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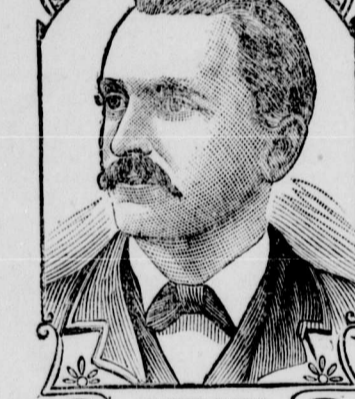
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FLORENCE O'NEILL, The Rose of St. Germain; OR, THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

By AGNES M. STEWART, Author of "Life in the Cloister," "Grace O'Halloran," etc.

CHAPTER IV. TRUE TO PRINCIPLE.

Early the next morning, Sir Reginald met his host at the breakfast table, but Florence was not visible, and he easily accounted for her absence, conscious that she must be aware that his visit to the Grange had been made to answer some political purpose or end of the Dutch monarch.

He was a timid, quiet country gentleman, caring not one jot about State affairs, scarcely heeding whether James II., or the usurping William sat upon the throne, so that he could be quiet, and yet he was about to be dragged from his own home to have the questionable honor of an audience with the king, who would not get rid of the idea that the baronet, leading the life of a country gentleman, had it in his power to be of great service, if he would but conquer that absurd timidity, which he had been told had grown up with him from his youth.

"An honor, I faith," he muttered to himself, "it is an honor then I would be very glad to decline accepting: his Majesty will make me pay dearly for it one way or another.

Sir Charles was, however, of a very hesitating disposition, and so in the end, Sir Reginald gained his point, and it was agreed that the baronet should in a very few days leave the Grange for London, where he would have the audience which the king wished to give him.

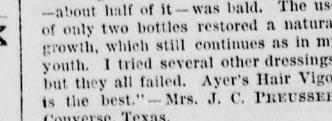
In this idea, however, he was mistaken, for chance brought that about which solicitation would not have procured. He had missed his way through the interminable galleries of the old house, and instead of returning to the room in which he had at last succeeded in extorting the unwilling consent of the baronet to appear on the scene of public life, he entered the library, the door of which stood ajar.

"Dearest Florence, have I offended you beyond forgiveness? Is that loyalty a virtue in you, and a sin in me? Grant me, least, a hearing before we part, and say may I not be allowed to feel some attachment for the king whose very name displeases you, even as you feel love for James Stuart and Mary of Modena?"

"I beg you, sir, not to offend my ears by your pleadings for this Dutch usurper," said Florence, with an expression of sorrow on her features. "In my eyes it is rank heresy to pollute the name of the lawful King of England by mentioning it with that of his traitorous and usurping nephew. Oh, Reginald," she added, in a tone of mingled softness and sorrow, "you know not how I grieve that you should have bound yourself to the service of this man, and if you remind me of my betrothal, sanctioned years since by my departed mother, say if you think that those to whom I owe all I possess, those in whose service my kinsfolk have

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fought and died, and for whom I, too, would peril my own life, can you, for one moment, think, dear Reginald, that I could ever hope to win their consent to our union?"

The last words were spoken in a tone of inexpressible sadness. That short word of endearment, too, almost unconsciously used, encouraged St. John, and he replied:

"We do not need the consent of the ex-king, or his consent to our nuptials, my Florence. William and Mary will prove to us friends equally as dear, and will grace our bridal with their presence. Your uncle, too, will not frown upon our union, for by the end of the week he will be admitted to the favor of an audience with the king on affairs connected with the State."

For one moment Florence was silent; the tear of human tenderness, the tribute to the weakness of woman's nature, which a moment since had trembled in her eye, was proudly dashed aside, and she exclaimed:

"Reginald, are you playing with the fears of my woman's heart, or are you speaking in earnest? My uncle, timid as he is, is still true to the Stuart cause, though he had persistently held aloof from mixing in any political cabal. Surely your errand here has not been to lead him from his allegiance. Have you spoken the truth, Reginald?"

"I have spoken the simple truth, and rejoiced that the good baronet yielded, because I regarded the idea of his adhesion to William's government as an incentive to induce my beloved Florence to cast away her prejudices."

