

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

### HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP CLEARY PAYS A PASTORAL VISIT TO KEMPTVILLE.

On Friday, Sept. 1, 1893, Most Rev. James Vincent Cleary, Archbishop of Kingston, went to Kemptville for visitation of the parish and confirmation of the children. Next morning, after celebrating early Mass, he examined the boys and girls in the forms of daily prayer prescribed by him to be committed to memory by all candidates for confirmation. He was attended by the pastor, Rev. Michael McDonald; Vicar-General Gauthier, pastor of Brockville; Dean Masterson, pastor of Prescott; Rev. Morgan O'Brien, pastor of Merrickville, and Archdeacon Kelly, His Grace's Secretary.

On Sunday morning, Sept. 3, the Archbishop celebrated Mass at 7:30 o'clock and presided at the public Mass at 10:30 o'clock, Archdeacon Kelly being the celebrant. At its conclusion a large number of the prominent members gathered around the Archbishop in the sanctuary and presented him with an address of welcome and warm expressions of loyalty to him as their chief pastor, to whom they declared they were indebted for many tokens of kindness and special regard throughout the past ten years. Their address represented in strong terms the complaint of the congregation that a section of the parishioners, had failed to discharge their duty towards God and the Church and had treated their more Catholic neighbors unfairly by persistently withholding payment of their subscriptions towards defraying the cost of their new church. The address appealed to the Archbishop to interpose his authority and constrain those reluctant persons to pay their just share of the cost of the church, and thus enable the pastor to substantially reduce the debt and the annual burden of interest.

### To His Grace the Most Reverend James Vincent Cleary, S. T. D., Archbishop of Kingston.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE:—The honor which you confer on your devoted people of this mission by your distinguished presence amongst them here to-day is one highly prized by each and all.

It is a source of no little satisfaction for us to hear from time to time that the engrossing cares incident to the administration of this large diocese are making no serious inroads upon your health and to see for ourselves, as we do now, that that wonderful vigor of mind and body which have helped you to do such marvels for religion and its institution in this diocese in the past, is still present to aid you for the upbuilding of everything in the future. Our constant prayer shall always be that God may enable you to carry to triumphant issue your every endeavor in behalf of your flock, and that He, in His Providence, may long spare you to us all.

For ourselves we have always been exceedingly gratified to know and now most cheerfully bear testimony to the fact that, amidst your arduous and multifarious duties, Kemptville and its interests—spiritual and temporal—have never been forgotten by you. For this token of affection we warmly and heartily return thanks.

You have come amongst us again for the administration of the holy sacrament of confirmation to the little ones, and for the feeding of the lambs of the flock with the milk of sound doctrine. The grace of the sacraments will strengthen them in our Catholic faith with that fortitude that fears not to face suffering, or even death itself, for the cause of Christ; and from the words of wisdom which you shall speak in the name and by the authority of God, they, and we, their parents, shall receive courage and consolation for the future.

You have come not only for the imparting of the gifts of the Holy Spirit to our children, but also in pastoral visitation and out of solicitude for our material prosperity and the financial condition of this mission, and this encourages us to say a word in that connection.

First the tribute of our deepest gratitude is due, and shall be ever paid, to our good pastor, the Rev. Father McDonald, who has labored with untiring energy in the building of this beautiful temple in which we are now assembled and in the liquidation of the debt which rests so heavily upon it. For the past twelve years he has been active, earnest and zealous in the collection of monies for this building; but notwithstanding all his endeavors and the cheerful assistance of a considerable proportion of his congregation; much remains yet to be done. The majority have ever contributed in an unstinted and generous manner to God's house; the minority—we say it with regret—enjoying the same consolations and the same spiritual benefits in this holy house, have been entirely forgetful of their duty toward God's Church and their fellow-Catholics.

We leave it to the wisdom and prudence and authority of Your Grace to regulate this matter, at the same time assuring you that you can always count on the willing obedience and cheerful co-operation of those in whose behalf we speak.

Again thanking Your Grace for the

honor of your visit and the many benefits ensuing therefrom, we ask your blessing upon ourselves, our families and this mission.

Signed on behalf of the congregation,  
Robert McGehey, M. Roach, John O'Neil, Timothy Deegan, John Slavin, M. M. Loughlin, John Shields, Wm. O'Dair, John Whalen, John Sweeney, Owen Shea, Edward O'Dair, John Sheridan, P. Higgins, John Cassidy, John Murphy, Th. Burns and M. Gaffney.

The Archbishop promised to advert to this subject in his address to the congregation after administering the sacrament of confirmation. Meanwhile he spoke to the children for a good half hour on the nature of this sacrament and the heavenly gifts conferred by it, and the discipline of piety whereby these precious treasures of grace are to be preserved and made fruitful of sanctification throughout their whole lives. He instructed the parents upon the primary duty of guarding the children against the various dangers to which youth is exposed in this age and country, laying special stress upon fidelity to the morning prayers, the evening Rosary to be recited by the whole family together, regular attendance to Sunday's Mass and frequent reception of the sacraments of penance and the Blessed Eucharist. He warned the parents to be most careful to exclude from their homes bad books and bad newspapers that tend to corrupt the spirit of religion and piety in the youthful mind, and too frequently contain impure matter that defiles the soul and the thoughts and destroy innocence by lascivious stories. He exhorted them to provide a few good books, instructive and entertaining, and also a good weekly Catholic paper, for the food of their children's minds, and to have something good and useful read in the family every evening. He earnestly exhorted them to cultivate family affection by keeping their children close to them and dealing kindly with them, so that the children may come as they grow up to love the society of their parents and prefer to spend their evenings in their own home rather than anywhere else. These family affections are the strongest bonds of life, which time or distance cannot dissolve, and most frequently serve to restrain young people from evil ways when religious influences would be ineffectual. He laid special charge upon the mother of the family to give effect to his instructions in regard of domestic life, and bade all mothers to remember continually the short, forcible admonition of the Apostle St. Paul, "The woman shall be saved by the bringing up of her children."

The Archbishop then explained the two pledges he had exacted from the children the previous day, *viz.*, 1. That they will all attend the catechism class in the church every Sunday of the ensuing year; and, 2. will abstain from tasting alcoholic drink of any kind whatever until they shall have completed their twenty-first year of age. He pointed out the benefits sure to follow from the observance of these two pledges, and called upon the parents to co-operate with him and the local pastor in securing the children's fidelity to these promises. In reference to the temperance pledge the Archbishop spoke plain and homely truths to the fathers and mothers, appealing to their own interests in this life as well as to their Christian duty towards their children as strong, practical inducement to rear up their little ones in the ways of strict sobriety whereby their virtue will be protected against a thousand dangers, and their bodily health, their character amongst their neighbors, their peace and happiness in the family and in society, and their whole life's prospects and hopes of success will be insured. Here again he dwelt upon the powerful influence of domestic affection and the love of home in the cultivation of this virtue of temperance and the exclusion of the many perils and temptations that beset young men who ramble abroad and prefer the company of strangers to that of their family. He most urgently entreated all fathers to avoid as much as possible sending their boys into the towns and cities far away from their own supervision, thus exposing them to casual acquaintance with the bad fellows that unhappily are too numerous in every city and town, and whose association is enough to corrupt a good boy in a single hour, and whose favorite place of resort is usually the drinking house.

The Archbishop then proceeded to administer the sacrament of confirmation to thirty-five females and thirty males, after which he again addressed the congregation and devoted a considerable time to the subject of the debt lying against the church and the practical methods to be adopted for its gradual liquidation. He dealt vigorously with the defaulters, holding up before their eyes a paper on which their names, numbering forty, were written. He emphatically declared their duty and urged it upon them in most earnest manner, pointing out how unjust and ungrateful they have been in refusing to our Lord Jesus Christ the tribute He demands from them for His temple, which is only a very small proportion of the material goods they have received from His

bounty. He warned them that they are entirely dependent upon Him for their life and health and all whatsoever they possess or hope to acquire in the future. He must get what he demands, and if they continue to dishonor Him He will dishonor them and make them know and feel that He is their Sovereign Lord and King. If they do not give willingly what is His due He has a thousand ways of taking it from them, and He will surely take it in His own time. Some of those men did not subscribe for anything towards the church, although they have abundant means. Several others subscribed \$50 or more, but have paid only \$10. This is absolutely unjust towards their fellow-parishioners who started the building on the basis of the subscription list and are now left to pay the cost without the promised monies. These men must be extremely mean, for they ask their Catholic neighbors to pay their share for them, in addition to their own, and at the same time take the advantage out of this church and its sacred services equally with the Catholics who have paid their full share. What self-respect can these men have? or what consideration have they for their wives and children who are made to blush and hang their heads in shame when they hear their family taunted with this misconduct, and stigmatized as the black sheep of the parish, the dishonor of the Catholic religion, the unjust neighbor that imposes on his fellow-parishioners the necessity of paying his share for him towards the cost of the church. The Archbishop appealed to the wives and mothers of the families of those men to be true women and maintain their honor and their self-respect by insisting that their stain shall rest no longer on them and their children, and if their unworthy husbands persist any longer in withholding from the Lord Jesus Christ what He demands of them, to exercise their own rights on this matter, and do that which their bad husbands criminally refuse to do. For, said the Archbishop with great emphasis, the mother of the family is guardian of the honor of the family, no less than the father; she has rights over the family substance equally with the father, notwithstanding the arrangement of the civil law that gives the father the control and management of the family property; and, moreover, it very often happens that the property has been acquired and preserved and improved by the mother's toil and industry and prudent administration of affairs much more than by the labors of her husband, who is sometimes a worthless man, more of a burden than benefit to his family.

Before terminating the services in the church, His Grace called upon the children and the entire congregation to kneel down and offer prayers with him for the following intentions:

1st. The Divine blessing upon his own labors as chief pastor of this diocese, that God may direct him what to do for the people everywhere and how to do it; what to say to them according to the requirements of each mission, and how to say it effectively; and in all things to accomplish the will of God, who sent him to the people of this country; for it is not he who planteth nor he who watereth, but God that giveth the increase.

2nd. For your local pastor, Father McDonald, who abides in the midst of you, watering what I plant, and making the good seed of God's word fructify in your souls unto holiness of life on earth and eternal glory hereafter. He labors assiduously for you, for the young and old, the sick and strong. He has shown how full of priestly spirit he is, how zealous and untiring in his efforts for your welfare. You know how much he has undergone in bringing your magnificent church towards completion. The examination of the children yesterday gave evidence of the assiduous care he has bestowed on them. Let us ask the Almighty God to bless him and his ministry in the future as in the past.

3rd. For the parents, that God may inspire their hearts to fulfill their whole duty towards their children as I have directed them and to bless them with their children, and their children with them, for the temporal and eternal welfare of all the families.

4th. For the souls of all the faithful who have departed from this life out of the several families of this parish.

5th. That God may give and preserve the fruits of the earth, arranging the showers and sunshine so as to mature the crops and save them for the remuneration of the husbandman's industry and toil and the general prosperity of the people.

6th. For the defaulters who have hitherto denied to Jesus Christ the small tribute He demands of them for His Church out of the substance of worldly goods He of His bounty has bestowed upon them, that their hearts may yield to the spirit of grace and may see and willingly fulfill their duty towards our blessed Lord and Saviour and their own families and their honest Catholic neighbors, against whom they are now doing a manifest injustice.

We are glad to welcome to the Palace and Kingston Rev. Father Carson, who has for some years been stationed in

Prescott. Father Carson has always been a welcome visitor in Kingston. He is an active and energetic priest whose assistance will be of great benefit and who will supply the places of those who have gone from us. We trust Father Carson's health will keep pace with his energy, and that he may have a pleasant as well as useful sojourn among his scores of friends and admirers in Kingston.—*Kingston Freeman.*

## AT WINCHESTER.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD.  
His Lordship paid a visit to Winchester on the 4th inst. for the purpose of holding confirmation. He was accompanied by Revs. Twomey, Kelly and Dean Gauthier. On arriving at the station they were met by Rev. Dean O'Connor, Pastor, and a large crowd of parishioners, who escorted them to the church, where His Grace was presented with a suitable address. His Grace made an appropriate reply, which was highly appreciated by the people, after which he entered into full discussion of the affairs of the parish. His speech was excellent and the words of advice tendered made a great impression on those present. He administered confirmation on the 5th, at which a large crowd attended, and his exhortations had a salutary effect on all present. The venerable Archbishop looks well, and we hope God will spare him long life to administer the affairs of the Archdiocese. His anxiety for the paternal care of his people is plainly perceptible in all his utterances. The people were rejoiced to see once more the familiar face of our worthy Archbishop among us.

On Tuesday evening the Chesterville band, composed of Protestants with one exception, paid a dignified compliment to His Grace. The band serenaded him at the residence of Dean O'Connor, playing several beautiful pieces of music. His Lordship came to the platform and made a humorous and complimentary speech, and stated that he was glad to see harmony established in the community among the several denominations. This mark of respect by the band is characteristic of the good fellowship which prevails among Catholics and Protestants.

His Lordship's visit to Winchester has been productive of a great deal of good. Peace, concord and harmony accompany his footsteps.

## SUCCESSFUL CONCERT AT PICTON.

On the 5th inst. a very successful concert was given in the new St. Gregory's Church, Picton. The chief features of the evening were the singing of Mrs. Widdifield, Misses N. Reynolds, of Toronto, Redmond and Wafer and Messrs. Burke and Ledmond. The piano accompaniments were well played by Mrs. Burke, Misses Ledmond and Hadden. Messrs. Meyerre and Tully carried off the honors in the instrumental part of the programme. Messrs. Meyerre's accompaniments were especially pleasing. The Picton Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Meyerre, deserves great praise for their excellent music. The choir of St. Gregory's Church rendered several selections in a very creditable manner. Father McDonald is to be congratulated upon such an auspicious opening.

## MAISONNEUVE'S MEMORY.

### Montreal to Honor it by the Erection of a Monument.

Boston Republic.

On the day when all over this country the American workmen were celebrating their annual holiday, the citizens of Montreal attended a ceremony which, possessing an interest for all the residents of that city, had an especial attraction and significance for the Catholic population, which far outnumbered all other elements of the town's inhabitants. The ceremony in question was the laying of the foundations of a monument which Montreal is erecting to the memory of Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, who took such a prominent part in the foundation of the populous and beautiful city which now stands beside the great St. Lawrence where the Ottawa empties its waters into that stream, and is the largest of the cities in the Canadian Dominion.

Sieur de Maisonneuve, a Frenchman, as his name sufficiently indicates, after having served his king for twenty years with rare fidelity, and shown himself a man of high purposes and noble aspirations, was in 1642 sent out to establish a colony on the island of Montreal, and sailed in the summer of that year from the port of Rochelle. On their arrival at Quebec, efforts were made to detain the newcomers at that place, and it was represented to them that it would be folly for them to venture up the river, beset as its banks were with hostile Indians, who would not fail to attack any colonists that might intrude on their lands. Maisonneuve was too much of a soldier, though, to be deterred by such representations, and as his instructions were to establish his colony at Montreal, thither he led his associates, after spending the winter at Quebec, and May, 1643, saw their arrival on the chosen island, where Maisonneuve felled with his own hands the first tree in the place

selected for the settlement. The new colony was a thoroughly Catholic one. Its first acts on reaching the site of the settlement were religious ones. An altar was upreared, and Mass celebrated by Father Vimont, and from that day, May 18, 1643, the blessed sacrament has, to quote a writer on the subject, "always been reserved in Ville Marie," which was the name the colonists gave to their settlement.

### BEFORE THE SNOW FELL.

the colony was well under way; a spacious clearing had been made; rude residences and a chapel had been erected, and additions had been made to the number of the colonists by the arrival of friends and acquaintances from France.

