

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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BISHOP KEANE AT HARVARD.

His Address on Receiving the Degree of LL. D.

The following splendid address was recently delivered by the Right Rev. John J. Keane at Harvard University, when that university conferred upon the distinguished Bishop the degree of LL. D.:

I am most grateful for the opportunity of returning thanks for the honor conferred on me to-day by Harvard University, and of expressing my profound appreciation of the spirit which prompted the men who decreed it. It is one of the many evidences to which I can bear testimony of that steady and rapid growth of that spirit of universal trustfulness, of universal sympathy, of universal affection, which ought to reign among all classes of educators. It shows the dying out of the old-time spirit of suspicion and hostility, the advance and the victory of the spirit of universal brotherhood and love. Hence, as a friend of humanity, as a disciple of our Saviour's law of love, as one firmly believing in the kinship of all things true and beautiful and good, I welcome it, rejoice in it, I give thanks for it.

And this is not with me a sentiment only; it is a philosophy. And as in the universities of old, the recipient of a Doctorate always made his profession of faith, so permit me, on the occasion of my Harvard Doctorate, to tell in a few words the philosophy to which I hold.

The heart and centre of any philosophy must be man. He is neither the first beginning nor the last end of things; but he is the centre and the chief interest of human thought. Now man's career is acted out in a world whose mighty energies, operating in countless directions according to the creative law, are ever building up around him the wondrous evolution of nature's phenomena. An instinct within him tells him that there is a kinship between him and nature, between her energies and his, that he is superior to her, and that her powers are ready to own his mastery. Conscious that he is impotent to create one of her forces, to add to them or to annihilate them, yet he sees that he can control their action, shape their direction and modify their results. And nature herself is his instrument in doing this. It is not his own strength that he brings into rivalry with hers; it is nature's own powers that he harnesses and brings to bear upon nature's self, shaping her processes and their results to ends of his own devising.

Nor is it an unwilling slave, as a power hostile and coerced, that nature bows to his control, as if she recognized her kinship and his superiority, she willingly puts her every energy at his disposal to do his bidding. If, ever and anon, outbursts of uncontrolled forces destroy their master, it is because, through lack of knowledge or lack of care, he had failed to do his part in balancing force against force and directing them wisely. Here then he has matter for constant study, and man's control over nature grows wider and more complete as he becomes better acquainted with her forces and their correlation. And it is well that it should be so. True we sometimes long to escape from the artificial, and to revel in the unrestrained grandeur and beauty of nature's own ways. And doubtless for all time there will remain enough of free untutored nature to gratify our desire for it. But we cannot help recognizing that nature reaches her loftiest ends when she serves man's utility than when she pours forth her energies in their own wild wantonness; and that, grand as are the lineaments of her own native loveliness, yet a higher beauty comes upon her when she is stamped with the image of the thought, the energy, the genius of man.

But straightway the inquiry suggests itself, what if man should use his genius to bend nature's forces toward ends pernicious to his fellow-men and perhaps to himself? For she will obey him in works of destruction as well as in works of well-doing; and we can impress on her the image of his selfish ambitions and lusts, as well as of unselfish beneficence and nobleness. What power will make man do justice to himself and to his fellow-men, so that his control may not do injustice to nature? Is there a power as much above him as he is above nature, to shape his life to symmetry and wisdom? Yes, cries out the voice of all the ages, the voice of reason, too, in each of us. There is a Power above man, a Power whose ways are wisdom and love, whose guidance and control aim, therefore, at leading man in ways of wisdom and of love. Its voice will, in man's heart, its touch on man's will, is not one of antagonism, but of sympathy and helpfulness. Its promoting motive is that of kinship in Eternal Love. If betimes it chides, restrains, chastises, this is through no hostility, but to withhold man from the perniciousness of un wisdom, to bring him to that true love of himself and of his fellow-men without which human life and all its control of the powers of nature would be both unlovely and harmful. It is no antagonism to human nature that Eternal Wisdom and Love should require of man to

control the lower instincts which he has from his kinship with the brute, and should hold him guilty if he fail to do so. This is the upward call and pointing and helping of highest and tenderest friendship, insisting that man shall do justice to himself by growing into the likeness of the Wisdom and Love that gave him his being. Nature would be sadly incomplete without humanity; just as sadly incomplete would humanity be without the Divine.

And as man uses the forces of nature herself in order to bring her powers into proper partnership with his own energies, so does eternal wisdom use humanity itself as His instrument for the uplifting of humanity. This in the central mystery of the Word made flesh; and this in every agency by Him constituted for dispensing to mankind the fullness of His grace and of His truth.

Thus it is that nature and man and God blend in the harmony of being. Thus it is that science and philosophy and religion blend in the synthesis of truth. This is the law of wisdom—the law of the higher uplifting and perfecting the lower—which brings all diversities into symmetry, which solves the seeming riddles and contradictions of existence, which gives to human life its real purpose and value, to human laws their authority, to the human conscience its imperative majesty, to human yearnings their fulfilment, to the heart of man the blessedness of peace.

These reflections have been suggested to me by Mr. Huxley's latest pronouncement, his Romanes lecture given at Oxford last month. It is a well-worn and well-known theme, the natural and the human, between the human and the ethical. It is the outpouring of a heart which, like the heart of poor John Stuart Mill, feels driven by its principles towards a hopeless pessimism from which it would gladly escape. Then, I say, the principles are wrong. In the philosophy which I have briefly sketched, there is no pessimism, there are no antagonisms. It is a philosophy of harmony and hope, calling to noble and brave and happy endeavor. It fits all things and it is true. Therefore do I rejoice at seeing its spirit and its influence spreading their sway over the world. Therefore do I hail this action of Harvard as an evidence that she sides with the philosophy of harmony which is the law of wisdom. May her mighty influence ever tend towards the diffusion of its wider and fuller sway. And here I pledge my solemn word that as a doctor of Harvard, to the upholding and dissemination of that philosophy shall my best endeavors ever be consecrated.

THE RICHES OF ULSTER

The Per Capita Valuation Less Than in Leinster and Munster.

(The Christian World, London.)

The idea held by many people that Ulster is the richest province in Ireland is shown by a recent parliamentary return to be fallacious. Of the thirty-two counties, the nine Ulster ones stand in the order of 13th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 22nd, 24th, 26th and 31st. Taking the ratable valuation of the four provinces, the valuation per head is for Leinster, £4 6s. 10d.; Munster, £2 19s. 6d.; Ulster, £2 15s. 4d.; Connaught, £1 19s. 8d. So that Leinster has not only a relative, but an absolute superiority over Ulster. Judged by the same standard, the result is not altered much in comparing the nine largest boroughs, for again Leinster tops the list with a valuation per head of £4 6s. 10d., and Ulster stands third at £2 15s. 2d. Dublin also, it would seem, is richer than Belfast, for there the valuation per head is £2 19s. 1d. as against Belfast's £2 15s. 4d. As to the boasted 'Protestantism' of Ulster, that, too, seems to have been somewhat exaggerated, for, according to the last Irish census, the Catholic population in the Ulster counties, including the city of Belfast, numbered 744,353, and the Protestant population 873,524. The latter figures include all classes of Dissenters, as well as Jews and persons refusing to specify their creed. The Protestantism of Ulster is, perhaps, best shown by the fact that whereas in Belfast there are seventy thousand Catholics of about one-fourth of the total population, yet according to evidence given before the select committee on the Belfast corporation bill last year, they are absolutely excluded from local government. There is no Catholic on the Belfast corporation, the harbor board, or the water-commissioner's staff. Of the forty-four guardians of the poor one (non-elective) is a Catholic, and on the asylums board there are only three Catholics out of twenty-two members, and these are nominated by the lord-lieutenant. It seems, moreover, that the bigotry extends to, for instance, not allowing a second Catholic workhouse nurse, to the exclusion of workmen from all but the least paid employments, such as scavenging and the more menial work in workhouses. Even in the mills, while Catholic children are em-

ployed as 'cagers' and 'duffers' until they are fourteen or fifteen years of age, they are then given no opportunity of learning trades, but have to fall out and become day laborers in Belfast, or to cross to England, or emigrate to America.

THEY HAVE RUINED THE CITY.

What the A. P. A. Has Accomplished in Kansas City, Kansas.

"Kansas City is bankrupt. The State of Kansas is bankrupt, and every one, business men as well as farmers, are buried under an almost insupportable load of mortgages. Now the A. P. A. has come, and they are succeeding in making bad matters worse."

Such was the reply of Rev. Anthony Kuhl, of St. Mary's church, Kansas City, when a *Columbian* representative asked him about the present condition of affairs in the West. Of all the cities in the country few have had as much trouble with the proscription organizations as Kansas City. About eight months ago the order was carried from Detroit to Kansas, and already the bigots have gained control of the city government. Catholics have been ousted from their public positions, and the narrow principles of the society have succeeded so well that the municipal debt has been materially increased, and two weeks ago the climax was reached when the officials were compelled to shut off the street lights, leaving the city wrapped in darkness because they were unable to pay the bills.

"The A. P. A., like all other vermin," said Father Kuhl, "multiply with wonderful rapidity. Some of the most disagreeable species of insect life are grandmothers within twenty-four hours, and that is the way the A. P. A. has increased in Kansas City. They will permit anyone who has a vote to become a member, and, as the result, their lodge-rooms are filled with the riff-raff of the city streets. Notwithstanding the disreputable elements that compose the organization they have accomplished their purpose. They have less than 1,500 members in Kansas City, Kansas, and yet their organization has been so well perfected that they hold the control of the elections."

It was but a short time ago that the Catholic citizens came to the conclusion that patience has ceased to be a virtue. Some of the leading Catholics had already talked with the more prominent American Protestants and they expressed themselves as heartily opposed to the proscription societies. They believed in the principles of American liberty, and recognized the fact that this sacred trust for which their fathers had fought and died was now being assailed by these dark-lantern organizations. Besides this they realized that these narrow-principles were detrimental to the prosperity of the city. It was known that the A. P. A. was largely composed of foreigners who had brought their bigotry and ignorance from their trans-Atlantic homes, and the Americans had no desire to have such alien ideas planted in the life of this country.

The important matter was thoroughly discussed, therefore, and it was then decided to hold a mass meeting at which those Protestants who loved right, justice and liberty would join their protests with those of their Catholic fellow-citizens.

Notice of the meeting was given, and when Mr. John O'Flanagan, editor of the *Kansas City Catholic*, called the assembly to order every available inch of space between the four walls was occupied.

After Hon. E. J. Wall had been appointed chairman an address was made by Mr. O'Flanagan in which he bitingly denounced the mendaciousness of the tactics employed against Catholics. He spoke of the action and methods of the A. P. A., and closed his address by paying a glowing tribute to the Catholic citizens of the country, proving from history that they had always been honest and patriotic.

Appropriate resolutions were then adopted. It was shown in the preamble that the Catholic people had been good citizens and had never attempted to interfere with the liberties of any class of people; that they had been loyal and self-sustaining residents of the city and that the present action was taken for the purpose of defending their rights as American citizens. It was then resolved to publicly express feelings of indignation against the treatment that they had been subjected to; to call attention to the attempt of the A. P. A. to introduce the principle of taxation without representation; to inform the Protestant people that the principles of the A. P. A. were in direct opposition to the constitution of the United States; that it be shown that the society was the enemy of all, as well as of Catholics, because in its aims and objects it tended to destroy the peace and harmony that was so necessary to public prosperity and happiness; that the assaults upon the Sisters and Catholic womanhood in general should be branded as a disgrace to the city and country, and that a call be made upon all American citizens to discountenance such secret societies and that they be requested to refuse to vote for anyone

who would fall so low as take the un-American oath exacted from members of the proscription societies.

The last resolutions called upon the Catholic clergy of Kansas City to commence no new improvements, and if possible to stop such as have been contemplated; the Right Reverend Bishop was requested to defer the removal of any diocesan institutions to this place and defer the foundation or institution of any new diocesan institutions at this place until the proscription of Catholics be ended; and until a better spirit be manifested, no special efforts should be made to advise immigration to the Kansas side of the metropolis, where for more than a year they had been subjected to gross insults and goading attacks.

Father Kuhl stated that the meeting had proved of the greatest advantage. It had opened the eyes of many of the liberal Protestants, and a large number who had been persuaded to join the A. P. A. severed their affiliation, and some of the citizens were so heartily ashamed of the position that they had occupied that they were willing to take affidavits that they would have no further connection with the proscription bodies.

The religious war is still in progress however, and the city is suffering in consequence. The stores and other enterprises are classified as "Protestant" or "Catholic," as the case may be, and they are patronized in accordance with these religious distinctions; in fact, Kansas City is now in a position to be regarded as an example of what a place may become under the narrow-minded rule of the A. P. A.

Rev. Father Kuhl expressed himself as very much pleased with Columbus and he regarded it as one of the most beautiful cities in the country. He left for New York on Wednesday evening after having spent a few days at St. Anthony's Hospital; but before he went he urged a number of the citizens to beware of the danger that threatened them and of the evil that would result if the A. P. A. was permitted to gain control of municipal affairs.

