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THE HEIR OF ROMNEY.

BY CHRISTINE FABER.

One hundred years ago there stood in one of the north western counties of Ireland—a land of lakes and hills—one of the fairest domains that ever graced the sod of that unhappy Isle.

Report said that it had been one of the Catholic estates forfeited in King William's time, and given as a perquisite to one of his Majesty's titled subjects. The proprietor at the period of which this tale is written, was a wealthy absentee, who rarely visited the place, but who, because of the tales of cruelty attached to his family name, was held by the surrounding people in universal detestation.

The fair Romney lands lie yet in almost the same picturesque state as when the Irish Parliament met in College Green, and the volunteers marched to the stirring notes of the Irish airs. Fair and fertile, with meadow downs and breadths of forest land, with gentle undulations occasionally rising into bold hills, and streams born of the same birth but severing in their progress, the magnificent estate stretched at that time for two miles to the westward.

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She was of the fairest type of Celtic beauty, with the clear, blooming complexion, for which Irish maidens are famed, yet with hair and eyes that evinced she was not wholly of Irish extraction, for those two features were black. Her dress was simple and rustic, but it was worn with a grace that made it charmingly becoming.

Without stating the business which had brought him to that part of the country, further than it concerned the interest of Sir Hubert Romney, the stranger contrived to impress old Dominic so favorably that he with little pressing told all that he knew about the present proprietor of Romney Castle.

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such feeling, reined up his animal and gazed about him. He was a tall, rather slenderly built man, but graceful and evidently athletic. He seemed to be young, despite the bronze of foreign suns upon his countenance and his somewhat haggard expression.

His black hair was worn long, sweeping the whole length of the deep collar of his coat, and his eagle-crowned hat pushed far back exposed the whole of his ample forehead. He wore knee-breeches buckled at the side, and long riding boots with yellow tops, and his rugged hand that rested on the rein of the powerful black animal he rode, through somewhat tanned, was small and delicate as that of a lady.

As he continued to gaze, his keen black eye sparkled with an expression which might be only pleasure, but which seemed to be triumph, until he saw fair Catherine coming from the cottage road to the highway when a look of undisguised admiration flashed over his whole face.

"By jove," he muttered, "she surpasses every foreign beauty I have ever seen," and gently urging his horse he cantered forward until he reached her side.

She had paused and turned at the sound of the hoofs, but then modestly dropping her eyes, she continued her course until arrested by his voice asking the way to "Romney Castle."

She answered him simply and modestly, lifting her eyes for a second only, but that one glimpse which he obtained of them enhanced his admiration, and his desire to talk further with her; so, measuring the pace of his horse with her light, graceful gait, he asked again.

"Is it true, fair maid, that the castle is as deserted as a few miles from here they report it to be—that its master has not been here in a dozen years?"

"He has not been here in my lifetime," she answered without looking up, and slightly quickening her steps. The handsome rider bent from his seat, and while he put into his manner all the deference that would befit his address to a court dame, said softly:

"Pardon my apparent rudeness, but I have been sent here in the interest of Sir Hubert Romney, the present proprietor of Romney Castle. I know little of him beyond the acquaintance of a few short months, but I fear his character may be just as cruel and bad as they report it to be a few miles above here. If so, it will be well for me to be careful in my dealings with him. Do you, or your people know aught of him?"

"I have only my father, sir," she replied simply, "and he lives in the cottage at the end of yonder path," pointing to the end of the fir-bordered walk.

"Thanks, fair maid; then I shall not detain you longer, but turn my horse in that direction."

And, doing his hat, he bowed with all the grace of a finished courtier and cantered away.

Old Lawrence Dominic was slightly startled from his morning smoke by the advent of the courtly stranger, but with the humble, though true courtesy which is natural to every native of the old land, he tendered to the gentleman the hospitality of his house, and while the horse was taken in charge by a man whom Lawrence summoned from an out-house, the stranger entered the little parlor.

The taste and neatness so evident without were quite as manifest within, and the gentleman's eye rested admiringly on the surroundings evidently disposed by a woman's hand—a woman who must have been cultured and refined.

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almost to the horse's mane in a parting salute. Out on the highway with the hoofs of his steed striking sparks from the flinty portions of the road, the rider laughed loud and long.

"It is the same with them all," he said, "a woman wears her heart in her eyes, and the rest is easy game."

And thus muttering and laughing drew rein before the door of the "Romney Arms," where, alighting, he haughtily gave his horse to a hostler, and walked with long rapid strides into the large room that in these days served for bar room and sitting room.

The loungers, as loungers always do in a country hotel, gazed sharply at him, but, without deigning to notice his observation, he called hastily for brandy. The obsequious Boniface hurried to obey the order, and the stranger returned to the door as if to be certain of the fulfillment of the commands he had given for the care of his horse.

When again he went toward the bar he was followed by another new comer, but one not unknown to the loungers, judging by the nods and smiles which greeted him.

Both men reached the long low counter together, and as they stood for a moment beside each other the resemblance in their forms was strikingly apparent: both had the same height, the same grace, and the same evidence of athletic strength, but while one had black hair and eyes and a bronzed countenance, the other had blue eyes and light hair, with a complexion as pure and brilliant as the fairest of Ireland's daughters.

The first new comer took up the tumbler into which the host had poured a moderate quantity of brandy.

"Half fill it, man—you will be paid for it."

"I am not afraid of that," humbly answered the host, as he obeyed the order. Then he asked if a room should be prepared for the stranger, to which receiving an affirmative reply, accompanied by a command to send for some luggage, left at a tavern a few miles below he bustled off to superintend in the preparations for his guest.

The dark-looking stranger raised the glass to his lips and drained it at a draught, after which he drummed impatiently on the counter until informed that his room was ready.

The other new comer having asked a question of the landlord relative to the expected coming of some one to the Romney Arms, turned to depart, but on his way out he stopped for a moment to speak to one of the loungers. While he did so the dark looking stranger departed to his room, and loosing of tongues—for such guests were very unusual at the "Romney Arms."

"He is very like—very like him," said one white-haired old man, and the other voices ceased, and the other loungers gathered about the speaker whose opinions were regarded with much deference.

"Like who?" asked the young man who resembled the stranger in form.

"Like Sir Hubert Romney," was the reply.

"He has the same dark eye, with the tiger look in it, that I remember well—the eye that marks the bad breed. I saw Sir Hubert when he was a boy, and the first thing that struck me was his eyes, and the last time he was down here they hadn't changed a whit."

And the old man shook his head and leaned heavily on his black thorn stick.

"You are mistaken," said the young man. "It isn't in that way such a great gentleman would be traveling down here."

to that. But your honor takes a quare time to look at it, and to make bolder, your honor is so much like Sir Hubert himself, save being younger, that I was started at first."

The horseman laughed and patted the neck of his dripping charger, while Jimmy unfastened the iron gate which separated the domain from the highway, and prepared to precede with the lantern.

The storm grew wilder; flash upon flash of lightning appeared, and terrific peals of thunder sounded. Jimmy crossed himself and muttered sundry aves for protection, but the horseman, though at times he stooped in his saddle to shield himself from the blast, laughed at intervals as if from some merry thought.

As they neared the castle, a flash more vivid and longer in its stay than any of its predecessors, showed the grim building distinctly, and while Jimmy hurried forward to unlock the entrance, the horseman stood erect in the dark massive structure, but all was black in a second, and he impatiently waited Jimmy's return.

Callahan, with many a muttered prayer and pious ejaculation, fumbled long at the lock before the key would fit, and a gusting wind from even that trifling circumstance, he shook his head and said to himself:

"This sudden coming bodes no good, for he's one of them 'Im' afeered."

"The massive door swung back at length, and Jimmy shuddered afresh in the cold draught that swept through the long hall.

When informed that the castle was open, the stranger dismounted, put the bridle of his horse into Jimmy's hand, and, taking the lantern, strode hurriedly into the house. He went through every room and hall, flashing his lantern into every space, and laughing occasionally as if with triumph.

At length he came to what evidently had been used as a banquet hall. Its immense size and antiquated furniture bore forcible reminders of the old Norman baronial times, when the game was brought in freshly from the forest, and dressed by the sturdy old barons themselves, and when huge tankards of liquor graced the board.

The stranger looked long about him there, ending his observation by a loud, shrill, and prolonged laugh. Then muttering:

"This will be worth all," he turned and rejoined Jimmy. Waiting only to give him the lantern, he vaulted on his horse, dashed back to the highway, and on to the Romney Arms, where, having superintended in person the care of his horse, he strode into the bar room, called for more brandy, and silently departed to his room.

It required an unusually strong bowl of punch to restore to Jimmy Callahan his wonted spirits, after the startling visitor he had received, and to the old man who was preparing the comforting beverage, he said, shiveringly:

"Make it strong, father; sure, my very marrow is chilled from the sight of him."

"Ah, then, you may well say that same, Jimmy, if he looks like Sir Hubert—sure I have my reason to remember him."

And old Larry Callahan sighed heavily, and drew his hand across a scar that disfigured his forehead; then sipping from the reeking bowl now ready, the ardent contents seemed to have some soothing effect upon him; for he said cheerfully:

"But we're very comfortable now, thanks be to God, and so long as Sir Hubert laves us alone as he does, we should be very contented."

"Aye, father, said Jimmy, who having changed his wet garments, approached the table where stood the steaming punch.

THE ROMANCE OF A PORTRAIT.

I was just starting my professional career, and it was necessary to secure a convenient office—an office for myself and a small ante-chamber for the boy whom I had engaged as a clerk of all work would amply suit my requirements. I had served my articles with an old established firm of solicitors in the city, and had been accustomed to great rooms filled with cabinet volumes and shelves of ancient parchment, and I laughed to think of the difference there must be between the little office I had in my mind's eye and the big place where I had learned my law. Nevertheless I was well content to make a small beginning, and to trust to the future for bringing me an increase of business and of fortune.

Perhaps because I had two or three professional friends thereabouts, I selected Hoiborn as being a likely spot wherein to pitch my tent. After a good deal of looking about me, I decided to apply to an agent, with whom I went to inspect a place he recommended, a third floor of Parchment Buildings.

"Here you are, sir," said the agent, unlocking the door of the office on the third floor. "This is a sort of clerk's office; the principal room is beyond it, and looks out into Parchment Passage, as I told you. Nice situation this, ain't it?"

I walked in and inspected both rooms before answering him. As regarded size and situation they were certainly all that I wanted. The outer office would do very well for my boy clerk, and the inner would suit me. Nevertheless it was evident that a good deal of cleaning would have to be done before anybody could tenant either room. Two years at least had passed since the rooms were placed in the agent's hands.

I said that the rooms would suit me providing that the rent was not excessive. Therewith with a bargaining and eventually hit on terms which met my approval. A week later I was in full occupancy of my office. My boy clerk sat at a little desk in the outer office and pretended to work very hard, while I sat at a big desk in my own sanctum and read law. There was really little else to do in those early days. I sent in my own office appointments, and spent two or three days in seeing them put straight. Wanting some place in which to store a quantity of old books and papers, I had a cupboard cleared of a quantity of rubbish evidently left there by the last tenant. It contained a vast amount of old letters, invoices, and papers, but these had been torn into small scraps and thrown into a corner. The woman who had cleaned my rooms complained a good deal about the mess caused by these scraps of paper.

In reply to my inquiries, the woman told me that it would be about three years since the rooms had been occupied. Further interrogated, she said that she could not remember the last tenant's name; it was something foreign, and she did not know how to pronounce it. She did not know what his business was. He was always writing, she said, and sometimes had other foreigners to see him. His name was never painted upon the door of his rooms not on the lintel down below, and it was her belief that he was no good because he kept himself so quiet. While the woman talked she was engaged in removing the mass of torn and scattered paper from the cupboard. Suddenly she detached something from the contents of her basket and handed it to me.

"He got that the very day he went away," said she. "For I remember going down and fetching his letters from the box in the hall below. The first thing he took out of 'em was that there card, and he laid it down on his desk and stared at it like as if he couldn't make it out. That's it, sure enough; though I ain't never set eyes on it since. 'Spect he chucked it away with this here heap o' letters and papers."

I took the thing from her and looked at it. It was one of a pack of cards, the ace of hearts, and would have attracted no attention from anybody but for one slight fact. Through the crimson heart in the centre of the white card some hand had drawn a stiletto with some scrupulous fidelity. I had to look at it narrowly to make sure that the stiletto had not been engraved with the red heart. Engraved, however, it had not been; the trace of the artist's pencil was clear enough.

I took possession of the card and put it aside. During the somewhat lazy time which followed I often looked at it and wondered what it signified. I could not help fancying that it had conveyed some sinister message to the man who had occupied my rooms three years previously. Certainly he had left his chambers hurriedly immediately after the receipt of it. I came to the conclusion that my predecessor in the offices in Parchment Passage had been engaged in some mysterious transactions of a not altogether safe nature, and had been warned to go elsewhere by the transfixed ace of hearts.

