

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME 11.

LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1888.

NO. 527

"A FACT."

If you want Good Ordered Clothing or Furnishings, see our Stock.

The Best and Cheapest in the trade.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

ROBERT McCORMICK, a seventh day Adventist, in Belleville, Ont., was fined for working on Sunday, but refused to pay the fine and was sent to jail for two days. He observes Saturday as his day of rest, and defies the law to compel him to do otherwise.

JUSTIN D. FULTON, the filthy author and lecturer, has a new book ready for publication, but he cannot find any firm vile enough to publish it. The experience of the Rand Avery Company, once a respectable firm, which published Fulton's former book, but which is since defunct, does not encourage publishers to follow their example.

A HARD SHELL Baptist minister named Obadiah Bates predicted that the world would come to an end on the 5th inst., and his followers were in a state of great agitation till the day was over, expecting that every moment would be the end of all things earthly. They discovered at last that Mr. Bates was one of the prophets who "prophecy lies in the name of the Lord."

"THE 'John Newman pulpit'" in St. Mary's, Oxford, was removed during the Long Vacation, and the fine oak wood-work converted into a screen for one of the aisles. This university pulpit was occupied by most of the celebrated divines of the last hundred years, and Cardinal Newman's famous sermons were preached from it, while he still was one of the Anglican clergy.

The following advertisement which recently appeared in an English religious paper is a sample of the style often adopted for the location of clergy of the Church of England:

"Wanted, before Advent, unmarried priest (earnest Evangelical High Churchman), for small country church, the congregation of which is largely composed of men. The six points, Choral services, Open air preaching, Cricket, football and workmen's clubs. No unattached or lawn tennis playing priest need apply."

The rumor has been again circulated that Sister Mary Frances Clare, known as the Nun of Kenmare, has left the Catholic Church, and in the Montreal Herald of the 9th inst. the additional circumstance is given that she has in press the history of her life and of her conversion to and from the Catholic Church. Sister Clare has herself most emphatically denied the truth of these statements in a letter which appeared in the papers a few weeks ago.

The London Chronicle's Rome correspondent furnishes that, journal with the following item of news, which bears absurdity on its face:

Rome, November 14th.—It is certain that the American bishops have petitioned the Congregation de Propaganda Fide against the predominant influence exercised by German Catholics in America. They urged upon the Vatican that it is advisable not to permit the formation of separate German parishes or the nomination of German dignitaries.

Excepting the actual appointment of new Bishops, these are matters which the Bishops themselves entirely control already, so that there is no need of such representations being made to the Holy See, and even the appointment of Bishops is in a great measure in their hands, inasmuch as they send to the Holy Father the names of those from amongst whom the new Bishops are selected.

The defeat of Mayor Abram S. Hewitt in the city of New York was most complete and decisive, and it is to be hoped that it will serve as the death knell of Know Nothingism. He made himself peculiarly the representative of that ism while he occupied the Mayor's chair, and endeavored to destroy the fraternal feeling which exists between native Americans and Americans by adoption, but he has received his political death by the verdict rendered at the polls on the 6th inst. The city voted as follows: Grant, 111,740; Erhardt, 72,644; Hewitt, 70,538. During his term of office Mr. Hewitt rendered himself particularly obnoxious to Catholics and to Irishmen. He refused to assist at the national celebration of Ireland, by reviewing the St. Patrick's Day procession, but he was highly pleased to pay this mark

of honor to the Italians who celebrated the robbery perpetrated upon the Holy Father by the invasion of Rome. He refused to allow the decoration of the City Hall in the manner in which all former Mayors had permitted when respectable citizens requested this to be done in honor of Ireland, he resented the statistics of the city to find material by means of which to insult Irishmen, and in every way lent himself to that faction whose war cry is to restrict the rights of citizens of foreign origin. He has been rewarded as he deserved, and there are few indeed who will regret his fate, which awaits all politicians who with strong professions of Americanism, raise the un-American Know-Nothing cry.

A DISTASTEFUL DIPLOMATIST.

The Leader, a London paper, puts in a strong light the folly of the present Coercion Government in sending Mr. Chamberlain to America to negotiate the Fisheries Treaty. It is not, perhaps, correct to say that any treaty agreed to by Mr. Chamberlain would have been, for no other reason, rejected by the Senate of the United States, but it was no less a proof of the insanity and utter incompetency of the Government to appoint to the delicate task of negotiating a treaty a man who was known to be so distasteful to the American people as Mr. Chamberlain. The sympathy of the Americans towards Ireland is real, and it was therefore foolish in the extreme to appoint as chief negotiator for England a man against whom popular feeling was so strong on account of his bitter enmity to Ireland. It was to be expected that such a man could not attain a satisfactory result. The Leader puts the matter in the following way:

"Lord Salisbury knew no one better than the appointment of Mr. Chamberlain, as our Commissioner would be regarded as a premeditated insult by the Irish Americans and by the great body of all other Americans, who in the main are in sympathy with the suffering Irish in Ireland. Lord Salisbury is not a tyro in such matters. He cannot be acquitted of delib- eration in the course he took, and it is fair to assume that he knew that whatever Mr. Chamberlain favored would be likely to be resented and rejected by the United States Senate. That is enough to condemn him for being ready to plunge us into war with the United States rather than forego the opportunity the dispute gave him of flouting the American Republic, which he hates as a Republic, and its Irish citizens. To carry out the policy which it may be fairly assumed was agreed upon, Mr. Chamberlain, after his appointment and before his departure, indulged, to the amazement of every one, for its breach of diplomatic etiquette, and its utter want of common sense, in speeches the most irritating to the Americans on the subject of his mission."

THE FORGERIES COMMISSION.

The Parnell enquiry has not elicited any new developments of importance to the real issue. On behalf of the Times a large number of witnesses were examined to prove that agrarian outrages were committed, and an attempt has been made to connect the Irish leaders with them, but the effort has miserably failed. There is scarcely a murder which has been committed in Ireland for years which has not been brought forward with all its disgusting details, as if all this proved complicity on the part of Mr. Parnell, who was at the time most of them occurred confined with his principal assistants in Kilmainham and other jails. Many of the witnesses who were relied on to tell a harrowing story of outrages committed, and to connect the league there with, testified that the leagues of their respective districts had endeavored to protect them from injury, and had striven to bring to justice those who had unjustly boycotted them or endeavored to do so on their other injuries.

Sir Charles Russell made strong objection to the course of the Times counsel in bringing up stories of crime where there was no evidence to connect the accused parties with them, but the Chief Justice and his colleagues gave every latitude to Sir Richard Webster. It would appear, after all, that the Commission are determined to fix the guilt of every outrage that has ever been committed in Ireland on Mr. Parnell, if they can by any possibility make them appear to have connection with them. This was what was suspected from the beginning would be their course, as the Government took such pains to secure a partisan Commission. However, even in spite of the way in which the constitution of the Commission was manipulated, there is no doubt that the Irish leaders will be found to be free of any connection with the agrarian outrages which are being described *ad nauseam* by the Times witnesses.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, HILL STREET.

It has been announced that the Catholic people attending St. Mary's Church, Hill street, in this city, will hereafter be under the spiritual care of Rev. Joseph Kennedy. This will, we feel assured, be pleasing intelligence to our fellow Catholics in the southern part of the city. Father Kennedy's well-known zeal will here, as elsewhere in the past, be employed to the utmost in building up on a firm foundation our holy faith in the hearts and minds of old and young. We congratulate the good people of St. Mary's, and we may also indeed extend congratulations to the good father on being in the midst of such a faithful flock.

SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

URSULINE ACADEMY, "THE PINES."

VISIT OF HIS LORDSHIP RT. REV. BISHOP WALSH, D. D., OF LONDON—MUSICAL AND LITERARY ENTERTAINMENT—CEREMONY OF GIVING THE VEIL.

On Tuesday, the 13th inst., His Lordship Rt. Rev. Bishop Walsh, D. D., of London, visited the academy for the first time since his return from Europe. This was a day of happy expectations fulfilled for both the religious and pupils of St. Ursula's, who tendered a most heartiest reception to His Lordship.

The following rev. clergy were also present: Rev. Father William, O. S. F., P. P., chaplain of the monastery; Rev. Father Michael, O. S. F., Chatham; Rev. Father Patrick, O. S. F., Detroit; Rev. Father McKean, P. P., Bothwell; and Rev. Father Maguan, P. P., Muskegon, Mich.

On His Lordship entering St. Cecilia's Hall, he was greeted by a joyous chorus of welcome in which all the pupils joined. An instrumental trio, "Merris," Flotow, followed, which was well rendered by Misses B. McDonnell, K. Sicklester, and D. Hett. Miss Fochan, of Owen Sound, then sang "E. in Home of my Childhood," in a charming manner. A violin and piano trio, by Misses Padberg, Matsonville and Rathburn, deserved great praise. At this point Miss Blanche Sullivan, of Detroit, read the salutatory to His Lordship and the rev. clergy in a most pleasing and refined manner.

The piano duo, Andante and variations B Flat Major Op. 46, R. Schumann, by Miss Helene Stinson, of Chatham, and Miss Aloysia Brothers, of New Haven, Conn., was executed with great ability and brilliancy.

Recitation, "The Eagle's Nest," by Miss Amy Johnston, of Detroit, was an eloquent treat. The recital choruses by the vocal class were sung in good style. The piano duo, "Reception Gallop," by Misses K. McGonigal and K. Sicklester, was most creditably performed. Also the double duet, "Faubusier," played by Misses Perkins, Flannery, Gerard and Kearney, evinced much talent and careful training.

These were followed by one of the most pleasing features of the entertainment, a concert declamation by a number of little girls, who entered into the true spirit of their recitation.

At the conclusion of the programme His Lordship replied to the address presented to him, complimenting the pupils on their proficiency and expressing himself delighted with the entertainment. They might, he said, be possibly equalled by the pupils of some of the superior educational institutions of the Province, but never surpassed.

