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The Motherland

Latest Mails from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

Armagh.

A record was heard at Armagh Assize before Mr. Justice O'Brien, in which considerable interest was evinced. The action was brought by Susanna Hardy, of Richhill, against Rev. Michael O'Brien, O.C., Stonebridge, £500 damages for assault alleged to have taken place at the house of an old woman named Nancy Robinson, at Richhill, in January last, when the defendant went to administer the last rites of the Church to said Nancy Robinson, who was then in a dying condition. The jury, after an hour's retirement, found a verdict for the defendant. The court was crowded almost to suffocation, and when his Lordship announced the verdict there were bursts into a cheer, which gradually merged into applause, which was taken up by a large crowd which had assembled outside the court. The greatest excitement prevails here to-night over the result, and jubilation in Catholic circles is unbounded, whilst the Orange element are very despondent.

Derry.

Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., rebukes the Orangemen of Derry for their unpatriotic attitude towards the Irish Local Government Bill. He says: "Throughout England, Scotland and Wales County Districts, Parish Councils and poor law guardians are elected on the identical franchise which it is proposed to apply to Ireland. Why should Ireland be treated differently? And why when every occupier is in future to pay the rate, and when the landowners, as such, are to pay none, should it be deemed necessary to provide for the protection of any special class? How do the proprietors at stake during the siege of Derry come into the making or repairing of a man road, the disposal of sewage, or the securing of a proper water supply? Is there not great danger of people making themselves ridiculous by mixing up things that have no earthly connection? I know no plan of minority representation which would protect the scattered Protestants of the South and West of Ireland—if you assume that protection is necessary. As in the North this protection, if required at all, would be required for the Roman Catholics. Under the Bill, should the elections be fought on party lines, the County Councils of Antrim, Down, Derry and Armagh will probably be Unionist, in Tyrone the parties will be about equally divided, and in Monaghan, Carrick, and Donegal there will be substantial Unionist minorities. I should hope, however, that the best business men will be elected regardless of party issues. A better spirit displayed in this respect in the North the more chance will there be of reciprocity in the South. But whatever happens, the minority in any part of the North will not be worse off than the Protestants of Dublin or Cork are now. I am a citizen of the Irish metropolis. The Protestants are overwhelmed even now in the City Council. But I never dream that my religious liberty was imperilled by this fact. Protestant and Catholic combine to work for the common good on such questions as main drainage, the lighting of the city, etc. which is the class of work the County and District Councils will have to do. I hope the Orangemen of County Derry will forgive me if I speak frankly. We have for the present at least prevented the establishment of an Irish Parliament. The laws of our country will in the future as in the past be made by the Imperial Parliament. Having secured the great advantage let us not be found claiming privileges which no other people in the Three Kingdoms possess. Because civil equality is to be established let us not complain as if we were incapable of holding our own in the battle. Rather let Roman Catholic and Protestant recognize that they have a common country which requires the most strenuous exertions of all her sons. Let us firmly hold our own opinions—but where the work is common work of all alike let us unite to do it. Perhaps in the doing of this work men who have long lived apart will come to see how much they have in common."

Down.

Mr. John Hill, the representative of Messrs. Wm. Barbour & Sons, spinners, of Lisburn, has been exhibiting some samples of excellent flax which was grown in County Down last season, and which should dispel the absurd idea that this country is unsuited for the growth of flax of first rate quality. A large number of farmers, sowers, etc., were present, and took a warm interest in the proceedings. It may be mentioned, in order to understand the great importance of this subject, that for a long number of years the flax crop has been the mainstay of the farming and commercial interests of the small towns of Ulster, and that to its decline in quality, yield and price in recent years may be traced much of the distress with which such centres are now struggling. But it would seem that there is to be a great and welcome change in the state of things, if we are to judge by the great energy and ability

with which Mr. Frank Barbour—a leading member of the workmen spinning firm—has devoted himself to the task of improving the treatment of this crop in Ireland, and the success which so far has attended his efforts.

North.

The lecturer of the Dublin Jarvey made humorous by the act of Thomas Quirk who on a dark night last week, already numbed by a long wait in the chill, frosty air, plunged, fully dressed, into the colder waters of the deep, foul river to rescue a man who at the moment he divined was no more to him than "a dark object struggling in the water." He got the man out at the imminent peril of his own life, and dripping wet as he was drove the rescued man on his own car to the hospital.

Right Rev. Mr. Molloy. has been lecturing the Royal Dublin Society on the principles of electric signalling without wires, by the newly invented apparatus of Signor Marconi. The lecturer stated that he had taken means to ascertain the greatest distances over which messages had been sent and he had learned the following facts from authentic sources—Messages had been sent by Marconi's apparatus from the Needles on the Isle of Wight to Bournemouth across the Channel, a distance of fourteen miles. Again, messages were sent from the Needles to a ship at sea during the whole time of her voyage from Alum Bay until she reached Swanage Pier, a distance of eighteen miles. Lastly, signals were sent from the neighbourhood of Salisbury to Bath, a distance of over 84 miles. In this case, however, though signals were sent and received, no continuous message was transmitted owing to an accident to the apparatus during the high wind. The lecturer was loudly applauded. He thanked the audience for their attention, and said that as the subject he looked upon the task as one of great and unusual difficulty, but the very great attention and intelligence with which they had followed the lecture from beginning to end had made his task much easier. With the assistance of two telegraphists kindly placed at the disposal of the lecturer by the Post Office, a message was transmitted by one of the audience was transmitted without wires from the transmitter on the table to a receiver in the gallery, and the message then read was correctly sent—"All honour to the Irish-Ireland!" a reference to Signor Marconi's Irish ancestry on the maternal side. A second message read lauded Mr. Molloy for his excellent lecture. The first message was sent by Mr. J. E. Wigham one of the other by Surgeon Hopenshall Ormsby.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin has, with the approval of the Lord Mayor of London, sent the following letter to the Press:

March 7th, 1898.

Sir,—At a public meeting held in the Mansion House on the 24th February, and attended by representative citizens of all classes and denominations, it was resolved that an appeal should be made for help to relieve the severe distress amounting to actual famine, which exists in districts of Mayo, Galway, Clew Bay, and Kerry.