It was spring when I entered into occupancy of my office, and the year went by very quietly until winter set in. My practice had been remarkably limited at first, but as the months went by I obtained an increase of work, and had less time to spend in reading my calf bound volumes. The first day of December brought me a case which promised to produce something considerable, and I remained late and went on reading until a slight sound on the landing outside made me look up, only to catch sight of the

clock, which indicated the evening. Lifting the lamp I made my way to the door, and flung it open. The amazement, for there before me, his face as seen in the lamplight, tattered, sickly-looking, concerned that my middle age appeared more than usual significant at that, for his plentifully shot with grey hair was deeply lined. My first glance at his things—that he was in want.

I was so much astonished at this unexpected visitor starting at him for a lie, on his part, stood at last I found my tongue. "Are you looking for me?" I asked, thinking you'll find any time."

He shook his head. "No," he answered. "I was looking for you."

"For me? Why?" "Will you let me come?" he said. "Oh, if you please. Oh, the afraid of me. I'm though I dare say I look hesitated. He looked and said quietly:

"Oh," said I, dimly that the mysterious tone. "Come in."

He followed me through the office into my own room, where the cherry fire, arm-chair by the hearth, per tray laid on the table, and I struck me as both cold and hot. But he invited him to eat. But he said:

"I had better tell you first," said he. "I have stairs outside for more wondering whether you come to enter this room used to live here, and I don't deny about three years say," he added, "the wondered why I left so suddenly. I quietly opened the desk in which I had placed a mass of papers, and drew out a card, and laid it before him.

"Had that anything to do with anything?" He started to his feet on the card, and I saw perspiration burst across his forehead under the shock which his mysterious emblem and name had struck in me. He looked from me to the card and sighed heavily and said:

"Where did you get that?" "I found among torn papers which you threw into the cupboards. May I inquire what it is?" "Is it some significant, or a secret message it had a meaning for you you received it."

"It had a meaning," "It meant that my life an hour's purchase—that sentenced to death—the Russian, and familiar with of conspirators from my I have just told you is the agent of a secret society offended those in power; and that's the way it was."

"So you fled." "More fool I! I fled—at last as you see me, almost—starving, homeless. Again I pressed him, fascinated by his story, and hear more.

"Not till I have told you here to night. I came to think that I left here without it because I knew I was hiding place I had come I was going I knew not wisely into rough places desperate men. I come London at last, and a game came over me to see if that is why I came to night, resolved to ask you. The picture is here, and it."

He rose, and crossing proached a corner of the carefully removed the card laid down. Lifting underneath, he presented from the cavity a parcel many sheets of strong paper forward to the light again.

"You did not know this so near you," he said, "dust away from the parcel, proceeding to unwind the strings. "And now, look! An exclamation of my light burst from my lips before me the portrait of a lovely woman, evidently some great miniature framed heavily in gold. The frame must have been small fortune in itself, scarcely noticed it, so the face it contained.

The stranger held the portrait and looked steadily at it. Then he drew a card and the face revealed. "She is dead," he said, "died a martyr. She was that the world calls good; exile and in poverty. Sister."

He restored the frame and fastened it up rather against my recollection placed it in its old hiding

OF A PORTRAIT.

clock, which indicated a late hour of the evening. Lifting the lamp from my desk, I made my way to the door and suddenly...

refused my offer of supper and said he had no more to tell. With that he bowed, shrugged his shoulders, and went out. I followed him to the head of the staircase and watched him descend...

ago, however, I was allowed to pursue my own course in comparative freedom. Now and then the police warned me that I was approaching too near the line in my writings...

Prince Z carried his bank notes away with him. He wished to reward me, saying that but for me the money would have been lost to him. The only reward I could consent to take...

Cardinal Manning, in reference to the malign influence of inconsistent, worldly Catholics, once said with searching irony: "Such, as are so pious that they can be at the opera till midnight and go to Communions in the morning; who wear scapulars under ball dresses, who mix fasts with great worldly feasts; novels with books of devotion. People of the world," he goes on, "look on you Catholics and they say, 'Oh, they are Catholics; they are stricter than we are; their religion is a strict one; their priests won't let them do this or that; and the same as they do in our doing the same things, and they find we are not only scandalized but disappointed. They had looked and hoped for and believed better things of us, and they find we are on the same level with themselves.'"

What intelligent Catholics who mix at all with the world has not been embarrassed by such questions as: "How is this, we thought the Catholic Church was opposed to round dances?" or, "Is it true or not that your Church approves of its members attending the theatre, the opera or balls during Lent and Advent?" We have reason to know that in spite of the prevailing ignorance and prejudice among outsiders, there is a growing impression that the Catholic Church is somehow far ahead of all other professedly Christian bodies, in the perfection of its organization, its high standard of morality, its strictness of discipline; and they naturally look for greater strictness of life and consistency of Christian conduct among Catholics than among others. Many of them are thoughtful and intelligent and even religiously inclined, and seem to know what a true Christian ought to be, and really have a desire to find something better, something more consistent and reliable, something more faithful and loyal than what they have been accustomed to. And, somehow, they seem to know, as if by intuition, that they ought to find it in the Catholic Church. And when they are brought in contact with men and women who are perhaps looked upon as leading, if not representative, Catholics, doing pretty much as Protestants do; manifesting the same disposition to compromise with the world; the same greed for gold; the same passionate pursuit of pleasure and worldliness; of gain and godliness; the same disposition to cry in one breath good Lord, good devil, is it any wonder if they should be not only scandalized but disappointed?

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London, Saturday, Jan. 19, 1896.

A PROTESTANT GENTLEMAN'S VIEWS ON THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

A letter from Mr. A. R. Dougall which appeared in the Belleville Daily Sun of the 6th inst. in reference to the Manitoba school question and on Separate schools in general, is worthy of the careful consideration of Canadians of every Province, whether Catholic or Protestant.

Mr. Dougall is a Protestant lawyer of high standing in his profession, and he has evidently paid special attention to school matters, and he is well acquainted with the operation of the Federal and Provincial laws affecting schools, whether Public or Separate. He declares that he is no bigot, or that he tries, at least, not to be so, and after careful consideration of the Manitoba school question he draws the following conclusion:

"I am a Protestant, and I try not to be a bigot. I am only bigoted enough to adhere to my own belief, but, no matter how hard pressed by others, in the face of all the arguments I have heard and read, if guided by my own judgment on this most important question, I should think every member of the House of Commons would vote to have the privilege granted to the minority of Manitoba re-establishing Separate schools there similar to our Catholic Separate schools in Ontario, although he might think that at another election he would be rejected. Are educated men so anxious to be members of Parliament that they will vote against granting a just right, and that, too, claimed by themselves, of educating their children in schools of their own choosing? Such men may rely upon it, if they should vote to do justice—though the heavens fall, (metaphorically speaking), and are put out now, time will bring about events in their favor."

It is not by any misconception of the state of the case that Mr. Dougall says that the Protestants—and he is speaking here specially of the Protestants of Ontario—claim for themselves the right of establishing Separate Protestant schools under the identical circumstances under which Catholics are accustomed to establish Catholic schools.

He points out, what is generally overlooked in discussions on the school question, whether as affecting Manitoba or Ontario, that when Separate schools were granted to Catholics, "the Legislature then took good care to grant the same privilege to Protestants . . . for the establishment of Protestant Separate schools in any township, city, town, or incorporated village, where the trustees might employ a Catholic."

On this provision of the school laws Mr. Dougall remarks:

"You will observe that to-day it is the law of Ontario that any five heads of families being Protestants may apply in writing to have Protestant Separate schools established. Any five Methodists, any five Presbyterians, any five Free Church Presbyterians, any five Baptists, any five Episcopalians, or any five adherents of any other Protestant denomination, may apply for the establishment of a Protestant Separate school, and the proper authority for that purpose shall (imperative, mark you,) grant, or to use the words of the Act, establish a Protestant Separate school where the Trustees of any section shall have employed a Roman Catholic teacher."

"By the 17th section, the corporate name shall be the trustees of the Protestant Separate school of the (say) Methodist Church of the school section No.— of the Township of — in the County of —."

From the wording of this law, Mr. Dougall maintains that it is the intention of the Legislature that the Public schools of Ontario shall be distinctively Protestant schools in fact, if not in name, otherwise why should provision be made to "exclude a Roman Catholic teacher at the option of five Protestant heads of families in any school section."

We are aware, of course, that it is the contention of those who are opposed to Catholic Separate schools, that the Public schools are non-sectarian, and that they should be acceptable to all Canadians. To this we answer first that we know to the contrary that in many instances there is Protestant

teaching, and frequently misrepresentation of Catholic doctrine. In addition to this either the Protestant version of the bible or the book of Scripture selections therefrom is read in nearly all the schools, and in many of them commented on by the teachers in accordance with their peculiar tenets. Many of the Public schools are therefore Protestant in the strictest sense of the word, and when Catholics object to their being made sectarian in this way they obtain no redress in most cases, as the trustees regularly take the side which their instinct of religious propagandism dictates.

But this is not the sole reason why Catholics demand the liberty of establishing Separate schools. The chief reason is that we wish our children to be thoroughly educated in their religion, and we have the natural right not to be thwarted in our wishes in this regard.

Mr. Dougall takes an impregnable stand on this point. He says:

"After all, what do Catholics claim? Merely the right of all Christian parents to give their children a Christian, coupled with a common school education, and to have the use of their own, and not their Protestant neighbor's taxes. . . . We all know, or ought to know, that to educate the head leaving the heart blank is to train clever men and women who, without fear of God or His judgments, are thus enabled by their sharpened intellects to perpetrate crimes for which all Christians should blush. We have an example of this in the criminal who now lies in Philadelphia jail, having confessed to defrauding of insurance companies of several thousands of dollars, who is accused of many murders—innocent lives sacrificed to the golden god. As a barrister of long standing I have many opportunities of knowing that the educated villain is the worst—the most to be dreaded villain."

Here also, to those who assert that Separate schools are inferior to the Public schools, there is no need of adding any comment to Mr. Dougall's answer, which is as follows:

"To my own personal knowledge here in the city of Belleville, a good common school education is given in the Separate schools, and I have but to refer to the last year's entrance examination to prove this. Two little Catholic girls from the nursery schools obtained the highest marks at their examination. One led every school in the city and surrounding townships, and the other every other school in the townships within the inspectorial district."

In reference to the establishment of Protestant Separate schools, Mr. Dougall appears to be of the opinion that none exist under the law which provides for their establishment, for he says:

"The simple fact that Protestants in Ontario have not sought to establish Separate schools where the teacher was a Catholic is no answer to the right that should be granted to those of another faith choosing to exercise their right or privilege. There is nothing to-day to prevent any Protestant denomination from applying to have Separate schools where the teacher is a Roman Catholic."

"The irresistible inference is that Protestants claim the right and privilege whenever they choose to do so, to establish separate Protestant denominational schools in Ontario."

As to the law Mr. Dougall is correct, but as to the fact, he might have stated that Protestants do use their privilege, of which many of them are so anxious to deprive Catholics both in Manitoba and Ontario.

The latest report of the Minister of Education for Ontario informs us that there are at present ten Protestant Separate schools existing under the Protestant Separate School Act to which Mr. Dougall refers. They are in Anderson, Bromley, Cambridge, Marlboro, Osgoode, Plantagenet, Paslinch, Rama, L'Original, and Penetanguishene, and in 1892 there was an eleventh which has ceased to exist.

These schools employ twelve teachers, and their efficiency may be judged from the following facts. Only seven of the ten possess maps: of the teachers, one in Penetanguishene, and one in L'Original hold second class certificates. Of the other ten, five hold third class certificates, and five teach on Temporary permits.

In these ten schools there are 548 pupils, with an average attendance of 273, being slightly under 50 per cent., and, outside of Penetanguishene, where there are 17 children in the fifth Reader, there are only five pupils so far advanced, and these five are in the schools of Plantagenet and Paslinch. It is fair to remark, however, that there are 70 in the fourth reader in all the schools. In all these respects the 10 Protestant Separate schools are far below the mark attained by the Catholic and Public schools of the Province.

We cannot conclude our remarks on this subject better than by quoting

Mr. Dougall's words, that evidently, some

"Protestants intend to keep themselves in a position in Ontario to always have Protestant schools, and deny the same right or privilege to those of another faith in another Province, to establish such schools as they are willing to send their children to. That is not equal rights to all, irrespective of race and creed. It seems to me that it is the most malignant bigotry."

Mr. M. DOUGALL has written another letter to the Belleville Sun, in which he says:

"I invite all my professional brethren in this Dominion to read the letter published in your paper by me on Jan. 7; to take time enough to read the several statutes in which the Separate School Act exists and has existed since 1863, in which I quoted and gave chapter, section and pages to facilitate their research, and I challenge them, be they Grit or Tory, to successfully refute the quotations and arguments in that letter contained. It is all very well to make assertions to the contrary, the creature of bias, but the true issue must be decided by the reading of the law contained in these statutes, and I defy them to refute the position assumed and proved by that letter."

THE IRISH INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE.

