to its owner. Poor woman! she will be miserable when she misses it. I'll advertise it to-morrow, and through it, I'm likely to find out all about them."

Next morning some of the readers of the principal New Orleans journals noticed an odd little advertisement among the personals:

Found, "Daily Devotions," bound in red russet-leather, silver clasp, with monogram, "J. C." Address, Blue Heron, P. O. Box 111.

For more than a week this advertisement remained in the columns of the paper, but it was never answered, nor was the book ever claimed.

CHAPTER III.

MADAME JOZAIN.

Madame Jozain was a creole of mixed French and Spanish ancestry. She was a tall, thin woman with great, soft black eyes, a nose of the hawk type, and lips that made a narrow line when closed. In spite of her forbidding features, the upper part of her face was rather pleasing, her mild eyes had a gently appealing expression when she lifted them upward, as she often did, and no one would have believed that the owner of those innocent, candid eyes could have a sordid, avaricious nature, unless he glanced at the lower part of her face, which was decidedly mean and disagreeable. Her nose and mouth had a wily and ensnaring expression, which was at the same time cruel and rapacious. Her friends, and she had but few, endowed her with many good qualities, while her enemies, and they were numerous, declared that she was but little better than a fiend incarnate; but Father Ducros, her confessor, knew that she was a combination of good and evil, the evil largely predominating.

With this strange and complex character, she had but two passions in life. One was for her worthless son, Adraсте, and the other was a keen desire for the good opinion of those who knew her. She always wished to be considered something that she was not—young, handsome, amiable, pious, and the best *blanchisseuse de fin* in whatever neighborhood she hung out her sign.

And perhaps it is not to be wondered at, that she felt a desire to compensate herself by duplicity for what fate had honestly deprived her of, for no one living had greater cause to complain of a cruel destiny than had Madame Jozain. Early in life she had great expectations. An only child of a well-to-do baker, she inherited quite a little fortune, and when she married the *debonnaire* and handsome Andre Jozain, she intended, by virtue of his renown as a politician, and a power in his ward, which might eventually have led him to some prominence; but instead, this same agency had conducted him, by dark and devious ways, to life-long detention in the penitentiary of his State—not, however, until he had squandered her fortune, and lamed her for life by pushing her down stairs in a quarrel. This accident, had it disabled her arms, might have incapacitated her from becoming a *blanchisseuse de fin*, which occupation she was obliged to adopt when she found

herself deprived of her husband's support by the too exacting laws of his country.

In her times of despondency it was not her husband's disgrace, her poverty, her lameness, her undutiful son, her lost illusions, over which she mourned, as much as it was the utter futility of trying to make things seem better than they were. In spite of all her painting, and varnishing, and idealizing, the truth remained horribly apparent: She was the wife of a convict, she was plain, and old, and lame; she was poor, miserably poor, and she was but an indifferent *blanchisseuse de fin*, while Adraсте, or Raste, as he was always called, was the worst boy in the State. If she had ever studied the interesting subject of heredity, she would have found in Raste the strongest confirmation in his favor, for he had inherited all his father's bad qualities in a greater degree.

On account of Raste's unsavory reputation and her own incompetency, she was constantly moving from one neighborhood to another, and, by a natural descent in the scale of misfortune, at last found herself in a narrow little street, in the little village of Gretna, one of the most unlovely suburbs of New Orleans.

The small one-story house she occupied contained but two rooms, and a shed, which served as a kitchen. It stood close to the narrow side-walk, and its green door was reached by two small steps. Madame Jozain, dressed in a black skirt and a white sack, sat upon these steps in the evening and gossiped with her neighbor. The house was on the corner of the street that led to the ferry, and her greatest amusement (for, on account of her lameness, she could not run with the others to see the train arrive) was to sit on her doorstep and watch the passengers walking by on their way to the river.

On this particular hot July evening, she felt very tired, and very cross. Her affairs had gone badly all day. She had not succeeded with some lace she had been doing for Madame Joubert, the wife of the grocer, on the levee, and Madame Joubert had treated her crossly—in fact had condemned her work, and refused to take it until made up again; and Madame Jozain needed the money sorely. She had expected to be paid for the work, but instead of paying her that "little cut of a Madame Joubert" had fairly insulted her—she, Madame Jozain, *noe Bergeron*. The Bergerons were better than the Jouberts. Her father had been one of the City Council, and had died rich, and her husband—well, her husband had been unfortunate, but he was a gentleman, while the Jouberts were common and always had been. She would get even with that proud little fool; she would punish her in some way. Yes, she would do her lace over, but she would soak it in soda, so that it would drop to pieces the first time it was worn.

Meanwhile she was tired and hungry, and she had nothing in the house but some coffee and cold rice. She had given Raste her last dime, and he had quarreled with her and gone off to play "craps" with his chums on the levee. Besides, she was very lonesome, for there was but one house on her left, and beyond it was a wide stretch of pasture, and opposite there was nothing but the blank walls of a row of warehouses belonging to the railroad, and her only neighbor, the occupant of the next cottage, had gone away to spend a month with a daughter who lived "down town," on the other side of the river.

