

The Bride

They brought me to a foreign land, Across the ocean wide, To dwell with strangers, and to be A young and beautiful bride...

fever heat; and in 1848 the Governor of the Penal Colony issued a proclamation, copies of which were sent by active runners to every settler and ticket-of-leave man...

This proclamation intensified the excitement. It seemed to bring the mine nearer to every man in the colony. It was a formal admission that there really was a mine; it dispelled the vague uncertainty, and left an immediate hunger or greed in the minds of the population.



£5,000 Reward.

The above reward will be paid for the discovery of the mine from which the Natives of the Vase obtain their Gold. Free Pardon will be granted to the Discoverer, should he be of the British or Colonial Birth.

F. K. Hampton, Governor.

Official Residence, Perth, 26th June, 1848.

But nothing came of it. Not an ounce of gold was ever taken from the earth. At last men began to avoid the subject. They could not bear to be tantalized nor tortured by the splendid delusion.

For eight years this magnificent reward had remained unclaimed, and now its terms were only recalled at the fires of the road making convicts, or in the lonely slabs of the mahogany sawyers, who were all ticket-of-leave men.

II.

THE CONVICT ROAD PARTY.

It was a scorching day in midsummer—a few days before Christmas.

Had there been any moisture in the bush it would have steamed in the heavy heat. During the mid-day hours not a bird stirred among the mahogany and gum trees. On the flat tops of the low banks the round heads of the white cockatoos could be seen in thousands, motionless as the trees themselves.

All free things were at rest; but the penetrating click of the axe, heard far through the bush, and now and again a harsh word of command, told that it was a land of bondmen.

From daylight to dark, through the hot noon as steadily as in the cool evening, the convicts were at work on the roads—the weary work that has no wages, no promotion, no incitement, no satisfaction for good or bad, except stripes for the laggard.

Along the verge of the Kosgnulp Swamp—one of the greatest and dameliest of the wooded lakes of the country, its black water deep enough to float a man-of-war—a party of convicts were making a Government road. They were cutting their patient way into a forest only traversed before by the aborigine and the aborigine.

Before them in the bush, as in their lives, all was dark and unknown—tangled underbrush, gloomy shadows, and noxious things. Behind them, clear and open, lay the straight road they had made—leading to and from the prison.

Their camp, composed of rough slabs of wood, was some two hundred miles from the main prison of the colony on the Swan River, at Fremantle, from which radiate all the roads made by the bondmen.

The primitive history of the colony is written forever in its roads. There is in this penal labor a secret of value to be utilized more fully by a wiser civilization.

England sends her criminals to take the brunt of the new land's hardships and to prepare the way for honest life and labor. In every community there is either dangerous or degrading work to be done; and who so fit to do it as those who have forfeited their liberty by breaking the law?

The convicts were dressed in white trousers, blue woolen shirt, and white hat—every article stamped with England's private mark—the Broad Arrow. They were young men, healthy and strong; their faces and bare arms burnt to the color of mahogany. Burglars, murderers, grotters, thieves—double eye law breakers every one—but, for all that, kind-hearted and manly fellows enough were among them.

"I tell you, mates," said one, resting on his spade, "this is going to be the end of Moondyne Joe. That fiding in the swamp last night was his last fight."

"I don't think it was Moondyne," said another; "he's at work in the chain-gang at Fremantle; and there's no chance of escape there."

"Sh h!" interrupted the first speaker, a powerful, low-browed fellow, named Dave Terrell, who acted as a sort of foreman to the gang. The warden in charge of the party was slowly walking past. When he was out of hearing Dave continued, in a low but deeply earnest voice: "I know it was Moondyne, mates. I saw him last night when I went to get the turtle's eggs. I met him face to face in the moonlight, beside the swamp."

Every man held his hand and breath with intense interest in the story. Some looked incredulous—heads were shaken in doubt.

"Did you speak to him?" asked one. "Ay," said Terrell, turning on him; "why shouldn't I? Moondyne knew he had nothing to fear from me, and I had nothing to fear from him."

"What did you say to him?" asked another. "Say?—I stood an' looked at him for a minute, for his face had a white look in the moonlight, and then I walked up close to him, and I says: 'By you Moondyne Joe, or his ghost?'"

"Ay," said the gang with one breath, "Ay, I said that, never fearing, for

Moondyne Joe, dead or alive, would never harm a prisoner."

"But what did he answer?" asked the eager crowd. "He never said a word; but he laid his finger on his lips, like this, and waved his hand as if he warned me to go back to the camp. I turned to go; then I looked back once, and he was standing just as I left him, but he was looking up at the sky, as if there was some star in the moon that pleased him."

The convicts worked silently, each thinking on what he had heard. "He mightn't 'ave been afraid, though," said low-browed Dave; "I'd let them cut my tongue out before I'd sell the Moondyne."

"That's true," said several of the gang, and many kind looks were given to Terrell. A strong bond of sympathy, it was evident, existed between these men and the person of whom they spoke.

A sound from the thick bush interrupted the conversation. The convicts looked up from their work, and beheld a strange procession approaching from the direction of the swamp. It consisted of about a dozen or fifteen persons, most of whom were savages. In front rode two officers of the Convict Service, a sergeant, and a private trooper, side by side, with drawn swords; and between their horses, manacled by the wrists to their stirrups, walked a white man.

"Here they come," hissed Terrell, with a bitter malediction, his low brow wholly disappearing into a terrible ridge above his eyes. "They haven't killed him, after all. I'm a mate, what a pity it is to see a man like Moondyne in that plight!"

"He's done for two or three of 'em," muttered another, in a tone of grim gratification. "Look at the loads behind. I know he wouldn't be taken this time like a cornered rat."

Following the prisoner came a troop of "natives," as the aboriginal bushmen are called, bearing three spearwood litters with the bodies of wounded men. A villainous-looking savage, mounted on a troop horse, brought up the rear. His dress was like that of his pedestrian fellows, upon whom, however, he looked in disdain—a short boka, or cloak of kangaroo skin, and a belt of twisted cords round his naked body.

In addition he had a police trooper's cap, and a heavy "regulation" revolver stuck in his belt. This was the tracker, the human bloodhound, used by the troopers to follow the trail of absconding prisoners.

When the troopers neared the convict-party, the sergeant, a man whose natural expression, whatever it might have been, was wholly obliterated by a frightful scar across his face, asked for water. The natives halted, and quitted silently in the group. The wounded men moaned as the litters were lowered.

Dave Terrell brought the water. He handed a pannikin to the sergeant, and another to the private trooper, and filled a third.

"Who's that for?" harshly demanded the sergeant. "For Moondyne," said the convict, approaching the chained man, whose neck was stretched toward the brimning cup.

"Stand back, cur!" said the sergeant, bringing his sword flat on the convict's back. "That's sounder needs no water. He drinks blood."

There was a taut in the tone, even beneath the brutality of the words. "Carry your spail to those litters," growled the sinister looking sergeant, "and keep your mouth closed, if you value your hide. There!" he said in a supple voice, flinging the few drops he had left in the face of the unmanacled man; "that's water enough for you, till you reach Banbury prison to-morrow."

The face of the prisoner hardly changed. He gave one straight look into the sergeant's eyes, then turned away, and seemed to look far away through the bush. It was a remarkable being, as he stood there. In strength and proportion of body he rivaled the best of the breed. He had a finely shaped head, with crisp, black hair and beard, a broad, square forehead, and an air of power and self command—this was the prisoner, this was Moondyne Joe.

Who or what was the man? An escaped convict. What had he been? Perhaps a robber or a mutineer, or maybe he had killed a man in the white heat of passion; no one knew—no one cared to know.

That question lingered in the penal colony. No one there. They had found bottom, where all stand equal. No envy there, no rivalry, no greed nor ambition, and no escape from companionship. They constitute the purest democracy on earth. The only distinction to be won—that of being trustworthy, or selfish and false. The good man is he who is kind and true; the bad man is he who is capable of betraying a comrade.

It may be the absence of the competitive elements of social life that accounts for the number of manly characters to be met among these outcasts.

It is by no means in the superior strata of society that abound the strong, true natures, the men that may be depended upon, the primitive rocks of humanity.

The complexities of social life beget cunning and artifice. Among penal convicts there is no ground for envy, ambition, or emulation; nothing to be gained by falsehood in any shape.

But all this time the prisoner stands looking away into the bush, with the drops of insult trickling from his strong face. His self command evidently irritated the brutal officer, who, perhaps, expected to hear him whine for better treatment.

The sergeant dismounted to examine the handcuffs, and while doing so, looked into the man's face with a leer of cruel exultation. He drew no expression from the steady eyes of the prisoner.

There was an old score to be settled between these men, and it was plain that each knew the moral of the other.

"I'll break that look," said the sergeant between his teeth, but loud enough for the prisoner's ears; "I'll break it before we reach Fremantle." Soon after he turned away, to look to the wounded men.

While so engaged, the private trooper made a furtive sign to the convict with his

hand; and he, keeping in shade of the horse, crept up and gave Moondyne a deep drink of the precious water.

The stern lines withdrew from the prisoner's mouth and forehead; and he gave the kindly trooper a glance of gratitude there was something strangely gentle and winning in the face.

The sergeant returned and mounted. The litters were raised by the natives, and the party resumed their march, starting in on the new road that led to the prison.

"May the lightning split him," hissed black-browed Dave, after the sergeant. "There's not an officer in the colony will strike a prisoner without cause, except that coward, and he was a convict himself."

"May the Lord help Moondyne Joe this day," said another, for he's chased to the stirrup of the only man living that hates him."