The suggestion made by his Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, to the Hon. Edward Blake, that a general Conference of Irish Nationalists should be held in Dublin at an early date, with the object of restoring unity to the Irish party, has been favorably regarded, the leaders of the party having determined to act upon it at once.

Next May has been fixed upon as the date when this conference will assemble, and the friends of Ireland in the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and even South America, will be invited to send delegates to assist in the deliberations, whatever may be their views regarding the course which Irishmen ought to follow in the effort to secure the autonomy of Ireland.

All the warring factions of Nationalists in Ireland will be invited to participate in the conference, with the understanding that the participants shall bind themselves to accept the decisions reached by a majority of the delegates present. As we understand the matter, only those who will represent the British Isles will have a decisive vote as to the policy to be adopted, inasmuch as they are the parties directly concerned in the issue, the delegates from other countries and from the distant colonies being concerned only as friends who desire to see Ireland govern itself. It is proper, therefore, that only delegates from Ireland itself, and perhaps those from England and Scotland, should have a decisive voice. The claim of Irishmen from England and Scotland would rest upon the fact that there is at present a legislative union, and that therefore they will have an actual interest in the result, as their votes will have an influence in deciding the fate of the political parties which will uphold or oppose the granting of Home Rule.

Mr. Justin McCarthy in a recent address outlined the course to be pursued, and the work to be done by the conference, and declared that the effort now being made is a hopeful one, and that it may be expected to result in a united action, by which alone the Home Rule movement can have any successful issue. He declares that he is himself ready to submit to the decisions arrived at by such a convention, and that in his opinion unless all are ready to do the same the convention will be fruitless. He is ready to retire from the leadership, and to support as leader any one who may be selected by the conference, and he will advocate that if any would be leader should refuse to accept its decisions he should be regarded as not fit to be a member of the Irish National party.

Several names have been mentioned as among those one of whom the conference would be likely to select as leader, and it is said that Nationalists generally would be quite willing to acknowledge the leadership of either Mr. Thos. Sexton, or Mr. William Redmond, at present leader of the Parliament. There is fair hope that under such circumstances the much desired union may be brought about, the more especially as the education issue has already brought the Irish parties somewhat more closely together.

It is the wish of the Irish people that they should be allowed such a system of education as they conscientiously approve of, and it is natural they should desire to afford to the Catholics of England and Scotland the same educational rights which they desire to secure for themselves. On this

point the policy of the Nationalists is more in accord with that of the Tories than of the Liberals, notwithstanding that the Tories have been hitherto uncompromisingly hostile to Ireland's political aspirations.

Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour have declared themselves favorable to denominational education, and, judging from the general preference shown by the people of England for denominational schools, there is on this question a common ground for the Tories and the Irish Nationalists. The Church of England also has put forth its whole strength in favor of denominational schools, but the Liberal press opposes them strenuously, and the fact that the Irish Nationalists will support the Tory policy on this point has caused considerable dissatisfaction among the Liberals. Should the result be a serious split between the Nationalists and the Liberals, the fault will not lie upon the Irish party. The Irish Nationalists cannot be expected to sacrifice so important an interest as the education of their children for the sake of pleasing Liberal extremists. They could not do this, even if the Liberals had it in their power to fulfil all their pledges to concede Home Rule, in return for the Irish support of their educational policy. Still less have they the right to expect that the Irish party will adopt that policy when they have nothing to expect in return but promises which cannot be fulfilled.

There is little doubt that Home Rule will finally be secured, though years may elapse before this will be the case, and we do not for a moment believe that the Irish educational policy will be any real obstacle to its attainment. The thought of holding the general conference of Irishmen for the purpose of settling the dissensions of the Irish party was a happy one, and all friends of Ireland will be thankful to the patriotic Archbishop of Toronto for having suggested it. We trust that it may prove to be a complete success.

THE UNITED STATES RELIGIOUS CENSUS.

The religious census of the United States has been published in book form. It gives the membership of the Churches at 20,612,806. This is to be understood of communicants only, so that practically the number belonging to each denomination is much higher than the number given in the census. Catholic communicants are given at 6,250,000; Methodists, 4,600,000; Baptists 3,725,000; Presbyterians, 1,180,300; Lutherans, 1,230,000; Protestant Episcopal, 540,000.

From these figures it is impossible to arrive at a correct estimate of the actual population belonging to each Church, as in each church the communicants are estimated in a different way. Among Catholics, the communicants are a well-defined class consisting of all those who being well instructed in their religion receive Holy Communion at least once a year during Easter time. These are nearly always over ten or eleven years of age, and comprise between thirteen and fourteen twentieths of the Catholic population in settled parishes.

Calculating on this basis, the total Catholic population would be certainly over 9,615,500, but owing to the scattered character of the population in many localities, the actual number must be placed considerably higher than this. Besides, we are aware that in localities where religion is little thought of, it is customary wrongfully to set down those whose religion is unknown, as belonging to some one of the Protestant sects, or to no religion in particular. This method of computation is grossly erroneous, and it is usually concerning Catholics that the error is made.

The actual number of Catholics is very variously estimated, but the estimate which comes nearest the truth is probably that which places the total number of Catholics at about ten and a half millions now; for we must make allowance for increase since the census was taken in 1890, and also for numbers whose religion was unknown. This estimate is not far from the careful estimates made by the parish priests in their respective parishes.

The Methodists and some other denominations are accustomed to say that to know the number of their adherents, the number of communicants must be multiplied by three. We consider this a palpable exaggeration, but if it be the truth, these denominations must greatly lack Christian vitality. Are we to believe that among 3,000 real Methodists there are only 1,000 communicants, whereas we know that there must be about 2,250 who have

reached an age when they should have been well instructed in Christian doctrine? Certainly if there were a Catholic parish in the whole country in such a condition as this it would be regarded as being in a state of utter demoralization.

We are inclined to think, and we could give proofs that we are right in so thinking, that our friends of other denominations in so representing the case, merely wish to make an impression that they are more numerous than the actual figures show them to be, and that they wield great political power.

We have no desire to belittle the numbers who profess a belief in Christianity of some kind in the United States. We would be glad to know that the bulk of the people of the country profess Christianity in some form, but the fact stares us in the face that if we take out the Catholics, numbering about ten and a half million, there will remain fifty-five million non-Catholics, among whom there are only 11,362,000 communicants. That is to say, only a small fraction over one-fourth of the non-Catholics of the union are practical Christians under any form of Christianity.

Some years ago, when the population of the United States was almost exactly one-half of what it was when the last census was taken, Mr. Marey published a work entitled "Christianity and its Conflicts," in which he enumerated those who are unbelievers in Christianity, and he found 10,376,000 unbelievers in the divinity of Christ. These included 6,330,000 Spiritualists, 1,543,000 Unitarians and Universalists, 500,000 Jews and 2,000,000 professed Infidels. We have not the latest statistics on this point, but there is little doubt that since that time the number has doubled with the population.

If we exclude the Jews, who have at least some form of religion, and add the 200,000 Mormons, we shall still have at least 19,952,000 who should be Christians, and are really of no religion at all. This is the state of affairs to which Protestantism has brought a country which was not long ago Christian.

Another curious fact is disclosed by the above figures, namely, the Protestant Episcopalians have only a few more than 500,000 communicants, yet it was seriously contemplated by the recent General Convention of this Church to assume the name of "the American Church," or the "Church of America," instead of the name by which it is at present designated, as if it were the Church to which a majority of the American people adhere. It is absurd enough for the "United States" people to be specially called "Americans," as if their country included all America, yet there is this much of an excuse for this, that it is the principal sovereign State of the two American continents, but that a Church which has only half a million of practical adherents in the United States, and scarcely a single member in any other part of America, should style itself the American Church would be the very height of absurdity.

This absurdity is surpassed by only the more brazen proposal which was also before the Minneapolis Convention, to call the Protestant Episcopal Church the "Holy Catholic Church." It shows good sense in the delegates generally, that neither of these suggestions was adopted as yet, though we cannot predict what is likely to happen should the matter come up again.

A WILY TRICK.

The course recently taken by the City Council of Belfast, which is entirely Protestant and Orange, illustrates well what Orangemen mean when they proclaim that their principles require them to grant "equal rights to all and privileges to none." Of course, our readers are well aware that this pretence is thrown out merely as dust to obscure the vision of those who are disposed to fair dealing, and to lead them to believe that the persistent hostility of Orangemen in general to everything Catholic is simply a matter of defence of the public against Catholic aggression, while they themselves are most innocent of any aggressive designs.

One-fourth of the population of Belfast is Catholic, but Orange hostility to Catholics has always been such that care was taken while establishing the wards of the city to arrange them so that there should be no representation whatsoever for Catholics.

If the city were fairly divided into wards there would be some Catholic aldermen, as there are Catholic localities which would, as a rule, be repre-

ented by Catholics, but the wards are so gerrymandered that there is absolutely not a Catholic in the council, and the present rulers of the city declare that they will not have any reform whereby the composition of the council will be changed, though they are at the present moment asking Parliament to pass a new Corporation Bill.

The Catholic Representative Committee of the city have taken occasion from the fact that a new Corporation Bill is proposed, to ask for a redistribution of wards, or for a system of cumulative voting by which justice will be done to them, but this fair demand has been refused by the council, whose desire it is to make Orange rule more sure than ever. The council, however, may find that it has overreached itself by its doggedness, for there is little doubt that the proposed Corporation Bill will be strenuously opposed in Parliament by the Irish Nationalist members and the Liberal party, and with a cause so evidently just it may well be hoped that an appeal to public opinion will prevent even the present large Tory majority from allowing this new iniquity to become law.

RITUALISM AND MONASTICISM.

The report which was recently published to the effect that the Protestant Episcopal monastery of the order St. Benedict, which has been in existence only for a year at Mount Jericho, Pennsylvania, has been already disbanded, has given some annoyance to the members of the order, two in number, who still cling to the monastic life, and they assert that the order is not to be broken up, but their work is merely to be transferred to another locality.

The founder of this order is the Rev. Mr. Russell Whitcomb, formerly a business man of Boston, but who became deeply interested in Church work, and has been known as Father Hugh since the establishment of his monastery.

Notwithstanding the great hostility exhibited toward religious orders by the first leaders of Protestantism, and in fact by Protestants universally until recent years, Mr. Whitcomb, being a close student of ecclesiastical history, had become convinced that the monastic life is and has been a great aid to religion, and his opinion is shared by thousands of Protestants now, especially those who are ritually inclined. It was for this reason that he determined to start the monastery at Mount Jericho, and he found Brother Cuthbert and several novices who entered the work with him, but he admits that all found the monastic life unsuited to them, except Brother Cuthbert and himself, and so left the order. Mr. Whitcomb maintains that the order is not disbanded, as the only two who were professed members, himself and Brother Cuthbert, remain in it. The establishment at Mount Jericho, Mr. Whitcomb says, was only temporary, but now it is intended to establish a new and more permanent monastery at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, as arrangements have been made with Bishop Grafton for them to make that parish their headquarters; and several young men have promised to become novices.

The object of the establishment at Fond du Lac will be to bring over to the Episcopal Church the Belgian settlers, who have a considerable colony there.

It will be seen from Mr. Whitcomb's account of the matter that the original report of the breaking up of the Mount Jericho monastery was substantially correct, for, outside of the Catholic Church, young men are not frequently to be found ready to make the sacrifices necessary for the leading of a monastic life. It is a gratifying fact, however, that there are some religiously inclined souls who yearn to re-adopt the Catholic practices which were rejected as a superstition by Protestantism at the Reformation, but which have been since found to be in strict accord with the true spirit of Christianity. It is this reflection, and the discovery that the Catholic Church teaches the same doctrines which were taught to the early Christians, which have led to their restoration by a strong and zealously religious party in the Church of England and the Episcopal Church of America.

To these causes must be attributed the present use of prayers and Masses for the dead, which have of late become common among Protestants—and we must add to these practices, the restoration of ritualistic confession and the monastic life, all of which are now no matter of surprise either in

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These approaches to the outward forms of the Catholic Church have borne fruit in numerous conversions in the past, and their natural effect will be to bring about many more in the future, though it is an anomaly to attempt to engraft them on the Church of England, which is essentially Protestant and non-Catholic, though Ritualists endeavor to create the belief that it is merely a branch of the Universal or Catholic Church. They overlook entirely the truth that the Universal or Catholic Church is essentially one—one in doctrine, and one in obedience to the supreme head of the Church, the Pope, who is St. Peter's successor. No patch work of adopting a Catholic doctrine here or a Catholic practice of devotion there will supply the lack of this necessary unity.

Many of those who have from time to time made the effort to give to the Church of England the character of Catholicity by these futile methods have come to see their mistake, and have become Catholics, like such men as the late eminent Cardinals Manning and Newman, and many must still follow their noble example.

There was a notable illustration of this tendency a couple of months ago in the conversion of a prominent member and one of the founders of the Protestant Episcopal Order of the Good Samaritan established within the past year in New York in connection with the Church of the Redeemer. Mr. George W. Davidson, known in his order as Brother Aloysius, is the convert referred to. He is the third prominent member of the Church of the Redeemer who has become a Catholic within two years, one of the others being the rector of the church, the Rev. Mr. Adams, who became a Catholic in 1893.