Urgent assistance is immediately required to provide the seeds with which to plant the spring crops, and it will be necessary to provide food and clothing in many cases until 1st August.

A representative Mansion House Committee has been formed for the purpose of administering whatever funds may be subscribed.

I have already appealed to the Irish people to endeavor to promote the fund which I have inaugurated, so that our own people may, in a spirit of self-reliance and self-dependence, do as much as lies in their power to meet the present grave emergency.

But outside aid is necessary. The cities of Manchester, Salford and Liverpool have already generously contributed; and assistance has been promised by Glasgow, Birmingham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and other cities.

Encouraged by the hearty approval of the Lord Mayor of London, I appeal, through the medium of your columns, to the benevolent and charitable classes of London to come to the aid of our suffering people.

All moneys received shall be duly acknowledged, and their disbursement shall be controlled by the Mansion House Committee—Your faithful servant,

DANIEL TALLON.

Lord Mayor.

The following is the official programme suggested by the United Irishmen Centennial Association for the celebration of Rebellion year:

1. Great national banquet on Monday, 29th May next, to celebrate the rising of '98.
2. That there be a general illumination throughout the whole of Ireland on the night of May 23rd. That bonfires be lighted on all the principal mountains, and that arrangements be made so that rockets, to be supplied, would be let off at a fixed hour at the cross-roads nearest the scene of on,

gagement, or '98 battlefield, or his heroic place; also that colored fire be used.

8. That the bands in the country districts be asked to attend at place of rendezvous and play a selection of martial airs, if it can be so arranged, one special air, at the time rockets are let off.

4. That the Central Association arrange for pilgrimages to places and scenes of '98 events from date of rising in '98—viz, 23rd May—the first one to be at the village of Sautrey, where the signal for the outbreak in '98 was given by the attack on and burning of the Northern mail coach, trees to be planted in commemoration of this event near to the spot; and that the men of Westford be asked to supply same from near Vinegar Hill or some other battlefield in the county Westford.

ENGLAND.

The Duke of Norfolk.

The Monitor publishes the following interesting sketch of the Duke of Norfolk:

The Premier Duke and hereditary Marshal of England, in whose veins flows "all the blood of all the Howards," according to Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King of arms, stands at the head of the world known, a Catholic, and his mainly, outspoken profession of the ancient faith of England in his letter to the Town Clerk of Sheffield, showed that he is a Catholic not merely in name but in very deed. Fidelity to religious principles and whatever he holds to be sound and true has marked his entire career, and English Catholics are justly proud of him. He is at once a representative Catholic and a representative Englishman. He is not one of those weak-kneed, time-serving, nominal Catholics who hide their Catholicity under the guise of a specious liberalism tending towards practical indifference, but in public and private has been consistent, both in profession and practice, and given his co-religionists an example of sterling Catholicity. As an Englishman he is proud of his country and his race. He is a strong politician, and takes his share of public work in any other branch of the Empire; and though there may be many Catholics who differ from him in politics, all will agree in recognizing in him a man who has the strength and courage of his convictions.

"The present Duke of Norfolk," says a recent writer in *Pearson's Weekly*, "can be truly said to have had his greatness thrust upon him; not only is he the most retiring individual in the Peerage, but he has a morbid horror of publicity. Although his Grace is at the present moment Mayor of Sheffield, and an important member of Her Majesty's present Administration, very little is known of his own personality, and even in London society he is scarcely unnoticed through a crowd of celebrities, not one of whom has as much regard to recognition as himself."

Henry Fitzalan Howard, Earl of Arundel, Earl of Surrey, Baron Maltravers, Baron Clun, Earl Marshal, Hereditary Marshal, Premier Duke and Chief Butler of England, Premier Duke and Earl of Norfolk, was born in London on December 27th, 1847. He received his education at the Oratory School, Edgbaston, Birmingham, under the late Cardinal Newman. Between teacher and pupil a warm friendship always existed, and when the eminent Oratorian entered the controversial lists against Mr. Gladstone on anti-Catholicism, it was to the Duke of Norfolk who addressed the majority points which pulverized the argument of the "Prophet of Edgbaston."

The Oratory, continues the writer quoted, was, and is, situated in a Birmingham suburb, and at the time when the Duke first went there there was not more than thirty boys by the strict orders of his mother no difference was made at all between the Duke and his young companions, but he was always a model boy, never getting into ordinary childish scrapes, and at one time it was correctly asserted that he meant to become a priest.

However, the years wore themselves away, and when the Duke of Norfolk became of age he found himself, probably to his own surprise, one of the richest men in the United Kingdom—the effect of his long minority, and of his mother's intelligent administration of his vast property.

As may be easily imagined, the question of his marriage aroused great interest in society, the more so that there were at the time very few marriageable dukes. The Duke, however, seemed quite insensible to youth and beauty, and even his most intimate friends thought him a confirmed bachelor. Suddenly, to the great surprise of everyone, his engagement to Lady Flora Hastings was announced. The marriage was quite a romance. The lady had become a Catholic, and some mutual friend asked the widowed Duchess of Norfolk to give her hospitality for a few weeks till she could make arrangements to form an independent home of her own.

They fr.—It would be a gross injustice to convey that standard bearing inscription—**DR. THOMAS'S ELECTRIC OIL**—with the ordinary ingredients, lotions and salves. They are oftentimes inflammatory and irritant. This Oil, on the contrary, eminently cooling and soothing when applied externally to relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when swallowed.

The Pioneer Church Of Port Royal.

By N. A. CONDON. (WAITER FOR THE REGISTER.) [1894-1898.]

But a few more years, and three centuries will have rolled around since the first Catholic Church in North America, outside the Spanish colonies, was created at Port Royal, then capital of Acadia. Quebec has laid claim to this distinction, but the unerring records of history show that the first altar was set up in the wilderness of Acadia, and there the Rev. Nicholas Aury offered up the holy sacrifice of the Mass, eleven years previous to the coming of the first priest to historic Quebec. A brief glance backward at this primitive church and its environments is the purpose of this sketch, but the subject is one fraught with an interest that entralls the Catholic student of history.

Away in sunny France in 1604, Sieur de Monts received letters patent from Henry IV., appointing him general of Acadia, for which place he set sail with a convoy of four vessels, and a large number of persons who were desirous of settling in this new land.