"You are bold as well as insolent," said Florence, bitterly. "Do you think this a seemly way to win my consent to our union? You do not know me, I think, but understand that yonder sun is about as likely to fall from the heavens as I to unite my fate with that of so devoted an adherent of the Dutch king. No, not a word more," she added, wrenching her hand from his grasp, "my heart may break at witnessing the mistaken prejudices, harbored under the name of loyalty, of those I love, but never shall it forswear, whatever be its struggles, its allegiance to the Stuarts."

As she spoke these words she rushed out of the room, and hurrying to her own chamber, wept long and bitterly over the defection of her uncle, and the mistaken line of conduct pursued by Reginald, to whom the whole wealth of her affections had long been devoted: nor did she leave her room till she had seen Sir Reginald and the fanatical Benson gallop down the avenue leading from the Grange. Then, with tears in her eyes, she sought her apartment, the secret of admission to which was known only to herself and Sir Charles de Gray.

Florence had turned her steps to an almost uninhabited wing of the mansion, and entering a small ante-room, to which she obtained admission by a pass-key which she kept in her possession, she entered a spacious apartment, which had not been tenanted for a long series of years. Its antique oaken furniture, with cushions of Utrecht velvet, was covered with dust; spiders had woven their webs in every nook and corner of the room, and the tapestry hangings were in many places falling to pieces.

Advancing to the further extremity of the room, she raised the tapestry, and pressing her finger on a spring which lay concealed in the wall, the panel flew back, and disclosed a recess large enough to allow a person passing through in a stooping posture. This was, in fact, one of those places of concealment known by the name of "priests' hiding holes," and which are still to be found in many of our old mansions.

Florence then passed through the aperture, and making her way through a passage built in the wall, at the end of which was a small arched door, she tapped gently for admittance, and was answered by the mild Benedictine of the good Father, who, concealed a captive, had remained within since the arrival of Sir Reginald and Benson.

Commanding as to personal appearance, and the qualities of his mind as noble as the expression of his countenance, Father Lawson received with a smile the intelligence of Florence that the Grange was now free of its visitors, and that the baronet wished the society of the good Father that evening.

"I fear, Florence," said the priest, "that evil will come of the visit of Benson, for, unfortunately, he caught a glimpse of me the night of his arrival. I did not like his manner when we last met. You have heard me speak of the man. He was not always the fanatic which he has become for some years past. In our youth and before my own conversion to the Catholic faith, we were college-mates together, and though, even then, he had a tinge of moroseness in his character, no one would have imagined he would have become one of the most fanatical of men. I fancy it was first adopted to ingratiate himself with Sir Reginald's father, whose preceptor he, unhappily, became, much to the horror and distress of the worthy Lady St. John, who was far from an illiberal woman in her religious views. However, my child, the narrow mind of Benson has never forgiven me the step I took in joining the Church of Rome; and I am positive that if he can bring me into trouble he will not hesitate to do so. In order, therefore, not to be the cause of anxiety to Sir Charles, I shall, for a short time, leave this place and go to the metropolis, for I am quite sure the recognition was mutual on the part of Benson as well as my own."

When the priest had concluded, Florence acquainted him with the story of her own trouble, touching lightly, however, on the portion of her

story relating to Sir Reginald, but dwelling bitterly on her uncle's contemplated defection. The Jesuit, however, knew the history of her betrothal, and he warned and exhorted her against the evil that would infallibly attend her nuptials should she become the wife of one now the avowed favorite of William. "You must suffer with others, my child," said he, "for our lot is cast in troublous times. There is nothing to be done but to wait, and watch, and pray lovingly and trustingly that, in God's own time, if He seeth fit, these clouds may pass away, and as far as you are yourself concerned, that Sir Reginald, to whom you are betrothed, may become wise in time, and cast away his allegiance to the usurper, for fealty to his exiled king. As to the news about your uncle, I, indeed, grieve to hear such tidings, wondering that William of Orange can lure him from his life of peaceful idleness, now to him a second nature from the mere force of habit, to the busy scenes of public life. But we shall see, Florence," he continued; "we can, as I have just told you, only watch and pray."

Then giving her his blessing, the good Father, ever her comforter and adviser in the time of trial, bade her farewell, and gliding through the long passages and open apartments, she replaced the panel and hastened to the library, in which, as she expected, she found her uncle seated, clad in a robe of pale green brocade, made in the simplest manner. Florence looked exultingly at him. She needed no extraneous aid to add to the charms which nature had endowed her with, and advancing to the old man's seat, even before he was aware of her approach, her golden hair had waved upon his withered cheeks, and a tear fell on the forehead she reverently kissed.