MR. ADAMS EXPLAINS.

A Letter That Corrects Statements Made With Malicious Intent.

The following letter from Henry A. Adams, formerly of the Episcopal Church of the Redeemer, is self-explanatory:

To the Editor of the Herald: It would seem desirable for all concerned that a step such as I have taken be quietly taken. For the few true friends who I supposed would feel more than consternation I wrote as brief a letter as I could. Parts of that letter have appeared in the New York journals. I have nothing further to add in explanation of my course, but I do very much wish to correct a few matters of fact which have been adduced as evidence of unsoundness of mind and of implied dishonorable conduct on my part.

First. The myth as to my having disappeared from Buffalo and being next heard from in a telegraphic resignation of my parish, without explanation from Cuba.

The facts are these: Being in New York, the Church of the Redeemer was offered to me in January, 1892, I communicated with the senior warden of my Buffalo church. He with utmost kindness and frankness advised my going to this more congenial field. I then consulted other Buffalo friends. Then I formally resigned my Buffalo charge and accepted the new work.

I then returned to Buffalo, spent a Sunday in my church, preaching three times and taking leave of my people. The sermons, being in the nature of a farewell, were noticed in the daily papers and also published in a pamphlet. On the following Thursday, February 11, I sailed with my wife and brother for Cuba, carrying in my pocket the Buffalo vestry's acceptance of my resignation and some cordially worded resolutions of esteem which they had been good enough to adopt at their regular meeting of the Tuesday previous.

Second. The legend of my ingratitude to a Buffalo millionaire.

A dear friend, whose home I think of as my home always, built for my benefit a beautiful dwelling on my own plans. I was to take title, pay interest on his investment and instalments on the principal as I was able. I never actually assumed title, however, but paid my rent, \$1,500, until with my friend's approval, I removed to New York. I have subsequently been his guest at various times and enjoyed the closest relations with his family.

Third. The allegation of discourteous, if not dishonorable, treatment of my associate priest and friend in New York.

I told Father Johnson six months ago of my terrible doubt, although he was not my confessor. Since then at a number of times when the strain was greatest I opened my grief to him. When, on July 11, I emigrated from my unshakeable suspense I wrote to Bishop Potter first, and immediately afterward to my beloved associate, a man whose adherence unreserved to the Anglican system was like a tower of strength to me in my dark days of doubt.

Fourth. The charge of having a few weeks ago preached a sermon "the burden of which was a bitter denunciation of Catholicism."

As a matter of fact I never in my life preached a sermon whose burden was a bitter denunciation of any body of Christians except my own Church, whose inconsistencies I have of late pointed out with inexcusable severity. In the sermon to which no doubt reference is made I denied as ridiculous the rumor that I was hiding in the country preparing for the "Jesuit priesthood," and said that a wife and three children might be taken as a sufficient answer. At the same time I denied the reports of my having become mysteriously wealthy, explaining that a lay friend of considerable means had built and endowed a chantry and appointed me incumbent.

My conversion to the Catholic faith of course avoids my tenure of this incumbency as well as that of my position at the Church of the Redeemer, and I have nothing but my very slender personal income on which to depend. But my conscience is at rest and I have not the slightest fear for the future.

So much for external matters of fact. To an Anglicanism which called Newman "imbecile" and Manning "dishonest" and Faber "weak" my humble character and powers cannot look for sympathetic or even just treatment. There is a larger public opinion, however, whose ultimate judgment of a man, I believe, will always be that he does well who does sincerely.

HENRY A. ADAMS.
Great River, N. Y., July 18, 1893.

ALL NATURAL ENOUGH.

Reasons Why Mr. Adams Becomes a Catholic—Rome's Enduring Strength.

Some of the former Episcopalian associates of the Rev. Mr. Adams are foolish enough to attribute his going over to the Church of Rome to intellectual weakness and perversion amounting to actual aberration, says the *New York Sun*. They tell stories of his eccentricities, and profess to pity him as a victim of mental disease.

The statement of his reasons for transferring his religious allegiance which was made by Mr. Adams gave no such indications. It was marked to some extent by emotionalism, but that is a distinguishing quality of the clergy. The emotional side is cultivated more in them than in other men. It is developed oftentimes to a degree that is almost feminine. They reason with their hearts, jump to conclusions and exhibit without shame weaknesses of spirit which men generally control or conceal.

As a whole, the statement was clear, consecutive, strong, sensible and coherent. Mr. Adams took the steps which are usual in passing from Protestantism to Catholicism. He had always been a stickler for Church authority, and he found that he could not get that authority in its fullness, except in the Church of Rome. It was an entirely natural, normal and logical progress. Moreover, his explanation proved that he is a conscientious man, and that is the main thing. He refused to remain in a false position, though by getting out of it he sacrificed material advantages prized and properly prized by everybody.

Mr. Adams has simply joined a long procession of Protestants who felt the need of the support of a Church they could learn to believe in as infallible. They could not stand alone. They could not be happy and in religious doubt at the same time. They could not settle the great problems of life and death for themselves; but they required that these should be settled for them, so that the whole subject might be taken from their questioning.

That is the imperative need of many natures. They cannot be agnostics. They cannot give up the riddle. They demand that it shall be solved, and they are restless until they have reached the solution, which they commonly do by submitting to authority. Then they find peace for their souls. They have transferred their load.

At this period of religious skepticism even in the ranks of the clergy, nay, in those ranks more especially, it is not surprising that this tendency towards Rome should appear. When Protestants give up the divine authority of the Bible, what other authority have they to rest upon, save the authority of the infallible Church? They must go one way or the other. They must pass over into agnosticism, or they must yield their wills to the Church, trusting it as divine.

Therein lies the great and enduring strength of the Church of Rome. It stands of itself and on its own foundation. It claims the final and infallible authority. It has no Briggs controversy over the Bible, for the Bible rests upon the authority of the Church.

The feeling that dependence on such Church authority is essential does not indicate imbecility. It indicates a craving and a sense of helplessness which are common in humanity in the presence of the awful problem of existence.

We like to read others but we do not like to be read ourselves.

NEARING THE END.

The Decision of the English People Must be Sustained.

Mr. Gladstone's piloting of the Home Rule bill through the committee has been a marvel of political dexterity. Now that he is passing the breakers of the financial clauses the anchorage is in sight. The passage of the measure already seems a foregone conclusion. What his enemies declared to be utterly impracticable has been accomplished by the Prime Minister's inexhaustible resources of patience, tact and energy. That the bill could not have been carried through the Commons without the operation of closure at high pressure cannot be denied. But that fact does not detract from the merits of Mr. Gladstone's performance. With a minority systematically organized for offering resistance to the measure at every point, the closure was the only resource against obstruction. Mr. Gladstone waited until the issue of majority and minority rights was clearly before the country. Then he used with skill and effectiveness the mechanism which every Minister must employ in enacting a great measure.

The passage of the Home Rule Bill by the Commons will be a signal for its rejection by the Lords by an overwhelming majority. Mr. Gladstone has no means at hand for preventing that result at the present session. The Dublin Parliament must be established as the immediate result of the protracted struggle in the Commons which Mr. Gladstone has directed with masterly skill. But while delay is inevitable, the importance of the victory achieved for the Home Rule cause cannot be underestimated by prudent Unionists. The fact that the Lower House, acting directly upon a mandate received from the constituencies, has sanctioned the policy of a separate Parliament is of the highest significance. The privileged classes may interpose a temporary veto by virtue of their hereditary rights, but the measure as it leaves the Commons will embody the will of a majority of the people of the United Kingdom. Such a verdict means much when it goes upon the records of history. Legislation may be blocked for a season by the Lords, but a privileged class cannot reverse the decision of the people of the United Kingdom.—*New York Tribune*.

DIocese of Peterborough.

Erection of the Stations of the Cross at St. Joseph's, Douro—An Interesting and Successful Religious Function.

On Saturday, after Mass, the interesting Catholic ceremony of erecting and placing in position the Stations of the Cross was performed in St. Joseph's church, Douro, by the zealous pastor, Rev. Father Keilly. The day was propitious, and an immense congregation of parishioners dutifully attended, as also some Protestant gentlemen. The eloquent and devoted priest, in explaining to his people the origin and nature of the Stations of the Cross, said they were typical of the resting places and sufferings of our Divine Lord on His way from the hall of court of Pontius Pilate, where He was condemned, to the summit of Mount Calvary, where He was put to death in the presence of His Blessed Mother and St. Mary Magdalene, who followed their Lord and shared in the bitter grief and sorrow of His sufferings and passion. In forcible and impressive language the Rev. Father dwelt upon the bitter agony of our Divine Lord on His journey to the scene of His crucifixion, and exhorted His hearers that if they desired salvation they must take up their cross and follow Christ. A liberal offering was made by the congregation.

Do You Talk About Your Priest?

A friend calls the attention of the *Eric Visitor* to a growing habit among Catholics to "backbite" priests. We have known good men and women with not a thought in their hearts, and for want of something else to say, thoughtlessly start a conversation of which a poor priest was the subject—entirely forgetting that they were countenancing that which might lead to deplorable consequences. It is not innate viciousness that originates the worst of evils.

The professional priest-hater is an individual without weight in community; it is the natural friend, but foolish parrot of idle gossip from whom it is the most difficult to guard. Cardinal Manning had this class of persons in his eye when he spoke of "dissemblers and betrayers of secrets, and whisperers and murderers and detractors," and "those who hang about a priest's house, and note and observe and pick up and carry away every dissonant and grief, and grudge that is against him—such as are profuse in words of respect and of personal attachment and of devoted loyalty." Their reverence is servile and their professions of good-will beyond all measure.

They cannot realize the true nature of the priestly office. If they do, the guilt of ingratitude is added to that of an absence of charity against him who, although a man, is set apart by ordination.

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"He must think I am a child still! Oh! how I wish this stupid color would go! Here comes Aunt Helen—what will she think?" soliloquises Mabel, who is conscious that neck and face, even down to the very tips of her fingers, are glowing with a crimson flush.

"How ridiculous!—just because he kissed me! As if it were not what I might have expected! I know I look so stupidly childish—of course he only looks upon me as a baby."

"During dinner Mabel is very silent; the conversation is almost entirely carried on between Miss Mackenzie and Hugh. He is telling her about his mission in Tasmania. Mabel listens; she does not care to speak, but not one word is lost. That dinner-hour goes into the storehouse of her memory; it is associated for ever afterwards with the scent of the lemon plant which stands before her on the table, several of whose leaves she has unconsciously plucked."

"She sits opposite the window, and while Hugh is talking of the glories of Sydney Harbor, which he has been lately visiting—telling of the hills, wooded to the water's edge, and afire with golden blossoms,—Mabel's eyes are fixed on the pinehills at the back of the ravine exactly facing her, watching the dark shadows creeping slowly upwards till the rose-light of the setting sun has died away from the topmost tree, leaving soft twilight to fold her grey mantle around the valley."

"You are silent, dearie," remarks Miss Mackenzie when, dinner being over, she and Mabel leave the dining-room together. "No, Auntie, but I like to listen to Hugh. It is quite warm to-night—may I put your chair out on the veranda?"

"For a wee bit, dearie; it is really sultry indoors—and if Guy comes he will be wanting to smoke." "Well, then, Auntie, I will establish you first, then I will go and meet Guy and Jessie. I darsay you won't mind having Hugh to yourself. He looks very ill, Auntie—don't you think so?" adds Mabel, gravely.

Miss Mackenzie heaves a deep sigh. "Ah, dearie, he is just a complete wreck," says the old lady, sadly shaking her head. "I never saw any man more altered. I don't think I should have known him."

"Is it all sorrow, Auntie, that has done it? If so, what a dreadful thing sorrow must be!" "Yes, yes, dearie," answers Miss Mackenzie, musingly. "It's a dreadful thing for the young."

"I wish I could give him some of my happiness," thinks Mabel; but she does not give utterance to her thought. "He will get stronger—you must not be anxious, Auntie; the first arrival was sure to be trying."

"Poor fellow!" sighs Miss Mackenzie to herself, for Mabel, hearing Hugh's approaching footsteps, has vanished suddenly. He comes out almost immediately afterwards, sitting down beside Miss Mackenzie in a deep garden chair which Mabel has taken care to place ready for him.

"All alone, Aunt Helen?" he says, casting a quick glance round. "Yes; Mabel has gone to meet the Elvanlee people. Now, Hugh, what do you think of my child?—you know I call her mine, for I think no one has so good a right to her."

"She has a beautiful face," he answers briefly. "Is that all?" her tone is slightly disappointed. "Ah! Aunt Helen, what more can I say?" he answers, laughing. "I fancied perhaps you might have seen a likeness, Hugh."

"I do, I do! She reminds me wonderfully of poor Blanche; and yet it can only be in expression of manner, for they are absolutely different in every other way."