Sailing up the south-west coast of what is now Nova Scotia, after an uneventful voyage across the Atlantic, the voyagers entered the waters of St. Mary's Bay, as they afterwards named it. Here the first landing was effected, and here also the first incident worthy of note occurred, namely, the loss of the priest, Pere Aubry, in the dense wood. For seven days the priest was separated from his friends, and compelled to subsist on wild fruits, which grew abundantly here. At the expiration of that time he was discovered by his companions, to the great joy of all.

Port Royal was reached, the basin of Acadia was explored, and the hearts of the weary voyagers gladdened by the charms of the Acadian landscape which met their gaze; doubly refreshing to their sea-worn eyes. No fairer spot could have realized the dreams of the colonists. The beautiful almost land-locked basin was about eighteen miles long and about four wide. The narrow picturesque entrance from the Bay of Fundy, the great hills, crowned with verdure, that seemed to guard the spot from contact with the outer world, and the placid waters glistening in the evening sunlight, with here and there dark wooded islands from which depended mist-like shadows, all combined to form a fairer scene than would have fulfilled the most sanguine expectations of the strangers. The summer sunset mellowed all the surroundings as the voyagers sailed in. It shone on the great pines and firs in varying lights and shadows, on the sand dunes and pebbly beaches, and lit up the west with a crimson glow. Truly it was a scene fitting the establishment in its midst of a temple for the worship of God.

Monsieur de Pontrecovert, a French gentleman who had accompanied De Monts, with a view of settling in Acadia, was so charmed with the peaceful beauty of this spot, that he determined to leave his home here, and at once obtained a grant of De Monts, of a large portion of land. This was afterwards confirmed by royal authority, and Pontrecovert became the first lord of Port Royal. Here he remained with some companions, but De Monts sailed away some leagues to the south west, where he selected an island which he named St. Croix, and where he decided to build a fort to prevent the incursions of the Indians, and to spend the winter.

In the meantime Pontrecovert and his companions at Port Royal were busy with erecting rude dwellings, and cultivating the soil about their new home. A young Frenchman, Lescaerbot, who had accompanied the expedition, and remained with Pontrecovert, appears to have been a member of the party. Among his other pursuits he kept a journal of daily events, and from this journal valuable records have been handed down to us. In his quaint style Lescaerbot relates in writing of their little settlement.

"There is also a little chapel, built after the savage fashion, at the foot of which chapel is such a store of muskels as is wonderful, which may be gathered at low tide, but they are small."

This chapel to which he refers was built like a bower, the roof, which was of bark, being supported by the living trees, and here in this rude but picturesque temple, mass was offered up by Pere Aubry—only a temple of God in the wilderness. Here the first colony was established; the first permanent settlement formed in Acadia and here Pontrecovert with his companions, Lescaerbot, Champlain, Pontgrave, Balleau, and a number of others took up their abode; far from their

sunny France, and deprived of the luxuries and civilizing influences to which they had been accustomed. Their lives here seem to have been busy ones, and notwithstanding the many disadvantages they labored under, the winter that followed was a pleasant one to the merry bachelors of Port Royal.

One of their first projects was the erection of a water mill for grinding corn which Lescaerbot remarks was the admiration of the Indians.

Quickly the seeds of the gospel were sown among the children of the forest. Pere Aubry was followed a few years later by Pere Fleche, and the Jesuits Pierre Barthe and Enemond Masse. In the earlier days Lescaerbot lent valuable aid in instructing the Indians and in settling them in the truths of Christianity. The first red man on whom the saving waters of baptism were poured was the Micmac chief Membertou, who had completed his one hundredth year. He was baptized by Father Fleche. An interesting part of this old chronicle plays in the events of this period. Grave and dignified in his demeanour; an important personage in his own eyes, and those of his visitors was Membertou, he was invited by the Frenchman to all their councils, and frequently made an honored guest at their table. The question has often been asked when reviewing matters connected with the strife that waged between the white settlers and the Indians during the two centuries that followed,—why were the French settlers more successful in civilizing and living in amity with the children of the wilderness than were the English? A Protestant historian frankly states the reason when he remarks:

"The almost uninterrupted friendship which existed between the French and the Micmacs from the very beginning of their intercourse is easily accounted for by the fact the former displayed in their management, which was based on genuine acts of beneficence and disinterestedness their instruction in the arts of civilization, and in the doctrines of the Roman Catholic faith."

In the bitter strife that followed, when English and French each fought for supremacy in Acadia, the Micmacs were ever the allies of the French, and Catholic faith is an inherent possession of their few wandering descendants who dwell in Nova Scotia to-day.

The little chapel with its roof of bark was supplanted by a more permanent structure at Port Royal, and various other humble churches were erected as settlements were formed, but the interest centres about the first—the little bower chapel with the living trees forming its support. During this period and for years after, the Indian women might often have been seen in the glades gathering bayberries, the wax of which they mingled with tallow to form candles for the altar, and in comparatively recent years the Micmacs have been seen coming to attend Mass at some little wayside chapel wearing with them sheets of white or inner coating of maple bark, on which they had inscribed medical observations representing to them certain parts of the mass, and where permitted to join in singing, their voices would ring out sweet and clear.

But the little church at Port Royal was also destined to bear a share of the misfortune that resulted from the fierce warfare that desolated this fair land. In the spring of 1690 an English expedition commanded by Sir William Phips, set out from Boston to attack Port Royal, where Menneval, governor of Acadia, was then residing with a garrison of only eighty-six men. On arriving before the town Phips sent a messenger commanding the garrison to surrender, supplementing the command with dire threats as to his procedure in the event of a refusal. Governor Menneval, showing resistance was useless with his little band, sent Father Petit, cure of Port Royal, to interview the invaders, and secure the best terms possible. The English commander promised that the Governor and soldiers should be sent to Quebec; the inhabitants allowed to retain their property; the practice of their religion should not be interfered with, and that their church should remain unharmed. But the English commander held honor lightly and disregarding the pledges he had given. Governor, soldiers, and priest were sent prisoners to Boston, and the dishonorable commander put no French on his feet. At their session for which he had desired their capture, fill the full measure of their inhumanity, the English proceeded to desecrate the church which French and Indians held so dear. In the words of one of Phips' lieutenants: "We rifled their church, pulled down their high altar, and destroyed their images." This iconoclastic spirit appears to have pervaded all expeditions against the French, and to a large extent accentuated the bitterness that existed between the two civilized nations who were struggling for possession of this portion of North America.