"Why, Florence, my child, what ails you?" said the baronet, drawing her to his side. "Why are you in tears? Do you know I am going to London? Cheer up now, or I promise I will not please you by showing you the great city during the few weeks that will pass before you go back to France."

"Alas! it is that very journey that grieves me, for I have ascertained the cause that brought Reginald hither. Think twice, uncle, before you take this step."

"I have thought about it, Florence, and my word is pledged to meet the king. Do not look. I will call him the Dutch usurper then, as that is the term you like best, my loyal one. But, look you, Florence, because I have an audience with William of Orange, I do not, for this reason, forswear my fealty to King James."

"It is, uncle, a tampering with honor that is not strictly honorable," said Florence, "and may lead to great dissatisfaction in the usurper's cause, when all your life you have been inactive for your lawful kings. How can I tell my royal master at St. Germain's that my own uncle has acted thus?"

"Silence, Florence," said the old man, in a playful voice, yet half annoyed at the pertinacity with which Florence pressed her point: "I will give you no cause for shame. And, now, I have a question to put to you. If you feel my acquiescence with William's wishes for an audience, which I could not well excuse myself from, as king's requests are akin to commands, you simple one, then how do you like the knowledge that your future husband is the favorite of the Dutchman, as you scornfully call him? He left me full of sorrow at your anger towards him, and begged me to intercede in his behalf."

"Let him win my love by deserting the court of the usurper," said Florence, a bright glow of indignation mantling her cheek. "My heart may break under the trial, but I will never marry St. John, while he is the sworn friend and favorite of William of Orange; and as far as you are concerned, my dear uncle, I shall see you enter the precincts of that hateful court with dread and abhorrence, lest unlooked-for evil may befall you. When we are in London I shall count the days till I leave France."

"We begin our journey to-morrow, Florence; when we meet next try and put a brighter face on things," said Sir Charles, who then left the room, anxious to close the conversation.

CHAPTER V. THE CONSPIRACY.

The shades of the early December evening were fast deepening into night, and a misty rain, which had been falling for several hours, had now resolved itself into a determined heavy shower, gradually emptying the streets in the neighborhood of Covent Garden of the few wayfarers whom business or other needful occupation drove from the shelter of their homes, to encounter the miseries of the inclement weather. Closely veiled, and her form shrouded in heavy folds of a dark mantle, a lady passed rapidly along, accompanied by a young man, whose dress and bearing betokened him to be of the middle class. His hat was drawn low over his forehead, evidently with a wish to shun observation, and with a swift step, his companion leaning on his arm, these two persons emerged from the friendly shelter afforded by the garden wall of the Earl of Bedford's mansion.

The house in question was a wooden building, erected on the site now occupied by the lower end of Southampton street, and the garden tramway that very spot where the southern row of the buildings of Covent Garden is now situated.

"Have we got far to walk, my good friend," said Florence, who, accompanied by Ashton, had on this evening left her uncle's house, in the village of Kensington, thus involving herself in the perilous enterprise entrusted to Ashton.

"We are watched," she whispered, before he had time to reply, as she observed a man, evidently disguised, accompanied by another whose features she well knew, now standing beneath an archway on the opposite side of the road. "I have heard distinctly," she continued, in a whisper, "the sound of footsteps following our own for some time past. Tell me, Ashton, are we near your home?"

"Be not alarmed, dear lady," said Ashton, in a voice as low as her own: "a few moments more, and I shall have the pleasure of seeing you safely lodged."

Almost immediately, indeed, a turn in the road brought them in front of the house occupied by Ashton's family, and glancing warily round he perceived, not without sharing in the uneasiness of his companion, that the persons he had alluded to were evidently still on the watch, they having left the archway in which they had concealed themselves.

By means of a pass-key Ashton introduced his companion within the house. Their arrival, however, had been expected, for as he closed the door, a young and pretty woman, her countenance bearing traces of intense anxiety, as also of joy at seeing him again, welcomed his return. Then turning to Florence, she said:

"I fear, madam, you have suffered much during your long and hasty walk this inclement night. Let me at once afford you all the assistance in my power."