On the following morning, Nov. 14th, took place the ceremony of giving the veil, at which His Lordship officiated. The vestal virgins were Misses William, O. S. F., P. P., Pacific, O. S. F., McKean, P. P., Bothwell, Maguan, P. P., of Muskegon, Mich., and Noonan, Wilder. At the end of the Holy Mass, which was said by the Rev. Chaplain of the monastery, His Lordship, clothed in his episcopal robes, ascended the altar steps and the singing advanced to a high and powerful where they received lighted tapers, and were interrogated by His Lordship as follows:

My children what do you demand?

wants of the suffering, the destitute and the lowly of earth.

The seed of religious vocation was first planted in the hearts of these young ladies by the beauty, the purity, the simplicity and the self-sacrifice of the good Ursuline Religions of Chatham, Ont., to whose cause they were entrusted from earliest childhood, and later they hearkened to the call of the good Master who bade them enter His vineyard where the harvest was great and the laborers few. A SPECTATOR.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Boston Pilot.

Edgar L. Wakeman closes his latest letter from Ireland with a pretty story of a faithful sacrifice of the good Ursuline Religions of Chatham, Ont., to whose cause they were entrusted from earliest childhood, and later they hearkened to the call of the good Master who bade them enter His vineyard where the harvest was great and the laborers few. A SPECTATOR.

Our esteemed contemporary the *Catholic Review*, has a scathing satire on the extraordinary performance of one Dr. Malcolm, who has published an edition of the "Imitation of Christ," divested of its Catholicity, and so amended that it retains "no sentiment which it was thought could offend the most scrupulous Protestant."

The avowed excuse for garbling the work is that the author was "a Popish monk (wh) interrupted his thoughts of Paragony, good works, penance, solitude, cell, bay, a recluse life, etc., in almost every chapter." Our esteemed contemporary points out a great field for similar reform in other directions:—"Take the Bible for an instance. It is an immensely popular book, and millions are sold annually. It is in a literary sense a sublime work, and gives unbounded delight to the literary mind. But its cosmogony, its astronomy, its scientific features, in a word, trouble the souls of thousands who have no faith in its views of geology. Why not cut them out for the benefit of scientific people and publish an edition which shall give no offence? Again, the personality of the Saviour as described in the four Gospels is one of the most beautiful and powerful in all history. But in the eyes of many Protestants, it is marred by inconsistencies, superstitions, delusions. Can nothing be done to remove these defects, which sprang, without doubt, from the narrow intellects of his biographers. Bring out an edition of the Bible for Catholics. Lastly, there are millions of Protestants who, along with millions of Non-Protestants, believe not one miracle that is recorded from Genesis to Acts. What a rousing edition of the Bible could be got out with the miracles clipped! And what a sale it would have if a preface by Huxley, a biography by Renan, and an introductory essay on miracles by Ingersoll were appended to the edition!" If we may suggest another opening for the enterprising Dr. Malcolm it would be to publish an edition of the Decalogue with the "note" left out or transposed to the affirmation of Commandments. There is millions in the "expurgation" business, if it is properly handled.

"The Catholic Church is still the Church of the common people," writes F. R. Guernsey, of the Boston Herald, forgetting that if it could cease to be the church of the common people, and of all people, it would cease to be the Catholic Church. Describing the commemoration of All Souls, on November 2nd, in the Cathedral, Mexico, he says: "The great interior, with its innumerable chapels and altars, presented a spectacle nowhere to be found in the churches of the United States. The absence of any interest in the Church when it appeals to them from an aesthetic or antiquarian point of view. To the rebuilding of old Catholic churches and monasteries they have almost always devoted a part of the endowments which they appropriated. If we were writing in a spirit of bitterness we might quote a passage in the New Testament, which speaks somewhat severely of the Jews of those who killed the prophets rebuking the prophets' sepulchres. But we do not forget that the lips which pronounced this scathing rebuke were the same from which came the commandment, "Love one another." Non Catholics love Our Lord, and some of them are not deficient in regard to His Blessed Mother. We like to attribute to the best of motives the request made by some Non Catholic papers some time ago when the old Bon Secours Church of Montreal was undergoing repairs, that the pastor would not forget to put back the old legend over the front door:

"If in thy heart the love of Mary live, In passing to Her one word Ave give." United Ireland.

Higley-pigglediness, the term used by Sir Charles Russell to describe the manner in which the Times is bringing forward its case, is about the best word to describe the effect in general of the Special Commission since it has begun to take evidence. We pass for a grizzly police reporter to Captain O'Shea with the abrupt incongruity with which a carrot and a piece of Strasbourg liver meet in a potpourri. At one moment we are listening to a Mayo hillside; we can feel the healthy breeze and see the Land League banners waving, and hear the cheers and laughter and the "voices" (the devil take them, "Scrabs") but in a moment we are feeling a sort of tenderness for these with their guncottony fooling; then the Antient Pistol of this dull place. The

next minute, without a word of warning, we are whisked away from Mayo, and with a silken hush find ourselves in the midst of the delicate diplomacy of the Kilmainham Treaty. Great names are mentioned, plots in high politics are referred to; and there sits the Captain, sleek, odoriferous, furtive, quite contemptible and unclean thin, as everyone now can see in this strong glare, one of the vermin species, a flabby smug rat needing but a prod for such a small to arise! He will get the prod presently, never fear, although he wants to hurry away to Spain, where there is no extradition treaty, to escape it. What! simpleton to help the Captain in this innocent little game. The Captain knows something of the forged letters, and as the Times is preparing to make a clean or rather dirty breast of this transaction, he is anxious to get out of the jurisdiction as quickly as possible, and has Mr. Justice Attorney General, the virtuous Sir Richard Webster, is, no doubt, quite unwittingly aiding and abetting him.

The appearance of the court is highly-piggled. Royal Irish Constabulary men, resident magistrates, Jeremiah Scinger, Jeremiah Hagerly, Captain Pinkert, Superintendent Mallon, Irish barristers, English barristers, American correspondents, French artists, ladies in their gallery, sometimes getting angry, sometimes falling asleep—surely a motley and wonderful scene. A celebrated painter is about to make a historical picture of it. He is already busy every day making sketches. Which moment will he seize? When Mr. Parnell is in the box, or when the "Forger" is there with Mr. Parnell confronting him? Other forgers, fellow conspirators, crouch apart—no, it will be best when Mr. Parnell is in the box. Mr. Davitt, Mr. Healy, Mr. Biggar, and other colleagues will be grouped around. The Irish nation on her trial, before the crown of seven hundred years of striving is placed upon her head!—the man who led his people to victory, leading them away from the methods of despair and showing them the way of honor and of hope, arraigned for his glorious work as for a crime!—such will be the thing commemorated. What will history say of it? . . . We are living just now among great events.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

A new mass, composed by Rev. Father Gans, of Milton, Pa., will be sung for the first time at Christmas, in one of the Philadelphia churches. Father Gans is a brilliant musician.

In the past year 91,548 pilgrims visited the sacred shrine of Lourdes, and 330,000 communions were administered. The offerings to the Church of the Rosary, near the Basilica, amounted to \$209,000.

The Rev. Dr. D. J. O'Connell, Rector of the American College in Rome, has been chosen to succeed Bishop Keane in the See of Richmond, S. C. Bishop Keane resigned the See so as to devote his time to the interests of the new University, of which he is President.

The Boston Herald says that the children of Irish parentage in Boston exceed those of Massachusetts' parentage by 89,003, while in the entire State the excess of children of Irish parentage is 63,700. This does not promise well for the success of the bigots' movement to drive the Irish out of the state or out of the city.

Bishop-elect Hennessy, of Wichita, will be consecrated on the 30th inst. Archbishop Kurik, of St. Louis, will be the officiating prelate, and he will be assisted by Bishops Hennessy, of Dubuque, and Fink of Leavenworth. Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, will preach.

On the 8th inst. the twentieth anniversary of Bishop Ryan's consecration was celebrated in Buffalo. After the Pontifical High Mass, celebrated by the learned and beloved prelate, an appropriate address was read, and the little deeds of Niagara Square property were presented to him, the property being intended to be fitted up as a home for boys. The value of the property is \$15,000.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. E. J. O'Brien, Guelph.

Late last Friday, Mrs. E. J. O'Brien passed peacefully away after a painful and lingering illness. Mrs. O'Brien's maiden name was Burke, and she was a daughter of one of the oldest and most influential families in Bowmanville, her native place, where she married and where she lived until her removal to Guelph with her husband seventeen years ago. She was a quiet, but very friendly and charitable disposition, and her religious profession was most sincere and consistent. She leaves behind her the companion of many years, two grown up sons, both working in Seneca, and an aged mother. The public sympathy will go out the more to Mr. O'Brien because his home will be broken up by the death of his wife. The funeral of Mrs. E. J. O'Brien took place to the church of Our Lady on Monday morning and was well attended, considering that the hour, half-past eight, was early. Solemn requiem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father DaMortier, S. J., after which the procession wended its way to the Catholic cemetery, where Rev. Father Larue, S. J., offered up the last prayers prescribed by the Church. The pallbearers were Messrs. William Kennedy, J. E. McElderry, P. Downey, E. Doyle, Jas. Keough, and F. Gauban.

We extend our heartfelt condolence to our estimable friend, Mr. E. J. O'Brien, and his family; and hope God will comfort them in the great and irreparable loss they have sustained.

THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE; OR, THE NEW UTOPIA.

CHAPTER III. THE GRANGE.

Grant was accordingly admitted into our unpretending family circle, and he seemed to like it. It did not take long to make him at home, and he fancied that his manner grew less abrupt, and his philosophic utterances less harsh and conscientious, as his heart expanded in the kindly atmosphere around him.