Again Port Royal was captured by the French and the church rebuilt, while about it and through all the scenes of strife and bloodshed enacted, English and French each vied for the mastery, with alternating victories, and many times the province of Acadia changed hands, until finally the whole country was ceded to the

English when peace was established in 1763.

The town of Annapolis (the old Port Royal of the French) butrays no sign to-day of the early conflicts that shadowed the first years of its existence. Its romantic youth has merged into a prosaic old age. The remains of the old French forts are still pointed out to visitors, and the student of history will find much of interest here. Very few French families are to be found in and about the old town, districts in the surrounding country, although, and on the shores of St. Mary's Bay, dwells a large French Catholic population. They point with pride to the planted willows centuries old, which were grafted by their ancestors when the fleur de lis was in the ascendant here, and they will tell you many old legends and Indian tales.

The Acadia of 1898 has its charms, along with the modernisms which time has brought. Its grand old forests in many places as well as for three centuries ago Pontrecovert and his merry company assembled at Port Royal, its mighty lakes and rushing rivers, its rocky coast where the Atlantic beats in ceaseless thunder; its fogs that roll down Cape Blomidon and through the gorges of the coast like a mighty wall of gray, and its quiet in landscapes, where dwellers people enjoying all the comforts of civilization, with no dread of an Indian war whoop to wake the echoes about their homes. The Indians of three centuries ago have passed away. Many things have changed in Acadia, but one unchanging feature remains—the sacrifice is offered up to-day in the modern church of Annapolis as it was in the little bower of Port Royal.

Vespers at Our Lady of Lourdes.

His Grace Archbishop Walsh assisted at Vespers on Sunday evening in Our Lady of Lourdes Church, and an excellent address was given by Rev. Father Ryan. In addition a fine musical service was given, and among the numbers given were "Quis est Homo," from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, by Mrs. J. R. and Mrs. Owen. McGeann, their voices blending sweetly and showing artistic finish. Mons. J. X. Mercier sang an "O Salutaris" in excellent style, and Miss Kennedy and Miss McManus are also deserving of credit for their respective solos. The chorus under the careful preparation under the direction of Miss Fannie Sullivan.

Without a Peer—Works Miracles.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is without a peer. This great remedy relieves instantly the most aggravating and distressing forms of heart disease. It is the surest and quickest acting formula for heart trouble known to medical science, and thousands of times has the hand of the grim destroyer been stayed by its use. If there is palpitation, shortness of breath, pain in left side, smothering sensations—don't delay, or you may be counted in the long list of those who have gone over to the great majority, because the best remedy in the world to-day was not promptly used.

Death of a Distinguished American Soldier.

General Rosecrans, a distinguished American soldier, died at his home near Los Angeles, Cal., last Friday. The first ceremony connected with the obsequies began Tuesday morning, when a procession was formed and the remains were conveyed to the City Hall, where they lay in state until the funeral services, Wednesday. General Rosecrans was a Catholic.

Canada to Tralee.

The Western Morning News of Plymouth, Eng., contains the following: "The Atlantic and Lake Superior Railway Company has made inquiries respecting the facilities of the port of Tralee. It is said to be contemplating putting on a line of steamers between Canada and Great Britain, and to be undecided whether to go to Tralee in Ireland or come to Plymouth."

Those Worrying Piles.

One application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment will give you comfort. Applied every night for three to six nights and a cure is effected in the most stubborn cases of blind, bleeding or itching piles. Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures eczema and all itching and burning diseases. It acts like magic. 85 cents.

Hall Came at It Again.

The Rome correspondent of The Catholic Standard says: Hall Caine, I heard a few days ago, has definitely made up his mind to write a novel about Rome, to name it appropriately and to conform its nature to its name. The book is to be called "The Catholic," just as his last book was called "The Christian."

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. The medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

The Domain of Woman

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

She was a little old woman, very plainly dressed in black bombazine that had seen much careful wear, and her bonnet was very old fashioned, and people stared at her tottering up the aisle of the grand church, evidently bent on securing one of the best seats, for a great man preached on that day, and the house was filled with splendidly dressed people who had heard of the fame of the preacher, of his learning, his intellect, and goodness, and they wondered at the presumption of the old woman. She just had been in her dotage, for she picked out the pew of the richest and proudest member of the church and took a seat. The three ladies who were seated there beckoned to the sexton, who bent over the intruder and whispered something, but she was hard of hearing, and smiled a little withered smile, as she said gently:

"Oh, I'm quite comfortable here, quite comfortable here."

"But you are not wanted here," said the sexton pompously. "There is not room. Come with me my good woman; I will see that you have a seat."

"Not room!" said the old woman, looking at her snubbed proportions and then at the fine ladies. "Why, I'm not crowded a bit. I rode ten miles to hear the voluntary lovely?"

But the sexton took her by the arm, and shook her in a polite, underhand way, and she took the hint. Her faded old eyes filled with tears, her chin quivered, but she rose meekly, and left the pew. Turning quietly to the ladies, who were spreading their rich dresses over the spot she left vacant, she said gently:

"I hope, my dears, there'll be room in heaven for us all."

Then she followed the pompous sexton to the rear of the church, where, in the last pew, she was seated between a threadbare girl and a shabby old man.

"She must be crazy," said one of the ladies in the pew which she had at first occupied. "What can an ignorant old woman like her want to hear Dr. — preach for. She would not be able to understand a word he said."

"Those people are so persistent. The idea of her forcing herself into our pew! Isn't that voluntary lovely?"

Dr. — coming out of the vestry, "Isn't he grand?"

"Splendid! What a stately man! You know he has promised to dine with me while he is here."