THE REMEDIAL ORDER.

As we go to press everything in political circles in Ottawa betokens confusion and uncertainty. That the Conservative Government, as constituted a few weeks ago, has gone to pieces, there is no question. While some contend that the Remedial Order had much to do with bringing this about, others claim that internal jealousies and bickerings in the Cabinet was the main cause. The latest developments lead strongly to the conviction that Sir Charles Tupper will be the coming man, Sir Mackenzie Bowell having entirely failed in the work of reconstruction. In an interview which took place between these two gentlemen on Monday the present Premier laid down as a condition of his retirement that the Hon. Messrs. Foster, Montague and Haggart should not be given positions in the new Cabinet. To this arrangement the prospective Premier would not agree. And so the matter stands at present. The present week will doubtless clear the political atmosphere.

Of one thing we feel certain: no matter what may be the outcome of present troublous storm in the Conservative party: or whether the affairs of State be placed in the hands of the party led by the Hon. Wilfred Laurier, the Catholics of Manitoba must receive their rights. What they claim is based on eternal justice, and no Government, be it Conservative or Liberal, can afford to ignore their claims.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"Kit," the clever editor of the Woman's Department of the Toronto Mail and Empire, thus pays her respects to one of the "escaped" variety: "I utterly disabuse your impatient charges against nuns, priests, and convents. I have the most profound respect and reverence for the good women who consecrate their lives to religion. I will not allow these columns—as long as I have charge of them—to be utilized for the purpose of attacking any form of religion. I have the contempt of an Irishwoman for a 'turn coat' who tries to justify himself by throwing mud on the form of faith which he has cast off. Those of my readers who may take advantage of these remarks to raise a 'no Popery' cry must clearly understand that they will be summarily dealt with in the waste-basket. I am not in sympathy with 'escaped nuns,' escaped monkeys, or escaped lunatics.

W. J. H. TRAINOR, the head or Supreme President of the A. P. A. of the United States, has given notice that he will issue an official circular to the members of the association, in which he will inform them how they are to vote at the next national elections. Concerning President Cleveland he says:

"It is doing no injustice to Mr. Cleveland to assert that if the United States had been a Papal country and the Pope a temporal sovereign our President could not have given more recognition to the Papacy as a temporal power than he has during his present term of office."

He names also certain Senators

whom he similarly accuses of assuming a pro-Papal attitude, and one hostile to the patriotic orders, meaning, of course, those associations which are doing their best to create religious disunion in the country, and to make religious convictions a disqualification for office, contrary to the Constitution of the country. He claims that there is a large number of members of Congress who belong to the A. P. A., but he can only name a few, so we may suppose that this is merely A. P. A. bluster and falsehood, for both of which the society is notorious. The only Governor whom he can mention as an A. P. A. is Governor W. O. Bradley of Kentucky, the lynching State of the Union, and we may fairly infer that the A. P. A. is the foster mother of lynching and lawlessness. Trainor recommends ex-President Harrison as worthy of the A. P. A. support. It is evident that the A. P. A. is fishing for a complete alliance with the Republicans, but though the latter make the alliance in some States, the Republicans in general continue to repudiate any connection with the intolerant crew.

SOME of the Protestant religious papers profess to be very much scandalized by the Pope's notice conveyed to Don Carlos, the young king of Portugal, that if he came to Rome on a visit to King Humberto, he would not be received by the Holy Father at the Vatican. Under the circumstances the king of Portugal abandoned the plan of his intended visit to his uncle and to Rome. The papers referred to say that this shows that the Pope claims the right "to control the purely civil relations of nations," and that the Church is therefore not solely a spiritual power, and that it should be treated as endangering the authority of the State. It is strange that these papers would not see that their own sects interfere with the authority of the State when they make pronouncements against the lawfulness of certain marriages permitted by the laws of the land, and against the laxity of divorce legislation in the United States. When the civil authorities violate the laws of God it is within the province of the Church to rebuke them, and she does not go beyond her sphere by so doing. In the warning sent to Don Carlos he was simply given to understand that as a Catholic monarch he could not conscientiously give what would be regarded as an approval of the Italian king's robbery perpetrated against religion. The act of robbery by which Italy took possession of Rome was deservedly rebuked by the Holy Father, and he has real authority to administer such a rebuke, but when the Presbyterian and Episcopalian assemblies and general synods deal with the questions of marriage and divorce, their authority is fictitious, since it comes to them from no higher source than their own assumption.

From the Milwaukee Catholic Citizen we learn that the All Saints Episcopal Church of that city had on Christmas day a representation of the Cave of Bethlehem on the night of the nativity of our Lord, similar to that which is found in most Catholic churches during the Christmas time. The cave and manger with the Infant Jesus, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph were represented with the usual accessories. Far from having any objection to offer to such a representation, calculated as it is to excite devotion and love toward our Blessed Lord, we are pleased to learn that Protestants are beginning to learn the use to which Catholics put images of our Lord and His saints. We only desire to ask how the rector of the Church reconciles all this with the statement which Protestants of all kinds have been reiterating for three hundred years, that the use of sacred images is an act of idolatry and a violation of the "second commandment." The Canon Rector of the Church was on hand on the occasion explaining everything to the children who visited the crib.

Another lynching outrage took place in Kentucky on the 28th ult., which shows in a shocking light the degree of barbarity to which that State is sunk. A mob of seventy-five men attacked the house in which a faithless wife and her paramour were living. These two and a little daughter of the woman were the only occupants of the house, and when the mob appeared at the door, the little girl was sent out to plead for her mother's life, but though she asked earnestly and with tears, she was rudely repulsed by the inhuman assailants, who threatened to subject her to the same fate which was to be inflicted on her mother. They then fired several shots at the house to bring the man Dyer out, but not succeeding they set fire to the house. Dyer was thus forced out by the heat, and as he was running towards a cornfield he was shot down, and the woman was burned in the house. The child was allowed to escape. Notwithstanding that the man and woman were a guilty couple, it is a horrible outrage on humanity that a mob should take the punishment of vice into its hands, and carry it through so atrociously. Kentucky is fast becoming brutalized by the continued perpetration of such enormities as this.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Rev. William Barry, D. D., known personally to many in the United States since his visit thither, a few years ago, and still more widely known through his writings, spoke thus eloquently of the Resurrection of the Catholic Church in a recent sermon at the London Oratory: "The most astonishing event in our century is the resurrection of the Catholic Church. A hundred years ago, to human eyes, all seemed lost. It was the hour of rationalism—that power of darkness which boasted that it was the light. On high sat the lawless one, exalting himself against all that was called God or worshipped. A whole nation wrote upon the tombs of the departed: 'Death is an eternal sleep.' The Vicar of Christ was led away captive, and died far from home. Churches were closed; children left without baptism; the clergy expelled in thousands or sent to the scaffold, or done to death in popular tumults. Men of whom the world was not worthy, had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings—yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment. . . . Being destitute, tormented, afflicted, they wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth. . . . A multitude of them were thrown naked upon our shores; and who can tell the sufferings which, in every part of the civilized world, were undergone by those whom the reigning anti-Christ charged with being followers of Jesus? . . . It seemed that the Last Day was come. The Holy Catholic Church, once the Lady of Kingdoms, glorious and fair to behold, sat down in the dust by the bier of her dead Pontiff. A whole generation grew up which knew not the name or the grace or the life of the Carpenter's Son. The hearts of men failed them for fear. The fine gold was dimmed; the holy place lay desolate. And the best among Christians had spirit only to suffer. Had the issue depended on them, all indeed was lost for Christendom and the future. . . . We look round around again, and behold what a change! Surge, *Ulmiane Jerusalem!* Great is the power which makes itself manifest in weakness. Rationalism, measuring with its petty line the depths of God, is dumfounded. Science, learning what it did not know before, lays its hand on its mouth. The feeble understanding in which man rejoiced, not praising the Giver, has stumbled and hurt itself at the doors innumerable of this strange, romantic, mysterious universe. It dares no longer to say, 'That alone shall be knowledge which I have ascertained.' With the spoiling of her goods there has come also to the Church a great blessing. She stands free from the charges wont to be made against her—of consecrating legal or illegal tyrannies, and seeming to ally herself with the mighty against those who had no shield from the oppressor. She likewise counts among the poor; she has gone back to the Catacombs with their simplicity of adornment, their multitudes who are rich in faith but have little else. She is not in the houses of kings; she is known as the Church of the Democracy. Yet because she has been tried by fire, and life that established her faith, 'I know thy works and charity and love and faith, and thy patience,' therefore has her light come as at the beginning, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon her. . . . Is there anything finer in pulpit orance Cardinal Newman's 'Second Spring' of England's Catholicity, at the re-establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in England?"

Make The Most of Your Lot.

If we listen to our self-love we shall estimate our lot less by what it is than by what it is not; shall dwell on its hindrances and be blind to its possibilities; and, comparing it only with imaginary lives, shall indulge in flattering dreams of what we should do, if we had but power; and give, if we had but wealth; and be, if we had no temptations. We shall be forever, querulously pleading our difficulties and privations as excuses for our unloving temper and untruthful life, and fancying ourselves injured beings, virtually frowning at the dear Providence that loves us, and chafing with a self-torture which invites no pity. If we yield ourselves unto God and sincerely accept our lot as assigned by Him, we shall count up its contents and disregard its omissions; and, be it as feeble as a cripple's, and as narrow as a child's, shall find in its resources of good surpassing our best economy, and sacred claims that may keep awake our highest will. . . . Don't run after a lie. Just let it alone and it will run itself out of breath.

A MARTYR-MISSIONARY OF SCOTLAND.

The Countess of Courson in Ave Maria.

IV. The judges before whom Father John Ogilvie appeared were eleven in number, most of them barons and lords. Spottiswood took his place among them. A certain number of Catholics, chiefly of humble rank, accused of being the Jesuit's accomplices, were brought up at the same time before the judges. Some of them were the father's Mass.

As to our hero, he was in full possession of his mental and moral strength. He promptly answered the judges' questions as to his birth, parentage, profession, and religious order; owned that he had come to Scotland "to unteach heresy," and that he received his jurisdiction from the Pope, the representative of Christ. When questioned about the Gunpowder Plot, he retorted by reproaching them with their own disloyalty toward the king, when, "on the 17th of September, 1596, with a great band of armed men, you wanted to kill the king along with the Council in the Parliament House." The scene here alluded to by the prisoner had actually taken place in Edinburgh twenty years before.

They then spoke of Father Garnett. "He was innocent," answered Father Ogilvie; "and would not for the whole world have betrayed the name of one who made sacramental confession to him. . . . He is a martyr if he died for the seal of confession. . . . If the things are true which he wrote from the prison, and which the ambassadors of two kings and a great many other gentlemen have witnessed to in writing, . . . he died happily and holily, and was innocent of the Gunpowder Plot." He added, with a touch of that quaint abruptness so characteristic of Father Ogilvie's quick and bold spirit: "I will mind my own business now as he did his then. Every man for himself and God for us all."

It was about twenty-six hours since the prisoner had touched any food; he was feverish and exhausted, although his courage kept him up. Some of the judges, having noticed that he was shivering, sent him to warm himself near a fire. Here he met a Highlander who began insulting him because he was a Jesuit, and who would up his abusive speech with the words: "If it were not for the respect I have for so many noblemen present, I would send you straight into the fire." Nothing daunted, the prisoner merrily replied: "If you should decide to put me into the fire, it could never happen more conveniently than now, as I am very cold." The bystanders joined in the laugh excited by the Jesuit's irrepressible good temper, and the man himself amicably promised to do anything he could for him.

A ridiculous attempt was then made to prove that the prisoner was not what he gave himself out to be—a son of the noble house of Ogilvie—but a native of Glasgow; and his supposed mother was sent for, and called upon to recognize her child. She stoutly declined to do so; and among the reasons she gave was that her own son was a *half-breed*—that is to say, a dull-headed fellow—whereas the prisoner before her was remarkably sharp and clever. "And so," adds Father Ogilvie, "I have my laugh at those who had their laugh at me."

On being taken back to the Tolbooth, the confessor was fastened with two large rings to a lump of iron about two hundred pounds in weight, shaped like a pole. Meantime Spottiswood wrote again to London to the King's chamberlain, Murry, urging the necessity of making Father Ogilvie confess who had received the sacraments at his hands; hinting at the existence of vast conspiracies, and asserting that there were then in Scotland a Papal Legate and twenty-two Jesuits under his command.

These manifest falsehoods were well calculated to work upon the king's suspicious temper, and to urge him to deeds of violence. The Catholics who had been arrested as Father Ogilvie's accomplices were now tried and condemned to death, but subsequently reprieved and banished. They were chiefly persons of small means and humble position, whose arrest was not likely to bring Spottiswood much profit or glory; whereas if he could succeed in implicating persons of considerable rank in the supposed conspiracy, he felt that he could count on a speedy increase of his own fortunes and of the king's favor. With this object in view, he obtained leave to submit his prisoner to a most painful torture, commonly known in Scotland as the "boots," or the "stocks."