Mr. Edwards kept his engagement, and our dinner passed pleasantly enough. I could see by my mother's looks and manner that she approved of my new acquaintance; nor did this surprise me, for he exhibited a marked respect in his manner towards her, not unmingled with a kind of tenderness.

Now often I have pictured such a scene as this! he said to me, "as we emerged from the dining-room window on to the lawn, still bright with an overhanging sunlight, and studded with its beds of scarlet geraniums. After the intolerable affliction of those pineries and grapes, this little belt of shrubbery and reasonable-flower-garden is a positive refreshment."

"Mary will feel flattered," I replied, as we approached my sister, who was loitering among the flower beds. "Mr. Grant was extolling the superiority of our garden over that of the Earl of Bradford."

"Mary gave an incredulous smile, but Grant vehemently protested that he was in earnest. "My mother will be in raptures at the news," said Mary, "in her heart she considers her fuschias and petunias quite equal to Mr. Jones's orchids, only she don't dare say so; but with so judicious a critic as Mr. Grant to back her, I fear for her humility."

"What I mean is this," said Grant: "this acre and a half of pleasure ground and the paddock beyond it, a man can take in and make his own; I daresay Miss Aubrey has raked every border, and my friend Jack has crept there climbed every tree within its boundaries. Well, that makes you at home with them all; but imagine climbing any of Mr. Jones's Brazilian evergreens, or pruning one of his vines!"

"I don't suppose the Earl of Bradford would desire to accomplish either of those feats," said Mary; "he is content to see the grapes sent up for his London dinner-parties, and for the rest to enjoy the reputation of having the finest collection of tropical plants in England."

"Yes," said the vicar, who at that moment joined us, "it must be owned he turns his coal-pits to some account. Wonderful how these Bradford colliers are paying just now," he continued, addressing my father; "and the strikes in the north keep up the price of iron."

"Whereabouts are these said colliers?" said Grant; "not surely in this neighborhood?" "Oh, yes," said Mary; "you are not to suppose that our county is all made up of pineries and grapes; we produce a frightful amount of coal and iron not twelve miles from Oakham."

"And a strange contrast it is," said the vicar, "to get in here at the Oakham station, and find yourself in half an hour at Bradford."

"Grant looking inquiringly. "Perhaps you have no coal districts in Australia," said Mary; "if so, such a place as Bradford would be a novelty to you. Well, really, I wouldn't mind the ash-pits, if it were not for the women and children."

"This truly feminine epitome of the social state of Bradford did not greatly enlighten our visitor, and I hastened to aid his intelligence. "Bradford is a place," I said, "where men work three days in the week, and get drunk the other four; where the wages are paid on Saturday evening in the public-houses, and spent before the men go to work again on Wednesday evening; and where husbands usually kick their wives to death, and daughters as well as sons work in the coal-pits."

"Too true," said my father; "there were five kicking cases, only last sessions, and all connected with drunkenness."

"And you tell me this new Government of ours is going to support the public-houses?" said Grant. "Bound to do it, if the licensed victuallers' interests that returned them."

"I'd see the licensed victuallers at Old Nick first," said Grant. "Then, my dear sir, you'd never get a majority," he cried, with vehemence, "a fine promise for the legislation."

"I take it, my dear sir," chimed the vicar, with that distinct, harmonious pronunciation which marked him for an Oxonian, "I take it that legislation can never practically touch this question. Increase of education, a spread of general intelligence among our laborers and artisan classes will, in time, no doubt, effect a change; but we cannot make men moral by Act of Parliament."

"I fancy," I remarked, "that one can help them to be immoral, and our legislation on this question undoubtedly tends that way."

"A curious fact was stated in the debates the other night," said my father, "that in five dioceses in Ireland the public-houses regularly closed on Sundays by the voluntary determination of the people."

"This is the influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood," said Mr. Edwards; "a totally different state of things from anything among ourselves."

"Exactly what I always say," he exclaimed, "personal influence will effect what your favorite law will never bring about. Now, if the Irish bishops and parish clergy can close the public-houses in Ireland on Sunday by their personal influence, why don't your Lord Bishops and your Bishops of Exeter, and your excellent Vicars at Oakham (no offence, Mr. Edwards) come down on the Bradford pot-houses, and put a stop to all these villainies?"

"Why, indeed," said Mary, gravely, "I have often asked myself that question."

"My dear Miss Aubrey," protested the vicar, "the cases are totally different."

"Really, Grant," I exclaimed, "your plan is an original one. Conceive our good bishop evangelizing the publicans, and bringing in the secular arm to aid him, in the person of Lord Bradford!"

"But why not?" persisted Grant. "First and foremost," I replied, "because the publicans are staunch supporters of the Church and State, and you couldn't expect their lordships to extirpate their natural allies."

"Mr. Edwards cleared his throat. "Isn't that rather a strong expression, my dear Mr. John? I suppose the licensed victuallers are none the worse for upholding our venerable constitution?"

"And how do they uphold it?" said; "I haven't yet forgotten the Bradford banners."

Mr. Edwards cleared his throat again, and was hesitating for a reply, when Grant demanded an explanation. "Oh," I said, "it was at the last general election. The Radicals had got up the cry for 'Unsectarian Schools,' whilst the other party went in for 'Sound Scriptural Education.' So what did they do but get banners inscribed in big gold letters, 'Beer and the Bible; our National Drink and our National Religion.'"

ing country. In the distance rose the granite peaks of Leven Moor, divided from us by a tract of undulating and highly-cultivated land, along which white puffs of smoke from time to time revealed the presence of the Exborough and Bradford Railway.

"That is a famous view," I observed; "it gives just what one always wants, both sides of a question."

"What question?" asked Mary. "Well, everything; there's the moor, which takes you long for a free life in the wilderness, safe out of reach of beer and Bradford; and there's the express train to pull you back to common sense and duty."

"Duty!" said Grant; "it's a wonderful word. Have you ever thought, Miss Aubrey, what an odd time we should have of it, if every one took to doing their duty?"

"Why odd?" said Mary. "I wish with all my heart we did it."

"Well, but follow it up, and see what would come of it," said Grant.

"Mary had no great capacity for following things up," looked a little perplexed, so I came to her rescue. "What would come of it?" I asked.

"A universal social revolution," was the reply. "I hope not," said poor Mary; "I've a horror of the word."

Grant smiled, but persisted that it would be so. "Just consider: there would be no crimes, and therefore no police; no wars, and therefore no standing armies; nothing to punish, and so no prisons; very little poverty, so probably no work-houses."

"I beg to differ from you in that view," said Mr. Edwards; "poverty would exist if we were all saints to-morrow."

"I don't say no poverty," said Grant, "but much less than we have at present. It would not be squalid, or degrading, or abject poverty if the rich did their duty."

"And what is doing our duty?" said Mary, "because hadn't we better do it instead of talking about it?"

"Exactly what I was going to say," I exclaimed; "for any practical result of our argument, we must have a precise definition of duty."

Mr. Edwards looked as if he was naturally expected to furnish this definition. "I presume," he said, "that each man's conscience must prescribe its own line of duty."

"Fidelity to conscience," said my father; "yes, that's a safe rule, and it has a good English ring about it."

"Still Grant kept silent. "With all deference, my dear father," I said, "I don't think it fully meets the requirement. Mr. Grant will smile if I go back to my old ground; but we want a fixed law to direct our conscience."

"It is conscience which supplies the law," said Mr. Edwards.

"What if my conscience prompts me to shoot the Prime Minister?" I inquired.

"That would be a false conscience, of course," he replied, "which no man would be justified in following."

"But there's the difficulty; there must be something or somebody to tell me that is false, and if so, it is that something or somebody that gives me the rule of duty."

Edwards found himself in a difficulty, and was not unwilling to shift it on to the shoulders of another. "It was Mr. Grant who first started this elaborate discussion," he said, politely; "perhaps he will give us his solution of the question?"

"Yes, pray do," said Mary, "or we shall get no tea this evening."

Grant looked a little confused. "It seems simple enough," he said, without raising his eyes from a rosebud which he was deliberately picking to pieces; "I suppose there's the Gospel."

"Quite so," ejaculated Mr. Edwards, much relieved; "of course, there's the Gospel."

"But, dear me! don't we follow the Gospel?" said Mary.

"I'm not sure that we do," replied Grant; "at least a good deal of it. How about the Sermon on the Mount, for example? I can't at this moment call to mind any instance among my own acquaintances of people offering their left cheek when they've been struck on the right, or giving their cloak to these who have taken away their coat."

"Literal interpretations," began the vicar, "very little work for us lawyers."

"Precisely what I started with saying," cried Grant; "that if everyone simply did his duty, or the Gospel, for example? I can't at this moment call to mind any instance among my own acquaintances of people offering their left cheek when they've been struck on the right, or giving their cloak to these who have taken away their coat."

"Literal interpretations," began the vicar, "very little work for us lawyers."

admitting a stranger to your family circle, you show me a confidence of which I feel I am unworthy."

"Nothing wrong, my boy, is there?" said my father; he had taken a great liking to Grant, and as he spoke his voice betrayed it.

"No, my dear sir; but at Oakham this morning you challenged me to tell you something more about myself. The more I say, the more I like you."

"By no means, dear madam," said Grant, laughing. "My story after all is much like that of the needy knife-grinder; but such as it is, you shall hear it."

We settled ourselves down to listen, and Grant began his story.

CHAPTER IV. GRANT'S STORY.

"My father belonged to what you in England would call a good family; we don't know much of those distinctions in our island, but he was a gentleman by birth, a University man, and of good connections. He married in his own rank of life, and soon after the time of his marriage, family troubles obliged him to leave London. I don't need to say anything more about these affairs just now, except that they had nothing to do with my character. Bayard himself was not more unstained in reputation than my dear father."

