

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XIV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1892.

NO. 732.

The Choice.

O lover; filled with glorious joy
Of heart's success,
If in your loving life the base alloy
Of selfishness;
If for the adored you would not bravely pay
Service of tears,
And prove your stalwart fealty day by day—
Turn not this way!
Lover of life; if you would ever know
Life's meaning deep;
Or how the maid and fevered thousands go,
As funerals creep,
Across the hospital's sad threshold borne;
If to too much pain
Comes with the life lived around us day by day—
Turn not this way!
Image of God; if you would serve Christ's love
But as you will,
And like the worm with aimless longings move
In darkness still;
If too much heart blood flows when you would pray
Before the Cross,
Where saints their duty tribute duly lay—
Turn you away!
—Rosa Hawthorne Lathrop, in the Catholic World.

ANTI-CATHOLIC PREACHERS AND THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

Special Correspondence of the Boston Pilot.
New London, Conn., Aug. 29.

"The Catholic Summer School has been a great revelation to me," said a New London lawyer, in so emphatic a manner that I could not help asking:—"In what way do you mean?"

"Did you not attend Father Halpin's lectures?" he asked.

"Yes."
"Well, did it not surprise you to see such an audience? Remember, the subject was 'Moral Philosophy'; and the Lyceum Theatre was well filled for each of the ten lectures! Of course, it was to be expected that among five or six hundred Catholics who were coming to New London to attend a Summer School there would be a goodly proportion of intelligent and cultivated people; but that all should be of that class who could sit hour after hour on hot August days, and pay the closest attention to lectures on ethics and anthropology, did indeed surprise me.

"Who, then, were all these people?"

"There were a few Catholic families from New York, Massachusetts, Maryland and Kentucky, the rest were mainly the teachers of the country; from nearly all the States there were representatives. While it is delightful to see father, mother, son and daughter attending the School, we know that through them these Catholic truths will not be carried far beyond the hearthstone; but our women teachers are constantly brought in contact with all sorts and conditions of men, women and children. Their business is teaching, disseminating knowledge; and therefore each student is now better prepared for his work; and the seed of truth scattered here will be wafted on wings of thought and study to every part of the United States and Canada—for we had many Canadian students; there to find the soil best suited to themselves, and there to grow and bring forth a rich harvest of truth in the hearts of the children, as well as in those of their parents. Next year the parents will know all about the Summer School and can make their plans for it, and we will have a large attendance of representative Catholic families from all over the country."

After the Summer School had closed for this year, and the lecturers had left the city, the thought occurred to some of our Protestant clergymen that it was a pity to have all their fellow-townsmen so strongly under the influence of "Romanism" as to be actually subscribing hundreds of dollars in order to tempt the School to locate in New London. So, the lecturers being well out of the way, they thought it wise to utter a word of warning. One reverend gentleman, not feeling equal to the occasion himself, invited the Rev. Samuel Upton, of Germantown, to come here and do it for him. He came, and he preached a very long sermon upon "The Catholic System as Opposed to Romanism." We hope his sermon wrought half as much good for his hearers as it did for the Summer School. The only effect it had thus far has been more subscriptions and even warmer expressions of good will on all sides.

Still another good man apologized to his congregation for making his pulpit the vehicle of his criticisms of the Summer School on the ground that the local papers were so entirely under Catholic control that he could not expect fair play.

Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, writing in the New London Day, belated Protestant criticisms of Catholics and the Catholic Summer School, says:—

"Mr. Upton, finding that no Catholic Church is recognized excepting that one usually known by the name, invents what he calls 'The Catholic System,' and tries to oppose this to what he calls 'Romanism.' It is therefore proper to remind your readers that no such thing as 'The Catholic System,' in the way that the Rev. Mr. Upton defines it, exists; 'one and the same in all essential features, in all times, everywhere and among all,' outside of the true Church. The only Catholic (i. e., universal) Church is 'The Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church,' named in our creed. Its head is at Rome; but the Church is not 'Romanism.' That is a mere nickname invented by those who are opposed to it. We Catholics do not apply nicknames to the religious organizations

of our Anglican or other Protestant fellowmen; and we therefore justly repudiate the nickname of 'Romanism,' which they give to us. Any argument based on this rejected and unauthorized nickname falls to the ground because it rests on a chimera. "There is no need for entering into controversy here. My reason for writing this letter is merely to suggest that, if the Rev. Mr. Upton or others like him really desire to spread the truth, and to affect a good understanding among Christians, it would be better and wiser, as well as more courteous, for him and them to improve an occasion for fair and open discussion when it was provided. The Catholic Summer School, just closed, has held a public session during three weeks of August. Any one, every one, was welcome to attend its lectures, and to propound written questions to any extent; which questions the lecturers were ready to answer from the platform or in writing. Mr. Upton and another preacher delayed until the school was disbanded for this year, and the lecturers had dispersed. Then they delivered their ideas from the pulpit, in criticism of or in hostility to the Church which the Summer School represented.

"I submit that, if these preachers really desired true Christian union, they should have sought it in a friendly converse and debate with Catholic Christian lecturers and students while these were assembled here in New London. Every dogma, belief and practice of the Church was open for discussion then; as well as every point in the history of the Church on earth. Yet the non-Catholic preachers preferred to ignore the opportunity for such discussion.

"Fair-minded people can hardly fail to see that Catholics, who are willing to invite debate of this kind in a Public Summer School, are much more in earnest about achieving Christian union than those dogmatists who refuse the offer of friendly debate, and then go off by themselves to denounce Catholics and their faith.

"The American idea is supposed to favor freedom of speech and honest comparison of views. Which one is truest to the American idea—the Catholic, loyal to this country and its flag, who is willing to explain his true and simple religious faith; or the anti-Catholic, who resorts to under-hand misrepresentation, or, if he speaks in public, waits until there is no chance to reply, and then assails his Catholic brother?"

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Knill. His utterances were scarcely audible above the din made by shouts of inquiry as to the price of whiskey and other articles dealt in by Mr. Moore. The friends of Mr. Knill took charge of affairs. Captain Squalby moved as an amendment to Mr. Littleton's resolution that Mr. Knill was the fittest possible person for Lord Mayor. The chairman tried to avoid putting the amendment, but was forced to do so, and it was carried by an overwhelming majority amid frantic cheers by the Knillites and howls of rage from the anti-Popery zealots.

A GREAT SONNET.
Editor of the Catholic Record:

Mr. Archibald Lampman, writing in the Toronto Globe's "Mermaid Inn," expressed it as his opinion that the really great American sonnet had yet to be written. I held the same views, although sorely tempted by Mr. Lampman's own two, "Night" and "Sleep," and, like himself, by Longfellow's "Nature," until I picked up the Sept. number of the new Canadian Catholic Magazine, the *Out*. In it I discovered what I consider in justice to be the greatest sonnet ever written in America. Protestants shall never agree with me, I know, because, being ignorant of the divine profundity of transubstantiation, they cannot properly grasp its subtle beauty:

The Precious Blood.
O Precious Blood! O rosy rain from heaven!
O quenching of the thirst of desert years!
O melting of the fiery thunder-levin
Of God's stern anger in His heart's warm tears!
Should not thy month, in whatso'er it wears
Of crimson livery, remind us of
Thine own quick hue, flushing that Heart
With tears
Such blooms and dawns diving of rosy love?

Are not red roses like Thee, quickened through
With fragrance, as with Godhead's Thou art so?
And rosy dawns, are they not like Thee too?
Flushing a heaven-heart with their living
glow?
Ah had our souls but eyes to see withal
Nature doth glass her God alike in great and small.
—Frank Waters.

The last few lines of this magnificent sonnet contain an inspiration one cannot help but believe is divine.
Belleville, Ont. J. N. D.

COLUMBUS' DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Tales of Eventide: Office of Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Ind.
Every one knows something about Columbus, but comparatively few are aware of his fervent devotion to the Blessed Virgin. It is easy to prove that the great discoverer was one of the most enthusiastic clients of Mary; in fact, devotion to Our Blessed Lady marks every epoch of his life. Let us examine.

It was to the Monastery of Our Lady of Rabida that he was providentially conducted when he first reached Spain. His first ship was called Santa Maria. It was in a chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin that he and his crew received Holy Communion before embarking for the New World. Every evening during that memorable voyage a hymn to Mary was sung on the three ships.

When land was discovered the Admiral's devotion was expressed in the names he gave to the different islands, capes, gulfs, etc. The beautiful archipelago of the small Lucayas, he called Our Lady of the Sea, bestowing the title of Holy Mary of the Immaculate Conception on the largest of the islands. When he discovered Hayti, he gave the sweet name of Mary to a beautiful gulf. Later on, a promontory was called Star of the Sea, and it still known as Cape Star. On the northwest coast another remarkable gulf was named Port Conception. A feast of Our Lady very popular in Spain (Our Lady of the O) occurring about the time of these discoveries, Columbus had observed with all solemnity possible.

While returning to Spain he delighted to teach the Indians that accompanied him the *Ave Maria* and other prayers to the Mother of God. It was at St. Mary's, the most southern island of the Azores, that he sought safety from a dreadful storm. There, too, he made a vow to Our Lady of Loretto, and another to visit the first church to be met on land dedicated to her.

On his famous second voyage Columbus placed himself under the protection of the Immaculate Conception, and changed the name of the Admiral's covetous Mary. To new discoveries he gave the names of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Our Lady of Montserrat, Holy Mary of the Rotunda, etc. Although his third voyage was undertaken in honor of the Holy Trinity, he called the first island he met Conception, and a second Assumption. When preparing for a fourth voyage of discovery he placed at the feet of Our Lady of the Grotto his titles, letters-patent, and all his honors.

And after death, as if he willed it, the great discoverer was still under the sheltering mantle of Mary. His funeral took place in the Church of Our Lady of Valladolid. Seven years after, his remains were transferred to Seville and laid to rest in the Church of Our Lady of the Grotto. Later on they were conveyed to San Domingo, and there remained (in the Church of Notre Dame), till, at the close of the

last century, they were transferred to the Cathedral of Havana. And yet the Blessed Virgin has them in her keeping, for they are interred in the Chapel of the Immaculate Conception.

Have I not proved that the saintly discoverer of the New World was a faithful knight of the Blessed Virgin?

RICHES AS A MEASURE OF SUCCESS.

A recent editorial in a New York paper spoke of the late George W. Curtis and John G. Whittier in the usual words of formal praise. After reciting the principal events of their lives, it questioned seriously whether they had really been successful in life. The reason for such a doubt was their failure to acquire during their lives large fortunes. This article than spoke of other notable examples in the field of literature and science and politics. In every instance of the notable names cited the grave fact was that they left behind them very little money.

This material view, which is much more prevalent than is acknowledged, is beginning to change. People even in the most commercial of centers are beginning to realize that fortunes are after all merely increased responsibilities and that a man's standing in a community and his future fame depend upon the use he makes of what is entrusted to him rather than on the amount which he leaves. The mere possession of riches for selfish purposes cannot constitute any real success.

There never was a better illustration of this than was once given at Saratoga by the late Emery A. Storrs, of Chicago. Mr. Storrs was a very brilliant and eccentric lawyer. His intellectual ability was very great. He never acquired money, although his fees in his profession were very large. Upon the occasion referred to he was seated in the center of a group of millionaires on the porch of a hotel. The group was discussing what constitutes success in life.

One of them said to Mr. Storrs, calling him by his first name: "Emery, you are a very brilliant man and you have made quite a name for yourself. But what does it all amount to? You are a poor man to-day, and I don't believe you will be worth a cent when you die."

Mr. Storrs turned on him like a flash as he replied: "The mere ability to acquire money is not a high one. When you come to the element of acquisitiveness the squirrel, the gopher, the prudent otter are your superiors. Why should any rich man who has never done anything but make and hoard money, never going beyond to some noble use of it, think himself a superior being? What purely rich man lives in history? Possibly Croesus, and he only has a figure of speech. Yes, there was David, but he was only put in as foil for the beggar who was the hero of the picture. Let me recall to you gentlemen, Athens when it was at the height of its greatest splendor. I can imagine that the stockholders, millionaires like you, who contributed to the building of the Parthenon thought they were very wonderful men, I dare say spoke in the most patronizing terms to Phidias and Praxiteles. But, gentlemen, where are the Athens stockholders to-day, and where do we find Phidias and Praxiteles?"

This discourse, which went on for some time, thoroughly interested the rich man about Mr. Storrs, and produced the right kind of impression, because out of the number who were present three of them have since contributed enormous sums to some of the leading educational institutions of the country.

In the Chair of the Apostles

St. Peter has spoken; he has spoken, and has a claim on us to trust him. He is no recluse, no solitary student, no dreamer about the past, no doter upon the dead and gone, no projector of the visionary. He for eighteen hundred years has lived in the world; he has seen all fortunes, he has encountered all adversities, he has shaped himself for all emergencies. If ever there was a power on earth who had an eye for the times, who has confined himself to the practicable, and has been happy in his anticipations; whose words have been facts, and whose commands prophecies such is he, in the history of ages, who sits from generation to generation in the chair of the Apostles, as the Vicar of Christ and the Doctor of His Church—*John Henry Newman*.

Columbus was duly honored at Niagara-on-the-Lake on the 21st. A grand entertainment was held at the town hall, under the auspices of St. Vincent de Paul's church. A lecture on "Columbus" by Rev. A. J. Kreidt of Falls View monastery, was listened to by a large and appreciative audience.

Card of Thanks.

London, Oct. 24, 1892.
To the Mother Superior and Sisters of St. Joseph's Hospital, for their unremitting care and attention to my two children, while lying ill in their institution, my gratitude, which cannot be spoken, is hereby assigned to be rendered.
THOMAS N. GREENE,
589 Princess Avenue.

THE BENEFICENT POWER OF CATHOLICISM.

N. Y. Catholic Review.

The influence of the Catholic Church is stamped, in ineffaceable characters, upon the world's history. It could not be otherwise. For she is the only power in Christendom that has been persistently and uninterruptedly at work for nineteen centuries. Kingdom after kingdom has arisen and flourished for a time, only to be destroyed sooner or later by enemies within or without. She alone has lived to bury every enemy that has risen up against her.

And as it has been in the past, so it will be in the future. For of her kingdoms there shall be no end. Earthly dynasties all rest upon unstable foundations. Each of them, when once it has power in its hands, seeks with eager impatience to secure its hold upon it, before revolution shall wrest it from its grasp. The Catholic Church alone can afford to wait. For all time is hers. She possesses her soul in patience, knowing that when other revolutions yet to come, in dynasties, in philosophies, and in religious systems, shall have spent their fury, she will still remain, "not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor."

