McCARTHY'S SPEECH

The Attitude of the Irish Party To-wards the Tories.

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Justin McCarthy, M. P., the leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, made an interesting address at Walworth, Eng., on Dec. 10, in which he out-lined the policy which the party would pursue on the educational proposals of the Tories. This was the speech of which a garbled version was cabled across a few days ago with the accompanying news that by his utter-ances Mr. McCarthy had delivered his party "body and bones" to the Tories, thereby fatally injuring the cause of Home Rule. Those who knew the patriotic leader did not need to be told that the cable dispatch was an unfounded slander. We present below a a summary of Mr. McCarthy's address, which will surely be of interest in view of the attempt of the news agencies to create discord among his friends and supporters in America.

opening Mr. McCarthy called attention to the increased Nationalist represention sent from Ireland at the last election, showing that the people stood by their national principles like He did not look for the present Tory Government to grant Home Rule. They were not as yet educated up to that point, but eventually even the Tories might come to acknowledge the justice of Ireland's demand. But they might do some other things for the Irish people, he said. They might, for instance, as they have promised, bring in an Irish land bill. If they did he hoped they would model it after John Morley's measure. They might also bring in a land purchase Bill, which would be acceptable. He con-fessed that he did not like a Tory Government, but if it was inclined to do justice to Ireland in the matter of a land Bill and of a land purchase Bill, it could do it of its own motion. In the same way, he said, it can do justice to Ireland, if it will, in the matter of university education, and it can redress the monstrous grievances inflicted on the teaching of the Christian Brotners. He then continued:

Now, I had occasion to speak this night week at the great meeting held in St. James' Hall, under the presidency of Cardinal Vaughan, and I ven ture on my responsibility to announce what was the purpose and determination of all Irish Catholic and National ist members of Parliament whom I know with regard to their action as to the education question in England. I said then, and I say now, that on that

dream of no surrender. THE CATHOLIC MUST HAVE HIS RIGHTS in the school teaching of this country, and must be placed in no adverse position and at no inequality as regards such teaching. We are resolved that we will not accept any manner of education which is divorced from re-

ligion. (Cheers.) Some of our English friends and Radical allies seemed rather surprised my colleagues have over and over again proclaimed that resolve with regard to the great question of Catholic education in England. I say now what I said then, what I declared on behalf of the Catholics of England I declare, if possible, with greater emphasis on behalf of the Catholics of

my own country, Ireland. (Cheers.) These are grievances which the Tory Government, if it can only lift up its heart to the task, can set at rest with the utmost ease, because they control both houses of Parliament in a way which the most advanced Liberal ministry never can possibly pretend to hope to do. (Hear, hear.) Also I may that although I am myself as regards English politics a thorough Rad-cal if you will, yet if the Tory Government will endeavor to remedy those grievances I have spoken of, in the remedying of those grievances that government shall have my cordial support and the support of my colleagues. (Hear, hear.)

Ladies and gentlemen, we were and are allies of the great English Liberal party; but we are allied with them only so long as they help forward the best interests of the Irish people.

WE REPRESENT IRELAND and her people-no other country or people whatever. (Hear, hear.) reason for existence is to represent the Irish people, and if one can imagine ssible thing, if one can imagine the Tory government offering us an acceptable measure of home rule to-morrow—I should speak and vote in their favor, and so should all my colleagues. (Cheers.)

Now what are our difficulties in the present and in the near future? We have to encounter, beyond doubt, several years of Tory rule. That, I suppose, we may take for granted. What are we to do in the meantime? There is one thing which, above all others, we must endeavor to do, and that is to

gentlemen, I tell you most distinctly, and with a perfect view of the meaning of my words, if we cannot do that, then give up any idea of Home Rule for the present generation. As for giving up the idea of Home Rule for ever or for a very long time, that I, for one, never shall do. (Cheers.) been mistaged.

conviction that the principle of Home

THE ONLY SETTLEMENT which can ever make Ireland a contented part of the British Empire. (Cheers.) The fact that we have not Home Rule now is the reason, the only reason, why in the whole of the British colonial empire the one region where there is discontent is the region that is he did not adhere to true reasoning. washed by the seas around the Irish coast-a country where we feel that we are as well entitled to Home Rule as Canada or Australia (cheers), but that, as some newspapers tell us, we are never to get. Much I care about the "never" of the Tory newspapers. We shall get it though we have to wait for a generation more forbearing, more brotherly and more conciliatory. Then we shall form again the Irish Parliamentary Party, and, faithfully bound by its laws and its pledges, such a party shall fight the battle out to the end. (Prolonged cheers.)

A MALEVOLENT BEQUEST.

Harvard's Anti-Catholic Lecture Fitly

The perpetuation of the, doctrine of hate, imposed on Harvard college in 1750 in the establishment of a fund by year in Rev. Brooke Herford, a willing, if not an able, champion. So offensive were his attacks, sinking often to coarse and groundless asper sion, that the faculty of Harvard was forced into a public avowal of its disapprobation of such bigotry, the total lack of sympathy between such views and the general policy of the University, and its toleration of Dr. Herford on that platform alone which is open to preachers of all opinions.

Such an unworthy and uncalled-for attack on their religion aroused the members of the Harvard Catholic Club. and as an association and individuals, they strongly expressed their indignasaid then, and I say now, that on that subject we, the Irish members, will c. S. P., of New York, to answer the dream of no surrender.

Dudleian lecture. Father O'Callaghan, who is himself a graduate of Harvard. accepted the invitation, and in his masterly and eloquent reply he made a strong defense against the Dudleian attack

MODERN LIBERALISM DEFINED.

The reply was prefaced by a definition of modern liberalism, that household god of the many as "a logical development of the reformers' doctrine at that declaration of mine; but if they were surprised they surely have paid very little attention to the utter-self, maintaining that one man's as any judgment is an act of reason, it has been elicited by inexorable logic.

"What is maintained as a firm conviction must be held with intolerance of its contradictory. Without such intolerance conviction does not deserve that name. For if we hold that one thing is true we must hold that its contradictory is false. If we hold that the Copernican system is true, we cannot tolerate the Ptolemaic system as a possible explanation of the planetary movements. Intellectual intolerance is a tirm adhesion to our weil grounded convictions with a logical condemna tion of all contradictories. Such intolerance is not bigotry, for it is a matter of reason and one of the neces sary characteristics of a man of convictions, while, on the other hand, bigotry is a moral defect, the sin of a perverted or imperfect will. The bigot can defend what he sees to be an error as vehemently as he defends the truth. Reason cannot do this except it be shackled by the immoral spirit of a wilful bigotry. Intellectual intoler ance is only an expression of the unchangeableness of the laws of reason The effect of bigotry on the mind is properly called narrow-mindedness, which is quite a different thing from ntellectual intolerance.

WHAT IF THERE ARE SCANDALS. Pointing out the difference between this liberalism and liberality he said: "For liberalism is an attitude of the intellect, while liberality is a moral virtue opposed to the vice of bigotry. Liberalism is a fad of to-day, while

error. But," he added, "it does not or the immoral less immoral. teach us to shirk the duty of deciding

" Our Dudleian lecturer charged the Church with intolerance. Now, the Church is not responsible for every utterance made by the individuals of things that are God's. There can be no truer patriotism than the religious patriotism of Catholics. It is a matter of surprise that Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on 'Vaticanism' has been

his deep regret at having written that pamphlet and has withdrawn his state-Judge Dudley for an annual lecture striking language the self-denial and life devotion of the priesthood, and said that when the liberalist could

sham such self-denial for the sake of

used against the Catholic Church, for

Mr. Gladstone has long since expressed

truth he could speak of Catholic verac-As an American, born on the soil, and knowing the spirit of the American people, he felt that the people of this country honored those who were outspoken and manly in the profession of their faith. People must feel that, if the Church of Rome was here and there dotted with scoundrels, it and saints in every age.

"There is, without doubt, an eccles

iastical organization for the govern-ment of the Church. There must be such an organization because the Church has been made for men and has been entrusted into the hands of men It is impossible that it should exis without such an organization. There have been scandals in this human side of the Church, and there will, doubt less, be other scandals yet, for 'in must needs be that scandals come. But quid sequiter? Is the Church, But quid sequiter? Is the Church therefore, a failure? There have been near.) Never for one instant has any Irish Nationalist member of Parliament faltered in that declaration or wavered from it. (Hear, hear.) All my colleagues, and among my colleagues, and among my colleagues and among my colleagues have over those who do not altogether accept my leadership, all my colleagues have over the conclusion is not stand for more than possible court of appeal whose decision will be accepted as more final. But I would not the remedy be worse than the disease? There are wrongs in the continued, "that if the reason is allowed to weigh the facts presented, a conclusion must be reached. That are toilers, often at slavish work, for small daily wages. But what shall we do? Shall we advocate a return to primitive barbarism? Would not the remedy be worse than the disease True progress must build upon wha has already been achieved. So in the hierarchy of Christ's kingdom upon earth there have been many scandals The Church is old, and these have ac cumulated through the ages. I would not deny them nor defend them. think our great Pontiff, Leo XIII., has voiced the sentiment of every intelli gent Catholic when he spoke contempt uously of the faint-hearted souls wh to use his own words, 'would have let out of the gospels the account of the denial of Peter and the betrayal of Judas for fear of scandalizing the weak.

"I believe that the remedy which the reformers of the sixteenth century tried has proved itself to be worse that the disease. Protestantism, by divid ing the forces of Christianity, by the useless dissensions which it has caused upon many matters of small importance, by the religious upheavals from which Christendom must recover be fore it resumes its normal rate of true and solid progress-by all these avils has the reformation put back the world's progress by at least one cen-tury. I think most men of intelligence have now outgrown the old fashioned worship of the Reformation as the godess of liberty and science and modern ideals. These ideals began to grow long before the formation, and liberality has always been one of the they have continued to grow because ideals of the Christian life, and finds its men have grown under the providence highest expression in Christian char-ity. Liberality bids us to have con-fidence in the ultimate triumph of the tyrannical less tyrannical, the truth and to be therefore patient with enemies of science less inimical to her,

"The Church does not claim to b

thorough reconciliation in the ranks of the Irish Parliamentary Party.

(Cheers.) Without that, ladies and (Cheers.) Without that, ladies and fearless opponents of the ladies and (Cheers.) Without that, ladies are cheers. tireless and fearless opponents of the She can add nothing new to that teaching or take anything away from it. Commodore Perry reached there, the false.

"The scandals, which, as Christ says must come, are no proof of the failure of the Church. General principles of the Church of the Chu must guide us in the consideration of the facts.

"Our Dudleian lecturer has certainly been mistaken in his ideas of what the I have the most absolute faith and conviction that the principle of Home of her infallibility. The Church does not claim to unbounded authority over the Church. The Holy Ghost must interest to be the special guardian of the faith When the Church, therefore, committed to be the special guardian of the faith to be the special guardian of the faith the Church therefore, committed therefore, committed therefore, committed the Chu

THE SAFEGUARD OF LIBERTY.
In replying to the indictment that "I will now relate something that is pretends that he has a better patriotism, if any man would have us love counmas is a Catholic institution? We in-

I know its ideals, and love them as you we have adopted. o also, fellow-Catholics and sons of Harvard. But I would not have you put your heart upon your sleeve, or make a vulgar show by prostituting the noble sentiments of patriotism which fills your heart. Leave it to others to the newly-found protectors of American institutions - to drag down the sacred emblem of our country's was the Church of heroes and martyrs freedom and make it a common rag to and saints in every age.

NECESSITY OF ECCLESIASTICAL ORGANIZATION.

Answering the Dudleian lecturer's charges against the ecclesiastical organization and infallibility of the Church, he said:

(Church, he said:

(Theedom and make it a common rag to by mybolize their own petty hate. Verily, these do protest too much. Despise them; they are not the American people. A true American loves honesty of conviction and honesty of living. Declare your faith, and embody that faith in your living and make it a common rag to lives, and men will not be easily per-suaded that the Church which can have such sons is more of an ecclesiastical

PRAISE FOR OUR CHURCH.

Ezplanation of Catholic Doctrine.

New Haven, Conn., Dec. 24. — The error. New Haven, Conn., Dec. 24. — The Rev. W. F. Dickerman, pastor of the Universalist Church of the Messiah, New Haven, Conn., on Sunday evenling last delivered a discourse on "The moral. I am giving forth the belief, Good Things in the Roman Catholic them doctrine of the Catholics as the Catholic state of the Catholics as the Catholic State of t

palling. Its grandeur, its stupendouswonder and awe. Our Protestant conceit leads us to believe that we have other organization crumbled and dis- the monks. and claimed supreme authority. But than moral concerns.

he was sincere in all his convictions.

the Church is the enemy of liberty, Father O'Callaghan asserted that she utterance made by the individuals of all races and characters within its membership. The Church has said that we must render to Cæsar the things the trace of the characters within its membership. The Church has said their governments. She cares not for the forms of those governments, she mendable that the Catholic colony of Maryland was the first to grant religious toleration. Some of the Puritans in Virginia seemed to think such toleration so commendable that the Catholic colony of Maryland was the first to grant religious toleration. that we must render to Cæsar the the forms of those governments; she mendable that they moved into Mary-things that are Cæsar's, and to God the simply offers religious motives as the land and after enjoying the religious motives of allegiance to them. There toleration for some time they tried to can be no truer patriotism than the pass legal enactments excluding the religious patriotism of Catholics, for the Catholics from the colony. How gen-Catholic will never put duty to country erous of those Puritans!

before duty to God, but if any man "We are now near Christmas and, nents of the American people - I Catholics substituted Sunday for the speak as an American to Americans. Sabbath, and we have done likewise. 'This is my own, my native land.' Easter is another Catholic institution

"Now about the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church. She pro-claims to be divinely established and sustained on earth by Christ, that she is His only Church, and she bases her claim on the text about Peter and the rock. From him down through the ages she puts forth an unbroken succession of Popes. Some persons censure the Catholics by declaring that they should obey God rather than man. But this censure is unjust, for the Catholics believe the Pope to be the vicar of God, that the Pope is infallible in spiritual and moral matters, and in beying him in such a way they are obeying God. Of course there may sometimes be a danger of putting the power and authority into the hands of such sons is more of an ecclesiastical organization than a divine force in the world.

urreliable human nature. The doctrine of infallibility was promulgated in 1870. It has often been misunderstood and is often misrepresented by Protestants. Some of us believe and Minister's Magnificent Tribute to assert that according to the doctrine of Minister's Magnificent Tribute to Catholicity.—The Rev. W. F. Dickerman, of New Haven, tells His Congregation of the Debt Protestants owe the Catholic Church-Very Fair in moral and spiritual affairs. In science like any other man he may be in

Church. His text was: "Thou art expressed by the Catholics them-Peter, and upon this rock I will build selves. This is the way to get at the My Church, and the gates of hell shall truth of what their faith is. I cernot prevail against it." He said, tainly would not seek it in the books among other things:

That would be a "To me the Catholic religiou is ap-palling. Its grandeur, its stupendous ness, its spirit and success fill me with ance with what the Catholics say of themselves.

"Many Protestants declare that the the majority in numbers, that we re-present the mightiness and correctness bible. But the fact is historical that of thought. But pause awhile. Study the Catholic Church preserved, to us the imposing history of the Roman our bible. Through the Dark Ages Catholic Church. Remember that in she also preserved the treasures of the 1,500 years that Church was the only classics, the grand literature of the institution this side of the Adriatic that Greeks and the Romans. We would withstood the shocks of ages, that kept have only a few relics if it were not its head reared above the tumult and for that Church. The classic treasures the strife. Every nation, society and extant were nearly all found among

appeared. But the Roman Catholic "The Roman Catholic Church is not Church still stood: and what a grand the enemy of the bible. She believes institution she is! No matter what her teachings, behold her antiquity and we not believe that any book is infallible. cannot be surprised that many rest She does believe and promulgates that their heads upon her bosom with a there must be an infallible interpreter feeling of perfect peace and security. of the bible. She antagonizes private The great Roman empire went down in interpretations, and this, I believe, is utter collapse and her only survivor one of her chief objections against the was the Roman Catholic Church. reading of that book in the public Like the empire the Church spread her schools. In her course against private functions throughout the known world interpretation I believe she is more half right. She was of course the Church's functions were enough in her own experience to forsee of the ecclesiastical kind and her that such interpretation was a danger supreme authority was in spiritual and to unity of belief. If the bible is used simply for a devotional book, all right. "The name she claims for herself is But when texts are quoted as the basis the Roman Catholic Church-Roman, of doctrine and are made to mean because the seat of her chief See, of almost anything, there is danger her Pope, is the city of Rome; Cath-Against this indiscrimination the olic, because she claims to be univer- Church herself interprets the bible in sal, to spread throughout the world the light of tradition and scholarship. and be for all men. No wonder she I'm not certain that the Catholics are has such a following. In 450,000,000 not nearer the truth about the bible Christians there are 200,000,000 Cath- than we are. They are united the ics. world over, while we, with our private bers.
"The missionary agency of the interpretations, are separated into do it. Roman Catholic Church is the greatest many denominations. It would have "The world owes a great debt to in this world. The priests went forth been better if the Protestants, too, had that Church for being the patron of between truth and error, or to view an inspired teacher of mankind with into barbarism and taught the savages been more cautious about the use of the art and music, sculpture and archiboth with equanimity. It permits us unbounded authority over the minds thrift, civilization and religion-in the bible. Admisson to the Roman Catho- tecture. The grandest cathedrals are bring about a thorough unity and a to be men of firmest convictions, and in- of her children. She claims only that South Sea Islands, on the American lic Church is by the sacrament of bap-

tainted with the sin of Adam."

The Rev. Mr. Dickerman then de-

fined the other six sacraments of the Church-confirmation, penance, Eucharist, extreme unction, holy orders, and matrimony. He then went on to the Latin liturgy of the Catholic Church.

"Some persons are surprised," he said, "that all the ceremonial, sacri-fices, administration of the sacraments the opinions of men. She only claims to be the special guardian of the faith as given by Christ. She can neither add to it nor take anything from it.

"Mr. Herford set up for himself a man of straw and then knocked it down, but even in knocking it down be did not address to the complete to the complete to the Church's promise has failed.

"Mr. Herford set up for himself a man of straw and then knocked it down, but even in knocking it down be did not address to the catholic missionary was sure to be there. Nor was he inspired sure to be a dead she aims to have one universal language in all her ceremonial and she aims to have one for this purpose in all his convictions. pose is a dead language, one that is safe from the dangers and changes of living tongues. Hence throughout the world the Church uses the Latin language.

"Now, why do Catholics use candles upon their altars? Everything used in the Sacrifice of the Mass, at Vespers, at the Benediction and at every feastday on the Church calendar is full of meaning. Few comprehend the meaning, even few of the Catholics themselves. They have the means of knowing, but they don't seem to care to avail themselves of the opportunity, as a priest once told me. The candles I spoke of are meant as reminders of the lights used by the early Catholic wor-shippers in the catacombs. The incense used at Church services is emplematic of prayer ascending to heaven. The vestments are of such makes as to be beyond the possibility of changing fashion. They and even the different colors in them have their appropriate neanings, which are highly interest-

ing.
"I have spoken of the sacrament of penance. This is administered in the confessional. Confession is of considerable value. Even as a human institution it finds a need in the world. It really seems to me that the Methodist class meeting is a remnant of the confessional. People have a great desire o express their wants and failings. They do so in a general way, shadow them forth in the class meeting. But the Catholic Church administers to her children personally, individually; to every one of her 200,000,000. A Catholic is bound to go to confession at stated times. Think of what a power that Church thus has to enforce her

authority.
"Some say that the Roman Catholic Church encourages vice, gives a license to commit sin, by granting Indulgences. This is not true. An In-dulgence is intended for the remission of a temporal penalty. The teaching of the Catholic Church on Indulgences is the opposite of what some Protestants think it to be.

"Now, there is another thing in which I am in sympathy with the Roman Catholics. It is the communion of saints. Protestants ask the prayers of those persons still living. why is it not transcendent, a most affectionate and beautiful custom to

boast of no such place. They probably wouldn't care to take the boast. The doctrines of the Catholic and Protest ant Churches are identical to a large number — the inspiration of the Bible, the Trinity, the deity of God, the fall of all in Adam, the redemption, the resurrection, eternal happiness. If 1 were ready to give up all reason and research and rely on faith, I would join the Roman Catholic Church. Newman became a Roman Catholic for repose. He was tired of the wrangles and divisions and he sought authority

and rest. "An attractive feature of that Church is the democracy of its worship. In that communion all the false lines of the world are obligated-all men are reduced to the one level. humblest woman in the world can en ter the finest Catholic cathedral and feel at home and at peace. The steeple with its cross is a token of shelter to her. Further, the lowliest

infant boy may become a Pope.
"I respect the Catholics for their reverence of their places of worship. In their cathedrals, churches and chapels, there is an absence of the whisper and the jostle that are heard and felt in our Protestant churches. I don't believe in holy water, holy bells, and so forth, but I do believe that we should respect the church as the house of God, the gate to heaven.

"Further, I like the Catholic Church because virtue is current there. They make no distinction in morality, as some of our evangelists do who speak The Catholic Church never speaks contemptuously of morality, but some Protestants assign it to a very inferior The Roman Catholic Church deserves great credit for the spirit and the polity by which she holds her mem-No other power on earth could

CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT.

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MOTHER'S SACRIFICE: OR, WHO WAS GUILTY?

By Christine Faber, Authoress of "Carroll

CHAPTER XXIV.

The marriage ceremony had been performed by Father Germain, and happy, blushing Margaret, at last a wife, was trying to reply calmly to the hearty congratulations which poured upon her from the little group of riends present.

Louise Delmar had never looked so handsome, perhaps owing to the simplicity of her dress, chosen in deference Margaret's simple though exquisite taste, and certainly she had never felt so purely, so innocently happy.

The anticipation of her European

tour, together with her constant endeavor to rejoice in Margaret's happiness, had won for her a peace of mind to which she had long been a stranger. Eugene had been groomsman.

Hugh Murburd, true to his promise, had returned in time to witness the ceremony, and Doctor Durant, regarded now with warm friendship, was also present.

Those were all, but they were enough or the happy hearts who panted only or a union which no earthly change ould sever.