"He was sent to India first of all, but could not stand the climate, and returned to Australia. He had his wife's little fortune, about ten thousand pounds, and with it he bought a large tract of land in Queensland, and stocked it with sheep. A very different sort of place from Oakham, Miss Aubrey—grassy, broad stream, no trees, open downs, and a good wood or two. There was only one other English man, and that was to make wool; and in a year or two he got on, took more land and more sheep, and when a man has a thousand sheep to feed, he wants shepherd and then there's the killing, and skinning, and packing the wool. So by degrees he got a good many fellows into his employment, for he paid them well, and was a kind hearted man. He respected him, they knew he could be bold as well as kind. More than once he captured a party of bushrangers, and saved his stock from their depredations; and our rough settlers felt him to be more than a good neighbor at a good master—they gathered round him as a protector."

"I have said that my father was a University man, and something of a fine scholar. He had brought with him a fair stock of books, and as time allowed him, he did his best to carry on his education as much as he could. He had mastered Latin in the same time at Harrow; he had learned that I had gained a good many morsels of useful knowledge, better acquired in the bush. But myself, could only teach me what he knew himself, and of that kind he was ignorant. You see, my dear lady," said Grant, addressing my mother, "I shouldn't like to say anything that would give pain, or seem, as it were, bumpious, and for a fellow like me to be talking about such things would be a great deal more than I could bear."

Edwards found himself in a difficulty, and was not unwilling to shift it on to the shoulders of another. "It was Mr. Grant who first started this elaborate discussion," he said, politely; "perhaps he will give us his solution of the question?"

"Yes, pray do," said Mary, "or we shall get no tea this evening."

Grant looked a little confused. "It seems simple enough," he said, without raising his eyes from a rosebud which he was deliberately picking to pieces; "I suppose there's the Gospel."

"Quite so," ejaculated Mr. Edwards, much relieved; "of course, there's the Gospel."

"But, dear me! don't we follow the Gospel?" said Mary.

"I'm not sure that we do," replied Grant; "at least a good deal of it. How about the Sermon on the Mount, for example? I can't at this moment call to mind any instance among my own acquaintances of people offering their left cheek when they've been struck on the right, or giving their cloak to these who have taken away their coat."

"Literal interpretations," began the vicar, "very little work for us lawyers."

"Precisely what I started with saying," cried Grant; "that if everyone simply did his duty, or the Gospel, for example? I can't at this moment call to mind any instance among my own acquaintances of people offering their left cheek when they've been struck on the right, or giving their cloak to these who have taken away their coat."

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A FATAL MARRIAGE.

Father Outbert has witnessed some terrible deaths. Concerning one of them he relates this true story:

Katie King was a bright young woman when I knew her some five-and-twenty years ago. She was not what you would call a pious maiden, nor a giddy girl, but she was always willful and self-seeking. She often pained me very much by the way she would criticise things that she heard preached.

"One of her great peculiarities was that she seemed always to delight in holding views about things which were dangerous. One was about mixed marriages."

"It is all nonsense," she would say, "to preach against them, and to try and persuade us not to marry out of the Church. What are we to do? Ridiculous! I'm sure if I had a good offer from a Protestant young man, and if I liked him, I'd go married to him. Oh, I could easily get a dispensation—so—and so got one, and why not I! And then, Father Outbert, you are so strong on that subject, it's one of your hobbies! I'm sure other priests don't talk as you do."

Yet, there was a great deal that was good in Katie; she never neglected her mass or communion; she had received a good Catholic education, she had been brought up in a convent school, where she had been made a Caid of Mary, and she had good Catholic parents; and yet there it was—she had strange notions about certain things—and though the faith was there, it was not that lively faith that one would have wished to have seen in a young woman of her education and her position in life.

"It all ended as I was afraid it would. In spite of my many exhortations and warnings, she got herself engaged to a Protestant. There was some difficulty, I remember, in getting the dispensation; the gentleman, Mr. Starling, at first refused to sign the conditions that he was not to interfere with her religion, and that all children should be brought up as Catholics."

"The wife," he said, "should do what her husband bids her; and as to the religion of our children, that is my affair, not her's."

In the end he signed the paper. I tried all I could to prevent the marriage, for I felt no good would come of it. But Katie had made up her mind, and nothing would move her. I gave her that little crucifix before she was married, and she took it to stand firm to the faith in spite of everything.

"Oh," she replied, "I am not such a bad girl as you think me—and you'll excuse me saying it, I don't want to be rude, but I may as well say what I think—you will see what nonsense all this fuss about mixed marriages is, at least as far as I am concerned."

Such self-reliance, I thought, was very terrible, and I warned her in a kind way not to be so confident of her own strength, but to rely rather upon the sacraments. Soon after the marriage I lost sight of Mr. and Mrs. Starling. They went to live elsewhere, and could not trace their whereabouts.

Things come about very strangely sometimes. After all the world is not a very big place, and we continually knock up against old acquaintances, and get a glimpse of old faces, sometimes in the city crowd, sometimes in the quiet of the country. I was staying with an old college companion in the pretty little village of Stafford Springs, in the State of Connecticut. One Sunday afternoon a bright but delicate child of fourteen was introduced to me as Katie Starling. I made inquiries, and got a glimpse of the quiet of the country. I was staying with an old college companion in the pretty little village of Stafford Springs, in the State of Connecticut. One Sunday afternoon a bright but delicate child of fourteen was introduced to me as Katie Starling. I made inquiries, and got a glimpse of the quiet of the country. I was staying with an old college companion in the pretty little village of Stafford Springs, in the State of Connecticut. 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which did not lead to atrocity, the Legislature said, most properly in his opinion, that the prisoner is to be treated as a first class misdemeanant."

Mr. Balfour's whole treatment of the political prisoners has thus been pronounced to be a transgression of the law: the prison party, the forced consorting with criminals, and other cruelties by which John Mandeville was tortured to death, and other prisoners were brought almost to death's door. However, Judge Morris declared, apparently with great reluctance, that decisions of the superior courts obliged him to regard the meeting addressed by Mr. O'Kelly, as an unlawful assembly, he therefore confirmed the sentence of imprisonment, but as it was a case not involving moral guilt, the clemency of the law should be extended to it and he reduced the sentence accordingly.

In the face of such assurances from judges who are impartial, Mr. Balfour still has the hardihood to declare that the object of the Coercion Act is only the suppression of crime, and that Ireland is blessed under English rule, with the same laws which govern England! The truth is that Mr. Balfour finds it a very convenient way of increasing his majority in Parliament, to imprison Irish members. Mr. Smith was issuing at the time an urgent appeal to supporters of the Government to be in their places in the House during the session which began on the 6th inst., as important measures would be disposed of during the session. The imprisonment of two Nationalist members at that critical time, namely, Mr. O'Kelly and Mr. Sheehan, on any pretence, however trivial, is equivalent to the presence of two additional Tory members.

PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES.

The discussion we referred to last week between Rev. Canon Taylor and the English Church Mission Societies is bringing to the light of day what was hitherto confined to the knowledge of those most interested. The traveling schools for the foreign mission obtained enormous sums from the pious devotees, both rich and poor, in England, who had at heart the conversion of the heathen populations of Asia and Africa. By the revelations of Canon Taylor, founded on valuable information drawn forth from Indian civilians and African travellers, two main questions on the very interesting subject have been satisfactorily answered. The first is, have we reason to be satisfied with the results of missionary enterprise? Decidedly no, answers the learned Canon, for in China alone, out of an increase of population at the rate of 4,000,000 last year, only 167 persons received Christian baptism. To accomplish even this small work 247 agents were employed, at a cost of about \$75,000. At which rate, to make two converts in a year, three agents would have to be employed, at a cost of \$1,000. In Northern India 715 agents made 173 converts, at a cost of \$34,186, or \$1,000 a piece. If one convert is very expensive, how is it possible to convert the millions "who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death"? All the money and all the men in Christian countries could never succeed in establishing the faith among the heathen Chinese or the Brahminical Hindoos. And then the question might be raised, of what character is the baptism so given or of what nature is the faith so imparted at such enormous expense, and with such heavy sacrifices? Is it baptism by immersion, which English churches ridicule, or is it baptism by aspersion, in the administration of which scarcely one drop of water reaches the subject of the sacred ordinance? Or is it a mere ceremony, or a seal of righteousness or a true sacrament instituted by Christ? "Without which no man can enter the kingdom of heaven?" Very few, if any, of the agents believe in the latter. And if they do not believe, themselves, that baptism is a saving and necessary ordinance essential to salvation, where is the sense of their making so many sacrifices of time and money to administer it to people who, with most Protestants, and with the vast majority of ministers and missionary agents, believe that they can live and die and be saved without it? But Protestantism would be nothing if it were not inconsistent.

And of what character is the faith imparted? What code of doctrines is inculcated to the unfortunate heathen who is the object of such anxious solicitude and the innocent cause of so much expense and fatiguing journeys, and harassing cares and sufferings from tropical heats, endured by the devoted missionary? Is he told that the Son of God who came down from heaven, to redeem the world from sin and from hell, established a holy Church with power to teach all truth, and to lead to all holiness?—that Christ is the good shepherd, and that all men should be members of the one true fold?—that there is but one God, one Faith, one Baptism, one Father of all, and that there is but one truth, and one true Church? Will the poor heathen be taught that faith must be catholic, as charity, "which be lieveth in all things," and that faith alone will save no man?—that faith without good works is dead, and that all works, and all preaching, and all sacrifices are naught,

unless they are vivified or enlivened by charity?

It is very doubtful, nay, impossible, that these sacred truths may be imparted to the unconverted heathen by the numerous bands of missionaries or agents who undertake to spread the light of Christianity among the heathen population.