Has her influence been for good or for evil? We hear, in season and out of season, that it has been evil. But who says this? A half educated industry, and a press steeped in anti-Catholic prejudice. But their attacks upon her are only "the antics that the field mice play in the footprints of the lion's paw on the plain. Against their testimony we may set that of non-Catholics of broad views, and freer from prejudice, who, to speak plainly, know what they are talking about. They testify that she was the deliverer of mankind, when the fate of Christianity and of civilization hung in the balance, on the day that Leo met Attila, the Scourge of God, at the gates of Rome. The question decided then was whether the world should be enveloped for ages to come in the darkness of pagan barbarism, or should become the Christianized and civilized world of to-day. The Catholic Church alone decided that issue. No other Church had anything whatever to do with it. History makes no mention whatever of any part that any other had in its decision.

Here is the testimony of the most eminent among non-Catholic writers, as to the work the Catholic Church did then, and has done ever since, for the freedom, the enlightenment, and the purification of the world. Mr. Gladstone says: "The Catholic Church has marched for fifteen centuries at the head of human civilization; her learning has been the learning of the world, her art the art of the world; her great men, her great and grandest have been almost all that, and grandest, her greatest testimonies 'that in the midst of conflicts of jurisdiction, the Popes alone proved to be the defenders of the people, their conduct inspired respect, as their beneficence merited gratitude.'" Carlyle admits that in the mediæval Catholic schools "were originated and perfected nearly all the inventions and public institutions whereby we yet live as civilized men." Mr. Lecky, author of the History of European Morals, says: "No human pen can write the epitaph of the Catholic Church; for no imagination can adequately realize its glories."

And what of her influence at the present day? Even the unbelieving Pagan is compelled to say of her priests, "They seek above all things to form good, honest men. Their moral counsels, the spontaneous dictates of hearts inspired by virtue, are inseparable from the dogmas they teach, and I never knew any but good priests." John Fergusson, an eminent Scotch writer, says: "I am as staunch a Protestant as those who delight in Rome marshalled the forces of civilization for fifteen centuries, and marshalled them well." He then goes on to add that it was the Catholic Church that subdued the fierceness of the barbarian hordes who broke up the Roman Empire, that it was she who brought Scythia, Numidia, Gaul, and Scandinavia, "those countries of blood and slaughter," under the benign and gentle power of the Gospel, and that it was she who won Magna Charta for England. To use his own words, "She has given more martyrs to the stake, more patriots to nationhood, more lives to sanctity, more self-sacrifice to philanthropy, and more intellect to philosophy than all other Churches." And then, speaking of her as she is to-day, he says that her thirteenth Leo, in the majesty of his conscious right, now confronts the tyrant Bismarck, the man of blood and iron, as her first Leo confronted Attila fifteen centuries ago.

It is true that these writers all remain Protestants. They are like those who heard the words of the Divine Founder of the Catholic Church, and went away saying—Never man spake as this man, and yet refused to believe in His divine mission. But when the Church extorts from them such magnificent praise of her mighty and beneficent power in all ages, who can

wonder that Macaulay should have said that it is hard to conceive how she can ever be destroyed? And who will not hope that he was a true prophet, when he said that she might still be flourishing when some traveller from New Zealand shall take his seat upon a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's?

OUR CATHOLIC BOYS.

Rev. M. A. Lambing, writing from Scottdale, Pa., to the Pittsburgh Catholic, says:

Your readers appreciate the good will which prompted your editorial on the children's pledge cards. If the words of the prophet, Jeremiah 13:23, are true of the vicious in general, they are especially true of the intemperate; hence, as you affirm, if the detestable vice is to be broken, it must be expected only of a generation educated from childhood in sobriety.

This education will not be effected by merely giving the pledge to children when they make their first Holy Communion, or are confirmed, however praiseworthy such a practice is. No matter how well disposed the boys are at this season of innocence and ardent love, times of severe trial and temptation will surely overtake them. The writer has often felt a curiosity to know how many of the boys who thus took the pledge kept it till they were twenty-one, especially in communities in where there were no total abstinence societies.

Our boys usually go to work too young, while they are yet very impressionable and before their character is formed. Many of those with whom they come in contact at work are given to pool, the older ones to drink and other vices. Their age is naturally impatient of restraint, and their associations tend to wear them from home and withdraw them from parental control. Unfortunately, while most parents make home attractive for their daughters, they fail to make it so for their sons. The boys are subjected to lectures for their want of care and untidiness—the normal characteristics of most boys. What wonder, then, that he early learns to spend his evenings away from home, where he feels he is out of place; and with whom will he feel more at home than with his workers? The tendency always is to conform to the conduct of one's associates. Is it strange that these boys should grow out of their pledge and into drink? The writer is sorry to confess that he has too often found this not a theory, but a sad reality. He could point to cases where his fondest and firmest hopes have proved vain—cases that would shock proud, indifferent parents if they knew them.

Something more, and a great deal more, than giving a boy a pledge at first Holy Communion and confirmation is required to educate a generation to sobriety. A cadet society would do much good, and is necessary, but it is not sufficient. He grows out of his cadetship just at his most trying time, when he is learning to spend his evenings away from home. Experience teaches us that the habit of drink is acquired between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one. An adult society into which the cadets can be mustered is necessary in every community, if a generation is to be educated in sobriety; even then there will be desertions, if great vigilance is not exercised.

The children's pledge cards you speak so highly of will be found an invaluable aid. If the boy has one of these cards framed and hung in the place of honor at home, it will be an admonition morn and night, which the youth will not be apt to neglect, even if his father is not an abstainer. He should be, however, as the young should be hedged around, protected, and encouraged by the examples of their elders.

Parents should have their boys take the pledge, enroll them in cadet societies, procure for them their cards, which should be neatly framed and hung in a conspicuous place in their homes. They would prove, as you affirm, an ornament, a monitor, and an occasion of many blessings in the household. The union hopes that the call for cards this year will be much greater than it was last.

Love.

Love to Christ smooths the path of duty, and wings the feet to travel; it is the bow which impels the arrow of obedience; it is the mainspring moving the wheels of duty; it is the strong arm tugging the oar of diligence. Love is the marrow of the bones of fidelity, the blood in the veins of piety, the sinew of spiritual strength, yea, the life of spiritual devotion. He that hath love can no more be motionless than the aspen in the gale, the sore leaf in the hurricane, or the spray in the tempest. As well may hearts cease to beat as love to labor. Love is instinct with activity, it cannot be idle; it is full of energy, it cannot content itself with littleness; it is the well-spring of heroism, and great deeds are the gushings of its fountains; it is a giant, it heathen mountains upon mountains, and thinks the pile but little; it is a mighty mystery, for it changes bitter into sweets; it calls death life, and life death; and it makes pain less painful than enjoyment.

Old Chum

(CUT PLUG.)

OLD CHUM

(PLUG.)

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Cut Plug, 10c. 1/2 lb Plug, 10c. 1/4 lb Plug, 20c.

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Why allow your hair to turn gray? It is not a punishment, it is a warning. Robson's Hair Restorer restores the original color of your hair and banishes untimely signs of old age.

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Alone by the margin of the river
A fall flower clothed in white,
Girdled round with a silver circure
Of halo celestial light;
The black of her deep raven tresses
Is wrapped in vells of mist,
The white of her chaste, snowy forehead
With bridal pearls is knued.
Fair virgin, make haste to the Mountain
For fear the serpent's breath
Pollute thy immaculate bosom.
And clasp thee coiled to death.
Bloom, far from the thorn and the briars
Where closter lilies grow,
Breathe far from the poisoned miasma
Where incensed zephyrus blow.
There drink of the Fountain of Crystal
That flows beneath the Throne,
There rest in the shade of the Bridalroom
Who waits for thee alone.

GRAPES AND THORNS.

By M. A. T., AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORK," "A WINGED WORD," ETC.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.
"Very well, Jane; it's no matter. I'm sure you do your duty faithfully. And now we will have supper."

CHAPTER III. "SOWING THE WIND."

The cottage where the Gerald's lived was almost the entire inheritance that had fallen to Miss Pembroke from those large estates which, it seems, should have been hers; but her wishes were submitted to her circumstances with a calmness that looked very like contentment. Mother Chevreuse called it Christian resignation, and she may have been at least partly right. But it was contrary to Miss Pembroke's disposition to fret over irrepairable misfortunes, or even to exert himself very much to overcome difficulties. She liked the easy path, and always choose it when conscience did not forbid. She made the best of her circumstances, therefore, and lived a quiet and pleasant, if not a very delightful, life. Mrs. Gerald was friendly; their little household was sufficiently well arranged and perfectly homelike; they had agreeable visitors, and plenty of outside gaiety. On the whole, there seemed to be no reason why anything but marriage should separate the owner from her tenants.

Of marriage there was no present prospect. Several gentlemen had made those preliminary advances which are supposed to have this end in view, but had been discouraged by the cool friendliness with which they were received. The wide-open eyes, surprised and inquiring, had nipped their little sentimental speeches in the bud, and quite abashed their killing glances. Miss Pembroke had no taste for this small skirmishing, in which so many men and women fritter away first what little refinement of feeling nature may have gifted them with, and afterward their belief in the refinement of others; and not one true and brave wooer had come yet.

People had various explanations to give for this insensibility, some fancying that the young woman was ambitious, and desirous to find one who would be able to give her such a position as that once occupied by Mrs. Carpenter; others that she had a vocation for a religious life; but she gave no account of her private motives and feelings, and perhaps could not have explained them to herself. She certainly could not have told precisely what she did want, though her mind was quite clear as to what she did not want. Mr. Lawrence Gerald's real or imaginary love for her did not, after the slightest embarrassment, as it did not inspire her with the least respect. The only strong and faithful attachment of which he was capable was one for himself, and his superficial affections were so numerous as to be worthy of very little compassions, however they might be slighted.

Sweet-brier Cottage, as it was called, might, then, be called rather a happy little nest. Nothing could be prettier than the apartment occupied by the owner of the house, though, since she had her own peculiar notions regarding the relative importance of things, many might have found the mingling of simplicity and costliness in her furnishing rather odd. An upholsterer would have pronounced the different articles in the rooms to be "out of keeping" with each other, just as he would have criticized a picture where the artist had purposely slighted the inferior parts. The deal floors were bare, save for two or three stripes of carpeting in summer, and sealskin mats in winter; the prim curtains that hung in straight foldings, without a superfluous fold, before the windows, around the bed, and before the bookcase, just clearing the floor, were of plain, thin muslin, plainly hemmed, and had no more luxurious fastenings than brass knobs and blue worsted cords to loop them back; but a connoisseur would have prized the few engravings on the walls, the candlesticks of pure silver in the shrine before the *prie-dieu*, and the statuette of Our Lady that stood there, a work of art. In cleanliness, too, Miss Pembroke was lavish, and one poor woman was nearly supported by what she received for keeping the draperies snowy white and crisp, and wiping away speck of dusk from the immaculate lower. No broom nor brush was allowed to enter there.

"It is such a pleasure to come here," Mother Chevreuse said one day when she came to visit Honora; "everything is so pure and fresh."

"Is it such a pleasure to have you come!" was the response; and the young woman seated her visitor in the one blue chintz arm-chair the chamber contained, kissed her softly on the

cheek, removed her bonnet and shawl, placed a palm-leaf fan in her hand, then, seated lowly beside her, looked so pretty and so pleased that her own charms were not the only things she was admiring to see her. There were two women were very fond of each other, and in their private intercourse quite like mother and daughter. Theirs was one of those sweet affections to which the mere being together is delightful, though there may be nothing of importance said; as two flames united burn more brightly, though no fuel be added. It might have been said that it was the blending of two harmonious spheres; and probably the idea could not be better expressed. The sense of satisfying companionship, of entire sympathy and confidence, the gentle warmth produced in the heart by their presence—these are enough without words, but they never so wise and witty. Yet one must feel that wit and wisdom of some kind are there. There is all the difference in the world between a full and an empty sense, between a trifling that covers depth, and a trifling that betrays shallowness.

Our two friends talked together, then, quite contentedly about very small matters, touching now and then on matters not so insignificant. It chanced that their talk drifted in such a direction that, after a grave momentary pause, Miss Honora lifted her eyes to her friend's face, and, following out their subject, said seriously: "Mother, I am troubled about men."

But for the gravity that had fallen on both, Mother Chevreuse would have smiled at this native speech; as it was, she asked quietly: "In what way, my dear?"

"They seem to me petty, the greater part of them, and lacking in a fine sense of honor; lacking courage, too, which is shocking in a man."

"Oh! one swallow does not make a summer," said Mother Chevreuse, thinking that she understood the meaning of this discouragement. "You must not believe that all men fail because some unworthy ones do."

"It is not that at all," was the quick reply. "You think I mean Lawrence. I do not. He makes no difference with me. I mean the men from whom one would expect something better; the very men who seem to lament that women are not truer and nobler, and who utter such fine sentiments that you would suppose none but a most exalted and angelic being could please them or win their approval. I have heard such men talk, when I have thought with delight that I would try in every way to improve, so as to win their admiration, and be worthy of their friendship; but at last I have found that they could be pleased and captivated by what is lowest and meanest. It is disappointing," she said, with a sigh.

"It is natural that women should wish to respect men; and I would be willing to have them look down on me, if they would be such as I could look up to."

"Has any one been displeasing you?" Mother Chevreuse asked, looking keenly into the fair and sorrowful face before her. She suspected that this generalizing sprang from some special cause. But the glance that met hers showed there was at least no conscious concealment.

"These thoughts have been coming to me at intervals for a good while," Miss Pembroke answered calmly. "But, of course, particular incidents awaken them newly. I was displeased this morning. I met a lady and gentleman taking a walk into the country, and I did not like to see them together."

"But why should you care, my dear?" asked Mother Chevreuse, with a look of alarm. She understood perfectly well that the two were Mr. Schoningher and Miss Carthusen.

The young woman answered with an expression of surprise that entirely reassured her friend: "Why should I not care for this case as well as another? He is a new-comer, and all my first impressions of him were favorable. I had thought he might prove a fine character; and so it is one more disappointment. But I am making too much of the matter," she said, with a smile and gesture that seemed to toss the subject away. "I really cannot tell why I should have thought so much about it."

She bent and gaily kissed her friend's hands; but Mother Chevreuse drew her close in an embrace that seemed by its passion to be striving to shield her from harm. She understood quite well what Honora did not yet know: that the nature which the Creator defined from the beginning when He said: "It is not good for man to be alone," had begun to feel itself lonely.

"I would try not to think of these things," she said earnestly. "Trust me, and put such thoughts away. There are good men in the world, and one day you will be convinced of that; but it is never worth while to look about in search of some one to honor. Think of God, and pray to Him with more fervor than ever. Add a new prayer to your devotions, with the intention of keeping this useless object out of your mind. Remember heaven, work for the poor, and the sinful, and the sick, and go above all, do not fancy that it is going to make you happy though you should be acquainted with the finest men or win over so much their esteem. It isn't worth striving for, even if striving would win it. Nothing on earth is worth working for but bread and heaven."

Miss Pembroke looked a little disappointed. She had expected sympathy and reassurance, and had received instead a warning. "I hope, mother, you do not think me bold in speaking on such a subject," she said, dropping her eyes; and then Mother Chevreuse knew that she had better have spoken lightly.

"Certainly not!" she answered, laughing. "Do you think I fear you are going to lecture on woman's right?"