"At the notion of your being a parson, to be sure, Guy!" "I'd make a jolly one, wouldn't I? I'm blessed if I wouldn't give all of you a stunning sermon!" remarks Guy, comfortably settling himself in a garden-chair and singing out in his deep, mellow voice.

"Always gay and free, boys! Happy as can be, boys! That's the style for me, boys. That's the style for me."

"That would be my text, you know; more cheerful, anyhow, than the old governor's last Sunday."

"Hold your tongue, you irreverent boy!" says Miss Mackenzie, trying to look grave. "I wish Mabel heard you."

"O Lord, wouldn't there be a shindy? Speak of the devil, and he is sure to appear," replies Guy, comically puffing out clouds of smoke. "Here she comes with my wife; now I'll have to mind my P's and Q's."

"Guy, you here?" says pretty, graceful Lady Forester, coming forward, flushed and out of breath; "I thought you went after my stick."

"Not I; don't bother your head about it; it's all safe down at the bottom of the torrent by this time. There is Hugh, Jessie; and Hugh, that's my wife."

"What an introduction! How do you do, Hugh?" says Lady Forester, holding out her hand. "I am so glad to see you here at last."

Hugh responds to the welcome, and then all—except Miss Mackenzie, who retires, fearing the damp—sit out on the veranda talking, Guy in his gayest mood, Jessie full of fun, somewhat inclined to be sarcastic, and evidently teasing Mabel, and who has recovered from her shyness, if that it was which made her so silent during dinner. She is tonight particularly happy, at least so it always seems to Hugh, when, in after years, he reverts to that first evening. Unconsciously, perhaps, he watches her a great deal, while the words of an old ballad are running in his mind. The words were to be found in one of Blanche's songs, strange that they should haunt him so to-night:

"Her footsteps had the lightning, Her voice the joyous tone, The token of a youthful heart Where sorrow is unknown."

He has not heard them for many long years—he had forgotten them—until that little white-robed figure with the rose wreath brought them back to his memory; and then, a strange horror strikes him. The first time he saw Blanche she, too, wore roses in her hair, but they were white; they had no thorns—fit emblems of her happy life, which had passed away unclouded by sorrow. Mabel's roses are the wild flowers from the eglantine, from which the thorns have been taken. Will they, too, be emblematic of her future?

Absorbed in these reflections, Hugh scarcely notices the conversation that is going on beside him; he has fallen into a deep reverie, from which he is at length aroused by Jessie, who appears to him for an opinion.

"Now, Hugh, you shall decide. Mabel and I have a slight difference of opinion on one or two little matters. She has great faith in what a priest of the Holy Church says."

"Well," says Hugh, with a slightly surprised smile, "what is it?" "The Bishop is next week to give Confirmation, and some very enthusiastic individuals among us wish to receive His Lordship under a canopy of flowers, with—"

And the little lady answers wrathfully. "You are all unworthy of Mr. Vaughan. It will serve you right to lose him."

"But, Hugh," recommences the indefatigable Jessie, "you haven't heard one-half yet. Just listen: we have such gorgeous processions—boys carrying banners, children throwing flowers, high and early celebrations. Then we have Vigils; and a lot of very inconvenient fast days, and those among us who are good enough to observe them never know how much or how little we are to eat. Is there anything more, Mabel?"

Mabel looks more pained than angry as she answers— "I think you have said enough, Jessie."

"This is either a shocking state of things, or you are making fun, Lady Forester," interrupts Hugh anxiously. "But I cannot understand how the Bishop has allowed it to go on," rejoins Hugh, sorely perplexed.

"The Bishop, I told you," repeats Jessie, "is a Protestant; he is the State-imposed Bishop, not the canonically elected Bishop."

"Surely Hugh does not think it right to mock at all that is holy," says Mabel, leaning eagerly forward, and looking at him full in the face, her lips quivering, and her eyes full of tears.

"It is never right to hurt anyone's religious feelings," he answers, kindly; "but if it be as Jessie says, why, Mabel, Elvanlee must have turned into a regular Romish chapel, and of course, I could not approve of that."

"Bravo, Hugh! bravo, parson!" chimes in Guy, delightedly. "You have come back in the nick of time; we have all been sailing full sail on to Rome these years past; it's been a toss up who'll get there first; it's been a toss up, you old sinner," remarks his wife, quietly, "nor I either, it's between the Vicar, Vera, and Mabel—in our set."

"But you ten to one Vaughan gets in first."

"Hold your tongue, Guy," says Jessie quickly; then she adds, "I wish Mabel would tell me how she accounts for the different ideas of Truth held by two priests ordained by the same Bishop."

"They only differ in exterior worship, Jessie; in all important points of faith they will agree."

Jessie is no longer joking, she is quite serious now. "Well, but, Mabel, I do not think it is quite so; only last Sunday evening you were trying to persuade me that the doctrine of the Real Presence was a part of our faith; do you believe that?"

"Of course I do, Jessie, with my whole heart."

"Is that doctrine held by the Church of England?" asks Jessie, appealing to Hugh. He shakes his head decidedly, and looks earnestly at Mabel. "Mabel, you surely know what your Catechism tells you about the Real Presence, you fall back into all the idolatry of Transubstantiation."

"We have the inspired Scriptures, Guy, and then our Church tells us what we have to do."

"By Jove! she does, does she? You'll see what a 'shine' the Bishop will kick up next week when he comes; there will be a jolly row, won't there, with the parson? It will be fun!" responds Guy, chuckling with delight. Mabel is too vexed to reply, and he continues more seriously, "As for the 'inspired Scriptures' you talk about, would you they were inspired?—and then if they are, didn't the Reformers take French leave to explain them according to their own judgment? And haven't all the parsons, that ever were created from that hour onward, been following suit? One reads your inspired Scriptures one way, another in another; and I must say there's one text I wish they'd read a little oftener, and that is 'Charity shall cover the multitude of sins.'"

"Oh! Guy, to hear you talk, one would fancy you were no Christian; you might have been a heathen all your life, and you were so good when you were a boy."

Talking thus, the brother and sister have reached the bottom of the hill, considerably outstepping Jessie, who is following more slowly with Hugh. Guy stands still by the little gate, and flings away the end of the cigar which he has been puffing during his conversation with Mabel. Then he folds his arms, and regards her gravely, while he says with earnest feeling, very different from his former flippant style.

"No, Mabel, I am no heathen; your God is my God also, and my hope for future happiness is in Him, and in our Lord Jesus Christ. But I can't stand the humbug that there is now-a-days about religion. If you were a Romish Catholic, and believed in an infallible Church, or Pope, there would be some sense and logic in your making a fuss about Church authority, and about things being positively right or not right; but as you are not a Romish Catholic, you have no earthly right to lay down laws. (I don't say they have, but at any rate they claim it, and therefore are logical in their denunciation of everyone who does not agree with them.) I am no parson, but I can tell you this much: we are all in God's hands—we must trust in Him, and we cannot expect to be saved by our own merits, or by the merits of any other person."

"No, dear Guy, not angry, only sorry, so sorry you see things as you do!" says Mabel, lifting up on tiptoe to get at her brother's face.

He bends down and kisses her two or three times, then asks abruptly— "If I were to die suddenly would you think it necessary to be anxious about me? Do you think I'd go to the bad place because I don't swear by the parson, eh?"

"No, Guy, I do not think that. If you trust in God and our Saviour—"

"But I don't say any more, here they come." But make your mind easy, Mabel, I do trust and my soul is in the hands of my Creator," says Guy, breaking off suddenly and bursting into his favorite— "Always gay and free, boys."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Seeing Life.

A famous German writer has aptly said, "You must treat a work of art like a great man. Stand before it, and wait patiently till it deigns to speak."

The Christian Union remarks that "in the art galleries you will see persons who will sit or stand for a long time in front of some famous painting. New beauties and fine bits of work will constantly be revealed to them; for it must be remembered that it has taken the artist a long time to execute a really great work of art. He has put, as we say, his heart or soul into the work, and we cannot expect to appreciate, much less to understand, it if we simply give it a hasty glance."

If there are hidden meanings in life we do not see them by haste in any manner—whether in hurried travel or in eager pursuit of wealth. There are more beauties—there is more "soul"—in the relations cultivated by a good Christian life and in the duties it involves than can be revealed in the greatest work of art. The painter, after some years of labor, exhibits his masterpiece on canvas. But the active and useful life of twenty or forty years is his masterpiece in the character formed and developed; and one may see in its acts and its thoughts, its self-denials and its heroisms something more admirable than any art gallery possesses. Let us not hurry through the corridors of time without appreciating what is good and true and beautiful in character, and let us develop those human sympathies and that Christian faith that give life its nobility.—Catholic Citizen.

AN IRISH POOR SCHOLAR.

An interesting sketch from the pen of William O'Brien, M. P.

Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., contributing to the London Speaker an entertaining sketch of an old learned peasant, whose acquaintance he has made in western Mayo. I doubt, says Mr. O'Brien, if you would find anywhere outside of Ireland a ragged man of learning who is a sovereign in his own right like ancient Tom Duffy of Loughaun-yalls. Tom's right to lodging, food and honor is acknowledged by the peasantry of his realm to be a right divine; and the realm, says Mr. O'Brien, lies among a nest of mountains dimly visible from the Leenanau coachyard. It was on a recent Sunday that Mr. O'Brien went in search of him. He had been at Mass, and presided over the reading of an American letter; after which he had gone away west. He was traced to a farmhouse where he had dined, and was finally discovered under shelter of a Druidical boulder, a dark bundle of rags framing a corpse-like face. All the peasants—even strong farmers—addressed him obsequiously as "Master" Duffy. It has taken ninety years at the least, writes Mr. O'Brien, to bend his old shoulders.

"What does that matter?" he asked indignantly, as soon as he began to rouse his faculties and shake his stick. "I was just on my way to smoke a pipe with an older man than myself, away back—nil ego culturim jucundus amico." The classic warmed him like old wine. His head was thrown back, his eyes afire, his voice rolled vigorously from the chest, his oak stick pattered the enthusiasm, while he burst into whole passages of Horace and Virgil and Ovid. It was not in the least a matter of display. It was simply audible soliloquy. It was the delight of learning for learning's sake, such as one dares not to hope to find in a decadent modern university. Presumably transmigrated him like one of Dr. Faustus's potions. While I was humbly wondering at his Latin quotations, he was off into Greek verse—I think it was one of Theocritus's acrid attacks upon the Kings; and although I could not follow the words, I felt myself for the moment listening to a living Phrygian—Mr. T. W. Russell.

But this mood was a short one. Latin, Greek and Gaelic classics are the luxuries of Master Duffy's voluptuous moments. The business of his life (and this is the strangest portion of his history) is physical science and mathematics. It is easy vaguely to imagine how in some dead and gone hedge school in the mountains, or from the lips of some ancient priest from Louvain or St. Omer, the bright mountain boy might have imbibed his Latin hexameters. I have failed altogether to trace his acquisitions in mechanical science; yet science in Master Duffy's case is, barring religion, the most passionate object of worship of his life. In the days when he was about to be ejected from his father's farm he travelled to the country town of Castlebar on law business. He there, for the first time in his life, saw a railway engine. The portent so bewitched him that he took a lodging beside the station, and there for three days hovered lovingly about the steam giant, while the engine driver explained to him its every valve, and crank and cog. He lost the farm, but came home rich in dreams of mechanical discovery. In various odd ways he had piled a little money—as a writer of gravestones, as a pensioner of some tender-hearted priest who marvelled at his learning or found use for him as a clerk of the chapel. His only means of expenditure was books—these more reconcile the better. With these he bought and those he inherited from some unknown mountain pedant of old, he shut himself up wherever a neighbor offered him shelter; and there, sternly forbidding even the priest to enter, he carried on mysterious experiments with coils of wire and steam kettles, with results which neither the neighbors nor I am in a position to estimate. One authentic tale of the results of his ingenious speculations is extant. He fashioned a boat of an enormous block of peat mould, and invited his mother to set sail with him therein upon the waters of Loughaun-yalls. The neighbors were astounded by the originality of the invention. The boat would do everything except swim. When halfway across the lake it fell in two, and the inventor and his mother were rescued by a cooled but still admiring public. The weak point about all Master Duffy's enterprises, as in those of most other children of genius, is just this—at the critical moment they will not swim.

But now came upon the scene the tragic maw, inseparable from life in Ireland even in those forgotten fastnesses. The tenant of the barn in which the poor scholar, with all his books and treasures, had for the moment found refuge, took a farm from which a neighboring cottier had been evicted. One night of woe the barn was burned to the ground. The universal tradition is that the incendiaries, knowing that the grabber's three cows were in the barn, had no inkling of the fact that Master Duffy's priceless books and money were there as well. In the morning the cows were gone, and so were the books and a £50 note for which Master Duffy had a few days previously exchanged all the savings of his life. "I wouldn't grudge the loss of the bank-note, if it was in a good cause," observed Master Duffy, "but where will I go again for my Latin Euclid and the

DELPHINS I'D LIKE TO KNOW?