He was a commanding-looking man, and as the organ voluntary stopped and he looked over the vast crowd of worshippers gathered in the great church, he seemed to scan every face. His eyes rested on the old woman, and he suddenly he leaned over the reading desk, and beckoned to the sexton, who obsequiously mounted the steps to receive a mysterious message. And then the three ladies in the grand pew were elevated to the balcony, and the whole length of the church, to return with the old woman, whom he placed in the front pew of all, its occupants making willing room for her. The great preacher looked at her with a smile of recognition, and then the service proceeded, and he preached sermon which struck fire from every heart.

"Who was she?" asked the ladies who could not make room for her, as they pressed the sexton at the door.

"The preacher's mother," replied that functionary in an injured tone.

How few remember that "while man looketh on the outward appearance, the Lord looketh on the heart."

we possess for the love of God? Why? Suppose He takes us at our word, and takes from us everything, friends, home, possessions, wealth—what then? What have you asked for no change? What do you expect in exchange for your worldly possessions? You have asked for Himself, the Lord of Heaven and Earth, the God who was, and is, and shall be. Whose lightest word is thus to you. Whose single word work creates a world, Who holdeth the universe in the hollow of His hand. Is that nothing? Yes, even that is nothing to what God has in store for you. He gives with Himself His love.

You do not know what it means, it is impossible for you to realize it; only the greatest saints have known the perfect delight, and ecstasy, and unselfishness, which is the love of God. The gift that came first, of all creatures, to the Blessed Mother of God, and which her Divine Son is ever waiting and ready to bestow upon all who ask for it.

It is only through the Blessed Sacrament that we can obtain this love; that is why those saints who have ever been most devoted towards our Sacramental Lord have always been distinguished for their ardent love of the Eucharist; for that love is the only and everlasting good, we should not waste our precious moments in petitioning for smaller graces, and for temporal favors, which would not come to ourselves did we possess the "perfect love that casteth out fear," fear for our souls, for our earthly concerns and for many other things that are only of time, and that are like shadows that shall not dry up before the light of the eternal Sun.

It may be as well to know that the Plenary Indulgence granted to members of the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, who contribute on the first Friday of each month, may now be obtained by non-members, provided that, besides going to confession and communion, they meditate on the love of the Sacred Heart, and recite according to the intention of the Holy Father. His Holiness by a recent indult has extended fresh indulgences to the Confraternity, and to all those who practice devotion to the Sacred Heart.

An indulgence of seven years and seven times forty days has also been granted for every Friday in the year, provided the prescribed conditions are fulfilled.

I wish we could open a "Question Box" like the one started by Father O'Connor in Philadelphia.

Some of the questions asked are ludicrous in the extreme, and would make one who reads them suggest that it were not for the gravity of the subjects dealt with. And yet the enquirers are perfectly serious, they have not the least intention of making fun; and one recognizes most clearly the sincerity and earnestness of their apprehension that exists in the minds of many otherwise well meaning people, about the Church. Many good people who would like to know what the Catholic Church really does teach on particular points, do not know how to obtain the information they desire. What Catholics they are acquainted with, cannot give them satisfactory replies. It never occurs to them to write a note to some Catholic publication asking for the information they want, and yet most editors would be only too pleased to supply it. There is nearly always a priest connected with the paper in some way, either as editor or contributor, to whom questions too abstruse and difficult for a layman could be referred.

It is unfortunate that most of our Catholic people though strict in the performance of their duties, do not know enough upon theological questions to be able to argue, or convince non-Catholics with any certainty.

It requires deep and intelligent study to present some aspects of Catholic teaching in a clear and comprehensible light, and the majority of laymen and women have not the time to study even if they had the inclination.

Besides, they cannot reach so many people as a newspaper can.

It would be a good thing therefore if each of our Catholic newspapers would devote a column or so to an enquiry bureau, in which questions from non-Catholics would be answered. I am sure that great good would result therefrom; truth only needs to be known in order to be recognized and loved, but how shall our separated brethren know, unless some man tells them?

C. Y. L. A. NOTES.

Domestic Reading

A great part of this life consists in contemplating what we cannot cure. It's a common fancy to envy others, and think we should fain to better for some change.

With how little colour of justice may a man acquire the reputation of a tyrant and a miser!

He Who shall pass judgment on the records of our life is the same Who formed us in frailty.

In the extreme of fear there comes a brutal kind of courage—the most brutal, indeed, of all.

The winter's frost must rend the burr of the nut before the fruit is seen; so adversity tempers the human heart, to discover its real worth.

Bad dispositions require some time to grow into bad habits, but it takes some time and pains to undo ourselves. We fall not from virtue, like Vulcan from heaven, in a day.

Oh, how I shall thank God for that moment, if it ever comes, wherein I know the voice of my soul has found those who will listen! How happy, even though the sun be less than an hour above the horizon and I already slumber in the winds from the cave of death, how happy I shall be for this one blossom of the long vine of my years! Happy in knowing that in the sun and the dew it may develop into the fruit of which many shall eat and be glad!

Religious truth is reached, not by reasoning but by an inward perception. Anyone can reason; only disciplined, educated, formed minds can receive. Nothing, then, is more important to you than habits of self-command. If you are overflowing with feeling and impulse, all these must be restrained, ruled, brought under, converted into principles and habits, or elements of character. Consider that you have a great work to do, to change yourself.—Cardinal Newman.

Among the fond fancies of children is the belief that when "grown up" there will be no more lessons to learn, no more commands to obey, no more schooling to endure. They will be men and women, no longer children in the nursery, pupils in the schoolroom; therefore they will be free, independent, above rebuke, and beyond coercion. It is helpful belief leading them the aid of hope, which is to assist patience during the dark days of the actual, in expectation of the cloudless skies of the ideal. And it is about as baseless as the mist-wreaths of the morning. As if we were ever free from rebuke, lessons, command, or control.

Between the faculty apprehending and the object apprehended there must be a certain agreement. If so, religion cannot be learned simply as though it were a branch of impersonal science. Nor has it ever made converts by means of colourless, scholastic reasoning. It is worship and communion, the atmosphere of which is prayer, and its vital principle grace; a power, not an argument, in mood and figure. We may go so far as to allege that reasoning is the pencil which draws this outline upon the mind; but the artist is none other than the living spirit, unconcerned of the ideal which he beholds in the man Jesus Christ.—William Barry, D.D.