Father Germain looking as happy himself as the youthful couple, blessed them frequently, and while he gave the counsels the Church so lovingly imparts to her newly wedded children, ne felt the little need of it there was in this case : suffering had so purified the two young hearts before him, that there was little doubt since they had been so true to the teachings of their faith, but that they would always be true to each other.
A few hours later, and the happy

couple were driven by John McName to the pier at which rested the south ward bound steamer, and anyone who witnessed the leave-taking Mrs. McNamee and her husband would have imagined that the little woman was about to make a prolonged tour of the world. Four days after, the Delmars - in-

cluding the vain, fashionable mother, who had at last consented to accompany her children, though that consent was preceded by a half dozen attacks of violent hysterics — sailed for Europe, and Madame Bernot, whom the brother and sister had visited every day since the departure of Hubert and Margaret, strange loneliness after this second leave taking. But her son and daugher, as she delighted to think of, and to call Margaret, arrived on the very day which had been appointed for their return, and not an hour too soon.

Madame was stricken with the old paralysis, the old disease, in all and ts most severe forms.

She could not return the fond pressure of the dear hand; alas! could not even turn her head to follow their motions. She was lying on the bed whither Kreble had borne her on the very first symptom of a return of the old illness, but she asked to be placed in the invalid chair. The Peterborough BUSINESS COLLEGE. Size had retained its old conspicuous WM. PRINGLE, Late Prin. St. John Bus-lness College, N. B.
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With heavy hearts they opened it and placed the dear sufferer in her old Address: Peterborough, Ont. 895-4 place. Her eyes immediately fastened on the sacred picture, and both priest and physician, who arrived almost to gether, saw at one glance that her end was at hand.

It was painless at the very last; and, with such a look of heavenly rapture

A Startling Admission.

In New York City, for five consecutive years, the proportion of Deaths from Consumption has been three in every Twenty Persons.

Epidemics of Cholera, Yellow Fever and other diseases of similar character, so terrible in their results, occasion wide spread alarm and receive the most careful consideration for their prevention and cure, while consumption receives scarcely a thought, yet the number of their victims sinks into insignificance when compared with those of consumption. Comparatively few people know what to do for their loved ones when they see them gradually lose strength, lose color, manifest feeble vitality and emaciation, or develop a cough, with difficult breathing, or hemorrhage. Cod liver oil was for a long time given in all such cases, but the poor success attending its use coupled with its nauseating taste has led many practitioners, as well as the public at large, to place their main reliance in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It deserves early attention and will prove effectual not in everycase but in a large persontage of cases, and we believe that fully 65 per cent. of all cases of consumption can, if taken in the early stages of the disease, be cured with the "Discovery." Dr. Pierce does not ask people to believe until they have investigated for themselves. A pemphlet has been published having the names, addresses and photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, astlima, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies which will be mailed free to those scading for it with their name and address upon a postal card, or you can have a medical treatise, in book form of 160 pages, mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. You can then write those cured and learn their experiences.

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ences.
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Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

after Madame's demise. Hannah Moore still held supremacy in the kitchen, with "Little Sam," as warmly attached to her as ever, and beween whom and Rosie the chambermaid, strong kindred affections appeared to have arisen-so strong as to

warrant very pleasant anticipations of another "match," in Miss Moore's John McNamee was still the coachman, and his wife Mrs. Bernot's maid, while the pompous head-waiter was secretly thinking of laying siege to the

heart of the buxom laundress.

Hubert, that his lovely wife might occupy the position in society which shamefully permit such to usurp our place in society to usurp our place in society. about him many of the elite and dis-tinguished: his own noble qualities, his intellectual gifts, his rare culture, apart from his wealth, made his ac quaintance a coveted, envied favor, and nonors unsought and unwished were lavished upon him. The latest, and one which his benevolence prompted him to accept, was the presidency of a society formed for the purpose of effect-ing new and salutary improvements in the treatment of the insane : in connection with this honorary office he was about to visit, accompanied by his wife, a certain private asylum. It was a bright, early spring day, and he waited only the completion of Margaret's simple, but tasteful toilet.

Just as she joined her husband in the parlor, blushing with pleasure at his lover-like compliment to her charming appearance, a servant brought in a letter-a foreign letter evidently, from many and divers stamps upon the en-Hubert opened it, and with her hand within his arm, they read it

It was from Louise Delmar. Either brother or sister, and sometimes both, had written regularly since their de-parture; but their letter contained something which made husband and wife simultaneously exclaim: it was the death of Mrs. Delmar-but such a

"She had been eager to attend a ball at the Grand Duke's palace," the writer stated, "and Eugene after much trouble procured tickets of admission. But in the very act of dressing she was seized with sudden faintness; we begged her to stay at home — it was useless, and she rallied sufficiently to finish her toilet, even to insist on some change being effected in her head-dress in order to make the latter more becom-While being assisted to the carriage she trembled violently, but to our entreaties to return and allow us to send for a physician, she laughed and said it was only a chill. She was very still when we had comfortably seated her, and we asked her how she felt. There

was no answer, for she was dead."

Hubert and Margaret looked at each other with grave, sad faces- the same thought was in the minds of bothhad lived, so had the fashionable woman died in the midst of her van-

And then their thoughts fondly and enderly reverted to their own sainted At the close of the letter was a para-

raph containing :

In one of your churches which we visited just before mother's death, I saw a monk bearing a most striking re- an approach to its doctrines, which he emblance to Mr. Plowden-which name comes more naturally to me than his proper one of Clare-

"He muffled his face with his cloak when he saw me staring so intently at him, and he hurried out of the church. I would have followed, but I feared to lose mamma, from whom I already had become separated. Could it have been fancy on my part, Margaret? but I am convinced it was not, for the resem-

plance was too striking, too sure." The private asylum which Hubert and Margaret were about to visit had ust secured a new superintendent, one highly recommended for his firm, but kind qualities, and his Spanish looking face seemed to evince the former, if not the latter traits.

Somehow, his countenance impressed Margaret with a feeling of having seen it before, though she could give it no definite place, and the man, evidently knowing who his visitors were, still seemed to be connecting with them some other interest than that which attached simply to Mr. Bernot and his lady.

In a private room, and pinioned so as to prevent harm to himself, they be held Bertoni-shrieking, mad Bertoni -who had but one word for all times and persons, and that word, "Roque

The superintendent turned to Mr. and Mrs. Bernot, and with a gravity in his manner amounting to rever ence, said :

"To that man's insanity I owe the worship and love which I now give my

And in a few brief words he told to his astonished listeners the singular remark made to him by Plowden on he occasion of his disputing with a friend about the superiority of mind alone; of the subsequent change in his feelings when he witnessed the sudden blighting of that great mind that he had deemed invincible, and of his last interview with Plowden, or rather Clare, just before the latter disappeared forever from the public gaze. Margaret suddenly remembered the

as compelled those who witnessed it to swarthy-looking man who had so believe that even her mortal eyes had hurriedly pursued Plowden on the latter's last exit from the court room,

A year passed; a swift, bright year, shadowed alone by the tender memory of the "dear departed."

* erence to God, who works good to souls by such inscrutable ways.

They came out into the gloaming of the soit spring evening meeting of the soil spring evening meeting. the soft spring evening, meeting on the walk, to the verge of which the carriage in waiting had driven, three The Bernots had removed to a handsome establishment on the outskirts of the city, accompanied by every one of extravagantly dressed ladies the old domestics, save Kreble, who had returned to "Faderland," directly stepped aside to permit the Bernots to pass, and in so doing they all obtained a full view of Margaret's lovely face.

"Why, Lydia!" was the half-smothered exclamation of one, "that's that Miss Calvert. Don't you remem-

"Hush!" was the response from Lydia, or rather Miss Lounes, "don't mention the creature's name! I hate her! "Yes; but don't you know that she is the leader of a very brilliant, and select set now; that she is quoted as the

model of beauty, and elegance, and goodness, and dear knows what -- " "Yes; by fools who forget what she was," answered Miss Lounes, "and who shamefully permit such creutures

Ah! that was poor Miss Lounes' secret heart cry forcing itself up. If she had only refused to take Mrs. Delmar's advice months ago, and condescended to patronize the despised Margaret Calvert might not she herself be now enjoying the society which surrounded Mrs. Bernot, and before this, might not not the symphonious cognomen of Lydia Lounes have been changed for one bearing the much envied prefix of "Mrs."?

Gently and, we confess, with some reluctance, we drop the curtain over the sorrowful and happy scenes we have witnessed, and gently and reluctantly we say farewell to the characters who have borne us company so long. The Bernots happy in their faithful love, the Delmars, brother and sister, possibly to marry in the coming years, but always to re tain for each other the affection which has made the lives of both better and brighter; the Murburds to remain a touching example of motherly love and filial affection, until the old lady shall be borne to her rest, and Hugh shall take upon himself husbandly cares; and the Bernot help to serve faithfully their beloved master and mistress until the wonted change of death and marriage shall remove them to other spheres, and even Hannah Moore shall preside in a kitchen of her own. We leave them all with a kindly, tender farewell, not even forgetting him whose sincere and life-long penance must have atoned for his ghastly wrong, and but for which wrong this story would never have been written.

A Gloomy Outlook for Anglicanism.

Bishop Ryle, of Liverpool, is an old man, says the Catholic Times of Liverpool, Eng. He has a lengthy experience of the Church of England, is fairly observant, and when he speaks publicly does not hesitate to express his convictions in an outspoken way. The address which he delivered at the annual conference of his clergy on Tuesday last is, therefore, worthy of special attention. The burden of the discourse was to the effect that the Church of England is in so desperate a condition as to need another "Refor-mation," but that so far as he can judge it is hopeless to expect a remedy for the present "most unhealthy and dangerous condition of things. Lordship, as a sound Low Church Protestant, shudders at the very thought not only of reunion with Rome, but of denounces in the old vulgar style as corrupt and so forth. But the tide flowing Romewards is too strong for the opposing force of the Bishop and his party, and he acknowledges with a heavy heart that owing to the imitation of Catholic practices the prescribed observances of the Church of England are becoming a dead letter. The whole body of can-ons was like a stuffed beast in a museum-a venerable curiosity-but of no practical benefit to the Church. the meantime the Anglicans were drifting, and what the end would be no man could tell. It seems to us the Bishop foreshadowed the end in his address. He urged that the laity should rise in revolt against the "Romanizing" tendencies of the clergy and take up, to a larger extent, he position held by dissenting laymen. This is probably what will happen Iltimately a section of the ministers and laity of the Ryle type will become Dissenters, pure and simple, and a large proportion of the remainder will enter the fold of the Catholic Church.

The Jesuits.

Father Phelan says: "We can ruthfully say that we never yet saw a Jesuit we did not personally like. And Father Lambert says, "That has been our experience also. One reason for it is that they are invariably gentlemen. That is saying a good deal in this age of sham and pretense The Jesuit is the first man we would go to if we needed help and sympathy; and he would not disappoint us, or even a sick and penniless A. P. A."

The body must be well nourished now, to prevent sickness. If your appetite is poor take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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

A BRAVE IRISH GIRL.

CHAPTER I.

During the early days of the Sepoy Mutiny those at little Futterhabad, a small Government depot occupied by companies of the Sixth, one of the Irverary ribes and battalion of native foot, under Captains Donaldson and Clare, though but thirty miles from Delhi, were all unconscious of any danger until one day a messenger on horseback arrived at the cautonment with a note from the officer in command of the neighboring town of Susi, informing Captain Donaldson that some of the Sepoys had raised cries of dis affection; that a large body of mutineers were reported as marching on the place, and therefore the officers of the Sixth were implored to start with all speed, and with whatever force they could muster, to intercept these latter, as, were they once to coalesce with the disaffected within the walls, the lives of the English would in all probability be the sacrifice. No time was lost in complying with the appeal contained in this despatch, and the senior captain (Donaldson) thought himself showing extraordinary prudence in deciding not to take the native battalion, in which, however, he had full confidence. The regiment marched out of Futter

habad an hour before sundown, leaving behind it, besides the soldiers wives and children and and the civilians, an English sergeant and ten men to overawe (?) the native troops; also the young wife of Captain Clare, with her little baby two weeks old.

The overpowering heat, dust and noise of the dirty little town had so affected Mrs. Clare in her delicate state of health that her husband had moved her to a deserted mosque, about a quarter of a mile distant from the depot, and which, standing in a garden thickly overgrown with palm trees, made a pleasant sort of improvised bungalow for the invalid.

The fierce day had faded into eve ning at last, the evening of the day after the departure of the troops, and Mrs. Clare lay on her couch, her ayah squatted on the floor beside her, with her nfantin herarms, and the punkah way ing with monotonous regularity over her head, as it was pulled to and fro by her head, as it was puned to and fro by a servant seated in the verandah. The croaking of the frogs could be heard distinctly from the pool in the deserted garden below, mingling with the sharp "cheep, cheep" of the lizards, and an occasional murmur from the cantonment, or the shrill "ta ra " of the bugle for supper; but it was not to these customary sounds that Mrs. Clare was listening, as she leaned rather forward on her elbow. "What can it be?" she said at last.

'Don't you hear, Zeena? Can it be the Sixth returning?"

"The mem sahib is feverish. Zeena hear nossing at all; and de sahib, Clare and de Sixth not go to come back till to-morrow. "But we were to have heard from

them to-day, and there has been no message. Could anything have hap-pened to him? Oh, no, not that! And yet it is strange-no one coming near me this evening, not even Mrs.

Smyth, as she promised, or—there, Zeena, you must hear that!"

"That" was audible enough indeed, a cry from the cantonment, something between a shriek and a shout, and followed by a confused hum of many voices. of many voices.

"Soldier got bhang — drunk — mad," said Zeena lazily. "Sergeant put him in black hole." "It is news of some sort from the

regiment. Zeena, give me the baby, and ask Mrs. Smyth to come back and stay the night with me. Make haste; run."

And as the lady clapped her hands impatiently Zeena rose with the silent docility of her class, and, only waiting to lay the infant by its mother and place a tumbler of cooling drink beside her, sped swiftly through the low, arched doorway and disappeared into the night.

Left alone, Mrs. Clare's anxiety increased. The strange rolling sound was now plainly distinguishable for the measured tramp of soldiers, and that some great excitement was going on at the cantonment was still more and more evident. Once a shrill cry rose faintly into the air. Then came the sharp clang of a bell, as suddenly suppressed, and yet no thought of danger there or to herself crossed her mind.

CHAPTER II.

A step aroused her. A quick, noisy step, coming nearer every moment. Was it her husband? No, that was no military tread, but a woman's, and not the smooth, cat-like footfall of the Hindoo, but one flying up the garden walk with frantic, almost clumsy haste; another moment, and there was a clatter on the marble steps; another, and the heavy cloth curtain draping the arched doorway was roughly torn aside, and a young woman, with a sunburnt, freckled face, bung around with tangled, reddish elf-locks, and lit by a pair of laughing blue eyes, bare arms, hugging something like a dingy bundle of rags to her bosom, herself clad in similar rags of divers hues, badly covered by an old plaid cloak, thrust herself into Mrs. Clare's dainty presence — the girl, designated as "Irish Mary," wife of a soldier in the Sixth, and a kind of self-constituted suttler to the corps.

She seemed beside herself now, for, after a pause for breath, she darted to the couch where the pretty patrician lady lay, and exclaimed, in tones hoarse with excitement:

are, as if nothin' were doin'! Get up and fly, for the love of Heaven. Ochone! ochone! It's small chance ye'll have, anyhow." "Fly where? From what?" cried

Mrs. Clare, her indignation at the intrusion lost in astonishment, as the other, having deposited her bundle on the bed, almost lifted her on to her feet.
"From murther an' slaughterin' an'

worse a million times to the like o' you an'me!" Mary cried, her rough hands busy in thrusting Mrs.Clare's little bare feet into a pair of shoes, and flinging a dark cloak, which happened to come handy, over her muslin wrapper. 'Shure, an' aren't the Sepoy devils ofter entering the depot, an' our soldiers drugged aforehand, and no shot fired to stay them! Hark to thim dear! There's a cry! Och, burry, hurry, as ye're a livin' woman! 'll not be wan alive an hour hince, nor we aither if we're got from here!"
"The Sepoys here?" stammered Mrs.

Clare. "Do you mean our batallion has risen?"

"Au' have let in a couple of hun-dhred more at laste. Misthress, dear, for God's sake, don't stan' there. There was wan of our's as wasn't drugged, Seageant McCann he was, an' the thing I stumbled over at the gate was the dead body of him hacked thro' and thro'. Shure, an' I turned straight roun' an' niver stayed till I got here, for I knew twas in yez bed ye were,

an' none to purtect ye."
"Thank you," said Mrs. Clare faintly, and very pale, but still holding back, "but go yourself; I could not run, or walk, either, far and Captain Clare will be back in a few hours now if he be alive, and if he does not I

-I would rather die here."
"Die, is it!" cried Mary, contemptuously, "and d'ye think I would be afther fearin' death, if that was all? Or d'ye think it's betther for the Captain to find ye a slave to the black haythens, and yer child's brains dashed out on the stones, as they did with the childer at Meerut? Missus, I'm flyin' for Jim's sake an' me boy's here, an' I'm not goin' without you, for the Captain's been good and kind to Jim. Come, ma'am, hurry! Ye'll walk bet-ther yoursel' than if ye were tied to a gun an' driven. Here, take hould o' that shawl while I rowl the childer together. I'll carry them, an' kape close to me, an' don't spake above yer breath. This way-so

The will of the Irish girl was paramount to-day, and the lady followed with the meekness of a child in her footsteps.

The eastern sky was red as blood from the blazing roof of her own house in the officers' quarters; and in that scarlet light Mrs. Clare could see the hillside, and the walls of the cantonment dotted over with black figures, while the whole air seemed alive and quivering with a turmoil of shriets, cries, and yells of agony or triumph. One look was sufficient, and then, as

the whole history of their successful treachery burst on her mind, Gertrude Clare cowered closer to the side of the Irish girl whose very existence she had hitherto so loftily ignored, and clung to her, murmuring :

We shall never escape! What hope is there for us?"

"Lave hould an' foller me, or it'll be thrue for ye," Mary uttered in curt response, as she dived into a dense thicket of prickly pear and jungle grass, tramping a path in front with her strong feet, and leaving many a fragment of her ragged garments, many a streak of blood on the thorny boughs, yet never suffering a touch to disturb the sturdy brown skinned, eight-months baby, or the tiny infant of scarce twice as many days, which and run up to the cantonment and see she carried so tenderly on her right

> On and on, tearing their feet and hands, drooping their heads low, praying inwardly the whole time. struggled on for half an hour, treading their way at random through the scrub, only trying for the time to put so much more space between them and their foes. On and on, the Irish girl walking with the firm, clastic tread of one well used to the march, the English one staggering after with a step momentarily slacker and more un-certain, until they reached the out-skirts of the wood and found themselves on the edge of a large field of Indian corn, corn, covering the summit of the low hill where they stood. Then, as Mary stooped lower with her burden that her head might not show above the tall green stalks through which she was about to make her way, Mrs. Clare gasped out "Go on; save yourself. I can do

no more," and, sinking down, fainted away at her humble friend's feet.

At the same moment the latter's baby, awakened by the sudden shock of the falling body, set up a piteous wail.

Half beside herself, Mary crouched down, hushing her baby to her breast with one hand, while with the other she loosened the fainting woman's dress, and turned her face upward that the night air might refresh her.

She could do no more. There was not a drop of water near to moisten the lips already black and parched, but after a brief while, when her child, being fed and soothed, had fallen asleep again, she laid both babies down by Mrs. Clare and crept on hands and knees to a little emi-nence, where she could have a view of their surroundings.

CHAPTER III.

Poor Gertrude! She was roused from her merciful stupor by something sharp and stinging, and, opening her eyes, saw Mary leaning over her with branch of some thorny plant in her "Mrs. Clare, dear, is it lyin' here ye cruel method of her revival recalled hand; but not even the seemingly

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JARY 11, 1896.

ed, her rough hands happened to come muslin wrapper t the Sepoy devils depot, an' our solshand, and no shot ! Hark to thim Och, hurry, in' woman! There an hour hince, nor ot from here!"

mean our batallion a couple of hun-Misthress, dear, stan' there. There as wasn't drugged, he was, an' the er at the gate was m hacked thro' and turned straight ed till I got here,

yez bed ye were, said . Mrs. Clare ale, but still holdyourself; I could ther, far and Capck in a few hour nd if he does not I here. d Mary, contempt-

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and parched ile, when her soothed, had she laid both o a little emihave a view of

III. ne was roused r by something d, opening her over her with the seemingly evival recalled

her so much as the look of horror on

the girl's face. "Follow me-so?" the latter whistrude came to a point where, peeping through the sheltered stack of the Indian corn, they could see the valley beneath. They were not more than half a mile, as the bee flies, from the mosque. It lay just below them, its white domes gleaming out of the tufts of palms like a globe of frosted silver in the moonbeams. Mary pointed to it silently, and Gertrude felt her blood grow chill within her veins as she saw five armed figures, their black faces and white faces plainly dis cernible in the pure white light, as they stole through the garden to the door from which the two women had

o recently escaped.
"Hark!" Mary whispered, and even with the words there came to them upon the wind the faint cry of baffled rage as the murderers found that their prey had escaped. The next moment they came rushing out into the garden again, beating about in search of eir victim; Mary's hand closed over her companion.

"If they find our thrack, an' come shtraight afther us, they'll be ten minutes gettin' here," she said huskily; "an' if we are not gone, Misses dear, I only ax ye to run ten minutes If we can but get through this field an' down on the other side towards the river I know where we can hide, an' they'll not be follering fur fear o' being cut off by our men. Only kape up yer heart for the love o' God, an'

I will do my best," answered Mrs. Clare, Clare, "but if I drop, leave me. It will not be your fault, and I shall not suffer long

Mary said nothing, but squeezed the herny one, and then, only waiting to lift the mercifully sleeping children, they resumed their flight.

At the extremity of the cornfield, Mrs. Clare thrice stumbled, and Mary stooped of her own accord, warned by the long drawn, gasping breath that her companion's strength had well nigh come to an end.

A new idea seized her, and, taking off her cloak, she succeeded in strapping the infants on to her back; then making Mrs. Clare take her arm, led her on, cheering the sinking woman every now and then with an encourage ing whisper.