The sympathizing gang looked after the party till they were hidden by a bend of the road; but they were silent under the eye of their warden.

III.

SOME years before, the prisoner, now called Moondyne Joe, had arrived in the colony. He was a youth—little more than a boy in years. From the first day of his imprisonment he had followed one course; he was quiet, silent, patient, obedient. He broke no rules of the prison. He asked no favors. He performed all his own work, and often helped another who grumbled at his heavy task.

He was simply known to his fellow-convicts as Joe, his other name was unknown or forgotten. When the prison roll was called, he answered to No. 406.

In the first few years he had made many friends in the colony—but he had also made one enemy, and a deadly one in the gang to which he belonged was a man named Isaac Bowman, one of those natures seemingly all evil, envious, and cruel, detected by the basest, yet self-contained, full of vice and detestation, satisfied with his own depravity, and convinced that every one was secretly just as vile as he.

From the first, this fellow had disliked and sneered at Joe, and Joe having long observed the man's cur-like character, had at last adopted a system of conduct toward him that saved himself annoyance, but secretly intensified the malevolence of the other. He did not avoid the fellow; but he never looked at him, saw him, spoke to him—not even answering him when he spoke, as if he had not heard him.

This treatment was observed and enjoyed by the other prisoners, and sometimes even adopted by themselves toward Bowman. At last its effect on the evil nature was too powerful to be concealed. With the others he could return oath for oath, or jibe for jibe, and always came off pleased with himself; but Joe's silent contempt stung him like a scorpion.

The convicts at length saw that Bowman, who was a man capable of any crime, held a deep hatred for Joe, and they warned him to beware. But he smiled, and went on just as before.

One morning a post-chaise rode into the camp with a pair of justice and vengeance. His but was only a few miles distant, and in his absence last night a deed of rapine and robbery had been perpetrated there—and the robber was a convict.

A search was made in the prisoners' hut, and in one of the hammocks was found some of the stolen property. The man who owned the lost goods was seized and ironed, protesting his innocence. Further evidence was found against him—he had been seen returning to the camp that morning—Isaac Bowman had seen him.

Swift and summary is the dread punishment of the penal code. As the helpless wretch was dragged away, a word of mock pity followed him from Bowman.

During the scene, Joe had stood in silence, but the brutal jibe he started as if struck by a whip. He sprang on Isaac Bowman suddenly—dashed him to the ground, and holding him there like a worm, shook from his clothing all the stolen property, except what the callid had concealed in his fellow's bed to insure his conviction.

Then and there the sentence was given. The villain was haled to the triangles and flogged with unmitigated violence. He uttered no cry; but as the hissing lashes swept his back, he settled a look of ghastly and mortal hatred on Joe, who stood by and counted the stripes.

But this was years ago; and Bowman had long been a free man and a settler, having served out his sentence.

At that time the laws of the Penal Colony were exceedingly cruel and unjust to the bondmen. There was in the colony a number of "free settlers" and ex-convicts who had obtained land, and these, as a class, were men who lived half by farming and half by rascality. They sold brandy to the convicts and ticket-of-leave men, and robbed them when the drugged liquor had done its work. They feared no law, for the word of a prisoner was not to be counted.

The crying emblem of the code was the power it gave these settlers to take from the prisons as many men as they chose, and work them as slaves on their clearings. While so employed, the very lives of these convicts were at the mercy of their taskmasters, who possessed over them all the power of prison officers.

A report made by an employer against a convict incurred a flogging or a number of years in the terrible chain-gang at Fremantle. The system reeked with cruelty and the blood of men. It would startle our commonplace serenity to see the record of the lives that were sacrificed to have it repealed.

Under this law, it came to Joe's turn to be sent out on probation. Application had been made for him by a farmer, whose "rango" was in a remote district. Joe was a strong and willing worker, and he was glad of the change; but when he was taken to the lonely place, he could not help a shudder when he came face to face with his new employer and master—Isaac Bowman.

There was no doubting the purpose of the villain who had now complete possession of him. He meant to drive him into rebellion—to torture him till his hate was gratified, and then to have him flogged and sent to the chain-gang; and from the first minute of his control he began to carry out his purpose.

For two years the strong man toiled

like a brute at the word of his driver, retarding neither scoff nor course.

Joe had years to serve; and he had made up his mind to serve them, and be free. He knew there was no escape—that one report from Bowman would wipe out all record of previous good conduct.

He knew, too, that Bowman meant to destroy him, and he resolved to bear toll abuse as long as he was able. He was able longer than most men; but the cup was filled at last. The day came when the worm turned—when the quiet, patient man blazed into dreadful passion, and, tearing the good from the tyrant's hand, he dashed him, maimed and senseless, to the earth.

The blow given, Joe's passion cooled, and the rula of the dead stared him in the face. There was no court of justice in which he might plead. He had neither word nor oath nor witnesses. The law might be dead; and even if he recovered, the punishment was the lash and the chain-gang, or the gallows.

Then and there, Joe struck into the bush with a resolute face, and next day he infuriated and half-dazed, rendered the fold more malignant by a dreadful disfigurement, reported him to the prison as an absconder, a robber, and an attempted murderer.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A LITTLE GOOD-BYE TO ARCADY.

Catherine Cole, in New Orleans Picayune.

FOR many years I have been thinking to write an article on Arcady. I lived there, and it seemed to me that no one could know so well its tangled paths, its least strewn, rutty roads that led nowhere in particular, its quiet skies and all its dear localities.

Every morning as I stepped out of the dingy brown shell of a house that was home to me and that abated my young one as the nest does the fledgling, I would look out on the world, up deep into the sky, and along the green and dral aisles of the untrampled trees and as I will write about Arcady now, for surely it is ever so sweet.

We lived on a road—for in Arcady there is nothing so paved and metropolitan as a street—that meandered along betwixt mossy ferns and finally dwindled to the cemeteries. There were happy years for those of us who dwelt in the old brown house when the way to the cemetery was merely legendary; and when on All Saints' Day the neighbors used to go by with their roses and wreaths, I could hardly understand as they were swallowed up in the green beyond that they had gone like black ghosts of dead loves to a graveyard.

But there came a day—some tranquil year ago—when we too, with lagging footsteps, learned whether the old road ran, and after that somehow the roses in the thorny hedges that grew in hillocks along the way seemed sweeter and whiter and more pure.

And there was a way, a street car way, devious and jay trotting and easy going, by which we Arcadians kept up communication with the city. I wonder was there ever such a street car route as that! It was like a volume of statistics bound in vellum and illuminated with marginal notes of bloom and beauty. There were no names to the streets save those handed down from one generation of car drivers to the other, as the min streety and folk lore of early ages was preserved by word of mouth, but, instead, the very telegraph poles and electric light spars of deadly poison were covered with rose vines and wild morning glory, transforming them into guide posts with a million tremulous tendrils pointing the way to Arcady.

It was always a fond belief of mine in those rose leaf days that I could sniff my way home just by the odors and perfumes that marked the way. I know there was a place right at the great stone heart of the city where the Arcadians took the homeward-bound street car, that smelled only of gas and steam, and a town's uncleanly dust, of scavengers' carts and apocryphal shops. A little beyond was a corner of Abineth and Arletto, so obnoxious to the bar room odors of stale liquor and wilted lemonade. Just a little further on, as our vehicle gave a sudden lurch away from the town, there would come across the night whiffs of air from off the New basin, a musty, almshouse sort of air, combined of old sawdust and teak wood, of rotting masts of oakum and rosin, and of tarry ropes lying in tangles on the decks of carcass schooners.

And then it was easy to tell when we came to the foot hill residences that precede the Alps of Sweldom, for here the faint, faithful perfume of violets, that grew in parched beds, with barriers of stone beer bottles, greeted the nostril. In summer times, no matter how dark the night, the breath of violets always told me, as a sort of floral time-table might, when we were on the road to Arcady.

Magnolias grew in the great gardens and on the stately laws of Upper Tandon, and then life had an interlude, a breathing spell, where the road crossed a grassy common or wild country space, where the townsfolk came in the July days to make hay while the sun shone.

This place, the city's park, was really the vestibule to Arcady, and at its outer edge grew the thorny bushes, the swinging vines, the pretty trees set thick with the spice scented roses of our Arkady.

What simple hearted folk dwell there I need not say. It takes simple-hearted folk to live thus close pressed to the heart of nature. It seemed every one knew every one else, and when we met we most surely stopped to pass the time of day. And no one gossiped, and no one was unkind, and no jealousies were so bitter they could not be sweetened by a loaf of home made cake, nor rancors so deep they could not be drowned in home-made wine.

We were famous housekeepers in Arcady, and there were no cakes like those we sent on silver salvers to each other's feasts—white cakes and gold cakes showed under an inch of icing and decorated like old fashioned brides, with posies of myrtle and sprigs of lemon verbena tied up with rose geraniums.

I shall always think that nowhere in the world were such entertainments as were wont to give in that little world of ours. There was a hall—our own hall—in which we congregated for fair, where

we bought each other's pincushions and made complimentary gosses to each other's cakes; for concerts, where we admired each other's stonings, and in theatricals, where we put on wings and laughed at each other's acting; and in that hall the big-gawk big wig decorator in Christendom might have taken notes in making things beautiful. Who could twist a honeysuckle vine with the art of Mrs. B? Who could put up a posy as prettily as the Widow C? What roses were so rich and red as those Mrs. R brought down, with the dew of the country still wet on their lips? Where could you find such gosses as Mrs. M. laughing Mrs. T. had led out to us with lavish hand? What Charlotte could have been so admirable cutting bread and butter as gentle Mrs. B? Whose punch was ever so delicious as that concocted by Mrs. N, and what smiles could have sweetened it as did the smiles of the Widows D, and P. J. And so ever so good a president as Mrs. S, or so sweet a singer as Mrs. M, or so cooery in body as Mrs. J, or so kind a mother in Israel as Grandma P, or Mrs. W. O! It was all kindness and loveliness in Arcady, where when we went to each other's parties, we were always given some of the goodies to carry home.