I was a gone man from that night—caput domina xanale, sub habita the sport of every ignorant stonemason on the mountain." The stonemasons were not many, however. The mountain men, old and young, who stood around while the old fellow spouted verse and science, and shook his stick at Black Care, could not have been more respectful if they had been invited to a Primrose League demonstration with refreshments to follow. A few charred books were saved along with some blackened silver coins out of the ruins; and with these he still continued to hold midnight consultations, until his sight failed him three months ago. The charming thing about the welcome that is accorded to him at every chimney corner in the Glens is that he is no longer able to make any return in kind—for the only gravestone he is likely to be concerned with in the future is his own, and the boys and girls in troops have learned to read and write their own American letters as well as Master Duffy. Not that he ever condescended to teach. I am acquainted with another roving master in the same district, who comes to a remote mountain village when farm work is slack, collects the children of twelve or fourteen surrounding families into a barn to learn the three R's lives for a week apiece with the household of his different pupils; after which the children disperse to the potato patches, and the schoolmaster departs for pastures new. But Master Duffy rather looks down upon this humble trade in sacred knowledge, and has his doubts of the erudition of the rival master. Whereat the schoolmaster's soul once flared up—"I am a professional gentleman, and not a gravestone scribe," quoth master the second, proudly. "It's easy to see you are not acquainted with the Latin tongue, Master G—," was the lofty retort, "or you'd know from Juvenal that the man the gods hate they make a schoolmaster."

It seems never to have struck either Master Duffy or his entertainers that he need have any other claim on their hospitalities than the glory his mere love of knowledge sheds upon his native glens. He brings the luck of an ancient Mesocote. He is a last descendant of the endowed scholars of Erim. And, truth to tell, the old man's entertainment would be a cheap price for a verbatim report of his observations by winter firesides. I am too ignorant to measure, and too respectful to laugh at, the wondrous mechanical discoveries which still steadily shine before Master Duffy's eye of faith—his valley of diamonds, his Elysian fields, his holy grail. There was an ancient prophecy that the discoverer of the secret of perpetual motion should be born on the south flank of Crnach-Pnhaudrig. Loughaun-yalls is undoubtedly south of Crnach-Pnhaudrig, and the master was no less indisputably born at Loughaun. Whatever may be the strict scientific upshot of his discovery of a force greater than air, steam or water, he entertains a pathetic belief—for all his years and disappointments—that he has only to get a fair hearing in Dublin to convince the world of the value of his secret. When the withered old master wants to live he is soon to assemble in Dublin, I verily believe; it is largely with some hope that one of its first sittings may be devoted to hearing him on the floor of the house in defence of the eternal truth of his theories of the new motive force and the trisection of the obtuse angle. Alas! even if the House of Lords were to throw down their arms, I doubt whether poor old Tom Duffy's all but extinguished eyes will be there to see "the appointed day" named in the bill for the better government of Ireland. Be that as it may, there is refreshment for the human heart in turning from the hideous caricatures of the Irish race painted by contrived specialists of the Mr. T. W. Russell school to the realities of life in a country which can produce an enthusiast for learning such as Master Duffy's in its remotest glens, and a population who, through unadulterated respect for genius, provided Master Duffy's old days with a sort of national pension out of their poverty.

Are You Nervous?

Are you all tired out, do you have that tired feeling or sick headache? You can be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives nerve, mental and bodily strength and thoroughly purifies the blood. It also creates a good appetite, cures indigestion, heartburn and dyspepsia.

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The Best Remedy. DEAR SIRS,—I was greatly troubled with weakness, I was appetite, restless and sleepless, and found B. B. B. the most effectual, and beneficial medicine I have taken. MISS HENSLY, 31 Huntley St., Toronto, Ont.

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THE IMPORTANCE OF THE TRUTH.

It is generally observed, believe it is quite time, that anti-Popery men are those once been almost persuaded Catholics—who came up to the line between Protestantism and Church, but have not had the grace to step over and themselves Catholics. They have made many new converts that they have found faults of their position; it is simply opposing influences by which surrounded are too formidable to relish and overcome. Daily; they associate with Protestants and do not hesitate to use the strongest language in condemnation of Protestantism and in favor of Catholic doctrine and practice. They give the impression that of the Church is with the question of time. But already never comes. By degrees becomes cooled. Their cover their proclivity and set themselves to work to the Catholic influence. They are upon them, they are the clergyman, probably an ascetic, that that will prove costly, that that will provide to the strong tendencies—as indeed proves to be. Sometimes disinclination and ostracism society prove a sufficient to pause and take the back.

This is a most critical lives of thousands. We to know of multitudes, and lay, who have been in circumstances favorable to knowledge, both theoretical, of the Catholic Church, lost confidence. Every shade, and become acquainted with the Catholic and practical system of and are almost persuaded. For the time being see clearly that the only native is the Catholic fidelity. But instead of and consistently taking—braving popular opinion the frown of the world what conscience, and loyalty to the truth I pause; they hesitate to quite ready; they urged to be consistent a cited stand they will glens excuse. Perhaps get some professionally learned about some point of doctrine answered and explained times, the very objection not so much a want of the teaching as an unwilling mind which cannot be contemplated that when act out its convictions loses the power of distinction truth and error.

do his will he shall must be a good will, he allow convictions of the ever they may lead. A will is wanting and of dilly-dally with the truth more convenient seasons necessarily becomes objection to entertain objection, to find fault grace and over clouds the mind usually it may lose the truth guishing between truth. Thus the Holy Spirit of grace departs from the mind becomes hardened. Then the soul learns to gradual once loved—to despise what it once believed beautiful and which it of receiving and man. And the bitterness of enhanced by the fact lied what it now regret truth of which it still though unacknowledged.

This is a very dangerous. Indeed we can see of any mental condition one and deplorable. thousands of people in dition, at least in some though not, it is hope final abandonment. coquetting with the by grace, but held back. Oh, the subtlety, the mysterious power of the world, the flesh Others have begun to religion; while others energetic Anti-Popery laboring night and stings of conscience by and unscrupulous at Holy Mother Church still too much reason indisputable claim tance.

Now what is the lamentable state of festly the only remedy in a loyal obedience. And loyalty to the truth is second, a firm to follow the truth and, third, dependent God to fortify our strength to face overcomer; all opposing will undergo a if necessary, to die.

The indifference of mankind to the most deplorable. edge that there is truth, and they talk about the obligation

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House,

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House,

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House,

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House,

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House,

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House,

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House,

THE IMPORTANCE OF OBEYING THE TRUTH.

It is generally observed, and we believe it is quite time, that the worst anti-Popery men are those who have once been almost persuaded to be Catholics...

That is a most critical period in the lives of thousands. We have occasion to know of multitudes, both clerical and lay, who have been thrown in circumstances favorable to acquiring a knowledge, both theoretical and practical, of the Catholic Church...

Now it is a principle of the human mind which cannot be too seriously contemplated that when it refuses to act out its convictions it gradually loses the power of distinguishing between truth and error.

This is a very dangerous state to be in. Indeed we can scarcely conceive of any mental condition more dangerous and deplorable. Yet there are thousands of people just in that condition, at least in some of its stages.

Now what is the remedy for this lamentable state of things? Manifestly the only remedy is to be found in a loyal obedience to the truth.

truth and following it when found; yet practically they really live as if there were no such thing as truth, or if there is it is not worth while to make the attempt.

Oh, that the divine Spirit of truth would descend into the hearts of our countrymen and awaken them to a deep and abiding sense of the importance of truth and lead them to search for it as for hidden treasure!

There must be hundreds of the Catholic Times readers who have a vivid and painful recollection of the thrilling evictions which happened in Donegal, in the ill-starred times when men of odious and infamous memories such as Lord Leitrim, John George Adair, and, at a later period, Wybrants Oliphert, held in their cruel grasp large sections of land in the Celtic districts of Donegal county.

The utter wreck and ruin that befell the hapless tenants who lived on the estates of the above named landlords was told years ago by that able writer, P. S. Cassidy, in the Boston Pilot. The harrowing scenes of desolation that fell with such crushing force on the starving and hapless people were given to the world at that time in the pathetic story entitled "Glenleigh," or "The Victims of Vengeance."

Every Catholic Church is a watch-tower and temple. Guard is kept by day and vigil by night that none may be lost, but all men saved to Christ. The Church teaches that God must be served at all times, and the soul sanctified by frequent reception of the sacraments.

As an after-dinner pill, to strengthen the stomach, assist digestion, and correct any bilious tendencies, Ayer's Pills are considered the best. Being sugar-coated, they are as agreeable as any confection, and may be taken by the most delicate.

IRISH EVICTION SCENES.

Pages From the Darkest Part of Erin's History.

Philadelphia Catholic Times. Bowmanville, Ont., June 6. It is difficult to impart in words an intelligible idea of the utter misery, desolation and despair of many poor Irish tenants in years gone by through the inhuman and arbitrary use of this terrible weapon—eviction—which the law of England has put into the hands of unscrupulous and relentless landlords in Ireland.

There must be hundreds of the Catholic Times readers who have a vivid and painful recollection of the thrilling evictions which happened in Donegal, in the ill-starred times when men of odious and infamous memories such as Lord Leitrim, John George Adair, and, at a later period, Wybrants Oliphert, held in their cruel grasp large sections of land in the Celtic districts of Donegal county.

The measure of his iniquities had been overflowing for years. To the rapacious greed of a grasping and cruel landlord, he added the loathsome plague of immorality, and his presence provoked a double degree of abhorrence and hatred in the minds of the Celtic peasantry, and all the terrors of English law and hangmen could not restrain them from precipitating the unfortunate aristocrat into the next world, with all his abominable sins upon his head.

The impoverished districts, including Gweedore and Cloughaneely, were the plague-stricken sections oftenest invaded by the horde of exterminators, commonly named the "Crowbar Brigade." If the scope of their pitiless work lay within populous or disturbed localities, the sheriff, bailiffs and gang of house levelers were generally protected from the vengeance of the outraged inhabitants by a military force of three or four hundred constabulary and dragoons.

It is then, as it has ever been, when the door of mercy and pity seems closed against these victims of oppression, that the beneficial influence and care of the faithful priest comes into full play. It must not be supposed, however, that his sympathies for his persecuted flock have not been actively aroused at an earlier age.

In the free land of America, where new interests and new sources of wealth develop so rapidly, the loss of a mere thatched cabin would seem of small account. But in estimating the loss to the poor Celtic peasant you must consider that it represents his all, and that in and around the hallowed spot clusters the dearest memories and associations of his own life and that of his ancestors.

they vowed in their inmost hearts that their knowledge of Irish peasants' wrongs and hardships should be made known far and wide, so as to awaken the dormant feelings of Christianized humanity among all creeds, races and peoples.

A striking illustration of the power of pity when it appeals to a noble and tender heart is furnished in the case of Mrs. Ernest Hart, who is now conducting the Irish Village at the World's Fair. She saw with her own eyes in Donegal many sad cases of real suffering and actual want.

The Countess of Aberdeen also merits the undying gratitude of every true-hearted Christian for her noble efforts on behalf of the impoverished Irish people. When the noble Earl and his equally noble consort arrive in Canada a few months hence in their official capacity it is predicted, with a degree of certainty, that the Irish on this continent will show by the warmth of their reception that they are not insensible to the debt of gratitude which they owe to the noble pair for their efforts, undertaken with such singleness of purpose, for the good and happiness of the Irish people.

English journalists who visited Ireland to gather interesting news for their respective newspapers, have also helped forward the cause of Home Rule. Some of them went, perhaps, to ridicule the nation and its Celtic people, but they came back warm friends of Ireland and staunch advocates of her rights and liberties—like the irreverent one in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," who went to scoff, but returned to pray.

The Reasonableness of the Practices of the Catholic Church.

By REV. J. J. BURKE.

Infant Baptism.

XIV.

"Amen, amen, I say to thee, unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God" (St. John III. 5).

While most Christians admit the necessity of baptism for adults, the Catholic Church is alone in insisting upon the practice of infant baptism. This practice is in accordance with the teaching of St. John, quoted above. It is also in accordance with apostolic teaching and practice.

We read in the 16th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles that St. Paul baptized Lydia "and her household," and that the keeper of the prison was converted and "was baptized and presented all his family." Among these families it is but reasonable to suppose that there were some infants.

by the true Church. We fulfil this obligation by leading a truly Christian life.

The Marriage Tie—One and Indissoluble.

But I say to you that whosoever shall put away his wife excepting for the cause of fornication, he committeth adultery; and he that shall marry her that is put away committeth adultery. (St. Matt. v. 32.) What, therefore, God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. (St. Matt. xix. 6.)

Few practices of the Church have been productive of more good to society than that concerning Christian marriage. The Christian family is the foundation of Christian society, and Christian marriage is the basis of the Christian family.

No human power can break the bond of marriage. "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." It is the work of God. Let no man dare meddle with it.