And so the little cloud passed over; and, when her visitor went away, Honora had quite dismissed the subject from her mind. There were her simple household duties to perform; then Lawrence came home to take an early luncheon and dress to go to Annette Ferrier's, where there was to be a musical rehearsal; and, as soon as lunch was over, who should come in but F. Chevreuse!

Lawrence had a mind to escape unseen; but the priest greeted him so cordially, pointing to a chair close beside his own, that it would have been rude to go. And having overcome the first shyness that a careless Catholic naturally feels in the presence of a clergyman, he found it agreeable to remain; for nobody could be pleasanter company than F. Chevreuse.

"I beg unblushingly," he owned with perfect frankness, when they inquired how his collecting prospered. "To-day, I asked Dan McCabe for a hundred dollars, and got it. He looked astonished, and so does Miss Honora; but he showed no reluctance. At first blush, it may seem strange that I should take money that comes from gambling and rum-selling. My idea is this: Dan is almost an outlaw; no decent person likes to speak to him, and he has got to look on society and religion as utterly antagonistic to him. He is on the other side of the fence, and the only feeling he has for decency is hatred and defiance. He takes pride in mocking, and pretending that he doesn't care what people think of him. But it is a pretence, and his very defiance shows that he does care. It is my opinion that to-day Dan would give every dollar he has in the world, and go to work as a poor man, if he could be treated as a respectable one. He is proud of my having spoken to him, and taken his money, though I dare say he will pretend to sneer and laugh about it. You may depend he will tell of it on every opportunity. Better than that, he will feel that he has a right to come to the church. Before this, he had not, or at least people would have said he had not, and would have stared at him if he had come. Now, if he should come in next Sunday, and march up to a front seat, nobody could complain. If they should, he would have the best of the argument, and he knows that. Then, once in the church, we have a chance to influence him, and he a chance to win respectability. He isn't one to be driven, nor, indeed, to be clumsily coaxed. The way is to assume that he wishes to do right, then act as if he had done right. He never will let slip a bait like that. He will hold on to it as he should have to let everything else go, as he must, of course. I knew, when I saw him look ashamed to meet me, that he wasn't lost. While there's shame, there's hope. So much for Dan McCabe. Am I not right, Larry?"

Lawrence stooped to pick up F. Chevreuse's hat, which had fallen, and by so doing escaped the necessity of answering. One glance of the priest's quick eyes read his embarrassment, and saw the deepening color in Honora's face.

"I am sure you are quite right, Father," Mrs. Gerald said hastily, with a tremor in her voice. "Perhaps Dan would never have been so bad if too much severity had not been used toward his early faults. And so your collecting goes on successfully. I am so glad."

The priest, who perceived that he had, without meaning it, stirred deep waters, resumed the former subject briskly:

"Yes, thank God! my affairs are looking up. But there was a time when they were dark enough. I have been anxious about Mr. Sawyer's mortgage. He is not so friendly to us as he would grant no extension. Well, I raked and scraped every dollar I could get, and I knew that, before next week, I couldn't hope to collect above one or two hundred in addition; and still it did amount to more than half of the two thousand due. So I wrote off to a friend in New York who I thought might help me, and set my mother praying to all the saints for my success. For me, I don't know what came over me. Perhaps I was tired, or nervous, or dyspeptic. At all events, when the time came for me to receive an answer to my letter, all my letters to the church, and lay them down the altar steps, and go away again without speaking a word; and out I went, and knelt down by the altar, like an archer who catches hold of his mother's gown when somebody says *bo!* to him. By-and-by, I heard Andy coming. I knew the squeak of his boots, and the double way he has of putting his feet down—first the heel, then the toe, making a sound as though he were a quadruped. Never had I so walked so slowly, yet never had I so much dread his coming. I counted the stairs as he came up. I counted those that there were fifteen. For some reason, I liked the number; perhaps because it is the number of decades in the rosary. I promised in that instant

that, if he brought me good news, I would climb those stairs on my knees, saying a decade on every stair in thanksgiving. Then I put my hand over my face, and waited. He lumbered in, panting for breath, laid something down before me, and went out again. I counted the fifteen steps till he was at the bottom of them, then snatched up my letter, and it broke the seal; and there was my thousand dollars. When I saw the draft, I involuntarily jumped up, and flung my *barrette* as high as I could fling it, and it came down to me with a crash that it will never get over. But, my boy," he said, turning quickly, and laying his hand on Lawrence Gerald's knee, "that your hat may never be mashed in a worse cause!"

Lawrence had been listening intently, and watching the speaker's animated face; and, at this sudden address, he dropped his eyes, and blushed. Alas for him! his hat had more than once been mashed in a cause little to his credit.

"And now," continued F. Chevreuse, with triumph, "I have at home in my strong desk two thousand dollars, lacking only fifty, and the fifty is in my pocket. After this, all is plain sailing. There will be no difficulty in meeting the other payments."

The ladies congratulated him heartily. In this place, the interests of the priest were felt to be the interests of the people. Making himself intimately acquainted with their circumstances, he asked no more than they could reasonably give; and they seeing his hard and disinterested labors, grieved that they could give so little.

Presently, and perhaps not without an object, F. Chevreuse spoke incidentally of business, and expressed his admiration for pursuits which one of the three, at least, despised.

"There is not only dignity but poetry in almost any kind of business," he said; "and the dignity does not consist simply in earning an honest living, instead of being a shiftless idler. There is something fine in sending ships to foreign lands, and bringing their produce home; in setting machinery to change one article into another; and in gathering grainfield into garners. I can easily understand a man choosing to do business when there is no necessity for it. I have just come from a sugar-stone down town, where I was astonished to learn that sugar is something besides what you sweeten your tea with. It was there in samples ranged along the counter, from the raw imported article, that was of a soft amber-color, to lumps as white and glittering as hoar-frost. Then there were syrups, gold-colored, crimson, and garnet, and so clear that you might think them jewels. I remembered Keats'

"Luscious syrups, tinct with cinnamon."

They asked me if I would like to taste these. Would I taste of dissolved rubies and carbuncles? Why not I would taste of them. And how do you suppose they presented this repast to me? On a plate or a saucer, a stick or a spoon? By no means. The *Gaiymede* took on his left thumb a delicate white procelain palette, such as Honora might spread colors on to paint roses, heliotropes, and pinks with, and lifting the jars one by one with his right hand, let fall on it a single rich drop, till there was a rainbow of deep colors on the white. When I saw that, the sugar business took rank at once beside the fine arts. And it is so with other affairs. If I were in the world, I would prefer both for the pleasure and the honor of it, to be a mechanic or a merchant, to being in any profession."

When the priest had gone, Lawrence Gerald went soberly up to his chamber, thinking, as he went, that possibly an ordinary, active life might, after all, be the happiest. The influence of that healthy and cheerful nature lifted for a time, if it did not dispel, his illusions, as a sudden breath of west wind raises momentarily the heavy fogs, which settle again as soon as the breath dies.

For one brief view, this diseased soul saw realities thrusting their strong angles through the vague and feverish dreams that had usurped his life. On the one hand, they showed like jagged rocks that had been deceitfully overveiled by sunlight spray; on the other, like a calm and secure harbor shining through what had looked to be a dark and weary way.

He opened a handkerchief-box, and absently turned over its contents, rejecting with instinctive disdain the coarser linen, curling his lips unconsciously at sight of a large hem-stitching and selecting one that dropped out of fold like a fine, snowy mist. A faint odor of otar of roses floated out of the box, so faint as to be perceptible only to a delicate sense. The same rich fragrance embalmed the glove-box he opened next, and the young man showed the same fastidious taste in selecting.

It appeared trivial in a man, this feminine daintiness; yet some excuse might be found for it when one contemplated the exquisite beauty of the person showing it. It seemed fitting that only delicate linen and fine cloth should clothe a form so perfect, and that nothing harsh should touch those fair hands, soft and rosy-nailed as a woman's. Yet how much of the beauty and delicacy had come from careful and selfish fostering, who can tell? Physical beauty is but a frail plant, and needs constant watching; it loses its luster and freshness in proportion as that care is given to the immortal flower it bears. Both cannot flourish.

"I would mind doing business

after it was well established," he muttered, carefully arranging one lock of hair to fall carelessly over his temple, in contrast with its pure whiteness. "It is the dingy beginning I hate. I hate anything dingy. People mistake when they fancy me extravagant, and that I like show and splendor. I do not like them. But I do like and must have cleanliness, and good taste, and freshness, and light, and space."

What he said was in some measure true; and "pity 'tis, 'tis true" that simple good taste can, in the city at least, be gratified only at an extravagant price, and that poverty necessarily entails dinginess.

He glanced about the room, and frowned with disgust. The ceiling was low, the paper on the walls a cheap and therefore an ugly pattern, the chairs and carpet well kept, but a little faded. Plain cotton blinds, those most hideous and bleak of draperies, veiled the two windows, and an antiquated old mahogany secretary, the shape of which could have been tolerable only when the *prestige* of new fashion surrounded it, held a few books in faded bindings.

The young man shrugged his shoulders, and went toward the door. As he opened it, the draught blew open another door in the entry, and disclosed the shaded front chamber, with its cool blue and snowy white, its streak of sunshine through a chink in the shutter, and its wax candle burning before the marble Madonna.

"That is what I like," he thought, and passed hastily by. Annette would be waiting for him.

The sensible thoughts inspired by F. Chevreuse lasted only till the quiet, shady street was passed. With the first step into South Avenue, and the first glance down its superb length, other feelings came, and cottages and narrow ways dwindled and were again contemptible. The high walls, and cupola, and spreading wings of his lady's home became visible, and he could see the tall pillars of Miss Ferrier's new conservatory, which was almost as large as the whole of the house he lived in. The fascination of wealth caught him once more, and the thought of labor became intolerable.

Miss Ferrier was indeed on the look-out, and brightening with joyful welcome, came out to the porch to meet her visitor as he entered the gate. He had so many times forgotten her invitations that she had not felt sure of him and the pleasant surprise of his coming made her look almost pretty. Her blue-gray eyes shone, her lips trembled with a smile, and a light seemed to strike up through her excessively frizzled flaxen hair. If it had only been Honora! But, as it was, he met her kindly, feeling a momentary pity for her. "Poor girl! she is fond of me!" he thought complacently, feeling it his due, even while he pitied her. "But I wish she wouldn't put so much on. She looks like a comet."

For Miss Ferrier's pink organlike frounces streamed out behind her in a manner that might indeed have suggested that celestial phenomenon. She had, however, robbed Peter to pay Paul; for whereas she had to pay, she exceeded, the other as notably lacked. "Mamma has not yet come back from her drive," she remarked, leading the way into the drawing-room. "It is astonishing what keeps her so long."

"Oh! it's one of her distribution days, isn't it?" Lawrence asked, with a little glimmer of amusement that brought the blood into the lady's face.

Two mornings of every week, Mrs. Ferrier piled her carriage full of parcels containing food and clothing, and drove off into some of the poorest streets of the town, where her pensioners gathered about her, and told their troubles, and received her sympathy and help. The good soul, being very stout, did not once leave her carriage, but sat there enthroned upon the cushions like some bountiful but rather apoplectic goddess, showering about her cotton and flannels, and tea and sugar, and tears and condolences, and perhaps a few complaints with them. It is more than probable that, under cover of this princely charity, Mrs.

"August Flower"
Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been affected with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower. Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

Ferrier had a little con now and then. Among women were many no pe had once been, and at near to her heart as th than those whom Annet her gorgeous drawing Ferrier was far from poor again, but for all found wealth a sad rest tastes and her liberty the restraints of societa from defying them ope she was at home, and c own language, and at Jack and John could rriage, and step into the at the corner; and, i should bring her out a the simple creature w about. There was alway it who was only too had a horse with son leaped toward her ove steps.

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The young gesture of des "Of course, col together when t she said. "I don they are in g you see, mam fine for a ban lady's dress? cannot be help something to book this morn could make t giving up veg living on rare using all the things. That "But, I don vinegar," cri "It is not a plied the you is a question and good look be to you a m the whole nei their blinds to the carriage." "Let 'em l sulkily. "T cut of carriag could have su

Ferrier had a little congenial gossip now and then. Among these poor women were many no poorer than she had once been, and they were much nearer to her heart and sympathies than those whom Annette brought to her gorgeous drawing-rooms. Mrs. Ferrier was far from wishing to be poor again, but for all that she had found wealth a sad restriction on her tastes and her liberty. To her mind, the restraints of society were worse than a strait-jacket, and it required all Annette's authority to keep her from defying them openly. But here she was at home, and could speak her own language, and at the same time be looked on as a superior being. Jack and John could leave the carriage, and step into the little ale-house at the corner; and, if one of them should bring her out a foaming glass, the simple creature would not resent it. There was always an idle urchin about who was only too proud to stand at the horses' heads with Mrs. Ferrier had a chat with some crony, who leaned toward her over the carriage-steps.

Miss Annette was sometimes troubled by a suspicion that her mother did not always maintain with her *proleptas* as dignified a distance as was desirable; but she was far from guessing the extent of her good lady's condescension. Her hair would have stood on end had she seen that glass of ale handed into the carriage, and the beaming smile that rewarded John, the footman, for bringing it. Her misgivings were strong enough, however, to make her blush with mortification when Lawrence spoke of the distribution days. The pleasure with which she had anticipated a short *te-te-tele* with her intended husband died away, and she seated herself in a window, and anxiously watched for her mother's coming.

She was not kept long in suspense. First there appeared through the thickly flowering horse-chestnut trees a pair of bright bays so trained and held in that their perpendicular motion equalled their forward progress; then a britzka that glittered like the chariot of the sun. In this vehicle sat Mrs. Ferrier in solitary state. One might have detected some apprehension in the first glance she cast toward the drawing-room windows; but, at sight of the young man sitting there beside her daughter, she tossed her head, and resumed her self-confidence. She had a word to say to him.

Jack brought his horses round in so neat a curve that the wheels missed the curbstone by only a hair's breadth; and John descended from the perch whence during three hours he had enjoyed the view of a black-leather horizon over-nodded by the tip of Mrs. Ferrier's plume of feathers—and let down the step.

We are obliged to confess that Mrs. Ferrier descended from her carriage as a sailor would descend the ratlines, only with less agility. But what would you? She was already of a mature age when greatness was thrust upon her, and had not been able to change with her circumstances. Moreover, she was heavy and timid, and subject to vertigo.

"I'm much obliged to you, John," she said, finding herself safely landed. "Now, if you will bring that parcel in. I'd just as lief carry it myself, only . . ."

A glance toward the drawing-room window finished the sentence. Of course, Miss Annette would be shocked to see her mother waiting on herself; and, in all matters relating to social propriety, this poor mother stood greatly in awe of her daughter, and, indeed, led quite a wretched life with her.