Sometimes great folk came to our homes, poets and singers and scholars. It was only last April a famous singer, whose heart still has some roots in our woods, came to visit one of us. She was a very grand and famous singer, and she lives in London and sings sometimes for great princes, who will listen only to the best, and her name is Lena Light. It was very pretty in Arcady that night, and the home in which we were entertained was gay with flowers. The plump Arcadian matrons and the gentle Arcadian widows sat about smiling and chattering with April roses on their bosoms and cherry with April roses on their cheeks and at their belts. Every one was happy and jolly in a simple fashion, and there was no showing off nor pranking, as there often is—out of Arcady.

When the feasting was over we sang songs—not arias from operas and recitatives from oratorios, but songs that go to the heart and tell their own story unaided. I remember we sang the "Home Sweet Home," and "Auld Lang Syne," and I remember how that glorious, costly contralto voice which princes have listened to and applauded, joined in with our trebles and altos and falsettos, just as beautifully as a golden thread may be woven into the coarsest colored, servicable garb of daily life.

And then, by and by, we tied our white muslin over our heads, and our handkerchiefs full of goodies dangling on our arms, we said good-night and went away.

I wonder if nights can be anywhere so sweet as they are in that little suburban locality I love to think on as Arcady? There it was lovely to walk home when "the stars were in the quiet skies" and the faint breath of the white-bellied hawk hung on the air, when cow-bells tinkled dreamfully down the untrampled roads, and the sky flared overhead as if the Mother of Stars were watching there in her wondrous starry robe of celestial blue. . . .

But somehow the days and months and years fall off as faded petals fall from a rose that will bloom no more, and I was never able to get any word of that article on Arcady chained down into black and white.

I know now that one may not write of life until one has done with it. A picture to be beautiful must have perspective, and memory is the heart's perspective, just as hope is its glad and golden foreground.

And now all that is over and ended. That green leaf is turned down forever, and Arcady is ours now, just as our dead are ours; just as the things we may remember, no power can take away from us. A few evil days ago we moved like country mice down into the city, "the stony-hearted stepmother," De Quincy called it, and I wonder if some gardeners, some town flirts, to tell me how their plants may be made to insert their roots under cobble stones, and how to keep wild vines growing on slate roofs.

The other night the She who must be obeyed of our family came home from school with instructions to observe Venus and Mars and Jupiter. So when the stables were eaten and I went forth into the streets, everywhere was the smell of stale beer, of wilted lemonade, the rumble of creak, the scream of steam, the tinkle of street car bells. We passed an open window and in the room beyond a woman had her feet upon the treadmill of her machine. A glowering candle lighted her work, a coarse piece of jeans—even work was unlovely in that dingy room. A drunken man lolled up; a town bird, dusty and ragged, had gone to sleep in the corner, with a megaphone pole. I am sure now that the common place Sorrow of the World belong to the great cities. It was in London Elizabeth Barrett listened with an aching heart to the children crying in the street.

We did not find the stars. There was not enough sky, and as we walked back to our Rooms I told Pio of a little London child I once knew who was taken on Mayday from Shoreditch out into Arcady. And when he saw that great, eternal, luminous blue bending down above his head he cried and was afraid that it would fall on him. And then to myself I kept Emerson's thought about the stars, where he says: "Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are! If the stars only appeared one night in a thousand years how would men believe and adore and preserve for generations the remembrance of the city in Gaea which had been shown." To how many wanderers in a great city's stone forest are the infrequent stars smiling down between the narrow walls, like mute remembrancers of some lost summer, some Arcady from which there had been an eviction.

And yet it is the instinct of the human side of us to the intellectual side of us to go to town. Electric lights, the great flickering gosses of the great city tempt us as no stars may never do. What beautiful pictures in our minds we bring to town with us! Who will ever forget with what infinite love and longing the gentle autocrat for both town and country breakfast tables has written of the life that must have been his own before he came up to Boston? "Home, Sweet Home" was a lowly thatched cottage, far from palaces. I think even the gentle-hearted Will must have dwelt

of Fleet street when he wrote of the... yellow hue that do "paint the meadows with delight."

"I remember, I remember The roses red and white." George Eliot came from her sweet Englishshire to live her great life and write her great books in London town.

When one loses Arcady there is no getting back to it. Arcady is there just the same, but the heart for it, the ability to love it, to be simple enough for it, passes and will no more return than bloom to the tarnished grape, youth to the unkindling eye, innocence to the stained life.

Perhaps this is a personal plaint and of no interest to you, good sir or madam! Perhaps it is written only for those faithful, old, first friends I left behind me when the leafy curtain of wild rose vines dropped on the Arcadian act of our life, but after all have you lost no Arcady from all your busy life? If not I am sorry for you.

TRIP DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE. CONCLUDED. From Quebec we journeyed to Montreal by rail and by daylight. The weather was delightful. It was the first of September. We could perceive a very great change for the better in the appearance of the country and a very noticeable improvement in the agricultural habits of the people as well as in the tillage and natural fertility of the soil.

Whether in this region or any other locality where the Canadian habit may have fixed his home, a trim little vegetable garden is always found, with its inevitable or seldom missed patch of tobacco plant. The French-Canadian does not believe in purchasing little luxuries or paying duty for commodities that with a little care and forethought may be found on his own premises.

When speeding through France by rail once I noticed that every farmer's holding, no matter how diminutive, had a narrow patch devoted to the growth of hemp, and, on enquiry, I was informed that the French Paysanne understood the whole process of changing hemp into coarse linen, and that to weavings, sheetings, strong twine and a hundred other necessities for home use are all manufactured on the premises.

Between Quebec and Montreal we passed through some large towns that exhibited every mark of growing enterprise and progress. Batiscan, Trois Rivières and Maskinonge were the principal stations, at which evident signs of busy life and rushing trade were visible. The city of Trois Rivières, especially, is remarkable for its grand cathedral that rises away over all the other city buildings, its massive college and the extensive range of convent walls and cloisters. Here several priests boarded our train on their way to Montreal, among others, Bishop Lulibee, with his Vicar General, Father Caron. They were accompanied by Father Lacombe, a sturdy-looking, grey-haired old missionary, who evidently saw hard times in his day, but who is still broad-shouldered and vigorous. He spent forty years roughing it in the North-West Territories before railroads through those

wild regions were ever dreamt of, and from his robust appearance it is most likely that at least twenty years' more hard work will be required of him before he is fully ripe for heaven.

Arrived in the City of Mary—Villars Maria, as Montreal at one time was named—we drove to the St. Lawrence Hall Hotel and there found ourselves in the midst of friends. It looked as though our journey was at an end, and that we were once more under the paternal roof. Familiar faces met us at every step, hearty greetings were spoken, and signs of welcome were given in every name and shape. We had fallen upon a crowd of O. M. B. A. men, many were assembling from every point of the Dominion to hold a Grand Council Convention on the morrow and during the remainder of the week. There were priests and laymen from Ottawa, London, Windsor and Niagara, Ingersoll, Pickering and Orillia were there represented, as well as Hamilton, Guelph, Brockton and Toronto. Delegates were there from Winnipeg, Calgary, Halifax and St. John, N. B. These were not acquainted with, but as they were Catholics and selected, it did not take very long for all to be shaken together and amalgamated. The procession presented an imposing and cheery sight next morning, as, preceded by a splendid band, it marched down Great St. James street and wended its way to St. Patrick's Church. There again the home feeling was strong with us. Besides the venerable Father David and Fathers Toupin, O'Callaghan and Quinlan, familiar faces appeared in the sanctuary, there was Archbishop Walsh, with his old paternal smile, looking welcome and blessings from his benevolent eyes. And there beside him was the familiar head and shoulders of his popular Vicar General, Father Rooney, while on the altar Father Flannery was celebrant, Father James Walsh deacon and our own Father Tiernan master of ceremonies. No wonder was for the nonce forgot that we were several hundred miles away from London, and experienced even all the real comfort and satisfaction of home, sweet home. A son of the late Judge Drummond—who, in my recollection, was Attorney General for Quebec—Rev. Father Drummond, rector of the Jesuit College in Montreal, preached a very instructive and eloquent sermon on the duties incumbent on members of the O. M. B. A. and on the God-like virtue of charity, that should bear in the heart of every child of Catholic parentage. After High Mass, and while the procession was again being formed, the magnificent organ of St. Patrick's let out its sweetest and most entrancing notes, the vox humana giving life once again to such melting airs as the "Caulin," "The Harp," and the "Last Rose of Summer."