In his own account Father Ogilvie, probably from humility, passes rapidly over this particular phase of his bitter passion; but the witnesses whose testimony was collected with a view to his beatification, give us a touching picture of his demeanor during this period of excruciating suffering. The "boots" consisted of four pieces of iron fastened together so as to form a kind of case, into which the victim's leg was introduced and tightly compressed, either by means of screws or by pieces of wood that were hammered in between the iron case and the leg. The pressure was so great that it generally happened that the limb was utterly crushed.

Father Ogilvie endured this fearful torment with marvellous courage. He was questioned all the time as to the names of those who had heard his Mass, who had received him in their houses, assisted and befriended him in his missionary

work. Loyal to his friends, the descendant of the warlike Ogilvies proved himself, as his ancestors had been, "stout and manful." He opened his lips only to pray, or else, wonderful to relate, to joke! The witnesses to whose precious testimony we have referred give us a moving description of his gallant bearing under that fearful ordeal. We feel inclined to weep rather than to smile when they tell us how he laughed pleasantly and merrily while his bones were being crushed by the cruel iron.

Once a sudden twinge of pain forced an involuntary cry from his lips, whereupon a man present told him that he should be tortured until the marrow had been forced out of his bones. Father Ogilvie then stretched out his leg and bade the executioner continue his work to the end. Now and then he was heard to murmur in loving accents: "Lord Jesus, in whom I trust, grant that I may be found faithful! Forgive them, for they know not what they do." Even Spottiswood and the Protestant ministers marvelled at the victim's cheerfulness and courage. The fame of his patience spread far and wide, and we are informed that many Protestants begged to be instructed in a religion that could inspire such heroism.

The Privy Council of Scotland judged that Father Ogilvie was a prisoner of sufficient importance to be summoned to Edinburgh; and though Spottiswood was exactly unwilling to relinquish his prize, he was at last obliged to obey the orders sent to him; and the martyr was transferred from Glasgow to Edinburgh in December, 1611.

In order to weaken the favorable impression produced on the public mind by Father Ogilvie's extraordinary firmness, the cowardly and unscrupulous Archbishop caused reports to be spread to the effect that the brave martyr had at last given way under torture, and betrayed his friends and benefactors. Consequently a large number of Catholics of the poorer classes mingled with the crowd that assembled to see him pass when he left the Tolbooth. The Protestants through hatred of a Jesuit, the Catholics through anger at his reported weakness, equally loaded him with abuse, and pelted him with snow and mud, as he rode, maimed and bruised, through the streets of Glasgow.

Here again Father Ogilvie's marvellous energy and spirit enabled him to bear, not only the outrages of his enemies, but what was far more painful, the unmerited contempt of his friends. "I rode on gaily through the streets," he tells us, "as if I cared naught for it." A woman in the crowd having loudly cursed the prisoner's "ugly face," Father Ogilvie turned round and smilingly invoked the blessing of Christ on her "bonnie countenance," whereupon she protested that she regretted what she had said. "The heretics," adds our hero, "took notice that I gave back blessings for curses, and was good humored with those who were angry." The long journey from Glasgow to Edinburgh—a distance of about forty miles—must have been a painful one performed in the depth of winter by a prisoner whose strength and power of endurance had already been tried by the most fearful tortments.

On December 1611, Father Ogilvie arrived at his destination. His relentless enemy, Spottiswood, had hastened to Edinburgh before him, and, on arriving, the prisoner was lodged under the same roof as the Archbishop. He was, however, subsequently transferred to the Castle of Edinburgh, probably because the instruments of torture were kept there. These were shown to him daily, and he was threatened with a succession of frightful tortments if he persisted in his refusal to betray his friends.

At first he was allowed to receive all those who wished to see him; his enemies hoped that by this means they might in time discover the persons whose names he so resolutely declined to reveal. He was ready to speak of his religion to all who came to see him, and willingly related the story of his conversion and that of his religious vocation; but on other and more dangerous subjects his lips remained sealed, and he repelled all attempts to make him speak, with a good temper and dry humor that, under the circumstances, are irresistibly touching. "If I would betray myself," he writes, "they promise me liberty and rewards, and if I should turn heretic, the promise me a provostship at Maffat and a grand marriage."

On the 12th of December the confessor was made to appear before a commission of four members, to which Spottiswood was added. They questioned him closely about his friends and benefactors, the places where he had lodged, etc. Father Ogilvie answered with much spirit that he would not slay the innocent by his own stupidity; adding that he could not answer their questions without losing his soul, offending God, and ruining his neighbor. His enemies next invoked the authority of the king. "All things which are due to the king I will render him," replied the priest. "I have committed no crime. If I have done anything, let them prove by witnesses that I have offended against the whole state or part of it. Since you can not do anything of the kind, why do you annoy me?" "Then I was commanded to depart," continues the martyr; "and they considered by what torture they would compel me to reveal everything."

The torture which was decided upon by the humane commissioners of James I. was a horrible one—days and nights of sleep. "For eight and nine whole nights," writes our hero, "they forced me to keep awake with

styles, pins, needles, and pinchings; threatening me with extraordinary tortures, and promising me great rewards."

Father Ogilvie's historians, whose information is drawn from the testimony of contemporary witnesses, give us particulars for which we might seek in vain in the martyr's own brief account of his sufferings. During these eight days and nine nights he was unceasingly tormented by a band of executioners, who took their turn in torturing their helpless victim. They stuck needles under his nails, struck him, pinched him, twisted his arms and legs, and occasionally trampled on him under foot. In all the annals of our English martyrs we find no instance of a torture so protracted, of sufferings so refined and so cruel.

"At last, on the ninth night, as the martyr seemed in a dying state, a doctor was sent for, who declared that he had only three hours to live. His tormentors, who wished to spare his life in order to tear from him the information he so resolutely refused to give, allowed him to sleep for a few hours. They then roughly awoke him, and dragged him before his judges in a pitiable condition—weakened in mind and body, utterly confused and bewildered from pain and want of sleep. In a very short time, however, the Father recovered his extraordinary presence of mind; he had come out of this fearful ordeal physically exhausted, but with an unbroken will, and a resolute heart to suffer to the end whatever his enemies might have in store for him.

"The report of my watchings had spread all through Scotland," he writes; "and many were indignant and compassionate for my cause." A certain gentleman who had been present during the torture threatened him with still worse tortments, and then the martyr indignantly cried out: "Bloodthirsty monsters that you are, I make no account of you all in this cause! Act according to your heretical malice; I care nothing for you. I can and will willingly suffer more for this cause than you, with all your friends, are able to inflict. Cease bringing up such things to me. Rather put them before weak women. Those things do not terrify but enkindle me. I laugh at them just as at the cackling of so many geese." After a time the man whose cowardly attack had called forth this burst of indignation returned and asked the Father what he most wanted. "A bed to sleep on," was the prompt reply.

"On the following day the commissioners returned. 'I was so weak,'" writes the martyr, "that I scarce know what I said, or what I did, or in what place I was. Nevertheless, his brave spirit had not deserted him; and when his enemies had the impudence to remind him of their 'clemency in giving him the 'watchings' instead of the 'boot torture,'" he vehemently replied: "You have almost extinguished and killed the sensitive part of my brain by the watchings; what more harm could you have done to me except taking my life?" As they threatened him with still more cruel tortments, he said with a touch of his old playful spirit: "Try your boots. With God as my guide, I will show you that in this cause I care no more for my legs than you for your leggings. I do not trust in myself, but in the grace of God. And therefore do not try to make me add to or take anything from my words; but let them quickly do what, by God's permission, they are going to do to me. I sue for nothing; one thing only I beg for—that they do quickly what they are going to do.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LET THE GOOD WORK GO ON.

The ED. CATHOLIC RECORD, London:

Dear Sir—The suggestion of "Augustine" in your issue of 11th inst. that Catholics should help to enlighten their Protestant neighbors, as to the reasonableness of the demand for separate schools, by posting to them the Catholic papers they are in the habit of taking, is an excellent one, and I have begun to act upon it. Allow me to impress another point upon your Catholic readers. Every intelligent member of the Church, worthy of the name, and of his high privileges, should not only place himself in such a position that he could at a moment's notice give an enlightening Protestant a reasonable and inoffensive explanation of the principal grounds of his religion, but should be specially ready to prove calmly, and by documentary evidence, (let it be Protestant evidence, it can be had), that the usual slanderous accusations against the Church and her members have no foundation in fact. But even the best of talkers and reasoners often cannot get a hearing from his closest Protestant friend, yet that same friend will read a small book handed to him when a good chance offers—say, for instance, when he blunders on Catholic teachings or practices in his conversations—whereas a big book would quite frighten him off the subject. The book "Catholic Belief" converted me from Protestantism, and "Plain Facts for Fair Minds" is quite as good, if not better. They are both very small, and cost but a few cents, and no doubt you could supply them to any enquirer. My Protestant friends take them readily and read them too, and they admit, as a rule, that they did not conceive that our position and religion were so difficult to refute. These books will convert thousands if only the laity will stir themselves everywhere in Ontario and scatter these splendid little messengers of the Faith. Yours etc. Polycarp.

LEGENDS AND STORIES of the Holy Child Jesus.

France.

MY LITTLE DOLL.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK. "Nasty, cross thing, I hate you," retorted Agnes. "Poor little doll, perhaps she's dreadfully uncomfortable out in the cold all this while. I hate you, and so does my little doll for wishing me not to find her."

Then she burst out crying, begged nurse's pardon, and finally knelt down by the altar of the Holy Child, and begged Him to make her more gentle and unselfish, and above all to find her little doll.

"If you will, dear Jesus, I will be such a good girl," she sobbed. "I will give all my pocket money to the poor."

Two days passed, and no one had claimed the reward for the little doll. The Countess was in despair, for her little girl had grown so thin, and looked so ill, with a white face, and two bright red spots on her cheeks, and seemed so listless that it was evident she would soon be very ill. One afternoon she resolved to try to persuade the little girl to go away quietly.

She had been telling her stories of the saints and their trust in God, and tried to convince the child that he who trusts in the Heavenly Father with firm, unshaken confidence is always consoled. It was half past 6. Agnes was lying on the hearth rug in front of the fire when they heard a knock at the front door.

"I must go and dress for dinner, darling," said the Countess. "Papa must have invited some one to dine with us."

"I shall come with you," said Agnes, following her mother to the door leading to her mother's private staircase. Agnes was very curious, however, and she peeped into the salon before running upstairs, to see who had come.

"Mother," said she, "what can it be? It is an abbe and a little beggar girl."

A sudden thought flashing into her mind, she darted back into the salon, before her mother could stop her, and found herself face to face with a tall priest, with dark, kind eyes and snow-white hair and such a gentle expression. He was standing by the fire, holding the little ragged girl's hand, and assuring her, for she seemed very shy.

Agnes herself was seized with a sudden fit of shyness, and did not speak; in fact, she was just going to run away again when her mother came into the room.

"My servant has told me to what I owe the pleasure of Monsieur le Cure's visit," she said with her gracious smile. "But before all things, pray remove your coat, for you must be wet through."

Joseph, took Monsieur le Cure's coat, and ask Monsieur Conte to come up. "This little friend of mine," said Monsieur le Cure, caressing the little ragged girl, who blushed and looked down on the ground, "found your little girl's doll."

Here Agnes could restrain herself no longer, but rushed from behind her mother's chair, where she had stationed herself, and cried:

"Have you got her? Oh, give her to me quick, my own dear little doll."

"Agnes, you rude child. I am ashamed of you," said her mother very much displeased. "Pray forgive me, Monsieur le Cure; she has been crying ever since the little doll was lost."

"I quite understand," said Monsieur le Cure, drawing a little packet from his pocket, and giving it to the eager child. "See, Mademoiselle, your child is not much worse for her stay in the Rue St. Marguerite."

"Have you come all that way?" said Agnes. "I am so sorry. Mamma will send you home in the carriage after dinner, won't you, mamma?"

"Certainly," said her mother, "if Monsieur le Cure will give us the pleasure of his company. And now you must go up to your nursery, and take Monsieur le Cure's little friend with you, and ask Nounou to lend her some dry clothes, and be very polite, and ask her to have tea with you, and be very grateful to her for bringing you back your treasure."

"It is just the same," said Agnes, gleefully. "See, mamma, she isn't hurt in the least."

When the children were gone upstairs to Nounou, Monsieur le Cure told the Countess about his little portage, her sad life and many trials. He told them also that they had never realized before that there were children—among the number, Madeleine's little brother and sister—who had never known what it was to have a plaything of any kind of their very own before.

"How delighted they must have been to find that little doll," said the kind-hearted lady with tears in her eyes. "I wonder indeed that they gave it back, for most children would have kept it. Did they know of the reward?"