As the lady walked through the gate and up the steps, with a half-distracted, half-defiant consciousness of being criticised, one might find a slight excuse for the smile that showed for an instant on the lips of her intended son-in-law; for it must be owned that in decoration Mrs. Ferrier was of a style almost as Corinthian as her gown front. A rustling green satin gown showed in tropical contrast with a yellow crape shawl and a bird-of-paradise feather; she had curls and crimps, she had flounces and frills, she had chains and trinkets, she had rings on her fingers, and she should not be surprised if she had bells on her toes.

"O mamma!" cried Annette, running out into the hall, "what made you go out dressed like a parouquet?" "Why, green and yellow go together, mamma cried stoutly. "I've heard you say that they make the prettiest flag in the world."

The young woman made a little gesture of despair a la Francaise. "Of course, colors can't help going together when they're put together," she said. "The question is whether they are in good taste. And cannot you see, mamma, that what is very fine for a banner isn't proper for a lady's dress? But no matter, since I cannot be helped. And now, I have something to tell you. I read in a book this morning that fleshy people could make themselves thinner by giving up vegetables and sweets, and living on rare beef and fruits, and using all the vinegar they could on things. That's worth your trying."

"But I don't like raw beef and vinegar," cried the mother in dismay. "It is not a question of liking," replied the young woman loftily. "It is a question of health, and comfort, and good looks. It certainly cannot be to you a matter of indifference that the whole neighborhood laugh behind their blinds to see you backdown out of the carriage."

"Let 'em laugh," said the mother sulkily. "They'd be willing to back cut of carriages all their lives if they could have such as mine."

Annette drew herself up with great dignity: "Mamma, I do not consider anything trivial when it concerns the credit of the family. To keep that up, I would starve, I would work, I would perform any hardship."

To do the girl justice, she spoke but the truth.

"You might take claret with lemon in it, instead of vinegar," she added after a moment. "And, by the way, I have ordered dinner at half-past four, so as to be through in time for an early rehearsal. Mr. Schominger is engaged for the evening, and they are all to be here by half-past five. Do be careful, ma. Mrs. Gerald is coming up."

"I don't care for 'em!" Mrs. Ferrier burst forth. "I'm tired of having to mince and pucker for the sake of those Gerald. What are they to me? All they want of us is our money."

Annette hushed her mother, and tried to soothe her, leading the way into a side room; but, having begun, the honest creature must free her mind. "You've had your say, and now I want to have mine," she persisted, but contented to lower her voice to a more confidential pitch. "I'm going to have a talk with Lawrence to-day when dinner is over. I sha'n't put it off. If company comes before I get through, you must entertain them. My mind is made up."

"Oh! gracious, mamma!" cried Annette, turning pale.

"There are some things that you know best, and some that I know best," the elder woman went on, with a steady firmness that became her. "I give up to you a good deal, and you must give up to me when the time comes. I shall talk to that young man to-day; and, if you know what is best for you, then say no more about it. You are not fit to take care of yourself where he is concerned, and I'm going to do it for you. No matter what I want to say to him. It is my place to look out for that. All you have to do is to be quiet, and not interfere."

Annette was silent; and if you had looked in her face then, you would have seen that it by no means indicated a weak character. She was looking at facts sharply and bravely, considering which of two pains she had better choose, and swiftly coming to a decision. Strong as was her will in that province where she ruled, it was but a reed compared with the determination her mother showed when her mind was made up. The daughter would sometimes yield rather than contend, and she was always ready with reasons and arguments to prove herself right. But the mother had none of that shrinking, or a little skirmish now and then to relieve the tedium of her peaceful existence; and, not being grieved in a rather hard and uncompromising manner. Moreover, having once said that she would or would not act in any certain manner, she never allowed herself to be moved from that resolve. This was so well known to her family and intimates that they took care not to provoke her to a premature decision on questions that affected their interests.

"Well, mamma," Annette said, looking very pale as she yielded, "you must do as you please. But don't forget that Lawrence has not been used to rough words. And now it is time for you to change your dress."

At these words, the sceptre changed hands again. Mrs. Ferrier sighed wearily, remembering the happy days when she could put on a gown in the morning, and not take it off till she went to bed at night.

John, the footman, sat in the hall as the two ladies came out of the library, and, instead of going directly up-stairs as her daughter returned to the drawing-room, Mrs. Ferrier made a little pretence of looking out through the porch, to learn the cause of some imaginary disturbance. When at length she went toward the stairs, she was fumbling in her pocket, and presently drew out a small parcel, which she tossed down over the balusters to John, standing under. The paper unfolded in a falling, and disclosed a gorgeous purple and gold neck-tie, which the footman at once hid in his pocket.

"Do you like the colors, John?" she asked, leaning over the rail, and smiling down benignantly.

He nodded, with a quick, short answering smile, which shot like lightning across his ruddy face, disturbing for only an instant its dignified gravity.

"Ma, are you going up-stairs?" called Annette's sharp voice from the drawing-room.

"Yes, if you'll give me time," answered "ma," hastening on.

There was no reason why she should not buy, now and then, a little gift for her servants, and there was no need of proclaiming what she had done, and so making the others jealous. Or perhaps John had asked his mistress to exercise her taste in his behalf, himself paying for the finery. He was a very sensible, independent man, and did not need to be pecuniarily assisted.

At the heard of the stairs, the mistress of the house met Bettie, the chambermaid, who had been a witness to this little scene.

"How do you get along, Bettie?" the lady asked, trying to patronize.

The girl turned her back and responded "ma," hastening on.

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Which was not at all a foolish conclusion, though it might have been more elegantly expressed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MR. DOUGHERTY IN BALTIMORE.

Mr. Dougherty's lecture on "Orators and Oratory" was delivered in Baltimore not very long ago, and was largely attended by the clergy and other prominent citizens. The following magnificent address which he delivered at the American Catholic Congress in Baltimore, November 11, 1889, was greatly admired, and as it contained much that is appropriate to the coming Columbian celebration it is well worth reproducing:

"I am profoundly touched by this honor of my life. This Congress is an event in the history of the Republic, an era in American progress, an advance in humanity, a move of earth towards heaven. Called to your presence through my brain and swelling in my bosom. A single exultant thought shall give utterance to, and then resume my seat."

"We Catholics—Roman Catholics, American Roman Catholics, proud, high-spirited and sensitive as any of our countrymen—have silently submitted to wrongs and injustices in manifold shapes and from time immemorial. Away back in colonial years Catholics suffered the direst cruelties. Talk of the slaves of the South in antebellum times, why they were treated like high-bred guests when compared with Catholics in colonial days. It is the 'damned spot' that will not 'out.' The only religious martyrs who were stoned, hanged, burnt, or starved to death were Roman Catholics. Spurned with suspicion, disfranchised, persecuted for opinion sake, hunted as criminals, and punished with death by infamous laws."

"We have from time to time been slandered, vilified and maligned in newspapers, pamphlets and books, in political convention, and even in the Congress of the United States. We have been proscribed at the ballot-box. The highest honors of the Republic are denied us by a prejudice that has all the force of a constitutional enactment. In integrity, intellect and accomplishments the equal of our fellows, yet the instances are rare when Catholics are tendered distinctions. The exercises of our holy religion as a right are refused the suffering, the sick and unfortunate in many institutions of charity, and to criminals in prisons and penitentiaries. Though the rank and file of the army and navy are largely of our creed, the chaplains are fewer than the fingers of one hand. It is said that Catholic Indians have Protestant teachers. Churches have been burnt, convents have been pillaged, political liberties destroyed. Aye, political parties in the past have sought to deprive us of our political rights, and we are branded as tools of a foreign potentate, and unworthy to enjoy the name of Americans."

"The time has come, not of our seeking, but in the course of events when we, the Roman Catholic laity of the United States, can vindicate ourselves, not by harsh words, heated retorts nor defiant threats, but calmly, yet firmly, charitably, yet proudly, conscious of the integrity of our motives and the impregnability of our position. We assert that we are pre-eminently Americans; that there would be no America, that the continent would be to-day unknown, had it not been for the Roman Catholics and the Roman Catholic Church. That that liberty which is the essence of all liberty, freedom to worship God, was first established in America by Roman Catholics, and Roman Catholics alone."

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"Our grand Old Church is the protector of learning. She it was who rescued the inestimable jewels of classic lore from the ruins of the Roman Empire, preciously preserved through the convulsions of a thousand years, and gave them to the printer's art to enrich the learning, elevate the style and adorn the literature of every language to the end of time. She is the pioneer of civilization. She was the founder of States, the framer of laws, the conservator of the order, the champion of the people against the encroachment of tyrants. She it was that struck the chains from the white serf of the Old World. She it is that beholds kneeling around her altars the black and the white, the rich and the poor, the savage of the forest, the royalty of the palace, the statesman of the cabinet and the philosopher of the school. She is the patron of art and the theme of the poet. It is the Catholic Church that guards the home, sanctifies marriage, elevates woman and places the Blessed Mother nearest our Saviour."

"It is the Catholic Church, while ever striving for the good of mortals here below, bends her sublime and heaven-appointed mission to the one supreme aspiration of fitting her children for the regions of eternal bliss."

"The shadow of an imposing event begins to move. The people of the United States, aye, of the hemisphere, are preparing to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America. We especially rejoice in this resolve. That tremendous event, with reverence I may say the second creation, the finding of a new world, and the vast results that flowed to humanity, all can be traced directly to the Roman Catholic Church alone. Protestantism was unknown when America was discovered. Let the students, the scholars, poets, historians, search the archives of Spain, the libraries of Europe, and the deeper research the more the glory with adorn the brow of Catholicity. It was a pious Catholic who conceived the mighty thought. It was when foot-sore and down-hearted, at the porch of a monastery, hope dawned on him. It was a monk who first encouraged him. It was a Cardinal who interfered with the sovereign of Spain. It was a Catholic King who fitted out the ships, and a Catholic Queen who offered her jewels as a pledge. It was the Catholic Columbus, with a Catholic crew, who sailed away for months upon an unknown sea, where ship had never sailed before. It was to spread the Catholic faith that the sublime risk was run. It was the hymn to the Blessed Mother with which captain and crew closed the perils of the day and inspired with hope the morrow. It was the holy cross, the standard of Catholicity, that was borne from the ships to the shore, and planted on the new found world. It was the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass that was the first, and for over a hundred years the only, Christian worship on the continent which a Catholic named America."

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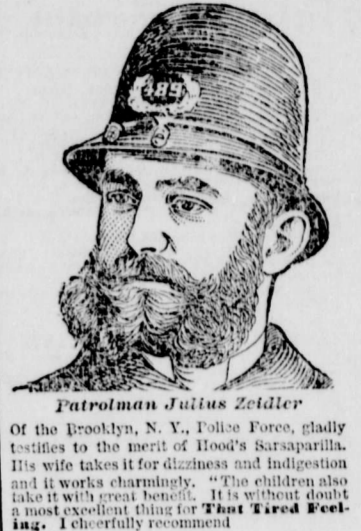
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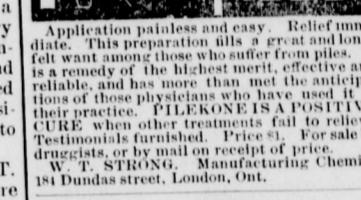
of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Police Force, gladly testifies to the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla. His wife takes it for indigestion and it works charmingly. "The children also like it with great benefit. It is without doubt a most excellent thing for **Fast Tired Feeling.** I cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills to every one who wishes to have health and comfort." GET HOOD'S. Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, and sick headache.

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FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Disease

For a young lady of my household who was almost useless to herself and others, owing to nervous prostration, sleeplessness, weakness, &c. &c. Today there is quite a change. The young person is much better, stronger and less nervous. She will continue to use your medicine. I think it is very good. P. SARVIE, Catholic Priest.

ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL, 1 TOLEDO, Ohio, June 9, 1890.

We used Pastor Koening's Nerve Tonic for epileptic fits in the case of a Mrs. Gorman, and it stopped the fits from the time she commenced taking it. Wishing you an extensive sale for this beneficent remedy.

SISTER BRADY, Secretary.

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Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, and the Bishops of London, Hamilton and Peterboro, and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London not later than Tuesday morning.

London, Saturday, Oct. 29, 1892.

THE LORD MAYORALTY OF LONDON.

It is a very gratifying sign of the times that the opposition recently raised against the election of Mr. Stuart Knill to the office of Lord Mayor of London has proved to be a complete failure.

In view of the fact that the opponents of Home Rule for Ireland have constantly set forth the flimsy pretext that, under Home Rule, the Protestant minority would be subjected to persecution by the Catholic majority, it is highly interesting to remark how the very men who put forward this pretence would wish to treat the Catholic minority of England; for it has been noticed that those who have most busied themselves in opposing Home Rule for Ireland are the very persons who have taken part in opposing Mr. Stuart Knill's election.

It is the custom in London to elect the Mayor by rotation from among the aldermen, and this year the turn falls to Mr. Knill, who has been an efficient alderman, and is deservedly respected by the people, as well as his colleagues in the City Council; but because he is a Catholic, and for no other reason, a fierce opposition was raised against him by Alderman Moore, who is one of the most violent and bigoted supporters of Lord Salisbury's administration. Mr. Moore's pretext is that Mr. Knill, being a Catholic, cannot fulfil the law which requires that certain public religious functions, at which the Lord Mayor is expected to assist, cannot be fulfilled by Mr. Knill because he is a Catholic, whereas the religious services must be conducted by an Anglican clergyman.

To the credit of the London Council it must be said that Mr. Moore's arguments were scouted as they deserved to be. The great majority of the Council are, of course, Protestants, but they have shown that they appreciate the principles of religious toleration, and Mr. Knill was elected by an almost unanimous vote in spite of Mr. Moore's fierce opposition.

The Protestant Association took up the quarrel in favor of Mr. Moore, and added to his reasons that Mr. Knill is a subject of the Pope, and consequently cannot be a faithful subject of the Queen. This was represented in a petition sent to Mr. Gladstone against Mr. Knill's election. As might have been expected, Mr. Gladstone's reply has been a contemptuous snub to the over zealous champions of Protestantism. He has simply informed them that he has received their communication, without stating that he will take any action upon it.

Perhaps the most surprising thing in connection with this matter is that at a public meeting called by the bigots for the purpose of obtaining an expression of public opinion against Mr. Knill, the tables were completely turned against the fanatics.

The call for the meeting was issued by the no-Popery society of London, and the meeting was held in the Memorial Hall on the evening of the 19th inst.

The chairman was Mr. Knill's opponent for the mayoralty, Alderman Phillips, who stated that Mr. Knill is an improper person for the office, as he must obey the Pope in all things.

At this stage of the proceedings it was made evident that the meeting was decidedly in favor of Mr. Knill, and cries were raised to the effect that Mr. Knill is an honest man, and that Mr. Phillips was a liar.

A motion was then made by one of Mr. Phillips' partisans that Mr. Knill is an unfit person for the office of Lord Mayor. An amendment was proposed declaring confidence in Mr. Knill, and asserting that he is the fittest person for position of Lord Mayor. The rebuke to the bigots was most complete; and though the chairman attempted to shirk his duty, he was forced to put the amendment to a vote, whereupon it was carried by an overwhelming majority.