During the week that followed we visited Notre Dame, the French cathedral, which for so many years has been considered, and justly, the grandest church in Canada, but which must occupy only a secondary place when the new Basilica, built on Dorchester street, after the plan of St. Peter's in Rome, will be opened for Divine service in the near future. The church on the 2-1/2 mile long same street, within a few blocks of St. Patrick's, comes next in importance and beauty of its internal decorations. With its powerful organ, its well-trained chorists, and such oratorical celebrities as Father Drummond, Father Kenny, Father Jones and others, its late Veppers and Benediction services are attended by crowds of the devout and the cultured of Montreal. The churches of Bon Secours, lately frescoed and beautifully decorated, and of Our Lady of Lourdes, with its perfect and striking imitation of the famous miraculous grotto of Massabielle, well repay a visit and the cab hire necessary to see them both in one day. We drove to the cemetery of Cote des Neiges and knelt at the fourteen Stations of the Cross distributed around its walks and avenues, and stood for a full hour on the balcony erected on the summit of Mount Royal, whence a most magnificent view is had of the city and the suburbs and the villages that cluster around it. The churches, streets and squares, with the towers of Notre Dame, and the river beyond, with its shipping, are all within easy view and are spread out before the beholder like a fairy scene in a pictured panorama that only a poetic and inspired imagination could conjure up. One of the priests who spoke at the banquet given to the delegates of the O. M. B. A. convention declared that Montreal is the Mecca of Catholicity in Canada. And he was not far astray. Since the days of its foundation by Jacques Cartier, it has enjoyed the distinctive Catholic name of Mary's City—Villars Maria, Grand and richly decorated churches, basilicas, holy shrines and sanctuaries, at which miracles are wrought; theological seminaries, where young men are trained for the priesthood; convents, where cloistered nuns teach or lead a contemplative life; refuges, hospitals, asylums, orphanages—all under the eye of the Church and the care of Religious, who made vows to God and practice all the austerities of monastic life—all these are found in Montreal on a scale of prosperity, utility and magnificence that can scarcely be met with anywhere outside of Rome itself. Learned priests, famed for more than ordinary piety and zeal and belonging to almost every order in the Church, attend to the education, religious training, and spiritual wants of the city, whose every remotest corner and every poorest and humblest child is brought under the immediate supervision and saving influence of Catholic faith and charity. From every point in the Dominion, be it near or far, Right Rev. Bishops look to Montreal for their supply of priests for their respective dioceses; and priests and people apply to Montreal for vestments, missals, oblations and all the necessary furnishings for Catholic worship and piety. Protestants are numerous, but they are in the minority, being scarcely one-third of the population. They are active and zealous in their own way, and appeals to bigotry sometimes get the better of their judgment, but they must acknowledge that in the quiet prosecution of their mode of worship and in the education of their children they obtain, without having to contend for it, every possible facility and convenience from the Catholic majority. Their Protestant Normal schools and

Protestant University, are subventioned by the State, and the Catholic Government of Quebec allows them for their Protestant Separate schools one-third of the school taxes derived from chartered companies and railways, banking and manufacturing corporations. In Ontario not one cent of these taxes is allowed to Catholics for the benefit of their Catholic Separate schools. But a good time is coming, and Mr. Mowat, who received such an immense and solid Catholic vote at the last election, may see fit before long to follow the example of the liberal Catholic Government of Quebec.

I had no intention of writing so much when I began a description of my "Trip down the St. Lawrence," and am now apologizing for occupying so much of your valuable space. The only excuse I can offer, and I think it a good one, is that the St. Lawrence is a Catholic river. It was discovered by Catholic Frenchmen, who prayed devoutly and observed, not only the Lord's day, but the saints' days. They also knew that when on the 10th August, 1535, they discovered that it was no longer an arm of the sea but a majestic river they sailed on, that it was the feast of St. Lawrence in the Roman breviary, and there and then it was consecrated with the grand old Catholic name with which it shall be glorified while this world lasts and a cross glitters to redress it.

I will terminate the history of my trip by adverting to an agreeable incident of the journey which happened at Montreal. I was invited to have dinner with a few clerical friends at St. Mary's College. Not to mention too many particulars of the kindness and unbounded hospitality shown to an utter stranger, I may mention that Archbishop Walsh and Father David were present, with Very Reverend Rooney and Rev. Jas. Walsh, of Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto. Towards the end of the very generous repast—that was, you may rest assured, exquisitely seasoned, if not spiced, with Attic salt and Celtic wit—one of the youngest, and, to all appearances, the most modest of the professional staff, left his seat at table, and, standing in the middle of the refectory, so that every one could hear every word, he sang the following, all present joining in the chorus:

Air—"The Dear Little Shamrock" There's a neat little saying—deny it you may— No Irishman ever was known to— That the shamrock of Erin ne'er survives when away From the little isle it lays claims to. You may drag it away, far away from the shoreland, Yet it flourish in none but the valleys of Ireland.

Chorus— But the children of Ireland The faith of old Ireland Will flourish on the shoreland Far away from the shoreland.

For there where Ontario's wide spreading flood Laves the shores of our great western nation, Where the lilies of orange both blossom and bud, Where old Wild "winds" his modest oration, Is as if the Archbishop who honors his strand; No bravo Celt ever crossed over from Ireland.

Chorus— Then here 'neath Mount Royal, of which we're so proud, Where the famine scour'd Irish sought city, Beats the heart of the apostle, our dear Father David, How he raised their esteem in our day! As long as the sons of St. Patrick are grate- So long to their pastor their hearts shall be faithful.

Chorus— In another fair field, too, our faith holds her home, We've a champion midst many good fighters Who were distributed—tho' patients be-moan— Wholesome doses to all Equal Righters; And the "Dill's Thirteen"—he has issued This shiraz will live on while Erin grows gratefully.

Chorus— Then welcome, ye Irish, you've here found a home, The walls of St. Mary's now greet you; Wherever you steer—wherever you roam, The sons of Ignatius shall meet you, With their hands and a hand that shall never belie you, For the faith of the Irish was never so high.

Chorus— Now Free From Pain. Mr. Frank Palmer, of Winona, Ont., says: "I have been troubled with lame back for about six months, then thought I would try Haggard's Yellow Oil, which cured me. Am now free from all pains, and I recommend Yellow Oil very highly."

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The Catholic Record.

Published weekly at 484 and 486 Richmond street, London, Ontario.

Price of subscription—\$2.00 per annum.

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Catholic Record.

London, Sat., Dec. 6th, 1890.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

The feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, which occurs on the 8th day of the present month, December, was instituted as a feast of obligation in commemoration of the solemn decree of the late Pope Pius IX., whereby it was declared as a dogma of faith that the Blessed Virgin Mary was conceived without any stain of original sin. The words of this decree, which was promulgated on the 8th of December, 1854, are the following: "We define that the doctrine which holds that the most Blessed Virgin Mary was preserved free from every stain of original sin in the first instant of her conception, by a special grace and privilege of Almighty God, by the force of the merits of Jesus Christ the Saviour of the human race, is revealed by God, and must therefore be believed firmly and constantly by all the faithful."

It will be remarked from the words of this decree that so far from its being claimed that the doctrine is a new one, it is positively stated to be revealed by God. It has, therefore, been handed down in the Church from the days of the Apostles, and has been constantly believed, though it was not formally declared by positive decree to be a doctrine, until the date we have mentioned.

The antiquity of the feast of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin is certainly very great, and if it had not been so it is not likely that the modern Church of England, when it was established, while sweeping away so many doctrines of the Church, and while even denying to Mary, the Mother of God, and to saints, God's special friends and servants, that respect and reverence which the Catholic Church has always shown towards them, would have retained in its Calendar this feast, which is to be found in the Book of Common Prayer opposite the date 8th Dec., the day on which Catholics observe the feast.

It is to be remarked that the Church does not, as a rule, observe as feasts the birthdays of the saints, but the days of their deaths, when in the odor of sanctity they departed this life to go to heaven. The days of the birth of the Blessed Virgin Mary and of St. John the Baptist are the only exceptions to this rule, for the reason that the Blessed Virgin was without sin from the beginning, that is, from the moment of her conception, and it is a universal belief that St. John the Baptist was freed from original sin before his birth by a special privilege from God, and therefore his sinless birth can be suitably celebrated by a festival. This analogy applied to the case of the Blessed Virgin proves that the Church, in establishing the feast of her Conception, always believed that her conception was immaculate, though it was not till a later period that the feast was actually named the "Immaculate Conception." The term "Immaculate" was applied to it by Sixtus IV. in 1476, but it was kept as the feast of the Conception in the East certainly about the year 406 and the works of St. Andrew of Crete, written about the year 500, mentions it as a festival of long standing. It is also found as a festival in the Armenian and Ethiopic Calendars, thus proving that it was observed, when these Calendars were composed, long before the great schism of the East.

The decree of the Council of Trent regarding original sin, expressly declares that, "It is not the intention of the Holy Council to include in this decree on Original Sin, the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin Mary, Mother of God, but renews the constitutions of Pope Sixtus IV., of happy memory, and declares that they are to be observed under the penalties contained in those constitutions." It is evident from this that the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception is no new doctrine in the Catholic Church. It is based upon several passages of Holy Scripture which have been constantly interpreted by the Church and by the early Fathers as signifying that the Blessed Virgin was conceived without any stain of sin.

The first of these passages is found in Genesis iii, 15. After the fall of our first parents into the sin of disobedience to God's command, God cursed the ser-

pent, or rather the devil who had assumed the form of a serpent, and at the same time promised a Redeemer whom He couples intimately with a woman, whom the Fathers of the Church have always interpreted to mean the Blessed Virgin. God then says: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed; she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel."

These words declare that the enmity between the woman here referred to and the devil shall be identical with the enmity which shall exist between the devil and the seed of woman, which is Christ. It cannot be denied that the enmity between Christ and the devil excludes perpetually all compact and friendship between them, and in the case of the Blessed Virgin the same truth must be held. There is this difference between the two cases, that Christ's triumph over the devil is effected by His own power and merits, whereas the triumph of Mary is not effected by her own power, but by that of her Son; nevertheless in both cases the triumph must be complete and perpetual that the serpent's head may be crushed.