It was down hill now, but every step was a stumble, every breath a prayer, and they had gained such a little dis-Suddenly Mrs. Clare reeled, and the

hold on Mary's arm gave way. The red spots on her cheeks had died out, mortal pallor was there instead. "Mary," she said, every breath com-ing with a mean, "leave me now-I command it. You've done your best-God bless you - go, take your child and give me mine. It could not live long without me, and I can go no further-

not one step. And looking in her face Mary Kirwin saw it was true. What was to be done? For a moment she stood still then a scarlet colour rushed into her cheeks and she fell on

"Oh, thank God, I see a way, but it's hard, hard. May God help me to do it, for there's no other at all."

It was a moment's prayer, and no sooner uttered than she rose, undid the children from her back, handed Mrs. Clare her own, and tenderly wrapping the other up in her cloak, darted away with it among the corn stalks without saying a word.

When she came back her arms were empty, and her face was white as

"where is it? What have you done Oaly stay!" with it-your child?"

"I've put it down " - her lips were quivering as she raised the other. Maybe they'll not be after him (for its in a hole he is among the corn widout he cries, an' he'll not do that, the darlin', when I've nursed him but the now, an' wrapped him up warm to

slape."
"But, Mary, my child, what do you

"Mane! sure, that I can't carry you and the childher too," said Mary simply; "an' it's thrue ye can't walk any further. Och! don't be talkin', but hold yer own tight while I lift ye; shure it's not the feather weight ye are. Don't be talkin', I say," checking with an almost fierce authority the resistance which Mrs. Clare would fain have offered as she was lifted from the "But if ye never axed the mother of God to pray for ye and yours, as you're a mother yersel', ax her now for me!"

And on she strode as she spoke, walking far more swiftly now under her burden than when she had to accomodate her steps to the fragile creature behind her, though now and then a sob broke from her bosom, rending the heart of the prostrate woman she carried.

Yet it was not the weight which disd her. It was the mother's heart in her fighting and breaking for that sturdy, brown-skinned infant, whom every step put farther and farther away from her, and still she hurried on more swiftly for the agony in her mind, sometimes running, sometimes stumbling, sometimes nearly falling, never daring to pause, or lift her head once for a single breath.

Mary felt sure that, could she only reach a shelter she knew of, namely, an ancient tomb half hidden among the jungle and creepers in a thicket often used as a sleeping place by they might pass on and leave her to tramps, fakirs and smugglers, had by perish of hunger and weakness. If

had been shunned henceforth as an full horror. And the tramp, tramp, to the officer's kindly accursed spot by Mohammedan and came nearer and nearer. She could gently he took her arm. Brahmin alike. They might safely hear the murmur of voices now and Come to the carriage. pered, and crawling behind her Ger hide there till the return of the regiment from Susi.

And she did. As the eastern sky flushed into a delicate rose color, tint-ing earth and clouds with an ineffable opaline glory, her sore, weary feet stumbled heavily into the thicket of which she had been in search, and she dropped upon the damp earth within, with a cry of thankfulness, half in of Captain Donaldson's men. audible, from fatigue.

CHAPTER IV.

And Mrs. Clare, rising to her knees, took the brown hands, to which she owed her life, in her little fingers, covering them with tears and kisses, and again and again she poured thanks and blessings on her preserver. Mary checked her.

"Whist! Not a word above yer breath! Shure it's scarce a hundred yards we are from the road, an' I'm hearing something passin' the now. Men's voices were indeed, audible, laughing and talking loudly along the road. There might have been half a dozen by the noise, but whether they were deserters, or only coolies on their way to labor, the women could not tell, and they cowered in the inmost recess of their sanctuary, not even venturing for the next half-hour to creep out to drink at a little muddy pool among the reeds, though their lips and throat were so parched and swollen by this time that during the period of waiting they had hardly been able even to whisper

a word to one another. Mrs. Clare, with great discretion, drank sparing, and would fain have coaxed Mary to do the same; but the latter plunged her hot face deep into slim, white hand in her brown and the water, swallowing it in gulps, and only replying when she had slacked her thirst to the full.

"Leave me alone. It's got to last me till I get back." Where?" Mrs. Clare asked, but was abashed by the reply: "Shure, an' is it to lave me child

for good I'd be doin'?" Gertrude burst into tears. long, fainting fit had confused her, and she now reproached herself bitter-

"Ah, how could I let you! And you whom I've so often looked down on. Why didn't you leave me

"You're a woman yersel'," said ary, gently. "An' could you be Mary, gently. "An' could you be afther lavin' a feller-woman now to the marcy o' thim black devils? As to the boy, acushia "-her plain features working unrestrainedly with the sorrow she tried not to express in words-'wasn't it better to lave him awhile, ould cloak, that's for all the world the colour o' the groun'? Shure, I tuck him to the font myself afore iver we left Calcutta, as is more than ever ye've been afther doin' for yours, I'll be bound, the purty, wee craythur! So I'd the clane right to say to Our Blessed Lord : 'It's You he belongs to now, so take care of him till I'm coming back, for it's meself is takin' care of a poor unbelavin' sowl for You,' I 'an' where would that be ef I said.

"But Mary, Mary, dear," cried Mrs. Clare, weeping more freely for the girl's simplicity and confidence, "don't go now. It will be only throwing away your own life, and if they have discovered him-Oh! please God, they have not !- it will be too late, too late to save. Don't, Mary! The Sixth will be here a few hours hence, and then we will go back together under good guard and search for him, and he shall never want for anything "Mary?" cried the English mother, again if I can help it, or you either.

ut Mary shook her rough head dog

gedly. "I could trust Him above to help me when I was thryin' to help Him, she said, "but of 'twas caring for me self I was, an' shure anyhow how is it I could sit here an' me purty, brighteyed boy, Jim's own bairn, tugging at me heart strings a the while?"

And yet it was with a stern, beautiful patience that she delayed another ten minutes to feed Mrs Clare's tiny infant which had awakened, crying with hunger which was no longer warded off by rapid movement, and which its poor young mother had no power to relieve.

Then, her work of charity completed, the private's wife gave the babe back to its mother, and cautioning the latter to keep well within shelter till she saw relief at hand and, undaunted by the growing fatigue, and bleeding feet, untroubled even by the almost certain prospect of discovery, she sallied forth on the return search for the child.

Leftalone, the hours passed wearying to the officer's wife. She was worn out with fatigue and agitation. She was faint with hunger, and, do what she would, her child wailed and fretted.

The hours wore on. The sun rose higher and higher, till the yellow en-trance to the ruin glowed like the yellow mouth of a furnace. The child, tired with crying, fell asleep again; and she herself was resting in a sort of half-slumber of exhaustion when a noise from without startled her into a sitting position, her heart sick with

terror. There was a tramp of horses' feet, and the regular tramp of many men

coming up the road. Was it the Sixth; or was it a party of mutineers which had separated from their fellows? If it were the former the river, and which, though and she remained in her hiding place, perish of hunger and weakness. If the latter, and she were to show herself, trees which hid the ruin.

The suspense became intolerable. Laying her child gently in a dark corner, she crawled to the entrance and looked out. A body of troops were passing, had almost passed. She could see the scarlet uniforms of the Sixth, and the Scotch caps and gray jackets She

could almost hear the words of the soldiers, as at quick march and in double file they passed along, their sternly vengeful faces telling of the work they had been doing, the work they were about to do; and yet when she tried to call them her tongue clove to her mouth, a mist rose before her eyes, and with a faint cry she sank face foremost on the ground.

When she recovered she was in her husband's arms, and his grateful tears were on her face. Little did that young officer, who had heard of the attack on Futterhabad and the wholesale massacre, expect to to see his wife alive and safe. The Sixth had indeed met and defeated the party of which they were in search, with more ease than they had expected, and were in consequence returning rather earlier, when met en route by the body of mutineers dispatched for that purpose, and who by first harassing and then leading them in pursuit, had without the loss of more than two or three good men, contrived to delay them two good hours on their way.

CHAPTER V.

But what of Mary? No one can tell what she endured in ner return search for her child. It that it seemed to fizzle the brains in her uncovered head. She had lost a shoe, and her feet were cut and swollen. Her head felt swollen, too, and her eyes dim and distended. It was the effect of the too hearty drink in the hot sun and of the want

of food, which was besides making her sick and giddy; and as the sun grew hotter and hotter, a species of delirium seemed to seize her. She saw before her a crowd of Sepoys with inflamed eyes and dark, ferocious faces, and in the midst of them her baby held on high by one of the miscreants, in the act of dashing its brains out upon the ground. She shrieked aloud in her agony, darted wildly forward. stumbled, fell headlong to the ground, staggering to her feet again; and lo tried not to express in words— rasn't it better to lave him awhlle, be slaping like an angel in me d cloak, that's for all the world the bur o' the groun? Shure, I tuck near it, crouching for the spring, a huge Bengal tiger. Again she screamed and sprang forward, throw ing out her arms wildly to scare the animal, and again the horrible vision vanished, only to be renewed a thou sand times in a thousand different

Once she met a gentle-looking Parsee face to face, who stopped her and gave her some "chuppatties" (coarse meal cakes) and a drink of sour milk, and warned her earnestly against return ing to the town signifying by gesture as well as by words, the fate which had befallen her friends. She ate and drank ravenously of what he gave but only shook her head at his advle and hastened on. The Parsee went his way shaking his head. Evidently the poor woman had been driven mad by the slaughter of those belonging to her, and he should only embarrass and compromise himself by trying to detain

And then at last, all at once, the weight rolled off her brain, and the red mist from before her eyes. She was on her knees in the maize field, and in front of her was the infant with the rusty plaid cloak crumpled on the

But the child? For a moment an awful despair seized her, and a cry broke from her lips, so shrill and unearthly that it scared away a couple of vultures who were hovering low over something a yard or two distant. A little cooing, gurgling note of pleasure answered and turning, she saw a round, rosy face among the corn-stalks, and a pair of fat hands, and naked, dimpled feetrying, by stretching and crawling to

get at the mother who had left When Captain Clare, accompanied by four of his men, entered the same field in search of his wife's preserver, they found Mary quietly seated on the ground, nursing her baby, and the ringing cheer which greeted the sight must have shown her how her heroism was appreciated by brave. rugged She hardly heeded it; but just stood up, dropping her curtsey to the officer, and then looked round at

the others.
"An' where's my Jim at all?" There was no immediate answer. The men did not seem to hear, and Captain Clare began thanking her in an agitated way for all that she had done, and urging her to hasten with him to the carriage at the foot of the hill, where Mrs. Clare was waiting for her, which was to take them both under strong guard to Susi and thence as soon as possible to Calcutta. Mary

curtsied again. "Thank ye, sir. It's very good ye me husband, though t's not on the strength 'I am. Sure, I'll go down to Jesuit scholastic. him the now, since he's no mind to come up to me. Maybe, though, he's not got lave to fall out o' the ranks for not got lave to fall out o' the ranks for dropper, I might as well be hanged to the state of the stat

some accident mysteriously significant the latter, and she were to show herself, to the natives become unclean, and God only could foresee her fate in its her eager, excited, blue eyes lifted

often the gleam of arms among the anyway. Mrs. Clare wants to -- to speak to you. My good girl, my brave

occasioned by her husband's death she accompanied Mrs. Clare to England, and was ever after her constant companion. The two boys became fast riends, and when young Xyle-Mary -grew to man's estate Mrs. Clare had him established in a small business, for, as she said, "she could never do enough for the son of the woman who had so generously saved

THE JESUITS.

How They Gained Their World-wide

L. W. Reilly in Catholic Columbian. Eventide on the ocean! A steamer, ound from New York to Baltimore, was speeding through a summer sea. Although the hour was not yet 9 most of the passengers had gone below, because the wind was chilly for an August night and the clouds betokened rain.

I had retired early to my stateroom which was one of twr on the upper deck overlooking the stern, and had sought my bed for relief from a faintness caused by the swell of the ocean. But the window of my room I had left open, as I had not yet disrobed and the deck was then in the last week of May, and ing at my ease, I listened to the dash of the waves as they tumbled and broke on one another, and I gazed over the illimitable waste to the darkling line where the water seemed to give sup-port to the bending sky. Presently I heard voices, the voices of two men, and fancying that one of them was familiar to me as that of a friend whom had not met for years and who I had before no reason to suppose was on board, I listened to make sure one way

or the other, as it said: 'That? That's a vessel, sir, that has been keeping us company since we left port. It is making, probably, for Savannah. Isn't it beautiful?"

I was not yet certain of my man, for the tone, although like that of my old chum's, was pitched in a lower key. To satisfy myself I got up and looked out. There was no one visible to me, for a pile of chairs and campstools hear my window hid from my view the greater part of the deck. But off in the distance I saw a double line of lights, a sheen on the surge be low them, and two smokestacks above. dimly discernible through the deepening darkness.

"It is indeed a fine sight!" said the other voice, long before I had got through making my survey. "At through making my survey. first I took the lights for stars as I came up just now from the brilliant salon below-the first time I've been outside since I came on board. I'm

worn out with a hard year's work." "Then this ocean trip ought to do

I was positive now that the speaker was unknown to me; but I felt so revived by the fresh breeze and so confident that strangers would not touch on private matters in their casual chat, that I was loth to shut down my window to keep out their talk. So, returning to my bunk, I lay qualmish in the gathering gloom, while this diaogue went on.

"I hope it will," said the second in physicsvoice, "it is for health's sake that I'm taking it. I'm principal of a college n New Jersey. It is supposed to be a Presbyterian institution, but we have representatives of all denominations that is, pretty much all except the Carholics. And, strange as it may seem to you, sir, I've always had a liking for Catholics. There's something sterling about them - they all stand by the same faith and have the courage of their convictions. If it weren't that they're so foreign, especially their clergy-

Excuse me, sir, I am a Catholic.'

"I beg your pardon, sir." "O no offence at all, I only wanted to object that we Catholics are not all so oreign. The majority of us, priests and people, are native Americans. I have some claim myself to consider this my country. Now, how long have our people been here?"

"My folk? Why, they're genuine down Easters; came here in 1810; settled in Massachusetts ever since, and now we think ourselves Yankees

of the Yankees."

'Do you? Well, sir, my people came over in 1770. My great grand father fought in the Maryland Line of the Continental Army and we have an old gun at home supposed to have belonged to another one of my ancestor who fought under the starry flag in 1812.

"I take off my hat to you, sir, for being so through an American. May I ask if you are a priest?"

'No, sir, I'm not a priest." "Surely then you are a semin arian ?"

No. sir, at least not exactly." "Well, well. May I ask you what "Thank ye, sir. It's very good ye you are, for I've taken you for a are to me, but I'm not wanting to lave clergyman all along?" To be frank and explicit, I'm a

for a sheep as a lamb-so I'd hear the

"I'm really glad to make your ac-

to the officer's kindly face. Very quaintance, sir. Do you know I've gently he took her arm.

Very quaintance, sir. Do you know I've always had a desire to meet a real stock, Maryland, to finish our course,

"Your society has a great name among Catholics, I understand, for learning; it certainly has among us Protestants. I'm a Harvard man, myseif, a graduate of a half dozen years. Now what is the extent of your course? I trust I'm not intruding.

"Not at all intruding, sir; the Jesuit course to the priesthood takes seventeen years."

"Seventeen years! My, that is a course. I don't wonder at your repu-tation. But what can you be doing all that time?"

"We spend two years in spiritual training; two more in reviewing our literary course, three in philosophy, five in teaching, four in theology and a final twelve month in the study of our laws and the religious life. Usually our young men have gone through college before entering the In our studies we have to speak Latin throughout. We have four hours of class a day, with but one holiday besides Sunday in the week. Our philosophy is not such as I've been told you get at Harvard-the history of the opinions of philosophical authors, but a thorough mental drill in the deepest problems of logic, metaphysics, natural theology and moral philosophy, given by means of lectures, repetitions the lectures by the students from their notes and disputations. Our theology is of the same sort, taught in

"A splendid course, truly. But I notice that you speak only of Latin, Now, while you must get a good hold on it if you speak it exclusively in class for nine years, as you say, may I ask if you take any Greek? "How much have you done in

like manner."

Greek yourself?" "I've had the ordinary Harvard ourse-some Demosthenes, Xenophon and Homer, with bits from one or two other authors." "Well, I've read all the classical

"For instance?" I've read all of Homer, Hesiod, Herodotus, Plato, Demosthenes, Iso crates, Lysius, Euripides, Sophocles, Aeschylus—"
"My, you do get a thorough course

authors of Greek literature."

"We do for a fact. We have to write Greek, too, and I had one professor who talked it to us in his class explanations."

"Is it possible? Then his explanations would have been Greek to me in a double sense." "Good for you, Harvard!" said I to

nyself, relishing the Attic witticism. "But, anyhow," continued the second voice, "you don't pay much attention to mathematics. I've always heard that the Jesuits were up in languages but below par at figures."
"What were you taught in mathe-

matics in your years at Harvard?" "Arithmetic, algebra, the elements only, and about four books of Euclid.

Did you do as well?" "I've studied all these and the rest of geometry, plane and solid trigonometry, analytical geometry, calculus, determinants, quaternians and the theory of equations."

"By Jove! You don't tell me so? Well, your society does certainly give its men a grand training. But, now,

"What did you get at Harvard?" "About two hours a week for a year, as near as I can remember at the in stant.

"My course was one of seven hours week from September 10 to June 10, a longer year than yours, and, besides, I have spent two years in chemistry, with two and a half hours or so a week.

"You have a fair show at the sciences. too, then, don't you?"
"I should say we do, and we devote considerable time to geology, astron-

omy and physiology."
"Well, well!"
"Besides every scholastic takes up a special study. Among the band of us now on board this steamer on the

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Jesuit? I've read so much about your are some who have gone in for lan-Order that I've wanted to see the real guages, others for antiquities, others speak to you. My good girl, my brave girl, you're not going to give way now."

"Is it kilt he is?" she asked hoarsely; and then, before any reply could be given save the mute answer of the eyes, the child fell from her alms, she recled suddenly, and dropped, a senseless, crumpled heap, at the commander's feet.

"Is it kilt he is?" she asked hoarsely; and then, before any reply could be given save the mute answer of the face of the scholastic when this was incarnate proof that the Jesuits have neither horns nor cloven hoof. The momentary silence that followed it was broken by the second voice as it continued:

"Your society has a great name of the natural sciences, and so on. One of us, for instance, who is making a speciality of one branch of linguistics, has given about fifteen hours a week for years to the mastery of San-momentary silence that followed it was broken by the second voice as it continued:

"Your society has a great name of the natural sciences, and so on. One of us, for instance, who is making a speciality of one branch of linguistics, has given about fifteen hours a week for years to the mastery of San-momentary silence that followed it was broken by the second voice as it continued:

"Your society has a great name of the fact that he was incarnate proof that the Jesuits have neither horns nor cloven hoof. The skirt, Avestan, Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, German and the Romance languages."

You seem to have the grandest opportunity for study of any men I know and you evidently put your seventeen. flesh and blood before me and to know the truth about you.

gauges, others for some department of the natural sciences, and so on.

pose for English literature."
"Oh. yes, we do; that is indispensable for men who have to teach the ordinary college course, espacially what you call the sophomore and junior classes. You rarely meet a Jesuit, especially one who has made his course who has not between whiles gone through the best of the classics of the English literature from Chaucer down to Longfellow, Tennyson and Holmes.

"I no longer wonder at the reputa-tion of you Jesuits. When your men come out of that mill they must be polished scholars. Why, Harvard is only a preparatory school in compari-

But here I fell asleep and dreamed of a school of porpoises taught by a mer-maid at the bottom of the deep blue ea. When I awoke in the middle of the night the voices were silent and the Savannah steamer had disappeared from view, leaving the ocean to darkness and to me. — Catholic Columbian.

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THE EPIPHANY.

The feast of the Epiphany, which was celebrated on Monday, the 6th inst., is in commemoration of the visit made by wise men of the East to the crib of our Lord at Bethlehem a few days after His birth, to pay homage to Him. They came to Jerusalem making enquiries: "Where is He that is born King of the Jews: for we have seen His star in the East, and we are come to adore Him?"

The wise men are called in the original Greek of the New Testament Magoi, and in the Latin Magi, this being the name by which the Eastern nations called their men learned in astronomy and other sciences. These wise men of the East were evidently aware by some means of the general expectation prevalent at that period that a Saviour and Ruler would arise in Judea whose spiritual kingdom would extend over the whole world, and when they beheld the miraculous star, which indicated the birth of Christ, they were enabled to interpret its significance correctly, and therefore came to Judea to consult the wise men and doctors of the law at Jerusalem as to where the new-born Saviour should be found.

The scribes and chief priests were able to tell from the Old Testament that the expected Messias should be born in Bethlehem, for the fifth chapter of the prophecy of Micheas has this in reference to His coming : "And Thou Bethlehem Ephrata art a little one among the thousands of Juda : out of thee shall He come forth unto Me that is to be the Ruler in Israel; and His going forth is from the beginning, from the days of eternity."

The wise men were accordingly directed to Bethlehem, but before their departure King Herod, who feared a competition for the throne, desired them when they should have discovered the expected King, to return to give him information, so that he also might go to adore Him.

The wise men or magi, being directed by the miraculous star which had guided them before, reached Bethlehem, and entering the humble abode where Christ was, adored Him and offered gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. When they had rendered their homage they returned to their ewn country, without passing through vision from God of Herod's evil de signs, and they would not, therefore, give him the information desired.

Herod was very angry when he found himself over-reached, and as he had no specific information of the truth, he gave orders that all the male children of Bethlehem of two years of age and under should be massacred, so that the new-born King should be among the number. Joseph was warned, however, by an angel, to remove into Egypt to escape the designs of Herod, and he remained there with our Lord and the Blessed Virgin till after the death of Herod and of those who sought to kill our Lord. The Holy Family then returned to Judea and dwelt in Nazareth.

The word Epiphany signifies mani Testation. It is applied to this festival, because the birth of Christ was manifested to the Gentiles through the wise men. Who these men were precisely, and from what country they came, is not recorded in Holy Scripture, but there is testimony from the early were the leaders of the Eastern visitors. This is stated by Sts. Cyprian, Basil, Chrysostom, and others. The Venerable Bede gives their names as Gaspar, Melchior, and Fuscus. Another authorty states that the three Magi became afterwards preachers of the Gospel and were put to a martyr's death, but the mame Baltasar is given in this account instead of Fuscus. The difference of

bonedos by Berosus as quoted by applause when a well-fashioned syllog-Josephus (against Appion). The tomb of these three martyrs is said to have been moved from Constantinople to Milan by the Empress Helena, and to have been again transferred to the Cathedral of Cologne, where it remains at the present day.