The predictions of the people of Quebec that the Indians would be certain to oppose the new settlement, were speedily verified. The summer had hardly begun before some Iroquois and Hurons attacked the colonists, and besides killing a number, carried others into captivity; and Maisonneuve and his companions found it necessary to lay down the axe and take arms against the savages. Many desperate encounters took place; every man became a soldier as well as a settler, and the city was in a constant state of siege, the vast number of the Indians enabling them to encircle it on all sides, and to render hazardous in the extreme all out-goings on the part of the white men. In fact the Indians besieged the place so closely that it was impossible for outsiders to approach it, and when the people of Quebec, anxious for the fate of the venturesome settlers, sent a small vessel up the river to learn tidings of them, it came back with word that in probability the colonists had entirely perished, since there were no signs of life to be seen on the island.

The colonists survived, however, despite the many and desperate assaults the Indians made on the settlement. Maisonneuve, who was recognized as the governor of the island, was indefatigable in his labors for its welfare, and performed prodigies of valor in his encounters with the savages. Time and again he repulsed the Iroquois when they attempted to carry the place by assault; and at other times he would sally forth and attack the besiegers.

### COMPELLING THEM

to take to flight and leave the settlers in comparative peace for a while. The persistence with which the Indians returned to harass the settlers finally induced Maisonneuve to organize a military company for the defence of the town, and in 1653 he issued this proclamation to the inhabitants: "We, Paul de Chomedey de Maisonneuve, governor of the Island of Montreal and the land thereupon dependent, according to information furnished us from divers localities, that the Iroquois design to capture this habitation by force or by surprise, and the help promised by his majesty not yet arriving, have deemed it our duty, in consideration that this island belongs to the Blessed Virgin, to invite and exhort all those who are zealous in her service to enroll themselves together by squads of seven each; and having chosen a corporal by plurality of votes, to report themselves for enrollment in our garrison, and in this capacity to obey our orders for the salvation of the country."

In response to this invitation seventy-two men offered their services to the governor, who named them "Soldiers of the Blessed Virgin," and, assuming command of them in person, assigned to each band of seven the duty of patrolling the settlement a week in turn, in order to guard against surprises and to summon the others in the event of an attack. Ten years later Maisonneuve reorganized this little band of heroic defenders, naming them then "the militia of the Holy Family," and their numbers had increased to double their original strength. Major Zachary Dupuis was appointed their commander, and of his militia the late lamented Dr. Shea wrote as follows in the *Age Marie* three years ago: "This body was singularly protected. For three years it was constantly in service, and formed the real protection of Ville Marie; and in all that time it only lost five killed and three captured by the enemy. One taken by the Iroquois raised his soul in prayer to Our Lady, putting all

### IN HIS HOPE OF DELIVERANCE

in her intercession with God. He was hurried off toward the Mohawk country, and at night was securely bound. In the darkness an Algonquin war party surrounded the Iroquois camp and attacked it furiously. A fierce struggle ensued between the Algonquin chief and the Mohawk leader, who was a noted brave; but the Algonquin cut him down. Most of the Mohawks fell, and the soldier of the Holy Family, fettered to the ground, beheld the struggle, unable to aid his rescuers. When the Mohawks were all killed, routed or taken, he was discovered by the Algonquins, and on his calling out that he was a Frenchman he was delivered from his bonds. These were soon cut, and falling on his knees he poured forth a fervent prayer of thanksgiving."

Two years after he had reorganized his militia for the defence of the settlement Maisonneuve was unjustifiably

relieved of his governorship, in consequence of charges preferred against him by his superior at Quebec, with whom the Montreal commander could never agree; which official had represented to France that Maisonneuve was incompetent for the important post which he occupied. The absurdity of this charge should have been apparent to the French officials, for the mere fact that Maisonneuve had repelled the repeated attacks of the Indians on Montreal, and had so organized the settlers that everything was then going on admirably, should have convinced them that he was the right man in the right place. Intrigue and calumny, however, prevailed against him, and, without a murmur, he resigned his command to his successor, gave up his official residence on St. Paul street, and, setting up all his affairs at Montreal, returned to Paris, where he passed the rest of his days in quiet and obscurity. His name has never been forgotten, though.

### IN THE CITY FOR WHICH

he did so much in the earlier years of its existence, and now, two centuries and a half after the time when he led the first colonists to Montreal, its citizens are about to honor his name and memory by the erection of a shaft, the foundations of which were the other day laid, and which will proclaim his virtues and achievements to all visitors to the city of his love.

Maisonneuve's successor at Montreal was M. de Tracy, a French marquis, who arrived in 1665, and brought with him the assistance which his predecessor had vainly endeavored to obtain from the home government for the defence of the infant colony. With the aid of the French regiment of soldiers that accompanied him, the new governor had little difficulty in driving away from Montreal the Indians who had hitherto given the settlers so much trouble. Forts were erected for the better protection of the city, and the place soon began to grow commercially and to give promise of the importance which it has since attained. The Marquis de Tracy was the French governor who sent Captain de La Motte down to Lake Champlain and ordered him to erect a fortress on the island which has since borne his name, and which the French occupied for nearly a century, during which period Catholic services were held there by the chaplains of the French forces.

Montreal's subsequent growth was rapid. The Sulpicians, under whose auspices the first settlement was made, soon opened a seminary there, and the Hospital Sisters subsequently established their famous Hotel Dieu. In 1658, seven years before Maisonneuve was so cruelly relieved of his command, Rome sent to Canada her first Bishop in the person of Francis de Laval, de Montmorency, the cause of whose beatification has been introduced at Rome, and his arrival gave a new impetus to religion in the rising settlements. In 1675 the famous Church of Our Lady of Good Help was built, from whose towers blazed the beacons which guided the boatmen by night on the river, which

### THE SHRINE OVERLOOKED

and which served the Hospital nuns for a refuge in the fire that destroyed their convent early in the following century. The same year, 1675, another church dedicated to the blessed patroness of Montreal rose at La Prairie, across the river, and in 1696 still another shrine in her honor was dedicated, under the title of Our Lady of the Visitation.

Montreal and the territory around it remained subject to the bishops of Quebec up to 1821, when Dr. Lartigue was consecrated and placed over the churches of the district. His administration lasted until 1840, when he was succeeded by his coadjutor, the saintly Bishop Bourget, during whose incumbency of the See the Church made gigantic progress on the island where Maisonneuve located his settlement two centuries and a half ago. Dr. Bourget resigned his archdiocese in 1876 into the hands of its present worthy prelate, Monsignor Fabre, who had been his coadjutor for three years previous to that date; and under his able guidance religion is constantly advancing in the old city of Ville Marie and the district around it that is subject to his jurisdiction. The city is oftentimes styled yet by the name which Maisonneuve and the first settlers loved to call it; the Hotel Dieu, founded in their day, still retains its old appellation, and the Hospital nuns are yet in charge of the institution. It is eminently fitting, though, that the city which he served so long and well in the days when it first struggled for existence, should, now that it has celebrated its quarter millennial, honor with a monument the memory of Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve.

The Right Rev. John J. Hogan, D. D., the first and present Bishop of Kansas City and St. Joseph, Mo., celebrated the silver jubilee of his consecration on Sept. 13. His friend for more than forty years, Archbishop Feohan, of Chicago, preached on the occasion. The Archbishop is making a return of kindness, as Bishop Hogan delivered the sermon at his installation in Chicago thirteen years ago.

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER XII.

"WILL YOU WALK INTO MY PARLOR? SAID THE SPIDER TO THE FLY."

"Touch the goblet no more— I will make thy heart sore To its very core! Its perfume is the breath Of the Angel of Death. And the light that within it lies Is the flash of his evil eyes. Beware—oh! beware! For sickness, sorrow and care— All are there!" —Longfellow.

The month of September is drawing to a close, and Katie Mackay is still in the service of Mrs. Royson. But what is the change which has come over her?—for a change there is most certainly. Look at her, as she sits idly, with her arms crossed, on one of the farm-house doorsteps, a basket of stockings, all waiting to be darned, reposing unheeded by her side. What is she about?—what makes her look so dull, so dispirited? and why is she neglecting her work, with which she is already sufficiently behind-hand?

The fact is—Katie, ever since her unfortunate meeting with Jeanie Kerr, has been growing more and more dissatisfied with the thralldom of service. Jeanie has, it is true, made several ineffectual overtures to her; but Katie, while resisting them, has done so with slackened energy. Although she has no desire to be again as she was formerly, she has too easily persuaded herself that there can be no harm in taking a little more amusement.

Towards the beginning of September, however, Jeanie, with all her set, disappeared suddenly from Glasgow. This departure, while removing Katie for a time from dangerous influences, had by no means left her in safety. She became irritable, moody, and at times exceedingly careless over her work; nor was even Steenie's devoted attention able to distract her silly little heart from the foolish fancy after which, ever since the accident with Cameron, it had gone roving. She had seen him again—more than once too—with Jeanie. He had flattered her by his very marked display of admiration—had even offered to "treat" her to the theatre,—that temptation had been a very great one—so great that she had almost yielded to it. Poor Katie!—she could not forget that it was the last chance she had had, for after her refusal she did not see him again, and she believed that he was irretrievably affronted, and would never speak to her any more.

"I dinna ken what this that's come ower ye, lassie," says Mrs. Royson's voice behind her, speaking in a high tone of displeasure; "ye're no the same lassie at a' that ince ye war. Ye are that idle I's no intendin' to put up wi' it nae mair. I sud like fine to ken wha's to do the work o' the hoose if ye sit like an idle quean a-speerin' intil the heavens?"

An angry flush mantles in Katie's cheek, but upon hearing her mistress's voice she rises silently.

"What's the matter wi' ye, lassie? Ye're daein' naethin' at a'," pursues Mrs. Royson, still very irate.

"I've wearied," responds Katie, briefly.

"Hoots! lassie, ye've had naught to weary ye; ye're just idle. But I can tell ye a' thing, an' that's it's nae guid ye're sae muckle ta'en up wi'—ye'd best min' yersel', Katie!"

Off hurries Mrs. Royson, while Katie slowly takes up the neglected stockings.

Later on in the evening she has to go into Glasgow—one of the children is ill, and the doctor has ordered some physic, which must be had from the town before night. Katie is sent on the errand, with many reiterated recommendations from her mistress not to loiter on the road, but to return as quickly as possible.

Off starts Katie, nothing loath to enjoy the air; it is infinitely more amusing to be walking into Glasgow than to be employed over indoor avocations especially on a beautiful September evening.

Having obtained the medicine from the chemist, and loitered just a very little, looking in at the shop windows, Katie turns her face homewards, and has almost cleared the town when, coming towards her from the opposite direction, she beholds the well-known figure of Jeanie Kerr, alone, and walking hurriedly, looking eagerly about her, as though she were expecting to meet some one on the way.

Now Jeanie has seen Katie before Katie sees her, but for some reason best known to herself, Jeanie pretends not to observe her, and actually brushes past Katie, with her head turned away.

Shall she let her pass? The thought flashes through Katie's mind, but, alas! she pays no heed to it, and, turning at once upon her heel, she calls out, hesitatingly—

"Jeanie!"

"Katie!" responds the other instantly, with a well-feigned start of surprise.

"Did ye no see me?" inquires Katie.

"Eh, as saro as I live I didna. Gin ye didna believe me, ye can ax yer mistress if I didna gang out to seek ye at the farm."

"What's this yer wantin'?—what garred ye gang out to seek me? I didna ken ye were in Glasgie, Jeanie."

"Och! lassie, dinna put yersel' aboot—it's no me that's wantin' ye. Yer mither is lyin' awfu' bad, an' she's aye cryin' efter ye. Ye surely wanna be sae hard-haired as no to gang till her yince mair!"

"Me mither! What ails her, Jeanie?"

"She's sick—just awfu' sick,—an' like to dee. I dinna ken if ye will be in time to get seein' her, but, purr body! she gies us nae peace. Maggie's clane demented wi' her; it's aye Katie she's cryin' efter. Ye'll surely no refuse to come an' see her, an' her sae sick?"

"I didna ken," begins Katie, in a sorely perplexed voice. "I's feart I'll no can win till her. Whaur's my mither bidin'?"

"No in Glasgie—she's in Edinbury. It'll no tak' ye lang, lassie, gin ye've a mind to gang. We'll get a train the night, an' ye wad be hame airly the next mornin'—its jist chappit seven. Wull we catch the eight o'clock train?"

"Na, na," answers Katie, with a decided shake of the head. "I daurna gang wantin' Mistress Royson's leave. I maun gang hame an' ax her can she do wantin' me."

"I tell her yer mither war sick—she wull ken fine whaur ye're gaun. Och! Katie, didna be sae crabblie. Gin ye didna haste ye'll be owre late, ye'll no win to see yer purr mither alive. Tak' me advice noo, ah' come richt awa'!"

Katie hesitates; she does not really care much about her mother, whom she has not seen for many years, but her naturally warm heart cannot bear the thought that her mother should be dying and calling after her in vain. Still she knows that to go away with Jeanie, without her mistress's leave, will be tantamount to losing her situation. Mrs. Royson will never be persuaded to look over such a liberty—especially in her present dissatisfied frame of mind. Turned out of her place, where can she go? She will be once more adrift upon the wide world, for Mrs. Royson, if very angry, will probably refuse to give her a character, and Katie is not prepared to face such consequences. The result of these reflections is, that Katie, after a very short demur, answers resolutely.

"I's no gaein' wi' ye, Jeanie; ye needna gang for to try to get me persuaded. Ye can gang awa' back till Edinbury, an' tell me mither that maybe I'll get a day to mysel' afore lang; sae guid night to ye, Jeanie; an' I's muckle obliged to ye for yer trouble."

With this Katie turns away abruptly, and, deaf to any further remonstrances from Jeanie, sets off at a quick run towards home. Long before reaching it, however, she has made up her mind to ask for a holiday, that she may go and see her mother. Mrs. Royson will surely not refuse so reasonable a request; and Katie feels quite certain that it is her duty to make it. If possible she will get leave for the following day—it will be better, so thinks Katie. Jeanie will not expect her so soon, and will not be looking out for her. She can go by an early train, have several hours in Edinburgh, and be back in plenty of time early in the evening.

Mrs. Royson makes no objection to the proposal, but instantly accedes to Katie's request. She is a good-hearted woman, and her warmest sympathies are aroused by the mention of the sick mother. She only stipulates that Katie shall on no account prolong her absence beyond the evening.

Katie promises faithfully, and by daybreak she is up, ready to start. There are several things to be done before she can get away, and to her extreme annoyance, in spite of all her hurrying, she misses the first train into Edinburgh. She then remembers, too, that Jeanie Kerr did not give her her mother's address. This is a most perplexing discovery—what can she do? She does not know where the Kerrs are living; and even had she done so, the going to them was the very danger she had desired to avoid. Katie feels inclined to sit down and have a good cry. Everything seems to be conspiring against her—she has tried so hard to do well, to keep out of bad company, she has resisted so much temptation already, and now, the only course left to her is to try and find out the Kerr's address from Steenie Logie. He knows where they live—Katie remembers having heard him say so on one occasion when, in his presence, they had been the subject of conversation between herself and Lizzie.

So she turns reluctantly away from the station, and retraces her steps towards the street in which the Logies live. Lizzie has already gone to work, and Steenie is (so his mother informs Katie) busy down on the quay. He belongs to one of the steam-packets that this is his day for Belfast—he is always absent three days each week, and he has left the house scarcely "half an hour syne," remarks Mrs. Logie, with a distrustful glance at Katie, to whom she has taken a somewhat unjust dislike; "he'll no be back afore Saturday—ye needna come speerin' efter him lassie."

"Och! botheration! It's nae yer son I's wantin'," Mistress Logie, answers Katie impatiently; "didna fash yer heid aboot that, wumman. It's jist something I wad like to ken, and I thought, maybe, he might hae told me. An' I wull hae it too, in spite o' the auld boss!" continues angry Katie, with a toss of her pretty little head, as she sets off down the street towards the Broomielaw, where she thinks she will have a chance of finding Steenie.

She is right in her conjecture, for the boat does not leave for the next

two hours, and Steenie is quietly smoking his pipe on the quay, close to the place of embarkation. Katie wishes that his mother could have seen his start of pleasure, and the sudden rush of color which the sudden sight of her calls forth into his honest countenance. The pleased expression, so soon as he learns Katie's errand, however, gives place to one of extreme dismay, and Steenie's brow darkens with a cloud of distrust.