The next passage to which we may refer is the manner of salutation which the Angel Gabriel makes to the Blessed Virgin when announcing to her that she is to be Mother of the Incarnate God, (St. Luke i, 28-32.) The Angel said to Mary: "Hail full of grace; the Lord is with thee: Blessed art thou among women. . . . Fear not Mary, for thou hast found grace with God: Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call His name Jesus; He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High. . . . And therefore also the Holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God."

So also St. Elizabeth, filled with the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, addressed Mary: "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." (v. 42.)

This expression "Blessed among women," employed by both the Angel and St. Elizabeth signifies in the Hebrew idiom "Most Blessed or most holy of all women." And this of itself would imply her Immaculate Conception, which alone would make her holy above what she was before the fall. But the title given to Mary by the Angel deserves peculiar attention: "Full of grace." The perfect participle passive of the verb which signifies the possession of grace is here used: *kharitomane*, which means in reality, "formed in grace;" and Origen so understood it. Origen says in his 6th Homily on St. Luke: "I cannot find this term elsewhere in the Holy Scriptures. This salutation is not addressed to any other human being; but is reserved to Mary alone." So also St. Ambrose, Bishop of Icomium in the 4th century, said: "God formed the Holy Virgin without stain and without sin."

The liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, which is of still earlier date, says that Mary is "in every respect without sin." (*omni parte inculpata*) St. Proclus, the successor of St. John Chrysostom, says that "Mary was formed of pure material," and in the sermons which are attributed either to this same saint or to St. Gregory, the doctrine of the constant purity of the Blessed Virgin is positively taught.

St. Augustine, also, in his book of Nature and Grace, written against the Pelagians, while maintaining the existence of original sin, expressly states that the Blessed Virgin Mary is exempt from the general decree. It will be seen from these considerations and testimonies that the decree of Pope Pius IX., pronouncing this doctrine to be of faith was merely a solemn declaration of what was accepted and believed by the Church from the very beginning.

This prerogative of the Blessed Virgin was most fittingly bestowed upon her by the Divine Son in testimony of His perpetual love for Mary as His future mother, and it was bestowed upon her as a prerogative necessary in order to secure that Christ Himself coming into the world should obtain from His mother a body free from every stain of guilt.

As Holy Scripture tells us that the prayer of the just man is powerful with God, how powerful must be the prayers of Mary in heaven, as she was never stained, even with original sin. This prerogative of the Mother of God should give us confidence in approaching her with the petition: Mary conceived without sin, pray for us.

From the tyranny with which aspirations for true freedom are repressed in the autocratic atmosphere of Russia, it were only to be expected that the result should be a succession of dangerous and determined plots against the ruler who is responsible for all. There are still Nihilist plots constantly cropping out, and three persons, two men and a woman, were condemned a few days to execution for having dynamite bombs in their possession. The men are Siollanofsky and Frielefeld, the woman is Sophie Guengberg. Some others who were suspected as accomplices were acquitted.

MISSIONS, CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT.

From time to time we read in the papers glowing accounts of success of Protestant missions in China, Japan, India and throughout Africa; and there is no doubt that of late years much greater efforts have been made for establishing Protestantism among the heathens than at any former period.

At a meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions, recently held at Minneapolis, a paper was read by Rev. Dr. Judson Smith, in which the prospects of these Protestant missions are set forth as being so bright that they must become dominant in the near future; and in commenting on these statements the *Christian Guardian*, in a recent issue, says: "The Catholic power—France, Italy and Spain, although they had priority in the establishment of missions in foreign countries, have fallen behind in this work, and they must forever yield precedence to the nations who have the purest religion and the best means of establishing it among the heathen. This is a sign of the times which is full of the brightest meaning and encouragement."

Mr. Smith and the *Guardian* latter themselves that as the three Protestant nations—England, Germany and the United States—are now opening up and controlling the principal highways of commerce in Africa and as the power of England is growing in Asia, the people will become accessible only to the gospel as Protestants understand it. They seem to forget that even here in America, where the great majority of the people have undoubtedly sprung from Protestant ancestors, Protestantism is losing its hold upon the population. How is it to be expected that a system which, owing to its confusion of sects, more than the confusion of Babel, is disintegrating here in a civilized country, can propagate the gospel, and overcome Buddhism, Mahometanism and Judaism in foreign countries?

In Maine and Vermont the descendants of the Puritan fathers, who were certainly very religious in their way, are rapidly passing into a state of total indifference to religion, so that it is a common thing to see churches now closed which a few years ago were attended by large and zealous congregations.

One of the most thoroughly Protestant, and indeed we may say the most thoroughly Protestant and anti-Catholic sections of the United States, is that part of Ohio which is called the Western Reserve. It was settled by Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists, the descendants of the Puritans of England, but it is now overrun with Spiritualists, Universalists, Athelists and blasphemers of the worst type. Fifty years ago there were many churches which were well attended and sustained, but now there are only a few feeble churches which are struggling against hope to keep up some appearance of vitality. A clergyman who visited the locality not very long ago published a letter in the *Hartford Religious Herald*, in which he stated that he saw in many places Congregational churches of whole districts left without a single pastor, while on Sunday the people were ploughing, cutting and drawing their hay and grain just as they would on any other day of the week. He added: "It makes my heart ache to see and say these things, but they are true. I have seen them."

A similar tale may be told of many other districts of the United States where Protestantism of the so-called Evangelical type was not long ago in flourishing condition. There is plenty of room for the missionary work of converting the heathens at our own doors, and it is well worth considering whether the missionary societies, which are becoming so numerous, would not be better occupied in sustaining missionaries in these localities than in sending them to China, India and Central Africa.

It is a very plausible statement which the *Guardian* makes that the English speaking population of the world, which now amounts to about one hundred million, must succeed in propagating Protestantism to a more than proportionate extent, but it must be remembered that about twenty millions of this population are Catholics, who take part in aiding to propagate the Catholic faith. The remaining eighty millions are not by any means all zealous and orthodox Protestants. When Mormons, Athelists, Universalists, and others who may be considered to be not Christians at all, are deducted, these being very numerous, especially in the United States, the number will be very considerably reduced.

But is it true that the Protestant missions have taken the lead, leaving the Catholic missionaries in the background? In Japan, we are aware, Protestantism has made considerable progress, but the number of Protestants in that empire is after all not more than about fifteen thousand, whereas the Catholics number about thirty-eight thousand, and they are rapidly increasing both in number and influence. No fewer than ten Japanese Catholics have been elected to the newly-constituted Parliament of the empire. In China, the Protestant Episcopal

Church of America has several missions, but their American organ, the *Living Church*, some months ago published from Rev. S. C. Partridge a startling letter, in which it is stated that the divisions of the Protestant sects, and "R. Impsophists," are found to be an insuperable bar to the success of the Episcopal missions in that field. There are even two rival and warring camps of missionaries of the Episcopal Church, the Evangelicals and the Ritualists, and these not only work against the missions of other Protestant sects, but in the very presence of the heathens, they are at war with each other. Bishop Boone, we are told, is under instructions from the mission board to dismiss any missionaries of his own Church who will not work for that party in the Church which has an accidental majority on the board, and Mr. Partridge further tells us that the Presbyterian missionaries of the Corea complain that Catholics are working there so strenuously that unless "the Protestants make haste, we shall have the task of converting a Roman Catholic country instead of a heathen one."

The *Guardian* derives great consolation from the fact that East Africa is chiefly under the control of three great Protestant powers. Yet it is only a few months since Lieutenant Wisman stated that the Catholic missions of that district are more extensive and more fruitful than those established by the Protestant sects, while in the interior, the king of Uganda has become a Catholic and the majority of his subjects are Catholics also, though the Protestant missionary, Dr. Livingstone, was the first white man who penetrated thither.

The Catholic Church, in fact, is the only one which has missionary vigor. A much larger amount of money is contributed by Protestants for these missionary purposes than by Catholics, but the Catholic missionary religious orders have more zeal and more success than Protestant workers on the same ground, and they do more real work with a much smaller amount of money.

In Nigritia and through the Soudan, Father Combani and several other priests commenced their labors in 1857. Father Combani was afterwards consecrated Bishop and was in 1872 appointed Vicar Apostolic of Central Africa. He founded two establishments at Cairo as a base of operations for his work in the Soudan, and opened a mission house at Khartoum, which afterwards General Gordon made use of as his headquarters. Marseigneur Combani soon afterwards was able to establish a colony of converted negroes at Maliba which was self-supporting, and after a time stations were also established at Kordofan, Jebel Nuba and Sear, in all of which places there are now flourishing Christian congregations. Mgr. Combani is succeeded by Vicar Apostolic Francis Sogaro.

In Calcutta there were 8,000 Catholics in 1859 out of a population of 800,000 souls. The number of Catholics in that city now is about 50,000. The Jesuits have a college at Calcutta, and another at Dargeling. They have twenty-one stations in the diocese, and whole villages are often admitted into the Church. At Torpa there were 15,000 conversions in a little more than one year.

From Syria there are reports of great successes of the Franciscan Fathers. In Patagonia, in proportion to the population of the country, the success of the Salesian Fathers is equally wonderful, no fewer than 1,300 conversions being reported during the first two months during which they labored there.

Facts like these scarcely justify the statement of the *Guardian* that the Catholic missions are falling before the "pure religion" of Protestantism.

THE WISCONSIN SCHOOL ISSUE.

Our American exchanges are sharply commenting upon the Roman and Lutheran victory in Wisconsin in the recent elections. The *Western Advocate* calls it 'The Cloud in the North-West.'