The Epiphany is regarded as one of the most important festivals, because it denotes the acceptance of the gospel by the Gentiles. It is celebrated annually in Rome by a public entertainment in the College of the Propaganda, in which short addresses to our Lord are made in fifty or sixty different languages, by students, each of whom speaks in his native tongue. This is to indicate the universality of the Church, which is the special mystery of the festival. Mass is also celebrated in some Roman Church during the Octave of the Epiphany in all the Eastern liturgies used in the Catholic Church.

THE RENAISSANCE.

The Renaisance, mentioned by Mr. Gourlay in a recent number of the Canadian Magazine, proves that the Church was not a barrier to intellectual advancement but the fostering mother of everything that could tend to enlighten and de velop the human mind. It was an epoch of discovery, of invention, of progress, when men and women seeking Truth for its own sake, indefatigable always, though at times the quest was difficult, realized the truth of the honoured maxim "that the world holds nothing more precious or more beautiful than a cultivated intellect."

According to some writers, the Renaissance dates from the fall of Constantinople, in 1453. "This, however, "says Dr. Nerins "is a mistake. It dates at least from the eleventh century, and there is abundance of evidence that the progress between that and the Reformation was quite as real and as important as any that has taken place since."

These ages have no interest for the ordinary reader. He is accustomed to regard them as epochs of ignorance and intellectual serfdom, and so firmly fixed in his mind is this belief that it requires a persistent iteration of facts to convince him that they, centuries ago, cleared the ground for our civilization, laid its foundation, and bequeathed to future generations the forces wherewith to fashion and to perfect it.

Who does not know of St. Horositha, abbess of the convent of Gaudasheim. who, though living in the tenth century, composed plays that were, according to her contemporaries, not without

The Irish monks and scholars did

much in this century to encourage in tellectual pursuits. Germany could boast of a love for letters, and in no age, says Meiners, did it possess more if its adherents have written their Jerusalem, as they were warned by a illustrious Gerbet, afterwards Pope Sylvester, saw clearly the defects of the age, and judged wisely that the most effi cient means of correcting them was the protection of scholars and the fostering of learning. Before this period, however, no brilliant intellectual feats signalized the onward march of humanity, and the reason is evident. Society was in a state of transition and transformation The barbaric element from the fast nesses of the North was passing through the alembic of religion, and when, purged of its grossness, it came forth, it was as a new born babe, dowered indeed with infinite possibilities, but helpless and inarticulate.

> But as it waxed strong its voice rang out, not indeed in oratoric phrase or in the rhythmic flow of poetic language, but in the uncultured speech of one but beginning to understand aright the riddles of the world, and yet it gave token of a strength and beauty that would come with the confidence of maturity and perfect development.

We cannot expect much from men who sat down to table with the sword Tathers of the Church that three kings at their side and feared at each sound that the invader was at the door. But when they turned from war to peace they threw off the casque and the corselet and sat in scholar's gown at the feet of great professors. We are told that Albertus Magnus was forced to lecture in the public square, so great was the crowd that came to hear him.

Students sat in the streets on litters of hay or straw discussing their themes mame does not affect the credibility of or listening to their masters. All the Oxford laundresses dried clothes in this tradition, as it is frequently the ranks of society took an interest in the school of art." And if learning case that the same person is known by student doings, and when a public de- | did, after all this turmoil and disorder, different names in different countries, bate was held peasant and noble, priest revive, it was due, says Matthew Just as the Baltasar of Scripture, the and prelate thronged to witness the Arnold, not to men of the Reformation, Last of the Chaldean kings, is called literary tournament, to applaud each but of the Renaissance.

Labunetos by Herodotus, and Nab- clever thrust and parry, and to shout ism put an end to the dispute. The Church, by ordering that each church should have a master to instruct the poor gratuitously, placed education within reach of all classes.

The discovery of printing in 1440, and the fall of Constantinople, which sent scores of refuges versed in all the refinements of attic culture, into Europe, gave a new impetus to the cause of learning. Some of them were installed as professors in the universities. It must not be thought, however, that they were the creators of the great sources of enlightenment. Paris, Oxford and Ferrara, counting their students by thousands, and having their methods and masters of world fame, were in existence long before the tenth century. Salamanca founded in 1260, Cambridge in 1280, Louvain in 1425, Vienna in 1365, Pragne in 1358, were firmly rooted in the affections of the intellectual world. But they fired men's minds with an enthusiasm for classical study and imparted a grace and suppleness to the vernacular. The cold and exact formularies of the schools gave way to the polished epigram and the well-rounded period.

The truly wise still clung to the traditions of the past, but the lovers the novel embraced the new teaching with an ardor that played many a prank with their common sense. We wish not to underrate the labors of the refugees from Constantinople, but the facts warrant us in saying that they added no new element to a civilization already existent and flourishing. The age of Leo X., in which the Ranaissance attained its greatest splendour, was prolific of poet-tasters, of stylists, but of no world master. Words and not ideas were sought, and any wielder of a style bedecked in antique frippery was lauded as a genius. The Madonnas and Transfiguration of Raphael. the Last Judgement and Moses of Mich ael Angelo are the real glory of the age. The Renaissance, however, in unearthing the mines of thought of past ages, and in opening up thereby new vistas of intellectual beauty, in protecting the scholars and encouraging mental activity, was a great factor in the cause of education; and if abuses did signalize its progress it was simply because men, lured away by the voice of fanciful speculation, and the study of naturalism, refused to use its advantages in a judicious manner. Then came the Reformation, which, say our critics, emancipated the human intellect and sent it onwards and upwards into the serene regions of truth. We have no hesitation in saying that thought has developed since the days of the Renaissance, but we cannot describe its cause to Luther or to his disciples.

The argument " post hoc, ergo prop ter hoc" is a clumsy controversial weapon. But we do say that the principles of the Reformation were inimical to the advancement of literature, and of the world it was not on account of their Protestanism but because Catholic legend and thought dominated their intelligence and gave a warmth and eauty to their utterances.

The fundamental principle of the Reformation, viz., private judgement, allowed its adherents the foolish liberty of accepting or rejecting any doctrine, as caprice or fancy might dictate. Now, in accepting doctrines already believed in, it added no new element to thought, and in rejecting others it produced no new element, for the effect cannot be greater than the cause. Negation begets negation. Again, the issues raised by the revolt of Luther caused minds of intelligence, says Hallam, to be too busy in getting up arguments in favor of the religious tenets they adopted, to think of culti vating poetry, philosophy, or history, or the dignified eloquence that becomes a classic standard. It destroyed, but did not build, and its abiding place in any land betokened that thought advance ment was retarded, and that, says Eras mus, "the literary spirit was dead." Whodoes not know that the Anabaptists thought ignorance the greatest boon of man and that Calvinists condemned art and poetry as diabolical inventions.

Speaking of the Reformation in England Froude points out their peculiar methods of encouraging education. He says: "Missals were chopped in pieces with hatchets, college libraries plundered and burned. The divinity schools were planted with cabbages and HOW WE GOT THE BIBLE.

There appears in the Canada Pres byterian of the 18th ult. the substance of an address delivered at St. Andrew's (London) Sunday school rally during October, 1895, by George William Armstrong, on the subject : "How we got the English Bible."

We cannot be greatly surprised at the amount of ignorance displayed on religious matters by many would-be controversialists as well as the general Protestant public, when they accept without question such statements as are made by Mr. Armstrong in his address. It appears to be the settled purpose of such instructors to misrepresent history whenever the matter has any reference to the Catholic Church, and it is no wonder that when persons who have been instructed by such methods advance in knowledge by means of more extensive study of the proper sources of information, they lose all faith in the teachings with which they have been indoctrinated, and frequently throw aside Christianity itself.

To such teachers as Mr. Armstrong must be attributed in great measure the very general scepticism which prevails to day among Protestants. Thus Mr. Armstrong, after informing his hearers that the Old Testament was originally written in Hebrew, and the New in Greek, says this of the Latin translations:

"The earliest translations were in Latin, and for these (made for the use of the hierarchy and not for the people we must go back some fifteen hundred The first years to the sixth century. of these, as far as is now known, is erome's version called the Roman Psalter. And so from that period to the fourteenth century translations of parts of the scriptures were made. Up to this time we have no record of per-secutions on account of the Bible, which can be accounted for because the translations kept the Bible in the hands of the Church, that is the Bishops and priests.

A farrago of greater nonsense than this could scarcely be strung together in one short paragraph; but it has the merit that it is too transparent to deceive those who give the least thought to consider its self-contradictory character. How could "translations" keep the Bible in the hands of Bishops and priests to the exclusion of the laity? It is the natural effect of a translation that it makes a work access ible to all who can read, so that it is evidently false that Jerome's version was issued for the purpose of limiting the knowledge of the Bible to the hierarchy. And here we would further remark that St. Jerome is one among the ancient fathers whom Protestants are fond of quoting, when it suits their purpose, as if he were a Protestant too. We remember hearing a certain Presbyterian divine, who is still a light in his denomination, when he heard Jerome's name mentioned in a conversation, exclaim "O! Jerome was a staunch Presbyterian." However, as it is easy to repudiate the sayings of individual divines, as being unauthorized, we appeal to an authority which cannot persecutions of the first three centuries be questioned, that is, the Book of the bible was often sought for, to be Common Prayer of the Church of destroyed or profaned by the Pagan England, which, in setting forth the persecutors, and Tertullian and other Protestant canon of Scripture, professes to base it upon a saying of Jerome, evidently with the view of giving the impression that Jerome's testimony settles the question, and so the canon is stated with the words, "as Hiomer saith:" Hierom being merely another form of the name Hieronymus

usually called Jerome in English. We say, then, that in making St. Jerome a party to the conspiracy to keep the bible out of the hands of the Psalms, with sometimes some additional people, Mr. Armstrong betrays his own cause. He makes Protestantism his hypothetical form of primitive Christianity, responsible for keeping the bible from the laity, while trying to throw the whole blame on the Catholic Church.

However, we point out this as merely an illustration of the inconsistencies of which the generality of anti-Catholic controversialists are that St. Jerome was not a Protestant. and that in his day Protestantism was not even dreamed of as one of the possibilities of the future; but we would remind the Canada Presbyterian, which publishes Mr. Armstrong's essay for the instruction of its readers, that St. olic Church, which uses it for the edi-Jerome lived and wrote two hundred fication and instruction of the faithful. years earlier than the date Mr. Arm- It was from the Catholic Church that strong ascribes to him. He wrote in Protestants got it, unwilling as they the fourth century, and it was at the are to acknowledge their indebtedness. request of Pope Damascus that he undertook the translation of the bible, Mr. Armstrong makes no allusion to which is substantially the authorized this fact when he pretends to throw version of the Catholic Church to this light upon how Protestants got the day. It is evident that Mr. Armstreng Bible.

desires to make it appear that even at that early date the Catholic Church was conspiring to keep the people in darkness and ignorance; but the essayists and the Canada Presbyterian should remember that they are casting this slur on the primitive Christian Church: for it is universally conceded that the Church of the fourth century, just emerging from the persecutions of three hundred years, was identical with the primitive Church which endured these persecutions.

In answer to our query: "How could translations keep the Bible in the hands of Bishops and priests to the exclusion of the laity," Mr. Armstrong evidently means to suggest that Latin was a tongue unknown to the people. He seems not to be aware that it was the language of the people then, and that therefore the best way to make it accessible to the people was to trans late it into Latin.

In considering this subject it must always be borne in mind that before the art of printing was invented the condition of the people in regard to literature and literary accomplishments was very different from that existing at the present day. Comparatively few could learn to read at all; but this was a necessary condition at a period when books were necessarily few in number, being all written by hand, at the expense of much labor.

The translation of the Bible into Latin was therefore a move toward making the sacred volume better known; but neither Jerome nor Pope Damasus could expect it to be accessible to all, since there was no possibil ity of putting literature of any kind within general reach, when it was so difficult to produce it.

There is another misrepresentation of fact in the quotation given above from Mr. Armstrong. He says that Jerome's translation was "the first, as far as is now known." On the contrary, it is known that there was a Latin translation in general use long before Jerome's time, and Jerome constantly speaks of it when he vindicates the changes he made from the current text. This more ancient version was used by St. Augustine, Tertullian, Cyprian and others who wrote before Jerome's version was given to the world. The Itala, by which name this more ancient version was called, was made early in the second century, and there are to be found specimens of its reading in the Roman Missal, which is to be found in constant use in every Catholic church in the land. It is hard to say whether gross ignorance in a matter on which he professes to be very learned, or a malicious desire to pervert the truth, predominates in Mr. Armstrong's essay. It contains evi-

dences of both. Mr. Armstrong states also that there were no persecutions that are known sixth century, or before Jerome's translation. This is also a mis-statement, and so is the cause which he as-Christian writers inform us that the Ontario, a faction which is constantly Christians who possessed copies suffered death rather than deliver them

We have also to remark that Mr. Armstrong shows a vast amount of innocent unconsciousness of the facts of which he treats so learnedly when he confounds the "Roman Psalter" with St. Jerome's version of the Bible The Psalters merely consisted of the hymns taken from other parts of Scriptures. If the writer, had said that "Jerome's version is called the Vulgate" he would have been much nearer the truth, for the Latin Vulgate, the version used by the Catholic Church, is chiefly St. Jerome's work.

There are many other misrepresentations of fact in Mr. Armstrong's essay, but we must delay reference to them. We shall therefore now only remark habitually guilty. We fully admit further that we are surprised that our contemparary the Canada Presbyterian should lay such a document before its readers for their instruction in matters religious.

> The Rible is, as it has always been, a precious book in the eyes of the Cath-

It need scarcely be mentioned that

THE SCHOOL QUESTION BE-FORE PARLIAMENT.

The long expected sixth session of the seventh Dominion Porliament commenced on Thursday, the 3rd inst., but only a small number of members were present, as it was understood that no real business would be transacted until the 7th January.

A sixth session of Parliament is a thing very unusual in Canada, and it is only because of existing unusual circumstances that it has been called on the present occasion. Our readers are aware that the purpose announced by the Government is to redress the injustice under which the Catholics of Manitoba have been suffering since the passing of the school laws of that Province in 1890-Acts by which Catholic schools have been abolished, the school houses seized by the Government, and Catholic taxes taken for the support of schools which are really Protestant.

It is now nearly six years since the Catholics of Manitoba were deprived of rights which were guaranteed to them under the constitution of the Dominion, and more specifically under the Manitoba, Act, and during the whole of this period we have been by turns coaxed and threatened to induce us to give up our claim to a satisfactory settlement.

The Government still adheres to its announced intention to pass a remedial measure, and in the speech from the throne delivered by His Excellency the Governor-General, the following reference was made to this much-discussed question :

"Immediately after the prorogation of Parliament, my Government com-municated through the Lieut. Governor of Manitoba, with the Government of that Province, in order to ascertain upon what lines the local authorities of Manitoba would be prepared to promote amendments to the specting education in schools in that Province, and whether any arrange-ment was possible with the Manitoba Government which would render action by the Federal Parliament in this connection unnecessary. I regret to say that the advisers of the Lieut.-Governor have declined to entertain favorably these suggestions, thereby rendering it necessary for my Government in pursuance of its de clared policy, to introduce legislation in regard to this subject. The papers will be laid before you.

We do not desire to see the Province coerced, and we would rejoice to see an honest disposition on the part of the Provincial Government to keep within the limits of a reasonable exercise of its legislative authority. It is the duty of every Province to restrain itself within the limits of its authority. and to observe those conditions on which it has become a Province. We do not ask that force should be used, for we do not imagine for a moment that force will be necessary, but we of on account of the Bible before the ask that the proper course of law should be taken to redress grievances the existence of which cannot be denied, as their existence has been designs for his statement, namely, that clared by the highest Court in the learned and virtuous churchmen. The name "not in water" on the honor-roll shall not press this authority the translations kept the Bible from British Empire. We desire therefore in the matter. We can readily the people. In the Decian and other that there should be a remedy for

these grievances. We admit that in insisting on our rights we have to meet the hostility of a well-defined and noisy faction in putting forward the claim that it is sustained by the will of the people of this Province, and we are advised to

submit to their dictation. Even if we were convinced that this were the truth we could not act on such advice. We are quite satisfied of the justice of our, demands, and we would maintain them even in the face of a hostile majority. We have the right to maintain the justice of our views, and to endeavor to convince others thereof, even though we stood alone, with the whole voice of Ontario against us, and we are not bound to admit that an Ontario majority, however respectable and predominant, is to direct the counsels of the whole Dominion.

It was because the "Fathers of Confederation" foresaw the possibility that a sectional majority might be carried away by a wave of fanaticism that express provision was made in the British North America Act to leave the ultimate decision on the question of religious education within certain limits, not to any Local Legislature, but to the Dominion Parliament, which it was supposed would be a more steady and fair tribunal for the settlement of such questions than would be any Provincial Legislature.

But it was not a case of mere possibility. The past history of our Provinces showed that there was a strong probability that certain Provinces could and would be from time to time influenced by sectional and religious issues,

and this fact made i peace of the Dominic decision should rest legislative authority It was by no m

favor to Catholics t was inserted in the Dominion. It could that Catholic influer mount over the Dom or Parliament, and it was rather by de ant minority in G guarantees were i instance of Sir A. T. tection of minoritie freely accepted by any expectation th means of them secur what strict justice m from the conscious Parliament represen tion of the people, b interests from oce would be more like legislature to weig the balance of stri decide accordingly. We have said the expected that Ca

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As we go to pr turmoil in Gover Ottawa. Every day complications, and ling character a thick and fast i Seven Ministers have sent in tion. Their name ter. Minister of F Minister of Trade a Charles Hibbert T Justice; Mr. Hagga ways; Mr. Dickey, Dr. Montague, Mini Mr. Wood, Controlle

The latest news fi effect that the vacan have been filled by isters taking charg named in addition partments having the supplementary ister of Finance, Si Minister of Justice Militia, Hon. T. M Trade and Commercial gan; Minister of Mr. Ferguson; Mi and Canals, Hon. J.

THE LATE F.

The Scranton, Dec. 28, contains ference to the d lamented Archdeac Rev. Kenneth A. clergyman, died at 1 the residence of Dr. Wyoming avenue.

the residence of Dr. Wyoming avenue. Father Campbell gathree years ago on a came to this city a ymade his home with his on. His death was different to the campbell wontario. His age would be sone that the priest St. Michael's Colleg Montreal Seminary. thirty years ago, an jubilee as a priest in 1 During his stay in occasionally at St. Pet Father Campbell ste diocese, all denoming greatest respect. I persons in this city, contact with him we scholarship, religious ner. He had spent a

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and this fact made it necessary for the peace of the Dominion that the supreme decision should rest with the highest legislative authority in such an event.

It was by no means through any favor to Catholics that this provision was inserted in the constitution of the also refers to the sad circumstance, in Dominion. It could never be supposed that Catholic influence would be paramount over the Dominion Government or Parliament, and as a matter of fact, it was rather by desire of the Protestant minority in Quebec that these guarantees were introduced at the instance of Sir A. T. Galt for the protection of minorities, and they were freely accepted by Catholics, not from any expectation that they could by means of them secure anything beyond what strict justice might demand, but from the consciousness that as the Parliament represents not a mere section of the people, but all their varied interests from ocean to ocean, it would be more likely than any local legislature to weigh all demands in the balance of strict justice, and to decide accordingly.

We have said that it could not be or Parliament, and as a matter of fact, We have said that it could not be

expected that Catholic influence should be paramount in Parliament, and it is not, inasmuch as there are not even as many Catholics in the House of Commons or in the Senate as a fair apportionment would demand if they were represented in due porportion to their number in the population of the country. Yet we rely that the sense of justice entertained by our Protestant fellow-citizens and representatives in Parliament will support a just school bill restoring to the Catholic minority of Manitoba the rights of which they have been so tyranni-

Rev. Kenneth A. Campbell, a Catholic clergyman, died at 12:30 this morning at the residence of Dr. C. E. Thompson, 407 Wyoming avenue.

the residence of Dr. C. E. Thompson, 407
Wyoming avenue.
Father Campbell gave up active work about
three years ago on account of illness. He
came to this city a year ago last June and
made his home with his friend, Dr. Thompson. His death was due to bronchitis.
Father Campbell was born at Beaverton,
Ontario. His age was sixty years. His
studies for the priesthood were pursued at
St. Michael's College, Toronto, and at
Montreal Seminary. He was ordained
thirty years ago, and observed his silver
jubilee as a priest in 1890 at Orillia, Ontario.
During his stay in this city he
occasionally at St. l'eter's cathedral.
Father Campbell stood high in the Toronto
diocese, all denominations paying him the
greatest respect. He did not meet many
persons in this city, but those who came in
contact with him were impressed with his
scholarship, religious zeal and gentle man
ner. He had spent a good lite, and that he

was fitted both by intelligence and proper spirit for the work to which he devoted most of the days of his manhood could not fail to be recognized.

The body will be taken to Father Campbell's late home in Canada at 9 o'clock this evening. The funeral will take place next Tuesday.

The Scranton Republican of Dec. 29

the following terms: The death of the Rev. Kenneth A. Campbell, of the Catholic Church, occurred yesterday morning at the home of his friend, Dr. C. E. Thompson, 407 Wyoming avenue. The immediate cause of his death was bronshittic.

News Letter to the sad event:

"The death of Venerable Archdeacon Campbell removes from earth one of the worthiest men Canada ever Innew. A Christian gentleman of the most sincere piety, and of the most unselfish aims, he possessed the warm esteem of everyone who knew him. He lived to see his life's work, the building up the parish of Orillia, successful beyond measure, and had the satisfaction of knowing that his laborious work had not been in vain. The News-Letter has reason to feel profound sorrow at this time, for in the days when it most needed a friend, it had a staunch helper and an affectionate counsellor in Venerable Archdeacon Campbell. The last of his declining years were made brighter by the sympathetic consideration of his people, and there is a sad satisfaction in knowing that all the roses were not withheld to lay on his grave."