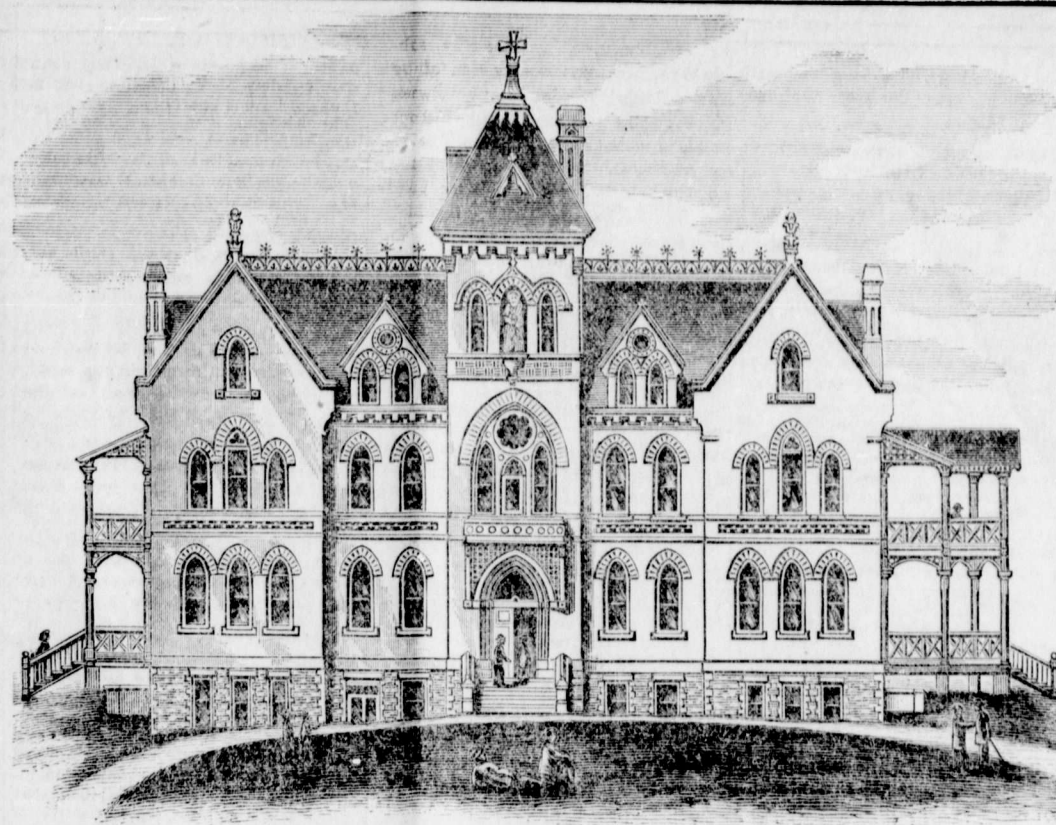
The number of missionaries, we are informed, is 6,000, together with 30,000 native agents. One missionary preacher, at \$1,000 a year, which would not be excessive, and \$400 per annum given to every agent, would require a sum of \$18,000,000 every year. And this excessive cost does not include the necessary expense of travel, or the incidentals connected with the baggage and outfits and indescribable paraphernalia inseparable from missionaries' wives and children, which would bring the sum total to at least \$20,000,000. One Jesuit Father named Francis Xavier, in a space of ten years, planted the Christian faith in fifty-two different kingdoms, preached the gospel through 9,000 miles of territory, and baptized more than 1,000,000 persons. There was no expense attached to his mission, nor had he wife or child to impede him in his triumphant march to the conquest of souls for virtue and for heaven.

It appears that Canon Taylor has arrived at the conclusion that the real cause of the failure of Protestant missionary work is found in the character of the men selected for this task. Exactly so. This cause was known to Francis Xavier three hundred years ago, and to the first apostles at the outset of Christian missionary work began now two thousand years hence. It takes the Protestant world a long time to find out the truth. That a man to be a true disciple of the Author of Christianity, "should take up his cross, deny himself and thus follow Christ," is something the Protestant mind could never grasp, nor was it ever brought home to Protestant conviction so forcibly as when attempts have been made by heretical missionaries to convert the heathen and subdue the proud spirit of unbelief to the sweet yoke of Christian faith and ethics. "If they are to succeed," exclaims the learned canon, "they must dedicate themselves to their mission, just as the Apostles did of old. They must serve not for pay but for the love of God." For having the hardihood to say and write this on a public journal the poor canon is belabored on all sides by "devoted churchmen," so we are told. What the churchmen are devoted to, we can perfectly understand—their rich incomes and the vast sums flowing in from the easily duped among the plethoric ladies and well-to-do business men who subscribe mightily to the greatest and most philanthropic of all works, the conversion of the heathen in foreign parts. But Canon Isaac Taylor rises high above all their clamors and persistently maintains that the Protestant missionaries, to have any success, must copy the lives and study the actions of the Catholic missionaries. Nor will it suffice that they study them: they must go and do likewise. Thus he insists that the agents and preachers in India and China "must give up all European comforts and European society, and cast their lot in with the natives, and live as the natives live, striving to make converts by their own resignation. Until that is done no thoroughly good results can be hoped for."

Two thousand years ago our Blessed Lord said: "If any man come to Me and hate not his father and mother and wife and children and brothers and sisters, yea, even his own life also, he cannot be My disciple;" and again: "So likewise every one of you that doth not renounce all that he possesseth cannot be My disciple." St. Francis Xavier understood all this very well, because he read the holy evangel to advantage, profiting by every warning and accepting to the letter every heavenly counsel it inculcated. So have the Catholic missionaries on all occasions said good bye to home comforts when they set out on their perilous journey of missionary life. Alone and unprovided, without scrip or staff, they came to Canada in the early days, and converted to Christian truth, and to the practice of every virtue, the fierce Huron tribes and the savage Algonquins. They planted the cross on the snow-capped heights and amid the dark canyons of the Rocky Mountains. They introduced European civilization and canon law among the faithful aborigines of Paraguay in the southern hemisphere.

The Province of Manchoor, in the Chinese Empire, reckons its converts to Catholic faith and practice by the million. And the mild and beneficent influence of Archbishop Lavigerie, the apostle of death to the slave trade, is now felt and acknowledged throughout all Algeria, and promises to secure for the Kingdom of Christ the millions who inhabit the great Saharab and the equatorial kingdoms of Central Africa.

These magnificent results would be utterly impossible for evangelical preachers who are unwilling to obey the evangelical counsels. They may invade China or Hindostan in their thousands—they may scatter broadcast their bibles and their tracts—but as long as they are men like other men—having wives and children and bag and baggage—the natives



THE NEW ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL, PETERBORO, ONT.

SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

DIOCESE OF PETERBORO.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL, ASHBURNHAM.

Catholic Charity vs. Sectarian Bigotry.

In a late issue of the RECORD we furnished our readers with a full description of the splendid ceremonial attending the solemn ceremony of the laying of the corner stone of the chapel of St. Joseph, which forms a part of the structure to be known as St. Joseph's Hospital, a picture of which we are pleased to be able to present to-day for the gratification of the many friends and benefactors of such admirable institutions. Although the diocese of Peterboro is still in its infancy, and admitted to be the poorest in the Province, here is an institution rising in their midst that would do credit to any city in Ontario. For the Catholics of Peterboro an hospital is of absolute necessity, for, and to say, the only hospital at present in the town has been erected and endowed, as will be shown by official documents, for the exclusive benefit of Protestant patients. As a consequence of this bigotry, several Catholic invalids have already been refused admission, and the only course open to Catholics was either to send their patients to Toronto or to allow them to die a lingering death in the common goal. Last winter, when diphtheria prevailed to some extent, and Catholic children were refused admission to the Nicholls' hospital, the bishop, moved by compassion for his suffering flock, actually converted the late bishop's residence into a temporary hospital, where the little sufferers were cared for by the good Sisters of Notre Dame and other nurses provided by the friends of the afflicted. This incident showed His Lordship the necessity of taking immediate measures for the protection of the suffering members of his flock. He had no money at his disposal, but, by surveying into town lots and disposing to advantage of a field on the outskirts of the town, he succeeded in securing funds sufficient to purchase a much more desirable property in the village of Ashburnham, adjoining the town of Peterboro, and separated only by the Ontario river. The proceeds of the sale of lots amounted to \$16,000, with nine lots unsold. Six thousand of this secured the purchase of the five acres of beautiful land on which the new structure now stands, and the remaining \$10,000 forms the nucleus of the building fund, to be hereafter supplemented by the donations of the faithful and friends of the institution. Although the work is purely diocesan, and expected to be sustained chiefly by Catholic charity, yet, as the Bishop declared in the course of his address on the day of the laying of the corner-stone, his doors shall be open alike to Catholic and Protestant invalids, and no patient shall be denied admittance because of his creed, color, or nationality. Whilst the Nicholls' Hospital, on the opposite bank of the river, which is endowed and sustained as it is by compulsory taxation, selfishly shuts its doors on one-fourth of the population, through hatred of the Catholic Church St. Joseph's Hospital on the hill, with its crossed crowned cupola in the heavens, opens wide its arms to suffering humanity, and says to all, in the words of our Holy Mediator, "Come to Me all ye who labor and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you."

HOOTING MR. GLADSTONE.

Recent dispatches brought the news that "at Oxford a crowd, which was composed largely of undergraduates, groaned and hooted Mr. Gladstone as he was driven to the residence of Warden Kellicie." The learned gentlemen who preside over the godless universities must have lost all control, if they ever had any, over the pupils who attend their lectures. Boys, no doubt, must be boys, the world over, but boys who are studying under the direction of the most erudite scholars and most learned professors in Europe, ought to be expected to know how to behave themselves. We learn from Plutarch that long before the Christian era the young pagans of Athens and Sparta were taught above all things to revere old age. When an old man entered a room or an assembly hall all present arose to their feet to do him honor. It is not too much for us, then, to stigmatize the conduct of the Oxford students as worse than pagan. We hear sometimes of University students creating an uproar in Moscow or Paris, but then we hear also of arrests being made and summary punishment inflicted on the offenders against law and decency. But it is quite otherwise in our blessed Anglo-Saxon civilization. Who ever heard of arrests made and fines and imprisonment imposed on the riotous students of Trinity College, Dublin? In Oxford they may hoot and groan with impunity a venerable old statesman, who may, in time to come, when the clouds of prejudice roll away, be styled "the Father of his country." Already has the world adjudged him the title of "the grand old man."