A more clear evidence that the

ascendancy of bigotry has passed away could scarcely be desired, and it is most creditable to the people of London that this is the case. A like meeting in the great metropolis would have resulted very differently a few years ago, but public opinion in reference to Catholics has undergone a great change owing to the more widespread diffusion of knowledge.

It is an additional gratifying feature of the episode that even Lord Salisbury refused to express sympathy with the fanatics who took a prominent part in calling the meeting. Mr. Littleton, who proposed the motion against Mr. Knill, stated that he had written to Lord Salisbury asking whether the Pope had not violated the laws of England by sending the pallium to Archbishop Vaughan. Lord Salisbury snubbed the querist as curiously as Mr. Gladstone had done, stating that it is a question for lawyers to answer.

It is worthy of note in this connection that the Catholic city of Dublin has set the example of religious toleration which has been followed by London. The Mayor of Dublin, who has already been elected for 1893 is a Protestant elected by the votes of a Catholic City Council. It is not the first time, however, that Catholic Dublin has proved its liberality in this way, the election of a Protestant Mayor being of frequent occurrence, as is the case with the other Catholic cities of Ireland. This, together with the additional fact that the most Catholic constituencies frequently elect Protestants to represent them in Parliament, is sufficient refutation of the absurd cry that an Irish Parliament will persecute Protestants. There are really no guarantees needed for the protection of the Protestant minority when Ireland will have Home Rule; yet Irish Nationalists are quite willing to grant all the guarantees which may be needed to assure Protestants that they will be treated fairly.

THE DR. BRIGGS HERESY CASE.

The now celebrated case of the Rev. Dr. Briggs, of the Union Theological Seminary of New York, is once more attracting considerable attention owing to the fact that the doctor's trial for heresy is now going on before the Presbytery of New York.

The Rev. Dr. who is undergoing trial is accused of having attacked the divine authority of Holy Scripture, and as he denies that portions of Holy Scripture have been written under divine inspiration, it must be acknowledged that the accusation against him is well founded.

But the question arises whether Presbyterianism really asserts the divine authority of the entire Holy Scripture. Dr. Briggs maintains that it does not, and in this view he is sustained by the board of directors of the seminary in which he is one of the principal teachers.

The Westminster Confession of Faith seems to maintain the complete inspiration of Scripture, for the very first article thereof declares that it pleased the Lord at sundry times "to reveal Himself," and "to declare His will unto His Church" and "to commit the same wholly unto writing; and that the Holy Scripture is most necessary." But it is denied that these words imply that the Scripture is in all its parts the infallible word of God. At all events the Presbytery of New York does not seem disposed to try Dr. Briggs at all. They are evidently of the opinion that the raising of the question of the infallibility of Scripture will cause a schism in the Church if it is urged, and they are unwilling to push matters to this crisis.

The issue lies in this that the directors of the Union Theological Seminary appointed Dr. Briggs to the important Professorship of Biblical Theology knowing his loose views upon the question of the inspiration of Scripture.

The General Assembly condemned Dr. Briggs to this extent that it has vetoed his appointment to the Professorship, as the Assembly claims a controlling authority in regard to such appointments, but the Board of Directors of the Seminary has recently taken occasion to declare that they will not yield to the Assembly in this matter, but that they will sustain Dr. Briggs if he will only adhere to his defiance of the authority of the Assembly. The seminary will thus become a teaching institution altogether independent of the Assembly and will teach the rising generation of Presbyterian clergy the same loose views which are held by Dr. Briggs on the question of Biblical inspiration.

But it by no means appears certain that the Presbyterian Church as a

whole is at all distinct in its maintenance of the doctrine that the Bible is really and entirely inspired. At the late Pan-Presbyterian council a Committee, of which Dr. Caven was chairman, desired to bring this matter to a test, and a resolution was recommended making a clear announcement of the doctrine of inspiration, but the Council was unwilling to commit itself to any positive declaration on the subject, and a resolution was passed, instead of that which was proposed, to the effect that it was not expedient that the council should make any doctrinal definition of the subject. Individual Presbyterians are thus left free to maintain whatever views they please on this or indeed on any other subject.

THE PROPOSED COLONIZATION OF PALESTINE.

It will be remembered by our readers that in December, 1890, a great meeting was held in the Guildhall of London, England, with the Lord Mayor in the chair, to protest against the cruel persecution which is being carried on against the Jews of Russia.

A memorial was then adopted and was signed by the Lord Mayor of the great metropolis, in the name of the citizens of London, praying that equal rights with other citizens might be granted to the Jews. The memorial may not have been the direct cause of increased severity towards the persecuted people, but certain it is that instead of moderating the severities, it was followed by redoubled persecution, and the Russian Government even insulted the Lord Mayor by sending back the memorial without giving any reply or making any comment upon it.

It now appears that the cruelties of the Russian Government are about to have results which were entirely unforeseen, but which will greatly interest all Christians. It seems probable that out of the new circumstances which have arisen a movement will soon take place the object of which is to colonize, with the persecuted Jews, Palestine, the land which, though now under Moslem rule, was the territory of the Jews from the time of Joshua, down to the seventh year of the Christian era.

The opening of the new railway line from Jaffa, the Joppa of Holy Scripture, to Jerusalem, has already had great results in raising the price of land in Palestine, and in otherwise stimulating business enterprise in that hitherto most backward and sleepy country; and though the new road has only been a few months in operation, the number of visitors to the Holy City has already greatly increased, and several enterprising companies have been organized with large capital to establish manufactures of various kinds, and to carry on an increased trade with Europe in all the staple products of the East.

Farms are now sold at good prices, and it is said that in Jerusalem one might imagine himself to be in one of the busy Western cities of the United States.

There is also a movement on foot among Jewish capitalists to colonize the country with Jews who have been driven out of Russia by the anti-Jewish legislation which has been put into force with so much harshness. The Turkish Government has given its approval to this scheme, and it is said that several millions of Russian Jews are now ready to take up land in the country which at one time belonged to their ancestors.

The country has been, hitherto, undeveloped owing to Turkish misrule, but it appears that the present Sultan is fully alive to the advantages which will be derived from the influx of an industrious and thrifty population, and in order to secure it he expresses his willingness to grant to the Jewish immigrants complete religious freedom.

There will be next year a railway also from Acre to Damascus, and it is expected that on its completion the Jewish immigration, especially from Russia, will take place on a large scale.

The whole world will look with interest at this effort to recover for the Jewish race the territory from which they have been exiled for over eighteen centuries. Palestine is the land which above all other lands possesses for Christians the greatest interest, as it was the scene of the life and labors of our Blessed Lord during His residence on earth. In Palestine also the gospel was first preached by the apostles, so that to the children of the promise were first offered the benefits of redemption. But as a nation the Jews rejected the offer, and history records the terrible circumstances

under which the Jewish nation was overwhelmed when Judea was taken by the Romans under Titus after their desperate but fruitless attempt to throw off the Roman yoke.

The promises of national prosperity which God made to the Jews were conditional on their obedience to the law; and among Christians it is the belief that their dispersion as a nation is the punishment of their great national sin in rejecting Christ as the Messiah and Redeemer of mankind, and in demanding that He should be crucified. Their re-establishment as a nation now is a problem of the future, and we have no intention to set ourselves up as prophets to tell how the present movement will result; but it may reasonably be hoped that if the Jews are brought into juxtaposition with the scenes of our divine Saviour's life on earth by returning to their ancient home in Palestine, their conversion as a people to Christianity may also be brought about in due time.

A HYPOCRITICAL DOCUMENT.

Among the great Catholic polemical writers whose works are to this day read with much profit by all who desire to understand the firm basis upon which Catholic doctrine rests, it is easy to see that such a thing as a desire to misrepresent the opinions of an adversary, or to quote falsely any authority, whether as favorable or unfavorable to the teaching of the Catholic Church, does not exist.

The immortal works of the renowned polemicists, Bossuet and Bellarmine, are very severe indeed upon the inconsistencies of Protestantism, but any one can see that this is because the teachings of Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, Beza, and their followers, are absolutely and inextricably irreconcilable with each other, and it is impossible to deal with their errors at all without showing their inconsistencies and self-contradictions.

The more modern Catholic controversialists are equally guided by a love of truth, and it cannot be said that the Milner, Hay, Perrone, Kenrick, Cardinals Manning, Wiseman, Gibbons, and other eminent Catholic writers manifest the least disposition to misrepresent the doctrines or practices of modern Protestants.

This truthfulness in controversy can arise only from the consciousness that the Catholic Church is truthful, and that it is only necessary that her truth be placed before the public to ensure that Catholic doctrine shall be fully vindicated.

It is notorious, on the other hand, that Protestant controversialists have so much difficulty to find a flaw in Catholic teaching that it is necessary for them to misrepresent the doctrines of the Church, that they may have something against which they may argue with some plausibility and hope of success.

No-Popery day at the Pan-Presbyterian Council, which was recently held in Toronto, afforded a new evidence of the truth of our contention. The day was specially devoted to the refutation of Catholic doctrine, and the consideration of the means whereby Catholic progress may be impeded; but it is a remarkable fact that all the speakers on the subject of the day deemed it necessary to misrepresent Catholicity whenever they spoke of it. They principally occupied themselves, indeed, with attempting to show that the object of the Catholic Church is not to save souls, but that wherever she is established, and especially in Great Britain and America, she has in view nothing else than to gain political power for the Pope, and afterwards to curtail the liberty of Protestants.

The Rev. James Kerr, of Glasgow, Scotland, undertook to prove this especially with regard to Great Britain. He said:

"In Great Britain and her colonies the subtle agencies and enormous resources of the Papacy are being employed in resolute efforts to secure ascendancy. . . . Strenuous exertions are being put forth to elevate Roman Catholics to positions of power. To control legislation is to govern the helm of the ship of state and trim her sails for the mouth of the Tiber. The Romanists fill high places on both sides of the British House of Commons, and so some of them are always in power. Many legislative measures bear the impress of their disloyal hands. So strong have they become that assaults have already been made against the Protestant succession to the Crown, and indications are not wanting that the battle will soon rage round the Royal Supremacy which Manning described as the essence of all heresy and as the Reformation in concreto. . . . Many Presbyterians are parties to the elevation of Roman Catholics to political power, not seeming to realize that they are thereby loosening the blocks

at the foundation of the imperial edifice."

Mr. Kerr is undoubtedly aware that Catholics are bound by the principles of their religion to be loyal to the Governments under which they live, and to obey the laws, not "only for wrath, but also for conscience sake;" that is to say, not only through fear of punishment, but because loyalty is a duty. This duty is clearly laid down by all Catholic theologians.

Our duties to temporal sovereigns are thus laid down by one author (Father J. P. Gury) whose treatises on Morals are made use of in many seminaries as text-books:

"Secular Princes may make laws concerning temporal matters. This is proved by Sacred Scripture, (Prov. viii., 15, 16.) By me kings reign and lawgivers decree just things. By me princes rule, and the mighty decree justice."

I Peter ii., 13 is then quoted in continuation, after which the author continues with the following proof from reason:

"Princes hold from God the power of ruling their subjects, but they could not exercise this power unless they have the authority of making laws."

It will be seen from this that the Catholic Church, while admitting the authority of secular princes, does not concede to them the authority to regulate spiritual matters.

This is the province of the Church of God, and when Cardinal Manning condemned the Royal Supremacy, he meant the ecclesiastical supremacy which is claimed by the monarchs of England and some other countries to rule the Church, whether by doctrinal or disciplinary decrees. This authority was granted by Christ only to the ecclesiastical authorities, to the Apostles in the first place, and, secondly, to the lawful successors of the Apostles.

All this must be known to the Rev. Mr. Kerr, and it is an act of the grossest dishonesty to misrepresent Cardinal Manning's words as if they were intended as an attack upon the temporal sovereignty of the British monarch, whether king or queen. The Church, in fact, maintains, in accordance with the teaching of Christ, that we are to "render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." (Mark xii., 17.)

But the Glasgow preacher's dishonesty becomes still more apparent and glaring when it is remembered that Presbyterianism everywhere and always, and especially in Scotland, maintained even by force of arms the independence of their Church from the State. It is barefaced, double dealing and hypocrisy to pretend that the Catholic Church is to be condemned for doing the same thing. But not only Presbyterians maintain this, but all Protestants who have not State Churches, and even in the Church of England only the most extreme Erastians, who form but a small fraction of the Church, will maintain seriously the contrary doctrine.

This Rev. Mr. Kerr, however, gave some light on his own purpose in his paper. He means that Presbyterians shall rule, and for the gaining of this end he lays down the following principles of action, which we summarize from his paper:

1. "The Presbyterian world must resist all Romish encroachments, and give no quarter to Romanism in any form."

2. "Presbyterians must make no compromise with Ritualism;" which is to say, they must not tolerate any but Calvinistic liturgy.

3. They "must propagate the system of doctrines designated Calvinistic," which amounts to saying that the Revision movement regarding the Westminster Confession must be stamped out, as well as the Brigg's heresy in New York, and all heresies like it.

4. "That Catholics are to be excluded from all political offices."

It is well that the Glasgow parson has thus made known that the old persecuting spirit of John Knox is still "seeking whom it may devour." It is not our purpose, however, to beg of Presbyterianism to change its distinctive character. The leopard does not change its spots; but our purpose here is to show up the hypocrisy which would hide its own malignity by attributing to others the character as a system of persecution which history has correctly attributed to Presbyterianism itself.

It is needless to add that Mr. Kerr's wily schemes were vehemently applauded by the Pan-Presbyterian Council; but it is satisfactory to learn from Mr. Kerr's own admissions as above quoted that the people who profess Presbyterianism are not so ignorant as their teachers would have them to be.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A WOMAN named Shepard is presently turning over a goodly number of Orange pennies in some of the towns east of Toronto. We reproduce in this issue an article from the RECORD of May 30, 1891, in which is given a brief but significant account of her career. She is like all the rest of them. The pity of it is that there is to be found so many fools who lose time and money listening to the lying nonsense of these soiled weeds which have been thrown over the walls of the Pope's garden.

The simpletons and hot-heads in our eastern towns will no doubt feel like championing Mrs. Shepard because of their love of liberty of speech. Similarly many of the people of our fair city of London took up the cause of Frank Widdows some years ago. That detestable character is now serving a twenty-one years' sentence in an English prison. Mrs. Shepard, too, it seems, was a jail bird, but takes good care to keep this phase of her career in the background.

SINCE Thursday, the 20th inst., Chicago has been intensely excited over the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. Thousands of visitors poured into the city from every direction to assist at the festivities, which were exceedingly grand. The great public display took place on Friday, the 21st inst., when all the organizations and societies of the city joined in procession and marched through the streets, accompanied by bands playing patriotic airs. The Catholic societies alone which took part numbered about twenty five thousand men. The entire procession consisted of about sixty thousand men, among whom were eight thousand members of the anti-Catholic organization known as the Patriotic Sons of America, and a small body of Orangemen, the number of whom is not given in the telegraphic account of the celebration.