"No, indeed," said Monsieur le Cure. "Just to show you what noble children they are: I went to see them on Monday. They showed me the little plaything with great glee; and I was only too pleased for them; but I said at the time, if I find the little child who owns that doll, will you give it to me? They answered with ready obedience that of course they would do what I told them, though I saw a look of disappointment in their eyes. Then on Wednesday I came to see a friend of mine in the Rue Marbeuf, and happened to see the alms-bag that the lost doll, which I had recognized to be none other than the plaything of my little friends. I was delighted, as they are sadly in

need of all sorts of things; in fact, they have been half-starved with cold and hunger this severe winter.

"I think," he added, for the Countess could not speak, the tears were running down her cheeks at the thought of so much misery, "I had better take my little charge home. Perhaps her mother will be anxious."

"Oh, no, no," besought the Countess. "Besides, the little girl must be enjoying herself with Agnes in the nursery, and it will take some little time to find her some warm, dry clothes."

It was not till 8:30 that Monsieur le Cure took leave of his kind hosts. The Count ordered out the carriage and the Countess had a large hamper full of good things for the sick woman put on the box; inside were warm blankets and soft sheets for the bed of the sick woman as well as for the little children. The Countess promised, moreover, to go and visit the poor woman, and to see what she could do for her and the little children.

"It is like the fairy-tales," said Madeleine, shyly taking the hand of Monsieur le Cure, and kissing it. "Oh, Monsieur le Cure, how good you are to us."

"Why it is the dear infant Jesus, whom we have asked to bless us, who has sent us all these good things for mother, and such kind friends."

"The little lady was so kind to me," added the child. "She kissed me just as if I had been a lady too, and waited on me and said to-morrow she would look through her toys and give me some for the little ones."

Great was the joy in that poor home when Monsieur le Cure entered with the hamper and the blankets, and told the poor mother of the new friends the good God had sent them. They had never been so comfortable in their lives before, and before going to sleep they offered a prayer of fervent gratitude to Him from whom "cometh every good and every perfect gift."

When Monsieur le Cure and Madeleine were gone, the Countess came up into the nursery to ask Nounou how Agnes had behaved.

"Like a little lady," said Nounou. And then they talked for a long time about the poor child, her sick parents, and her little brother and sister. Agnes hugged her little doll, and prattled away to it all the time, until her mother called the nursery maid to undress her.

The child had been very restless at night of late, since the loss of her little doll, and had got into the habit of waking up very often. She woke up in the night, and wondered if it were a dream that her little doll was come back. The house was very quiet. She could hear Louise in the next room breathing heavily in her sleep. The moon was shining in at the window. It was a clear, frosty night, and Agnes would always have the curtains drawn away that she might see the stars wandering across the sky, not that she had ever caught them in the act of moving, much as she had tried. She looked at the moonbeams and wondered if the angels' wings were brighter than they, and as she moved a little to one side, she started up in bed with surprise. There, yes, it actually was her little doll kneeling before the altar of the Infant Jesus, her own little doll whom she had left safely tucked up in the little pink and white bed. And the moonbeams fell on the sweet face of the holy Child Jesus above the altar, and Agnes saw that it was very sad, and that tears were running down His cheeks.

Agnes was going to exclaim, when a tiny soft voice fell on her ear like the tinkling of a musical silver bell.

"Dear Jesus," it was the little doll praying, "Agnes is indeed very selfish, but she is thoughtless and not wicked. She has been so indulged, and has never known what it is to be poor, or she would be kinder to others. Forgive her, dear Lord; teach her to begin a new life; teach her to think of the least of these Thy brethren, that she may serve Thee. Little Madeleine Leclerc is one of Thine own brave followers: poor and hungry and cold, she never complains. Her little brother and sister have no playthings at all—may, they have scarcely clothes to cover them—but they love Thee and are happy. Teach Agnes to love them for Thy sake, O Jesus; teach her to deny herself and follow Thee."

Then a cloud passed over the moon, all was dark and still, and when it was light again the daylight was streaming into the room, and Agnes knew she had been to sleep since the vision.

Louise came into the room to dress her; and contrary to her usual behavior she made no objection to her bath, and did not scream that Louise was pulling out her hair. She did not ask for everything for breakfast that she could not have, and was so subdued and thoughtful that Nounou and Louise said, "There is something the matter with that child, I am sure."

Which was indeed true. Agnes placed her little doll in a tiny chair on the breakfast-table, and kept looking at and smiling at it. But she did not speak to nurse or Louise, and was unusually mild and submissive.

As soon as she had finished breakfast, she went to her toy cupboard, and drew thence a large book of fairy tales with colored pictures, a pretty doll with long hair and a great many different clothes, a Noah's ark, and a box of dominoes—thee were her very favorite toys, though not to be compared with her little doll.

Then, as it was a pouring wet day, she looked disconsolately out of the window for a few minutes, and at last settled down to play with her doll by the fireside. Nurse thought, as she was in one of her good tempers, she

could be trusted alone for a little while, so she stepped down to have a chat with the housekeeper, and Louise was busy helping the housemaids, for a great many visitors were expected for Christmas and the New Year.

No sooner was Agnes alone than she popped the toys taken from her cupboard into a basket, climbed on a chair and reached down her hat and jacket, and opening the nursery door very gently, and looking over the banisters, she crept down the wide staircase leading to a door opening on the street. Agnes opened the door very softly, and without stopping to close it behind her set off running down to the corner of the street, where there was a cab stand. She beckoned to the first cabman, as she had seen other people do in the streets, and gave him the address of Madeleine Leclerc. The man looked rather surprised, but she pulled out her little purse and showed it to him.

"I will give you five francs," she said, "to drive me there and back as fast as you can."

A French cabman will do anything for money, and he started without further delay. She felt a little shy when she reached the dirty street in which Madeleine lived, and when she found herself going up a rickety flight of stairs, in many places broken away. She knocked gently at the door which the concierge had indicated to her, and in a minute it was opened by Madeleine herself.

"Is your mother better?" asked Agnes. "My mother is coming to see her, but I couldn't wait, and I've brought you some toys. And I mustn't stay, for—"

Here she grew very red, for she caught sight of Monsieur le Cure, who was sitting on the one chair in the room.

He came forward with his gracious smile, and said:

"My dear child," taking the big basket out of her hand, "what are these? Does Madame la Countesse know you came out all alone this wet day?"

"Oh, no, indeed," she answered. "She would not have let me come if she had known. Please give the toys to the dear little boy and girl. She took them out of the basket and handed them to Louis and Jeanneton, who were standing by her looking open-mouthed at the wonderful toys, such as they had only seen through the plate glass of shop windows.

"My dear," added Monsieur le Cure, "if your mamma does not know that you are here, you must go home at once. Moreover, the toys are not yours to give away. I must insist on your taking them back."

"Oh, no," returned Agnes quickly. "Mamma is always saying how selfish I am, and wanting me to give my best toys to the poor children at the hospital of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. Please leave them, Monsieur le Cure, at any rate till she comes, and she will tell you so too."

"Very well, my child. But you must come down at once. I shall take you home, for you are wet, and see, my child, how naughty to come out in such thin shoes, and on the sly."

Agnes blushed, hastily kissed Madeleine and the little ones, and followed Monsieur le Cure down to her cab. He would not hear of her going home alone, in spite of her earnest pleadings.

Something in his kind face and gentle voice made her open her heart to him, and before they reached the Avenue des Champs-Elysees Agnes had told him about the little doll praying before the altar of the Infant Jesus the night before.

"And I wanted to begin at once," she added. "I couldn't wait any longer. I must give up my very pet toys at once before I have time to change my mind."

Monsieur le Cure told her that if the good God loves to see little children unselfish, He loves also to see them very obedient, and that it was very naughty to slip out, unknown to any one, into the streets.

As the cab drew up to the front door, Agnes began to shiver violently, and yet she was very hot. She had caught cold. Every one in the house was distraught; all was in confusion. Nurse had discovered her absence, and the footmen had been sent out in all directions. In the joy of finding her again so soon the Countess forgot to scold her, but nurse made up for the deficiency as she undressed Agnes and put her to bed.

The next day she was very ill indeed; the doctor said that all the fretting and unhappiness had made her very delicate, and having caught cold she would have a much more serious illness. The days passed on, she grew worse and worse, she became quite unconscious, and the doctor was obliged to say there was very little hope of her recovery. Monsieur le Cure took his three ragged friends to pray at the shrine of Notre Dame des Victories, and little Jeanneton said she was sure the dear infant Jesus would spare the little lady who had been so kind to them. One day she lay with her eyes fast closed for hours, quite unconscious, and the doctor with the tears running down his cheeks said:

"God help us now, for she will wake to smile upon us again or she will pass away without another look on this world."

The Count and Countess knelt in breathless agony by the bedside, praying Almighty God if it were His holy will to spare their darling.

And even as they prayed on Christmas eve just near midnight, the clouds rolled away, and as the moonbeams shone into the darkened room and played on the child's pale face, the little child opened her eyes and smiled faintly.

"Mother, darling, the angels are kissing me—but why do you cry?" for the father and mother sobbed aloud.

"You have been asleep so long, darling," answered her father. "We were tired of waiting for you to wake up."

"And my little doll?" asked Agnes, "and Monsieur le Cure and Madeleine? But oh, I am so tired."

From that time she improved every day. It was a long time before she could go out walking, but Monsieur le Cure came to see her very often and Madeleine and Louis and Jeanneton, all in beautiful warm clothes given them by the Countess. And Agnes was so gentle and affectionate and so afraid of giving trouble even to nurse and Louise that it really seemed, said the Countess, as if the angels had kissed her and whispered words of love and devotion in her ear.

And now she is quite a big girl, tall and very pretty, and as good as she is beautiful. And when she made her First Communion she wanted to give away everything of which she was most fond, and Monsieur l'Abbe Warambon, who still teaches her her catechism, declares to her father and mother that every day leaves fresh prints on that beautiful soul of humility, obedience, and generous, devoted love of Jesus and the least of His brethren.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WAS SHAKESPEARE A CATHOLIC?

At the commencement of the third public lecture on "The Supernatural in Hamlet," Prof. Egan impressed his audience at the Catholic University with the fact that Shakespeare was not the child of the Reformation, but essentially Catholic in his code of ethics. As to his personal religious service, in the lack of historical proof, no assertion was made, but for a correct appreciation of his great dramas and especially the psychological master-piece and puzzle of Hamlet, a knowledge of Catholic theology was declared requisite. About the supernatural of the play, and his intention was to prove that the appearance of "Denmark's murdered King in ghostly form" was not forced upon Shakespeare by the customs of the Elizabethan drama; that the spectre was not merely a subjective hallucination with no objective existence, and that it did not inculcate mere personal vengeance. The four opening lines, indicating that the rumors of the dead king's appearance were noised about in all Denmark, and credited even by the sturdy soldiers, dissipate all doubt of the objectivity of the ghost, and its implied introduction this early in the play, showing that upon it the whole narrative was to hinge, precludes its being a forced concession to the spirit of the times. The dead Hamlet coming from purgatory—and any interpretation that goes beyond the text which clearly asserts that he was "condemned to fast in fire till foul crimes done in days of nature be burned and purged away," is false, —was not actuated by motives of personal revenge. His mission was a patriotic one. To save his loved son and Denmark from the threatened invasion of Fortinbras, to quiet the fears of the people who supposed that the too hasty marriage of Claudius and Gertrude without obtaining dispensation from the double impediment of crime and adultery, forbidding nothing but evil, and to rekindle the courage of the doubting soldiers, certainly justified his appearance.

In the rude North myth of Saxo Grammaticus, the skeleton into which Shakespeare breathed the life and coloring of Hamlet, the University of Wittenberg did not exist, but the poet with no care for chronological details gave it life in his masterpiece because it was the first school of Protestant free thought. Sent thither, Hamlet had learned to doubt and he returned to attend to his father's funeral, "sicklied o'er with a pale cast of thought," doubting everything; the virtue of his mother; the purity of Ophelia, in fact the purity and truth of all his womanly ideals. The lecturer concluded that Shakespeare was the heritage of Catholics, and he ended his series with an earnest appeal to Catholics to defend by serious study of his masterpieces, the divine poet who had bequeathed them the grandest literary treasures of the world.

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The folly of prejudice shown by people who for years rather than remedy. The millions of such notions, take a course for blood-diseases, as much for common sense.

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Pray for the Helpless in the Holy Name of Jesus! The piety of the Queen and the great Arch-bishop as her agent, when words of the dead, he "in the holy light" and his seed."

Our Lady, therefore, this pious sentiment in manner concerned, parted, and intercession for their wholesome thought; but it is do pray for them through Mother.

With confidence pray to her, particularly month of November consecrated by Catholic Church Suffering, forth her messengers solution to her suffer whatever faults they mitted in life, expiation of her Divine Son.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Second Sunday After Epiphany.

THE HOLY NAME.