Sir Thomas More found, indeed, the true commonwealth nowhere. But in so far as the social order he addressed is based on reason and justice, the nowhere must be sought in some somewhere—nay, everywhere. Some of the reforms which he perceived to be necessary have already been realized, others are being striven for to-day. May we not hope that many more will yet be attained? Surely never before was there such a widespread revolt against social wrong and injustice—such a firm resolve to remove the preventable evils of life, or such a world-wide aspiration for a re-organization of society on a juster basis. It cannot be that the promise of better things is for ever to remain unfulfilled. From the summit of the hills of thought may we not catch the first faint streaks of the dawn of a nobler day? Can we not trace the dim outlines of a real society slowly forming amongst us, in which none shall be disinherited or trodden under foot in a senseless and needless race for wealth, but when all shall be truly free to develop the full capacity of their nature in co-operation with their fellows for a Common Good.

Parnell and the Irish Clergy.

With reference to a question of Mr. Parnell and the Irish priesthood, Mr. John Redmond has received the following letter from Mr. John Morley: "My answer to your question would have been to the effect that, in speaking from memory on Monday, I fell into a partial error. Mr. Parnell did not wish wholly to remove the clerical disqualification in an Irish Legislature. What he wished was to include a large number of ecclesiastical dignitaries by virtue of their office. This view Mr. Parnell explained to me more than once in 1886, and I never understood that he made any secret of it."

Farm and Garden

C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, urges that steps be taken to provide for the exportation of our, orated peaches to the English market.

The suggestion of Mr. James should be acted upon promptly. There is an almost unlimited market in the Old Country for fruit of this kind. A very large market may also be obtained in the gold fields. Certainly steps must be promptly taken for an enlarged outlet somewhere for the product of the peach orchards of the Province. The indications are, as pointed out last week, for a big crop both in the Niagara and Essex districts. This will double the production of last year, and even last season peaches sold at times as low as 25 cents a basket.

The Bruce Herald has this severe, but not severe, comment on farmers who leave implements exposed to the weather: During a trip north one afternoon last week, on the first live stock express, a Walkertonian saw evidences of agricultural prosperity that cannot be mistaken. In a field near Cargill a pair of plow handles were pointing heavenward out of the snow. The conclusion arrived at was that the farmer was finishing his fall plowing under the drift. Near Pinkerton a hay rake was seen partially covered with snow. There appeared to be some doubt here, judging by the position of the rake, as to whether the implement was strong enough to gather up the immense yield. On seeing Paisley a binder was noticed standing in front of the barn, all ready to be pulled out into the waving grass. Other evidences of agricultural activity were visible from the swiftly creeping train. The marks of prosperity are quite apparent. When a farmer can afford to leave his implements exposed to the varied elements of a Bruce winter and make ends meet, he must be enjoying some measure of success in life.

This is the time of the year when every farmer should lay plans for spring work. He should have a definite plan of his farm prepared, and be able to estimate exactly as to how much of each kind of grain he will sow, and upon which fields. When this is known definitely he will then be able to estimate carefully how much wheat, oats, etc., he will require for each field. This will enable him to get the seed ready before the busy season opens in the spring, and so have everything in readiness to begin work as soon as the ground is ready.

The question of seeds is an important one. Too many farmers neglect it and continue to sow old seeds year after year, and then wonder why they do not have larger crops. It will pay every farmer to change his seed every three or four years at least. When he does change he should aim to get the very best quality of seed possible. This is the time of the year for securing good seed. Do not leave it off till the last moment when you will be too busy to make a proper selection. Write to the Experimental Farms at Guelph and Ottawa and get reports of the kinds of the various seeds which have given the best results, and make your selections accordingly.—Ex.

In the manufacture of beet sugar, beets having a sugar content of 12 per cent., with a purity co-efficient of 80, can be worked with profit. A purity co-efficient of 80 means that of the total solids found in the juice, 80 per cent. is sugar. Experiments made by the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station last year show that the sugar beet thrives best in those regions where the average summer temperature is about 70 degrees, provided the conditions of soil and rainfall are suitable. A number of samples of beets were tested from the southern part of the State, which showed an average sugar content of 12.8 per cent., and a purity of 75.8. This was too low for profitable working. The samples tested from the centre of the State showed an average percentage of 18.9, with a purity of 78. Samples from the northern section showed an average percentage of 14.8, with a purity of 79.4. From these experiments it will be seen that a warm climate is not a necessity for the growth of sugar beets. In fact, the best results were obtained from the beets grown in the most northerly part of the state. There is, therefore, nothing to prevent the beet sugar being grown profitably in Ontario if the conditions of soil and rainfall are suitable. The sugar beet factory should be located where there is plenty of lime-stone and abundance of water. Ohio consumes over 200,000,000 pounds of sugar annually. To produce this amount of sugar from beets would require about 200,000 acres of land. So, in Canada, if the total amount of sugar consumed were produced in the country, many thousands of acres of land would be required to grow the beets.—Farming.

THE NEW DEAR—Mr. J. F. Kellock, Druggist, Perth, writes: "A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil, wrote to Ireland, telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send him a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."

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troutrifical, and deadened to part with his secret, now that the critical hour had come. He proposed instead to take me for a climb in the hills, which towered above the valley like mighty giants.

Quickly seeing that an undue eagerness on my part might possibly cause the Hungarian to withdraw from the compact I consented to accompany him. I took care, however, to put into my pocket an excellent revolver, for I could not know but that some band of outlaws might be in the vicinity, oppressions of the Government having rendered some of the poorer classes well-nigh desperate.

Our path lay down the valley for about half a mile, and then turned back up the great hill directly over us. Several hours we toiled on, but always higher, and at each step, as the noble panorama of a glorious landscape opened out before me, I felt that I was being well repaid.

At length the summit was reached, and I was able to look across the mountains, far into the plains of Galicia, once a province of ill-fated Poland. Yonder was the winding Vistula; here, on our right gleamed the distant towers of Lemberg; and just at our feet nestled a beautiful lakelet, a veritable "Eye of the Sea," flashing its blue waters beneath the sun.

This was fed by melting snow from the surrounding peaks, and was now full to the brim. It was surely a freak of nature that rolled that tiny lake into its bed on the mountain summit.