In Toronto also the university students seem to have *culte blanche*—to create a pandemonium of their own at will, to make night hideous with their yells and moans and unfeeling citizens. Instead of being fined or imprisoned they are patting on the back and told to "go it while they are young." The men who resent their insulting and disgraceful conduct, like Dr. McCully, are sent for trial to the next court of competent jurisdiction. O tempora, O mores!

KIND WORDS.

The London, Ont., CATHOLIC RECORD, always a good paper, is likely to be still further improved, if such a thing were possible, by the enlightenment of the able pen of Father Funnery in aid of that of the very able Father Northgrave.—Catholic Columbian, Columbus, Ohio.

The Catholics of Charlestown, S. C., are going to restore the cathedral, which was destroyed in 1801 in that city. It is dedicated to St. Finbar, the patron saint of Cork, who lived thirteen centuries ago. Cardinal Manning and other English prelates have sent an address to the pope, protesting against the Italian penal laws.

minutes of the council proceedings: It is headed, as if in mockery, "A MUTILICENT GIFT."

Mr. A. E. Foussette presented the following communication from Charlotte J. Nicholls, which was read:— Peterborough, Jan. 20, 1888.

GENTLEMEN,—I beg to submit to you a proposition for the establishment of a hospital to be maintained by your corporation and that of the town of Peterborough. With this object in view I have purchased the property known as "Molra Hall." I am prepared to convey it completely furnished, together with that portion of land now fenced off as appurtenant to it, to the two corporations jointly, on condition that they will maintain it efficiently as an hospital; that it shall be for the exclusive benefit of all Christians of Protestant denominations, and that it shall be called the "Nicholls' Hospital."

I further agree, that as soon as the necessary arrangements are completed by the two corporations for placing the hospital in order for the reception of patients and for its management, I will pay over to the two corporations, as an endowment, the sum of ten thousand dollars, the interest upon which shall be used for the maintenance of the hospital. Trusting that this communication will receive your favorable consideration, I am, gentlemen, Your obedient servant, CHARLOTTE J. NICHOLLS.

Councillor Cattell said that he thought there would be trouble in having the institution for Protestants only. He knew that Roman Catholics would object to being taxed therefor.

Mr. Foussette was heard. He said that it was more in the management of the establishment that Mrs. Nicholls wished the Roman Catholics excluded than in the admittance of patients. He said she was not willing to have any amendment made.

Councillor Kiley said that nothing was more absurd to him than religious dissension. He thought that Catholics ought to be admitted if they were taxed for it, the same as to Kingston or Monro.

Councillor Mezzes moved, seconded by Councillor Green, that the thanks of this Council be, and hereby are, tendered to Mrs. Nicholls for the handsome gift given to the town and county, and that the clerk be instructed to send a copy of this resolution to Mrs. Nicholls, Cared, Councillor Rutherford moved, seconded by Councillor Green, that the communication of Mrs. Nicholls be referred to a committee, they to act in conjunction with a committee of the County Council Carried.

This did not end the matter. The Catholic members of the Council, by the advice of the late Bishop Janet, warned the council that if they accepted the hospital on these objectionable conditions that prompt action would be taken in the courts to protect the rights of Catholics. Mrs. Nicholls' next finding that she could not legally compel Ontario to pay taxes for the support of an avowedly sectarian institution, modified her proposition by asking that the future support of the hospital should devolve on the Protestant taxpayers only, and insisting that the hospital should be for the exclusive benefit of Protestants of the town of Peterboro. The following is a copy of her second letter containing these propositions:—

To the Town Council of Peterborough:— THIS,—On further consideration, and in view of the difficulties which appear to surround the acceptance of the Nicholls' Hospital by the town and county jointly, I have determined to withdraw my original offer and to submit the following in its place: I now propose to transfer the hospital to trustees to be named by me, together with an endowment of \$15,000, for the exclusive benefit of Protestants of the town of Peterborough, to be supported exclusively by the Protestants of the town, and it is my desire that the necessary legislation should be obtained for the purpose of enabling your body to impose a special tax for this object. I would suggest that in any legislation obtained, provision be made for the village of Ashburnham to the benefit of the hospital upon like terms. The hospital is now in order, ready for the reception of patients, and an efficient lady superintendent and staff of servants are already in charge, and I hope that there will be as little delay as possible in placing the hospital in such a position that it may be available to those who are in need of it.

I am, sirs, Your obedient servant, CHARLOTTE J. NICHOLLS. Councillor Mezzes moved, seconded by Councillor Kendry,—That the proposition of Mrs. Nicholls be accepted upon the

basis proposed by her and that she name the trustees to manage the institute, and that the thanks of the Council be tendered to her for her handsome offer. Carried.

By this compromise the Protestants of the town are compelled to pay a special tax for the support of the Nicholls' Hospital, from which tax all Separate School supporters are exempt. The narrow sectarian character and management of the institution has disgusted many respectable Protestants, who now admit the error of the council, and the strain cast on their fair town by such bigoted fanaticism. Several of the leading citizens and prominently the physicians have expressed approval of the broad Christian platform in which St. Joseph's Hospital is to be erected and sustained, and promise substantial aid towards its maintenance. The following accurate description of the site is taken from the Peterboro Examiner.

The site of the new hospital of St. Joseph is that of St. Leonard's, Ashburnham, one of the most appropriate and beautiful sites for such an institution to be found anywhere. Not only does its elevated position give a splendid view of town and country, but its salubrity—the purity of air—answers to the highest degree the sanitary conditions required in a healing institution. The plot, prepared by Mr. J. E. Belcher, and approved of, call for a three story building, in the Gothic style, as becomes the site, with a basement of a height of ceiling—10 1/2 feet—sufficient to count as another story. The main, or general, entrance is kept well elevated, but the conformation of the ground permits of the entrance for patients being on a level with the drive. The area of the building is 60,000 feet. There are four general wards—two male and two female—and twelve rooms for private patients. All the necessary accessories are provided for, surgery, dispensary, etc. Altogether fifty two beds for patients are available. The upper story is devoted exclusively to patients afflicted with contagious diseases, and on this story are rooms for the nurses charged with the sole duty of waiting on such patients. The plumbing, heating, ventilation, and general sanitary regulations are of the most approved kind it is possible to apply. The new building, with its chaste and striking architectural appearance and commanding position, will be a conspicuous figure from all points of view, and will, it is hoped, be as a beacon light for years to the otherwise friendless and afflicted, beckoning him to a haven of help and health.

The same local paper, in its issue of the 24th ult., refers to the ceremony of the laying of the corner stone as follows:—

LAYING THE CORNER STONE.

Upon taking up their stations on the platform, the Bishop and clergy proceeded with the ceremony. At the proper time the stone was lowered into its place, the Bishop declaring it "well and truly laid," etc., using for the purpose a handsome ivory handled silver trowel presented him by Mrs. Dr. O'Sullivan, beautifully inscribed as follows:—Presented by Mrs. Dr. O'Sullivan to Mr. Dowling, Bishop of Peterborough, as a souvenir of the laying of the corner stone of St. Joseph's Hospital, October 24, 1888. The trowel was furnished by Mr. McClelland. Previous to this a number of papers had been enclosed in a tin box and deposited in a cavity mortised in the under stone. These included copies of the local newspapers, Examiner, Review and Times, and the CATHOLIC RECORD; also a copy (in Latin) of the following document, which the Bishop read aloud to the people assembled:—

On the 24th day of October, A. D., 1888, being the Feast of the Archangel Raphael, the first stone of the chapel of St. Joseph in the hospital of the same titular saint, was laid by me, Thomas Joseph Dowling, Bishop of Peterborough, assisted by my Vicars-General P. D. Laurent and J. Brown, together with a great concourse of diocesan and neighboring clergy, and of the faithful benefactors of the same. Leo XIII. gloriously reigning, as Supreme Pontiff; Her Majesty Queen Victoria, ruling over the British Empire; Lord Stanley of Preston being Governor General of Ontario; James Stevenson, Mayor of Peterborough; John Barnham, Reeve of Ashburnham; John Belcher, the architect of the structure.

In testimony whereof, we, the undersigned, have subscribed our names. BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH. P. D. LAURENT, V. G.

(And all the clergymen in attendance.)

THE BISHOP'S ADDRESS.

His Lordship Bishop Dowling then delivered an address, in which he said the hospital was to be called St. Joseph's, and he wished it distinctly understood that it is to be strictly non-sectarian; that its doors will be open to the suffering of all nationalities and denominations. An event of this kind was an important one in the history of the people of the diocese, because the building, when finished, would be a lasting monument to their generosity, charity and piety. He thanked the clergy who were present and the other gentlemen, particularly the Mayor and town council of Peterborough, the members of Parliament and the Reeve of Ashburnham, as well as the other prominent public and professional men there assembled. What was meant by charity was the love of God. This institution was to have a chapel, and the corner-stone of the chapel had been laid. It was to be also a house of charity, which meant that they should love God with all their hearts and souls, and, after God, they were bound to love their neighbours as themselves. Who were their neighbours? Mankind of all classes and description, without distinction. True religion is founded upon love, and he assured the people that in erecting this hospital they were actuated by no other motive but the love of God and the love of suffering humanity. He hoped it might long remain as a monument to the piety and benevolence of the people of the diocese, and that it might take a foremost place amongst the institutions of its kind in Canada.

OTHER SPEAKERS.

After His Lordship had spoken several distinguished citizens, including the Mayor of Peterboro, the Reeve of Ashburnham, the members of Parliament, and

CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

THE WINDING SHEET OF OUR LORD.