When we say the Lord's Prayer, my dear brethren, we pray that God's name may be hallowed on earth as it is in heaven. So great is God and so worthy of our reverence that everything that belongs to Him or that has been devoted to His service partakes of this reverence. A church dedicated to His service is a holy place; the sacred vessels used in the sacrifice of the Mass are holy things, are set apart, and none but those who are ordained can touch them. Anything that came in contact with our Blessed Lord had a certain participation in His sanctity. At one time was the mere touch of the hem of His garment that cured a woman of a lingering disease; at another it was His spittle that gave hearing to the deaf. As it is with these things, so it is with His holy Name—indeed, much more so.

For His Name to us is representative of all that He has done for us. It is significant of His divinity and of His office as the Redeemer. It was given to Him by the Eternal Father. By the ministry of an angel it was declared that He should be called Jesus, "for He shall save His people from their sins." For there is no other name under heaven given to men, says St. Peter in today's epistle, "whereby we must be saved." In the same measure as His sacred humanity is elevated above all creatures, so is His sacred name above all other names. It is in the name of Jesus every knee should bow. "From the rising of the sun," says the Psalmist, "until the going down of the same, the name of the Lord is worthy of praise."

Worthy of praise, my brethren; and yet what is our every day experience? In all ranks of society, on the street, in the shop, in the home, in the presence of Christ's little ones, men swear, women swear, and little children are taught to use their tongues properly to use curses and blasphemies. Parents, who are God's representatives, and who should love our Lord Jesus Christ and reverence His name, instead of having a little patience, of acquiring some little control of their temper when anything goes wrong, give loose rein to their tongues and insult our Blessed Lord by their profane use of that name, which is the symbol of His love and mercy. How many there are who bow their head in reverence to that sacred Name in the house of God, and who go to their home or their occupation and use it only to add sin to their soul and give scandal to their neighbors! How often, alas! is that Holy Name dragged through the mire and filth of low, vulgar, and often obscene language.

What a detestable vice this is? How worthy of the demon in its rebellion to God's express command, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh His name in vain." Let this feast of the Holy Name serve as an occasion for a renewal of our love and reverence for the Name of Jesus. Let us to-day make some special acts of reparation to Him for the insults He receives in the profanation of that Holy Name. If we are unfortunate enough to be the slave of this dreadful habit, whether through bad example or carelessness, let the gracious promise of our Lord, "If you ask the Father anything in my Name, amen, I say, He will give it to you," be an incentive to hope, be a stimulus to pray for the grace of freedom from that slavery. Habit is strong, but God's grace is stronger; His promise of help is never void. Blessed be the Name of Jesus!

Pray for the Helpless Who Have Died in the Lord.

The piety of the faithful represents Mary as the Queen of the holy souls, and the great Archangel St. Michael as her agent, when, according to the words of the offertory of the Mass for the dead, he "introduces them into the holy light promised to Abraham and his seed."

Our Lady, therefore, according to this pious sentiment, is in a special manner concerned for the faithful departed, and interposes her powerful intercession for them. It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead; but it is doubly so when we pray for them through their Queen and Mother.

With confidence then we should pray to her, particularly through this month of November, which is consecrated by Catholic devotion to the Church Suffering, that she may send forth her messengers of peace and consolation to her suffering children, who, whatever faults they may have committed in life, expired in the friendship of her Divine Son.

The folly of prejudice is frequently shown by people who prefer to suffer for years rather than try an advertised remedy. The millions who have no such notions, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla for blood-diseases, and are cured. So much for common sense.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Lonely Chapel.

Many years ago, when traveling in Italy, I stayed for a few days in a picturesque little village on the coast of the Mediterranean. One lonely summer evening I strolled out toward the beach. The sea and the sky seemed but a reflection of each other, both being a wide expanse of blue. The air was still; scarcely a sound broke the silence save the ripple of the waves as they splashed against the pebbles lying on the long shore of yellow sand, and the voice of a fisherman singing in his boat, which was rocked to and fro by the summer waves. Here and there, in little clusters, the beach was dotted by fishermen's cabins, before many of the doors of which the woman sat knitting and watching the children as they played near them. High above towered the great cliffs, as if to protect their retreat from the fierce winds which often swept over it. On the top of the cliffs nothing was to be seen except a lonely little chapel, the golden cross on the top of which was burnished by the rays of the setting sun.

I mounted the steep path which led up to it. Benediction was just over, and although it was only a week day, there was a good sprinkling of people, for the most part peasants, many of whom, after leaving the chapel, lingered in the cemetery which surrounded it. Others near the porch stayed to have a chat together.

Near me I noticed a young girl, whose pretty brown hair was covered by a gayly-colored handkerchief, knotted so gracefully as to set off her charms to better advantage than the most beautiful complicated piece of millinery would have done; her long platts were attached by a bright ribbon. She wore a short skirt and white apron; as ornaments, long ear rings, and a cross which was suspended round her neck by an antique silver chain. By her side stood a young fellow of a tall, athletic build, he was tanned and sun-burnt, evidently a sailor, and I could well imagine him giving his orders with force and precision. Suddenly there was a lull in the animated conversation, as the padre, an old man, slowly left the chapel. He greeted them all with a benign smile, spoke to one and the other, patted the cheeks of a little girl, or lay his hand caressingly on the rough, tangled locks of a sturdy urchin. On seeing me he advanced and asked in the soft, musical tones of his country whether I would care to see the chapel. I replied I should be only too delighted, so he retraced his steps and I followed.

To each of the different objects which beautified the chapel—the flowers, the pictures, the images, and even a splendid model of a boat, to each was attached a short story, which the padre told me.

After having shown me everything he conducted me to the cemetery, where the epitaphs told that most of the population had perished at sea.

"Why are there so many wreaths on this tomb?" I questioned, pointing before one which, although old, was a mass of garlands and crosses of fresh flowers.

"To-day is the seventeenth anniversary of her death," replied the padre, adding, "but you are a stranger in these parts, and, doubtless, do not know the tale that every child here could tell you. Would you like to hear it?"

I begged him to proceed, assuring him it would interest me greatly; so the old man, compelled by relating the following touching story:

"In yonder village there once lived two people who were all in all to each other—a father and his daughter. The mother died when the child was scarcely two years old—you see her grave from here," and he indicated one to us under a dark cypress. "Lucia was a *mignonne* little creature, although she was as daring as a boy. She accompanied her father on many of his voyages, and was rarely separated from him. Her father spent the long winter's evening with her listening to her childish prattle, and when she grew older, beguiled by her reading and singing.

"Her days passed on like a long, happy dream: Sometimes she played with the other children, climbing the rocks, or digging in the sands, always the first with a kind thought and good action.

"It must have been a pretty sight on Sunday to see the two together, the little girl carefully dressed, carrying in her hand a book of prayers which had belonged to her mother. After church they always went to see her grave, and there with her small hands folded and her dark eyes shut, she prayed in her simple manner for the repose of her parent's soul.

"Thus the years passed rapidly by, until she had grown into a lovely girl of seventeen, of whom her father had good reason to be proud.

"But he was not the only one who cared for her, for every one loved Lucia: she was the comforter of the sorrowful, the protector of the feeble. Many an hour she spent with the sick and the aged who, as they lay on their death beds blessed the young life which had brightened their own. To each child she was like an elder sister; and the boys came to her to help in their games or settle a quarrel which might have arisen.

"Every evening she used to come here for Benediction, and always stayed to talk with the padre, who loved her like a daughter. Often she would bring him rare shells she had picked up, and never left without craving for his blessing. One winter's evening she was sitting with her father in their

cabin, he smoking as he mended his large nets, Lucia busy threading beads to make a necklace to wear at the next *fiesta* day.

"Outside, the wind howled in wild gusts, and they could hear the roar of the angry waves as they beat on the shore.

"All at once some one knocked. 'They have come for you, father,' cried the girl, starting up.

"It was true: her father's assistance was needed, for close by the life-boat was to be sent to the aid of a vessel in peril.

"They were soon on the beach, the girl following her father.

"Ah what a fearful scene!"

"You who only see the calm of the summer tide, you cannot picture to yourself the horror of that frightful night. The waves, high as mountains and lashed into fury, dashed against the rocks. Many of the inhabitants were there—a frightened, terrified crowd.

"The life-boat was about to be launched! There were plenty of courageous men ready for the work of rescue, and foremost among them was Lucia's father.

"I will go with you," she cried. Don't leave me, father; I, too, will help.

"Seeing she was resolved to accompany him, he replied, 'Come, and may our Lady protect us.'

"A few moments later, and the boat was pitching and tossing on the wild sea: all eyes were strained to catch a glimpse of the young girl, who, determined and calm, sat by her father.

"She was entreated to remain ashore. But she absolutely refused, saying that she felt perfectly safe in her father's care. Even her father implored her in vain not to go, but she was firm. With much difficulty the boat was pushed through the seething breakers which dashed madly on the shore, seemingly striving to overturn the boat: they actually did so once, but it was quickly righted, and drenched to the skin the crew took their places, but their oars in position and with the old man and his daughter at the steering oar, rowed rapidly in the direction of the doomed vessel.

"The end is quickly told. The life-boat did its work well, for many a one was saved from the ship, which was sinking even as they approached it. They were once more nearing shore, together with the poor creatures they had rescued, when suddenly one wave more cruel than the rest swept over those gallant souls, and many of them were by its force dragged into the water. With all her strength Lucia, who had been washed over-board, clung tightly to a plank, holding in one arm a helpless child.

"A sailor managed to be near enough to make an attempt to save her, but she cried, 'Take the child, leave me!' He paid no heed to her, and, seizing them both, tried to battle the waves and swim to shore.

"Vain attempt! Separated from the young girl, himself half dead, he arrived with the child alone. The next morning among the other corpses which the sea had given up, lay that of Lucia, with a peaceful smile on the dead young face. Shortly afterward her father died of grief. Always on the anniversary of the storm we have a Mass for the repose of her soul. As I told you before, it is just seventy years ago. I am only a few months older, for I am the child she saved, the child for whom she gave her life. May she rest in peace!"

He was silent. The night had begun to close in: the moon reflected herself in a long bright line on the sea; one silver beam rested lovingly on the tomb. I was saddened by his pathetic narrative: there were tears in my eyes as I rose to go.

"Good-bye," said the old priest, "good-bye. We may never meet again, but I will pray for you."

Then plucking a few flowers from one of the wreaths, he handed them to me, saying:

"Keep them in remembrance of her, and of our lonely little chapel. I am reverently," I replied, "taking them with me, and shall never forget you."

"I have these flowers still; they are brown and withered; but I do not need them to remind me of an episode which has always remained fresh in my memory.

"Since then I have forgotten many things—scenes which impressed me perhaps ever more at the time: sorrows, joys, many are like a dream and shrouded in that mist which covers the past, but I shall never forget that old padre's story, nor the lonely little chapel on those Italian cliffs.

DROPPED ON THE STREET.

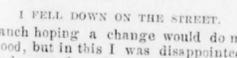
That Was What Happened to a Well-known Resident of Union, B. C., Who Had Been in Declining Health.

From the News Union, B. C.

A little over a year ago the reporter of the News while standing in front of the office, before its removal to Union, noticed four men carrying Mr. J. P. Davis, the well-known florist and gardener into the Courtenay House. The reporter, ever on the alert for a news item, at once went over to investigate the matter, and learned that Mr. Davis had had a slight stroke of paralysis. A note of the circumstance appeared in the News at the time, and nothing further was heard of it. Last spring Mr. Davis was observed to be frequently in Union bringing in flowers, and later vegetables for sale, and the reporter meeting him one day, the following conversation took place:—"Glad to see you looking so well, Mr.

Advertisement for 'BEST FOR WASH DAY SURPRISE SOAP BEST FOR EVERY DAY.' The ad features a large illustration of a woman washing clothes in a tub, with the text 'USE SURPRISE SOAP' prominently displayed.

Davis," said the reporter, "the last time I saw you you seemed pretty badly broken up." "Yes," said Mr. Davis, "I did have a pretty tough time of it. I was troubled with my heart, having frequent severe spasms, and shortness of breath on slight exertion. I had also a swelling of the neck which was said to be going. Two years ago I came up from Nanaimo and took the Harvey



I FELL DOWN ON THE STREET.

ranch hoping a change would do me good, but in this I was disappointed, and seemed to be steadily growing weaker. I had three doctors at different times, but they appeared not to understand my case. At last I got so low that one day I fell down on the street, and those who picked me up thought I was dying. After that I was urged to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and almost from the outset they helped me and after the use of about half a dozen boxes I was as well as ever."

"Do you still take the Pink Pills," asked the reporter. "Well," was the reply, "I still keep them about me, and once in a while when I think I require a tonic I take a few, but as you can see I don't look like a man who requires to take medicine now."

On this point the reporter quite agrees with Mr. Davis, as he looks as vigorous and robust a man as you could wish to see. After parting with Mr. Davis the reporter called at Pimbury & Co.'s drug store, where he saw the manager, Mr. Van Houten, who corroborated what Mr. Davis had said regarding the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and further stated that he believed Pink Pills to be the finest tonic in the world, and gave the names of several who had found remarkable benefit from their use.