In defence of this practice of forbidding divorce, since marriage is one and indissoluble, the Catholic Church has had many a severe conflict. And had she not fought this battle bravely for the sanctity, the unity and the indissolubility of the marriage tie, Europe and America would today be in as degraded a condition as are the Mahometan and other nations where the laws of marriage are disregarded.

The Christian husband and wife, knowing the sanctity, the unity and the indissolubility of the marriage tie, live in love and peace and honor together; together they rear the issue of their union, teaching them to be good children, good citizens and good Christians; together, after a long, a prosperous, and a happy union, they return to dust; and together they will meet again beyond the confines of the tomb—yes, they will meet to part no more.

THE WOMAN WHO WORKS, and is tired, will find a special help in Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Perfectly harmless in any condition of the female system. It promotes all the natural functions, and builds up, strengthens, regulates, and cures. For women approaching confinement, nursing mothers, and every weak, run-down, delicate woman, it is an invigorating, supporting tonic that's peculiarly adapted to their needs.

But it's more than that, too. It's the only guaranteed remedy for all the functional disturbances, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses of womanhood. In "female complaints" of every kind, periodical pains, bearing-down sensations, internal inflammation, and kindred ailments, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.



Mrs. Annada Pateley. For many years an esteemed member of Trinity Episcopal Church, Newburgh, N. Y., always says "Thank You" to Hood's Sarsaparilla. She suffered for years from Rheumatism and Neuralgia scores on her face, head and ears, making her dead nearly a year, and affecting her sight. To the surprise of her friends.

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Extract of Wild Strawberry is a reliable remedy that can always be depended on to cure cholera, cholera infantum, colic, cramps, diarrhoea, dysentery, and all looseness of the bowels. It is a pure Extract

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containing all the virtues of Wild Strawberry, one of the safest and surest cures for all summer complaints, combined with other harmless yet prompt curative agents, well known to medical science. The leaves

Cures

summer complaints so promptly, quiet the pain so effectually and allays irritation so successfully as this unrivalled prescription of Dr. Fowler. If you are going to travel this

Summer Complaints.

be sure and take a bottle with you. It overcomes safely and quickly the distressing summer complaint so often caused by change of air and water, and is also a specific against sea-sickness, and all bowel



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Father Damien, S. J.

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REV. GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVES, Author of "Mistakes of Modern Ireland," THOMAS COFFEY.

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London, Saturday, August 5, 1893.

ANOTHER VIEW OF IT.

There is an exhaustive article in the current number of the Catholic World, on the question of A. P. A. ism, which we think every one would do well to read.

And then there is another view of the case which is not without plausibility; and that is that the whole thing is not worth the pains.

Nobody wonders at an outbreak of the measles or scarlet fever amongst children. There seems no preventing it. The danger is in the air, and will come in spite of us.

There are mental maladies which seem to obey the same law. A kind of moral rash breaks out every once in a while producing irritation, loss of temper and general unamiableness; and, sad as the whole thing is, and not without its dangers, we do not see what good, if any, can be done by denunciation.

You cannot cure the measles or small pox, or other nasty eruptive disorders, by scolding the patient; and the sufferer from the mental disorder is just as much to be pitied—indeed, a great deal more, for the reason that, though very ill with a disease that threatens the soul and mind more than the body, he cannot be got to think so. The red pustules that come with measles fix the disease at once; but, in the other case, lying and hatred and malice and secret plotting and defamation and all that is bad and hateful burst out like a leprosy over the whole intelligence of the patient, agitating and torturing himself and spreading contagion round—and still he believes himself well.

The taste, too, is vitiated, and calls for what is impure and shameful and abominable; and the demand brings a plentiful supply in the shape of Maria Monks and Widows and escaped nuns and the like; and the loathsome garbage these furnish makes the poor victim still more hopelessly ill, yet without exciting a thought that he is killing himself spiritually.

It is indeed one of the saddest things in this poor world.—A really sick person is waited upon and helped out of his disease. The poor lunatic who thinks himself a king finds enjoyment, we suppose, in the imagination; but to be simply a hater—to delight in what is bad and uncharitable—to wish and long for sinfulness in your neighbor, and where you cannot find it, to impute it lyingly—is not this the most shocking of all states. Ingersoll says there is no hell. We wonder what he would call the mind of a man whose only pleasure is in thinking hundreds of millions of his fellow-beings are monsters of iniquity! And yet this is just what you would gather from the sayings and writings of these Papists—they are constantly thinking and wishing for. We called the thing, and rightly, a disease, with a powerful element of contagion in it. Should it not be treated as disease now is, by the moral isolation of never being taken notice of. It thrives by notoriety. Leave it alone, and the nasty thing will die out of itself.

THE SIAMESE DIFFICULTY.

Where is Siam? What is Siam? These are questions forced upon every one's attention these last days. We confess to have never had a great devotion to geography and to having read a dozen or more articles about Siam before taking down an atlas, and renewing a long interrupted acquaintance with the country lying so far away in the east and looking so insignificant on the map. But its latitude and longitude give no reason for the noise it is just now making. It is said there is no such thing as accident, and yet we think it something very like an accident that gives the country its present notoriety, and that accident is that Siam, not much known nor very important in itself, lies like a fence between the Asiatic possessions of the French on the east and the English on the west.

A fence or a hedge is generally useful, and always quite inoffensive; but when two angry dogs, or bulls, or

other fighting animals meet at either side it is apt to be crushed, or if strong enough to hold the would-be combatants apart, it is still likely to suffer more or less.

Siam seems just now to be in some such position. By itself, we take it, the little country is quite inoffensive and would fain keep its ground in peace. But French interests on one side and English interests on the other, like a pair of cross dogs biting at the fence that keeps them apart, are pressing upon it from east and west, and poor Siam is likely to go down between them. At all events the noise and din we hear these days is the growl of Europeans and not the voice of Siam at all, and the killing of a Frenchman by a native chieftain is no more the real cause of the trouble than smoke is the cause of the fire from which it issues.

The whole affair is a queer enough reminder of Burke's famous saying about the decay of chivalry. Siam is weak and without allies. She has neither fleet nor army worth mentioning. Therefore, it would seem, strong European nations, reversing the Roman rule, "parcere subjectis et debellare superbis," threaten to crush her out of existence. One can hardly help feeling for Siam.

Something more serious than a passing sentiment of pity may, however, come to the minds of those who have studied the history of English and French doings in the East during the last century. If a really able man should spring up at the present crisis, a Duplex or a Clive, the outcome might be the enwrapping of the world in the flames of a destroying war. England, France and Russia are almost in sight of each other down there, and whether any of the three is longing for a slice of Siam—which is not at all unlikely—certain it is none of them is willing any of the others should get more than herself.

Some say it was a gnawing rat, others a poor abused apprentice with an anger, that pierced the bottom of the famous Royal George and caused the prodigious calamity of the loss of the great ship and her crew. A coal does no harm in the water, but a spark in a magazine may destroy millions; and so nobody cares much for Siam itself, or fears it can do anything more dangerous than stirring up the passions of civilized Westerns. This last is the real danger.

MARY'S DOWRY.

The English Catholic press is enthusiastic over the consecration of England to the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Oratory of London on the 29th ult. was thronged with prelates and laymen, all intent upon one object—to give England back to the Mother of God and St. Peter; and rarely has been witnessed a more picturesque and beautiful ceremony. One significant feature is that the secular press sees in it no exhibition of idolatry. It recognizes the fact that Catholics venerate and ask her intercession but do not give her the supreme homage that is due to God alone. It may be generally said, says Father Bruggett, in his sermon, that in the days when England was generally known as Mary's Dowry there were multitudes who, if it could have been done, would have plucked out their own eyes and given them to her. In England, as in Galatia, false brethren crept in and persuaded many that they could better honor Jesus by being indifferent to His Mother.

In suffering and in obscurity a renegade gloried that England had once been—nay, was still—our Lady's Dowry, and now the Vicar of Christ, speaking as he himself feels, by a divine impulse, (*asperanti Deo*), says that the time has come for England to consecrate itself anew to its beloved patrons. The ceremony must have seemed startling to one accustomed to look upon England as the very stronghold of Protestantism.

In the Council halls of the Bible societies many a threat and accusation were muttered, and many a hand would be willing to crush this "Popish mummery," but the days are gone when Catholicism could be hunted and its followers branded as social outcasts. It is now a tower of strength. It has been built up again by men who were looked upon as coming defenders of Anglicanism, but who, when the light of truth shone upon them, renounced their error, and gave all the energy of their nature to the task of conferring upon others the boon of faith. Right well has the task been done, for the old faith is gaining ground not only amongst the cultured classes, but also among the lower stratum of English humanity. Who

would have dreamed a century ago that such a scene could take place in London. Cardinal Wiseman was stoned by bigots. Catholic priests were the victims of every species of ridicule and boorishness. Times indeed have changed when Englishmen look upon, without repugnance, a ceremonial performed with all the splendor and majesty of Catholic rubrics.

THE HOME RULE VICTORY.

At last we are able to say the Home Rule Bill has passed the House of Commons. It is now before the Lords, and the present week may be decisive as to the reception it will meet with from that body. Then, if it is rejected, we shall soon discover by what means Mr. Gladstone will induce the Lords to deal more respectfully with a measure which the people of the United Kingdom have deliberately adopted.

Much has been said by the enemies of Home Rule about the small and heterogeneous majority with which Mr. Gladstone undertook to govern the country, and to force upon the United Kingdom so important a measure; but it is now proved that he did not speak beside the mark when he said himself, after the general election, that reforms equally important had been passed by majorities no greater than that on which he relied; and the result has shown that his majority was sufficiently compact and homogeneous for his purpose.

The statement has been made, indeed, that the Bill was forced through the House precipitately and without sufficient discussion; but it is to be remembered that even seven years ago Mr. Gladstone staked upon the question his administrative existence, and it has been discussed since that time under every aspect. At the late elections the question was fully before the electorate, and their decision has been that the measure is needed to give peace and prosperity to Ireland. The Parliamentary majority in favor of Home Rule is not exceedingly large, it is true; but the popular majority shown at the elections is quite decisive, and sufficient to have secured a much larger Parliamentary majority if the constituencies were more equitably arranged.

As to the stifling of discussion, Mr. Gladstone has too much respect for old parliamentary precedent to do anything of this kind, and in the beginning he was even blamed by his party for permitting so much time to be lost in useless discussion. Not until it became perfectly evident to all that amendments were multiplied for the mere purposes of delay and of rendering the Bill nugatory did he make use of the closure for the purpose of bringing the matter to a conclusion, and thus carrying out the wishes of the electorate. If the application of a closure was ever requisite, these were circumstances under which it was really called for. The complaints of the Conservatives were loud because they were hoist by their own petard. They were contented to apply closure when it was against Ireland; they must now content themselves to see it applied for Ireland's benefit.

It is, of course, to be expected that there will be determined opposition to the Bill in the House of Lords; but we have Mr. Gladstone's word for it that the opposition will be futile, and we have no doubt that with the energy he has displayed in pushing it through so far, he will keep his word on this point also.

If he had not taken the energetic measures he adopted to force the Bill through as he has done, he would have been compelled to drop it entirely, and this would most certainly have caused the breaking up of his Government, which is, above all things, a Home Rule Government.

As a forlorn hope, the enemies of Home Rule are urging on the Ulster minority to disorderly manifestations against the Bill. General Hamley has written a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in which he states that "British troops would be justified morally and legally in refusing to suppress a revolt in Ulster if the insurgents should be fighting that they might remain citizens of the United Kingdom." He argues: "No Act of Parliament can force citizens of the United Kingdom to transfer their allegiance."

It is difficult to see where the transfer of allegiance comes in in the Home Rule Bill. But at all events General Hamley's principle might have been useful in the beginning of this century, when the Union was before the Irish Parliament, or later to the people of Nova Scotia, when they resisted the Canadian Confederation Act, if the people had only been as wise in legal

and moral matters as is this military genius.

General Hamley will perhaps find it more to his interest to study his duty as a soldier than to undertake to teach the law and the prophets, in which he is dabbling so ludicrously and mischievously.

ORANGE "EQUAL RIGHTS."

The Orangemen of Canada are warm admirers of everything that may lead to justice and equality. They are mirrors of chivalric courtesy, as proved by their hospitable reception of William O'Brien; and, if we may judge their sentiments by the 12th of July utterances, they are eager to promulgate the gospel of glory to God and peace to men of good will! They are followers of William of "pious and immortal memory," and, under more favored auspices, they would endeavor to imitate his example.