"Ye're surely no awa' to Edinbury, Katie? What's this ye are wantin' wi' the Kerrs? It's surely no possible ye are gaein' to visit them!"

"Deed and I wull," says Katie obstinately; "an' I wad like fine to ken wha's I's wantin'—it's my mither, Maister Steenie Logie!"

"Eh, Katie, lassie, didna be so crabblie. Ye ken fine it's no interferin', ye ken fine what I wad say gin I might; but I beg o' ye didna hae dealin' wi' them Kerrs. Ye sud ken best yersel' what ken o' fowk they are."

Steenie's tone is almost beseeching, and its tenderness is unmistakable. Katie is touched, but determined not to show it.

"Dinna bother, Steenie; it's nae the Kerrs I's wantin'—it's my mither. Here Katie recounts what the reader already knows, but Steenie seems by no means reassured.

"I cud swear it's a lee, Katie. Ye canna trust they Kerrs—they are deceivin' ye, I cud take me oath till't."

"Ye didna tell me ye ken them sae weel," says Katie, with a saucy, sly glance up at Steenie's flushed face.

"Dear me, Maister Steenie," she continues scornfully, "it's weel seen ye've had muckle to do wi' em yersel'."

"Bide a wee, Katie," answers Steenie emphatically; "I can assure ye ye're rash judgin' me. I yince ken that fella Cameron—to my cost, as I telt ye afore—but for they Kerrs, I niver keppt company wi' ony o' them."

"Hoo ken ye whaur they bided?" inquires Katie briskly.

"Ye havena gi'en me time to tell ye, lassie," replies Steenie reproachfully. "It war a' thru' yon Cameron I happint to hear tell o' it. He grippit haid o' me airn ae evenin', an' wad hae had me gang along wi' him, to some place o' amusement. I wadna gang wi' him, Katie, sae he went on awfu' at me, and ca'd me for a' the fules in Glasgie; an' he gi'd me, wad ony invitation, the address whaur I wad find him in Edinbury gin me mind chang'd it. That's hoo I kennt whaur they Kerrs bided."

"I's no heedn'," answers Katie, with an ill-assumed indifference, for the mention of Cameron has set her heart beating more quickly than usual.

"But haste ye, Maister Steenie. I havena ony mair time to waste. I maun be off. It's no lang I's gotten to get seein' my purr mither. Wha kens if I wull fin' her alive?"

"Wha kens if the story be true?" says Steenie anxiously. "They Kerrs—"

"Wull ye haud yer tongue, Maister Steenie? It's nae yer advice I'm askin'. Can ye no gie a coevil answer, mair? D'ye ken whaur the Kerrs bide, or d'ye no ken?"

"Fine I ken it; but I's no willin' to gie ye, Katie Mackay."

"Siccan impudence!" says Katie, now thoroughly angry. "Weel, then, I wish ye guid mornin', Maister Steenie Logie, an' ye'll no catch me askin' a favor frae ye o' mair."

Poor Steenie! it is hard for him, and no wonder if his anxiety to please Katie gets the better of his prudence. He watches her retreating figure for a few seconds, but, when she is about to turn round the corner of the street, he utters a hasty exclamation, and a few rapid strides bring him alongside of her.

Katie turns upon him fiercely, her eyes full of angry defiance.

"Hoo daur ye follow me that gate? Did I not telt ye I wad hae me mair to do wi' ye? Gang yer ain ways an' dinna fash yersel' aboot me."

"Och! Katie, yer dear Katie!" begins Steenie, with entreating humility, but the indignant young lassie interrupts him sharply.

"Hoo daur ye, hoo daur ye? I'll be obliged to ye in the future to mind yer ain affairs."

"Eh, Katie, didna look sae disdainfu'. I ken fine I've nae business to be interferin', but hoo ony respectable lassie like yersel' can hae ony dealin' wi' they Kerrs!—weel, weel! But I'll no say a word mair aboot it, an' gin ye maun ken whaur they bide, I'll telt ye richt awa'! It's number ten or twelve in the street that ca' Rose street, in the new town. Noo'er ye satisfied, lassie? Say ye forgive me afore ye gang."

"A' richt," answers Katie, in a mollified tone, slackening her pace, and letting down the corners of her mouth.

"Ye sudna vex me, Steenie, yer gar me say sair things to me, ye'd dinna telt ye I wadna hae naught to do wi' the Kerrs; it's to see me mither I's gaein'."

Steenie shakes his head.

"Gin they dinna keep ye,—Katie. Wull ye gie me yer promise ye'll come hame the nicht? Say ye promise, Katie!"

"An' I wad like to ken what way that concerns ye, Maister Steenie?" replies Katie, brusquely, a smile lurking meanwhile upon her rosy lips, and this time the dancing light in her blue eyes shows more of mischief than of anger.

They are at the moment passing by a covered archway. Steenie cannot resist the temptation that seizes suddenly upon him. Quick as lightning he flings his arms round Katie's

waist, draws her aside out of the open street, and before she has time to recover from her breathless astonishment, he has held her tightly in his arms, and has snatched a true lover's kiss, just in the very middle of those cherry lips, that have so teased him for the last quarter of an hour.

"Tak' that for yer impudence, Maister Steenie Logie!" exclaims Katie, breaking away from his arms, and administering a smart slap on one side of the fair, curly head, still bent down towards her. "Hoo daur ye, impudent, saucy lad that ye'er."

Steenie looks abashed, but manages to get possession of the punishing hand, and avenges himself by crushing it in his powerful grasp, repeating meanwhile,

"Say ye promise, Katie—say ye'll come hame the nicht."

"What gars ye be askin' sic promises, Maister Steenie? Can ye no min' yer ain affairs, an' leave me to mysel'?"

"Eh, Katie, d'ye no ken yet? D'ye no ken that I luv ye wi' a' my heart? I do so!—I do so!" says Steenie earnestly, his honest eyes filling with tears. "I's nouch but a sair sailor lad, but I luv ye, Katie, an' gin ye'll promise to be my ain bonnie wife ain o' these days, ye'll mak' me like to dee wi' happiness."

"Och! ye're gay fulish, Steenie," replies Katie, in an undertone. She is pleased, nevertheless. What girl could be otherwise, with such a lover as Steenie? But Katie has no true affection for him, though she is flattered by his unaffected admiration. She sees no reason, though, why she should repulse him altogether, so she adds hastily, "I canna bide the noo, I wull miss the train; but gin ye've ta'en sic a fancy to me, Steenie, I'll no torment ye nae mair, ye may depend." I'll no bide in Edinbury, I'll be hame the nicht, I gie ye my ward, I wull so do it."

With this promise Katie darts off like an arrow in the direction of the station, turning, however, at the top of the street, to see if Steenie is still looking after her. He is, and waves his cap to her, upon which she shakes her head in mock disdain, and with a light heart, and laughing face, full of triumph, she turns the corner and disappears from Steenie's gaze.

"Whaur's my mither, Jeanie?"

"So ye've come, after a'! Hooray! I see wull my siller ear-rings!"

"So you have; and there they are to you, Miss Jeanie Kerr. Remember, my share of the bargain is paid."

"Whaur's my mither, Jeanie?"

Katie asks the question again, as she stands fully on the threshold of the Kerrs' Edinburgh abode, and gazes distrustfully into the countenances of the two occupants of the parlor.

"Ye mither, lassie," responds an untidy, half-dressed dame, no other than Jeanie Kerr herself, who, when Katie enters, is serving up some species of refreshment to an early visitor.

"Your mother," re-echoes that self-same visitor in the person of Willie Cameron, rising from his seat and going towards the door, not, however, before he has deliberately taken a small cardboard box out of his waistcoat pocket and placed it within Jeanie's eagerly extended hands.

"Your mother is well, and you will see her before the day is out; in the meanwhile welcome to Edinburgh, Katie Mackay."

The evil eyes are upon her; alas! for their perilous influence. Katie sees instantly that a snare has been laid for her into which she has fallen. If Willie Cameron had not been present, she would have flown into a violent rage; as it is, however, she only says reproachfully,

"Jeanie Kerr, what garred ye telt siccan a lee! It's no ye I's come seekin' in; whaur's my mither?"

"Eh! Katie, it's that proof to see ye," responds Jeanie, clapping her hands, "ye'll soon forgie us the trick we've played ye. It's for yer guid, ye ken; Katie; ye maun be kinna daft to bide awa' frae us a'! Dinna fash yersel' aboot yer mither—she's fine; ye'll see her the nicht, an' Maggie forbye."

"I's no wantin' Maggie; I's nae gaein' to bide here, ye fause hypocrit that ye'er, Jeanie Kerr!" begins Katie with a burst of indignation, for, keenly resenting Jeanie's triumphant airs and speeches, she is in no humor to submit to the humiliation of having been duped.

Thanks, nevertheless, to the dangerous influence of Cameron, between whom and Jeanie there has, for some weeks existed a compact, having for its aim the perversion of unhappy Katie, the weak girl allows herself to be induced to forgive, and to take in good part the deception practised upon her credulity. She soon gets over her first anger; mollified, in the first place, by Cameron's attentions, and yielding before long to the intoxicating pleasure which she can no longer conceal from herself, his company affords her. Of her mother, for whose sake she came to Edinburgh, Katie sees nothing; she forgets all about her.

She learns accidentally that that "estimable parent," whose reminiscences of her youngest child had been so touchingly described by Jeanie's deceitful tongue, is in gaol, where, in fact, during the greater part of the calendar year, she habitually passes her time.

Cameron takes this opportunity of further informing his victim how the plan to decoy her has been the subject of a bet between himself and Miss Jeanie Kerr. The plan having succeeded, Jeanie has won a pair of long-coated earrings, the property of a jeweller in Manchester, who was kindly

relieved without his consent some months ago by Cameron; not only of the said earrings, but of many other superfluities.

Mrs. Royson had limited Katie's leave to 9 o'clock. Katie fully intends to be back at that hour, but as the afternoon wears on, it is thought necessary that Katie's health should be drunk. Mrs. Kerr is very generous of her whiskey—or perhaps somebody else, which is all the same thing in the end. The usual consequences ensue; most of the company take too much and become uproarious.

For a long time Katie refuses her share of the dangerous beverage; she does not like it, and she remembers how often she has been warned not to touch it. By degrees, however, she is half-persuaded, half-shamed into taking just a "wee drap," which wee drop, unaccommodated as she is to spirits, excites her so much that she is easily induced to repeat the experiment, until she becomes drowsy and stupefied, so that when the hour arrives for going to the station, she cannot stand steady upon her feet, and is obliged to lie down on Jeanie's bed.

There, as might have been foreseen, she falls asleep, and sleeps heavily for more than two hours. When she wakes she finds herself alone, the room darkened, and everything quiet. Confused at first, Katie cannot remember where she is, or what has happened; but with returning consciousness comes a sudden pang of terror. What if she has missed the last train to Glasgow? Up she springs, rushing straight into the outer room, where she finds no one but Mrs. Kerr.

"Och! Mistress Kerr, what way did ye let me sleep sae lang?" says Katie, glancing reproachfully at the clock, which is pointing to five minutes to nine—"I sud hae been hame by noo."

"Dinna post yersel' aboot, lassie," replies the stolid matron with great complacency. "I hadna the heart to disturb ye, an' ye sleepin' sae peacefu'. Ye're owre late the nicht, but it will be a' ane gin ye gang wi' the first train in the mornin'."

Duped again! poor Katie!—the hellish bands tightening round you! Have you shut your eyes to your danger? Have you fallen so far since the morning that you can confide in that woman?

Not yet!—not quite yet! The evil spirits are busy round her, but yet again the warning voice of conscience speaks, and once more Katie listens.

"Guid nicht il ye, Mistress Kerr. Maybe I's nae owre late for the nine o'clock train. Onyways, I'll risk it," she exclaims, seizing with sudden energy her little bonnet and her plaid shawl; and, without heeding Mrs. Kerr's remonstrances, she springs down the stairs, and in another moment is running down the street.

Katie, unfortunately, has forgotten the way she came in the morning, and in her excitement takes a wrong turning, loses her way, and has to retrace her steps, thereby wasting some precious minutes.

The station reached at last, she beholds the train puffing alongside of the platform, the whistle sounding, the last bell ringing, and the guard hard at work closing the doors.

"Wull it be the Glasgie train?" inquires the panting girl as she reaches the head of the long flight of stairs leading to the starting platform.

"Ay, lassie—the last train for Glasgie; but ye're owre late, my hinny—she's jist aft."

Pushing past the old grey-headed porter who has vouchsafed this piece of intelligence, Katie bounds forward, running a considerable risk of breaking her neck in her headlong descent on to the platform.

Alas! as she reaches it the train begins to move.

"Oh! bide a wee!—bide a wee, for the Lord's sake! Let me jist win intil her!"

"Your ticket!" shouts the guard, half opening a third-class carriage door.

Then, climax of misfortune! Katie, wicketly thrusting her hand into her pocket in search of the little purse where, in the morning, she had safely bestowed the return half of her ticket, finds that it is gone! Gone!—with her ticket, and, worst of all, her quarter's wages, paid to her on the preceding evening by Mrs. Royson.

"Guid save us, it's stolen!" she ejaculates faintly.

The guard shakes his head, closes the half-open door with a peremptory bang, jumps into his own compartment, and the train puffs out of the station.

Katie bursts into tears, despairingly wringing her hands together, attracting considerable attention, not of the most flattering kind, from the bystanders. Some think she is a thief. Her appearance just now, over-heated and breathless as she is by reason of her precipitate flight from Mrs. Kerr's house to the railway station, goes against her. The old porter takes the trouble to come down on the stairs. (Kind old man! maybe he is the father of a pretty daughter himself.)

"Lassie," he says gravely, "had ye no better gang hame to yer mither? Ye'll no get anther train the nicht, ye ken. It's no the wull o' Providence that ye sud win intil Glasgie; maybe it's a' for the best."

"It's weel for ye to talk, maister, that hae gotten a hame to gang till," answers Katie, drying her tears, and looking the old man sadly enough in the face. "I's lost my situation wi' that train no waitin'."

"Hoot, lassie! cheer up, it may be nae sae bad as ye imagine. Can ye no tallygraph?"

"Tallygraph!" says Katie, reflectively; then, with a shake of the head, Minard's Liniment cures Burns, &c.

"I've lost my purse—I havna got sae muckle as a penny in a' the world."

At this period of the conversation the old porter is called away, and goes reluctantly, telling Katie to wait his return. Katie sits down upon one of the benches, quite disposed to accept of the protection offered to her; thinking over what she shall say to Mrs. Royson. Perhaps if Mrs. Royson hears the truth she will not be so very hard upon her after all. The difficulty is, where shall she stay for the night? Katie is quite resolved not to return to Mrs. Kerr's; but then, where can she go?

A bright idea strikes her! The old porter may allow her to sit in the waiting-room, or perhaps he may offer her the shelter of his own house. He looks such a kind old man. Katie thinks she will state all the circumstances of her position candidly to him, and she feels sure he will give her his assistance as far as he is able.

"So you have missed the train, have you, after all? What a lark!"

The speaker is, alas! the old porter, but that arch-enemy of Katie's soul, Willie Cameron. He is standing before her, looking dangerously handsome—almost gentlemanly in his appearance. What a beautiful curly head he has! and what magnificent dark eyes! What a very superior lover to poor, humble Steenie!—far as looks go. Katie knows that he is the prime instigator of the plot to detain her in Edinburgh, and yet she glances up into his face and laughs.

"Well, no good waiting here, I suppose," he says carelessly, his eyes meanwhile fixed upon her in a way that sets every nerve in her body tingling. "You can't get to Glasgow to-night, that's certain. Come on, we'll have some fun."

"I dinna ken," begins Katie, faintly demurring. "I maun get the first train in the mornin'." Gin I bide here twad be best maybe."

"Nonsense! plenty of time for that. Come, I want you—we'll go and have a jolly dance, and make Maggie mad."

"Maggie?"