A RECENT issue of the New York Sun set at rest a false statement made in the Methodist Advocate as to supposed discrimination in favor of Catholic priests in the taxation of clerical residences in that city. The statement was to the effect that while Protestant parsonages are regularly taxed, the residences of Archbishop Corrigan and the Cathedral priests on Madison avenue are exempt. The Methodist Advocate, in consequence of this supposed partiality, published a letter in which it was declared that a "new pilgrimage to Plymouth mouth must soon become a national necessity." The editors of the Sun made enquiry at the tax office, and found that the facts on which the agitation was founded were not as represented. All parsonages are taxed in New York, but property devoted exclusively to religious or educational purposes is exempt. It was found on enquiry that the residences of the Archbishop and priests are assessed at \$90,000, and that taxes are paid on them according to this assessed value.

It is pleasing to observe that from time to time Protestant clergymen are found who fear not to oppose intolerance even when it becomes fashionable. The American Protective Association, the purpose of which is to disfranchise Catholics, has recently made some progress in Ohio, but the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, who is the most distinguished Congregationalist clergyman in the State, recently denounced it both on political and religious grounds, in a sermon which he preached in the First Congregational Church in the city of Columbus. He pointed out that the Constitution of the United States, and the Constitutions of most of the other States contain the clause that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust in the United States." He added:

"The thing proposed by this society is therefore directly contrary to the law of the land. As a law-abiding citizen, I cannot do otherwise than oppose it. The practical disfranchisement of any class of citizens in a republic is their practical enslavement. If they are permitted to take no part in making the laws or administering the government they are no longer free men. It seems to me a monstrous proposition to strip a large class of our citizens of the highest rights of citizenship and to compel them to exist as a subject class in the community. I am amazed that men of intelligence should favor such a policy. As a Christian man I must also protest against the proscription of any class of men in the community on account of their religious belief. That this is contrary to the very foundation of Christian faith I have already tried to show. My Master is one who said,

'Ye shall know the truth shall make men are to be men the truth they must be no kind of confession must be put in their opinions' The doctor also gation to keep out if they had already to abandon it at on

THE parade of the first New York on first attempt to unities of the city in and they made a "challenging," ast next day, "the ad critical observer of The Herald gives appreciation of the ing that it was columns of men ev Columbus first sa It adds: "It was column of twenty and New Yorkers

THE "ESCAPE" TRICK.

Mrs. Shepard E. Reproduced from the May

The following from Herald, from Chi has an interest for in the Eastern Shepard has been work among cong Gossips here arg case of the nation Loyal Women of Mrs. Margaret A said to have retu faith, and to have ance to the move three years ago ment which restu reolution of the Massachusetts. That Mrs. Shep with the Chicago is very apparent of that body. I members affect to a stealthy investi life and history revealed; and ar stories of her ine More than this, M of flirting with t playing into the

A Methodist scandalously con Mrs. Shepard, a will be called to mant flock. The timate clergyman Murray. The le people are bande non purpose of p shame of the pai During the late one of the issue swayed was what the head of the W ist Church. In the hands league are doc startling allegat of these damnin Shepard was arr When, at the m she was grante speech in her o fully admitted t but pleased in e condition of her in the agony of English magist imprisonment. This document h her loss of wa of refute this char fronted with it downcast eyes a implored her st that she had re formed. She n who says he is 3226 Graves Pl house in a quie able neighbor was in a woe! when a reporte evening.

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Sent 25 ets. THOS. COFFEY be had from o

"Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Now if men are to be made free by knowing the truth they must be free to know it; and no kind of constraint or compulsion must be put upon them in forming their opinions.

The doctor also begged his congregation to keep out of the A. P. A.; or if they had already become members, to abandon it at once.

The parade of the Catholic societies of New York on Columbus day was the first attempt to unite the Catholic societies of the city in one demonstration, and they made a great impression, "challenging," as *the Herald* remarked next day, "the admiration of the most critical observer of men and manners." *The Herald* gives voice to the general appreciation of their appearance, saying that it was "one of the finest columns of men ever got together since Columbus first saw American land."

It adds: "It was a treat to see their column of twenty five thousand men, and New Yorkers are proud of them."

THE "ESCAPED NUN" IN TROUBLE.

Mrs. Shepard Exposed in Chicago.

Reproduced from the CATHOLIC RECORD of May 29, 1891.

The following despatch to the Boston *Herald*, from Chicago, May 11, 1891, has an interest for the public, especially in the Eastern States, where Mrs. Shepard has been doing anti-Catholic work among congenial associates:

Gossips here are busy discussing the case of the national president of the Loyal Women of American Liberty, Mrs. Margaret A. Shepard, who is said to have returned to the Catholic faith, and to have renounced her allegiance to the movement she inaugurated three years ago in Boston—a movement which resulted in a complete revolution of the Public schools in Massachusetts.

That Mrs. Shepard is not in touch with the Chicago branch of the league is very apparent from the recent action of that body. It has succeeded. Its members affect to be shocked by what a stealthy investigation of the London life and history of Mrs. Shepard has revealed; and are circulating harmful stories of her inconsistent professions. More than this, Mrs. Shepard is accused of flirting with the Protestants, while playing into the hands of the Catholics.

A Methodist minister's name is scandalously connected with that of Mrs. Shepard, and in a few days he will be called to account by his indignant flock. The name of this unfortunate clergyman is Rev. O. E. Murray. The league and the church people are banded together for the common purpose of proclaiming the alleged shame of the pair.

During the late municipal campaign one of the issues by which men were swayed was what is colloquially known as "the little red school-house" argument. Mr. Murray, who, by the way, was once a Catholic priest, figured conspicuously at every political meeting in his district, and by the vehemence of his talk excited the fierce enmity of those who differed from him. It is at the head of the Wabash Avenue Methodist Church.

In the hands of the ladies of the league are documents which make startling allegations. In London, one of these damning papers states, Mrs. Shepard was arrested for stealing \$12. When, at the meeting which ended in the secession of the Chicago branch, she was granted the opportunity of speech in her own defence, she tearfully admitted extortion of the pitiable condition of her little child, who was in the agony of starvation. But the English magistrate sentenced her to imprisonment, and to jail she went. This document also bears testimony to her loose way of living. She did not refute this charge, either when confronted with it by the league, but with downcast eyes and sorrowful mien she implored her stern sisters to believe that she had repented sorely and reformed. She now lives with a man who says he is her husband, at No. 3226 Graves Place, in a modest little house in a quiet and highly respectable neighborhood of this city. She was in a woeful state of excitement when a reporter called upon her this evening.

"I must not talk to the press," she said. "My solicitors have ordered me to keep silent. To-morrow I will have prepared a statement of my case. The Boston people know me, and I feel sure they will not prejudice me. I am not as bad as my enemies would have the public believe. I am not bad at all. That should for the present content those who esteem me. The Chicago league numbers two hundred and fifty members, and of these scarcely a dozen are hostile to me. Still these few seem to rule the rest."

"Have you again become a Catholic?" she was asked.

"I am a PROTESTANT. And will remain one. You must be content with what I have told you."

"All this storm and malice and persecution," she continued, "are but a repetition of what I have experienced before. You know I am Irish born, and because of this these good, pure and holy Chicagoans dislike my interference in matters which, to their understanding, ought to be taken out of my hands. But wait. I'll surprise these smart people to-morrow."

Send 25 cts. and get a copy of *Benziger's Home Almanac for 1893*. THOS. COFFEY, Toronto, Ont. Also to be had from our travelling agents.

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, KINGSTON.

In conformity with the Archbishop's instructions a solemn Mass of thanksgiving to the Most Blessed Trinity was celebrated in the cathedral last Sunday. Thanks were indeed due to God, for the man thus honored was truly great—great with gifts of nature and of grace. Christopher Columbus was raised up by the Almighty hand for work requiring in an eminent degree learning and sanctity—learning to rise above the knowledge of his time and see other worlds as yet undiscovered; sanctity to give courage and strength to his will to persevere in the face of danger, leaving all in the hands of that Eternal Being Who, he knew, would carry His work to a perfect completion.

The Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Carey, with Fathers Neville and Kehoe as deacon and subdeacon. The Archbishop, attended by Brothers Alphon and Lewis, presided.

After the Gospel Father Neville read for the congregation the Papal allocution on Columbus, and announced to the people the Archbishop's intention to speak to them on a matter of gravest importance. Accordingly after the Communion of the Mass His Grace ascended the pulpit. He referred to the improvements going on around the cathedral, and his efforts to bring the surroundings into harmony with the beauty of the building itself. He cut down such trees as were hiding from the eye its architectural lines and its grand sweep of buttresses. He dwelt on the noble appearance the church is already beginning to present. Standing in the centre of a square, its beautiful tower and handsome steps, no longer the centre of debris and confusion, but receiving additional beauty from the green level sward that has taken the place of stones and rubbish. For this, said His Grace, I have to thank the good people of Cushman, Storrington and Glenburnie, who not only willingly but joyfully gave their time and labor of their men and horses for the beauty and the decoration of God's house. And while attending to what was beautiful we were not less mindful of our people's health and comfort. We have employed men to thoroughly drain and carry off from the church the great quantity of water caught by its immense roof, and which heretofore found its way principally to the cellars underneath the church.

This was a source of great inconvenience and unwholesomeness, as the water sometimes rose to the height of eight or ten inches in the cellars, and remained there for days, and this has been so ever since the church was built fifty years ago.

AN IMPORTANT REVELATION.

But now, said the Archbishop, I have to speak of a subject of even more immediate importance, and the people saw that the mystery of that bundle of papers which His Grace had in his hands was now to be cleared up. Unfolding the papers he informed the congregation that an extraordinary revelation had been made to him the previous day. The time for appeal against wrongful assessment of taxes being near, he had ordered an examination of the assessment rolls for Public and Separate schools to be made previous to publication. The result of his enquiry came to him last evening, and dawned upon him. The papers he held in his hand consisted of extracts from the Public School Assessment Roll, as shown to the Archbishop's representative by the City Commissioner in his own office. Just listen to it, the Archbishop said. It shows that at this present moment there are one hundred and seventy-two Catholics in the several Wards of the city, whose names are actually on the Public School Assessment Roll of the City Commissioner. I blame no man, said he. I should be very sorry if any one should blame the City Commissioner, whom I regard as an honest man, an upright official, who, although a Protestant, seems to me incapable of doing any wrong to the Catholic community. Nevertheless there is a mistake somewhere, and somebody has committed an error, involuntary though it may be. The Archbishop then read out the returns from the several wards of the city and announced the total result to be one hundred and seventy-two Catholic ratepayers in this little city, assessed for the support of the schools of the great and wealthy Protestant majority, who superabound in all the good things of this world, whilst we are the small minority, struggling to uphold ourselves and our institutions in despite of our want and our poverty.

Now, suppose the Catholic taxes of these one hundred and seventy-two ratepayers were taken from our Separate schools this year, what would become of us? The Board of Separate School Trustees, who are wise, energetic and thoroughly Catholic men, in whom we all repose the fullest confidence, are struggling against great odds just now. They have suffered grievous misfortune by the loss of more than \$1600 through the failure of their recent treasurer. They have made themselves responsible for a heavy debt, and its annual interest, on account of St. Vincent's Academy. Meanwhile, they abstain from asking you to pay a single mill on the dollar above the Separate School tax, hoping by economy and patience to tide over their difficulty in fair time. Surely no true Catholic is willing to wage war against them by stopping or misdirecting the supplies. I know full well there is not even one ratepayer in this congregation who would think of committing such a crime against God and Christ and His Holy Church. And yet, continued His Grace, I see on this list,

purporting to be a list of the Catholics of Kingston who would wish to rob our Catholic schools of legitimate support and enrich the superabundantly rich Protestant schools, the names of many of you who sit there before me with expressions of indignation on your countenances at the possibility of your being registered on this list as renegade Catholics. The very best, most religious and most thorough Catholics of the city are here on this list. Of course, it is without their knowledge; and the fact, when made known, will be strange news to them. In fact, the Secretary of the Board of Separate School Trustees has assured me most positively that all the Catholics on this list did sign the notice to the Municipal Clerk last February twelve months, that they desire to be assessed as Separate school supporters, such notice having been most unfairly imposed upon them as a legal necessity by Sir Oliver Mowat at the time in deference to the no-Popery cry of the *Mail-Meridith* faction. His Grace then explained that a small, though very small, share of the seeming absurdity might perhaps be accounted for by change of residence. He saw before him a few gentlemen who had changed their residence since March, 1890, and possibly the taxes levied on them had reference to their new holding, and consequently it might, perhaps, be legally necessary for them to renew their notice to the Municipal Clerk that they desire their taxes to be applied to the Separate schools. Again, deaths have occurred in many families since March, 1890, and the name of the deceased head of a family may not have been replaced by the name of the widow or the representative. Thus the taxes of such a man's property would go to the Protestant schools. In fact, the very page now before my eyes, shows amongst other Catholic ratepayers, the name of a most respectable and thoroughly Catholic widow who resides close by me here, and who is as Catholic as I am, and yet she is put down as an opponent of Christian education of youth, and because she probably did not advert to the necessity of substituting her own name for that of her deceased husband on the assessment roll. All this can be rectified this very day by writing your names at foot of a short sentence, which I have written out, stating that you protest and appeal against your names being placed on the assessment roll for Public school taxes, and that, being Roman Catholics, you claim to be registered as Separate school supporters. I hope, said His Grace, to have this shocking wrong rectified before I retire to rest to-night. Every one of these one hundred and seventy-two Catholics, who are here wrongfully assessed, shall be called upon by my representatives this afternoon to sign a proper declaration of appeal against the erroneous assessment. I have already arranged that all my priests, accompanied by the Separate School Trustees, shall start out at 4 o'clock, p. m., and visit each Catholic family in each ward of the city, and obtain the signature of each head of a family to the appeal against wrongful assessment. Be pleased to be in your homes to meet them.

At 4 p. m. the priests of the palace, accompanied by Aldermen Ryan and Behan and Messrs. Bowes and Catlin, Separate School Trustees, proceeded to visit each of those Catholic families whose names appeared on the Public School assessment roll, and found the head of the family awaiting them as the Archbishop advised. Each and all assured the priests and trustees of their total ignorance of this wrongful assessment, and promised to be more watchful in the future. Late that evening the priests and trustees returned home with the pleasing announcement for the Archbishop that each and all of the Catholic ratepayers had signed the protest.

New Separate School.