Then, accompanied by Ashton, she led Florence to a small parlor on the ground floor, the genial warmth of which afforded a pleasant contrast to the inclement weather she had recently braved. A huge log of wood hissed and crackled cheerily, as it lay in the large fire place, beside which Florence beheld herself quickly installed, whilst on a table, in the centre of the room, a snow white cloth was spread, covered with several dainties, not the least substantial of which was a huge venison pasty. Covers were placed for six persons, and Florence was cogitating already as to who the other visitors might be, when a low tap was heard at the window. Ashton immediately rose, and, advancing gently to the door, admitted two gentlemen, in one of whom Florence recognized a disaffected noble attached to the court of William, but whom she was aware, from a conversation she had heard between himself and her uncle, was playing an active part in the efforts now being made to re-establish James on the throne of Great Britain.

This nobleman, in whom the reader will recognize Preston, who played so conspicuous a part in a plot which involved some of the best and bravest of the nobility, as also not a few of the most estimable of the clergy, was accompanied by a gentleman named Elliot, to whom Florence was a stranger. Then drawing near, Lord Preston said to her, in a tone of surprise:

"My dear young lady, is Sir Charles aware of your presence among us? He has become almost a favorite with the king, and I should not think would approve of his niece joining our ranks; but if, as Ashton informs me, you have sufficient courage, we shall duly value the accession."

"I am not likely to lack courage in the cause of our gracious king and queen," said Florence, "and have already told Master Ashton, who escorted me to England by her Majesty's command, that I am willing to lend my help in any way in which it may be made useful."

Ashton then begged his guests to partake of the substantial fare his hospitality had provided, and drawing round the table, they did amply justice to the viands before them, conversing meanwhile, in an undertone, of the attempt about to be made in favor of King James. A heavy gloom, however, hung over the spirits of poor Mrs. Ashton. Her attempt to smile, when rallied by her guests, was perfectly ludicrous, and more than once Florence observed she was in tears, and on her husband bidding her keep up her spirits, she replied:

"A deadly apprehension of approaching evil rests upon me; I cannot shake it off."

Somewhat hastily, Ashton replied: "Repress such foolish forebodings, Janet. As for us, who have the work to perform, it is essentially necessary to set about it in a hopeful state of mind."

The cloth then removed by an elderly maid servant, too deaf to listen to their conversation, even if she had had the will to betray them, the real business of the evening commenced—that business which had brought together, in such close converse, the noble and the esquire, the simple Ashton and the high-bred Florence, with his wife Janet, formerly the richly dowered and handsome daughter of the wealthy citizen and craftsman, Richard Dawson.

"Now that we have at last met, my lord," exclaimed Ashton, "let us decide as to what will be the best course for us to pursue. In less than a month Christmas will be at hand, before which time we must be out of

England. Mistress Florence, also, must again be at St. Germain's, and if we defer any longer we shall find it impossible to dare the hazardous stake we have to play."

"And what plan would you adopt?" asked Lord Preston. "How can we best arrange, in secrecy and silence, to convey to those who languish at St. Germain's news from friends devoted to their interests? I marvel, Ashton, if even your ready wit has yet seen the way by which we can effect our object. I fancy you have thought the matter more easy than we may chance to find it."

"Ah, my lord," replied the brave and gallant Ashton, with a sigh, "trust me; love and loyalty know nought of obstacles, or if prudence demands caution and care in their dealings with those around them, still they pass on fearlessly to their work. Do not let us grow depressed at the very outset, my lord, for, as I just warned my wife, it will most effectually prevent our success."

As Ashton spoke, Florence noted the sigh which accompanied his words, and observed a scarcely perceptible flush mantle the cheek of Lord Preston; she knew it to be the flush of rising vexation of spirit, at the contrast which the bold, enthusiastic daring of the intrepid Ashton presented, to his own vacillating humor. A shade, too, had passed over Ashton's features, and a something of fear possessed him as to whether the noble lord was an instrument quite fitting for himself and those whose interests he had at heart, to deal with; and it may even be, that with that sigh came a sad foreboding of impending evil, and he could not but look with contempt on this nobleman, who having put his hand to the plough, was yet half minded to look back and retrace his steps. Ah, could he have seen the sad future which loomed so darkly over and around, could he have foreseen that his own head would fall, and the ignoble peer be saved, as the page of history shows, and saved, not because more innocent than Ashton, for in the sight of the ruling powers each was alike guilty, but merely because, coward like, he screened himself from the punishment he had equally merited, by disclosing all the windings and ramifications of a plot, which compromised not only persons of rank and consideration in England, but also in Scotland! But Ashton's vigorous mind had planned things much more cleverly than Lord Preston surmised, for he had said truly that where either foe or loyalty are concerned, obstacles are only thought of as things that must be overcome, and he then narrated how through a person named Burdett, with whom he had become acquainted, he was about to be introduced to a woman whose husband possessed a smack which would carry over to France His Lordship, Ashton himself, Florence, Mr. Elliott, and if required, also any other persons who might wish to join them.