"Yes, Maggie. Don't you know she's daft about me? But there's no girl in England or Scotland I like as well as you, Katie."

The words, the look, the tone—each lent separate force to the poison that has made its way into Katie's heart. Away go all good resolutions, far, far away all remembrance of the honest love declared but a few short hours since, and almost forgotten. The fatal band draws itself tightly over Katie's eyes, and she succumbs to the tempter without another word.

"Noo, lassie," says the old porter, just then arriving upon the scene, and darting a glance of suspicious distrust at Cameron.

"I's muckle obliged to ye, maister," answers foolish Katie, standing up, with her hand on Cameron's arm.

"I's gotten a friend, an' dinna need to trouble ye. Guid nicht, an' thank ye kindly."

"Humph!" grunts the old man, as he watches the retreating forms of Cameron and Katie, "ye've gotten a friend, lassie, hae ye? I'll no say but it is sae—howsewaver, I dinna like the looks o' yon fine chap. Ach, but it's a sair, sair peety to see sae bonnie a lassie keepin' company wi' siccan a fause seemin' scoundrel. I wunner does my Jessie— Here the old porter's cogitations are interrupted, and long before he has leisure to resume them—if resume them he ever does—Katie has taken the first decided step to her ruin, by entering into a music-hall in company with the unscrupulous Cameron. Need he be added the morning does not take her back to Glasgow—no, nor the morning after that; and the third only carries a brief note to Mrs. Royson, containing the untruthful assertion that on account of her mother's illness, Katie feels obliged to give up her situation.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS. Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

DRUNKENNESS. Take heed to yourselves, lest perhaps your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and the cares of this life. (Luke xii. 19.)

These words of our Lord recorded by St. Luke contain a very direct admonition against intemperance and its associate vices. Gluttony and drunkenness are closely allied, inasmuch as the former is generally associated with excessive eating, and the latter is used to denote excess in intoxicating drink.

There are many passages of Holy Scripture that show forth the dangers of drunkenness. In the Old Testament we read that Noe and Lot were both taught by sad experience the shame and degradation arising from the loss of self-control through the excessive use of intoxicating drink.

St. Paul teaches the same lesson of personal vigilance in these words: "Let us watch and be sober, having on the breastplate of faith and charity, and for a helmet the hope of salvation." (1 Thess. v. 8.)

A great doctor of the Church, St. Augustine, in the fourth century declared that there were at that time drunkards, plenty of them, and that people had grown accustomed to speak of drunkenness, not only without horror, but even with levity.

Again in a letter to a Bishop, written in the year 393, St. Augustine refers to the intemperance then prevalent in the city of Carthage. "The pestilence," he says, "is of such a magnitude that it seems to me it cannot be cured except by the authority of a council."

From the words just quoted we see that St. Augustine was justly opposed to the indiscriminate condemnation of a multitude for the sins of a few. And it is very necessary to bear this in mind while dealing with the vice of intemperance, which is so widely prevalent at the present time.

Some things, after all, come to the poor that get into the doors of the rich, whose money, somehow, blocks up the entrance way.—George MacDonald.

LET US SAVE OUR COUNTRY.

By Rev. J. M. Scanlan.

Whatever tends to brutalize a man; whatever robs him of his intelligence, and dethrones the reason which should guide him in the paths of rectitude, unfits him in the duties of citizenship.

Every citizen owes certain duties to the State that endows him with the prerogatives of citizenship and guarantees him protection for his life and property. Pre-eminently amongst these duties is that of obedience to the laws by which the State is governed.

There is a sacred trust in the hands of the American people, and if ever the Republic fail, it will be principally because that trust has been betrayed.

It is high time that the honest, noble-minded men of our country should rise up and forcibly protest against this abuse of the sovereign power of our citizens. Common decency and self-protection demand that our public affairs should be transacted in sober, thoughtful deliberation by sober, clear-headed men.

Every good, self-respecting Catholic who loves God and his country—and a good Catholic must be a good citizen—should stand shoulder to shoulder with the forces of morality, and see to it that our religion is no longer besmirched by the reputations of men whose only patriotism is greed for political power.

The death of the Cardinal Archbishop of Rennes recalls a stirring episode in his life, and illustrates the bravery with which so many men of piety and peace have faced a desperate situation. It was during the days of terror in 1871 that the incident happened.

Testing his Honesty. Your druggist is honest if when you ask him for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion he gives you just what you ask for. He knows this is the best form in which to take Cod Liver Oil.

growing spirit of socialism and anarchy be for ever crushed out. The best friends of labor must admit that much of the poverty and discontent amongst the laboring classes is due to drink.

Then there would be less discontent amongst working men, and the agents of socialism and anarchy who hatch their damnable schemes in the saloons, could no longer get the clear-headed, sober working-man to disgrace the records of labor by criminal actions.

There are thousands who cry aloud for the preservation of our Republic, but they stand idly by and raise neither hand nor voice in protest when they see this bulwark of our liberties trampled on by the saloon element.

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A BRAVE BISHOP.

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holy. The college itself was converted into a barracks, and the chapel exposed to the most wanton desecration. The Fathers begged for the privilege of visiting it, but received a rude refusal. At last word reached Bishop Place that the Holy Eucharist was in danger of insult; and, without one thought of danger, he straightway, alone and undefended, walked to the chapel door.

"What do you wish, Monsieur?" "First of all a light, my good fellow," answered the Bishop, softly. The soldier, surprised at himself, lighted one altar candle, then another. The Bishop was the calmest person present, as befit his sacred errand.

Those who are interested in educating the children of the country to become Christian men and women will be surprised to learn that there is a possibility that they will receive assistance from an unexpected quarter.

What the Methodists Say.

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The observation of the old colored preacher that "de world do move" seems to apply to this case; and while Catholics are surprised at such a statement they are none the less ready to quote Carleton and remark: "Them's my sentiments tew."

Gives Good Appetite. GENTLEMEN—I think your valuable medicine cannot be equalled because of the benefit I derived from it. After suffering from headache and loss of appetite for nearly three years I tried B. B. B. with great success.

Now Well and Strong. SIRs—It is my privilege to recommend B. B. B. For two years I was nearly crippled with an inflammatory disorder of the kidneys, from which six bottles of B. B. B. entirely freed me.

A WOUNDED SPIRIT who can heal. Victoria Carbolic Salve heals all other wounds, cuts, bruises or burns.

ACUTE or CHRONIC. Can be cured by the use of SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Cod Liver Oil, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda.

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion, featuring the fisherman logo and text describing its benefits for various ailments.



Mayor Tillbrook of Mexicoport, Pa., had a Scrofula bump under one ear which the physician knooed, and then it became a running sore, and was followed by erysipelas. Mrs. Tillbrook gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. The sore healed up, he became perfectly well and is now a lively, robust boy. Other parents whose children suffer from impure blood should profit by this example.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS BELLS CHIMES. HOOD'S PILLS cure Habitual Constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

Advertisement for Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry Cures, listing ailments like Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea.

Advertisement for Stained Glass, Silvered, Bent, Plate, etc., by McCausland.

Advertisement for Cook's Friend Baking Powder, highlighting its quality and availability.

Advertisement for The Huron and Erie Loan & Savings Company, established 1864, with capital and reserve funds.

Advertisement for Plumbing Work, operated at various warehouses, offering Masonic Temple services.

Advertisement for Smith Bros., Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers, with contact information.

Advertisement for Burdock Blood Bitters, claiming to unlock all the closed secretions of the bowels, kidneys and liver.

The Catholic Record. Published Weekly at 481 and 483 Richmond street, London, Ontario.

Official. The Conferences for the clergy of the London Diocese will be held at St. Peter's Palace, London, on 26th Sept., at 2 p. m.; for the clergy of the counties of Essex and Kent, at The Deanery, Windsor, on the 28th Sept., commencing at 11 a. m.

THE LORDS AND THE CAUSE OF IRELAND.

The House of Lords, by summarily voting down the Home Rule Bill at the beck of Lord Salisbury, has raised the very pertinent question, "Of what use is the House of Lords?"

The theory on which that House is supposed to be of any utility is that when the House of Commons is disposed to rush into any dangerous legislation, being urged on by popular clamor, the conservative instincts of the Lords, representing the wealth of the nation, may prevent undue haste by stepping in to save the country from the effects of its own folly.

It is needless to say that the Lords as now constituted represent nothing. There was a time when at the head of their bold retainers they were the bulwark of the country at least in times of war, being ready with their unflinching courage and undoubted patriotism to face overwhelming numbers to sustain their own and their country's honor; but there is no reason to believe that the present race of Lords is animated with the spirit of their predecessors, who are not even their ancestors, except in a very limited number of instances.

It is not the first time that the Lords have "saved the Empire" just in the present instance. The Lords stepped in to save the country when the House of Commons passed the Reform Bill. But they only succeeded in raising such a storm of popular indignation, and even insurrection, that these saviours of the country were glad to retreat from their lofty position as saviours; for England was on the very verge of a revolution until the Lords came to the conclusion that it was better to let the people have their own way, and they yielded.

But the present measure is one for the bettering of the condition of Ireland, not of England. It may be presumed that the Lords imagine they can deny the demands of Ireland with more impunity than they could enjoy if they resisted the will of the people of England. To some extent this may be the case too; for it has always been difficult to get the people of England to give any heed to the demands of Ireland for useful legislation; but the last few years have wrought a great change.

The liberal policy of Mr. Gladstone in bringing tangibly before the British public the grievances under which Ireland has been suffering for three centuries, and particularly during the present century, since the union was forced upon Ireland by corrupting an Irish Parliament, which by no means represented the Irish people, has convinced the people of Great Britain that the Irish question must at last be settled in a manner satisfactory to Ireland.

For the last seven years the question of an Irish Parliament has been fully discussed, and it cannot be said that the Parliament which has had the Home Rule Bill under discussion for eighty-two days of hard work has acted precipitately. The Lords, rather, have been the precipitate ones on this occasion. Practically they have given the measure no consideration at all before rejecting it; for no one can say that in a week they could master the details of a Bill which the Commons required three months to frame, while doing almost nothing else.

Certainly the Lords do not excel the Commons in ability to the extent of the shortness of the time they devoted to the consideration of the Bill. The majority of the people are of opinion that most of the Lords do not even know what are the provisions of the Bill which they have so cavalierly rejected.

It is possible, and even probable, that Mr. Gladstone will be obliged to appeal once more to the country to sustain him. If so, there is but little doubt that he will return to Parliament with a majority quite equal to his present one which he was able so to control that he passed the Bill through to a successful ending. The Lords will in the end eat their own flesh and pass the Bill rather than endanger their existence as a legislative body.

The London Daily Chronicle says: "Our reply (to the decision of the Lords) is extremely simple. The abolition of the House of Lords now becomes a plank of the Radical platform, and the clauses of the Home Rule Bill providing for a second chamber in Ireland must be modified. Down with the House of Lords. It is useless mincing phrases."

Somewhat akin to this is the comment made on the situation by the Daily News, Mr. Gladstone's special organ: "Nothing is more favorable to the success of a political or social reform than a large hostile majority in the House of Lords. If the Tories had had more sense they would have made the majority smaller, and we would have fared worse."

This indicates that it is Mr. Gladstone's intention to fight the battle out. It is, indeed, universally recognized that Lord Salisbury made a tactical blunder in drumming up his decisive majority against the Home Rule Bill. If he had been contented with the normal majority which those Lords who usually take part in legislation would have given him, the monstrosity of the existence of the House of Lords would not have been such an object lesson to the people as it has been made owing to his anxiety to crush Home Rule by means of a most decisive vote.

By adopting this course he has shown that the question is one between the landlords and the people, and there is no doubt that the latter will win in the contest which is now fairly begun.

The Tories, and the enemies of Ireland in general, of course, pretend to be jubilant at the situation, but the battle is not finished yet; nor will it be till Ireland's cause be won.

It is said on behalf of the Lords that they have for once risen to the dignity of their position by checking hasty and dangerous legislation, and thus saving the Empire from dismemberment. If there is anything that tends to the dismemberment of the Empire, it is the perpetuation of a misrule which has lasted for centuries, and which creates intense dissatisfaction; and this is what the Lords have voted to do.

The saving of the Empire by their action is but a form of words, a well turned phrase which has no substantial meaning.

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The disestablishment of the Irish Church was also an Irish measure: so also to a great extent was the Catholic Emancipation Act, and on occasions of the passage of both these Bills the Lords were obliged to give their assent, though they were just as much opposed to them as they are now to the Home Rule Bill. We have no doubt, therefore, that the last named Bill will become law in spite of the majority of more than ten to one which voted it down on the 8th inst.

CARDINAL GIBBONS. The city of Baltimore will on Oct. 1 be thronged with priests and prelates, with men of every class and creed, all eager to lay their tribute of respect and congratulations at the feet of the great Archbishop of Baltimore, Cardinal Gibbons. He is fifty nine years old, and who can, on looking back upon his labors as a humble missionary and as a Bishop, refrain from saying that the years were well spent. A man of high intellectuality, he is unassuming, and invested with a sublime dignity he is approachable by all. Beset by various obstacles and in contact with discordant elements he has never yet flinched from a performance of duty, and has never overstepped the limits of Christian courtesy and charity. We admire his high ability, his concentration of purpose, his long record of unwearied and unselfish toil; but we admire still more that kindness that prompts his every word and action. One who had had the happiness of conversing with Cardinal Gibbons will cherish it in long and loving memory. One glance at the earnest, thoughtful face, lighted up by bright blue eyes, tell you that you are in the presence of a man whom you may trust and love. You feel that he is what he is—a good priest, a lover of humanity. Nothing sordid or mean could find an abiding place within such a nature. His manner is gentle and winning, and when we bade him farewell he said "God bless you, my child," in such earnest tones that we felt assured that the prayer would be heard and that God's blessings would shield us from danger. Some time has passed since last we saw the Cardinal-Archbishop, but the memory of these few moments with him will be ever with us.

He was born in the city over which he now rules fifty-nine years ago, on July 23, 1834. Educated at the Seminary of St. Sulpice and St. Mary's University, he was ordained priest on June 30, 1861. In 1868 the Holy See appointed him Vicar-Apostolic of the State of North Carolina, and on August 16 in that year he was consecrated Titular Bishop of Adramythum. Four years later he was transferred to the Bishopric of Richmond, in Virginia. In the administration of that See he gave proof of the high executive ability that has given him the unexampled honor of being one of the most prudent and successful statesmen of the Church. With all the energy of his nature he bent himself to the task of instilling into the people and the clergy the doctrine of peace and good will into the hearts of his spiritual subjects. He was never weary in visiting the sick and poor, and many a thrifty housewife, bending perhaps over the wash-tub or busy with household affairs, was oftentimes surprised by good Bishop Gibbons, but never embarrassed, for the genial smile and kindly words put her at her ease. His heart went out to all, but the special objects of his predilection were the poor. Well may the words of Holy Writ be applied to him: "The ear that heard me blessed me and the eye that saw me gave witness to me. Because I had delivered the poor man that cried out and the fatherless that had no helper, the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me and I comforted the heart of the widow. I was an eye to the blind and a foot to the lame. I was the father of the poor and the cause which I knew not I searched out diligently." Little wonder that he was loved by the citizens of Richmond and that deep was their sorrow when in 1877 he was appointed Coadjutor Bishop of Baltimore. Before the end of the same year he had succeeded to the vacant post of Archbishop and Primate of the United States. Since then he has figured prominently

in every important ecclesiastical event of the age. The world wondered when in 1887 he intervened in favor of the Knights of Labor, and prevailed upon the Holy See to declare it an organization to which Catholics, without danger to their faith, might belong. But the wonder vanished when the qualities of Cardinal Gibbons came to be recognized. In season and out of season we have heard his voice, now laying down the basis of national prosperity, now speaking to his dissenting brethren in calm and kindly words, and again pleading the cause of all who toil. He, indeed, draws no line between class or creed or race, and when in after years he goes home, "to the temple above not made with hands, to be in the company of God's living saints, with the palm of victory in his hands," his tomb may bear no epitaph more significant of his life than "Here Lies the Workingmen's Cardinal."