Orillia Packet, Jan. 3. Ortllia Packet, Jan. 3.

a just school bill restoring to the Cathrolic minority of Manitoba the rights of which they have been so tyrannically deprived. We have the greater reason to expect this, as they desire that their own coreligionists in Quebec shall be fairly treated. They may reasonably expect that with what measure they mete it will be measured to them again, and if they pronounce that a tyranny of the Protestant majority in Manitoba is right and proper, they must admit that the Catholic majority in Quebec would be justified in exercising a similar tyranny over the Protestant minority.

We have confidence that even in the very Protestant Province of Ontario there exists a spirit of honor and justice which will lead its representatives in Parliament to assist in rectifying the injustice which has been perpetrated.

We believe that, whichever party may gain the upper hand, in the general elections which must soon be held, the popular voice of the Dominion will sustain and insist upon the grauting of justice to the Manitoba Catholics.

As we go to press there is much turmoil in Government circles in Ottawa. Every day brings forth fresh complications, and rumors of a startling character are flying about thick and fast in all directions. Seven Ministers of the Crown have sent in their resignation. Their names are: Mr. Fos. and the presence along the state of the special part of the presence of the presence of the presence of the special part of the presence of the presen

reply of the Rector of the Cathedral. It was worn for the first time by the

St. Mary's cathedral, Halifax, N. S.,
To His Honor, the Lieutenant Governor of
N. S., etc.:
Dear Governor Daly-I beg to acknowledge
the receipt of Your Honor's kind letter of this
date, and of the very beautiful cope which
Their Excellencies the Governor General of
Canada and the Countess of Aberdeen have,
through you, presented to St. Mary's catheI cannot find wear.

who knew min.

A strainments, broad-minded and liberal, winning the respect of all classes and sects. His religious life was deep and earnest and eminen'ly fitted him for the work to which he was called.

The body was taken to his late home in Canada at 9 o'clock last evening. The funeral will take place next Tuesday.

The following editorial reference was made by the editor of the Orillia

News Letter to the sad event:

"The death of Venerable Archdeacon "The death of Venerable Archdeacon "Signed" E. F. Murphy.

(Signed) E. F. Murphy.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The persecution carried on in Russia against the Catholic Church still continues, and though the Government endeavors to suppress all attempts to make the facts known, some information on the subject occasionally finds its way to the outside world. Thus it has become known that Father Prezez-dzieski, of the Paulist monastery at Jasnajora, was arrested in May last and sent to prison at Pensa, in the interior of Russia, the only crime charged sent to prison at Pensa, in the interior of Russia, the only crime charged against him being that he and some seminarists had sent some aid to the priests who have been banished to Siberia. Father Prezezdzieski has always kept himself aloof from political intrigues, so that there is not even a plausible excuse for this tyranny. To add to the barbarity of the arrest, his mother, who lives not far sfrom the monastery, was not permitted to see her son and bid him farewell before he was deported.

well-known features of the late Venerable vell-known features of the late Venerable well-known features of the late Venerable vell-known features of the late venerable amis next morning.

On the coffin was a beautiful cross of white roses and smilax, the card attached bearing the name of H. H. Cook, ex. M. P., Toronto, we have the name of H. H. Cook, ex. M. P., Toronto, on the coffin was a beautiful cross of white roses and smilax, the card attached bearing the name of H. H. Cook, ex. M. P., Toronto, on the coffin was a beautiful cross of white roses and smilax, the card attached bearing the name of H. H. Cook, ex. M. P., Toronto, on the same of H. H. Cook, ex. M. P., Toronto, on the same of H. H.

the platform of the new party: "Work your religion for all there is in it during the week, and let its eyes be kept peeled for the devil and politicians on Sunday." We commend the energy and grammar of the Rev. Mr. Struble tation.

DONATIONS.

The following donations were received at St. Joseph's hospital, and are gratefully acknowledged: Mrs. McClary, 1 turkey, plum pudding. 2 cakes; Mr. Toohey, 1 turkey, 1 grose; Mr. Shoebothom, a box of layer raisins; Mr. O Gorman, 1 turkey; Turville Bros., 1 case of canned tomatoes; Mrs. E. O'Brien, 1 turkey; a friend, 2 turkeys and a lot of choice fruit; Mrs. Ranahan, 1 bed spread; Mr. Daly, 1 turkey, ranges and grapes; Mr. O'Hagan, 18 qts, milk.

Messrs. J. and W. Thompson. Branch 57, of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, numbering some seventy members, were in waiting at the station on the arrival of the train from Toronto bearing the casket. The pall-bearers, also members of the C. M. B. A., were Messrs. J. W. Slaven, N. J. Frawley, John Regan, T. Mulcahy, John Fox, and P. McDermott. Headed by the C. M. B. A. the cortege proceeded slowly from the station to the church of the Angels Guardian, where the casket was deposited on a catafalque before the altar. The church in its appearance was in starking contrast to this time last week, the beautiful Christmas decorations having been replaced with sombre draperies of black, out of regard to the memory of the honored dead.

The black festooning and draperies on the altar and throughout the church were most skillfully and artistically arranged by members of the C. M. B. A., under the supervision of Mr. H. L. Crawford. Everything about the church, including the vestments of the priests and officiating clergymen, were in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion.

As the procession wended its way toward

be said? "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

The benediction or blessing of the corpse by His Grace the Archbishop, assisted by the deacon, subdeacon and other members of the clergy, followed His Grace's tribute to the memory of the late Venerable Archdeacon. During the ceremonies the "Libera" was sung by the choir. The last rite in connection with the Mass was the procession to the grave, which had been prepared within the church grounds about twenty feet from the south wall. The casket was borne out by Rev. Fathers Morris, of Newmarket: Cullen, of Adjala; McGuire, of Bracebridge, and Duffy, of Orillia. The pall-bearers bearing the coffin followed the procession of priests. His Grace the Archbishop walked behind the casket.

with the Mass was the procession to the grave, which had been prepared within the church grounds about twenty feet from the south wall. The casket was borne out by Rev. Fathers Morris, of Newmarket; Cullen, of Adjala; Hogan, of Uptegrove; Kilculen, of Adjala; Hogan, of Uptegrove; Kilculen, of Adjala; McGuire, of Bracebridge, and Duffy, of Orillia. The pall-bearers bearing the coffin followed the procession of priests. His Grace the Archbishop walked behind the casket.

The organ pealed forth "The Dead March in Saul, and to this solemu dirge the procession marched slowly out. With eagerness the crowd gathered around the grave to witness the last duty of man to man. Men stood with compressed lips to keep back the sols with compressed lips to keep back the sols that would come. Ten minutes after the final note of the solemn Mass in the church all that remained of the Venerable Archall that remained of the Venerable Archadeacon Campbell had been deposited in the tomb, marked only by a fresh-made mound of turf, the only one in the grounds.

Twenty-four priests assisted in the celebration of the Pontifical Mass, many of whom were personal friends of the Venerable Archadeacon Campbell. Among those who assisted His Grace Archbishop Walsh were; Very to the Rev. Mr. Madill, and other third in Saul, and to this solemn dirge the processarty leaders of Ontario for their imi-

of University college, Dublin, who organized a special department for making vestments and church einbroidery in connection with the irish industries Association, of which Her Excellency is the president, and the girts in the workroom at Dalkey under the direction of the workroom at Dalkey under the direction of the gold thread. It was exhibited at the great Dublin Horse Show in August, and gained a first prize and much admiration.

1 I should also mention to you that an embroidered inscription to the effect that this cope is 'Fresented to St. Mary's cathedral by the streemed and excepted the content of the streets was the stores and structure of the streets was the stores and on the streets was the stores and on the streets was the stores and an embroidered in remembrance of the soleman of the streets was the stores and adherents of the Church of the Archdeacon Campbell. The expressions of Strow were not confined to the parishinores of the Archdeacon, were the streets and adherents of the Church of the Darish of the Employment of Canada, January 3, 1895, 'will be forwarded to you later, so as to be attached inside the cope.

1 I remain, dear Dr. Murphy.

1 I remain, dear Dr. Murphy.

2 St. Mary's cathedral, Halifax, N. S., December 39, 1896.

3 St. Mary's cathedral, Halifax, N. S., December 39, 1895.

3 To His Honor, the Lieutenant Governor of N. S., etc.:

4 Dear Governor Daly-I beg to acknowledge the content of the Correct of No. S., etc.:

5 Dear Governor Daly-I beg to acknowledge the content of the correct of No. S., etc.:

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5 Dear Governor Daly-I beg to acknowledge to the content of

Among the near relatives of the departed priest who were present at the High Mass. Jose photo of the temperature of the priest who were present at the High Mass astended by Eister Francis. Mr. John Acmpbell, of Thorah, and Luchlin Canpbell, of Thorah, and Luchlin Canpbell, of Lindsay, brothers of the Archdeacon, were among the chief mourmers at the last ries.

That the late venerable Archdeacon was universally admired and respected by all classes and denominations, irrespective of citizens who lined the streets through which the cortex passed and the profound expression to the parishioners of the Church of the Archdeacon and the streets through which a street was presented by grave the impression to the parishioners of the Church of the Archdeacon through the committed to their last rest.

The scene in the church was impressive. Showly the clay tenement of him who was the actual founder of the parish was carried down the committed to their last rest.

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The committed to their last rest.

The scene in the church was impressive, Showly the clay tenement of him who was the extent was a street of the church.

The late Venerable Archdeacon Canpbell was born in Thorah townshi which but had a sprinkling of nearly every church denomination in town. The seave the emembered by those present. The day and the one following will remain momentous in the history of the Church.

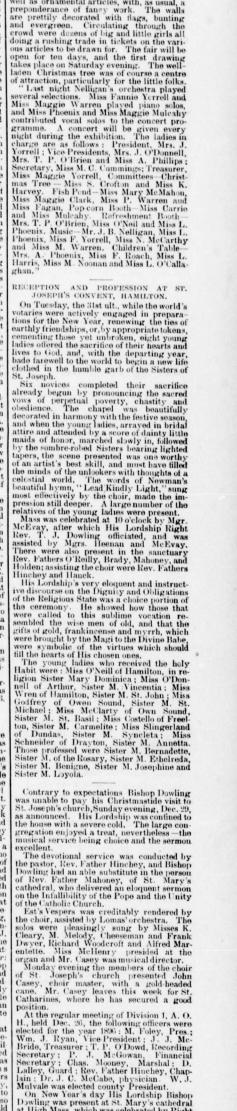
The late Venerable Archdeacon Campbell was born in Thorath township, near Beaverton, November 30, 1837, and was thus in his fifty ninth year. His early education was received in what was known as the common school in his native township. For further training he went to Lindsay and fremained a year and a half in the common school there. Having chosen to enter the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church, on the completion of his school term in Lindsay, he entered St. Michael's College Toronto, in order to fit himself for the calling upon which he had decided. His ordination took place on September 21, 1861. His first office in the service of the church was at Barrie, under Rev. Father Northgraves, now editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD, published at London, Ont. Father Campbell remained one year in Barrie, shortly after being appointed priest of the parish of Uptergrove. At this village commenced the career which he won for energy, vigor and keen administrative ability in the discharge of his church and parish offices. When Untergrove church had been tirmly established Father Campbell turned a willing ear to the plea of the Roman Catholics at Brechin for a place of worship. The idea was beartily endorsed by the zealous priest at Uptergrove, and a church was built for them the office of the plea of the Roman Catholics at Brechin for a place of worship. The idea was beartily endorsed by the zealous priest at Uptergrove, and a church was built for them the ordination to the plea of the Roman Catholics at Brechin for a place of worship. The idea was beartily endorsed by the zealous priest at Uptergrove, and a church was built forthwith for the Brechin parishioners, and still remains a pleasing memory to its founder. Not long after the erection of the Brechin church Father Campbell came to Orillia, and gave his hearty coperation

ous person to society and the world in general. Hence, it is that we value so highly our present mode of educating our children in order that they may become good, lawabiding citizens and faithful Catholies. I did not intend speaking on this subject, but the presence of such a large congregation and the knowledge of many misunderstandings of it almost forced me to do so.'

'In conclusion, Bishop Dowling thanked the choir tor its excellent music, and gave the Papal Benediction to those who had received the sacraments of penance and holy Eucharist.

RECEPTION AND PROFESSION AT ST JOSEPH'S CONVENT, HAMILTON.

On Tuesday, the 31st ult., while the world's



JANUARY 11.

FIVE-MINUT

Second Sunday

· His name was called da

The feast of the H

dear brethren, is o

to us many thoughts

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Go to the shops,

Think how shocking

And we are sad,

LEGENDS AND STORIES of the Holy Child Jesus.

France.

MY LITTLE DOLL. Know then, dear brother, in these Christmas

Another, dear brother, in these curismas hours, Sorrow, like snow, will melt if He but smile;

And if He clothe thy wintry path with flowers,

Amidst thy mirth think on His thorns a while.

Agnes Le Roy de Marcourt was a spoiled child. I am very sorry to have to say so, but it is nevertheless quite true. The Count Le Roy de Marcourt was very rich, and Agnes had every thing she could wish for; moreover she had no little brothers and sisters to contradict her. The servants gave way to her in everything, and she grew to think herself quite a little queen, whose every wish must be obeyed, and that very promptly too. Monsieur l'Abbe Warambon, the cure of the parish in which the Courte of the parish in which the Count's Paris hotel was situated, came to give her instructions and teach her the catechism, and he spoke often to her very seriously about her selfishness. He told her how useless it was to fill silver vases with lovely hothouse flowers for the altar, if the flowers God had planted in her heart were choked by bad temper and self-love; how vain it was to light forty or fifty wax tapers in honor of the Infant Jesus, if she had no love for Him in her heart and no desire to imitate His beautiful example. He also reminded her that Jesus Himself said, when speaking of kindness to the poor, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My

But Agnes, though impressed for the time, soon forgot; she would take out her little purse and offer all its contents to Monsieur l'Abbe, and beg him not to refuse her impulsive offering; half an hour afterward she would have forgotten, and be so wrapped up in her own amusements that she forgot there were any poor people in the world at all, though nowhere is there such appalling misery as in the great city outwardly so gay and bright.

brethren, ye have done it unto Me.

One day, when she was out in the carriage with her father and mother, they drove down to the large shop called the Grands Magasins Louvre, where there were to be seen every kind of novelty-hats, bonnets, dresses, and above all, there was one part devoted to the children, in which were the most lovely dolls, life-size, dressed in magnificent costumes.

The Countess went into the shop to buy some linen for poor people and a few things for herself, and she left Agnes in the carriage, as the little girl was apt to prove very tiresome in a shop by asking questions all the time, fidgeting, and growing very impa

"Take me in too, mamma," she id. "I'll promise to be good if you said. will."

"No, no," answered her father impatiently. "Last time I took you into a shop you were so rude and naughty that I said you should stay outside for the future until you have learned how to behave yourself.

Agnes frowned and pouted, but she dared not answer her father when he was angry with her, and she knew that what he said was only too true. As soon as her father and mother

had disappeared inside she turned to the footman, who was standing at the carriage door.
"Tell Antoine to drive round to

where the playthings are," she said.

The coachman obeyed, knowing that
to cross her will was rather dangerous in the strett, as at any moment she might begin to cry and cause a crowd

to gather round the carriage.
"Take me down, Pierre," was her next command to the footman. "I mustn't, Mademoiselle," answered

Pierre uneasily. "Monsieur le Comte said Mademoiselle was to remain in the carriage. Monsieur et Madame will soon be ready now."
"If you don't take me down this minute, I'll scream as loud as ever I

can," retorted the naughty little girl, growing red in the face with passion. Pierre well knew what her loud screams were like; he knew too that she was pretty sure to keep her word, so he lifted her down on to the pave

ment, and ran round to find his mistress and tell her what had happened. The countess came quickly to her little girl, and found her gazing in at

"Come, dear, papa is ready and does not like to be kept waiting. Papa is going to the station to meet his brother; so come, dear.

"I want to go in and buy that dear little dolly in china," answered Agnes. Look, mamma-that one with the blue dress and little white pinafore, and long, flaxen hair. Come in, and buy her."

"We haven't time, dear," answered her mother, who expected that when the doll was bought Agnes would insist on having chairs and tables, and seven

or eight dresses to fit the doll.
"Come!" said her father impatiently. "I will not have Agnes out in the carriage with me again; naughty girl, she would disgrace a chimney sweeper!"

Agnes threw herself down on the dirty pavement and burst into a loud

"Take the carriage and go to the

of the does not stop that noise."

The Count drove off after Pierre had called a cab, and Agnes was taken into the shop by her mother to buy the little dell, which certainly was the children of the Saviour, who was born

loveliest ever seen, with its long flaxen hair, forget-me-not blue eyes, tiny little nose, and rosebud mouth half-open, showing two rows of pearly teeth. She could sit down, kneel down, and stand up, and move her arms, and was beautifully dressed in blue and white. Agnes did nothing but kiss and

caress her doll all the way home. "Don't you love my little doll, mamma? What shall I call her? Mamma, don't you think she's a per-fect love of a doll?"

When they reached the Count's hotel

in the Avenues des Champs Elysees, Agnes ran up to the nursery to show her new treasure to the old nurse, who had been with her ever since her birth, and had in fact been nurse to the Countess. At tea-time she put it on the table, and kept taking it up to kiss it.

"Nounou, isn't she a pet? Don't you love her? I think she's the sweet est little dear I ever saw. I love her.' "I shouldn't think she would love you if she could," replied nurse dryly.
"You keep taking her up with your sticky fingers, and kissing her just after eating, dirty girl.

Nurse always scolded Agnes on principle: she saw how spoiled the child was getting, and thought it her duty to say all the most disagreeable things that she could think of-the more so as she knew Agnes was overawed by her. and did not easily forget her reproofs.

"Nasty thing!" muttered Agnes, pouting, and taking up the doll to kiss it again. Suddenly, with a loud cry, she said:

"Oh, Nounou, I've jammed her! What shall I do?"

"Stop crying this minute!" said nurse sharply. "You are enough to frighten any little doll. Go to Louise and have your face and hands washed, and when you come back I'll help you to make her some clothes, and we put her to bed in the little pink bed your sailor boy used to sleep in."
"She must have cloaks, and hats,

and a muff and furs," said Agnes, "for to-morrow she's going to walk with me and Louise in the Tuileries, and when we go to Chantilly in the spring she will learn to ride on my

pony, Polichinelle."

The whole evening was spent in making clothes for the little doll, and Agnes was rather inclined to whimper when nurse made her put away her things and get ready for bed.

As she knelt before her little altar of the holy Child Jesus to say her evening prayers, nurse made her pray that she might become less selfish and more thoughtful for others before the holy feast of Christmas, which was draw ing near; and Agnes, having some guilty qualms of conscience, prayed far more earnestly than she was wont

We must leave little Agnes in happy possession of her new plaything, and follow home, that same winter's evening, a little girl of nearly the same age—that is, nine years—but differing in all other respects from the wellcared for child of the Countess.

Poor little Madeleine Leclerc! How pale she was, how thin, and what ragged clothes she wore that bitter cold day, with no jacket to shield her from the biting wind! She had watched the Countess and Agnes get out of the cab that afternoon, had peered through the tall iron gate and seen them go up the broad flight of stone steps into the well lighted hall, with its thick carpets, green ferns, and white statues, and she had wondered to herself if that rich child had ever known what it was to be unhappy, or if she had ever shed a tear. She knew full well that the little girl so beautifully dressed had never wandered about Paris the whole afternoon, her feet covered with chilblains, her hands aching with cold. Madeleine's father was dying in the Hospital St. Louis of mother had slipped in the street and broken her leg, and they would have starved if Monsieur le Cure of St. Marguerite had not been so kind to them that he visited them every day to see if there were any thing to eat; for the Assistance Pub lique, the only means of relief from the Government in Paris, fails utterly to meet the craving needs of the poorest and most desolate.

Madeleine had been wandering about since the morning, standing on the steps of the Madeleine as the people went in and out of church, and had received from the charitable passers by nearly a franc. Afterward she had hung about the shops in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honore, and at last wandered into the Avenue des Champs-Elysees, where others had had compas sion on her, and she had nearly 2 francs when she saw the door shut an Agnes and her mother, and as it was

growing dark she resolved to go home She was very tired now. The wind was so strong and icy cold, and as it was an east wind met her in the face as she wended her way along the Rues de Rivoli and St. Antoine, till she came to the narrow dark Rue de Charonne, in which she lived. In one of the most tumble down houses, at the sixth story. was a miserable garret, which she called her home.

Her mother was a little better to day. Monsieur le Cure had brought her some famous wine, which had been given to him for his own use. The Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul had also station," said the Countess to her husband. "I will bring Agnes home in a cab as soon as we have bought the We shall have all Paris round us neton, the tiny brother and sister for

in a stable, and had "not where to lay His head.'

Then, when Madeleine had made the room tidy, and put them all as comfortable as she could for the night, she knelt down and said aloud the prayers in preparation for Christmas, which Monsieur le Cure had taught them. Not a word of discontent from the lips of any of them, not a murmur, but rather true and hearty thanks for the benefits of that day, and a very earnest prayer of their dear Father, Mon-sieur le Cure, and the good Sisters. When they prayed for "poor little father" in the hospital, only then their tears fell fast, and the mother hid her face that the children might not see the tears she shed, knowing that never again would that "poor little father come home to his wife and children.

III.

For three weeks Agnes was entirely devoted to her little doll, taking her about with her wherever she went, and putting her to bed nearly every night in a pretty little bed with pink and

white curtains.

A few days before Christmas the Countess sent her out with the nurserymaid one afternoon instead of taking her out in the carriage, as she was going to buy her Christmas and New-Year's presents.

About 4 o'clock, nurse, who was sewing in the day nursery, heard a loud roar, and running down hastily to the entrance hall, she found Agnes

almost in convulsions.

'Nounou, m.m.y, my little, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh," roared Agnes.

"She has lost her little doll," explained Louise; "never mind, Mademoiselle, some one will find it and bring it home; I asked every one about, even the keepers.

"Stop crying, darling," said nurse, taking the child in her arms and kiss-ing her. "We will try and pray and ask about, and we shall succeed in finding it again."

Agnes cried and cried, and nothing could comfort her for an hour, while Louise told nurse the whole story.

"I took Miss Agnes to the Jardins des Tuileries to play, and after we had been there some time, she proposed playing hide-and-seek. Her little doll was to hide. She hid it, and I looked for it, and then the last time she could not find it herself, and we looked about everywhere. And at last it began to grow dusk, and she suddenly remem-bered the tree and statue where she had hidden it; but when we there, the doll was gone, though we found its little muff still there.'

a bit of sealskin.