"I shall offer," continued Ashton, "100 guineas, for the amount of money to be agreed on shall not be an object, and if I do not meet the master of the vessel at Burdett's house, we have arranged to appoint an evening to see him at the Wonder Tavern on Ludgate Hill, and I hope, my lord," he added, "to be able to set sail at the latest, early in December. These are my present arrangements," he added, "and as Your Lordship has honored my poor house so far as to make it a place of our meeting to-night, I shall be glad to know if these, perhaps, still undigested plans meet your approval; for if they satisfy Your Lordship, they will also have the kindly favor of those in whose behalf you have come here to-night."

"Really, Ashton, I do not see you could have arranged better," replied Lord Preston, "and now, gentle lady," he continued, turning to Florence, "will you let me know at what time you intend to seek the presence of Queen Mary? Your worthy uncle," he added, "has so easily fallen into the toils spread for him by the flatteries of William, that the task of introduction will not be a difficult one, but trust me, you may as soon think of turning the lion's whelps as softening the queen's heart, if such should be your idea. Indeed, putting aside Mary's own evil inclinations, has not her husband made it his study since the fatal day on which King Charles decreed that she become the bride of the then Prince of Orange; has it not, I say, been his constant effort to steel her heart against every natural emotion of filial love, to deny in her presence all that she has been taught to consider holy, for his own vile purposes, to make her utterly unmindful of house and home affections? Ay!" continued Lord Preston, now carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, and by his dislike of William III., so as to forget the minor considerations of self-love or self-preservation by which he was generally distinguished, "have I not myself heard him dare to speak disparagingly of her royal father even when in public, and revile all that she was ever taught to love."

Florence, as Lord Preston spoke thus, remembered also a certain speech which was said on good authority to have been uttered by Mary; for when the unfortunate James wrote after his coronation, reproaching her for having suffered this ceremony to have been performed whilst herself and the Prince of Wales lived, William vindicated himself declaring that he had done nothing but by her advice, when this most dutiful of daughters replied with irritation, that if her father regained his authority, her husband might thank himself, for letting him go as he did.

"I am not myself," said Florence, "and have already told Master Ashton, who escorted me to England by her Majesty's command, that I am willing to lend my help in any way in which it may be made useful."

"Let him win my love by deserting the court of the usurper," said Florence, a bright glow of indignation mantling her cheek. "My heart may break under the trial, but I will never marry St. John, while he is the sworn friend and favorite of William of Orange; and as far as you are concerned, my dear uncle, I shall see you enter the precincts of that hateful court with dread and abhorrence, lest unlooked-for evil may befall you. When we are in London I shall count the days till I leave France."

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Florence was aware that from this hour, James always believed that his daughter wished some cruelty to be perpetrated against him, and whilst she pondered over this remark, she thought, and perhaps not incorrectly, that where there was so much evil of natural growth, there could not be much required in the way of prompting by others, but be it as it may, Florence had resolved on finding her way to the presence of Mary, hoping to be able in some way or another, though at present she knew not how, to be of use to the exiles at St. Germain's. Then to her amazement, names were mentioned of persons whom she had little deemed were averse to the rule of William and Mary, the Bishop of Ely, Clarendon, the queen's uncle and many other persons of consideration and note, were alluded to as being concerned in the meditated conspiracy. And still conversing, they after a short time, gradually arranged the line of action to be pursued with regard to the journey to France, they had some time meditated, for in Louis XIV. all their hopes were founded, and without him there could be no good effected.