Some years ago Mr. Bodley, a non-Catholic critic, visited America, and upon his return to England wrote a series of articles on the Catholic Church in America. The sketches were keen but friendly, and were accorded a warm welcome by our countrymen of the border. His estimate of Cardinal Gibbons' character satisfied his most enthusiastic friends. He does not hesitate to call him a truly great man, an ornament to his country and the glory of the American Church. "A walk with the Cardinal," he says, "through the tranquil streets of the residential quarter of Baltimore, gives a vivid impression of the affection with which the monumental city regards its distinguished son who was baptized and ordained in the cathedral over which he now presides. Though Maryland is a Roman Catholic stronghold, there is a vast Protestant population in its great commercial capital, yet as the Cardinal passes along nearly every hat is doffed to the simple citizen who has made a greater impression on European policy than any American of his generation." The determined prelate who was strong enough to lead the Vatican to reverse its own decision has nothing of arrogance in his gentle nature, which loves to live in charity with all men.

This is the secret of the love with which he is regarded by Catholics. He is deservedly popular—not popular indeed as passing celebrities or demagogues, but as a man whose life has brought forth good fruit that will remain.

INSULTED THE G. O. M. Quite a sensation has been created by a foolish and wanton insult to Mr. Gladstone offered by the Reverend Frederic Davies, Rector of Blairgowrie, who took occasion from the Premier's presence in his church on Sunday, the 10th inst., to attack the Home Rule policy of Mr. Gladstone, and to rebuke the large crowd that had assembled for worship, knowing that Mr. Gladstone would be present. He said that the congregation had come not to worship the Creator, but the creature. The bulk of the congregation were very indignant against the preacher.

Of course we are not to attribute to the Church all the fantastic acts of clergymen, but such acts have been so frequent in recent years that we are quite justified in suspecting that the system on which the Established Church is based is a wrong one. These whimsicalities are the natural result of the systematic disrespect for lawful ecclesiastical authority which is a leading feature of Protestantism. Can the system be a divine one which leads to absurdities like this without affording any means for their correction? The entire independence of ministers in their respective churches, to conduct their services in their own fantastic style is a legitimate consequence of the Anglican theories which are current nowadays, especially that of independent national, or of independent diocesan, churches. If every Bishop is independent of a central authority in the Church, why should not every minister be independent of his Bishop, and be privileged to conduct the Church service after his own fashion?

"THERE is great distress in this parish," said Father Schnell, of St. Patrick's Church, Terre Haute, Indiana. "I have a deposit in the bank which comprises my savings for some years, added to the pension I get as a Union soldier. This is at the disposal of the destitute so long as it holds out." Noble words, worthy of a good priest! Father Schnell has cast his bread upon the waters.

One noticeable feature of the late Catholic Congress was the rapturous applause that greeted every mention of Mgr. Satolli's name.

THE RITUAL OF FREEMASONRY.

A curious illustration of the diversity of principles according to which the various Protestant denominations frame their course of conduct in matters of Church discipline occurred a few days ago at Elkhart, Indiana.

The Rev. John Millbank, rector of St. John's Episcopal church, when asked to permit the burial service of the Freemasons to be conducted in his church over the remains of Thomas W. Stalker, a member of the church and a Mason of high grade in the order, "flatly refused," stating as the reason of his refusal that "it is contrary to the rules of the Church organization to hold the funeral of any member of a secret society in the church."

After a good deal of argument the rector consented to hold the service himself according to the rites of the Episcopal Church; but he said he could not allow the Masonic service—a decision which did not satisfy the Freemasons, who have been accustomed to use their own ritual on such occasions. They say there is no reason why the ordinary usage should be departed from in that particular instance.

The funeral took place at the church; but the Freemasons, who attended in all their regalia, marked their displeasure by remaining outside while the service was going on, only the pall-bearers and undertakers going in.

During the service the clergyman gave his reasons for taking the course he had determined on, maintaining that Freemasonry and similar organizations are from their nature opposite to the spirit of Christianity, and are therefore not to be recognized as part of Christianity, or to be encouraged by any act of a Christian Church. He added that hereafter no funeral service of any member of a secret society will be allowed in that church, at least during his incumbency.

Some of the Masons proposed to remove the body from the church before the service was finished, but the suggestion was not acted upon.

At the grave the Masonic service was read, and Rev. Mr. Millbank, who accompanied the cortege, was asked to give the benediction, but he refused.

What renders the case all the more remarkable is the fact that Bishop Linckerbaker, of the same diocese, is said to be a Mason of the thirty-second degree, and chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Indiana. Mr. Millbank, the anti-Mason rector, is a son of Commodore Millbank, of the English marine service, and he came only recently to Elkhart. He is accused by some of his parishioners of having stated once: "I will let the people know that I am Pope."

Great indignation has been expressed in the neighborhood against Mr. Millbank, who is said to be arrogant and tyrannical in his conduct. Is this indignation reasonable?

If there is really a Church which has been instituted by Christ, it is surely the province of the Church, and not of a private and purely secular society, to establish the ritual and prayers by means of which the living and the dead are to be recommended to the Divine mercy, at least in the public acts of worship which are to be offered to Almighty God. The Masonic ritual must be either an act of worship, or a mockery. If it is an act of worship, then Masonry claims to be a religion, and as it is not the religion which Christ established, it is a purely human religion.

Without entering here upon a discussion of the fundamental idea which dominates Freemasonry, we need only remark that its whole ritual lays aside the idea of the true God, and substitutes the Atheistic idea of chance or nature as the Supreme Being who rules the universe. This is the reason why the expression "the great architect of the universe" is substituted for the name of God in the masonic rites. The notion intended to be conveyed is Atheistic, or Deistic at best, and the worship founded upon it is not suited to a Christian Church wherein the true God is to be worshipped. We consider, therefore, that Mr. Millbank acted reasonably in refusing to participate in Masonic rites or to permit them in the church over which he presides.

Rev. Mr. Millbank is not the only Protestant minister who has regarded secret societies as being opposed to the spirit of Christianity. It is not long since the Baptist ministers of Massachusetts in a meeting at Boston almost unanimously condemned the association. But it is not the matter we have in view here to discuss the principles of Freemasonry, but rather to call attention to the diversity of discipline within the Episcopal Church,

in which we find one minister so strongly indicating his opposition to Freemasonry, while his colleagues and even his Bishop have given it their warmest sanction. We are led by the circumstances to ask, does Episcopalianism furnish any definite information to guide us to the knowledge of what Christian ethics inculcate, and what they condemn?

A curious feature of the controversy is that those who are most vigorous in denouncing Mr. Millbank's rejection of the Masonic Ritual, which has nothing in it symbolical of Christian truth, are they who most strongly condemn all Ritualistic tendency in the church.

If it be true that Mr. Millbank once declared that he is Pope in his Church, it is only the natural result of the system which has abolished the supremacy of the Pope to substitute therefor the supremacy of the individual judgment. The logical consequence of the abolition of a supreme authority in the Church is the subjection of every congregation to the whims and caprices of the minister who happens to have charge of them at any particular moment.

STAY AT HOME.

Every day we hear of young men returning from the States poor in material resources and dispirited by reverses. They imagined that the neighboring republic would be to them their El Dorado, and realized that success amongst our neighbors entails hard and incessant work, and not at times to be secured by even this means. The pathways of labor are crowded by eager, earnest men, and the fittest alone survive. What chance has a young Canadian in a United States city? He may obtain a minor position, but could he do as well in his own country? There are exceptions, but they prove the general rule, that a Canadian, putting the same enthusiasm into his work as he would were he in the States, can make as much money and achieve as much distinction in any walk of life. It has been said that our age and our country are like our father and mother—there may be better, but we should never think so. There are no opportunities in Canada, say these who dilate on the advantages held out by the States. To him who stands and waits, an opportunity never comes, but he who does all within his reach, the opportunity freighted with victory is never wanting. The men who enriched the world with the wealth of their talent and energy created their opportunities. We do not wish to give examples of this, but suppose Edison had mooned away his time on a railroad train, never thinking there would have been a mute inglorious genius. The men who, unaided and in the face of every obstacle, have reared up undying monuments for themselves in the commercial world have been always conspicuous for patient and persistent work. Croakers should take as their motto, "Labor conquers all things."

JUSTIN MCCARTHY

Says a New Chapter is Opened in the Struggle for Irish Liberty.

The following cablegram from Justin McCarthy, M. P., has just been received, and is especially interesting to all sympathizers with Erin's cause: London, Sept. 9, 1893. Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, President, I. N. F. A., New York: The rejection of the Home Rule Bill by the House of Lords opens a new chapter in the struggle for Irish liberty. On the one side, we, the elected representatives of the people, the sympathies of the British democracy, and the unconquerable spirit of the Irish race; on the other side is a hereditary and irresponsible chamber concentrating in its ranks all that is worst in English prejudice, wealth and arrogance. The result is not doubtful. The House of Lords has made a similar stand against every great reform sent up to them by the House of Commons. In the long run progress and the people will have invariably triumphed; and the insolence of the privileged classes has been chastised. But the struggle will be a bitter one. We have to fight against an unexampled combination of wealthy aristocrats desperately struggling for their privilege by appeals to every weapon of defamation, bigotry and corruption. We have to look to our faithful countrymen in America for the means of sustaining our party through the incessant sacrifices imposed upon them, and of carrying on an active campaign in the English constituencies against the insolent enemies of Irish liberty. There never was a time when Irish American assistance was more urgently needed, or when it could produce more splendid results in securing to our country the great measure of Irish national self-government, which sprang from the genius of Gladstone and which the House of Commons has once for all solemnly pledged itself to carry into law. JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Emperor William, lately at Karlsruhe, in address read to him by Duke of Baden, announcing German Empire stands fresh armor as a hero world task it is to watch over the world. Germany will of work if this is its earth.

It is stated on high authority the Encyclical of Pope Leo is expected to be sent to the world during September provision for the next Com must be held for the elect cessor to the present Pope recommend to the Pope elected a continuance of which has been pursued and Leo XIII. since the d the temporal rule of the P Holy Father, it is said, review of the results which obtained and those which should be followed from the Pontificate.

The proposal to build a residence for Archbishop Papal Alegate, has been the Archbishop of the U and immediate steps are to put the design into pr The plan of purchasing for him is not to be carried building not designed for would be suitable, inasmu sidence must have offici appointments adapted to of an Apostolic Legate. not be found in any p which might be purchas will be necessary to erect ing for him. He is stil with his subordinates, a in the new Catholic U Washington.

It has been decided t sian fleet will soon visit the Paris Figaro states t quence of this movement, posed to imply a menac case of the outbreak of a the German Government and obtained from Italy t a small island in the Med serve as a coaling stati vessels of war. The ish ceded is to be converte devout fortress such as M land. It is said that Eng asked to cede such an purpose, but as the cessi tainly have met with gr in England the proposal ably received.

It is expected that Ir the Chicago Exposition—the most enthusiastic festivals of the Fair. September is the day ap "The Secretary of the mittee appointed to org celebration is Mr. John who announces his exp Irish nationality will "the world the splendor of the race and its glorious that in a free land the to is lighted at the sun, and of the other is the bosom He exhorts Irish men "attend the Exposition numbers so grand as to sion truly a demonstrati and an event of which th be proud and lasting. hundred of the represen ment of Chicago sign the with Mr. Keating.

The barbarous pract was very near becomi of a great tragedy at th of Davenport, Iowa. I tomarty at this school to hill with a couple of oth of him, every freshma resistance, and the cl freshman is, of course stroyed by this treatme on their entrance to t formly wear their old suits would be ruined. named John Wilson re being pressed hard dr and fired it into the c harassing him. No dan but the practice of haz to have been completely the occurrence. We a that such barbarous pr prevail in any Catholic situation that we know

Donahue's Magazine ing to the front rank of last month there was a sketch of John Boyle O who, alone and beset obstacles, won fame a

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Emperor William, speaking recently at Karlsruhe, in reply to an address read to him by the Grand Duke of Baden, announced that the German Empire stands arrayed in fresh armor as a hero whose special task it is to watch over the peace of the world. Germany will have plenty of work if this is its mission on earth.

It is stated on high authority that the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII, which is expected to be sent to the Bishops of the world during September, will make provision for the next Conclave which must be held for the election of a successor to the present Pope, and will recommend to the Pope who will be elected a continuance of the policy which has been pursued by Pius IX. and Leo XIII. since the destruction of the temporal rule of the Papacy. The Holy Father, it is said, will make a review of the results which have been obtained and those which may be expected to follow from the acts of his Pontificate.

The proposal to build a suitable residence for Archbishop Satoli, the Papal Ablegate, has been taken up by the Archbishops of the United States, and immediate steps are to be taken to put the design into practical shape. The plan of purchasing a building for him is not to be carried out, as no building not designed for his purpose would be suitable, inasmuch as his residence must have offices and other appurtenances adapted to the duties of an Apostolic Legate. These would not be found in any private house which might be purchased, so that it will be necessary to erect a new building for him. He is still occupying, with his subordinates, a suite of rooms in the new Catholic University at Washington.

It has been decided that the Russian fleet will soon visit Toulon, and the Paris Figaro states that in consequence of this movement, which is supposed to imply a menace to Italy in case of the outbreak of a general war, the German Government has asked for and obtained from Italy the promise of a small island in the Mediterranean to serve as a coaling station for German vessels of war. The island thus to be ceded is to be converted into a rendezvous fortress such as Malta is to England. It is said that England was first asked to cede such an island for the purpose, but as the cession would certainly have met with great opposition in England the proposal was not favorably received.

It is expected that Ireland's day at the Chicago Exposition will be one of the most enthusiastically celebrated festivals of the Fair. The 30th of September is the day appointed for it. The Secretary of the General Committee appointed to organize for this celebration is Mr. John T. Keating, who announces his expectation that Irish nationality will "demonstrate to the world the splendor of the genius of the race and its glorious virility, and that in a free land the torch of the one is lighted at the sun, and the fountain of the other is the bosom of liberty." He exhorts Irish men and women to "attend the Exposition on that day in numbers so grand as to make the occasion truly a demonstration of the race and an event of which the memory will be proud and lasting. Nearly one hundred of the representative Irishmen of Chicago sign this appeal along with Mr. Keating.

The barbarous practice of hazing was very near becoming the occasion of a great tragedy at the High School of Davenport, Iowa. It has been customary at this school to slide down a hill with a couple of other boys on top of him, every freshman who offers any resistance, and the clothing of the freshman is, of course, utterly destroyed by this treatment. The boys on their entrance to the school uniformly wear their old clothes, as new suits would be ruined. Recently a boy named John Wilson resisted, and on being pressed hard drew a revolver and fired it into the crowd that was harassing him. No damage was done, but the practice of hazing is thought to have been completely broken up by the occurrence. We are glad to say that such barbarous practices do not prevail in any Catholic educational institution that we know of.

Donahue's Magazine is fast advancing to the front rank of publications. Last month there was a very interesting sketch of John Boyle O'Reilly, the man who, alone and beset by a thousand obstacles, won fame and a place in

myriad hearts because he had the courage of his convictions, because he was a foe to hollow cant and servility and because he was a gentleman, one "unmoved by the much loved chant or the social sneers of disgrace—a free-born spirit who drew no line between class or creed or race." No man of this generation had more influence upon his fellows. We do not say that there have not been greater writers and poets, but we do say that as a possessor of all those graces and qualities that make a man O'Reilly was peerless. You see his nature in his poems. Crude oitimes and lacking technical finish, yet they show forth that hatred of wrong and oppression that distinguished the great Bostonian. Long may his memory live!

JUDGE THOMAS CANTY, of the Supreme Court of Minnesota, a thorough Protestant, has administered a severe rebuke to a certain Traynor, who attacked the Catholics as citizens. The judge belongs to that class of citizens who believe that truth and charity should characterize the interchange of the mutual relations of citizens. He laughs at the idea that Orangemen favor the separation of Church and State and referred to their clamorous opposition to the disestablishment of the State Church in Ireland. Ridiculing the assertion that the Catholics are endeavoring to establish a State Church in America, the judge says: "If the Catholics should gain ascendancy in our country we can raise in two hours, in broad daylight, an army that would crush them in a day, and we would not need the assistance of back-door sneaks, midnight plotters and political conspirators." Verily Mr. Traynor went down from Jerusalem and fell among thieves who stripped him of his masquerading dress. It may do him and others of the same ilk a world of good.