We prepared to return, and then, for the first time, I broached the subject of the treasure. Old Karl had a way of shrinking within himself, like a tortoise, and then bursting out with startling impetuosity. As I spoke again of the tomb, he bit his poor old lips until they bled; then, as though severing the last thread that held his secret back from the world, he said, in thick and husky tones: "Yes; we shall see the lucky to-night. Our work must be done in the darkness and at once."

"Does your son know of the treasure?" I asked.

"He knows nothing of its value nor location, although he is aware of its existence. The poor lad is—here he choked up, and ended by tapping his forehead. "Twas the fever did it," he added a moment later, and tears trickled plentifully down the brown cheeks. "He went to Wagram, where I thought he might get better employment. When I next saw my son, some months later, his memory was darkened."

It was late when we reached the hut, but, although my fatigue was great, a hearty supper refreshed me so that by eight o'clock I was ready to set forth once more. The peasant, who never seemed to weary, now that the final determination was taken, became again feverishly anxious to bring the gold to light. The meal over we sallied forth, equipped with lanterns and a spade and pick. An eighth of a mile down the ravine was the sheepfold, and along this Old Karl silently took his way. I following. This fold was a large pen, with covered shelter at one end and about five feet high. Passing through the bars we entered the pen, and then lighted our lanterns. I was on tip-toe with suppressed excitement. As the light streamed out I noticed in one corner a heap of rubbish. Diving into this with both hands, the peasant soon laid the ground bare, and then exclaimed: "Come! Our work is here!"

I needed no second bidding, but immediately set to work with the pick, the shepherd throwing the dirt behind us. Soon a large round boulder was exposed to view. "Behind that rock," said he, "is the cave. We may easily roll it away, for I put it there."

In an hour the whole work of excavation was done, and the mouth of a deep cavern in the hillside was opened. I dared not enter it at once, for fear of poisonous air; but old Karl, who now seemed half-dazed with excitement, crawled in. In a moment he crept back, nearly overcome with asphyxia. Plainly the air must be purified before we could proceed. While the shepherd was recovering, I went to the hut and returned at once with a large bag of powder. Placing this as far into the cave as I dared go, I laid a train to the entrance and lighted it. Immediately there was a dull flash, followed by a blinding cloud of smoke gushing from the opening. As soon as this had cleared, I took my lantern and again crawled into the cave. The explosion of the powder had driven out the foul air, and I could breathe easily. The cave was deep, but not large, and proceeding to the far end, I discovered a shelf of stone, upon which lay a huge metal coffin. Clambering upon the ledge, I carefully examined the coffin, and in a moment I saw something of its age. It was apparently very old, and far too heavy for me to lift. I struck a few blows upon it with the pick, and stooped to notice the effect. It was startling and unlooked-for. A dull, yellow gleam at the point of impact was all, but quite enough to convince me that the coffin before me was doubtless of pure gold. Straightening up in astonishment, my attention was attracted to a large copper plate, fastened into the wall of the cavern just above the coffin. It was green with verdigris. Brushing this away as well as I was able, I could perceive an inscription which had evidently been in Latin.

After many minutes' study I made out a few of the letters, still decipherable, the remainder were hopelessly defaced by the chemical action of the moisture and gases in the cave, but there, still clear out and bold, were the two words—

ATTILA I I knew that I stood in the presence of the mortal remains of Attila the Hun, Scourge of God, Destroyer of Nations, and Plunderer of the Roman Empire.

The truth, as it flashed across my brain, was overwhelming; and I turned and ran to the entrance of the cavern, overpowered at the tremendous discovery I had made. Old Karl was just entering. I caught him by the collar and hugged him in a frenzy.

"Karl! Karl!" I cried, "within this vault lie the spoils of the mightiest city the world has ever seen. Beyond doubt we are in the presence of untold millions of wealth, plundered from Rome and her provinces by barbarian hordes, and buried with Attila the Hun."

Karl did not move. "The fearfullest enemy Roman civilization ever knew, extorted an almost fabulous ransom from the city, sacked its provinces, and carried away with him every piece of gold and silver his hordes could lay their hands upon. History has recorded that when he died, more than fourteen hundred years ago, he was interred in three coffins—iron, silver and gold—and that all that vast treasure was buried with him in a secret grave, secret no longer, old shepherd! The few who entered him, with all his stupendous spoil, were murdered by the army in order that no one might know the spot to disclose it. And it has remained unknown until this hour. Karl, old shepherd, we are two of the richest men in the world!"

"Silence!" was all the reply. Then again: "Think you that I was ignorant of all this? I suspected it from the beginning. But how know you the truth?"

I told him of the inscription on the copper plate, and together we returned and examined it. My companion was unacquainted with Latin, which had been much affected by the conquering Huns; but he could clearly read the name ATTILA staring at us from the wall of the tomb. It was too real to seem real. So soon as our excitement had somewhat abated, I inquired where we must look for the treasure. "You are standing in it," he replied. "This proved to be true. The floor of the cavern was of rock, but it was covered with silver and gold in every form of workmanship, to a depth of two feet. Crowns, such as Karl had already shown me; plate, coin, which had evidently once been in bags; ornaments of every conceivable kind, and most of them studded with the most wonderful precious stones I ever beheld; spoil of temples, caudabra and crucifixes of gold and silver; plunder of palaces, cups and small tables, and various utensils, for the most part of silver; and all thinly covered with earth which had dropped, bit by bit, from the ceiling, lay beneath our feet. We were half-dazed with excitement. As one returned to the hut, we brought to the treasure, the three trunks now empty, and several empty packing cases, and filled them with the lost wealth of Rome and her colonies, and then we had made no perceptible diminution of the vast hoard. There were doubtless one hundred million pounds sterling at our command, and we labored until long after daylight, picking and choosing the heaviest pieces of metal and choicest gems. Of gold coins alone, we gathered enough to fill my smallest trunk.