The annual pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Oadoux, where is preserved the sheet in which the Body of our Redeemer was wrapped after being taken down from the cross, has been celebrated with great ceremony.

THE ATLANTIC AND THE PACIFIC.

The Pacific off the coast of Central America is about 14,880 feet deep. So says the report of the officers engaged in sounding different parts of the ocean for the American Government.

GARELISH SUBSCRIBERS.

We observe that some of the best religious newspapers in the country—Protestant and Catholic—are compelled to make urgent and repeated requests in their columns for the payment of overdue subscription bills.

THE ROCK OF CALVARY.

It is related that an unbeliever once visited the places of Palestine, and saw the rocks about Calvary. Examining them narrowly and critically, he turned in amazement to his fellow-travellers, and remarked: "I have long been a student of nature, and I am persuaded that the rents and clefts in this rock should have split according to its natural veins and where it was weakest in the adhesion of its parts; for this," he said, "I have observed to have happened in other rocks, when separated or broken after an earthquake, and the reason after that this must also be so."

BRITISH CHARGE D'AFFAIRES.

After the retirement of Lord Sackville West, Hon. Michael Herbert was appointed charge d'affaires of the British Embassy at Washington. His approaching marriage with Miss Wilson, in New York, makes the gentleman at present the most striking personage of the diplomatic corps.

A SWEET VOICE.

There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, and yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch.

A PLUCKY IRISH PRIEST.

At the Central Criminal Court on Tuesday, George Jones, aged twenty-seven, laborer, and Samuel Williams, aged twenty-two, laborer, were charged with breaking into St. Aloysius's Church, Clarendon Square, Somers Town, and stealing two crucifixes of the value of £2. Mr. Saunders appeared for the prosecution. The principal witness was the Rev. Michael Ryan, a gentlemanly powerful frame who maintained a desperate struggle in his church with four burglars, the prisoners being two of them, and succeeded in holding Jones until the police arrived.

AN INDICTMENT AGAINST WELL-TO-DO CATHOLICS.

"Is there a tendency amongst well-to-do Catholics," says the Liverpool Catholic Times, "in favor of religion watered down? So it would appear according to the testimony of the Rev. James Lawless, of Poplar. Preaching at St. Joseph's, Liverpool, on prayer, and referring to courage as one of its essentials, Father Lawless said: 'Frequently have I gone into well appointed houses, and on looking around in the drawing room or parlor, I have seen the handsome landscape, the beautiful eulogistic, but I have looked in vain for the spiritual picture. And if, perchance, I have met with one, I have found that an apology very often has been tendered in this way: 'Here is a Crucifixion, a work of art. It is by such a painter, or such an engraver, which, I suppose, means that if it were not a work of art it would not find a position in the first saloon of the domicile. The better appointed the house, the more do we find that the reminders of religion are exiled in the background. Brethren, is there courage, or prayer, or devotion in this?'"

THE ABOMINATION OF DESOLATION.

In a sermon delivered at Shanklin, a few weeks ago, the Bishop of Portsmouth stated that, after the Reformation, a man who called himself Bishop of London, made an ordinance that the altars on which the Body and Blood of our Lord had reposed, should be taken and set down in the door ways of the churches, in order that by walking upon them people should show their contempt for the rites which had been practiced on them."

THE DIVORCE EVIL.

Rev. Morgan Dix, Episcopal of New York city, speaks as follows in his lectures on "The Calling of a Christian Woman": "The civil-contract theory of marriage is strictly in place in any system which banishes God from the world and human life. It is in order in rationalized communities, in societies which have ceased to be Christian. Some of us are reproached for not being in accord with the spirit of the age; how can it be, if the spirit of the age and its movements are practically atheistic? To induce men to ignore God's word and reject His law, to show men how to do without God, is the avowed aim of the advanced thinker of the day; and the view of marriage, as a civil contract only falls in with the rest. Unfortunately, we cannot stop at that. The truth must be told, however painful it may strike the unaccustomed ear. This is not only a sign of an infidel society, it is also an outgrowth from the principles which form the evil side of Protestantism. There can be no doubt as to the genesis of this abomination. I quote the language of the bishop of Maine: "Laxity of opinion and teachings on the sacredness of the marriage bond among the Protestants of Continental Europe in the sixteenth century. It soon began to appear in the legislation of the Protestant States on that continent, and nearly at the same time to affect the laws of England."

THE FIRST POWER IN EUROPE.

dare not visit Rome without paying his respects to him, no matter how eager may be his wish to honor his cousin and ally, the King of Italy. The Pope had no other power to compel this recognition of his august sovereignty than that which his position as the representative of God on earth confers upon him. It is a power which seems too intangible for every day uses, and yet it seems to force the great Kaiser to the side of the sovereign who has neither armies nor lands, who rules by the superior right of thought. The thought of man, as expressed through some representative head, in a creed, revelation, in an idea, thought, or feeling, is the power of thought that is the most powerful force in the world; it is the power that has compelled the emperor of many armies and navies, of millions of acres and more millions of subjects, to stop and do reverence at Rome and to the Pope. It is a good thing that in this world there is a force more potent than any controlled by kings. Were it not so, human liberty would have but poor chance against the might of ambitious, unscrupulous men, with armies and navies at their back. Thought, stronger than they, controls them and

BISHOP FOLEY CONSECRATED.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN'S SERMON.

Last Sunday, the 4th inst., the consecration of Right Rev. John S. Foley, for the diocese of Detroit, took place in the Baltimore Cathedral with great pomp and splendor. Gathered together in the sanctuary were His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, and a very large number of Archbishops, Bishops and priests. The procession of the dignitaries of the Church, a very imposing affair. They proceeded from the cardinal's residence to the main entrance of the Cathedral, thousands of persons looking on with deep interest. The procession was headed by cross bearers, torch-bearers, acolytes and thurifers swinging their thuribles of fragrant incense. There were twenty Archbishops and Bishops in line, besides a hundred priests, and between one and two hundred seminarians preparing for the priesthood. The sermon of the day was preached by Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, and it is needless to say that it was a MASTERPIECE OF ELOQUENCE.

THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH.

each Bishop has his special diocese to govern. This government, particularly in the matter of correction of abuses, requires great power in order to command obedience with unswerving firmness. But there are peculiar and personal reasons for the interest you evince to-day. Many of you remember a scene which took place in this sanctuary nearly nineteen years ago, when the brother of this new Bishop referring to the late Bishop Foley of Chicago, received the union of his consecration, and passed from this city, in which he was so beloved, to rule a Western diocese, then unhappily much distracted. That Prelate left home, kindred, and the friends of his life to go to a strange country. He restored order in the midst of chaos, and his name is to day in benediction in both cities, that of his birth and that of his adoption. Like him, his right reverend brother to day leaves home and kindred for a new field of labor. Like his brother in sound judgment, warm heart, and unaffected, practical piety, like him in great and deserved popularity, Bishop Foley leaves now the city of his life friends to labor among strangers for the rest of his days. Yet why should I say among strangers? Deeper, stronger and more permanent than love of friends and kindred should be the bond that binds a Christian Bishop to his people. Their father, friend, leader and defender, the consecrated representative of the great Christ Himself, every fibre of his heart should be united for them. For them he offers the sacrifice of a new law, and on the pattern on which is ENTRENCHED THE EUCHARISTIC BODY of the Lord there should rest also his own heart and the hearts of his people to be offered together to the one Almighty Father." Turning to Bishop Foley he said: "Therefore, right reverend friend and brother of the episcopate, go forth from kindred and friends, and into the scenes of your youth and your manhood, for the final farewell of all things here below. The supernatural will more than compensate for all the losses of the natural. You go to a diocese in which the spirit of the saintly Bishop Lefebvre has left its impress, and in which his devoted successor has for seventeen years successfully labored. You have what few Bishops have, the living experience of your predecessor, who of course, still feels deep interest in his former diocese. Like your admirable brother in so many things, may you prove like him, in successful administration, taking heed to yourself and to the whole flock wherein the Holy Ghost has appointed you a Bishop to rule the

Church of God, which he has purchased with His own blood."

of armies—a power which they cannot dare not defy. We know the secret of that power, but the outside world, not acknowledging it as of a divine institution, calls it by various names. Thus, a representative English Protestant periodical—the London Standard—speaking as a Protestant for Protestants, according to its own words of the recent visit of the German Emperor to the Pope, says: 'It is not displeasing to see these great military monarchs—these earthly demigods—with so many trumpets behind them, compelled to treat with a power absolutely non-material, obliged to acknowledge that a sovereignty may be real though it is powerless for its way over the minds and imaginations of a section unconsciously to the battle of all thought.' And a representative American secular paper of the highest standard, the Philadelphia Public Ledger, in its issue of the 25th of October last, in commenting on the extract from its London contemporary, says: 'Leo XIII. has no armies at his back to enforce his will; he has his palace, but no territory, his retinue insignificant, his wealth not great; and yet the Emperor of Germany

THE CONSECRATION.

Then the Cardinal imposed hands on the elect, saying, "Receive thou the Holy Ghost," and they retiring Bishops going through the same form. Then followed the prayer for grace, the head and hands of the elect being anointed with chrism or holy oil, the Cardinal repeating these words: "Unguentur et consecratur caput tuum," etc. The closing part of the consecration service consisted in giving the newly made Bishop the crozier and mitre, with the Book of the Gospels, while a scroll was placed upon the fourth finger of the right hand, as symbolical of his betrothal to the Church. After Mass Bishop Foley went down the aisle, giving the congregation his blessing. The episcopal vestments with which His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons invested His Grace, were the generous gift of Miss Eliza Jenkins, one of the wealthiest Catholic young ladies in the land. St. Martin's Institute donated the magnificent episcopal ring, a sapphire encircled by no fewer than fourteen large diamonds. Bishop Loughlin of Brooklyn also presented a very valuable ring to Bishop Foley. It is an emerald surrounded with

COSTLY DIAMONDS.