So, as she sat there alone, she looked around her with an expression of great dissatisfaction, yawning wearily, and wishing that she was not so lame, so that she could run out to the station, and see what was going on; and that boy, Raste, she wondered if he was throwing away her last dime. He often brought a little money home. If he did not bring some now, they would have no breakfast in the morning.

Then the arriving train whistled, and she straightened up and her face took on a look of expectancy.

"Not many passengers to-night," she said to herself, as a few men hurried by with bags and bundles. "They nearly all go to the lower ferry, now."

In a moment they had all passed, and the event of the evening was over. But no! she leaned forward and peered up the street with fresh curiosity.

"Why, here come a lady and a little girl, and they're not hurrying at all. She'll lose the ferry if she doesn't mind. I wonder what ails her?—she walks as if she could't see."

Presently the two reached her corner, a lady in mourning, and a little yellow-haired girl carefully holding a small basket in one hand, while she clung to her mother's gown with the other.

Madame Jozain noticed, before the lady reached her, that she tottered several times as if about to fall, and put out her hand, as if seeking for some support. She seemed dizzy and confused, and was passing on by the corner, when the child said entreatingly, "Stop here a minute, mama, and rest."

Then the woman lifted her veil and saw Madame Jozain looking up at her, her soft eyes full of compassion.

"Will you allow me to rest here a moment? I'm ill and a little faint—perhaps you will give me a glass of water?"

"Why, certainly, my dear," said Madame Jozain, getting up alertly, in spite of her lameness. "Come in and sit down in my rocking-chair. You're too late for the ferry. It'll be gone before you get there, and you may as well be comfortable while you wait—come right in."

The mother sank into a chair, and dropped her head on the bed; the child set down the basket and clung to her mother caressingly, while she looked around with timid, anxious eyes.

Madame Jozain hobbled off to a glass of water and a bottle of ammonia, which she kept for her laces; then, with gentle, deft hands, she removed the bonnet and heavy veil, and bathed the poor woman's hot forehead and burning hands, while the child clung to her mother murmuring, "Mama, dear mama, does your head ache now?"

"I'm better now, darling," the mother replied after a few moments; then turning to Madame Jozain, she said in her sweet, soft tones, "Thank you so much. I feel quite refreshed. The heat and fatigue exhausted my strength. I should have fallen in the street had it not been for you."

"Have you travelled far?" asked Madame Jozain, gently sympathetic.

"From San Antonio, and I was ill when I started," and again she closed her eyes and leaned her head against the back of the chair.

At the first glance, Madame Jozain understood the situation. She saw, from the appearance of mother and child, that they were not poor. In this accidental encounter was a possible opportunity, but how far she could use it she could not yet determine, so she said only, "That's a long way to come alone; then she added, in a casual tone, "especially when one's ill."

The lady did not reply, and Madame Jozain went on tentatively, "Perhaps some one's waiting for you on the other side, and I'll come back on the ferry to see what's become of you."

"No. No one expects me; I'm on my way to New York. I have a friend living on Jackson street. I thought I would go there and rest a day or so; but I did wrong to get off the train here. I was not able to walk to the lower station, and saved myself the exertion of walking."

"Well, don't mind now, dear," returned Madame Jozain, soothingly. "Just rest a little, and when it's time for me to be back, I'll go on down to the ferry with you. It's only a few steps, and I can hobble that far. I'll see you safe on board, and when you get across, you'll find a carriage."

"Thank you, you're very good. I should like to get there as soon as possible, for I feel dreadfully ill," and again the weary eyes closed, and the heavy head fell back against its resting-place.

Madame Jozain looked at her for a moment, seriously and silently; then she turned, smiling sweetly on the child. "Come here, my dear, and let me take off your hat and cool your head while you are waiting."

"No, thank you, I'm going with mama."

"Oh, yes, certainly; but won't you tell me your name?"

"My name is Lady Jane," she replied gravely.

"Lady Jane? Well, I declare, that just suits you, for you are a little lady, and no mistake. Aren't you tired, and warm?"

"I'm very hungry; I want my supper," said the child frankly.

Madame Jozain, remembering her empty cupboard, but went on chatting cheerfully to pass away the time.

Presently the whistle of the approaching ferry-bell sounded; the mother put on her bonnet, and the child took the bag in one hand, and the basket in the other. "Come, mama, let us go," she cried eagerly.

"Dear, dear," said Madame Jozain, "but you look so white and sick. I'm afraid you can't get to the ferry even with me to help you. I wish my Raste was here; he's so strong, he could carry you if you gave out."

"I think I can walk; I'll try," and the poor woman staggered to her feet, only to fall back into Madame Jozain's arms in a dead faint.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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