It was far into the day when we returned to the air, and replaced the stone before the mouth of the cavern. I seemed to have lived ten years in that single night, within the bowels of the mountain. The old shepherd, on the contrary, had apparently renewed his youth, and it now only remained to take it away. What he had secured I roughly estimated at the value of thirty million dollars, although there might have been twice that amount, for we had taken every jewel we could find. One piece, a beautiful gold oset, was studded with twenty rubies of rarest lustre, each worth a prince's ransom. After many hours' discussion I persuaded the old peasant to consent to our leaving with what we had secured, showing him that at some time in the near future he could buy his peace with the Government, return to Austria, and repurchase his family estate. That then it would be far easier for us to get the remainder of the treasure, and dispose of it. In

the meantime the cavern could be secured as it had before been. Karl finally agreed to this plan, and after removing every vestige of our labor from the outside we returned to the hut. I intended to go the next morning and buy an ox team and cart to carry away the priceless boxes and trunks, and by early dawn I was on the road. Two days passed before I found what I sought. Being unfamiliar with ox driving, I employed a peasant to take the team to old Karl's hut. I was fearfully eager to get back to him, and hurried on the driver at the team's best pace; but on the afternoon of the third day, while only about two miles from the cave, we stopped a few minutes to rest upon a low summit on the opposite side of the valley. The hut, and even the sheep-fold, was plainly in sight, where I knew that old Karl was watching for my return with eager, straining eyes. The previous ten days had been so crowded with startling events that now I began to feel the strain. My accidental meeting with the shepherd and his strange story; the enormous wealth at my command; the amazing discovery of the identity of the tomb, which would make mine one of the famous names of the nineteenth century; and, lastly, the responsibility resting upon me of taking the treasure safely out of Austria to a market. All these things, which had stirred almost every emotion of my soul to its profoundest depths, now combined to overwhelm me with oppression. I was wearied in body, as well as in mind, and throwing myself on the ground, closed my eyes, and tried to think.

Visions of a stately palace on the banks of the Hudson rose before me—a magnificent pile of marble, as gloriously complete as money could make it. I would roam the world over, and where I went thousands would throng to see him who had recovered one of the lost secrets of the world. I would endow colleges, found hospitals and asylums, succour all distressed, and my name should live in history a synonym of liberality and splendor. All this was within my power, and I leaped to my feet, impelled by a vast flood of nervous energy, to proceed to the consummation.

A strange quivering ran through the ground. "For an instant I fancied that my highly wrought nerves were playing me tricks, then another long-continued tremor, and my ears were deafened by a mighty craze, as though the world were bursting asunder. I looked across the valley, where the hut lay, but could now discern it not. The giant hill, which had stood sentinel for fourteen centuries over the most magnificent treasure ever accumulated by human hands, had split in two, and was even then falling into the ravine, a frightful spectacle. A second of suspense, and, with awful roar, it struck, a vast chaos of earth and rock, and a wild cloud of dust arose and outruined the catastrophe. The shock threw me, half-tunneled, to the ground. In a moment I was on my feet again, though all the hills trembled and roared with the vibration. I shrieked in pain, anguish, and despair, for it seemed as though the earth had thrown off her adhesion to the solar system, and were rushing to destruction in the voids of space; but as minutes passed the blinding dust cloud which overhung the ravine cleared, revealing the true extent of the cataclysm. Alas! for all my hopes! A million tons of granite rock were heaped upon the spot where old Karl—rest his troubled soul—had built his cot and sheep-fold.

The great stain under which I had been labouring, and the shock of the appalling disaster, were too much to be borne by human nerves. I swooned away, and for many hours lay as one in the arms of death.

When I recovered I was lying in a respectable farmhouse, several miles from the scene of the calamity, whither I had been borne by an ox-driver. He was gone and the family could tell me nothing of that dreadful week within which lay the old tomb, had burst in twain, the south half toppling over upon the gully below. In a day or two I was strong enough to ride, and immediately took my way towards the broken hill. The spot where the shepherd's hut had stood was totally unrecognisable—the entire ravine had been filled almost level full. I rode as close to the edge of the wall as I dared, for loosened stones were falling off continually. There was no mystery about the great upheaval.

In the half of the hill yet standing I could see what had been a great hollow basin, evidently of volcanic origin, showing traces of the recent presence of water. Almost straight from this through what had been the centre of the mountain, was a channel, terminating at the lake-bed on the summit. The water from the lake had doubtless been centuries in percolating through to the basin beneath. Once this communication was established, however, the channel must have rapidly enlarged. It looked to be four feet in diameter. The weight of the water in this tall column, and in the rising lake, acting with growing and resistless power upon the accumulated water in the lower chamber, had burst asunder the mountain as surely as ever was herculean labor performed by hydrostatic pressure.

I made no effort to locate the possible whereabouts of the hut and sheep-fold; that had been a hopeless task

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26th ANNUAL REPORT OF THE Confederation Life Association.

STEADY PROGRESS OF A HOME INSTITUTION.

Large Increase in Payments to Policyholders—Latest Collections in Advance of any Previous Year.

The twenty-sixth annual meeting of the Confederation Life Association was held at the Hotel Ontario of the company, Yonge, Richmond and Victoria streets, Toronto, on Tuesday, March 15, 1898, at 3 p.m.

There was a fair attendance of share holders and policyholders.

Mr. W. H. Healey, Vice-President, was appointed as Chairman, and Mr. J. K. Macdonald, Managing Director, as Secretary.

After the usual formalities the following report and statements of the affairs of the Association for the year 1897 were presented.

REPORT. The year 1897, like some of those which preceded it, was one that called for the exercise of much care and prudence, both in regard to obtaining new insurance and in the investment of funds.

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statements agree with the books and are correct. The securities represented in the assets of the Association, with the exception of those held with the Dominion Government, amounting to \$81,500, are deposited with the Government of Newfoundland, amounting to \$25,000, have been examined and compared with the books of the Association and are correct, and correspond with the schedules and ledgers.

The bank balances and the cash are certified as correct. W. R. HARRIS, R. F. SPENCE, Auditors. Toronto, February 22nd, 1898.

The Chairman, Mr. W. H. Healey, in moving the adoption of the report commented on the very satisfactory state of affairs of the Association, and stated that the net increase for the year 1897 showed a satisfactory increase over that for 1897 at the same date.

Several of the policyholders and stock holders being present in company attended the operations of the Association, and the report was unanimously adopted. Resolutions of thanks, which were suitably repeated to every person named in the report, were adopted.

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