At tea-time the Countess came into the nursery to see her little girl, and seeing her darling's pale face and swollen eyes, asked what was the

"Miss Agnes has lost her little doll," nurse answered as the child began to sob afresh. "But we shall be sure to find it, shall we not?"

"Oh, yes, darling," said her mother, taking her poor darling into her arms and trying to soothe her. "Mother will offer a reward of two hundred francs. She will do everything to find her pet's doll, or perhaps we can get another like it."

"I won't have another like her; she was my own pet; I loved her and she loved me; and oh, she's out in the cold, and she thinks me so unkind to leave her; oh, I must find her, I must; let

me go out again ; let me go, mamma."
The child was almost distracted ; she sobbed and writhed in agony; and it was not for some time that she could be soothed enough to go to bed, and, late in the evening, worn out, fell asleep. Some days passed, and no little doll. Every morning nurse or Louise took Agnes into the Jardins des Tuileries to look for the doll. Numerous placards were posted up offering the re who would bring the little doll to the Hotel des Champs-Elysees.

"We are sure to get her back," said her mother, " for to any one in the world besides yourself she is not worth

At which naughty little Agnes, in stead of being grateful to her mother for offering such a large reward, sulked for a whole day because her mother had said the little doll was not worth a franc.

A week went by, and still no little doll Agnes was growing quite pale and thin from fretting; she hardly spoke or ate, and every now and then burst out crying when she thought of the little doll. At last one day the Countess came into the nursery, where Agnes was playing with a large Noah's ark, and said :

"Nurse, the Monsieur is going down to Chantilly for a week until Christmas Eve, and I think I shall take Miss Agness to Nice for a week. She will have her little cousins to play with, and altogether I think the change would do her good."

Agnes no sooner heard about going away than she threw down all the ani mals, breaking a great number; the large elephant lost his trunk, and several monkeys their tails, to say noth ing of the little sheep and pigs and the poor little birds.

"I won't go away without my little doll. I won't, I won't ; I'll scream all the way in the carriage and in the train if you make me. Perhaps she's in the gardens all this while waiting for me. Oh, my own little doll, my little doll, my own dear little doll!"

She wailed so bitterly that her mother was quite alarmed, seeing that the grief was as fresh as on the first day of

"Darling, don't cry so," she said enderly. "The little doll will be little doll, which certainly was the children of the Saviour, who was born brought back if she is found, just the same as if we were here, and we shall know at once. I will tell the butler to telegraph."

"Nounou, darling, do you think I shall get her back?" she asked when her mother was gone down stairs.

"You are a naughty girl," returned nurse. "There isn't another little girl so spoiled in Paris as you are, with everything she could wish for, and yet you are never satisfied.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A WONDROUS CHANGE.

The Story of a Young Lady in Smith's Falls-Her Health was Badly Shat-tered — Suffered from a Bad Cough and Constant Pain in the Side-Pal and Almost Bloodless – Her Health again Restored. From the Smith's Falls Record.

"I know that if I had not begun taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would not have lived much longer." These words were uttered by Miss Mossop, daughter of Mr. Johnson Mossop, of this town, and a young lady extremely popular among her friends and acquaintances. Miss Mossop had been ailing for several years, and her recovery to health is a matter of gen-eral rejoicing among her friends. To eral rejoicing among her friends. To a reporter she gave her story as fol lows: "I scarcely know how my illness began. The first symptom was a feeling of tiredness upon the slightest exertion. The color left my face, and I became as pale as a corpse. Then I was attacked with a pain in my lere side and coughed a great deal. first home remedies were tried, but as they did not do any good a doctor was called in, and I was under his care for



Could not go up stairs without resting. about a year. But the treatment did not do me any good, and I was steadily growing weaker and weaker. I was unable to go upstairs without having to sit down and rest when I got there, and the pain in my side became more She took out of her pocket the little and more intense. I kept wasting must that nurse had made for it out of away and lost all interest in life, and at last was so low that recovery was not expected. At this juncture my mother saw an article in a newspaper relating the cure of a young lady whose case was almost identical with my own, and whose cure was due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this prompted a trial of that medicine. By the time a couple of boxes were used there was a feeling of improvement and I continued using the Pink Pills until I had taken nine boxes, all the time gaining rapidly, until now I fee that I have recovered my old time health. I can now walk a long distance without being tired, and I am no longer troubled with that terrible pain in my side. My appetite has returned and I can now eat almost as much as any member of the family, and I know

that had I not begun taking Pink Pills
I would not have lived much longer."

Mrs. Mossep says she cannot express the gratitude she feels towards this grand medicine, which has restored her loved daughter's health, and will always speak of it in terms of praise.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, and eradicate those troubles which make gnes into the Jardins des Tulleries of look for the doll. Numerous pla-ards were posted up offering the re-ard of two hundred francs to any one tion of the heart, nervous headache and nervous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful medicine. They are sold only in boxes, the trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cts. a box, or six boxes for \$2 50, and may be had of druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

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" It is a Great Public Benefit."-The "It is a Great Public Benefit."—These significant wors were used in relation to Dr. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL, by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested its merits in his own case—having been cured by it of lameness of the knee, of three or four years' standing. It never fails to remove soreness as well as lameness, and is an incomparable pulmonic and corrective.

My Back

Arms and limbs are stiff and lame and it is misery for me to move. This is nheumatism, caused by lactic acid in the blood. Neutralize this acid, purify the blood, and cure rheumatism by taking the one true blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

place, are each and all t often the stronghold, o vice of bad language. and women and childre themselves and scandali sin against God by this

more numerous than w knowledge. Our duty is plain er have the misfortune to be have contracted this vice ing, let us resolve now ment, and impose upon of suitable penance for or study to discover and app

remedies If we are not ourselve of the habit, let us help example. Let us show o on every occasion when is used. Let parents br children strictly, teachi spect for sacred names as reverent prayer. And by internal acts of prais to God whenever we he dishonored among men, something to abate the ev

The best anodyne and for the cure of colds, couthroat, lung, and brone is, undoubtedly, Ayer's toral, the only specific fi Chicago World's Fair.

Parmelee's Pills possess the specifically upon the distinulating, to action the do of the system, thereby remains a system, thereby remains and purify, that disevery name and nature are obdy.' Mr. D. Carswell, Cont., writes: "I have tried and find them an excellent me. ody. Mr. D. Carswen, C. ht., writes: "I have tried and find them an excellent med hat will sell well."

Severe colds are easily cu of Bickle's Anti-Consumpt medicine of extraordinary p healing properties. It is act hase who have used it as l medicine sold for coughs, co ion of the lungs, and all af hroat and chest. Its agreea aste makes it a favorite wi inidren.

JANUARY 11. 1896.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Second Sunday After Epiphany.

CURSING.

'His name was called Jesus."—Gospel of the

The feast of the Holy Name of Jesus,

mind the sweetness of our Saviour. It

It is a day that fills us with joy and

with sadness. It brings us joy be-cause the Holy Name is a precious

treasure enriching each of us, and a

And we are sad, too, to day, be-

power against blasphemy and cursing.

To day she calls upon her children to

she would have Christians confine their

praises to to-day alone, but she would

constant duty of giving reverence to

the Holy Names of God and of Jesus.

The wicked habit of cursing, which

out against, is an evil of a very seri-

unfortunately is too common among

Christians of every age and walk in

Rich men and poor men, men who say

they have faith and men who have no

Think how shocking it is to hear the

name of Him who so loved us that He gave the last drop of His blood for us;

gutter! Think of that Name,

which was called by the angel

with awe, introduced into the lewd

speech of the bar-room, or called upon

in witness of the ribald jest! Think

of gossiping women varying the mon-

otony of their unsavory discourse with

ejaculations filled with irreverence

Go to the shops, to the mills,

to the business houses, and have your ears offended and your soul

grieved by the injury done to the Holy

Name. And go to the homes of Cath-

olic men and women—to the homes of some of you—and listen! Hear the

father and the mother cursing each

other and their children! Hear them call upon God to damn them, to strike

You unnatural parents, you teach-

ers of wickedness to your own children, how shall you escape the wrath

your children in the love and fear of God have become the

agent of God's enemy, and are in-

structing your offspring in the way of eternal perdition. And how many

more of you, instead of calling your

their hearts and voices in prayer to

God ; how many of you are altogether

negligent about this most important

aside, and you stand before the judg-

The home, the street, the work-

place, are each and all the scenes, and

often the stronghold, of this rampant vice of bad language. And the men and women and children who debase

themselves and scandalize others, and sin against God by this evil habit, are

more numerous than we like to ac-

Our duty is plain enough. If we

have the misfortune to be of those who

have contracted this vice of foul speak

ing, let us resolve now upon amend-

ment, and impose upon ourselves some

suitable penance for our crime, and

study to discover and apply the proper

If we are not ourselves the victims

of the habit, let us help others by our

example. Let us show our displeasure

on every occasion when bad language

is used. Let parents bring up their

children strictly, teaching them re-

spect for sacred names and the duty of

reverent prayer. And let us always,

by internal acts of praise, give honor

to God whenever we hear His Name

dishonored among men, and thus do

something to abate the evil of this hor-

The best anodyne and expectorant

for the cure of colds, coughs, and all

throat, lung, and bronchial troubles,

is, undoubtedly, Ayer's Cherry Pec-

You who should bring up

them dead, to hurl them to hell!

of God?

towards God and our Saviour!

irreverence

vice of cursing.

Young children and gray-haired

towards sacred names.

the attacks of our spiritual enemies.

ARY 11, 1896.

V EVERY CATH.

struct and Enter. of the Family.

Annual for 1896 is Annual for 1886 is are is gotten up m, with new cover, ore pictures. It consert illustrations and illustrations in the illustrations in the is are from the best the contents are al-

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Mer Thirds. A writer. A story of ion, strong in pa-'s Pension Claim. iteresting Ilories we

n: g Wheel," "Greater an Hath," "The gnes and Eleanor," and then thrown prominent place in ple year. It will be and old.

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toral, the only specific for colds and coughs admitted on exhibition at the Chicago World's Fair. Parmelee's Pills possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating, to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost very name and nature are driven from the body.' Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and hose who have used it as being the best in hose who have used it as being the best in the find the lungs, and all affections of the lungs, and

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Sisters of Woodside Farm.

BY EDWIN ANGELOE. "Leave go that dog !"

No, I won't.' "Then I'll make you."

dear brethren, is one which suggests to us many thoughts. It recalls to our As Will Tucker uttered the threat, he darted forward to rescue a whining, cowering cur from the cruel lashes that speaks of His tenderness for sinners were being laid heavily and mercilessly and of His mercy to the penitent. It tells us, too, of His power—the infinite power of God, and of His awful maupon the unfortunate animal's body with a stout leather whip.

The owner of the whip affected a defiant attitude as Will approached him. The dog's defender made an effort to grasp the weapon, but the other quickly drew his arm back, uttering a low chuckle of delight.

mighty shield defending us against "You must be in want of something to do, abusing a poor dumb beast in that manner," said Will, glancing com-passionately at the shrinking animal cause we are reminded how much the Blessed Name of God our Saviour is whose eyes shone forth their gratitude reviled and used irreverently. And to day the Church protests with all her for the boy's interference.

"Tain't none o' your business, no-how," growled the fellow. "I hits him cause I likes to hear him whine -see?

turn with loving hearts to God and The boys and the dog were in the yard fronting the house of the Widow to praise and bless in an especial man-ner the Holy Name of Jesus. Not that Page, who, on hearing the disturbance made her appearance on the scene, just as Will was about to make another atimpress upon us by this day's feast the

tack upon the fellow to obtain the whip.
"Be that you, Will Tucker?" asked the widow, in a shrill, squeaky voice.
"Yes, Mrs. Page, I was just interferthe Church lifts her voice to cry ing on behalf of your dog. This fellow

was beating him unmercifully.' ous kind. And it is something that Widow Page turned toward the overgrown fellow, and, in a harsh voice, bade him enter the house, which, command he obeyed without a remonstrance, much to Will's amazemen and women are guilty of this ment

"You see," explained the widow,
"he ain't countable fur what he does,
Praps you didn't notice that he is
simple. He's my nephew from Fleecefaith, all are addicted to the impious simple. town. He's very fond of birds, and he's got it into head, somehow, that all the dogs wants to kill them. That's why he beat my dog—Go to your kennel, Bouncer.

who literally poured out His life for us; think of His name brought into Saying this the widow re-entered the house, while Will proceeded on his way to Woodside Farm, where he was to deliver a message to pretty sixteen year old Alene, the younger daughter of Farmer Markland.

"A note for me?" exclaimed Alene, when Will came upon her at work in the strawberry patch.

"Yes, Alene, it is from my sister, Kate. If you don't mind I'll busy my self eating berries out of that pan till you finish reading. I suppose Kate wants you over to help her curl her front hair, or something like that girls' notions never amount to much

"How smart you are! please don't put your hand into that pan so often— Dearest Alene'" and the merry girl hastily perused the contents of her note, after which she locked up, a smile as bright as the sun lighting up her rosy

"Perfectly delicious!" exclaimed

she.
"The berries, I know it," said Will. "How stupid !-no, the note. Kate wants me to go with her to the wealthy Mrs. Clavering's, who is going to give a 'Wednesday' this week," cried Alene, in ecstacy.

little boys and girls about you when bedtime comes, teaching them to lift "A what?" "A 'Wednesday'-it's an afternoon party to be held at the stone house near the village. Your sister writes that Miss Clavering said she would be pleased to meet your friend with the duty of taking care that your children When the veils are drawn wavy chestnut hair - that means me. ment-seat of Christ, you will learn how

Isn't it lovely ?" many sins you have been the occasion of by your neglect of duty and your it's red—oh, you mean the invitation! of course it is. What shall I tell Kate? "Your hair; but its not chestnut, you needn't look mad; it was a slip of

he tongue." "Never speak to me again. Tell Kate I'll go by all means. You have eaten half a panful;" and Alene did her best to make the boy think she was

vexed at his jest. With a rollicking laugh Will tossed a luscious berry at her head and then

left her. A little later Alene set the heaping pan of fruit under her arm and walked toward the farm house, swinging her dainty sun-bonnet in her crimsonstained hand, while an unhappy ex pression stole over her countenance giving evidence that something was roubling her, something that most always rises before a girl's mind when ever a picnic or a house party is on the programme.

She had nothing to wear. Up stairs in her wardrobe were stacked numberless garments, but none of these suited her. They were either out of fashion, or lacking in fit. She must have something new.

"There is nothing I could alter except my white French lawn of last summer. I ought to have allowed for letting it down but I was careless. I rip the tucks and gathers, the thread marks will surely show, and that

A year before, Farmer Markland had been well off, but owing to an unfor-tunate business transaction in which he risked his whole bank account on a newly invented plow, which turned out a dire failure, he was now poor, and his daughters could look to the winds for any expensive garments they

"I dare not ask papa for money to

the room that was shared by herself and sister, who was an invalid.

"Genevieve, darling," Alene ex-claimed advancing towards a wasted form sitting at the window and inhaling the fragrance of a white rosebud, "isn't it terrible? Kate Tucker wants me to go with her to the stone house,

and I cannot."
"Why?" asked Genevieve in a gentle voice.

" I have no clothes." " But your closet is full." "Yes, of old-fashioned stuff that won't fit me," argued the pouting girl. "Your French lawn, how about

that 21

" Too short." " And your white lace dress?"

"I upset a cup of coffee over it at
May Martin's party; anyway, it is too
old-fashioned. I tell you I haven't a
stitch I could wear. Wish that old
plow had never been heard of!" What a difference there was between

these two sisters! Alene, a bright romping bit of femininity with a voice full of life and merriment, and an exceeding foundess for dress and all things worldly: & Genevieve, gentle and serene, with saintly beautiful gray eyes, and a voice as soft as the August breeze. She was the elder sister by two years, and looked upon Alene as a lively, thoughtless child who hardly knew the difference between right and

wrong.
"Don't fret, Alene! I see a way out of the difficulty."
"What is it?"

"You may have that pink lawn won at the fair last winter. I will make it up for you," "And have it ready for Wednesday?

"Yes." "You dear, darling creature," cried Alene, in true girlish fashion, flinging her arms about her sister's neck and imprinting a fond kiss on "Genevieve, you are

the pale lips. "Genevieve, you are just too lovely for anything!" Wednesday forenoon found Genevieve working hard and earnestly on the dress, her pale face and dim eyes telling what she was enduring to make her young sister happy.
Little did Alene dream what a battle

Genevieve was fighting with her feelings! Could the girl have forseen what was coming, she would have torn the goods from the invalid's lap rather than suffer the painful sight that met her vision before that day had ended. One o'clock Alene ascended the

narrow stairs to see if her dress was

one. When she entered the room all

was still as the grave. "Genevieve has fallen asleep in her chair. I see the dress is ready. Her hands are closed on it yet. I'll try to open them as gently as possible, so as not to disturb her. How good of Genevieve to do this for me—Oh, heavens, how cold her hands are! Genevieve!"

No response from the ashen lips; no lifting of the tired lids. A hoarse scream broke from Alene. Just then the door opened and Kate Tucker entered. She had come over to pass her opinion on the fit of the

new-made garment. in a hollow voice of anguish. "Look at my sister, she is red and still, she will not awake! Help me, Kate, or

she will die!" "Not so loud, Aly. Be calm and

'It was all my fault, so it was. Genevieve, never speak to me again, for I don't deserve it. And I don't intend to go a single step to the party-not if Mrs. Claverings were to beg me on her

bended knees!" "But you shall go," the other mildly insisted.

" No, not one step," persisted Alene. "Not even to please me?" "Would it really please you? Then

will go." My dear reader, it would be inconvenient for me to take you to the wealthy Mrs. Claverings. I will merely state that the merry, bright-faced Alene went there, enjoyed herself to her heart's content, and then returned home anxious to run to her patient sister to learn something Genevieve had promised to tell her on her arrival home from the stone house.

Alene sat at Genevieve's feet. You promised to tell me how I can repay you for what you have done for ne, and how I can atone for being so thoughtless. Let me try to guess what you want me to do. Is it to never again make fun of Sam Blunkett's

patched trousers?" "Hardly," smiled Genevieve. "Last birthday I gave you a little prayer book. I have never seen you use it but once. Where is it?"

"It fell behind the bureau one day, and I didn't feel like recovering it. It was so hard to move that big piece of furniture. "But you managed to tear a board

from the summer house floor in order

to rescue your torquoise ring, didn't That was worse. Now what I want you to do is to read your book every day with me in this room. You are too fond of gayety. Don't let yourself grow too fond of anything worldly. White French lawns and Wednesdays will not lead you to heaven, but that little book will.



and laid her rosy cheek against the

"I will, Genevieve," she said in a voice of charming sweetness, " because I know it will please God and the angels in Heaven, and because it will please you, the very best sister in all the world.

> The Old Year. BY NELLIE MARIE O'DONNELL.

While we're standing on the threshold
Of the New Year fair and bright,
We sigh for the year that's dying—
Fast fading from our sight.
Tis like parting from a loved one
When the parting is for aye,
And while we fondly say "cood-bye"
Wa fain would hid him stay.

And while we fondly say "good We fain would bid him stay. We think of all the joy and sadness,
All the longing hopes and fears;
The sunny smiles of gladness
All the anguish and the tears,
Which the year that's dying brought us,
He brought them for our gain;
Many lessons he has taught us.
Will the lessons be in vain?

It we've borne all grief with patience,
With a brave and steadfast heart,
We know we have done our duty;
On life's stage we took our part,
Truly then we are not sorry
That those trials should be borne.
Our plegager have Our pleasures have outweighed them
And for the good old year we mourn.

The year may have not brought us fame,
Worldly honors, or golden wealth—
Perchance he brought a better gift,
The priceless boon of perfect health.
We thank him for the love of friends
Which bloomed like fragrant flowers—
Love that did not bloom to fade,
But to last through all life's hours.

The days have flown on fleeting wings,
The parting moment now has fled;
We pause and wine away a tear,
For the good old year is dead.

Then we turn to greet the stranger But it is twixt hope and fear. Will be be as true and kind As the jolly good old year?

-Syracuse, N. Y.

Glimpses of Eden

Long ago, before even Time herself could boast of having begun her present flight of years, the whole world was dark. How gloomy it must have been without the heat and light of the sun and the silvery beams of the moon's radiance! It must have been a wilderness of darkness, such as one of our time cannot ever dream

But when God-He Who even then ruled the universe, and Who, even so long ago, proclaimed the truth that He was without beginning, and, hence, without end, when God, we repeat, "Oh, Kate! Kate!" cried Alene gazed upon the darkness which His great power could easily penetrate, He determined to change the face of the earth. Hence, He created the light, so that there began the never ending cycles of day and night. Not we shall soon revive her. Don't you see she has only fainted?" assured her friend.

Not add and light. Not satisfied with harmonizing light and darkness, however, He created the birds that they might fly through the birds that they might fly through the It was an hour later. Kate Tucker had gone, and Alene was sobbing as though her heart would break, as she sat at Genevieve's side.

Our district they might my through the fish, that they might glide through the silvery waters and the beasts of the forest that they might please and provide for their future masters. these things He created so that when He should bring man from the dust of the earth, the creature so much like Himself should find the world a place of happiness, and so finding it should give thanks and blessings to the Creator of such a bounty, his Lord and

God, when He had taken the dust of the earth and formed the first man, breathed into it a soul which was after the image of Himself. Then this man. called Adam, was placed in the garden of Eden. We are told that Eden was a most beautiful place. Imagination, however vivid, can hardly generate conceptions of the loveliness, the charming repose, the delicious breezes wafted through trees of stately grandeur, the supreme beauty of the ver-earth where God Himself had walked yet such and even more alluring was Eden. When Adam first gazed upon the enchantments of the place, his heart must have throbbed gladly with good will towards the Creator of such a spot as Eden.