Wm. Lecky, in his History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century, proves how justly is William entitled to an honored place in the Orange calendar, and how worthy is he of their filial respect and affection. In Ireland, says Wm. Lecky, speaking of the years following the revolution of 1668, "All Catholic Archbishops, Bishops, deans and Vicars General were ordered by a certain day to leave the country. If, after that date, they were found in it, they were to be imprisoned and then banished; and if they returned they were pronounced guilty of high treason, and were liable to be hanged, disembowelled and quartered. Nor were these idle words. The law of 1709 offered a reward of £50 to anyone who secured the conviction of any Catholic Archbishop, Bishop, dean or Vicar-General." We recommend these words to the perusal of all impartial men. They give simply the state of affairs, and show what scant justice was meted out to Irishmen. The testimony of Wm. Lecky may be derided, but only by the grossly ignorant; for they who have but scanned the records of Irish history know they are accurate historically, and, moreover, Mr. Lecky is famed for his careful and painstaking research and love of truth.

If by justice is meant the robbery and oppression of the defenseless, the trampling upon the rights and liberties of others, the display of animal passion found only in beings unrefined by civilization and not purified by Christianity, we graciously and cheerfully admit that since the world sprang into being the Orange Order has been its greatest exponent.

CHANGE YOUR TACTICS.

We confess to a very slight interest in the Toronto struggle for and against Sunday cars. A metropolitan city with a resident legislature, and all the upper courts of law, having three universities, and schools innumerable, high, low and middle, not to take account of the deep piety and pearl-like morality of so many of its citizens, is surely a match for such a difficulty.

We need only stand by and indulge in pleasant admiration of the splendid movements of the opposing forces, and wait in patience to see whether the great which occasions all the trouble shall be successfully brained, or, on the contrary, preserve his puny head and little wings intact.

The battle, however, is a grand one in the estimation of our neighbors, and may yet take rank alongside the great crane and pigmy contest of old, or the more modern catfight, whether at Kilkenny or Cincinnati.

Still we fear the warriors, or at least some of them, are making a mistake. Not all weapons are allowable even in war, nor all means praiseworthy. Poisoned arrows, or leaving the dead bodies on the ground till they create pestilence, are both abhorrent to the modern instinct; but of course Toronto would not incur the guilt of either of these crimes.

Her fault lies in the use of very dangerous instruments, which can hardly help working incalculable mischief to victors and vanquished alike.

Why should a set of men, learned and respectable enough, no doubt, in their own departments, but woefully wanting in both Scriptural and theological science, be constantly using a line of argument calculated to bring religious principle into disrepute?

Nobody can withhold his praise of the man who is earnest and hard-working and self-sacrificing in what he thinks to be his duty. But the face of things is changed the moment he calls his view of matters the law of God. What claim or competence have these men, even if they happened to be right, to arraign any one in God's name?

Where is their commission, their credentials? Yet, unable as they are to see the difference between a rule on the one hand, and on the other the proper method of carrying it out; unable to distinguish between principle and practice—things often very far apart—they go on laying down the law as dogmatically as if they were the Supreme Ruler Himself.

Running the cars on Sunday is a direct infringement of the fourth commandment, says one: it opposes the law of God, says the next: it is in the very teeth of Scripture, says a third; and so on. Now when the cars are running on Sunday—which is a mere matter of time—what effect will the sight of them have upon the people who believe what they are told by these ignorant instructors? The convenience of the Sunday car will be so great that these people will surely avail themselves of it, thinking all the while they are simply transgressing the law of God. What a conscience that will soon create!

Gentlemen, therefore, change your tactics. Stick to the sanctity of the Sabbath. Stay at your prayers, or on your knees all day, or go to church five times—nay, use your social and political influence, fairly, to bring as many as you can to your own honest persuasion of what is right. All this, and as much more as you like, is fairly open to you, but spare Christianity the disrespect you are bringing upon it by the wild attempt to identify it with your own very narrow and imperfect notions.

A SLANDEROUS LECTURE SUPPRESSED.

Kansas city has been found too hot to hold the notorious no-Popery lecturer, the Rev. J. G. White. He was recently announced to lecture in the Armory; but on the night of the lecture Col. L. E. Irwin had the doors closed, and a notice placed thereon that they would not be opened. He explained that it had been falsely represented to him that a patriotic lecture was to be delivered. When he ascertained, however, that it would be a no-Popery lecture, he declared that the armory must not be used for the abuse of any class or religion. Such a use of the armory, he said, would be illegal, as the subject of the lecture itself indicated that it would be of an indecent as well as an inflammatory character. The subject, as announced was, "For men only—a lecture on the immoralities of the Catholic clergy."

Members of the A. P. A. then attempted to secure another hall for their purpose; and the Auditorium was selected, also by misrepresentation of the nature of the lecture. The manager of the Auditorium discovered, however, before it was too late, the real character of the proposed lecture, and he then refused to sign the contract, as it would do the house an injury if it were rented for any such object as that for which it was asked.

The members of the A. P. A. raised the cry that in both these instances there was a religious persecution attempted against them and their protégé, but without avail, as they could not get either of the halls for their purpose.

The people of Kansas City appear to be generally in accord with the gentlemen who so nobly refused to permit the notorious lecturer to deliver his tirades in the halls which they control, and the *Kansas Star* voices the general sentiment in the following editorial remarks which it makes on the incident:

"The character of the Rev. Mr. White's crusade is known by his previous public utterances here and elsewhere. In his attacks on the Catholic Church he is accustomed to denounce the priests as a 'set of libertines' and the women of the Church who go to confession as their 'paramours.' It is not necessary to be a member of the Catholic Church to resent and condemn such infamous slanders. It is in the interest of common morality and the spirit of the Christian religion, without regard to creed, to demand that they be nailed as malicious lies, born of the basest bigotry, bred in ignorance and nurtured in the spirit of intolerance."

"If a member of the Catholic priesthood were to select any division of the Protestant Church—say the Reformed Episcopal Church—and proclaim it to be a hiding place for general vice and immorality, Bishop Usher would be justified in appealing to a common sense of decency in the community to suppress the slander and punish the slanderer. Reputable members of society—Catholics and Protestants alike—would unite in the repudiation of such vile calumny, and demand the suppression of public meetings designed to inflame a rabid faction against Bishop Usher, his Church and his work."

"Setting aside all sentiment of religion in this matter the American sentiment of fair play will not permit any class of ministers of the gospel to be generally characterized as 'libertines,' and the American spirit of chivalry will not permit any set of church-going, God-fearing and respectable women to be called 'harlots.'"

"Such tirades as the Rev. Mr. White is represented as making on every available occasion do not come under the head of either religion or politics. They are infractions of public decency and are calculated to incite riot and bloodshed. As such they should be suppressed and punished by the public authorities."

SUCCESSFUL CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

The same story of the success of Catholic schools in competition with purely secular schools, which we have frequently had occasion to record in reference to the schools on this continent, now comes to us from Australia, on the other side of the globe. The first lady students to receive degrees from the Sydney University are three Catholic young ladies, pupils of Catholic schools taught by religious orders.

These young ladies took the highest honors at the recent University examinations. Miss Iza Frances Coughlan received the degrees of M. B. and M. C. Miss Grace Fairley Robinson the same degrees, and Miss Margaret Celia Diamond, that of B. A. Yet the *Mail* will doubtless continue to assert that children at Catholic schools learn nothing but to say their prayers. Well, it is a good thing to learn their prayers; but it is now evident that they learn something besides. We must here add that the Australian Public schools which were distanced in this competition are the very ideal of the *Mail* and other opponents of religious teaching. They are so godless that one of the Canadian Anglican Bishops declared here a couple of years ago that children are taught that they must honor their parents, not through a sense of duty and in obedience to God's will, but because they are fed, clothed and educated by them.

Another instance of marvellous success is reported from the Brooklyn, N. Y., Nativity Institute, where nearly four hundred girls are receiving their education under charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

This institute is a parochial school; yet, without the municipal and State aid which is granted to the public schools, it this year sent up for examination seventy young pupils who obtained the B certificate, qualifying them to teach school in the State.

This record places the Nativity Institute at the head of the educational institutions of the State of New York, whether public or private. With such evidences of the success of a religious education even in secular branches, may we not reasonably express our conviction that it would do the Public schools much good if a religious training were given in them. There is no such powerful incentive to induce either children or teachers to fulfill their respective duties as the motive of pleasing God by endeavoring to do His will. This motive is altogether wanting in godless schools, and we believe that in it lies the chief reason of the wonderful success of Catholic teaching, even with all temporal advantages operating adversely to it.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

SOME exchanges are profuse in their eulogies of the lately deceased French author, Guy de Maupassant. He wrote well grammatically, and he died of criminal excesses. We fail to see what title has such an individual to the praise of humanity. He was gifted with genius, and he prostituted it in the cause of all that is low and base; in a word, he proved false to his duty; and no sadder epitaph can be inscribed on any man's tombstone.

CARDINAL GIBBONS was the recipient of many graceful and enthusiastic testimonials of esteem during his visit to Rhode Island. He deserves them all, this truly great and broad-minded prelate who has done much to harmonize discordant elements and to portray in his daily life the courtesy and charity he so earnestly inculcates in his writings. He is, says Professor Bodley (Oxon.) one of the great men of America.

WILLIAM CHISHOLM, writing in the *Elmira Argosy*, says that the Parochial school is the human groundwork of Catholicity. They are training generations still in the bud for Christian citizenship, loyalty to the flag and readiness, if necessary, to die in its defence, but not for loyalty to the

spirit of restless tinkering foundations.

The Common Council N. J., have recommended the Catholic parochial of the city under charge of Education. The teacher the same examination as school teachers, and will same compensation when carried out. This is another to the granting of justice in the matter of education United States.

It must be admitted that bury has a strong attachment to religion, if we are to judge a refusal to dispose of a for the purpose of building dissenting chapel. The Spekefield Baptist chapel endeavored to purchase His Lordship for a new Earle Road, but were informed that Lord Salisbury dispose of any land for such purposes. It is evident that the exclusion of all his zeal for the protection of Ulster from "Romish" considers that the Church is the only form of Protestantism is worth protecting. To consider this as a very disposition in so resolute of Protestantism.

It is worthy of note that the Tory pretence a reaction in Ireland a Rule, and that the Irish want it in reality, there six vacancies in Irish since the general election of which has a Tory pres as a candidate for the su people. The last seats filled were those for North-East Cork, in which Nationalists were elected opposition. Even in Scotch Meath, where the Nationalist Parnellites are very numerous, they are to be seen the hope of getting a Nationalist dissensions.

"Why is the Catholic aggressive?" says a change. We deny the aggression has never yet a distinctive mark of Catholicism. Weak only for peace and will, we are sure, be always by the broad-minded members of the community and fanatics who with us, and no one may now and then we admire merited rebuke. They clamoring for justice, of course by encroaching Catholics. Their Golden Rule may be their approbation of tirades of their lecturers "honor bright and follow pel." The world is more fail to see it. The regenda that pleased a for falls upon the present, cannot be defended by weapons is unworthy man's sympathy; and sands, we believe, are seeing through the shaft of such spiritual guides, full, because of family of tions, to express open approval, repudiate in ignoble warfare. If deemed aggressive, of mistatement of facts, of turer of calumniating the scorn of all who love Christian courtesy, or of principle, or of the White, we will admit to no free man will conde

DEAN SWIFT said that to get an idea into a head you should get a hole in his ear drive the idea in. It an undertaking to be craniums of some Toronto but perchance some sacrifice his time, an anger, to drive the ideas are wearied of the utterances and that it to behave like civilized

M. LOYSON, the has written to the *F* that he designates as are all the contribution of this talented but de is couched in elegant and is also an enduring his brazen effrontery of insolent blasphemy infidel press has no miserable man who fo gation and proved

spirit of restless tinkering at churchly foundations.

The Common Council of Newark, N. J., have recommended the placing of the Catholic parochial schools of the city under charge of the Board of Education.

It must be admitted that Lord Salisbury has a strong attachment to his religion, if we are to judge by his refusal to dispose of a piece of land for the purpose of building thereon a dissenting chapel.

It is worthy of note that notwithstanding the Tory pretence that there is a reaction in Ireland against Home Rule, and that the Irish people do not want it in reality, there have been six vacancies in Irish constituencies since the general election, for not one of which has a Tory presented himself as a candidate for the suffrages of the people.

"Why is the CATHOLIC RECORD so aggressive?" says a Protestant exchange. We deny the charge. Aggression has never yet been a characteristic mark of Catholic movements.

Pere Sauton, a Benedictine monk, has been commissioned by the French Government to study leprosy for the purpose of discovering a cure for the terrible disease. Pere Sauton has achieved high distinction at Paris as a medical expert, and there is every hope of his benefitting the sufferers at Molokai.

DEAN SWIFT said that if you want to get an idea into an Orangeman's head you should get an auger and bore a hole in his cranium, and then drive the idea in.

M. LOYSON, the apostate priest, has written to the Figaro an article that he designates as his last will. As are all the contributions from the pen of this talented but degraded man, it is couched in elegant and pure language and is also an enduring monument to his brazen effrontery and to his gift of insolent blasphemy.

MANY cities have now what is termed a Fresh Air Fund. No words of praise can testify our appreciation of this truly philanthropic work, and we say that they who afford poor children an opportunity of leaving

duty; and though not willing to blame, its appreciations, cautious and constrained, show that the apostate has struck a false chord. The Debats speaks of the document as one of three things—the result of invincible pride or of blindness or as a consummate piece of acting.