Niagara Falls, Ont., Oct. 23.—The newly-constructed Separate school of this town was duly dedicated and blessed by Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, assisted by Monsignor Rooney, of the same city, and Rural Dean Harris, of St. Catharines, this afternoon before a large assemblage of people. After the ceremony of consecrating the school, His Grace addressed the assemblage in a few appropriate remarks, congratulating the congregation upon erecting such a beautiful edifice for the education of the children. Master McCarney, on behalf of the school children, read and presented His Grace with an illuminated address, as did also Mr. James Quinlan on behalf of the C. M. B. A., both of which His Lordship pleasantly replied to in feeling terms. Monsignor Rooney spoke a few words of good advice to the children and parents. Then Dean Harris, of St. Catharines, made the oration of the day, pointing out the good effects of the teaching as a whole in the Separate schools of Ontario, combining religion with science and art with athletics, to make the young strong in mind, morally as well as physically. He stated that he considered the Public Schools of Canada were as first class institutions of learning as could be found in any country, but they were lacking in the religious training, and did not prepare the young minds for a higher sphere than this world when grown into manhood; and it was with this in view the Church cherished their Separate schools. When a person had received a good religious training in any denomination he would not be found a bigot. The speaker implored parents to bring their children up to love and cherish their neighbors of every denomination, and harmony would reign supreme.

The Archbishop held a reception in the school, which is a two-story pressed brick structure, with basement, and four large school-rooms with a seating capacity of 300. The building cost about \$8,000.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

London Advertiser, Oct. 22.

St. Peter's Cathedral was well filled last evening by an appreciative audience, the occasion being a lecture on "Christopher Columbus," by Rev. Father Ferguson, professor of Assumption College, Sandwich. The musical programme was of a high order.

The reverend gentleman said his first word would be one of compliment to his hearers, the presence of so many being an affectionate acknowledgment of the great good accomplished by the subject of his remarks. They had put themselves to trouble and expense to do fitting honor to those who had been benefited. It is a good thing to discharge duties well and to keep a picture or an image of our benefactors. All owe a debt of extreme gratitude to the discoverer of North America. Here we enjoy political freedom, for which we cannot be too grateful. In truth it is said that men are born free and equal; but used nakedly, the expression is a contradiction of common sense. All are not equal; not all are philosophers, neither are all cowards. The common, average man is a creature of appetite, and the history of the race is contained in the records of the few. Of all men of whom the speaker had read in history Christopher Columbus was fit to stand abreast of the highest; and yet, while the merit of his work was so well known, he had been dealt with most unkindly. No man's work had resulted in so much importance as his, using the comparison of man with man. "Great" is not the word, as God alone is great. The speaker considered man's highest title of honor to be that of seer—he who proves to be a prophet to mankind. All have read how Newton discovered gravitation: how the simple fall of an apple merged into that magnificent law. That was genius. So great was the admiration and respect for that master mind that at his death the choicest and most suitable epitaph was considered blasphemy. Then, from the boiling of a kettle came the locomotive and the great Atlantic liners. When we look at that we say, "That is the highest in man." In the case of Columbus it was not the falling of an apple nor the steam of a kettle that made him famous. In the eastern world there had been thrown up from the sea, for centuries, bits of stick and branches—some carved. Who thought they would furnish the key to such great discovery while they were being kicked aside? No one but Columbus, whose far-seeing, magnificent mind revealed what those silent messengers meant. Were it not for political greed he would have been made more of to-day. It had been said by his enemies that "America was discovered before." Well, that had been steam from the first, Franklin and others have made wonderful discoveries, but this man took the "whole world," and found here was more. The great difficulties in the way of Columbus—all of which had been surmounted—go to show as great intellectual strength as the highest in man, ancient or modern. Yet, claimed the speaker, to be a great discoverer is not of itself sufficient to be a great man. The devil knows more than any of us, but that fact should never lead us to apply to him. Voltaire was a great intellect, but how soon was he forgotten! So with how soon was he forgotten to-day—ball players, fighters in the ring, etc.—who make money and don't benefit mankind. But such was not the case with Columbus, whose genius, in being able to discover a new world, must rank on an equality with the greatest. The speaker then referred to the heroic deeds of Hannibal and Napoleon, and the short time in which they were performed, while it took fifteen years of trouble, fatigue, hunger and poverty for Columbus to stir up the world to a sense of its duty. He was laughed at and treated with the veriest scorn from place to place because he wanted money for his great and noble, but seemingly preposterous, undertaking. Had he given up then, had he not been possessed of a persevering will, perhaps America had never been discovered. This is an age of engineering, with railways over ice and over mountains, and tunnels such as the Hoosac and St. Clair, and all are only a question of money. Suppose some transmogrifier were to speak of a railway to the north pole—not Mars!—and was able to say from his knowledge that sufficient gold would be found there to pay for the enterprise—would all go into hysterics at once? And yet such scheme is not half as unlikely to-day as was that of Columbus four hundred years ago, whose greatest work of his life was the sailing off of himself, alone. The speaker then paid a touching tribute to the late Hon. D'Arcy McGee, and stated that when a young man in his neighborhood he would often hear him. His finest discourse was on "Milton," and in the opinion of the lamented orator, Milton's genius found most expression in the second book of "Paradise Lost"—nothing in literature compared with it. There, a new world was referred to—

A PRIEST ON THE STAGE.

The Last Role Actor Florence Would Have Created—A Priest's Life Personified to Him Utter Self-Sacrifice.

Had not the autumn of "Billy" Florence's days been frosted all too soon by death, he would have created the part of a priest in a play called "Father John." The play was written for him, at his request, by Edith Sessions Tupper. One night at Delmonico's he said to her:

"Seriously, I want a play for next season, as Mr. Jefferson and I part company in the spring. I want to create a new and as fully difficult role. I am too old to ever play the young lover again. I am weary of the boisterous fun of 'The Mighty Dollar.' What I desire now is a character which shall portray the sublimity of human attributes—utter self-sacrifice. It will be the last role I shall create, and I wish to be remembered by it. Now, that's all I'm going to say about it now. Think it over and see if something does not suggest itself to you."

Who can dispute that a Roman Catholic priest is the personification of self-sacrifice? But Mrs. Tupper, knowing the veneration in which Florence held the clergy of his Church, hesitated to propose to him that the central figure of the play be a Reverend Father. At last she did so.

"It has been the ambition of my life," cried Florence, "to play that character, but I have never dared to breathe it. And how (with great earnestness) could I better show the veneration I have for those good men than by portraying the life of a typical Roman Catholic priest? Think once! All over this great country, in thousands of tiny parishes, there are men living simple, quiet lives, men who have renounced every earthly love and ambition, have obliterated self and have set their faces steadfastly towards heaven. What led them to such self-sacrifice? By what conditions are their humble lives surrounded? Are there no stories—no dramas here? The priest has often been brought upon the stage as a walking gentleman, an accessory to the plot, as it were, but never as the hero in an American play. I wish to show him as he is—as I know him—leading his brave, cheerful life of duty and devotion, father to all in his parish, from the roughest laborer to the tiniest child. Back of all this I want an story of vital human interest. I beg you to get to work at once."

Four weeks from that day the first act of the play was submitted to Florence. He was most kind, most encouraging to the author. Sitting at his desk, his monocle on his eye, his pencil in hand, bending over the play, he turned quickly now and then with the exclamation, "Why, this is good!" or, "No, no, that is very bad, it must be changed," smiling his tender little smile if a passage struck his fancy, or putting his fore-fingers in his mouth and looking at the offending author in helplessly comical perplexity when a situation struck him as particularly absurd. He was full of auguries of success, of rosy-hued prophecies of the opening night, with now and then a minor chord of speech, a murmured foreboding, almost a prescience of the fast approaching end.

Florence, indeed, took the liveliest interest in the play, an interest which even in his delirium he talked of his play and begged his sister to look for it and see that it was safe. His heart was in the enterprise, for, as he repeatedly said, "You see it has been the dream of my life."

Florence's great reverence for his mother Church was constantly exhibited during the work, and when, through ignorance or carelessness, any flippant allusion, however slight, crept in the text the author was rectly called to order. Thus the exclamation "Holy saints!" in the mouth of one of the characters was promptly challenged, and in a crisis of the play, where a crucifix was introduced, it was interesting to see the delicacy with which Mr. Florence

knows where! But prayer and firmness prevailed, and at last a little light from the hand of a savage was seen. The speaker advised all who could spare a couple of dollars to buy the "Life of Columbus," and get from it ideas such as he had obtained. Columbus did his work in a Christian spirit; he was a thorough Catholic. True, some speak harshly of him, and even if all that had been said against him were true (which it is not), the best fall. The reverend gentleman thought, when reading some of those uncharitable statements recently, "They can't know much about us Catholics." Of course, it would be untheological to ascribe most of the great discoveries to religious motives. Catholics are too numerous, and having seen the rise and fall of kingdoms and empires, do not go into hysterics because a Catholic is a great man. The Church does not pretend to magnify a man's deeds, but tries to sanctify the soul. The speaker closed his peroration by referring to the deep religiousness of Columbus, who, he said, had made Almighty God his companion. He said his prayers night and morning, not merely when in distress, but when bearing prosperity as well. The discovery of America was beautifully religious. As soon as Columbus landed he went down on his knees and put up a crucifix. The benefit of studying Columbus would not give the power of making trips across the ocean, but if it teaches to be loyal to God and make little of difficulties it will cause those to say who stand around our grave: "He lived for God."

THE IRISH MEMBERS.

How Their Predecessors of Fifty Years Ago Worked in Parliament.

The *Tuam News* of a recent date has the following: On Sept. 2, 1841, Thomas Davis laid before a meeting of the Repeal Association, held in the Conciliation Hall, a report and analysis of the attendance and voting of Irish members in the previous session of Parliament. Davis, speaking in the name of the committee in whose behalf he reported, declared that they found "that several of the Irish members attended regularly, others rarely, some not at all, and that this observation applied to Conservatives and Reformers, Repeaters and Non-Repeaters."

Some of the figures quoted by Davis are of a nature well calculated to excite surprise in the minds of those who realize the amount of work which nowadays falls upon an Irish member. For instance, we find Armagh county represented by Viscount Acheson, who voted six times during the session; Antrim by a Nathaniel Alexander, who voted four times; while Galway county was represented respectively by Sir Valentine Blake and Mr. J. J. Balkin of Killooney, Tuam, who each condescended to vote exactly five times, while Mr. Martin J. Blake of Ballyglunin, Tuam, voted in thirteen divisions, and Mr. Thomas B. Martin did not vote at all. Cork city was represented by Mr. Daniel Callaghan, who did not record a single vote during the session, while a similar sorry record was that of Mr. Henry Grattan, who represented Meath in company with Mr. Matthew E. Corbally, who found it possible to vote four times. A Mr. Samuel White, who represented Leitrim, voted once, and Mr. Hugh Morgan Tuitt, who sat for Westmeath, voted four times, his colleague, however, a Mr. B. J. Chapman, took part in thirty-eight divisions.

Looking through the list we find that eight Irish members did not vote at all, three voted once, three twice, one three times, three four times, seven five times, two six times, one eight times, and two nine times, thus showing that precisely twenty nine Irish members either did not vote at all or took part in no less than ten divisions.

Davis declared to the members of the Repeal Association that "Your committee are sure that, both in general and constitutional principles, a person who accepts a seat in Parliament becomes thereby a trustee bound to attend from day to day in the Commons, to aid by vote, voice, counsel and example in the well governing of the country, and that he can only be freed from this trust by the declaration of the country, that he can better serve it elsewhere."

proposed to handle the situation. The actor had no sympathy with modern dramatic nastiness. He depicted the suggestive and realistic methods of many playwrights. "Let us have no filth," he begged. "I will have nothing that will leave a bad taste, but all the love, sunshine, music, birds and flowers you can crowd in." His patriotism, too, was manifest when he stipulated that the play should be purely American. "Don't let us bring the hero back from England or the villain from Australia," he urged. "Let us have all our people from home. You know I do not believe in the importation of labor," he would conclude with a twinkle in his eye. "I am an American actor. Let us have an American play."

Florence talked very often about the costuming of his priestly role. He spoke of many fashions in which he might dress it, but finally decided upon a plain black cassock to be trimmed with a dark-blue braid. It was his plan to borrow for the opening night a cassock from his very dear friend, Rev. Henry Prat.—*N. Y. World.*

THE LABOR PROBLEM SOLVED.

M. Leon Harmel, the great Catholic manufacturer at Val-des-Bois, France, says:

"The blunder of so many business leaders is in having two moralities—one for the private life and family, another for commerce and affairs. A perfect business will have the morality of the perfect family."

This is the principle upon which M. Harmel has organized the great industrial corporation—or rather, in keeping with his idea, the great industrial family—at Val-des-Bois. He employs a thousand laborers. These are organized into four institutions, the basis of which are seven religious societies, to some of which practically all the workmen belong. In other words M. Harmel has actually accomplished the solution of the labor problem; he has made religion the basis of his industrial corporation, and by that bond has united master and men together in the one association. "Here exists," says a reviewer in the *Forum*, "the most perfect example of co-operation between employers and employed ever established."

POSTPONED.

The bazaar in aid of the Hotel Dieu, Windsor, which was advertised to take place this month, has been postponed until the second week in January, 1893, when it will certainly take place. The reason of the delay was the returns from outside the city were limited. The bazaar is for the purpose of raising money to help to liquidate a portion of the very heavy debt which numbers this magnificent monument of Catholic faith and charity. The work of the Hospitaliers Sisters of St. Joseph have undertaken is heroic; the personal sacrifice is sublime. Being cloistered, the community proper rely entirely on the assistance of friends to collect for them, hence the appeal through the press. The persons to whom tickets are sent will kindly dispose of the same for those desiring a book may secure one of five tickets for one dollar. Please address Mother Superior, Hotel Dieu, Windsor, Ont.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

OCTOBER 29, 1892.

To a Friend on Her Marriage Day.

On thy merry marriage day,
Mid the bloom and orange spray,
Mid the music and the laughter and the song...

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost.
FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.
Shouldst not thou then have had compassion...

MANLY PROTESTANT REPLY.

It seems that the anti-Catholic bigots of the country, both individually and collectively, in secret organizations...

PIPE SMOKERS.

You may be satisfied with the brands of tobacco you have been using for years...

STATEMENT OF MR. MCELROY.

For eight years I was troubled with a sore on my leg which resulted from having it broken...

Minard's Liniment cures La Grippe.

Wm. McNeil, St. James P. O., Ont.
Mr. F. C. Samsonson, the druggist of St. Mary's, Ont. certifies to the entire truthfulness...

“P. S.—I thank your circular poor politics.

An appeal to bigotry in this enlightened age becomes a boomerang to such cowardly, unmanly, un-American, old womanish methods.

Catch in the head is a constitutional disease.

Catch in the head is a constitutional disease, and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, to effect a cure.

A LITTLE GIRL'S DANGER.

Mr. Henry Macombe, Leyland St., Blackburn, London, Eng., states that his little girl fell and struck her head against a curbstone...

Sad Signs at Blackwell's Island.

At the insane asylum at Blackwell's Island it is said that when the insane are first committed they are visited by family and friends...

THREW AWAY HIS CRUTCHES—A TRUE ACCOUNT OF A REMARKABLE EVENT.

Mr. McNeil, St. James P. O., Ont.
Mr. F. C. Samsonson, the druggist of St. Mary's, Ont. certifies to the entire truthfulness...

Wm. McNeil, St. James P. O., Ont.