But God had not yet finished His work. He determined that Adam should have a companion in his walks through Eden; "for," said He, "it i not good for man to be alone. putting Adam into a profound sleep He took a rib from the sleeping man and from the rib He formed Eve, the first woman. With his new friend Adam enjoyed the happiness of his beautiful home. Neither he nor Eve, at this time, felt any grief, or sorrow for why should one feel uneasy, when

perfect joy is one's lot? Of all the trees in Eden, however, God forbade Adam and Eve to eat of a certain one. This was not an unjust command, became these trees—indeed all things—were His and He could ordain as He willed. To be sure Adam and Eve were still most happy even when thoughts of the forbidden tree

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certain tree, which was the forbidden one. "For," said the serpent, "if you eat this fruit, you will become like a lost no time in convincing Adam that and Roman Catholics squabble in the he, too, should try so choice a fruit.
Poor Adam, unwilling at first, finally

command, to sup at the feast of Lucifer, the chief of the great rebellion against His power, sent an angel to drive them from Eden. Flung out of the palace of beauty, Adam and Eve wept and grieved. The tender mercy of God, however, was touched by their sorrow, and although He doomed them to lives of penitence, He comforted them by sending Cain and Abel to sweeten the bitterness of the cup which their rashness had caused them to swallow

Perseverance.

All depends on perseverance. Without this nothing avails. The grace and perfection and splendor of the angels could not save them. The daily fellowship with Jesus, His doctrines and miracles, and three years of His towards me. This is as it should be.

presence, did not save Judas. The —Philadelphia Catholic Times. gift of regeneration, and of the sacraments of grace, were all in vain to Ananias and Sapphira. All alike lacked one thing, and that one thing lacking ost them all things. They had no perseverance; and though; they had everything else, nothing without this was of any avail.—Cardinal Manning.

In the Beginning

of a new year, when the winter season of lose confinement is only half gone, many and that their health begins to break down, find that their health begins to break down, that the least exposure threatens sickness. It is then as well as at all other times, and with people even in good health, that the following facts should be remembered, namely: that Hood's Sarsaparilla leads everything in the way of medicines; that it accomplishes the greatest cures in the world; has the largest sale in the world, and requires the largest building in the world devoted exclusively to the preparation of the proprietary medicine. Does not this conclusively prove, if you are sick, that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine for you to take? Pale sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

MONTREAL The South of Ireland.

The following is from one of Ireland's god." He gave some to Eve. She daily newspapers: "It has often tasted it, and liked it so well that she been pointed out that while Protestants compromised with his consort, and he at the fruit. Then came the bitter portion. The where they are in a majority. A pleas-Then came the bitter portion. The beneficent God, angered that Adam and Eve should forget Him and neglect His command, to sup at the feast of Lucifer, sending a subscription to the Roman Catholic church which Canon Brosnan

is building in memory of O'Connell.
'You and I,' he says, 'have worked together for many years for the promotion of the welfare of our people, not, I am thankful to say, without some success; and we have at all times let it be seen that cordial friendship is quite consistent with firm attachment to our conscientious convictions. take this opportunity of saying with much gratitude that during my long residence of twenty-eight years among them I have received nothing but unvarying respect and kindness from your flock; and I shall never forget how, on two ocaasions, when laid l on a bed of illness, you and they acted -Philadelphia Catholic Times.

A strong mind or a cultivated mind may hallenge respect, but there is needed a noble as to win affection.—"Reveries of a Bache-

baby growth

The baby's mission is growth. To that little bundle of love, half trick, half dream, every added ounce of flesh means added happiness and comfort! Fat is the signal of perfect health, comfort, good nature, baby beauty.

Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphites, is the easiest fat-food baby can have, in the easiest form. It supplies just what he cannot get in his ordinary food, and helps him over the weak places to perfect

might expect.

buy anything," mused Alene, a sad, pitiable expression of despair beaming from her lustrous eyes. "Only yesterday, when I begged the

C. M. B. A. Election of Officers.

Bracetion of Officers.

Branch 15, Toronto.

Chan, J Callaghan, pres. J J O'Hearn, first vice-pres. T J O'Leary, second vice-pres. D O'Hagan, treas. E F Wheaton, fin. sec. A S Gormaly, rec. sec. C N Ryan, asst rec. sec. A E Cain, mar. T Foley, guard. R Maroney, trus. J Callaghan, i Foley and Wim. Moria, rep. to grand council C A Gormaly, ait. J Callaghan.

Resolutions of Condolence.

Resolutions of Condolence.

Merrickville, Dec. 28, 1895.

At a regular meeting of Branch No. 112,
Merrickville, Ont., held Dec. 26, 1895,
it was moved by B. McGill, seconded by
Edward Brislan.

Whereas it has pleased Our Heavenly
Father to call from the cares of life, William
McGarney, father of our esteemed Brothers,
W. J. McCarney and N. F. McCarney,
Resolved that we, the members of Branch
No. 112, tender Brothers W. J. McCarney
and N. F. McCarney, and also the widow and
relatives of the deceased, our sincere sympathy in their bereavement, and pray that
Providence, who has called to his reward a
devoted father, esteemed citizen and zealous
Catholic, will enable our Brothers and the
widow of the deceased to bear their cross during life and to look to a reunion in that better
land where there is no parting. Be it further
Resolved that copies of these resolutions be
sent to W. J. McCarney and N. F. McCarney
and the widow of the deceased, and to the
CATHOLIC RECORD for publication and entered on the records of this branch.

F. A. Payea, Rec. Sec.

Merickville, Dec. 28, 1895.

At a regular meeting of Branch No. 112,
Merrickville, held Dec. 26, 1895, it was
moved by B. McGill, seconded by Edward
Brislan:

Brislan: Inasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God in His fufinite wisdom to call to her eternal home Mrs. Darby O'Donnell, mother of our respected Brother, Hugh O'Donnell, be it

respected Brother, Hugh O Donner, so therefore
Resolved that we, the members of Branch
No. 112, hereby express our heartfelt sorrow
for the loss sustained by him, and extend to
him our sincere sympathy and condolence in
his sad affliction,
Resolved that copies of these resolutions be
sent to Brother Hugh O'Donnell, and the
CATHOLIC RECORD for publication, and entered on the records of the Branch.
F. A. Payea, Rec. Sec.

F. A. Payea, Rec. Sec.

Waterloo, Dec. 27, 1895.

At the last regular meeting of Branch 104,
Waterloo, the following resolution was
moved by Brother John Bierschback,
seconded by Brother John Bierschback,
seconded by Brother Jacob Ball and, unanimously adopted:
Whereas it has pleased the Almighty God
to call to Himself the only child of our respected Brother, Jos Echert,
Resolved that we, members of Branch
104, do hereby extend our sympathy to
Brother, Jos. Echert, and wife, and earnestly
pray God to enable them to bear their loss
with Christian resignation.
Resolved that a copy of this resolution be
sent to Brother Jos. Echert, and published
in the CATHOLIC RECORD and our official
organ, The Canadian.

Lohn Bierschhank Res. Sec.

organ, The Canadian. John Bierschback, Rec. Sec.

Mr. Thos. Mulvey, 171 Madison avenue

Mr. Thos. Mulvey, 171 Madison avenue, Toronto:
Dear Sir and Brother—At the branch meeting, on the 27th, ult., it was
Resolved that the sympathy of the members be extended to yourself and the rest of your family in this hour of deprivation of a loved and respected parent.
To here eulogize the dead would be but a repetition of platitudes to ears impregnated with tales of the charitable deeds and good will of the man who was ever ready to counsel the young or assist the aged and impecunious.

ous.

It might well be said—now that he is gone,
to whom will we tell our tales of woe, or, who
will assist us in all ways as Mr. Jno. Mulvey

did?

A better world is now his home—a home earned by a life of truth, conscientionsness and charity. With thee we sympathize and with thee we pray that Divine consclation descend upon your bereaved heart.

Signed on behalf of the members of Branch 49, C. M. B. A.

W. J. Smith, Rec. Sec.

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Notes.

Among the active branches of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association we note with pleasure that of No. 49, located at Toronto. The membership of this branch number close upon eighty. Its financial standing is excellent, and its officers—from President to Guard—take the warmest interest in its working and progression. A feature of the branch consists in promoting the intellectual as well as the benevolent welfare of its members. The order of business, "good of the association," is usually marked by an instructive lesson given by some attending member. Recently Brother E. J. Hearn gave an interesting description of his travels through a portion of the United States, England, Scotland. Ireland, France, etc., dwelling on special features apper taining to each country, such as the scenery, the architecture, the manners of the people, and other subjects naturally coming under the observation of a traveller. The worthy brother intends at an early date, to give his impressions and observations on the Killarney lakes.

At the last meeting, 27th ult., of the branch.

lakes.
At the last meeting, 27th ult., of the branch, there was read by Rec. Sec. W. J. Smith a paper on the "Early History of Electricity," It is thus seen that branches may do much in an intellectual as well as a beneficent way for their members. Such doing is also in harmony with the C. M. B. A. constitution. We express the hope that other branches will awake to the necessity of striving for self-elevation, in manner indicated, in so far as possible.

C. O. F.

Brantford Courier, Saturday, Dec. 28, 1895.

The Catholic Order of Foresters, Court No. 534, was started in this city on the 25th day of September last, and since its organization here as a Court. the growth of the order has been marvellous indeed. Such has been the etthus asam of the members in regard to its well-being that they decided to give a musical and literary entertainment in their hall, over the Big 22. Colborne street, last evening. To say that the programme rendered was well carried out is putting it mildly. Seldom, if at all, has any better entertainment been given than the one which was presented to an overflowing audience of over four hundred people. In the main hall standing room was at a premium, and all the anter coms were well filled. Chief Ranger P. J. Monahan occupied the chair and gave a hearty welcome to those present, also saying a few words in regard to the order. He then in troduced the following programme:

Columbia Musical Club.

Duet-Pilot Brave. M. Whiting A Saves. Brantford Courier, Saturday, Dec. 28, 1895.

troduced the following programme:

Columbia Musical Club.

Duet — Pilot Brave M. Whiting, A. Savage
Piano solo. Miss Emma Cook
Solo Mr. M. Whiting
Recitation—The Old Flag Miss A. Monahan
Addresses on behalf of the seciety by T.

Brown, J. Powers and Dr. Frank.

Solo—The Tempest. Rev. Father Feeney
Solo—Youman's Wedding Day H. Whiting
Piano solo—Trumpets of War. Misses Zinger
Piano solo—Trumpets of War. Misses Zinger
Quartette—Good Sight Misses Cook and Zinger.

Ger. Messrs, Savage and Whiting.

Solo—Deep in the Mine A. Savage
Columbia Musical Club, an organization

membership of over 37,000 in Canada and the United States. There are 557 courts organized. 57 being in Ontario. It has paid out \$1,800,000 inside of those twelve years in beneficiaries, and to day the order is prospering apace.

Part II., opened with a plano duet, which was splendidly rendered; the parts being well taken. The solo by Mr. H. Whiting, "Yoeman's Wedding Day," was a fecided success, the audience showing their appreciation by loudly calling for an encore. To this here sponded with another good solo, entitled "Tie Bonkey Drive." The quartette. "Good Night," by Miss Cook, Miss Zinger, Messrs. A. Savage and M. Whiting was also well given, the different parts being well taken. The Columbia Musical Club gave another splendid selection. This their last number proved by far their best one. They were loudly encored, responding with another good selection.

At the close, Rev. Father Feeney said a few words, complimenting the audience on hearing such a good programme, and finally tendered a hearty vote of thanks to those present in turning out in such large numbers, and recommending the order to any who may wish to become members. The singing of the National Anthem brought a delightfully spent evening to a close.

Close.

NOTES.

Chief Ranger Monahan made an excellent chairman.
The court by the success of the concert, will not a nice little sum.
The plano used was kindly loaned for the occasion by Mr. W. G. Raymond.
The musleal part of the programme was under the able direction of 'Prof. Zinger, to whom much praise is due.
Rev. Father Feeney surprised those present in his solo. 'The Tempest.' He is possessed of a good bass voice, and did remarkably well.
The only objection that could be raised was the smallness of the hall, there being hardly any room to get standing. The next time it would be better to have the concerts in a much larger hall.
The energetic officers of the court, to whom much of the responsibility of procuring such excellent talent was due, are as follows: C. R., D. J. Monahan, chairman: V. C. R., R. Smit, D. V. C. R., G. Emery; Fin. Sec y, H. Whiting: Sec y, T. E. Convery; Treas. P. Whalen. NOTES.

E. B. A.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

St. Ceclin's Branch, No. 29, West Toronto elected the following officers for 1896:
Chap, Rev. W. Bergin: Pres., J. Walsh; Vice-Pres., E. Rafferty; Rec. Ses., J. Gunng; Fin. Sec., M. Ward; Treas., J. Farrel; Stewards, W. Boylen; Mar., H. McDonald; Ass't Mar., D. Kane; I. Guard, F. O'Neill; O'Guard, J. Rafferty.

St. Patrick's Branch No. 32, Kinkora, elected.

St. Patrick's Branch No. 3°, Kinkora, elected the following:
Chap, Rev. Father O'Neill; Pres., L. Crow
ley; Vice-Pres., W. Guinane; Rec. Sec., T.
E. Brown; Fin. and Ins. Sec. W. Malloy;
Treas., T. Coughlin; Stewards, J. Gallagher
and M. Gant; Mar., T. O'Flynn; Ass't Mar.,
D. Crowley; I. Guard, P. Maboney; O. Guard,
P. Guinane.
W. Lane, S. T.

P. Guinane.

W. Lane, S. T.

We desire to say to our friends of the E. B. A. that we will be pleased to insert letters pertaining to the circumstance which brought about the withdrawal of Circle No. 1, but those letters must be confined to facts and arguments, set forth in becoming language. To bandy hasty words serves no good purpose. When the little storm blows over there will be much to regret if such a style of warfare be entered upon. We cannot be a party to such. Let us have language showing that the brothers of the E. B. A. are actuated by the spirit which is the very corner stone of the organization, and we will give all the space required to adjust the difficulty. In what we have published so far, the discussion has been carried on in the project spirit.

To the officers and members of the E. B. A.

lished so far, the discussion has been carried on in the projet spirit.

To the offilers and members of the E. B. A.:
In the CATHOLIC RECORD of December 28 was published a letter from W. Lane, G. S. T., on authority of the Grand President, re the withdrawal of Circle No. 1, which he claims to be a statement of facts. He says the Executive knew there was a misunderstanding. There certainly was not on our part, as we understood the question quite as well as any member of the Executive ommittee. He says when the Executive met them there was not time to discuss the question, and some left during the President is address, but forgets to state that on three different times the Executive arranged to meet the Circle, but on two of these the Grand Secretary Treasurer was the only one to put in an appearance; and when they did meet us the Grand President was requested to address the meeting early in the evening, but he refrained from doing so until after 11 o'clock p. m., and as we had then listened to the committee for two hours without any sense of justice in their statements we felt that we had endured enough for one evening. We would have called an other meeting had we not received a letter from the Grand Secretary Stating that the Executive had arrived at a unanimous decision. So we considered it would be the height of foily on our part to then arrange another meeting. He says there is no alternative but to carry out the law, but forgets to say that at the last convention the Executive asked for and was granted plenary power during the recess of the Grand President intends to carry out the law and there is no alternative but to carry out the law had of Circle No. 1 will be the means of having the Grand President intends to carry out the law and other Grand Branch officers have violated the law in numerous ways to the detriment of the association in general. If the withdrawal of Circle No. 1 will be the means of having the laws carried out as defined by the constitution what a blessing have we not brought down upon t

FATHER BURKE HAS A WORD TO SAY TO DR. O'HAGAN'S LAST LETTER—"THE BETTER CANADIANS FOR BEING THE BETTER ISLANDERS."

DR. O'IHAGAN'S LAST LETTER—"THE
BETTER CANADIANS FOR BEING THE
BETTER ISLANDERS."

Sir.—Ileft it to Mr. DesBrisay, who is quite
near you, to say to Dr. O'Hagan that he is
certainly an adept at imputing to us just
what he himself has done. But our Ottawa
friend is a man of peace. I am of the Church
Militant, and therefore must decline right
here the "soft impeachment." We were
lectured by the good doctor on narrow provincialism, and told to widen out and be Cana
dian. I can see nothing to make us worse
Canadians in being better Islanders. And,
remember, we did not commence to localiza.
The doctor was the man to undertake that, and
it was only because he did it badly (as to
matter, of course; the manner was admirable)
that we have good humoredly taken him to
task. To divert attention it is common
among those whom the great English master
call "scurvy politicians" to accuse their
opponent of the very little game they themselves were playing; but such protane society
is no place for heaven-born poets, and the
doctor should at once eschew it.

All those American poets, from Miller on
the West to Longfellow on the East, are cited
to no effect either since everybody knows
that each one's State takes a special pride
in being his birthplace, and while, diminish
ing in nowise the national glory, appropriates the greatest share to itself. This is a
veritable paradox. Are the people of
Massachusetts less American for being
peculiarly enthusiastic wherever there is a
question of adding to Longfellow's laurels? And why does Shakespeare's genius;
cast a specially glorious reflection
upon old Strafford-on-Avon? The doctor
will not attempt to argue that the
brave Warwickians were not ever in the
forefront of England's defenders, and equal
sharers in all her triumphs and glories! As
with others, then, so with Mr. DesBrisay and
me—we are none the less Canadian—aye!
P. E. Islanders.

It is undoubtedly true that many of our
clever Islanders like Roache and Schurman
have gone over the borders and become more
American than th

On this score England has never cast aspersion on their name, and they are Ireland's pride to-day. With those good men who have linked flag and fortune together in the United States, then, we have no quarrel, no word even of reproof. Their genius is still ours—as genius transcends all geographical limitation. It is the mercenary busybodies, the Ras Wimans, who go over to the neighboring Republic from Upper Canada will not naturalize although their all is there, and come back at regular periods to stir up strife and unsettle the affairs of this country—in word, to destroy all national life—that writers of prose and poetry should hold up to universal execration. Those men fear the responsibilities of citizenship and would have a tent in every land to skulk to. They have good "stomach for the fight" so long as it is wordy, but no desire to take the poet's assurance of the sweet joy of dying for it—"Dutceet decorum propatria mori."

surance of the sweet joy of dying for it—
"Dutceet decorum propatria mori."

Let us, then, whilst doing our best to cultivate a general admiration for our Canadian poets, as Dr. O'Hagan is doing so commend ably, hold fast to the salutary local pride each one engenders, and we will all be good provincialists and better Canadians. Could we but claim the genial and accomplished doctor, down here in P. E. I., both friend Des Brisay and myself would storm any fort in Christendom ere they should take him from us.

Sincerely yours,
E. A. Burke.

A GENEROUS GIFT.

A GENEROUS GIFT.

It has been learned that the Very Rev. Dean Murray, of Trenton, has signified his intention of donating to St. Columbian's new church the side altars and Stations of the Cross. Father Murray, as he is still affectionately called here, where he labored with splendid results for so many years, has entrusted the preparation of the plans in this connection to the architect of the church, deeming him most competent to make designs harmonizing with the style and symmetry of the sacred editice. These plans, however, will be submitted to Father Murray, who has reserved to himself the right of finally determining the selection of a design, should such be necessary.

The order for the Stations of the Cross was given by Father Murray as early as last July, and a beautiful series of pictures is now being painted in France. It is expected that this portion of Father Murray's splendid gift will be in Cornwall, ready to be placed in the new church, towards the end of Jan., or early in the following month.

The people of Cornwall, long before his departure, had learned to recognize in the reverend gentleman a staunch and unswerving determination to make the Separate schools of Cornwall second to none in the Province, nor is his zeal in the cause of higher education any less strong and genuine than that which he has always evinced for the welfare of our primary and intermediate schools. It will not, therefore, surprise Father Murray's hosts of friends here to learn that he has given another generous donation—the sum of \$3,000—to the new College which the Archbishop of Kingston will have opened in the September of 1896. Old Kingstonians will call to mind that this new educational institution was formerly the building occupied by the Merchants' Bank, which Dr. Cleary purchased for educational purposes.—Cornwall Standard, Dec. 27.

W ALKERVILLE SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

We have much pleasure in publishing the following extracts from the last report of Inspector White on his visit to the Separate schools of Sandwich East, taught by the Sisters of St. Joseph:

"I—The organization is on the whole quite satisfactory. Excellent order is not sent to the sent to the

schools of Sandwich East, taught by the Sisters of St. Joseph:

"I—The organization is on the whole quite satisfactory. Excellent order is maintained. The school buildings are brick, new, of good appearance, and well designed, being complete in all respects. The desks and seats are excellent, single desks of a good pattern. Two class-rooms, with large hall up stairs—airy, neat and cheerful—very suitable, and satisfactorily ventilated. This school has a full supply of globe and maps, all new and of good kind. This is one of the most complete schools in the Inspectorate both as to the planning of the building and the furnishing of all the material required in a well-equipped school. For this great credit is due to the trustees and to the parish priest, Rev. Father Beaudoin, to whose energy and enterprise the success of the undertaking is in great measure due. The standing of the classes is very satisfactory, especially when the many obstacles to the progress of the school are considered. The success of the pupils at the last entrance examination was highly creditable to themselves and to the teachers.

"II.—Organization and discipline, good. School building, new brick, of neat design, well suited to school purposes. Desks and seats, splendid single desks. The blackboards are large and in good position. The class-rooms are large, bright, neat and comfortable. I have not seen a neater or better equipped rural school in a long time: it would, in fact, serve as a model for rural sections. The pupils answered very well, and it is likely that progress will continue to be made in the work of the class."

A SUGGESTION.

Dear Sir — Catholics generally are undoubtedly pleased when they can give information regarding their religion, but opportunity for such seldem occurs. Just now, whilst this passing storm of intolerance in regard to educational matters is disturbing our Protestant neighbors, seems to me to be a very good opportunity of doing some effective missionary work on the part of the laity; and in this regard I would like to offer a suggestion. It is this, viz., that every Catholic family in Ontario receiving a Catholic weekly newspaper upon reading same send it per post to some Protestant neighbor. By this means Protestants who know nothing of our religion or our reasons for demanding separate education may be brought to look upon both these matters in a very different light. In any case we Catholics will have the satisfaction of knowing that we are doing something towards spreading a knowledge of Catholic truth amongst those who live with us, but, alas! know us not, and who so sadly misconstrue our every action.

Faithfully yours,
Augustine.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION.