FRANCE cuts a very sorry figure among the nations of the earth. The Panama scandals and its progress in immorality prove that it is "tasting the ashes of the Dead Sea fruit which its hands have culled."

The annual encampment of the Irish-American Military Union took place at Newark on July 2nd, and evoked much enthusiasm and many stirring speeches. The chaplain, Rev. Dr. Fanning, told the old story how Irish soldiers never stood on the battlefield without scattering their enemies like chaff before the wind.

Enthusiasm without skill is better than skill without enthusiasm. The teacher who is merely skillful and nothing more will sooner or later become a failure, while the truly zealous teacher generally succeeds. It is true that zeal and skill combined afford a better guarantee of success than either by itself; but where both qualities do not exist together, let the teacher have at least a genuine love for his work.

EDUCATION is rapidly advancing in London. A special science professor wishes to instruct children by means of experiments on living animals. We imagined that the various "ologies and fads taught in Public schools would satisfy any lover of education.

Even in disappointment there is some philosophy. A teacher who is

always satisfied with his work never gets on any further; he has stopped growing. But an occasional feeling of disappointment is a good sign, and may be made a ground of profit.

There is scarcely an occupation in life that is not indebted, in a greater or less degree, to the work of the teacher. He exercises an influence over human thought and action that would be difficult to measure, and the startling feature about it is that this influence never wholly ceases its operations.

THOUGHTS FOR TEACHERS.

The best way to learn is to teach.—St. Francis de Sales.

We preserve our learning and mental powers only by always seeking to know more.—"It is the teacher who takes in that can give out."

Fear of punishment may be a weak motive in school discipline, but the discipline that has not fear of punishment among its motives is itself essentially weak.

A well-constructed time-table is good prima facie evidence of teaching ability.

Earnest effort in a good cause never results in a total failure; if it does nothing else, it sets a good example; and good example is always an incentive to a better life.

As example is better than precept so inspiration is better than instruction. Particular facts may be of little or no use to pupils in after life, but they will be daily called on to exercise the mental powers that have been developed and strengthened by the teacher's agency.

"His joy is, not that he has got the crown, but that the power to win the crown is his."

Enthusiasm without skill is better than skill without enthusiasm. The teacher who is merely skillful and nothing more will sooner or later become a failure, while the truly zealous teacher generally succeeds. It is true that zeal and skill combined afford a better guarantee of success than either by itself; but where both qualities do not exist together, let the teacher have at least a genuine love for his work.

What a man feels rather than what he knows is the true criterion of his worth.

"Dream nobly, dream beautifully, and your dreams shall be prophets." As the good intention is potentially the good action, earnest teachers will recognize the importance of turning their pupils' thoughts and aspirations into proper channels of activity, at all favorable opportunities.

Laziness, inattention, disorder and punishment are often the results of poor teaching.

Guard the weak point. Pupils often form their opinion of a teacher from the worst they know of him. They have not yet acquired sufficient experience to know that good men have faults and weak men virtues. On this principle, one harsh word may destroy the effects of long continued kindness; one exhibition of weakness may cause pupils to despise the teacher they may have admired for years.

If good order can only be secured by leaving no time for anything else, it is hardly worth having.

Even in disappointment there is some philosophy. A teacher who is

and deliberately, but with a thoroughness that gives mental power and confidence to its possessor. Enthusiastic young teachers and a thoughtless public are apt to expect and demand immediate results; but the veteran teacher knows that the effects of real teaching do not appear in the average pupil until years have passed away—probably not until manhood has been reached.

It is better to cultivate the talents we have than to strive after talents we have not.

There is scarcely an occupation in life that is not indebted, in a greater or less degree, to the work of the teacher. He exercises an influence over human thought and action that would be difficult to measure, and the startling feature about it is that this influence never wholly ceases its operations.

It is not enough to have a sound mind; the principal thing is to make good use of it.

Great as truth is, there are some truths that are quite unpopular. All men agree that it is better to be good than clever, yet the world applauds the clever man and calls him who is simply good "a respectable nobody."

One great secret of success is to make no mistakes.

As the world is largely composed of men who are always "behind time," the teacher who does no more than give his pupils confirmed habits of punctuality earns the lasting gratitude of the public.

The road to the head should pass through the heart.

In speaking of the "tone" of a school, we do not mean its course of study or the extent of its pupils' attainments, but the health and vigor of the professional forces operating in the school, the result of the teacher's example, instruction, discipline and sense of order and propriety.

Over the door of the ideal school—"Abandon car who enter here; this is the home of sweetness and light."

Emulation is a powerful stimulus to exertion. Nevertheless, it needs wise direction or it will inevitably create bad feeling, minister to vanity and tempt children to have recourse to unfair means to obtain an advantage over their rivals.

The advice of the Vermont dentist to his patient: "Don't holler any louder than you have to," may be rather trite, but to boys it means a great deal in the way of manly endurance.

There is no teacher so efficient that his efficiency cannot be increased. If any one doubts this, let him attend a "live" convention. The interchange of thoughts and ideas, and the kindly criticisms timely offered, must make conventions of the right kind capable of increasing the teacher's knowledge, sharpening his professional skill, and strengthening his devotion to the cause of education.

The best book for the pupil is the living voice of the teacher.

If an acorn be planted in the ground to-day, no rational person expects that it will have become a full-grown oak tree to-morrow, or next year, or perhaps for a generation; but, when fully developed, the oak is the king of trees and has been known to exist for centuries.

most overwhelming that they were falsified by the notary. On the 22nd of May, 1598, Savonarola, Fra Domenico, and Fra Silvestro were condemned to be burned. They confessed, communicated, accepted the Plenary Indulgence offered them by Alexander VI., and after having been degraded by the Bishop of Nasona, the Papal Commissioners pronounced on them their sentences as "schismatics and contemners of the Holy See." Then they were handed over to the Civil power.

LECTURE ON SAVONAROLA.

His Life and Work Pictured by Father Donnelly, S. J.

At the general meeting of the Liverpool, England, Catholic Literary Society, Father Donnelly, S. J., delivered a learned and eloquent lecture on the life, acts and character of Savonarola. In addition to the graphic account which he gave of the life-work of the great Dominican friar of the fifteenth century, Father Donnelly described at length, says the Liverpool Catholic Times, the characteristics of the Italian, and, indeed, the European life and thought of the period, showing the irreligion and corruption that so widely prevailed when Savonarola began his labors.

The two dominating principles of his life, Father Donnelly said, were intense detestation of vice, and an all-consuming zeal for God's glory. The rev. lecturer went on to describe his early studies, his love of philosophy, the gradual growth of his fame as a preacher, the thrilling effect of his great sermons, and his labors to cleanse Florence and Italy of corruption, and bring back the earlier purity and greatness. Father Donnelly pointed out the imprudent zeal which characterized some of his actions and utterances, his disobedience to the Pope, the controversy and tumult which ensued, the conduct of the friar's enemies, and finally his excommunication. Father Donnelly went on to say: In direct opposition to Papal commands he continued preaching in the Cathedral church, where the multitudes that thronged to hear him were so great that the seats had to be built up around the church as in an amphitheatre. His breach with the Pope, was now complete. Every word he uttered before the crowded masses was in direct violation of the Papal mandate. He had now entered on a course which no Catholic can justify. The Pope, fully active to the critical state of affairs, threatened Florence with an interdict if the Signory did not silence their great preacher.

Then finally Savonarola cast all restraint aside, and defied the Pope. He wrote to all the great powers of the Christian Church, to the kings of France, Spain, England, Hungary, and the Emperor of Germany, calling on them to save a religion from the misrule of Alexander VI., and imploring them to convoke a council in which he would make good his charges. The letter to the King of France was intercepted and forwarded to Rome. It was just at this moment when the minds of the Florentines against Savonarola had completely cooled. Savonarola began a violent attack upon the Dominican calling him a heretic, a schismatic and a pretended prophet, and challenged him publicly to pass through a fire to prove the truth of his doctrine.

Unfortunately for the Prior, his companion Fra Domenico rashly undertook to maintain the three celebrated conclusions of his superior by the ordeal of fire, much against the wish of Savonarola himself. It would seem from what Villari tells us that the ordeal was designed and arranged by the Signory that he might be easily put to death before the end of the disputation or at least before the miracle could be seen while they would appear quite ignorant of the proceedings.

April 7th, the day appointed for the ordeal, arrived. Great was the excitement in the city, intense the tension of the populace. The Dominicans were early at their post, but still the Franciscans came not, whilst excuses of every kind were brought forward. It would take too long to enter upon the vexed questions of how the ordeal was frustrated.

Suffice it to say that the Signory at last prohibited it after a long day of weary waiting and angry discussion. Great was the indignation of the crowd; sad indeed was the return of the Prior to St. Mark's, surrounded by an armed guard, and hooted by an infuriated mob. The following day he appeared in the pulpit of his own church, declared his readiness to die for the truths he had preached, gave the loving hearts that still trusted in him his parting blessing, and left the pulpit of St. Mark's forever.

We need not dwell upon the next scene—how friends and brothers in religion offered up their lives in his defence, how the blood of assailants and defenders flowed together in the cloister and in the Church, and how at last by the treachery of a fellow-Dominican he was led away prisoner with Fra Domenico and Fra Silvestro. The enemies of Savonarola were now in power, and were resolved to show him no mercy. It was determined not to send him to Rome, but to put him on his trial in Florence. His trial was a mockery of justice. He was inhumanly tortured in the hope of wringing from him some admission.

No one can decide what his real answers were, as the evidence is al-

most overwhelming that they were falsified by the notary. On the 22nd of May, 1598, Savonarola, Fra Domenico, and Fra Silvestro were condemned to be burned. They confessed, communicated, accepted the Plenary Indulgence offered them by Alexander VI., and after having been degraded by the Bishop of Nasona, the Papal Commissioners pronounced on them their sentences as "schismatics and contemners of the Holy See." Then they were handed over to the Civil power.

This passed away one of the marvellous men of the age—a man remarkable for singleness of purpose, tenacity of will, heroic zeal and a burning faith. He stands pre-eminent over his contemporaries in the soul-stirring eloquence which sways the hearts of the people. His holy, pure and modified life strengthened and intensified his hold upon his followers. The one great blot upon his life was his disobedience to the Sovereign Pontiff. Had his zeal been tempered by prudence all Christendom would probably have hailed him ere this as one of the greatest reformers lifted up by God for the welfare of His afflicted Church. There is no virtue that we should guard ourselves against so much as zeal. Savonarola died in the Piazza amid the sobs of his friends and the exultant shouts of his enemies. And thus it has been ever since.

He is one of the great figures of history, like Mary Queen of Scots, about whom controversy is ever raging. Luther, in 1573, when publishing Savonarola's meditation on the "Misereere," declared the Prior of St. Mark's to have been the precursor of his doctrine. This statement, first circulated by Luther, has become part of the great Protestant tradition. He fell, and fell, deeply, by disobeying the Pope; he gave way to the most imprudent language in his declamation from the pulpit on the state of the Church, but he remained ever faithful to the dogmas of his religion.

That his orthodoxy was unquestionable is proved by his writings and sermons which came forth from the ordeal of the Inquisition without a suspicion of heresy being voted against them. The followers of Savonarola after his death continued to profess themselves to be wholly and invariably Catholic. The rule of life that he drew up for his gaoler shortly before his death gives the lie to Luther's statement that "the holy man maintained justification by faith alone without works." So great was the opinion held by many of his sanctity in the sixteenth century that we find saints like Catherine de Ricci and Philip Neri reverencing him as one of God's uncanonized saints. This was so notorious in the case of St. Catherine that an accusation was lodged against her beatification precisely on the ground that she had frequently implored his intercession as a saint. The Church thereupon examined into the grounds of the sentence and the part taken by Alexander VI. in his condemnation. During the whole time of inquiry the holy Florentine, St. Philip Neri, says Bartoli, kept a portrait of Savonarola in his room surrounded by a halo of glory, and implored of God with agonizing fervor that this champion of the Christian faith might not be subjected to a second condemnation.

It is further stated that having learnt by a special revelation that the memory of his hero would come out pure and without spot from the last trial, he felt it impossible to contain his transports of joy, which were warmly shared by a great number of the faithful, in whose eyes this result was equivalent to a formal canonization; and Rome itself was so indulgent to public opinion on this occasion that she allowed to be exposed for sale and freely circulated in pious families, medals and portraits in bronze, with inscriptions in which the Blessed Fra Jerome Savonarola was entitled doctor and martyr. Great was the eloquent prior of St. Mark, greater still would have been had he been more temperate in language, more prudent in design, more obedient to lawful authority.

How many spring times and seed times have we lost! how many a summer is past without a harvest! how many an autumn without a vintage!

What is one man's cloud is another man's sunshine.