"JUDAS" CHAMBERLAIN has failed to stem the tide of Home Rule. He is a good debater, but he is no gentleman. His tactics during the progress of the Bill were, to say the least, ignoble and unworthy of a man with any pretensions to education and breeding. He reminds us now of one of Bowcater's characters in the drama of the Shaughraun. They who have seen it recollect the villain who ingratiates himself into the confidence of the peasants and then swears their lives away. Harvey Duff is his name; perjury is his favorite instrument, and so fearful are the men of him that they talk in measured sentences and with bated breath. The hour of retribution comes at last, and the reformer's throat is seized by the merciless hand of the Shaughraun. How he begs for mercy—the insidious, cowardly informer who had none for the homes he desecrated and for the brave spirits rotting through him in English dungeons. He looks up at the face of his captor, but in its rigid lines he sees no pity. Chamberlain is every whit as much a traitor as Harvey Duff. Gladstone has him by the throat, but he will let him live. It is enough of punishment for a man to bear the name of Judas and the approbrium it implies.

WHY I AM A TOTAL ABSTAINER.

(By Rev. Walter Elliott) My pledge shows that I am in earnest. It is a practical protest before God, to my own soul, and to all my friends against the vice of intemperance. What is so hateful as this vice? Drunkenness deprives a man of God's precious gift of reason. Reason in man is a spark of God's intelligence. It establishes the bond of union between man as creature and God as creator. Drunkenness dethrones the reason, and leaves man a prey to his vilest passions. God made man a little less than the angels; the drunkard makes himself a little less than the brutes. Moreover, this horrid vice extends its blighting curse over man in his other relations. It is ruin in prosperity, and despair in adversity. Cowardice, hypocrisy, theft, cruelty, murder, contempt of God, and hatred of man go along with it and follow after it. Disease of body and imbecility of mind are notorious results of drunkenness. Whoever loves humanity hates drunkenness. If you love religion you hate drunkenness, for drunken Catholics disgrace the church, and if they die drunk, as too often happens, what other fate but eternal loss can await them? "The drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven." Whoever loves his fellow-man with a practical love will do something to stamp out that vice which deprives men of their highest natural good, destroys their happiness during life, and damns them to eternal perdition hereafter. The first step in practical opposition to any vice is the practice of the opposite virtue. If I hate drunkenness, I hate everything that leads to drunken-

ness. If I love a clean, sober life, I will cultivate every agency that makes for temperance, and thus induce the practice of that virtue in others. Temperance is one of the great cardinal virtues. Total abstinence is its heroic form. Every soldier has his flag; those who make war on drunkenness unfurl the banner of Total Abstinence. Every disease has its remedy; according to the highest speaking authority in the Catholic Church, the "proper and truly efficacious remedy" for intemperance is the practice of total abstinence.

It was in this way that our Lord Jesus Christ saved the world. He not only practiced the virtue contrary to the vice He attacked, but He carried the practice of it to a heroic degree.

He combated our aversion by His poverty; our impurity by being born of the Immaculate Virgin, and by leading a virginal life; our angry passions by His perfect meekness and forgiveness; our love of drink by His thirst upon the cross.

Not only Christ's life and doctrine, but the sound sense of mankind demands that sincere aversion for any vice should be shown by the conspicuous practice of the contrary virtue.

Do you not see the need of thus making war on intemperance? Do you not know how widespread an evil it is?

What family is either without its drunkard or some one who is in danger of falling into drinking habits. What neighborhood is without its plague-spot—the saloon? What community without its steady stream of terror, crime and misery due to drunkenness. The pathway which leads from the saloon to the poorhouse, from the saloon to the insane asylum, is strewn with wrecks of humanity who are the accursed victims of alcohol. Therefore, every family should have its member or members who are conspicuous for the practice of total abstinence. Every neighborhood should have its band of valiant men and women who protest publicly against the vice of drunkenness. Every community, civil and religious, should have its organized, permanent, and if need be costly, crusade against the saloon.

Courageous men and women are everywhere needed to protest against drunkenness, and to labor to suppress it. I have taken the pledge in order to be the better fitted to assist in this good work.

If you love a happy home, be a practical total abstainer, for it is the most efficacious means of showing your detestation of the family's deadliest foe. If you love the people of God, take the pledge; for drunkenness is the worst enemy the true faith has this day to contend against.

If you have the good of society at heart, touch not the intoxicating glass; for most of the evils we have to deplore in our social and political life are the progeny of this prolific mother-vice—Intemperance.

Every element of Christianity in me sharpens my anxiety for the welfare of my brethren. The drunkard is my brother; he needs good example to reform: I have made up my mind to give it. We might know that we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren (1 St. John iii, 14). I may be too poor to give money for the reform of drunkards, but I can give what is more precious—a good example.

The family that cannot profit by a total abstainer among its members is hard to find. The parish that is not greatly helped by Total Abstinence Society is hard to find.

It is good to be a total abstainer. "It is good not to eat flesh, and not to drink wine, nor anything whereby my brother is offended, scandalized, or made weak." (Romans xiv, 21).

It is not sinful for me to drink moderately, but for the drunkard to do so is a deadly peril. If he is going to be saved he must totally abstain, a task often as difficult as martyrdom. I will help him to do it by keeping him company. Even a saint dreads to stand alone.

Heavenly wisdom says, "Woe to him that is alone." (Eccles. iv, 10). But when struggling with evil or contending with any overpowering passion, poor human nature looks for a comrade. The heart cries out in danger or in weakness, help me! I am going to answer that cry. I am determined that no drunkard shall relapse for want of my help. If he is driven by necessity to take the pledge, I am driven by charity to keep him company. "The charity of Christ urges us." (2 Cor. v, 14).

Scorned and despised, the drunkard needs a friend to share his compulsory abstinence. Where is the friend who will extend the resistless hand to help him? I will do so by my total abstinence. I will pick him up from the slough of despond. I will cleanse him, and strengthen him; I will speak tender words of encouragement to him. I will be the drunkard's good Samaritan. "But I do not need to abstain!" Yes; what my brother needs I need; and if any man needs help then the help he needs is the help I need to give him.

Unless the Catholic religion exhibits a practical morality superior to that of all other Churches she can never advance among the people. In practical every-day life a tree is only known by its fruits.

The Church that earnestly and successfully makes for sobriety, the Church that sets itself over against the saloon, need not argue much to convince one that it has a saving mission. We must exterminate drunkenness among Catholics.

When I take the pledge I do a Christ-like work. "Afterwards, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the scripture might be fulfilled, said: I thirst. Now there was a vessel set there full of vinegar. And they putting a sponge full of vinegar about hyssop and put it to his mouth" (St. John xix).

A total abstainer joins with Christ Jesus in that agonizing cry. He will not permit the dying Saviour to be alone in that awful thirst. The sympathy which wells up from the bottom of a human heart compels him to unite his own self-denial with the agony his Lord suffered for poor drunkards.

For a man to say, I am strongly in favor of total abstinence for those who need it, and am willing to encourage and strengthen them by taking the pledge, is only saying I am a sincere and earnest Catholic.

For a man to labor to create a public opinion against intemperance, and all that leads to it, is only saying, I am a wish-wisher of my race.

THEY COULD NOT SCARE HIM.

A Protestant Rebukes His Co-Religionists for Their Anti-Catholic Malevolence.

The following extracts taken from a letter written to the Spencerville, Ohio, Journal by a non-Catholic, Mr. A. B. Brees, an old school Baptist, are both timely and reasonable. The sound sense of his arguments must appeal to every unprejudiced mind.

There is nothing more strange than that reasoning and well-informed men should lend their aid to the disturbance of the public mind and to either wilfully misrepresent, or, by silent consent, favor the malicious falsehoods repeated over and over again to promote a widespread prejudice against the Roman Catholics.

It is possible that a religious people, at this day, who claim only about 10,000,000 communicants in the United States, including women and children confirmed, could dream of rising in a religious massacre of more than that number of Protestants who have all the power of civil authority and the arms of the government to sustain them? The population of the United States exceeds 62,000,000 people. If, therefore, Catholics are 10,000,000, men, women and children, this leaves them to oppose 50,000,000 of equal power per individual at least.

While dwelling upon this subject would it not be well for every Protestant citizen to consider two very important things?

1st. If these reports are not true, we are doing our own Catholic neighbors a great wrong by silently accepting such reports and allowing them to bias our minds to their prejudice and our own sense of safety.

2nd. If they were true it would be wise in us to inquire into the causes that led them to entertain thoughts of violence toward us, and seek to promote a return to amicable and honorable relations again.

As the first of these thoughts, I repeat I have no fears; but as to the second I have good and undeniable evidence that the Catholics have the most to fear. Please suppress your surprise and patiently read, and I will show you positive evidence.

1st. Protestants have a dominant power in all the Government departments of our country.

2nd. Protestants are striving by every means, private and public, individually and organically, to deprive Catholics of the free and full benefits of Government patronage and protection.

3rd. Protestants are endeavoring to procure legislation to force Catholics to send their children to common schools supplied with Protestant Bibles, or to furnish them schools at their own expense, which by their choosing the latter, deprives them of the benefits of public monies, and thus enable Protestants to education their children at Catholic expense.

4th. Protestants are engaged in promoting a spirit of strife and denominational advantage over Catholics by circulating sensational rumors that have no ground in fact or in proof, but designed to promote ill-feeling, strife, and, if possible, to eventually cause them to adopt retaliatory measures that will give Protestants a coloring of excuse to vent their feelings of spite against them. Surely, Solomon said very truly, "There is a generation that curseth their father and doth not bless their mother."—Prov. xxxii.

Protestants have received all the creeds, rituals, orders and successions, either directly or indirectly, from the Catholics and are, therefore, dependent upon them for their existence and nursing, and there should be better feeling between them.

Full religious toleration is the only base of religious and civil liberty. A. B. Brees."

It is stated that the Gladstone Government will make disestablishment of the church in Wales the principle of a Bill in the autumn session.

The House of Lords is by no means a secure element of the British constitution. The struggle of the "long parliament" for English liberty was accompanied by the abolition of the Lords by vote of the House of Commons in 1649. For eleven years England was ruled without the Lords. But in the Restoration in 1660 the act of 1649 was treated as null and the lords revived.

AN ANTIDOTE FOR APAISM.

"The True American" Defends the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Catholic Columbian. Catholic and non-Catholic lovers of truth and fair play will welcome the sturdy little sheet that makes its initial appearance in this city this week as "The True American," under the editorship of E. Mettles. Mr. Mettles is not a Catholic and his paper is not a religious sheet, but he is a believer in justice and right, as the purpose declared in his introductory editorial shows. Mr. Mettles says:

"When man is degenerate, public faith broken, public honor violated, the patriotism of our fathers forgotten and greed, hypocrisy and slander takes the place of religion, and adherents become traitors to the Constitutions of our Nation and State, and this treason becomes a virtue to these hypocrites, who pretend to be Nazarene, then is it a time for honest men to come forth and battle as did our fore-fathers for their overthrow. To this end will all efforts of The True American be aimed."

The first number also gives some facts in regard to the establishment of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd in Columbus, the urgent need for their presence and the indifference with which the deplorable evils they came to correct were regarded, even by men styling themselves ministers of the Gospel, or the brutal methods of correction employed. The article is substantially as follows:

A SCRAP OF HISTORY. It was during the dark hours of the Rebellion in 1862-3, when Abraham Lincoln was putting forth every means, to fill the ranks of the Federal army, to enable him to end the fight for the life of our nation, that the prostitution of young girls became of common occurrence, and thousands throughout the land became followers of the camp, and our own Camp Chase, four miles west of the city, was invested with hundreds of these unfortunate.

They were looked upon as a common nuisance by the officers in command, who sent out squads of soldiers and gathered them in. The commandant then ordered their heads shaved and that they be consigned to the Tod Barracks, military prison. We saw in one day six ambulance loads taken to that place after they had undergone this operation. They were kept there for nearly two weeks, when they were turned loose to roam the streets of our city.

It was at this time the City Council took the matter in hand and appointed a committee to confer with the Protestant clergy of the city, to see if there could be anything done to provide against the great and growing evil. After due deliberation and discussion these sanctified and holy disciples of our loving Saviour, Jesus Christ, gave their answer: "Let them alone where they are—there is the place for them." This answer coming from professed Christians, and those who claimed to be teaching the Gospel, astonished the Committee, and to say that they were surprised and indignant, is but putting it mildly.

The committee having received this reply from the Protestant clergy, then called upon the Rev. Father Homstecker, of Holy Cross (Catholic) Church, and laid the matter before him. He lamented the deplorable and terrible condition of the evil that had fastened itself upon our city and its people, and regretted very much that he was powerless to provide means or take any action to relieve the community of the foul ulcer that was engraving itself upon them. His answer, however, was of a more Christian character. "I will write to Archbishop Purcell (this then being in the Cincinnati diocese) and lay the matter before him and see what plans he will propose to aid in confronting the evil."

In due time the Archbishop, in answer, said that he owned two acres of land on North High street, and if the city would erect a building thereon and build a work house, he would send a band of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd to take charge of the buildings erected. Then these women and young girls, when arrested, could be sentenced so long in the work house, or if they chose, and should have any disposition to reform, they could, if they desired, enter this "House of the Friendless," and all efforts would be made by the good Sisters for their reclamation. The City Council having no legal right to erect a building upon any but city property, and not having the means if they so desired, much less a work-house, let the matter drop. Not so, however, with the Archbishop. He saw the great need of such an institution here, so he sent a band of the Sisters to Columbus, rented a house from J. M. McKee on East Spring street, where they remained for nearly a year.

The different mayors of our city in their time have each sent scores of reckless young girls just starting out

MARGARET L. SHEPHERD. A COMPLETE ACCOUNT OF HER LIFE. Address, THOS. COFFEY, Catholic Record Office, London, Ont. LITTLE & DUNNAN, BARRISTERS, 211 Talbot street, London. Private funds to loan.

on their downward course to this reformatory, and the Mayors were not alone in consigning such ones there, but our Probate Courts have done likewise. Eventually the McKee house became too small to accommodate the number consigned to their care, and they were compelled to seek for a more commodious building. This they found on the West Side in the Sullivan Mansion, which they rented for several years, and eventually purchased. It has grown ever since its establishment. It from the first was never intended as a founding hospital, nor was it to be an educational institution, but if the inmates wished to be educated an opportunity was given them. The main object of this place was to succor the weak and fallen, urging them to break off their lives of shame and point them to a better life. That great good has been accomplished by this institution none can deny, if they are honest, but nothing better can be expected from such narrow-souled, cracked-brained bigots as the Rev. (?) Divines, J. C. Jackson, Homer Smith and the immaculate Adam Fawcett, a follower of the Saint of Geneva, John Calvin, who laughed and gloated over the death agonies of Michael Servetus, and who declares that if a Catholic priest goes to heaven, he wishes to go to hell, to which place no doubt he will be consigned by a just God, if he does not break off his connection with the workers of treason, the A. P. A., and quit his persecution of those who show by their works a more Christian spirit than himself.

"KIT" ON HIS HOLINESS THE POPE.