Mr. F. C. Samsonson, the druggist of St. Mary's, Ont. certifies to the entire truthfulness of the remarkable statement made by Mr. McNeil...

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ST. BONAVENTURE'S COLLEGE.

St. John's, Nfld. Under care of the Irish Christian Brothers. This college affords, at moderate expense...

BOURET COLLEGE, RIGAUD, P.Q.

On the Canadian Pacific R. R. and on the Ottawa River. English, Commercial Course, Complete.

COLLEGE NOTRE DAME, COTE DES NEIGES.

Montreal, Canada. This Institution, directed by the Religious of the Holy Cross, occupies one of the most beautiful and suburban sites in Canada...

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And you will receive by return mail the 24th Annual Circular of the College, a book of 124 pages, just published, and a specimen of penmanship by the best penman in Canada.

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Will send you a Book on Business Education FREE. WRITE for it. 240 Students enrolled during the year.

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By Rev. M. J. Frings. 12mo. net, \$1.00.

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By Rev. J. J. Burke. 12mo. paper, 2 cents.

OUR MONSTER SALE.

THE BARGAIN STORE DRY GOODS STOCK PURCHASED AT A LOW RATE ON THE DOLLAR. K. J. TOBIN 136 Dundas Street, THE BARGAIN STORE OLD STAND.

BURDOCK'S BLOOD PURIFIER.

Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all Impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sores.

If you want comfort this winter buy good coal.

D. DALY & SON WILL SELL YOU THE BEST SCRANTON COAL

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE MYRTLE NAVY IS MARKED T. & B.

Farms for Sale Cheap.

North half and one acre of south half Lot 29, Con. 3, Township 6, Range 1, Middlesex Co., Ont.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

Rich in lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the most powerful and expectorant properties of other peculiar herbs and barks.

COUGHS AND COLDS.

Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES.

COOK'S PATENT BAKING POWDER.

Should be used if it is desired to make the Finest class of Goods—Breads, Biscuits, Pastes, Johnny Cakes, Pie Crust, Pastry, etc.

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The object of this Agency is to supply, at the regular dealers prices, any kind of goods imported or manufactured in the United States.

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265 Dundas St., near Wellington. NEW TEAS—Ceylons, Congoes, Japanese. Young Hysons, Gunpowder and English Breakfast.

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Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. Office and residence, 38 Adelaide street, 2nd door south of Lillie's Corners, London East.

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY.

Manufacturers of Church Bells and Peals. 128 Church St., Toronto.

Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, possibly from an adjacent page or a specific column header.

The Rights of Woman.
The rights of woman? What are they?
The right to labor, love and pray,
The right to weep with those who weep,
The right to wake when others sleep.
The right to try the falling tear,
The right to quell the rising fear,
The right to soothe the throbbing care,
The right to comfort in despair.
The right to watch the parting breath,
To soothe and cheer the bed of death;
The right when earthly hopes all fail,
To point to that within the veil.
The right the wanderer to reclaim,
And win the lost from paths of shame,
The right to comfort and to bless,
The widow and the fatherless.
The right the little ones to guide,
In simple faith to him who died;
With earnest love and gentle praise,
To bless and cheer their youthful days.
The right the intellect to train,
And guide the soul to noble aim,
To teach it to rise above earthly joys,
And wing its flight to heavenly joys.
The right to live for those we love,
The right to die that love to prove;
The right to brighten with glad tones,
With pleasant smiles and gentle tones.
Are these thy rights? Then use them well,
Thy silent influence none can tell;
If these are thine, why ask for more?
Thou hast enough to answer for.
Are these thy rights? Then murmur not,
That woman's mission is thy lot;
Improve the talent God has given—
Lift thy duty done by rest to Heaven.

LADY JANE.

LADY JANE FINDS FRIENDS.
Thus Lady Jane in her new life, in the quaint old Rue des Bons Enfants, began under quite pleasant auspices. From the moment that Pepsie, with a silent but unrecorded vow, constituted herself the champion and guardian angel of the lonely little stranger, she was surrounded by friends, and hedged in with the most loyal affection.

Because Pepsie loved the child, the good Madelon loved her also, and although she saw her but seldom, being obliged to leave home early and return late, she usually left her some substantial token of good will, in the shape of cakes or pralines, or some odd little toy that she picked up on Bourdon Street on her way to and from her stand. Madelon was a pleasant-faced, handsome woman, always clean and always cheery; no matter how hard the day had been for her, whether hot or cold, rainy or dusty, she returned home at night as fresh and cheerful as when she went out in the morning. Pepsie adored her mother, and no two human beings were ever happier than they when the day's work was over, and they sat down together to their little supper. Then Pepsie recounted to her mother everything that had happened during the day, or at least everything that had come within her line of vision as she sat at her window; and Madelon in turn would tell her of all she had heard out in her world—the world of the Rue Bourbon—and after the advent of Lady Jane the child was a constant theme of conversation between them. Her beauty, her intelligence, her pretty manners, her charming little ways were a continual wonder to the homely woman and girl, who had seen little beyond their own sphere of life. If Madelon was fortunate enough to get home early, she always found Lady Jane with Pepsie, and the loving way with which the child would spring to meet her, clinging to her neck and nestling to her broad motherly bosom, showed how deeply she needed the maternal affection so freely lavished upon her. At first Madame Jozain affected to be a little averse to such a close intimacy, and even went so far as to say to Madame Fernandez, the tobacco-shop wife, who sat all day with her husband in his little shop rolling cigarettes and selling lottery tickets, that she did not like her niece to be much with the lame girl opposite, whose mother was called "Bonnie Parline." Perhaps they were honest people, and would do the child no harm; but a woman who was never called Madame, and who sat all day on the Rue Bourbon, was likely to have the manners of the streets. And Lady Jane had never been thrown with such people; she had been raised very carefully, and she didn't want her to lose her pretty manners. Madame Fernandez agreed that Madelon was not over-refined, and that Pepsie lacked the accomplishments of a young lady. "But they are very honest," she said, "and the girl has a generous heart, and is so patient and cheerful; besides, Madelon has a sister who is rich. Monsieur Paichoux, her sister's husband, is a very well-off, a solid man, with a large dairy business; and their daughter Marie, who just graduated at the Sacred Heart, is very pretty, and is fiancee to a young man of superior family, a son of Judge Guioi, and you know who the Guiois are."

long silken hair; she trimmed her bang to the most becoming length; she dressed her with the greatest taste, and tied her sash with the *chic* of a French milliner; she examined the little pink nails and pearls of teeth to see if they were perfectly clean, and she joined with Lady Jane in rebelling against madame's decree that the child should go barefoot while the weather was warm. "All the little creoles did, and she was not going to buy shoes for the child to knock out every day." Therefore, when her shoes were worn, Madelon bought her a neat little pair on the Rue Bourbon, and Pepsie darned her stockings and sewed on buttons and strings with the most exemplary patience. When madame complained that, with all the business she had to attend to, the white frocks were too much trouble and expense to keep clean, Tite Souris, who was a fair laundress, begged that she might be allowed to wash them, which she did with such good-will that Lady Jane was always neat and dainty.

Gradually the sorrowful neglected look disappeared from her small face, and she became rosy and dimpled again, and as contented and happy a child as ever was seen in Good Children Street. Every one in the neighborhood knew her; the gracious, beautiful little creature, with her blue hair, became one of the sights of the quarter. She was a picture and a poem in one to the homely, good-natured creoles, and everywhere she went she carried sunshine with her.

Little Gex, a tiny, shrunken, bent Frenchman, who kept a small fruit and vegetable stall just above Madelon's, felt that the day had been dark indeed when Lady Jane's radiant little face did not illumine his dingy quarters. How his old, dull eyes would brighten when he heard her chery voice, "Good morning, Mr. Gex; Tante Pauline—or Pepsie, as the case might be—would like a nickel of apples, onions, or carrots"; and the orange that was always given her for *lagniappe* was received with a charming smile, and a "Thank you," that went straight to the old, withered heart. Gex was a quiet, polite little man, who seldom held any conversation with his customers beyond the simple requirements of his business; and child, as a general thing, he detested, for the reason that the ill-bred little imp, but of their mischievous ridicule, for his appearance was droll in the extreme; his small face was destitute of beard and as wrinkled as a withered apple, and he usually wore a red handkerchief tied over his bald head with the ends hanging under the chin; his dress consisted of rather short and very wide trousers, a little jacket, an apron that reached nearly to his feet. This very quaint costume gave him a nondescript appearance, which excited the mirth of the juvenile population to such a degree that they did not always restrain it within proper bounds. Therefore it was very seldom that a child entered his den, and such a thing as one receiving *lagniappe* was quite unheard of.

All day long he sat on his small wooden chair behind the shelf across his window, on which was laid in neat piles oranges, apples, sweet potatoes, onions, cabbages, and even the odorous garlic; they were always sound and clean, and for that reason, even if he did not give *lagniappe* to small customers, he had a fair trade in the neighborhood. And he was very neat and industrious. When he was not engaged in preparing his vegetables, he was always tinkering at something of interest to himself; he could mend china and glass, clocks and jewelry, shoes and shirts; he washed and patched his own wardrobe, and darned his own stockings. Often when a customer came in he would push his spectacles upon his forehead, lay down his stocking and needle, and deal out his cabbage and carrots as unconcernedly as if he had been engaged in a more manly occupation.

From some of the dingy corners of his den he had unearthed an old chair, very stiff and high, and entirely destitute of a bottom; this he cleaned and repaired by nailing across the frame an orange-box cover decorated with a very bright picture, and one day he charmed Lady Jane by asking her to sit down and eat her orange while he mended his jacket. She declined eating her orange, as she always shared it with Pepsie, but accepted the invitation to be seated. Placing Tony to forage on a basket of refuse vegetables, she climbed into the chair placed her little heels on the top-rung, smoothed down her short skirt, and, resting her elbows on her knees, leaned her rosy little cheeks on her palms and set herself to studying Gex seriously and critically. At length, her curiosity overcoming her diffidence, she said in a very polite tone, but with a little hesitation: "Mr. Gex, are you a man or a woman?"

Gex, for a moment, was fairly startled out of himself, and, perhaps for the first time in years, he threw back his head and laughed heartily. "Bon! bon! 'Tis good; 'tis vairy good. Vhy, my leetle lady, sometime I don't know myself; 'cause, you see, I have to be both the man and the woman; but vhy in the world did you just ask me such a funny question?" "Because, Mr. Gex," replied Lady Jane, very gravely, "I've thought about it often. Because—men don't sew, and wear aprons,—and women don't wear trousers; so, you see, I couldn't tell which you were."

wonder; but she only saw him leaning back, laughing with all his might, while Lady Jane sat looking at him with a frowning, flushed face, as if she was disgusted at his levity. "I don't know why you laugh so," she said loftily, straightening up in her chair, and regarding Gex as if he had disappointed her. "I think it's very bad for you to have no one to mend your clothes, and—to have to sew like a woman, if—if you're a man."

"Thy, bless your leetle heart, so it is; but you see I am just one poor lonely creature, and it don't make much difference whether I'm one or 'tother, no body cares now."

"I do," returned Lady Jane brightly; "and I'm glad I know, because, when Pepsie teaches me to sew, I'm going to mend your clothes, Mr. Gex."

"Vel, you are one leetle angel," exclaimed Gex, quite overcome. "Here, take another orange."

"Oh, no; thank you. I've only bought one thing and I can't take two *lagniappes*; that would be wrong. But I must go now."

And jumping down, he took Tony from his comfortable nest among the cabbage-leaves, and with a polite good-bye she darted out, leaving the dingy little shop darker for her going. For a long time after she went Gex set looking thoughtfully at his needlework. Then he sighed heavily, and muttered to himself: "If Marie had lived! If she'd lived, I'd been more of a man."

TO BE CONTINUED.
THE FIRST THANKSGIVING FOR THE NEW WORLD.

That was a memorable thanksgiving when, in the early spring of 1493, Columbus returned from his first voyage of discovery to Pales, and hasten to meet Spanish sovereigns at Barcelona. Columbus was a man of faith. "God made me the messenger of the new earth," he said in his old age, "and told me where to find them." It was this patriarchal faith that inspired him to weigh the earth and to travel the unknown seas. Pales throbbled with excitement as the banner of the cross and crowns of Columbus rose above the wave, and streamed into the harbor. The bells rang. On landing, the admiral and his crew went to the principal church, accompanied by the whole population, and offered up a solemn thanksgiving for the success of the expedition. Columbus hastened to Barcelona to meet the court. His journey was a triumphal march. It was the middle of April, the month of nightingales and flowers. Columbus entered the city amid music, bells and shouts of triumph. Ferdinand and Isabella, seated under a superb canopy, received him as a victorious hero, and by mail post, paid at Seville, sent a bottle of T. F. F. & Co., Brockville, Ont.

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The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 16, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$5; 3rd, \$3; 4th, \$1; 5th, 50c; 6th, 25c; 7th, 12c; 8th, 6c; 9th, 3c; 10th, 1c. A picture to those who send not less than 12 wrappers. Send wrappers to the "Sunlight" Soap Office, 45 Scott St., Toronto, not later than 25th of each month, and marked "Competition"; also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winners' names will be published in the Toronto Mail on first Saturday in each month.

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PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough hands and falling hair cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

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fluences reaching alike the palaces of kings and the hovels of peasants, are indissolubly linked with its marvelous domination, so that whether in its growth or decay, it is more suggestive than the rise and fall of any temporal empire.

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In Germany in those very seats of learning, and power, and fashion, which once were kindled into lofty enthusiasm by the voice of Luther, who is it that desert the churches and disregard the Sacraments, the Catholics or the Protestants?

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Mr. W. A. Mallory, of Mallorytown, Ont., says:—My daughter suffered for years from a most distressing and annoying Catarrh. Her case was under the treatment of eminent physicians in the United States and Canada, but no benefit followed. Her mother's use of Nasal Balm has had more beneficial effects than all former treatments combined. From all dealers or by mail, post paid, at 25c and \$1 a bottle, T. F. F. & Co., Brockville, Ont.

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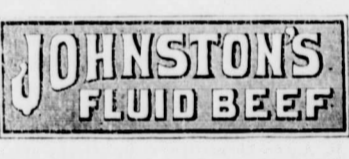
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This young lady has two brothers and a sister; each one of whose picture is combined in the above portrait. The publishers of the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY will give a Fine Ladies' Gold Watch to the person who first can make out the faces of the two brothers and sister; to the second a Mantel Clock; to the third a Coin Silver Watch; to the fourth a beautiful pair of Pearl Opera Glasses; to the fifth a Silk Dress Pattern; and a valuable prize will also be given to every person who is able to answer this Picture Rebus correctly, until one hundred prizes have been awarded, if there should be that number answering correctly. Each contestant is to cut out the picture rebus, and make a cross with a lead pencil on the two brothers' and sister's faces, and send same to us with five two-cent postage stamps, for two copies of the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY, our popular illustrated journal. Answer to-day and enclose ten cents and you may win one of the leading prizes. Address, "THE LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY, 192 King St. West, Toronto, Canada.

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