Advertisement for King's Evil and Scott's Emulsion. Includes an illustration of a man carrying a large fish on his back. Text: King's Evil is another name for SCROFULA, and yields to SCOTT'S EMULSION. Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites.

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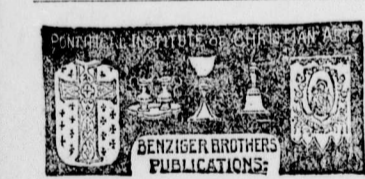
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Catholic School Books.

Table listing various Catholic school books such as 'Saddler's Dominion Catholic Reader', 'Saddler's Catholic School History of England', etc., with prices.

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THE MARRIAGE PROCESS in the United States. By Rev. S. B. Smith, D.D., author of 'Elements of Ecclesiastical Law'...

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost.

DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Why do Catholics pay so much honor to the Blessed Virgin? Are they not doing an injury to her Son by over-honoring His Mother? What is the reason, the doctrine, of the Catholic's devotion to Mary?

Very fair questions, brethren—questions which you should be ready to answer with intelligence and kindness. So that now, as we approach the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption into heaven, let us renew our faith in her dignity. What, then, does the Catholic faith teach us about her? It teaches us that she is the Mother of God; and further, that, on account of the fore-seen merits of her Son, she was preserved from the stain of original sin; that she was always a virgin; and that it is lawful and profitable to ask her prayers. Such are the articles of faith concerning the Blessed Virgin.

Once you know something about her Son's divinity you easily perceive her dignity of Mother of God. Her title of Mother of God plainly rests upon the fact that her Son is God. Jesus Christ is God; His nature is divine and His person is divine. And here you must bear in mind the distinction between nature and person. He has the nature, being, essence of God. And He has the person of God; for our Saviour is God the Son, second person of the Most Holy Trinity.

What, then, is human about Him? for we know that He is as truly man as He is truly God. The answer is that He has a human nature as well as a divine nature. He became man; and He did so by taking human nature from Mary, His Mother. But, you ask again, is He a human person also? No, for we have seen that He is the divine person, God the Son. There cannot be two persons in Christ. He is but a single person, one individual, and that is divine. So that the divine personality of the Son of God takes human nature and unites it to the divine nature. The one divine person whose name is Christ, and who is of both divine and human nature, has no human personality, but divine.

And this is the Son of Mary. Is she not the Mother of our Lord, personally His Mother? Can any one be a mother and not be mother of a person? Is He not personally her Son? What a dignity! What a mysterious and wonderful eminence, to be mother of the divine person of the Son of God made man. No wonder that we honor her; although we know full well that all she has of dignity and sanctity she has by no power of her own, but by gift of God, and that she is purely a human being. Those who do not honor Mary fail to appreciate the majesty of Christ; fail to understand the doctrine of the Incarnation; fail to grasp the immensity of the divine love in God becoming man.

No wonder, then, that God should have saved her from the taint of Adam's sin, should have preserved her a spotless virgin, should have saved her pure body from the grave's filth by the Assumption into heaven. The Angel Gabriel tells us what Mary is: "Behold thou shalt bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High. The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee, and therefore the Holy (One) that shall be born of thee shall be the Son of God."

Now, brethren, to be a mother is to hold an office. It is to exercise by divine right the highest powers committed to a human being. What wonderful rights a mother possesses! An affectionate allegiance is due her from her son; an obedience instinctive, sacred, supreme; a reverential and hearty loyalty which arouses the noblest emotions in the hardest heart and gives birth to heroic deeds even in men of the weakest natures. A mother is entitled to her son's love by the most sacred of all obligations. Well, just think of it, our Blessed Lord was, and is yet, bound to His Mother by that imperative divine law: He was, and is yet, subject to the sweetest and, for a noble nature, the most resistless impulse to do His mother's will and to make her happy. He owes her love, obedience, reverence, friendship, support, companionship, sympathy. And He that doth all things well, would He not do His whole duty as Son, would He not be a model Son? Would He not grant her slightest wish while He lived with her on earth, will He not gladly do so now in heaven?

Hence our Lord Jesus Christ spent nearly His whole life in His mother's immediate company, consenting to postpone for her sake His Father's work of publishing His divinity and preaching His Gospel. Hence He worked His first miracle at her request at the wedding of Cana. Hence He inspired her to prophecy that all generations would call her blessed. Hence, too, our Lord has instituted into every Christian heart some little glow of His own deep filial love for her. In truth, brethren, whatever Christ's mother is to Him by nature, that she is to us by adoption. Just in proportion to our union with Him are we bound to her. And if we wish to know Him well we can study in no better school than His Mother's. If we wish to love Him tenderly, her maternal heart can best teach us how. And if we have favors to ask Him we shall be glad, if we are not too self-conceited, to secure her prayers to assist us.

Mind's Liniment, is used by Physicians.

The House that John Built

By MAURICE F. EGAN, LL. D.

When Johnny O'Neill was a little boy, his father gave him, on Christmas morning, a chest of tools. Johnny felt very happy when he saw the shining steel and new wood of the chisels, plane, and all the other instruments which a big, grown-up carpenter uses at his trade.

But Johnny soon became tired of looking at his chest and its beautiful contents. He wanted to get to work. His mother would not have shavings in the parlor. She could not work in the open air, and he could not work in the kitchen. Sarah, the servant, scolded when he took his tools into the kitchen. And so the ambitious young carpenter was made almost unhappy, by the obstacles thrown in his way, as he had been happy at the sight of the tools, all his own.

Johnny's father saw that Johnny wanted something more; but, being a very busy man, he did not think of asking what he wanted. "You cannot clutter up my kitchen with your trash," said old Sarah. "No, you can't have the kitchen table when I'm not using it. I'm always using it. Don't bother me any more."

"Now, Johnny," said his mother, "you must not play with your tools either in the parlor or the sitting-room. You might cut the furniture, and I can't have shavings on the carpet."

Poor Johnny wondered why there was so much room in the house for furniture and carpets, and so little for a boy with a box of tools. "Father gave them to me," he said, "and I think I ought to use them somewhere."

"I wish father had never given them to you," replied his mother. Johnny felt like crying. It seemed rather hard to him. If his mother would only let him take the sitting-room carpet up, he was sure he could put it down again before evening came. But she would not. And there was the parlor! Of what use was the parlor? It was always cold in there; nobody went into it except on Sunday, and when "company" came. His mother might let him have the parlor for a work-shop. Nobody else seemed to want it.

Johnny did not go to school. The Catholic school, taught by the brothers, was too far away. His mother taught him in the morning. The afternoon he had all to himself. The afternoons had been very dreary, since he had received the chest of tools. He could only look at them, and try their edges on pieces of kindling wood.

The man who owned the place across the road went to work to put up a rough shed, in which to store potatoes, as his cellar had become damp. Johnny watched him eagerly. How he would have liked to help him! But when he climbed over the hillocks of hard snow, which lay between him and the farm across the road, and offered his services, the man laughed, and told him he was too small.

Johnny, in spite of this rebuff, watched and admired him at his work. The man concluded to make a little house instead of a shed. He nailed up four sides and cut a window, into which he put an old sash. When it was finished, Johnny thought that it was one of the most beautiful pieces of work he had ever seen.

Why could not he build one like it? He had the tools. He had observed closely the manner in which the man had used his. There was no place for his tools in his father's house; he felt that he ought to build a work-shop of his own.

There came a sudden spell of very cold weather, about the first of February. Johnny was kept in the house a great deal just then, because his mother said he was "delicate," and that he might catch cold. He thought and thought over the project of building a house for himself. He dreamed of his house. One night he dreamed he had built his house behind the barn; that it had two windows, a door, and wooden steps; and that suddenly fire broke out in his father's house. The fire consumed everything; his father and mother were homeless! Then Johnny said—

"Come to my house, dear father and mother."

"Your house! you haven't any house."

Then Johnny (in his dream) led the way to the little house behind the barn, and made a fire in the grate, and his father and mother kissed him, and said—

"Oh, how sorry we are that we didn't let you play in the parlor!"

Johnny awoke, and resolved to buy some boards. He had seventy-five cents in his bank. That sum, he thought, was more than sufficient to buy all the boards he wanted.

March came with some fine days. On one of these, Johnny, having obtained permission from his mother, went across the road to negotiate for timber.

II. The man across the way was putting a new handle to a shovel. He asked after Johnny's father. Johnny was much struck by a hen-coop with a little steple on it.

"Did you make that?" he said, admiringly. "Oh, yes," said the man. "Hadn't anything better to do. I'm fond of architecture."

Johnny thought how happy he would be if he could make a hen-coop like that. Then he spoke of his business. He wanted to buy enough of lumber to put up a little house, in which he could work with his tools.

"For you know," he said, "mother don't like shavings on the parlor carpet."

"Women folks are particular," said the man, pulling his sandy whiskers. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll put up a carpenter's shop for you for \$2 a day and find the boards."

Johnny's countenance fell. And the man continued— "I'm not much of a carpenter, but I can do that. I wish we had a good carpenter down in these diggings. He'd find plenty to do."

Two dollars a day! Where could Johnny get that fabulous sum? "I'll come some other time," he said. "Good-bye!"

"Good-bye. Think about it, and let me know."

Johnny did think about it a great deal; but thinking did not increase his seventy-five cents to the amount demanded, by the man across the road.

About this time, Johnny began to prepare to receive the Holy Eucharist. He was taken to the church three times every week; it was seven miles away. Finally he made his First Communion; and having been well instructed by his father, his mother, and Father Freno, he made it very fervently. For some weeks his anxiety about the carpenter's shop disappeared. He was very happy.

Johnny's father resolved that, so soon as the Great Day was past, he would mark the event by a favor to his son. He asked Johnny what he wanted.

"A carpenter's shop," Johnny said, seriously. His father laughed. "Why Johnny!"

"Yes, father, I want to learn to work, and I can't work in the house without spoiling everything. I want to be a carpenter."

"My dear Johnny," said his father, "I intend that you shall be a lawyer, like Mr. Squibbs, who goes by every morning on the fine gray horse, with a green bag on his arm. Study hard, Johnny. Ask for something else."

"But I want that most of all."

Johnny's mother lifted her head from her work-basket. "Did you take my scissors, Johnny? No, here they are. I don't approve of Johnny's cutting his fingers all to pieces in a carpenter's shop. He shall go to college by and by and become a great lawyer. Perhaps he may be President some day."

Johnny, unlike most boys now-a-days, had been taught to be very respectful to his father and mother. He was silent.

"Do you hear that, Johnny?" asked his father. "Or you may go into town every day, like your father, and have a real estate office."

"I want to use my hands," said Johnny. "They're no good to me now, except to play ball with in the summer. Suppose mother were to become an orphan—no, I mean a widow—what could I do for her?"

His father and mother both laughed. It was funny to see a small boy gravely considering such an important subject.

At this moment there was a knock at the door, and Mrs. Angelica Smythe, a neighbor and friend of the O'Neills, entered. She was said to have very elegant manners; she smiled a great deal, and astonished the country people around her by the grandeur of the millinery she had, from New York.

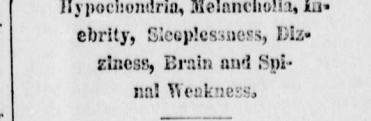
Mrs. O'Neill told her with a smile, the subject of the conversation. "Dear me!" cried Mrs. Smythe, with a smile that took in the whole party, it was so very wide. "The boy has extremely low tastes. I intend my Augustus and Reginald for professions. Their father is only a farmer, but I hope that Augustus and Reginald will aim at something much higher. Matilda practices six hours a day at the piano-forte. When your Mary gets old enough, I would—if I were you—have her do the same."

Mary was just two years old. Mrs. O'Neill laughed. "Mary will have to learn to be a good house-wife."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Mrs. Smythe. "I can't see where your Johnny got such low tastes. A carpenter!—a mere mechanic! Dear me!"

"St. Joseph was a carpenter," said Johnny, getting red in the face. "I don't want to be a better man than St. Joseph."

There was a pause. Mrs. Smythe



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tossed her head until the beads on her bonnet rattled. "You shall have your carpenter's shop," said Mr. O'Neill, after a thoughtful pause.

"He'll cut his hands!" cried Johnny's mother. "It would be better that he should cut his right hand off," answered Mr. O'Neill, gravely, "than that he should grow up with idle or useless hands."

"This comes of marrying an Irishman, Mrs. O'Neill," said Mrs. Smythe. "They have such low tastes!"

Mr. O'Neill laughed; and Johnny laughed, too. Why not? Was he not to have his own little house?

Sarah, the servant girl, and all the neighbors said that Mr. O'Neill was very foolish, to indulge Johnny in his taste for carpentering; and when he actually paid the man across the road \$2 a day, for a week's work on the amount demanded, by the man across the road.

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With Reflections for Every Day in the Year. Lives of the American Saints

Recently placed on the Calendar for the United States by special petition of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, and also the Lives of the Saints Canonized in 1851 by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

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