In this election, the Roman Catholics and the Lutherans combined against the Public schools, and the Democratic party yielded to the temptation of their support by pledging itself, if successful, to favor separate schools for these two bodies. The Lutherans, disliking the present law, according to which the English language must be taught, made common cause with the Roman Catholics, who had still stronger dislike of the whole system of what they term 'Godless schools.' The dominant tone of the press, so far as we have observed, is one of resolute determination to meet the foe and vanquish him—that is, never to allow Rome to lay a blighting hand on the free Public schools of the United States."—*Christian Guardian*, 26th Nov.

When will the Protestant religious press begin to state candidly and fairly the Catholic position on the school question? The extract given above represents that the Catholics of the United States, and especially those of Wisconsin, are plotting for the overthrow of the Public school system, and that in the last-mentioned State the Lutherans joined the Catholics in their onslaught.

We have so frequently pointed out the true position which Catholics take, that it becomes tedious to refer to it again; but it is made necessary to do so from time to time, by the fact that our posi-

tion on the subject is so frequently misrepresented, as is done in the above extract. The Catholics, either in the United States or Ontario, have no intention or desire to destroy the Public school system. As long as Protestants prefer godless, or such schools as have a minimum of religious teaching, by all means let them have them. We do not wish to interfere with their liberty in the least, though we are of opinion that they have not acted wisely in thoroughly secularizing their favorite school system. Are they not themselves rapidly coming round to this view? Have not the Presbyterians and twenty-two other Protestant bodies in New York and New Jersey solemnly recorded their conviction within the last few days that more religion should be introduced into the programme of school studies? Have they not thereby fully acknowledged that the Catholic advocacy of religion in the school room is founded on the strictest principles of parental rights?

Catholics do not attack the Public schools, but we demand in fair play that we shall be accorded the same liberty to give our children a religious education, which we are willing to accord to our Protestant brethren, leaving them free to teach religion or not as they deem proper. The Catholics of the United States have been contributing long enough towards the education of infidels, and of Protestants who desire to impart a minimum of religious instruction to their children, and they have scarcely even complained of the injustice done to them by leaving to themselves the burden of teaching their own children at their own expense.

But the situation in Wisconsin meditates inflicting additional injustice on them, and it is this which has caused them to assert their rights as freemen and citizens. The Wisconsin Legislature was not content with forcing Catholics to pay for two distinct school systems, but it takes measures to put it in the power of the hostile School Boards to suppress the Catholic schools, under pretence of supervising them. This tyranny has been very properly resisted at the polls, and the popular vote has resulted in a grand victory for freedom of education.

It is not to be doubted that, as the *Guardian* says, the press, that is to say that portion of the press which is dominated by fanaticism, will foam and fret because they cannot repress Catholicism, but Catholics have the right to resist oppression, and we are glad to see that they have done so, in this instance, with success. We would be glad to witness that the victory were even more complete than it has been, placing Catholic schools on the same footing as the public schools. This would be the only fair solution of the school question in the United States, and there would be no injury or injustice to Protestants in the case. But since this cannot be at present, we heartily congratulate our Catholic brethren of the West that they have secured even partial justice by taking decisive steps for the repeal of the odious Bennett Law.

As regards the stand taken by the Lutherans, we need not say so much. The Catholics have little to do with the question which was uppermost in the minds of the Lutherans—the question of German teaching. All the Catholic schools of the State teach English. The Lutherans, however, wish the liberty of having German schools. There may be two opinions on the desirability of this, though we confess we believe that a community so largely German should be treated with the greatest consideration possible in regard to their native tongue. At all events, it is by the combinations and compromises of different shades of opinion that political issues are decided, and if Catholics and Lutherans were able to sink their differences in order to gain a degree of liberty which both desired they had a perfect right to do so.

It is further to be remarked that it was not the Catholics who deserted their party to gain their object in the Wisconsin elections, but the Lutherans. The Catholics were, for the most part, Democrats all along, whereas the Lutherans were Republicans. It is always the policy which anti-Catholic journals adopt to throw all the blame on the Pope, just as the *Guardian* does, if Catholics are connected with the matter in the most remote degree. Why not throw the blame on Kasier William, or Martin Luther, on the present occasion, if there be any one deserving of censure?

By the way: why does our contemporary persist in calling Catholics by the nickname, "Romish"? To say the least, this is a breach of good breeding and even the laws of the country concede to us the right to be called "Roman Catholics."

THE NATIONALIST LEADER-SHIP.

Mr. Parnell's manifesto to the Irish people, to which reference is made elsewhere in these columns, makes complete the breach between himself and the Liberal party of England. He accuses Mr. Gladstone of desiring to minimize the influence of the Irish people before the adoption of such measures as will give Ireland self government, and even when self government shall have been given Mr. Parnell states that the Liberal party proposed still to retain much control for the Imperial Government in Irish local matters, particularly in the administration of justice and in the control of the Irish police force. Very justly Mr. Parnell demands that the future Irish Government shall have full control of all local matters, including the administration of the law, and on this ground, and on the ground of the entire independence of the Irish party from all entanglements with any English party, whether Liberal or Conservative, he appeals to the people of Ireland to sustain him in the present crisis, not only against Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley, but also against his own colleagues of the Irish Parliamentary party.

Mr. Parnell more than hints that his colleagues are in league to betray him and to sacrifice him on demand of the English Liberals.

When we reflect upon the services which Mr. Parnell has rendered to Ireland during the period of his leadership of the Irish party, it certainly has an *a priori* appearance of ingratitude to abandon him in the hour of his greatest trial. Yet at this moment it would appear that the large majority of the party have come to the conclusion that they can no longer work under his leadership—and it is not through the fault of the party that this state of affairs has been reached. Mr. Parnell, in his manifesto, boldly accuses the other Irish leaders of conspiring with the Liberal leaders to sacrifice the aspirations of Ireland to the demands of an English party, which he assumes to be hostile to Ireland and to himself.

On the other hand, we find that the most trusted representatives of Ireland, those who have suffered most in Balfour's prisons on account of their patriotism, are with the majority in declaring that Mr. Parnell is no longer possible as their leader. It will not be readily believed that Messrs. Sexton, Davitt, Saechy, Kilbride, Condon, and Roach, who have suffered for Ireland, have conspired with Ireland's enemies, yet these gentlemen, it is reported, have all decided against Mr. Parnell; and in this they are in agreement with Sir Thomas Edmonde, Justin McCarthy, and all the delegates who are now in America, with the exception of Mr. Harrington. Mr. Harrington, too, is simply undecided, if the despatches be correct. He said that his heart is with Mr. Parnell, but that his judgment is against him on this occasion.

The difficulties which surround the Irish Parliamentary party, as seen in Tuesday's telegrams, are of the most serious nature and threaten to end in its utter disruption. Mr. Parnell has, so far, not offered any justification of the serious charges brought up against him in the divorce court. It is most lamentable that a man of his genius and penetration appears so unable to grasp the situation in which he, as a trusted leader, has placed himself before the people of Ireland. When the Liberal party of Protestant England calls so loudly for pure hands and unassailed fame, how can it be expected that the Irish people, with all their characteristic love of purity in morals and sanctity of domestic life, can all at once condone a public scandal, and continue to obey the commands and respect the authority of Mr. Parnell with the same loyal devotion and unquestioning readiness with which, so far, his simplest wishes were acceded to on every occasion of private or public interest. It is true that so far the Irish leader has not even touched upon the question that so agitates men's minds at home and abroad. It may be that he reserves his justification for higher authority and more confidential secrecy than is required of him by his too ardent followers. It must be allowed us, therefore, to withhold our judgment until the clergy of Ireland have spoken and until such trusted friends of Ireland's cause as the Archbishops of Dublin and Cashel have pronounced their final decision.

From all appearances the unhappy relations of Mr. Parnell with Mrs. Captain O'Shea have brought on a crisis in Irish affairs which must be met manfully, and while we are disposed to condone much in Mr. Parnell's private social life, on account of his undoubted patriotism, we must place the good of Ireland above all personal considerations.

It is to be feared that the crisis which Mr. Parnell's course has brought on will postpone the settlement of the Irish question in a manner acceptable to the people of Ireland, though, of course, the private life even of a trusted leader ought not to have this result. The good cause, however, must win in the end, in spite of present difficulties.

Mr. Gladstone has certainly not

Branch No. 4, London, Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month, at 8 o'clock, at their hall, Albion Block, Richmond street, P. F. Boyle, President; Wm. Corcoran, Sec.

Grand Council Trustees. A meeting of the Grand President and Board of Trustees of the Grand Council of Canada of the C. M. B. A. was held in the Grand Secretary's office, London, Ont., Nov. 11th, 1890.

There were present, Dr. John A. MacCabe Grand President; R. V. P. M. Burton, Rev. M. J. Tierney, O. K. Fraser, E. J. Rully, F. P. Tansy, trustees; Rev. J. P. Molloy, D. J. O'Connor, Dr. Hazaran and Grand Secretary S. B. Brown.

The Grand President called the meeting to order as a meeting of the Grand Council of Canada. Many intricate questions, submitted to the Grand Secretary by Branches and members, were discussed, disposed of and the secretary instructed as to answers to be given.

The Grand President was empowered to secure the services of a solicitor for the council whenever such was required; and the selection of said solicitor left in the hands of the G. and P. President. Representatives from the Grand Council of Canada to the late Supreme Convention made a report of their action, and also of the various changes made in our constitution by the Supreme Council. The report was received, and the following resolution adopted: "That a vote of thanks of this Council be tendered to Rev. J. P. Molloy, R. J. Finn and Chevalier F. B. E. Campan, the Representatives to the Supreme Convention, for the noble stand they took at said Convention, in behalf of, and advocating the rights of, this Grand Council and the C. M. B. A. in Canada."