The crozier was a gift, too. It is a solid gold staff, surrounded with rare jewels. The ceremonies, though very long, were by no means of a tedious character, the selections rendered by the orchestra being grand and varied. When all the services were over, the Prelates and priests partook of a sumptuous collation, after which they retired, bringing with them to their respective homes a pleasant memory of one of the most remarkable events of the day. The Right Rev. Bishop Foley is fifty seven years of age. He had been pastor of one of the largest parishes in the city. As the readers of the Freeman's Journal are already aware, His Grace will, on the 25th inst., take charge of the diocese of Detroit, Michigan. It is the opinion of some people, who are pretty well posted on ecclesiastical matters, that Bishop Foley, after a few years, will become coadjutor Bishop to His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons.

REASONABLE HOPE.

Is one that is based on previous knowledge or experience, therefore those who see B. B. may reasonably hope for a cure because the previous experience of thousands who have used it, shows it to have succeeded even in the worst cases. Mr. Alex. Robinson, of Exeter, in writing about one of the most popular articles, and afflicted than any other medicine has during the short time it has been in existence, says: "I have used four bottles of Durpog and Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and have been cured of Dyspepsia, indigestion, and other troubles, which had troubled me for over ten years. Part of the time I had it very bad, and at considerable expense trying to get relief; but this excellent remedy was the first and only relief I received."

PREVAILING SICKNESS.

The most prevailing complaints at this season are rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, inflammation, and coughs. For all these and other painful troubles, Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the best internal and external remedy. FAGED OUT—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parnee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Macdrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parnee's Pills.

Want of Sleep

In sending thousands annually to the insane asylum; and the doctors say this trouble is alarmingly on the increase. The usual remedies, while they may give temporary relief, are likely to do more harm than good. What is needed is an Alternative, and incomparably the best. It corrects those disturbances in the circulation which cause sleeplessness, gives increased vitality, and restores the nervous system to a healthy condition.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

William F. Bowker, Erie, Pa., was cured of nervousness and sleeplessness by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for about two months, during which time his weight increased over twenty pounds.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢ per bottle, \$5.

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY

Under the patronage of the Rev. Father Labelle. Established in 1837, in the city of Quebec, 32 Vict., Chap. 39, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

CLASS D.

The 17th Monthly Drawing will take place ON WEDNESDAY, DEC. 19, '88 At 2 o'clock p. m.

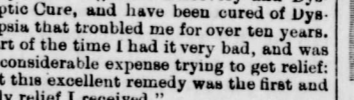
PRIZES VALUE

One Real Estate worth \$50,000. LIST OF PRIZES: 1 Real Estate worth \$50,000 5,000.00 1 " " " " 2,000.00 2,000.00 1 " " " " 1,000.00 1,000.00 10 " " " " 500.00 5,000.00 4 " " " " 200.00 8,000.00 31 " " " " 100.00 3,100.00 20 Gold Watches " " 50 10,000.00 100 Silver Watches " " 50 5,000.00 100 Toilet Sets " " 50 5,000.00 207 Prizes over \$100,000.00.

TICKETS.

Offers are made to all winners to pay their prizes cash, less a commission of 10 per cent. Winners' names not published unless specially authorized. Drawings on Thursday of every month.

OFFICE: 19 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL, CAN.



LONDON, ONT.

Young men, you can't invest money better than by getting a thorough business education, and you can't find a course elsewhere in Ontario equal to that of Forest City Business College, London, Ont. which has a special course for those who intend to remain on the farm. Handsome Catalogue Free.

W. J. THOMPSON & SON,

Opposite Rogers House, London, Has always in stock a large assortment of every style of Carriages and Sleighs. This is one of the largest establishments of the kind in the Dominion. None but first-class work turned out. Prices always moderate.

CONCORDIA VINEYARDS

SANDWICH - ONT.

ERNEST GIRARDOT & Co

PURE NATIVE WINES. Altar Wine especially. Only Native Altar Wine used and recommended by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Montreal and used by the Archbishop Lynch and Bishop Walsh. We also make the best Native Claret in the market. Send for prices and circular.

St. Jerome's College.

BERLIN, ONT.

Complete Classical, Philosophical & Commercial Courses, and Short-hand and Typewriting. For further particulars apply to REV. L. FORGER, O.E., D.D., President.

NEW YORK CATHOLIC AGENCY

The object of this Agency is to supply at the retail dealers' prices, any and every imported or manufactured in the United States. The advantages and conveniences of this Agency are many, a few of which are: 1st. It is situated in the heart of the wholesale trade of the metropolis, and has completed such arrangements with the leading manufacturers and importers as enable it to purchase in any quantity, at the lowest wholesale rates, thus getting its profits or commissions from the importers or manufacturers, and hence— 2nd. No extra commissions are charged on its purchases, and the benefit of its experience and facilities in the actual prices given.

TO THE CLERGY.

The Clergy of Western Ontario will, we feel assured, be glad to learn that Wilson Bros., General Grocers, of London, have now in stock a large quantity of Sillian Wine, whose purity and genuineness for Sacramental use is attested by a certificate signed by the Rector and Prefect of Studies of the Diocesan seminary of Marsala. We have ourselves seen the original of the certificate, and can testify to its authenticity. The Clergy of Western Ontario are cordially invited to send for samples of this truly superior wine for altar use.

The Traveller To His Heart.

Do not lose thy courage, heart? The world is a tangled deep; Ere on the mountain height thou breathe'st free, The path most steep.

Behind the lies the music of sweet birds.

That sing in spring? Above thee soon shall cleave the un-crowded air The eagle's wing.

With each step fainter grows the voice of streams.

Art thou athirst? By the cool springs that shine on Alps Their life is nursed.

Seem unto thee the great woods sadly?

With loneliness? Above the trees thou shalt discern No more oppress.

Art tired, poor heart? and dost it beat

breathing? The rare, strong air? It feeds the fraillest flowers of the height, And keeps them fair.

Do the gray mist that sweep the bar

peal? Thy warm blood chill? In heaven the sun, above the wind-blown wrack, is shining still.

Beet softly, heart! not swiftly to the east

The shadows creep; Patience not less than strong desire, is wise.

What great heights keep

Take courage, heart; the night will come at last. And thou shalt rest—Soft is the pillow of the moss that lies On high hills' breast.

And when more comes it shall be earth

more; Softly shall shine The Paradise thy tears so long have dimmed Its glory thine.

—Catholic World.

AMERICAN CATHOLIC HISTORICAL RESEARCHES.

The Scenes of the Huron Missions, the Martyrdom of Fathers Brebeuf and Lalemant.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

ON THE ST. IGNACE.

On the day following the visit to Mary's of Old Fort, Father Campbell, your correspondent set out with a horse and buggy on a long drive of ninety miles for the site of the mission of Ignace, the most interesting of all points in this, for the American Catholic most interesting country.

It was the scene of the martyrdom

of the two French Jesuits, Fathers Brebeuf and Lalemant. To Mr. John Gilmory Shea we were deeply indebted for the accounts he gathered and given us in the History of the Catholic Missions among the Indians of the United States; but in addition to the account he has given us in his book, we have had the pleasure of reading the Report of the Canadian Archdiocese of the year 1884 very kindly sent to us by Mr. Joseph Murphy of the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto, Ontario, the copy of a letter written by the Jesuit Brother, who was the companion of Fathers Brebeuf and Lalemant, describing accurately the manner and circumstances of their death, which I am sure will be of the highest interest to the readers of your Quarterly.

The Report of the Archives gives us

the quaint French of the Brother's letter, and the English translation. I send only the latter.

Verily the account of the martyrdom

and most happy death of Father Brebeuf and of Father Lalemant in the country of the Hurons by the Iroquois, enemies of the Faith."

Father Jean de Brebeuf and Father

Gabriel L'Allemand had set out from cabin, to go to a small bourg, called Ignace, distant from our cabin about short quarter of a league, to instruct savages and the new Christians of the bourg. It was on the 16th day of May (1649), in the morning, that we perceived a great fire at the place to which the two good fathers had gone. This made us very uneasy. We did not know whether it was enemies or whether a fire had taken in some of the huts of the village. The Rev. Father Paul Ragueneau, our Superior, immediately resolved to send some one to learn what might be the cause. But no sooner had we formed the design of going there to see, than perceived several savages on the coming straight towards us. We thought it was the Iroquois who were coming to attack us, but having considered them more closely, we perceived that it was Hurons who were flying to the fight and who had escaped from combat. These poor savages caused great pity in us.

They were all covered with wounds

One had his head fractured; another arm broken; another had a spear in his eye; another had his arm cut off by blow from an axe. In the fine day passed receiving into our huts all the poor wounded people, and in looking with compassion towards the fire and the place where went these two good Fathers, we saw the fire and the barbarians, we could not see anything of the Fathers.

Here is what these savages told us

of the taking of the Bourg of St. Ignace of the Fathers Jean de Brebeuf & Gabriel L'Allemand:— The Iroquois came to the number of twelve hundred men; took our village, took Father Brebeuf and his companion set fire to all the huts.

They proceeded to discharge their

on these two Fathers, for they took both and stripped them entirely naked and fastened each to a post. They tied both their hands together, they tore the nails from their fingers. They beat them with a shower of blows from cudgels, on the shoulders, the loins, the belly, the legs and the face, the being no part of their body which did not endure this torment. They told further: Although Father Brebeuf was overwhelmed under the weight of the blows, he did not cease continually speak of God, and to encourage all new Christians who were captives himself, to suffer well; that they might die well in order to go in company with him to Paradise. Whilst the good Father was thus encouraging these good people, a wretched Huron renegade, who remained a captive with the Iroquois, and whom Father Brebeuf had instructed and baptised, hearing