TO THE EDITOR.—In the Mail of the 9th Sept., that talented and versatile writer "Kit," in giving her experience on the Midway Plaisance, at the great World's Fair, speaks about the model of St. Peter as follows: "Inside are the familiar Vatican Guards in full uniform, and you look about wondering who Leo XIII. in his white robes and triple crown, with the beautiful, refined face and burning eyes, through which one can almost see the lovely soul shining, will be carried in his great chair, with the huge fans of peacocks' feathers waving on each side." It is pleasant to read this spontaneous outburst of a generous Christian heart side by side with the forced editorials and other articles that appear in the columns of the Mail! Would that the sentiments here expressed prevailed in the editorial rooms of that journal, where that uncompromising monster expediency rules supreme! It is also pleasant for Catholics to see such kindly expressions in regard to one they love and reverence, from one not of the household of the Faith. What a pleasing contrast to those misguiding people who speak of our beloved Pontiff in terms anything but complimentary! God bless you, Kit! This is not the first time you have given expression to sentiments that show you have a heart, a soul, a mind that is not tainted by that spirit of intolerance that is, alas! too prevalent in these days. You dare to do right—dare to give honor to whom honor is due, and to do what you can to stem the torrent of prejudice and bigotry that is sweeping over this otherwise happy country! Sept. 1893.

ATTENTION!—We direct attention to the advertisement in another column of the Convent of Notre Dame, Westport, Ont. This educational institution has been in existence only seven years, and has already become distinguished, holding as it does, a foremost place in the departmental examinations. Besides, every advantage is afforded to young ladies desirous of receiving a solid and useful as well as a refined education.

Old Chum (CUT PLUG.) OLD CHUM (PLUG.) No other brand of Tobacco has ever enjoyed such an immense sale and popularity in the same period as this brand of Cut Plug and Plug Tobacco. Oldest Cut Tobacco manufacturers in Canada. Ritchie & Co. MONTREAL. Cut Plug, 10c. 1/2 lb Plug, 10c. 1 lb Plug, 20c.

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London, Saturday, Sept. 23, 1893.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

In a recent issue of the Detroit Free Press there is a letter from a minister of one of the Protestant churches of that city, which represents pretty accurately the position taken by most of the Protestant clergy of Canada, equally with those of the United States, in regard to Catholic schools; and for this reason we deem it useful to make some remarks upon it.

The writer of the communication is Rev. J. F. Dickie, who takes the occasion to make some comments on a sermon delivered a few days ago by Bishop Foley on Catholic education. Mr. Dickie says:

"All Christians will most heartily endorse the argument of the Bishop regarding the necessity of furnishing a complete education for the whole man. Nor will any do other than applaud the noble sentiment of Washington which Bishop Foley so felicitously makes the refrain of his argument: 'Beware of the man who would inculcate morality without religion.'"

The necessity of a religious education is thus granted by Mr. Dickie, who also admits that the Public Schools of the United States have eliminated religious and moral teaching from their curriculum; he asks, however, how this was brought about, and answering his own question declares that in Detroit, at least, the Catholics joined hands with the secularists in excluding the word of God from daily use.

This is a bold, or we should rather say, an impudent, assertion. Catholics, who have always insisted upon religion as the foundation of education, have no hostility to the word of God, and no objection to its discreet use in schools; but we differ altogether from Protestants as to the manner in which religion may be best taught.

The Bible is indeed the word of God, but the King James version, which is the one which the Rev. Mr. Dickie would have taught, has been designedly corrupted in order to afford arguments against Catholic doctrine. It is not to be expected, then, that Catholics should ever consent to have it introduced as a text-book in the schools, to be taught to their children.

It must also be borne in mind that the Bible is not a regular or consecutive treatise on religion. It was not written to take such a position, and it is not suitable for the purpose. As St. Paul says, "All Scripture inspired of God is profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct to justice" (2 Tim., iii., 16); but it must be used by a discreet living teacher who is able to employ it for those purposes, and to interpret it; otherwise the great majority of Christians cannot draw from it the instruction which is needful to them. For this reason Christ has appointed a body of living teachers in His Church who are bound to fulfill the duty of "teaching all nations," as He commanded His Apostles to do. If the Bible is to be taught in schools it must be explained and interpreted by the teacher.

It will not for a moment be supposed that Protestant parents would permit a Catholic teacher to interpret the Bible for their children; neither can Catholics permit a Protestant teacher to do this for theirs, for he would certainly inculcate his Protestantism; and for this reason in mixed schools it would be intolerable to have Bible lessons inculcated on all the children indiscriminately.

We can understand why the Rev. Mr. Dickie and other Protestant ministers like him are willing to compromise the educational question on the basis of almost purely secular instruction, or at least with a minimum of religion; for though they admit that a religious training is necessary for the young, with the exception of their article of faith that the Pope is anti-Christ, they have few if any positive doctrines, and are therefore quite willing that there shall be little or no doctrinal teaching in the schools; and if they could persuade Catholics to agree to an education on this basis they would be satisfied. If they cannot secure that Protestants shall have fixed religious principles, they hope at least to deprive Catholics of being instructed therein.

The fact is that Mr. Dickie is an Equal Righter of the same kind as those who called themselves by this name in Canada. He is quite willing we should enjoy civil and religious liberty, provided we adopt his religious and educational vagaries, but not otherwise. He says:

"It is of the utmost importance to the community that all school children should meet and mingle in the common work of the school room and in the common recreations of the play-ground.

It is doubly important in a country like ours, made up of so many nationalities and creeds. The unification of our people is of prime importance, and no factor is so mighty in assimilating our varied elements as the Public School. Mutual forbearance, good-will and respect are engendered by daily contact and companionship at the formative period of life; hence, the withdrawal of any section of our school children from the Common School is a calamity to the nation of which they are prospective citizens, and a still greater calamity to themselves."

He infers that an arrangement might be made whereby all should agree upon a text book of religion and morals comprising the ten commandments, the sermon on the mount, the lives of the patriarchs, with selections from the prophets, the Psalms, the gospels and the epistles, which would meet the approval of Catholic and Protestant alike; and that this text book should be the form of religion taught in all schools.

Such proposals have been made before now, but they are utterly impracticable. Catholics, at least, do not want any such mutilated form of Christianity as Mr. Dickie proposes taught in their schools.

We do not deny that it were desirable that all should be able to agree on the form of religion to be taught in the schools; but when we come to the practical question it is found that all do not agree, and are not likely to do so. So it were also to be desired that there were only one religion among the people, provided that one were the true religion. But it is not the business of the State to force any one religion upon the people and to prohibit all others. We endorse heartily the wise saying of Lawrence Washington, the brother of George Washington,

"It has ever been my opinion, and I hope it ever will be, that restraints on conscience are cruel in regard to those on whom they are imposed, and injurious to the country imposing them."

He proves this by citing the examples of Virginia, which imposed penalties on dissenters:

"We have increased by slow degrees, whilst our neighboring colonies, whose natural advantages are greatly inferior to ours, have become populous."

We say, therefore, that we are entitled to freedom of religion, and to freedom of education as well. Perhaps a thousand years hence only one religion will prevail, but we cannot wait for this before settling practically the question of religious education. For the present generation Catholics have settled it, as far as they can do so, for themselves, by establishing parochial schools in all parts of the United States; and it is the duty of the Government to extend to them the same aid which is given to secular schools. The case of Manitoba in our own Dominion should be dealt with in the same way.

The bogey raised by Mr. Dickie that Separate schools alienate the growing population from each other and are an obstacle to the growth of a united nationality is a phantom of the imagination. A religious education impresses upon the minds of the young that they have duties to fulfill to their country and their fellow-citizens, and places before them the highest motives for the fulfillment of those duties. On the other hand, the acquaintances of the school-room are not those which are always the most lasting. The friendships of life are most frequently those which are cemented by intercourse at a later period, according to the station in life which each one occupies. At all events the unification effected in the school-room is not so definite and certain as to constitute a sufficient reason why other important considerations should be laid aside; and among these we consider the necessity of a religious training to be paramount.

We will conclude by remarking that Mr. Dickie is entirely astray in relation to a supposed fact which he states in order to prove that Separate denominational schools are an evil. He says: "Moreover, the Separate school has had its trial in Canada, and has been found wanting. The education given there has been, on examination, found so defective in the secular branches of knowledge, that prominent and devoted Catholics all over the Province have braved the indignation of their spiritual advisers by supporting the Public Schools."

This statement has no foundation in fact. The Catholic school teachers, with the exception of the religious orders, pass exactly the same examinations as the Public school teachers, and are judged by the same standard; and reference to the Government reports will show that the Catholic schools employ quite as many teachers of the higher grades as do the Public schools, the proportion according to population being considered. The

religious orders too have their standard grades, and we do not hesitate to say that their teachers are quite as efficient as, if not more so than, those of the Public schools in corresponding localities. The average attendance of the children in the Catholic schools is usually above that of the Public schools, and so are the numbers of children in the higher classes. There is no means of comparing the two kinds of schools exactly; but where there are competitors for entrance into the High Schools, the Catholic school pupils are quite able to hold their own. Our inference is, therefore, that the Catholic schools of Ontario have been a success, and every year they are making substantial progress. There may be occasional local difficulties in management, but such difficulties occur also in the Public schools, and will necessarily occur in connection with every school system, for the reason that whatever is human must be imperfect in some respects.

Mr. Dickie's attack upon Catholic education is characterized by the same unfairness with which most Protestant clergymen are accustomed to deal with the subject. If he and they were sincere in their desire for general religious education they would rather be pleased with what Catholics are doing in this direction than plot to deprive us of the schools we have in successful operation.

PLANS FOR CHRISTIAN UNION.

The discovery is now being brought prominently before the minds of the Protestant missionary associations that the diverse teachings of the sects having missions in heathen lands is a great obstacle to the successful preaching of Christianity. One of the speakers at the recently held African Congress told a fact in connection with this which made a deep impression on the Congress. He said that a certain African chief was recently on the point of becoming a Christian, a course which he was recommended by a missionary to take for his soul's sake.

At this critical moment another missionary of a different sect came into contact with the chief and gave quite a different account of the Christian creed, so that his confidence in Christianity was completely upset, and in the end he rejected both teachers and returned to his paganism. Cases similar to this are asserted to be of very frequent occurrence, and the ministers are endeavoring to find a remedy for such a condition of things. The favorite mode proposed for the purpose of meeting the difficulty is that the different sects calling themselves Evangelicals should agree upon some general creed which they will teach the heathen so that the "different missionaries may not give different accounts of the same thing." It is easier to propose such a mode of action than to adopt it, for differences of belief on important doctrines are the reason of the existence of the different sects. It is therefore clear that if this method be adopted, the sects must either form a compromise creed which will differ from all their teachings, and which they therefore believe to be false, or they must eliminate from their creed all the doctrines on which differences exist, and thus be guilty of hypocritically concealing entirely from the heathens they convert part of what they believe to be Christian truth. The sects are themselves quite conscious that this is the case; but they seem to have no horror against accepting each other's errors, though they declaim so persistently against the errors of Rome, which, even if real, would be certainly no worse than some of the errors which are the distinctive characteristics of many of the sects. For ourselves, we are convinced that the proposed compromise of doctrine is impracticable, for diversity of doctrine is a necessary consequence of the fundamental Protestant principle whereby each individual is made the court of last resort in regard to the doctrines he is to believe.

It is a curious fact that amid all the plans which have been proposed for the reunion of Christendom, there is no thought of making the Catholic Church, comprising the vast majority of Christians in every age, a participant in the union. This is like an endeavor to make grape wine without grapes. Another strange feature of the new proposition is that it is made for the sake of coaxing the heathen into a form of Christianity which will be confessedly full of errors, when the plan will be perfected, instead of for that end which is declared by St. Paul to be Christ's purpose in establishing

His Church and the sacred ministry—"for the perfecting of the saints . . . for the edifying of the body of Christ, until we all meet in the unity of faith . . . that henceforth we be no more children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine by the wickedness of men, by cunning craftiness by which they lie in wait to deceive. (Eph. iv., 12-14.) The proposal of these missionaries savors of this cunning craftiness of which the Apostle speaks only in condemnation.

MAHOMETANISM IN NEW YORK.

It was with no little surprise that the announcement was received some months ago that Mr. Mohammed Webb had come to New York with plenty of money to support a movement for the propagation of Mahometanism on this continent.

There is something so extremely incongruous in the notion that the doctrines of Islam could take root in a country in which Christianity had flourished that Mr. Webb's enterprise was generally regarded as a freak which would collapse in its inception; but it is a fact that he is now engaged in publishing a monthly paper under the name of the Moslem World, in which he resolutely maintains that an acceptance of the doctrines of Mahomet would benefit many who now profess Christianity. This he endeavors to prove by producing from the daily papers a list of the crimes by which our civilization is disgraced, and maintaining that such enormities would be impossible in a Mahometan country.

It is a fact that the record of crimes throughout the country is truly appalling, but the Mahometan propagandist is in error in supposing or assuming that they are the fruits of Christianity. They are, on the contrary, the result of human depravity which refuses to be guided by the precepts of Christianity. The remedy for this state of things is not to be found in the propagation of Mahometan absurdities, any more than of Mormonism, Spiritism, Schweinfurthism, or the other 'isms which are from day to day being invented by volatile minds, yet which gain followers amid a population so varied as that of our continent.

Mahometanism borrowed from Christianity certain doctrines, such as the unity of God and the efficacy of prayer, and to this extent it may be better than the practical paganism of many who make some profession of Christianity, while they totally ignore in practice their duties to God, their neighbors and themselves, which real Christianity prescribes to them. But while there are many who utterly neglect their Christian obligations, there are also many true Christians in America, and these do not need the attractions of the Mahometan harem of the future life as an inducement to the practice of virtue.

We by no means imagine that Mr. Webb's venture will amount to anything more than a will of the wisp, which flashes out its light for a moment, and then disappears, leaving not a trace of itself behind. But the responsibility of those who by their evil doings have given a pretext to such teachers as Mr. Webb cannot be over-estimated. These evils are the fruit of the individualism which sets up private opinion to take the place of the authority of the Church which Christ instituted as man's guide on the way of salvation.

The latest Encyclical of our Holy Father has provoked world-wide comment. It proves, as so many other documents that have emanated from the Vatican, that tender solicitude for the poor that endears Leo XIII. to all who toil. He exposes in a masterful manner the sophistries of the Rationalists, who would fain despoil society of its authority by relegating it to the rank of a mere human invention. "Society is not a human invention, but a divine inspiration, for the real social contract is not merely a right between man and man, but between man and God." Men, he says, talk of reason as their guide; but the theory of the sovereignty of reason is the source of all injustice, for each pretends to have reason for himself, and each abrogates to himself the rights of making his own ideas triumphant, as the most useful to his country. Each has his own plan of action or reform." How true are these words is evident to all readers of history. The demagogues and agitators obtain no sympathy from Leo XIII. "A strike," he says, "can be justified only as a means of defence. Never can it be justified by the arm of aggression. An aggressive strike is not reciprocal between operator and operative, but an instrument of attack upon the proprietor and property." They who are inciting the working classes to take the law into their own hands will do well to take this advice. Their schemes to improve the condition of the employe have been proven to be instruments for personal profit and advancement.

RELIGIOUS SELFISHNESS.

To Regard Faith as an Exclusive Possession Retards the Growth of Catholic Influence.

Religion cannot exist in the soul without a principle of fecundity by which it demands to be communicated. Selfishness, besides being a vice, is a malady. It was the primary evil of Protestantism, and it has proved its ruin. The Bible is the common heritage of God's children; the "reformers" made it each man's private property—hence disunion and then doubt. And any Catholic who fancies that he can use his faith as if it were his own exclusive property is in error, and is in danger of being decatholicized. The missionary spirit is needed for our own inner life, in order that racial, local, family influences may be restricted to their subordinate spheres. These tend to supplant the universal. Nothing tends to make a man universal, Catholic, better than the noble virtue of zeal for souls. "Blessed is the man who hath found a true friend" is perfectly true in its converse: blessed is the man who is a true friend to another.

It is easy to see, therefore, that a spirit of defense is not the missionary spirit, but one of aggressive charity. The dread of defection, and the tendency to mournful exercises of reparation, indicate a tone of mind quite un-missionary. Catholic faith is too often, and too closely identified with religious traditions and practices brought from the Old World, producing a narrow and suspicious disposition. The sensation of exile is injurious to the missionary vocation. "To the Greek and to the barbarian, to the wise and to the unwise, I am a debtor." To my mind our very dissensions, whether on matters of principle or of policy, are reasons for encouragement, for they have shown an independence of conviction which yields to no human tribunal, and in bowing to a divine tribunal does so frankly and without cringing. Turn this independence of thought into missionary channels, and the results will be equal to our deep personal sincerity multiplied by the incalculable power of our divine organization.