On the occasion of Miss Somer's leaving St. Peter's school, Glencleg, where she had spent the past three years in close companionship with her beloved pupils, she was presented with a costly and beautiful dressing case, showing the esteem in which the younk alway was held. Miss Somers has been engaged for the coming year in a school in Adjala, and we hope she may win as many hearts in her new home as she won here, where she was respected and loved by both parents and pupils. Below is the address and the reply:

by both parents and pupils. Below is the address and the reply:

Lear Teacher.—We, the pupils of St. Peter's school, Glenele, in roter to show our appreciation of your services as teacher in our school, during the last three years, wish to say that it is with feelings of the deenest gratitude we extend to you out most sincere thanks for the great interest you have taken in our educational welfare. You have taken in our educational welfare, who always had the moral as well as the mental interests of your pupils at heart, and one who is thoroughly devoted to your profession.

As a slight token of gratitude we ask you to accept this dressing case, not on account of its intrinsic value, but as a souvenir from your old pupils.

Hoping you may live long to enjoy it, and that heaven may send its choicest blessings or you, is the earnest wish of us all.

Signed on behalf of the pupils by K. A. Johnson and Agnes McGrade.

REFLY.

My dear pupils and trionds.

son and Agnes McGrade.

My dear pupils and triends — How can I thank you for the kind words you have spoken? and for the beautiful present, of which I feel so unworth? The feelings of gratitude and surprise arising from my heart have almost paralyzed my lips. During the three years of

my stay with you I have always found you good, obedient children, ever ready to fulfil my slightest wish, and I have learned to love you all so much that I fully realize how hard it is to part from the little ones who have won a place in our hearts; and if you have sometimes thought me harsh and unkind, I hope you will forgive me, as it was because I had your welfare so much at heart and could not bear to see you wasting the precious moments at school.

I hope you will all try, my dear papuls, to be submissive and industrious children during the next year, be even more assiduous at your lessons than you have been and with the New Year make good resolutions and try to carry themout, so that you may grow un honorable men and women and useful members of society. I must also thank the parents for the forbearance and sympathy they have always shown with my poor efforts, and I am sure that when in the future I look upon this beautiful gift it will always bring back loving memories of the past and of you all, and in return I would ask a kindly thought so netimes and a remembrance in your prayers for your old teacher and always friend,

OBITUARY.

MRS. O'LOANE, STRATFORD.

MRS. O'LOANE, STRATFORD.

Harriet F. Kiely, wife of James O'Loane, police magistrate of the city of Stratford, died at her home, on the corner of Church and St. David streets on Tuesday, shortly before midnight. She will be buried to-morrow morning at 9:30 o'clock.

In the midst of New Year's festivities it is a sad and painful duty to chronicle the death of one so universally respected and beloved as Mrs. O'Loane was. The news of her death has caused the deepest grief to be felt not merely by her relatives and intimate friends, but by all who had, however slight, an acquaintance with her. She was a good wife and a loving mother. Among the poor and afflicted her name was connected with all that is kind and tender. Many a destitute family mourns her for the motherly care she bestowed upon its members. No house of sickness was too humble to command her ministrations, and no poverty too abject to be accorded her personal attention. Her death is mourned by all classes in the city, for all recognize that one of the best of our women is gone.

is mourned by all classes in the city, for all recognize that one of the best of our women is gone.

For the six months preceding her death Mrs. O'Loane was confined to her bed by a lingering sickness. She grew gradually weaker from day to day, though suffering no pain. Her slow sinking was watched with painful interest by her friends, but in spite of the fact that death was daily and hourly expected for many days before the end came, it was hard to realize their loss until yester day when life passed away. For several Sundays reference was made from the pulpit of St. Joseph's church to the grave sickness of one of the most prominent members of the congregation. Yesterday morning at the New Year's services Rev. Dr. Kilroy announced Mrs. O'Loane's death. He spoke about her excellent qualities and expressed his sense of the great loss the church was sustaining by her decease. Hereferred to her work on behalf of the poor, and paid an eloquent tribute to her memory. The members of the congregation were much affected by his words.

Harriet, youngest daughter of Maurice Kiely, of London, was born in that city fifty years ago. She was a sister of the late Geo. W. Kiely, President of the Toronto Street Railway Company, and of W. T. Kiely, of Goderich, who is well known in financial circles. She was educated in the Sacred Heart convent, New York, the most celebrated convent in America, and there showed her genius for music. She was a pianist of very considerable ability, and won recognition for her proficiency in the art. In August of 1866 she was married to James O'Loane and has resided in Stratford ever sice. They have had ten children, all of whom are living: George, Maurice, William and Harry, of Chicago; Richard, Kenneth and Howard, at home; and Mary and Lily, who are also at home.

Mrs. O'Loane was secretary of the Ladies' Aid. a charitable organization convented

and Harry, of Chicago; Richard, Kenneth and Howard, at home; and Mary and Lily, who are also at home.

Mrs. O'Loane was secretary of the Ladies' Aid, a charitable organization connected with the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and was one of its most valued members. The Ladies' Aid held a special meeting this morning in the Remeo ward Separate school, and instructed the committee to send a letter of condolence to the family of the deceased. A floral wreath will also be sent. The Women's Hospital Aid have sent a floral offering. The deceased was one of the vice-presidents of the Aid.

Mrs. O'Loane won the hearts of all she met by her womanly sweetness of disposition. She was a true friend, and in her comparatively short life did well what she was appointed to do. Her death within a few moments of the flitting of the old year was a fitting one. She died with the resignation that can come only with the consciousness of a life well spent.

The funeral of the deceased will take place to-morrow morning at half pest 9 o'clock. Solemn Requiem High Mass will be celebrated at St. Joseph's. The pall-bearers will be James P. Wcods, county judge; Daniel Maloney, assistant Postoffice Inspector; James Corcoran, bursar of the Mimico Insane Asylum; John Hossie, sheriff of the county; William Buckkingham and D. J. O'Connor.—Stratford Beacon, Jan. 2.

Mrs. John Roche.

MRS. JOHN ROCHE.

Mrs. John Roche.

Mrs. John Roche.

For many weeks did the friends of Mrs. Roche watch and pray that she might be spared some time longer to her family, but despite the many prayerful entreaties, novenas and Masses offered up to the Throne of Mercy for her restoration to health, she quietly passed away, on the morning of the 15th ult., to that better and brighter land where her friends hope to greet her on some bright day. The deceased had been ill for about a year, and during her illness she was a meek and uncomplaining sufferer, bearing the pains of her sickness with marvellous fortitude and patience. She exhibited the courage of the true Christian, bouyed up by that hope and resignation which makes death too serene for sorrow, too beautiful for fear.

Mrs. Roche was the mother of ten children, all of whom survive her, and live to feel the crushing misfortune of a mother's loss, and who in after years may have friends, but never again will have the love and gentleness lavished upon them which none but a mother beging in constant attendance during her illness being in constant attendance during her illness She was well and happly prepared, being in constant attendance during her illness She was well and happly prepared, being in constant attendance during her illness and the large humber in attendance showed the widespead sympathy of the community. The patiek's church, where Requiem High Massas gether in Attendance showed the widespead sympathy and trust the prospect of another meeting and greeting in the hereafter will assuage their grief and afford consolation to their sorrowing hearts.

Mr. John Thornton, Orilla.

will assuage their grief and afford consolation to their sorrowing hearts.

MR. John Thornton, Orillia.

MR. John Thornton, Orillia.

On Thursday morning, 28th December, the mortal remains of Mr. John Thornton were laid to reast in the Catholic cemetery. Seldom does it fall to our lot to chronic le adeath which casts so deep a glori to chronic le adeath which casts so deep a glori to chronic le adeath which casts so deep a glori to chronic le adeath which casts so deep a glori to chronic le adeath which casts so deep a glori to chronic manner.

Mr. John Thornton a partner with his brother Thomas in the Queen's Hotel, Orillia, was a well known citizen honered not only by his townsmen, but held in the highest esteem by the people of the surrounding country. The immense concourse of pupple who assisted at the funeral, despite the lunchent weather, to show the esteem they held for the dead and to extend their sympathy to the reidow and the relatives, proclaim all to have be idow and the relatives, proclaim all to have he idow and the relatives, proclaim all to have he idow and the relatives, proclaim all to have he idow and the relatives, proclaim all to have he idow and the relatives, proclaim all to have he idow and the relatives. The summary with his wife, attended holy Mass and years on Sunday. The same evening he said he felt better than usual. The usual bour for retting was deferred to discuss business and plants the summary with his wife, attended holy Mass and plants was deferred to discuss business and plants was deferred to discuss business and plants was summary and plants. The usual bour for retting was deferred to discuss business and plants was held the process of the process o MR. JOHN THORNTON, ORILLIA.

Rev. J. Lynett preached from the text. "It is appointed unto man once to die and after death judgment." The rev. speaker said we read of death in the papers every day; from time to time we hear of it amongst our friends, but we pay little or no attention to it. At last it comes home to ourselves—it comes to our homes—and then for the first time we realize what an awful thing it is. When the world's history was yet a biank page man sinned and a just God decreed death. Our first parents did not comprehend this decree. It seemed far distant in the misty future, but its sad realization came to them: when the fratractide Cain murdered his brother and purpled his hands in innocent blood, they saw death for the first time and wondered at it. We wonder at them. We should not be surprised at their amazement. The decased lived a consistent Catholic life. The tearful widow and sorrowful relatives do not regard the darkness of the grave, but step across it into the far eternity and standing before the eternal God pray for his soul. Father Lynett appealed to all, both Catholics and Protestants, in Christ-like charity, to say at least. May God have mercy upon his soul. We live in the midst of death and yet do not wish to understand or realize it — but, after death, judgment. We fully appreciate this in its awfulness. The preacher went on to say: We might be, called away as suddenly as he over whose remains he spoke. Will we all be ready to lay down before the angel of death when He calls us; The works of our lives must speak for us. As the Blessed Saviour answered those who came from John, so must we answer. "Go tell him what you have seen and heard must decide our fate for eternity.

The pall-bearers were Messrs. N. Frawley. The works of our lives must speak for us. As the fluenal were fully to my down before the angel of death when He calls us; The works of our lives must speak for us. As the Blessed Saviour answered those who came from John, so must we answer. "Go tell him what you have seen and heard must decide our fate

CARD OF THANKS.

circle of acquaintances. R. I. P.

CARD OF THANKS.

The inmates of Mount Hope Orphan Asylum were certainly not forgotten in the distribution of good things for the Christmas and New Year's festivities. They now return thanks to their kind benefactors, and pray for their hap puness and prosperity during the year now in its beginning. The following list shows the names of the generous friends and the offerings:—Mrs. Ed. Shea, 81 syorth of groceries; Mrs. McClary, 6 turkey Judige Doyle, 60 derich, 80 ; Rev. P. Corcoran, La Salette, 810; Rev. J. T. Aylward Port Lambton, 85; Mrs. Mulkern, Horton street, a turkey and a goose; Rev. D. P. Mc Menalm. Simcoe, 2 turkey, 810; Rev. J. T. Aylward Port Lambton, 85; Mrs. Mikkern, Horton street, a turkey and a goose; Rev. D. P. Mc Menalm. Simcoe, 2 turkey, 810; Rev. St. St. Mrs. M. McGrady, 80; Mrs. Sladie, a box of select raisins; 44r. J. McGrady, 810; Mrs. J. McGrady, 85; Mrs. J. McGrady, 80; Mrs. McGr

A Pleasant Gathering.

Bridgeburg, Ont., Dec. 30, 1895.

ED. CATHOLIC RECORD:

A happy gathering took place at Bertie Hall, the beautiful nome of Mr. P. J. Hiseler, Bridgeburg, on Sunday last. It was a pleasant reunion of the family of the tate Jeremiah Reardon, of Fort Eric, Ont. There were present Mrs. Reardon, widow of the late Jeremish Reardon, her sons bennis, his and daughter Minnie, of Buffalo, Josep Reardon, his wife and Master Peter, of Fort Eric, and William Reardon, of Amigari, Ont. For daughters Mrs. John Mahoney, husband, Mrs. P. J. Hisler, Mrs. John Mahoney, husband, Hisler, Miss and Miss Lizzle Mahoney, of Amigari, Mrs. P. J. Hisler, Miss and family of Buffalo, Josep Reardon, Miss Lizzle Mahoney, of Amigari, Mrs. P. J. Hisler, Miss Mamie Reardon, Miss Lizzle Mahoney and Miss Katy Hisler entertained their parents and grandmam with choice music, somes, etc., appropriate to this festive season. The most happy and pleasant afternoow was only too quickly passed and never to be forgotten. Another magnificent lunch was served at 7 p. m., after which the happy family parted hoping, to meet again, all never days of their lives. Grandmama received many valuable and useful presents from her happy and devoted children. The late Jeremiah Reardon and his wife. Catharine Hurley, were natives of Bandon county, Cork, Ireland, and emigrated to old fort Eric, Ont. way back in the 16%. Wishing the RECORD a happy and prosperous new year,

I remain respectively.

MARKET REPORTS

London, Jan. 9.— Wheat, 63c. per bushel. Oats, 23°2.5 to 24c per bush. Peas, 48 to 51c per bush. Barley, 31°1.5 to 33°4.5c per bushel. Buckwheat, 23°2.5 to 28°4.5c per bush. Rye, 39°1.5 to 44°56 per bush. Corn. 36°2.5 to 33°1.5 to 33°1.

East Buffalo, Jan. 9.— Cattle closed firm; all soid Hogs—Closed a shade easier for light grades, but steady for others. Sheep and lambs—50 cars on sale; only 4 cars Canadas market closed easy for lambs; steady for choice sheep; Canadas sold at \$5 to \$5.20; mostly at \$5.10; fair clearance, but heavy receipts expected next week.

mostly at \$6.10; fair clearance, but heavy receipts expected next week.

DETROIT.

Detroit, Mich., Jan., 1896.—Wheat, No. 2 red, 684c; No. 1 white, 67c; corn, No. 2, 274c; No. 3, yellow 8cc oats, No. 2 white, 20jc; rye, 180c; rye,

white, 16 to 18c: rye, 33 to 35c: peas, 30 to 35c: buckwheat, 25c: barley, 60 to 65 per 190 lbs
Produce.—Butter, 15 to 17c per lb.: eggs, 18 to 22c per doz.; lard, 8 to 9c per pound; honey, 10 to 12 per pound; hay, 812 50 to 816 no per ton; baled, 812 to 816 no for a bush; picked, 75c to 816 no picked, 60 to 75c a bush; picked, 75c to 816 no picked, 60 to 75c a bush; picked, 75c to 816 per bushel; onlons, 25 to 36c per bush; apples, 50c bush of 10 per pushel; apples, 50c per bush; 30c per bushel; 30c per bushel; 30c per bushel; 30c per bushel; 30c per cwt. Live weight, 82.50 to 83, 30c per cwt. 25c bushed; 11c weight, 82.50 to 83, 30c per cwt.; pork, light, 85.50 per cwt.; pushed; say, 84 00 to 84.25; live weight, 85 to 80c per cwt.; mutton, 85 to 85.50 per cwt.; pushed; and 50c per cwt.; pushed; 11c weight, 85 to 85 per cwt.; veal, 85 to 85 per cwt.; pushed; 11c weight, 85 to 85 per cwt.; pound; spring ducks, 8 to 10c per pound; sowlas 8 to 10c per pound; spring ducks, 8 to 10c per pound; gees, 6 to 7c per pound; spring ducks, 8 to 10c per pound; gees, 6 to 7c per pound; spring ducks, 8 to 10c per pound; gees, 6 to 7c per pound; spring ducks, 8 to 10c per pound; gees, 6 to 7c per pound; spring ducks, 8 to 10c per pound; gees, 6 to 7c per pound; spring ducks, 8 to 10c per pound; gees, 6 to 7c per pound; spring ducks, 8 to 10c per pound; gees, 6 to 7c per pound; spring ducks, 8 to 10c per pound; gees, 6 to 7c per pound; spring ducks, 8 to 10c per pound; gees, 6 to 7c per pound; spring ducks, 8 to 10c per pound; spring ducks, 8 to 10

Latest Live Stock Markets.

TORONTO.

TORONTO.

An 9.—Cattle sold this morning at from 2½ to 3½c per pound, with a few picked loss at a shade more. A choice lot of 10, averaging 1,005 lbs., sold at 3½c; 22 cows. averaging 1,1050 lbs. sold at 830 each; 16 cattle, averaging 1,005 lbs. sold at 830 each in 6 cattle, averaging 1,005 lbs. sold at 830 each and 810 back; a mixed lot of 20, averaging 1,009 lbs., sold at 825 60 each; a lot of 15, averaging 1,005 lbs., sold at 825 each; and a lot of 16, averaging 1,000 lbs. sold at 825 each; and a lot of 16, averaging 1,000 lbs. sold at 3½ per pound.

There were 250 sheep and lambs; and lambs were scarce and firmer, ranging from 3½ to 3½c per pound, with an occasional sale at a shade over ½c; lambs are wanted. Sheep are selling at from 2½ to 3c. Calves of choice quality are wanted, and 25 averaging 150 lbs., sold to day at 85.50 each. Not more than five hundred hogs were here, and prices remain unchanged at 85.00 for the best of cars.

PRAISE FOR OUR CHURCH.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE Catholic. So are some of the sublimest sculpture and painting, and much of the best music has been composed by Catholics. With such architecture, art, music, and her liturgy, no wonder that the Roman Catholic Church is so impressive. The Protestants now recognize the fact, and are slowly introducing some of them into their own churches. The Catholic Church appeals to the eye and the other senses with her grand houses of worship, her sublime music, the paintings, the statues. the incense, her pageantry of cere-monial, and her authority speaking

with no uncertain voice.
"I have been among the Catholics and I find two classes—the progressive and the conservative. Some of the most tender hearted, sweetest souls I ever met are in that communion. Their piety so profound, their spirit so selfsacrificing, their unflinching loyalty to God and humanity, to man, were the noblest of traits. Remember Father Damien among the Hawaiian lepers. See the Sisters of Charity and of Mercy administering to the yellow fever victims at Memphis, Tenn., risking their lives to save those of others, and without making any distinction of creed. You find these noble women in the midst of every pestilence, silently struggling to save the life spark of others and often losing their own. They are a credit to their Church and the world.
"I would look upon it as a calamity

if the Catholic Church were disorganized. It would be perilous if she lost her hold on her masses, her 200,000, 000. She has done great, grand service. Like all other institutions she has goodness and infirmities. No other Church can take away her children from her peculiar teaching and no other organizatian could hold Oh for the unity of the spirit bond of peace? May we find in the bond of peace? that peace which the world cannot give and the world cannot take away.



Wonderful Enect.

Sr. Louis, Mo., June, 1893.

I was treated by the best doctors of this and other cities without any relief for ten years suffering, but since I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I have not had a single nervous attack; its effect was wonderful.

CAROLINE FARRELLY.

Finished His Studies.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., August, 1893. BRIDGEFORT, CONN., AUGUST, ISSAIt is about three years since I had the first attack of epilepsy, for which several physicians
treated me unsuccessfully, but advised me to discontinue my theological studies. I was not disappointed by Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, as after using it I finished my studies and am now assistant. I know also that a member of my con-gregation was cured by it.

TH. WIEBEL, Pastor, 357 Central Av.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Dis-cases and a sample bottle to any ad-dress. Poor patients also get the med-leine free.

This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, III. 49 S. Franklin Street, Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle, 6 for \$5 Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9. In London by W. E Saunders & Co.

Branch No. 4, London, Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every 10nth, at 8 o'clock, at their hall, Albion Block. Richmond Street. John Roddy. President; G. Barry, 1st Vice-President; P. F. Boyle. Recording Secretary.

WANTED, A TEACHER FOR SEPARATE school, No. 16, St. Raphael's, holding second or third class certificate. Applican must understand French. Apply. stating salary expected, to T. Fitzpatrick. St. Raphael's, Ont.

Pictorial Lives of the Saints -AND

The Catholic Record or One Year For \$3.00.

The Pictorial Lives of the Saints contains defections for Every Day in the Year. Tag book is compiled from "Buffer's Lives" and other approved sources, to which are added Lives of the American Saints, recently placed on the Calendar or the United State by special petition of the Tagential Saints, recently placed on the Calendar or the Lives of the Saints Canonized in 1881 by Holines Council of Baltimore; and also the Lives of the Holy Family and nearly four himself of the Holy Family and pearly four business of the Holy Family and nearly four himself of the Holy Family and nearly four himself of the Holy Family and pearly four his special bessing to the publishers; and approved by forty Archbishops and Bishops.

The above work will be sent to any of our subscribers, and will also give them credit for a year's subscription on THE CATHOLIO RECORD, on receipt of Three Dollars. We will in all cases prepay carriage.

A LESSON OF

VOLUME

Inspiring Discount St. J. At the Church

gelist last Sunda observed with a The sermon wa Rev. Bishop Kea marks by readi John as containe

to the end of the

In substance,

he had just rea whole Gospel a and that they a whole life and o Apostle. He wr venerable old ag hoary with the hundred years. preserved him a he ascension of years after the B her adopted Son her Divine Son. had passed awa gone, because, a was the precurso of one crying in John the Evange cursor of all the

To the apostol the treasure of and during tha and spread by the God gave specia after them could the apostolic ag come, and St. J. Providence to be between these tw After a brief of tle's work at E Church in Asia,

St. John's old a tent to preach Su same sweet lesson ren, love one ano of his life the pre many things to co also many to mal His heart was con seen the kingdon of joy to St. John between two this sion of the earth same time a caus know that the was assailed by h foolishness.
TO THWART CORE At that time t

influences trying of Christ. One East, the other in East came Panthe Gnosticism. The ored to do away personality of G of persons in the therefore, in the nation. From humanitarianism serted man's self iental influence pared the way for St. John observ

spired him to w Epistles. Persec exile in Patmos, but God had des all ages in order error. Therefore sublime declarati God is, who Chri no foolish man de Let no foolish ma Here the Bisho

ings of the phil after truth, and s light " of God "s the darkness did The truth is offe imposed on him, our reasonable s to the mystery of some length, sho of India and Gree false philosophies nation.

It was owing tween the myster and the adorab Eucharist that Apostle of the fi so much space bodied in the s Gospel, and in hi cumstances accom tion of the Eucha INVIOLABLE AN Among the Ap

said, there were t Peter, St. Paul a St. Peter embe the Church. "" and I will give kingdom of Hear thou shalt bind bound also in he sought to sift you not fail, and the verted, strength "Dost love Me
"Feed My shee