The Grand Secretary was instructed to send a copy of this resolution to each of said Representatives.

The bonds of the Grand Council officers, required to give such, were presented, inspected and approved as follows: Grand Secretary's bond \$8000, Grand Treasurer's \$2000, Trustees \$10,000.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce was designated as the bank in which to deposit the Reserve Fund during the present term.

The appointing of the following papers as the official organs of the association was ratified: CATHOLIC RECORD, London; Irish Canadian, Toronto; North West Review, Winnipeg; Association, Quebec; C. M. B. A. Journal, Montreal; Catholic Review, Toronto; and Antigonish Casket, N. S.

The Grand Secretary was instructed to procure all necessary supplies for the C. M. B. A. in Canada; to supply Deputies with "Applications for Charter," "Applications for Membership," "Medical Affidavits," and "Physicians' Affidavits;" and to, as soon as possible, after ascertaining what changes have been made in the book forms by the Supreme Council Committee, call for tenders for all blanks and books required during the ensuing term; also have what consider a sufficient quantity of C. M. B. A. circulars printed in English, and 5,000 in French for the Council and Deputies.

The foregoing was crowded out last week to make room for the splendid lecture by Rev. Father McPhillips.

In reporting Rev. Father McPhillips' lecture a mistake occurred regarding the Reserve Fund. "This Reserve Fund is made up of one fifth of all the assessments levied." It should read five per cent. or one twentieth of all the assessments levied.

Branch 31, Guelph. President, Patrick Hartnett. First Vice-President, Michael Parnell. Second Vice-President, James Boyle. Recording Secretary, James Kennedy. Assistant Secretary, Edward McCormack. Financial Secretary, O. C. Collins. Treasurer, M. J. Dolan. Marshal, Michael O'Leary. Guard, William Boyd. Trustees, S. A. Hefferan and Geo. Wesenbourn.

A MAGNIFICENT BOOK.

We have seldom seen a work which deserves so richly to be in every Catholic home in the Dominion as the volume lately published by Mr. Wm. H. Hughes, of the Mackay Catholic, 11 B. and S. St., Detroit, being the "Sovereign volume of the Centenary Celebration and Catholic Congress" authorized by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. This handsome book contains the official report of the first American Catholic congress and the ceremonies attending the inauguration of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C. The second edition just published contains over four hundred additional portraits, including those of the Papal delegate, the Canadian and Mexican prelates who attended the centennial exercises and the delegates to the congress. The work is a handsome quarto, bound in green and gold, printed from new and large-faced type on heavy colored paper, and is embellished with over five hundred finely executed portraits and engravings. Without exaggeration it is the handsomest Catholic book ever published in this country. Besides a valuable report of the proceedings of the congress—which includes the addresses delivered, papers read, resolutions adopted, and a full list of the delegates—the souvenir volume contains the sermons of Archbishops Ryan, Ireland and Gros, and the notable discourses of Bishops Gilmore and O'Farrell, and the Rev. Father Fiolet (James Kent Stone), at the dedication of the Catholic University. Every Catholic should have a copy of this splendid work, and thus preserve for future reference a full and authentic report of the three greatest events in the history of the Catholic Church in the United States. Price, post-paid, only \$2.50. The souvenir volume will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada on receipt of the price, \$2.50. Canvasers or book agents can reap a rich harvest by handling this volume. Address William H. Hughes, publisher, 11 Rowland street, Detroit, Mich.

Attention is called to the change in value and number of prizes for next drawing of the National Colonization Lottery on the 17th of December, 1890. See advertisement.

PARNELL AND THE LIBERALS.

A MANIFESTO ADDRESSED TO THE IRISH PEOPLE.

London, Nov. 28.—Mr. Parnell has issued the following manifesto:

To the Irish people: The integrity and independence of a section of the Irish Parliamentary party having been apparently sapped and destroyed by the wire-pullers of the Liberal party, it has become necessary for me, as leader of the Irish party, to take counsel with you, and having given you the knowledge which is in my possession to ask your judgment upon a matter which now solely devolves upon you to decide.

The letter from Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Morley written for the purpose of influencing the decision of the Irish party in the choice of their leader, and claiming the right of veto upon that choice, is the immediate cause of this address, the purpose of which is to remind you and your Parliamentary representatives that Ireland considers the independence of her party her only safeguard within the constitution and above and beyond all other considerations whatever. The threat in that letter, repeated so insistently on many English platforms and in numerous British newspapers, that unless Ireland concedes this right of veto to England she will inevitably lose her chance of obtaining Home Rule, compels me, while not for a moment admitting the slightest possibility of such a loss, to put before you information which until now, so far as my colleagues are concerned, has been solely in my possession, and which will enable you to understand the measure of the loss with which you are threatened unless you consent to throw me to the English wolves now howling for my destruction. In November of last year, in response to a repeated and long standing request, I visited Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden and received the details of the intended proposal of himself and his colleagues of the late Liberal Cabinet with regard to Home Rule in the event of the next general election favoring the Liberal party. It is unnecessary for me to do more at present than to direct your attention to certain points of these details, which will be generally recognized as embracing elements vital for your information and the formation of your judgment. These vital points of difficulty may be suitably arranged and considered under the following heads:

(1) The retention of Irish members in the Imperial Parliament.

(2) The settlement of the land or agrarian difficulty in Ireland.

(3) The control of the Irish constabulary.

(4) The appointment of the judiciary, including judges of the Supreme Court, County Court judges and resident magistrates.

Upon the subject of the retention of Irish members in Parliament Mr. Gladstone told me that the opinion—and the unanimous opinion—of his colleagues and himself, recently arrived after the most mature consideration of alternative proposals, was that in order to conciliate English public opinion it would be necessary to reduce Irish representation from one hundred and three to thirty-two. Upon the settlement of the land question it was held that this was one of the questions which must be regarded as questions reserved from the control of the Irish Legislature, but at the same time Mr. Gladstone intimated that while he would renew his attempt to settle the matter by imperial legislation on the line of the Land Purchase Bill of 1886, he would not undertake to put any pressure upon his own side, or insist upon their adopting his views—in other and shorter words, that the Irish Legislature was not to be given the power of solving the agrarian difficulty.

With regard to the control of the Irish constabulary, it was stated by Mr. Gladstone that in view of the necessity of conciliating English public opinion he and his colleagues felt that it would be necessary to leave this to the appointment of its officers under control of the Imperial authority for an indefinite period, while funds for its maintenance, payment and equipment would be compulsorily provided out of the Irish revenues. A period of ten or twelve years was suggested as the limit of the time during which the appointment of judges and resident magistrates should be retained in the hands of the Imperial authorities.

I have now given a short account of what I gathered of Mr. Gladstone's views and those of his colleagues during the two hours' conversation at Hawarden—a conversation which I am bound to admit was mainly monopolized by Mr. Gladstone—and will pass to the more serious business of opinion upon these constitutional questions, which represent my views then and now.

And, firstly, with regard to the retention of the Irish members, the position which I have always adopted, and which I then represented, is that with the concession of full powers to an Irish Legislature, equivalent to those enjoyed by a State of the American Union, the number and position of the members so retained would become a matter of opinion upon these constitutional questions, which represent my views then and now. And, firstly, with regard to the retention of the Irish members, the position which I have always adopted, and which I then represented, is that with the concession of full powers to an Irish Legislature, equivalent to those enjoyed by a State of the American Union, the number and position of the members so retained would become a matter of opinion upon these constitutional questions, which represent my views then and now.

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Gladstone and all his colleagues were entirely agreed that pending a general election silence should be absolutely preserved with regard to any points of difference on the question of the retention of the Irish members. I have dwelt at some length upon this subject, but not, I think, disproportionately to their importance. Let me say in addition that if and when full powers are conceded to Ireland over her own domestic affairs the integrity, number and independence of the Irish party will be a matter of no importance, but until this ideal is reached it is your duty and mine to hold fast to every safeguard. I need not say that the question—the vital and important question—of the retention of the Irish members on one hand and indefinite delay in granting full powers to an Irish Legislature on the other gave me great concern. The absence of any provision for the settlement of the agrarian question, of any policy on the part of the Liberal leaders, filled me with concern and apprehension. On the introduction of the Land Purchase Bill by the Government at the commencement of the last session Mr. Morley communicated with me as to the course to be adopted. Having regard to the avowed absence of any policy on the part of the Liberal leaders and party with regard to the matters of the Land Bill, I strongly advised Mr. Morley against any direct challenge of the principle of State-aided land purchase, and of fleeing that the fears and alarm of the English tax payers as to the effect of the hypochondria of the local purposes in Ireland, a counter guarantee had been assumed that the hopeless struggle against the principle of the measure should not be maintained, and that we should direct our sole efforts on the second reading of the bill to the assertion of the principle of local control, and in this I am bound to say Mr. Morley entirely agreed with me but he was at the same time much hampered and expressed his sense of his position in that direction by the attitude of the extreme section of his party led by Mr. Labouchere, and in a subsequent interview he impressed upon me the necessity of meeting the second reading of the bill with a direct negative and asked me to undertake the task. I agreed to this, but only on condition that I was not to attack the principle of the measure, but to confine myself to criticism of the details. I think this was false strategy, but it was the strategy adopted out of regard to English prejudices and Radical peculiarities. I did the best possible under the circumstances, and the several days' debate on the second reading contrasts favorably with Mr. Labouchere's recent abortive attempt to interpose a direct negative to the first reading of a similar bill yesterday. Time went on. The Government allowed their attention to be distracted from the question of land purchase by a bill compensating English publicans, and the agrarian difficulty in Ireland was again relegated to the future of another session. Just before the commencement of this session I was again favored with another interview with Mr. Morley. I impressed upon him the policy of an oblique method of procedure with reference to land purchase and the necessity and importance of providing for the question of local control and of limitation in the application of funds. He agreed with me, and I offered to move on the first reading of the bill an amendment in favor of this local control, advising that if this were rejected it might be left to Radicals on the second reading to oppose the principles of the measure.