A depraved or watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves are the two fruitful sources of almost every disease that afflicts humanity, and to all sufferers Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are offered with a confidence that they are the only perfect and unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, and that when given a fair trial disease and suffering must banish. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers or will be sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents a box, or \$2.50 for six boxes, by address to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations, and always refuse trashy substitutes, alleged to be "just as good."

That Pale Face. For Nervous Prostration and Anæmia there is no medicine that will so promptly and infallibly restore vigor and strength as Scott's Emulsion.

Street Car Accident.—Mr. Thomas Sabiu, says: "My eleven-year-old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street Railway. We at once commenced the treatment with Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, when the discoloration and swelling was removed, and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency."

JUST PUBLISHED! POPULAR INSTRUCTIONS ON MARRIAGE. By Very Rev. F. Girard, C.S.S.R. 32mo. cloth. . . 50 cents.

A BOOK OF GREAT VALUE TO CATHOLIC PARENTS AND TO YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN. Contents: Twenty of Matrimony, Indis-solubility of the Marriage Bond, The Impediments to Marriage, Mixed Marriages, How to Get Married, Duties of the Married, Duties of Parents, The Education of Children, Trysts.

THE AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW says: "A book which may fitly be placed in the hands of the faithful, especially young people."

CHARITY THE ORIGIN OF EVERY BLESSING; Or, The Heavenly Secret, 16mo. Cloth Ornamental. . . 75 cents.

This book demonstrates that through charity, that is, assisting the poor, we obtain wealth, honor and health and are delivered from evil, and that we also obtain spiritual blessings and eternal rewards.

It shows that nothing is more praised, more recommended, and more commended in the Old and New Testaments than charity.

Sold by all Catholic Booksellers & Agents. BENZIGER BROTHERS, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, 36 & 38 Batavia st. 319 Main st. 178 Monroe st.

the doctors approve of Scott's Emulsion. For whom? For men and women who are weak, when they should be strong; for babies and children who are thin, when they should be fat; for all who get no nourishment from their food. Poor blood is starved blood. Consumption and Scrofula never come without this starvation. And nothing is better for starved blood than cod-liver oil. Scott's Emulsion is cod-liver oil with the fish-fat taste taken out.

Two sizes, 50 cents and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

Father Damien, S. J. One of the most instructive and useful pamphlets extant is the lectures of Father Damien, which comprise four of the most celebrated ones delivered by that renowned Jesuit Father, namely: "The Private Interpretation of the Church of God," "Confession," and "The Feast of the Holy Spirit." The book will be sent to any address on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Order may be sent to Thos. Coffey CATHOLIC RECORD Office, London.

VERY LIBERAL OFFERS An Opportunity to Possess a Beautiful Family Bible at a Small Outlay.



Containing the entire Canonized Scriptures, according to the decree of the Council of Trent, translated from the Latin vulgate. Diligently compared with the Hebrew, Greek, and other editions in diverse languages. The Old Testament, first published by the English College at Douay, A. D. 1609. The New Testament, by the English College at Rheims, A. D. 1582. Revised and corrected according to the Clementine edition of the Scriptures, with annotations by the Rev. Dr. Challoner, to which is added the History of the Holy Catholic Bible, and Calmet's Rev. Ignatius F. Horstmann, D. D., Professor of Philosophy and Librarian in the special sanction of His Grace the Most Rev. Jas. F. Wool, D.D., Archbishop of Philadelphia. With references, a historical and chronological index, a table of the most notable feasts in the Roman calendar, and other instructive and devotional matters. With elegant steel plates and other appropriate engravings.

This Bible will prove not only useful in every Catholic household, but an ornament as well. The size is 12x10x4 inches, weighs 12 pounds, and is beautifully bound. For SEVEN DOLLARS (cash to accompany order) we will send the Bible by express to any part of the Dominion, charges for carriage prepaid; and besides will give credit for one year's subscription of the CATHOLIC RECORD, and besides the special office can have book forwarded to the one nearest their residence. There is no ex-cess note that if, on examination, anyone is dissatisfied with the purchase, the book may be returned at our expense, and the money will be refunded. Bibles similar to these have for years been sold by agents for ten dollars each.

THE HOLY BIBLE. A SMALLER EDITION. Translated from the Latin vulgate. Neatly bound in cloth. Size 10x7x2, and weighs 3 pounds 6 ounces. This book will be sent to any address on same conditions as the larger edition, for Four Dollars, and a year's credit given on subscription to THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

It is always better to send remittances by money order, but when cash is sent the letter should in every case be registered.

Address THOMAS COFFEY, Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.

PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES AND ROME. Eight Weeks' Trip Specially Conducted from Montreal March 9th back to Montreal, \$500, all Expenses Included.

March 25th and four days at Lourdes; ten days, including Holy Week, in Rome, where Pilgrimage ends. Visiting the different places of interest in Northern Italy, Switzerland and France.

Three days in Paris, three days in London, thence via the Cathedral Route to Edinburgh and Glasgow, where Anchor or Allan Line steamer will be taken for New York or Montreal, at option of passenger.

Those wishing to prolong their stay in England, Ireland or Scotland may do so, as return tickets will be good for one year.

Berths may be reserved until 1st January, 1896, on payment of \$10 deposit. For further particulars address,

JER. COFFEY, 11 Mullins Street, MONTREAL.

Warranted Seed GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE. A leading reason for warranting our seed as per list is that we are the original introducers of the Cory and Longfellow Corn, Miller Corn, Boston, Ontario, and various other varieties. We also warrant our seed as per list. Our seed is selected from the best of the world's seed, and is guaranteed to be pure and true. Catalogue of Vegetables and Flower Seeds for 1896, containing many new Vegetables & Flowers & the best of the world's seed, will be sent free.

BREAKFAST-SUPPER. EPPS'S COCOA. GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. BOILING WATER OR MILK. FOR \$1.00. The CATHOLICS OF SCOTLAND.

From 1893, and the Extinction of the Hierarchy in 1893, till the Death of Bishop Carruthers in 1892. By the Late Reverend FREDERICK McDONNELL, DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S.

Author of "Plus IX, and His Time," "Letters and Letters of the British Colonies," "The Temporal Sovereignty of the Pope," "McLellan and Margaret," "St. Vincent de Paul," "The Last Defender of Jerusalem," "Dominion Day," "The North-West Territory and British Columbia," etc.

The very interesting volume of 500 pages appeared from week to week, the pages of which the assurance that it will prove a valuable acquisition, not alone to persons of Scotch origin, but to the many admirers of his gifted author, who have many pleasures in announcing that we are now prepared to furnish a limited number of copies of "The Catholics of Scotland" at the very low rate of \$1.00 each, charges, or carriage prepaid.

Address, THOS. COFFEY, Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.

POST & HOLMES, ARCHITECTS, 100 King St. West, Toronto. Also in the Gerrard Block, W. H. Bay.

A. A. Post, R. A. W. Holmes, DR. WOODRUFF, NO. 185 QUEEN'S AVENUE, Defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh and troublesome throats. Eyes tested, glasses adjusted. Hours, 12 to 4.

C. M. B. A.

A Pleasant Time at Perth. At the regular meeting of St. John's Branch, No. 8, Perth, on Jan. 8, the following officers were installed by Past Chancellor...

S. B. V. M.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE. At a regular meeting of the Sodality of the B. V. M. of St. Philip's church, Toronto, the following resolutions were unanimously passed:

E. B. A.

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of Our Blessed Lady, and of other chosen saints of God; as well as panegyrics and moral discourses, adapted to the Sundays and holidays of the year. By Rev. Francis Hunot, S. J. Translated from the German by Rev. J. Allen, D. D.

IN MEMORIAM.

While many with smiling faces and joyful hearts were preparing for Christmas pleasures and happy festivities, there were others whose hearts were devoid of joy and who could not smile.

THE IRISH NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

The Irish National Conference will be held in May, 1896. The Irish National Federation is being reorganized throughout Ireland and Great Britain, in preparation for that event.

Some great meetings have been held and notable expressions of opinion uttered in Ireland, within the past few weeks.

The Right Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, in a letter read before a recent immense gathering of Nationalists, at Stranorlar, East Donegal, protested earnestly against the Healyite campaign of division and misrepresentation, which has brought so much odium on the Irish cause in Ireland and America.

He Does Not Approve It as a Religion, But Praises Its Good Deeds. Boston Pilot.

The daily press of Cincinnati, O., stated recently that Archbishop Elder had expressed his approbation of the Salvation Army.

It is time the people should insist that public calumny must cease, that no man shall be allowed to dishonor an arbitration to which he has submitted, and that the undertakings pledged in county conventions shall be observed in the letter and in the spirit.

One happy presage of complete unity in the Irish party, is the concord already existing on the education question between the Irish party and the other Nationalists unhappily separated from it on other issues.

There is no need for the new Government to wait for Parliament to reassemble before settling this matter. It is a small one. There is practical unanimity regarding it in Ireland, and if Mr. Balfour is in earnest in his new policy, not a moment ought to be lost by him in satisfying Irish public opinion.

There is, moreover, a strong motive for complete unity in Ireland in the war-cloud gathering over England. Grattan's Parliament was the outcome of England's unsuccessful war with the American Colonies in 1776.

It is in the power of the Irish party and the Irish people to make the Irish National Conference an event of international importance, and the final step in Ireland's long and circuitous path to legislative independence.

William Henry Elder, Archbishop of Cincinnati. Assessment System. A Successful Year.

Although business institutions throughout Canada experienced harder times and greater scarcity of ready money during 1895 than in any year since the existing depression set in, the life insurance companies are not behind former years in the item of new business written.

The Rev. M. H. Ford, of St. Louis, Mich., recognizes the fact that Protestantism is losing its hold upon the people, and that it fails to draw the masses to the churches. To remedy a recognized defect in Protestant methods, he has excogitated a plan which deserves to be noted for its originality, if for nothing else.

they still more apparent, he had a barber's chair placed on the platform and sat in it during the service. His sermon was replete with barbaerous terms. The full text of it is not reported, but it would be in keeping with the surroundings and the drift of the enterprise if he had informed his audience that it would be a close shave if any of them ever got to heaven; that if they hoped to escape, even by a hair's breadth, that place where no good barber should be found, they must keep their souls well shampooed and as white as aromatic lather.

Surrounded by coils of hose pipe, he preached to firemen. Such an audience would naturally suggest the proper subject for a hot sermon; they must be vigilant, and awake the voice of the trumpet, and keep at a safe distance from fires that they cannot extinguish. To blacksmiths he gave a ringing sermon, of course, and hammered into them the necessity of welding their conduct to sound principles, of keeping their consciences as bright as polished steel, and of blowing the inflated bellows of self-esteem with moderation.

From the midst of guns he gave the veterans volleys of advice, pierced the cartridge box of their consciences with the sword of the spirit, outlanked them by a right oblique movement, called their attention to the bivouac of the dead, the reveille, the roll call, the inspection of weapons and the last tattoo, and sent them off parade at double quick.

When ministers take to these bizarre methods to make religion a matter of interest to man, it is a sad confession that what they have to say about it has ceased to be a matter of interest. The method of the street hawker of notions is not Apostolic; nor in keeping with the awe-inspiring truths of religion, which are best received when told in language plain and simple.

ARCHBISHOP ELDER ON THE SALVATION ARMY.

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Head Office amounting to a quarter million dollars in 1895.

Marriage at Kinkora.

A pleasant event took place in the Catholic church at Kinkora, Tuesday morning, Jan. 8, when Mr. Thomas Keenan, youngest son of the late Joseph Weiss, of Belle, formerly of North, Essex, was united in matrimony with Miss Josephine Weiss, of Belle, formerly of North, Essex.

Telephone Connection with Montreal.

The Bell Telephone Co. completed last month their new heavy metallic lines from Toronto to Kingston and Montreal, and will have in operation direct from Toronto to Montreal and Western Ontario to all points in Eastern Ontario.

A Successful Bazaar.

Nonsuching, Jan. 7, 1896. Dear Editor, - Nonsuching has had its "Grand Bazaar" in Christmas week. It was a success and the word "grand" sounds how better than any other word.

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON. London, Jan. 15. - Wheat, 65 to 64 1/2c. per bush. Oats, 24 to 23 1/2c. per bush. Peas, 24 to 23 1/2c. per bush.

TORONTO. Toronto, Jan. 15. - Wheat, 65 to 64 1/2c. per bush. Oats, 24 to 23 1/2c. per bush. Peas, 24 to 23 1/2c. per bush.

PORT HURON. Port Huron, Mich., Jan. 15. - Grain - Wheat per bush - White, 90 to 92c. No. 2 red, 88 to 90c.

Latest Live Stock Markets. Toronto, Jan. 15. - As far as the local trade was concerned the demand was good, and prices for heavy grades were firm.

WESTERN BEEFAL. East Buffalo, Jan. 16. - Cattle closed firm. Hogs - Closed steady with a few sales.

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VOLUME

PAULIST MISSION

A Large Congress After the Truth circus questions

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A cordial invitation to non Catholics in an accommodated way they were accompanied by their friends.

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