How to go to work is a easy problem, since we have a perfect organization which can utilize the resources of modern civilization. Let us but have the determined purpose—the men of action bent upon success—and the ways and means are the divine methods of the Church and the modern opportunities of the press, the platform, and the incessant intercommunication of all classes in America.

American Bishops, priests, and lay working together in an apostolic spirit will missionize the entire land in half a decade of years. The immediate effect will be to throw every form of error upon the defensive, to set every religiously disposed person to sorting out and dividing calumny from fact, to start a small and perceptible stream of conversions in every locality. It seems like a dream, but it is really a vision of the future, and the not distant future either. Having done nothing we have many thousands of converts; what may we not hope from a universal apostolate?—Rev. Walter Elliott in Catholic World.

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THE DUMB SINGER.

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.

People who saw little Philip often wondered what pleasure he could find in life. He lived on the top floor of a crowded boarding-house in New York. He went to work in the morning at 7 o'clock, and did not come back to the house until after 6. Then he was pale and tired. He took his seat at the long dinner-table, and while the guests around him talked of politics or the latest sensation of the daily journals, little Philip did not even pretend to listen. He ate silently and then disappeared. He was about nineteen years old, slight, short, and with drooping shoulders. He had a long, white, care-worn face. When his eyes were cast down he looked ugly and uninteresting; for he had white eye-lashes, which helped to give his face the appearance of being all one color. But when he looked at you you could see that his eyes were the color of violets, with a deeper and softer tint in them than any violet.

The landlady called him little Philip. She said he had come to her house from the West, recommended by an old friend, and that, though he had grown somewhat in three years, she had become used to that name. He was an orphan and had no relations. He was very shy; he answered no or yes, when people spoke to him. He seemed to shrink from those who spoke to him; he made no effort to make friends. Sometimes he came to the table with a flower in his button-hole, which he invariably pulled out and hid in his cuff when anybody noticed it, or he thought anybody was noticing it. The lady who sat next to him had been kind to him when he was sick once; he had thanked her in a few low words. One day he came in with an unusually large brown and gold pansy. She was in a gayer mood than was her wont, and she asked him for it. He fumbled at the flower as if hesitating, and then managed awkwardly to drop it into her soup. He jumped up from the table and disappeared. Everybody wondered what such an uninteresting, stupid, shifty being found to live for. Little Philip was really as unknown to the forty people in the same house as himself as if he were a thousand miles away. In reality, there was the thinnest possible barrier between the heart of this human being and the best of the people around him. Some of them were versed in the ways of the world and knew how to be amiable and attractive to it; but they did not dream of wasting these qualities on the stoop-shouldered, downcast creature they saw every day. They touched the surface and found it rough. That was sufficient. He was ugly, that was evident, he was silent, and they thought he was stupid and sulky. It was generally understood that he was too callous even to like music, for he never went into the parlor when the boarders sang the popular melodies of the day, accompanied by the notes of a weary-toned piano.

Once he was seen standing at the head of the stairs, while a visitor played the prayer from Rossini's "Moses in Egypt." The landlady, who was going upstairs, noticed that his eyes were very bright and large, and that his hand trembled. "Why, little Philip," she said, "what's the matter?" "Nothing," he answered, drawing the white lashes over those violet eyes. "I was a fool to have asked him," muttered the landlady. "What a queer boy! But he actually looked like a saint in one of the Catholic pictures."

After this Philip's door was always ajar. But nobody played the prayer from "Moses" again. The people in the parlor preferred gayer music. There was a young man who went to the table and who sat near Philip. He was a bright, handsome, pleasant fellow. He talked a great deal. He had once spoken to Philip and received a timid No; he made up his mind that Philip was proud and disagreeable. His name was Neal. The boarders discussed everything and sometimes they argued about religion. One of them said something foolish about the Catholic Church. Neal laughed a little, and lightly answered him; but, growing enthusiastic, made a good defence of the Church he loved. After dinner, he found Philip waiting at the door for him. Philip tapped him on the shoulder.

"I would like to go to your church with you," Philip said. "You are very condescending," answered the young man irritably, for he had lost his temper over the seeming impossibility of making the boarders understand him, and he gave way to a desire—although his conscience smote him—to return the dislike which he thought Philip had for him. "You can go yourself if you want to."

Philip made no answer; he stumbled over the young man's feet in turning to go upstairs, and the young man thought that he had never met a more disagreeable person. He said to himself that Philip's request was only one way of being satirical; but he was not sure of this, and the more his conscience whispered that he ought to have been more charitable, the more angry he became with Philip. Finally, he forgot all about it, except that he had a vague increase of dislike for Philip, and he did not hesitate to say one or two unkind things at him.

Young Neal discovered, however, that Philip had found a Catholic church, for he saw him, in his threadbare suit, standing behind the last pew at High Mass on Sunday. He first thought of asking him into his pew, but he resisted the impulse, as he drew off his lavender-colored kid gloves, and

spread a silk handkerchief under his knees on the bench. Perhaps Philip's threadbare clothes had something to do with this.

"He has come here only to mock and criticize, anyhow," Neal said to himself, by way of apology. "I'll not notice him."

The landlady remarked that little Philip went out more than usual; and, after a month or so, he let himself out of the house at 5 o'clock in the morning, and came back in about an hour. The landlady said to herself that he seemed happier, and once she heard him trying to sing some Latin words to himself in his room; but the boarder next door knocked and jocularly asked him if he were trying to say word. "He was queer and no mistake," he did not try to sing again.

During the winter he went out very early, and came back for his breakfast about 6 o'clock every morning. He took his frugal luncheon with him then, and went to work. It was remarked by the boarders that his teeth chattered unpleasantly, and that he had no overcoat.

Young Neal, who went to early Mass one week-day—the anniversary of his mother's death—met Philip coming out of church. He was surprised and somewhat softened. He remarked that it was a cold day.

Philip flushed and turned silently away. He thought that Neal's glance had rested on his worn clothes, and that his expression had been a satirical allusion to the fact that he had no overcoat. Then he felt he had given way to resentment. He ran after Neal and tapped him on the arm.

"Well?" Neal said. Philip's lips moved. "It is a cold day Mr. Neal." "It will be a cold day when you learn manners," Neal said, boiling with indignation at what seemed to be an impertinence.

Philip stood and watched him as he turned the corner, as if he were stung by Neal's rough reply.

Neal's remarks at the dinner-table became more satirical than ever; but Philip seemed not to notice them. The landlady, going through the attic corridor one night after Neal had been more than usually severe on "stupid, insolent people," thought she heard a sob in the cough that troubled Philip at this time. She said again that he was "queer," and would never make a friend, and went on to get out some more blankets, for January had come.

Young Neal went to see Father Cramer, the rector of St. Mary's, on Sunday, the 16th of January. He was much interested in the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and he wanted to see the priest about a knotty point that had come up at the last meeting of his congregation.

Father Cramer shook hands with him, but stopped him in the hall. The priest's kind eyes and grave smile always made Neal feel what he called "good."

"There's somebody in the parlor; and I don't want to go to my room until my patient wakes up.—Yes, I've a patient up there, and I'm afraid he is dying. He is a strange boy—sit down here awhile—he came here suddenly one night in a frightened sort of a way, and asked to be instructed. It took some time to break the ice that seemed to have coated him all over; he gave me the impression of being dumb, though he had the use of his tongue."

"There's a fellow at my boarding-house just like that," said Neal, with a laugh. "And a nasty, mean little chap he is."

"Don't be too hard on him," said the priest. "If you break the ice, you may find pure, limpid water under it. I did. Well, this boy, or young man—I don't know which to call him—became a most exemplary Catholic. He had lacked friends, though he had looked for them fervently, but his inability to express himself, and his awkwardness, turned everybody from him. He wanted to please people, but he always failed. He found all he wanted at the foot of the altar. All the ardor of his heart turned to the Blessed Sacrament. Such love, such faith! But he wanted to express it somehow.

"Do you know Rossini's 'Moses in Egypt'?" No? Well, I think it a rather theatrical piece. He heard it sung in the choir. 'I can't sing,' he said, 'but if I could only play that, I would feel as if I were not so tongue-tied, when I am alone and want to pray. Ah, if I could only play that! It expresses what I cannot say.' He was in earnest, there was no mistaking that; so I told him to come here, and that I would teach him to play that old organ in my room. It was slow work. He thought it bored me; but he loved the toil of practice. He has actually been going all this winter without an overcoat,—for he works for a mere pittance,—to hire a small organ for himself."

"Sentimental?" The priest paused. "Don't take that tone, Neal. Don't let us sneer when we can help it. His progress has been very slow, and he has been much troubled by a cough. This morning, after Mass—he went to Communion—he fainted, and we took him up to my room.—" A soft, solemn sound filled the house—a sweet, pleading sound, almost human in its tone. It was a prayer in music—such music as is seldom heard on earth. It was the Prayer of Moses, as Rossini in some high, pure moment, away from all thoughts of the stage, may have conceived it.

Father Cramer listened incredulously. "That can't be my old organ." Neal was touched by something in the music. They went upstairs.

The musician turned as he entered. His face, in which two violet eyes almost blazed, smiled at Father Cramer radiantly.

"I have found my voice, Father," he whispered joyously, but hoarsely. "I am no longer dumb. It says all I think."

The musician was little Philip. The priest ran forward, for Philip seemed weak and about to totter. He fell sideways on the keys of the organ, and a stream of bright blood flowed from his lips, coloring them. Neal caught him in his arms and carried him to the lounge. His wonderful eyes were fixed, glowing with love, on the crucifix above the organ. He made motions with his hands, as if touching organ keys. He sighed and closed his eyes.

"He has found his voice," said Father Cramer, who knew death well. "He has found more than all he lacked on earth."

"I might have been a friend to him," murmured Neal, as he lifted Philip's hand tremblingly, and crossed it with the other on the dumb singer's breast.

"He needed friends," said the priest; "his heart almost broke because he was so greatly disliked. But we are not friendly to talk when we ought to pray for him."

And then Neal joined with all his heart in the prayer of the Church, that he who so longed to express himself might be joyfully expressive before God and the glorious assemblage that praises Him eternally.

IRISH NUNS IN THE INDIES.

A White Coral Convent Consecrated to the Sacred Heart.

Far, far away in the sunny south, in one of the beautiful islands of the West Indies, a little convent of white coral has just been built and consecrated to the Sacred Heart. For this new and glorious field of labor one good and self-sacrificing Sister of Mercy and a single postulant sailed in February last to lay the foundation of a great and holy work for the salvation of souls.

To the reader a short description of this island may be of interest, and he will then more readily understand the great difficulties that had to be overcome before even this small detachment of soldiers in God's service could be sent to their work. Barbadoes, if not the prettiest, is at least the most healthy, cultivated and populous of all the islands. Since first inhabited it has always been English, and we are led to think that in its early days it was governed and laid out by Catholics, for only those of the ancient faith would have given to the various parishes into which the island is divided the names of St. Joseph, St. Philip, St. Thomas, St. George, St. Peter, St. Lucy, St. Anne, etc. Many are the English and Irish Catholic prisoners of war who here toiled to the end of their weary life and left descendants who, as the years rolled by, gradually lost all vestiges of the faith.

SOLDIERS DEMAND A PRIEST. No Catholic priest was allowed for many years to live on the island, until the regiment of the Connaught Rangers being quartered there, the men insisted on having a Catholic chaplain, and succeeded in building a small but extremely pretty church in 1848, which was dedicated to St. Patrick. About ten years later the mission was given to the Society of

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Miss Jennie Bass, New Haven, Conn., writes: "For two years I suffered from sick headache and palpitation of the heart, and could get no relief until I began the use of Pink Pills. I now feel like a new girl." Sold by all dealers or by mail at one a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations.

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FATHER W. KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

A Reverend has Refreshing Sleep After Hard Study. I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for nervousness and trouble in my head and body; it gave me refreshing sleep and great relief. I also ordered it for another person who suffered from nervousness and it did him much good. REV. B. HEGGEL, Fairview, Pa., May 14, '98.

I was troubled with nervous headache for a long time, especially on Sundays, after services, two bottles and the desired relief. I have had confidence that it is all the more genuine, as "Nerve Tonic."

REV. FATHER J. R. HUBBERT, St. Mary's, Ky., Oct. 7, '98. I hereby testify that Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured a girl of my congregation of St. Vincent, and a married lady of sleeplessness.

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Jesus, and since then one of their Fathers has always held the post there. About 20 miles long and 14 broad, with a population of over 182,000, this island with but one priest and one small church in its principal town has marvelously been able to keep one little spark of Catholic faith. At length the way seemed open to found a convent.

To do this had been for years the longing desire of the good old Father who has lived since 1884 or 1885 among the people.

A Catholic lady who had visited the island and grown very fond of the place saw the great need that there was to increase the influence of the Church, if the faith was ever to be spread, for it is one of the most Protestant places in the world. This person promised on returning to England to do all that was possible to find nuns who would go out and start a convent there. After eight months of constant labor for the cause, one Sister of Mercy was found willing and very anxious to go out and begin the work, with a young postulant who had the same desire. As no others could be found, after long and careful inquiries at various convents, these two started alone on the 10th of February for the little island. Their convent was not quite finished on arriving, but they lodged in a private house for a time. About four months have passed since they landed, and the influence they have already gained over the people is marvellous.

WHAT IS NEEDED. The small mission has awakened to a new vigor; the poor school numbering about sixty children is under the supervision of the nuns, though still taught by the former negro master. The Sisters have also started a middle class school, which is well attended, and only lately fifty-seven pupils have given notice of leaving a large college there to attend the convent. All cannot be accepted; no two Sisters can carry on the tremendous undertaking which such a large school would involve, with all their parish visiting, Sunday school and various instructions to all classes. What the mission needs now are good earnest volunteers to join this little band and throw in their lot with this great work for the saving of so many souls and the advancement of Holy Church and our all-glorious faith.

Young girls with a solid education, a love for God's poor and ignorant, and a desire to become Sisters of Mercy would reap an untold happiness and an everlasting crown in heaven by doing anything in their power to increase the strength of this convent's influence. Or again, good could be done by alms to assist in sending out new recruits for the work, or by making the needs of the place known, and

thus enabling any who feel an inclination for the religious state to hear of a field for their labors; for has not our Lord promised that what we do for the least of His little ones we do unto Him? And surely the good to be done for these people, white, black and colored, is more than tongue can tell.

All information regarding this mission in Barbadoes, West Indies, may be obtained by writing to the editor of the Illustrated Catholic Missions, St. Bede's College, Manchester, England.

AN IRISH PRIEST'S WIT.

How Father Healy Replied to One of Balfour's Queries.

One defect in Irish literature is the absence of a good collection of the sparkling and humorous sayings for which Irish men and women of all ages have been remarkable, says an exchange. Even down to the present time they prevail in my lord's castle and his servants' hall. A story is told that shortly before the termination of Mr. Balfour's chief secretaryship he entertained among others, Father Healy, the wit of Bray. Mr. Balfour asked Father Healy if he thought that the people of Ireland disliked him as much as he pretended, to which the Father Healy replied that "If they only hated the devil half as much the priests of Ireland might take a long holiday." Another story is told of His Grace the present Archbishop of Cashel, examining a little peasant boy on the catechism, and asking him "What was matrimony?" "Could two little boys get married?" "Could two little boys get married?" pursued the Archbishop. "Yes, your Grace." "How is that?" "To two little girls, your Grace."

A Minister's Rebuke.

A clergyman was annoyed by people talking and giggling. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said: "Some years since, as I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking and making unseemly grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the services a gentleman said to me: 'Sir, you made a great mistake; that young man was an idiot.' Since then I have always been afraid to rebuke those who misbehave themselves in chapel, lest I should repeat that mistake and rebuke another idiot." During the rest of the service there was good order.

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