GLADSTONE'S REPLY. It is not part of my duty to canvass the manifesto of Mr. Parnell, and I shall not apply to it a single epithet, for I am not its judge in any matter, and believe myself to have shown in the matter of the Pigott commission that I have no indisposition to do him justice. But the first portion of the document consists of a recital of proposition stated to have been made by me to him, and of objections thereto put by him to these propositions. The Irish as well as the British public has a right to know whether I admit or deny the accuracy of that recital, and, in regard to every one of the four points stated by Mr. Parnell, I do so—(1) The purpose of the conversation was not to make known intended proposals. No single suggestion was offered by me to Mr. Parnell as formal, or as a matter of fact, or as a final, or as a statement perfectly free and without prejudice, of the points in which either myself or such of my colleagues as I have been able to consult inclined generally to believe that the plan of 1886 for Home Rule in Ireland might be improved, and as to which I was desirous to learn whether they raised any serious objection in the mind of Mr. Parnell.

(2) No one of my suggestions did Mr. Parnell offer a serious objection, much less did he signify, in any part, that they agreed the proposals, or that they would not satisfy the national aspirations of the Irish race. According to his present account, he received from me in the autumn of 1889 information of vital changes adverse to Ireland in our plans for home rule, and kept this information secret until, in the end of November, 1890, and in connection with a totally independent personal matter, he produced it to the world.

(3) I deny that I made the statements which his memory ascribes to me or anything substantially resembling them, either on the retention of the Irish members or on the settlement of the land or agrarian difficulty, or on the control of the constabulary, or on the appointment of the judiciary. As to the land in particular, I am not conscious of having added anything to my public declarations, while as to the County Court judges and resident magistrates I made no suggestion whatever.

(4) The conversation between us was strictly confidential, and in my judgment and, as I understood, in that of Mr. Parnell, to publish even a true account of it is to break the seal of confidence which alone renders political co-operation possible.

(5) Every suggestion made by me was from written memoranda. The whole purport of my conference was made known by me, in the strictest confidence, when it had just taken place, to my

colleagues in the Cabinet of 1886, and I assured them that in regard to none of them had Mr. Parnell raised any serious difficulty whatever.

(6) Neither Mr. Parnell nor myself was bound by this conversation to absolute final acceptance of the propositions then canvassed, but during the year which has since elapsed I never received from Mr. Parnell any intimation that he had altered his views regarding any of them.

I have now done with the Hawarden conversation and conclude with the following simple statements:

(1) I have always held, in public as well as in private, that the National party of Ireland ought to remain entirely independent of the Liberal party of Great Britain.

(2) It is our duty, and my duty in particular, conformably to the spirit of Grattan and O'Connell, to study all the adjustments in the great matter of Home Rule which may tend to draw to our side moderate, equitable opponents, but for me to propose any measure, except such as Ireland could approve on lines already laid down, would be fatuity as regards myself and treachery to the Irish nation, in whom, even by the side of Mr. Parnell, I may claim to take an interest.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

WEDDING BELLS.

GLAVIN-KILGALLIN.

We are pleased to be again called upon to chronicle one of those interesting events, especially in the ranks of the fair sex, the contracting of a wedlock. The bride, who was arrayed in a travelling dress of navy blue, was supported by Miss J. Kilgallon, who performed the similar duty for the groom. The civil ceremony was read by Rev. Father Kelly in the presence of a large number of invited guests, after which all repaired to the residence of the bride's father, where a sumptuous repast was partaken of. In the evening the young couple departed, and a shower of rice and old shoes, for the bride and groom, was thrown. The groom will be joined by many friends, including the young couple a long and happy life.

McINTOSH-HAZELTON.

Guelph, Nov. 26.—The large church of Our Lady was filled to capacity this morning by an aggregation of ladies and gentlemen assembled to witness a matrimonial event of more than ordinary importance. The bride, Miss Hazelton, fourth daughter of the late Mr. James Hazelton, of Guelph, and the groom, Mr. J. A. McIntosh, secretary of the United Knit Goods Company, Toronto, were united in holy matrimony by Rev. Father Kelly, S. J., at 10 o'clock. The bride was accompanied by Rev. Father Kelly, S. J., Rev. Father Flanagan, S. J., and Rev. Father Brennan, of St. Basil's, Toronto. The bride's bridesmaids were Misses Hazelton, fourth daughter of the late Mr. James Hazelton, of Guelph, and the groom's bridesmaids were Misses McIntosh, of Toronto. The bride's maid of honor was Miss Hazelton, and the groom's maid of honor was Miss McIntosh. The wedding breakfast was given at the residence of the bride's father, where a sumptuous repast was partaken of. In the evening the young couple departed, and a shower of rice and old shoes, for the bride and groom, was thrown. The groom will be joined by many friends, including the young couple a long and happy life.

LATEST CATHOLIC NEWS.

It is reported from Rome that the Holy Father will create two new dioceses, by division of the dioceses of Quebec and Montreal.

The late Christine Frank, of Detroit, has left a legacy of \$1000 to the Curia of the Holy Rosary of that city.

Two priests of Warsaw, Fathers Dmochowski and Jendziewski, have been exiled to Siberia for maintaining Catholic doctrine in the presence of members of the Russian Church.

In the diocese of Right Rev. Bishop Brondel, of Helena, Montana, there are 1,500 Catholic Indians. The Flatheads are all Catholics, and their missions are prosperous. The Indian missions of Dakota are also in a flourishing condition under charge of Right Rev. Bishop Marty.

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OBITUARY.

Cornelius Friel, Irishman.

It is our duty to chronicle the death of one of our most respected inhabitants, Cornelius Friel, at the age of seventy years. He was a devoted Catholic and a first lord by the rites of his Holy Church. He emigrated from Ireland in the year 1867. The respect in which he was held was seen by the large number of friends that followed his remains to their last resting place. A solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Dean Murphy for the repose of his soul. He leaves a wife, four sons and a daughter to mourn his loss. R. I. P.

Mrs. M. Nesbitt, London.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Nesbitt, which occurred in this city on December 1st, in the eighty-second year of her age. She came to Canada from County Kildenny, Ireland, in 1823, and settled in Ottawa with her husband, John McGooldrick. She had lived in Ottawa for ten years. Her husband died in 1870, and she was left with a large number of children. She was a devoted Catholic and a first lady in the city. Her remains were interred in the Holy Sepulchre on Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock. She leaves a widow and a daughter to mourn her loss. R. I. P.

MARRIED.

At Mount Carmel, on the 15th inst., by the Rev. Father Kelly, S. J., Rev. Father Flanagan, S. J., and Rev. Father Brennan, of St. Basil's, Toronto, Miss E. Kilgallon, of Guelph, was united in holy matrimony to Miss E. Kilgallon, of Guelph, Ontario.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

GENTS.—We consider MINARD'S LINIMENT the best in the market and cheerfully recommend its use.

J. H. HARRIS, M. D., Bellevue Hospital.

F. U. ANDERSON, M. D., 14 N. C. St., England.

H. D. WILSON, M. D., 14 N. C. St., England.

Send us 25 SURKIL wrappers and get one of our beautiful envelopes.

WEDDING BELLS.

GLAVIN-KILGALLIN.

We are pleased to be again called upon to chronicle one of those interesting events, especially in the ranks of the fair sex, the contracting of a wedlock. The bride, who was arrayed in a travelling dress of navy blue, was supported by Miss J. Kilgallon, who performed the similar duty for the groom. The civil ceremony was read by Rev. Father Kelly in the presence of a large number of invited guests, after which all repaired to the residence of the bride's father, where a sumptuous repast was partaken of. In the evening the young couple departed, and a shower of rice and old shoes, for the bride and groom, was thrown. The groom will be joined by many friends, including the young couple a long and happy life.

McINTOSH-HAZELTON.

Guelph, Nov. 26.—The large church of Our Lady was filled to capacity this morning by an aggregation of ladies and gentlemen assembled to witness a matrimonial event of more than ordinary importance. The bride, Miss Hazelton, fourth daughter of the late Mr. James Hazelton, of Guelph, and the groom, Mr. J. A. McIntosh, secretary of the United Knit Goods Company, Toronto, were united in holy matrimony by Rev. Father Kelly, S. J., at 10 o'clock. The bride was accompanied by Rev. Father Kelly, S. J., Rev. Father Flanagan, S. J., and Rev. Father Brennan, of St. Basil's, Toronto. The bride's bridesmaids were Misses Hazelton, fourth daughter of the late Mr. James Hazelton, of Guelph, and the groom's bridesmaids were Misses McIntosh, of Toronto. The bride's maid of honor was Miss Hazelton, and the groom's maid of honor was Miss McIntosh. The wedding breakfast was given at the residence of the bride's father, where a sumptuous repast was partaken of. In the evening the young couple departed, and a shower of rice and old shoes, for the bride and groom, was thrown. The groom will be joined by many friends, including the young couple a long and happy life.

LATEST CATHOLIC NEWS.

It is reported from Rome that the Holy Father will create two new dioceses, by division of the dioceses of Quebec and Montreal.

The late Christine Frank, of Detroit, has left a legacy of \$1000 to the Curia of the Holy Rosary of that city.

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