And in the cause of royalty, Florence had her part to play, and it was one beset, too, with difficulties; none other in fact, than to be introduced through the means of Lord Preston and her uncle, to the presence of Mary, and once within the precincts of the court, to watch and note all that passed around her, to be the medium for conveying letters, written in ciphers, to and from the disaffected nobles who dwelt around the court receiving from them in return missives, which would hereafter be conveyed to France as soon as their plans were fully mastered. Not till a late hour of the night did the party break up, Florence being escorted to a sleeping apartment prepared for her reception by Mistress Ashton, who as soon as they were alone, exclaimed, bursting into tears:

"My mind, dear madam, is tormented with fear and anxiety; one constant thought torments me, it is that this rising will be discovered, and my husband fall a victim to the fury of the queen."

With many gentle words Florence strove to allay her apprehensions, but her efforts were for some time in vain, she felt no small relief when, after Mistress Ashton had insisted on her own maid discharging for her the duties of the toilette, weary and fatigued she laid her head on receiving an assurance from her still weeping friend, that she would not fail to have her aroused in time to insure her return to Kensington, before Sir Charles by missing her from the breakfast should be aware that she had been home.

We must now look back into the courts of the last two months, taking up the thread of our narrative, from the moment at which Sir Charles resolved on visiting London in company with his niece.

A wearisome time indeed succeeded that which would elapse ere Florence could hope to return to France, and the days of her sojourn in London promised little else than restraint of spirit, unless her busy and ever active mind could be in any way engaged by taking part in the conspiracy which was being so diligently hatched against the present possessor of the English crown.

Again, too, every effort was made by Florence to prevent a hindrance to any future meetings with St. John, unless she was previously made aware that he had become a convert even to the political opinions of her somewhat imperious self.

Then, too, came a new torment in the person of the once timorous old baronet, who now appeared to the excitable Florence, full of an unholy exultation at the thought of his approaching presentation to William; indeed, had he at once pledged himself to the prince of darkness himself, we question if this enthusiastic adherent of the Stuart race would have been more shocked.

In the village of Kensington, then in the palace of which place William and Mary at that time held their court, the baronet had deputed Sir Reginald to hire for his use, a somewhat handsome residence; and flattered in his old age by the idea of notice even from usurped royalty, though he had never cared to receive or court its favor, Sir Charles really undid the work of his whole life, during which he had lived entirely aloof from any interference with politics.

But the case was altered now, and fluttered about the old baronet a coterie of persons favored at the Court of the Dutch monarch, anxious to make a proselyte, and entangle in their meshes the hitherto inflexible old Papist. Amongst their hangers on at the court, was a favorite page of the king, named Walter Harding. As to personal appearance few men of his time could compete with him; his sobriquet was "the handsome page" and none stood higher in the favor of William than did this youth, who was also well known to and an intimate acquaintance of Reginald St. John; of him we shall have cause to speak later.

It was with feelings of mingled alarm and indignation that Florence beheld the foolish old baronet fall unresistingly and readily into the hands of the court parasites, who all had a keen eye to the influence he possessed as well as to the broad acres in the remote counties of Cumberland and Gloucestershire of which he was the master, and she witnessed the time approaching for his presentation at Kensington with absolute horror; meanwhile, her mind was harassed at the thought of the distress which

her friends at the Court of St. Germain would experience at the lapse of time which must pass before that originally intended for her return. And she well knew the agony of apprehension that Mary of Modena would endure did she not return at the appointed time. However there was nothing to be done but wait with patience, and with this resolve she endeavored to watch calmly the present demeanor of her fickle old uncle and his future behavior, and also to strive by his means to procure admission to the English Court.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FATHER TOM BURKE.

Shakespeare says, "What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." But we must remember that the poet did not here include the names of those who were dead and gone. If the subject of our sketch had been called by any other name, that name would have called up the same memories and associations as the well-remembered name he really bore. We all have felt the influence of a much cherished name, and we venture to think that the readers of the *Rosary* will gladly welcome anything however trifling which may help to keep the name of Father Tom Burke fresh in their minds.

It is but a few years since his death, but those of the younger generation to whom his name is a memory and nothing more, in whose hearts it does not call up the echo of his clear, ringing voice, and the sight of his tall figure often bent in pain, require something more than the oft-told tales full of quaint humor which are handed down by those who knew him — tales which always bear repeating, rare proof of the man's versatile genius and ready wit. It is these very anecdotes, which blend so marvellously the grave and gay, which are now bordering on the sublime, now ridiculous in the extreme; anecdotes which have kept his audience in convulsions of laughter for hours together, and which nevertheless proceeded from one who had, perhaps but an hour previously, sprayed the minds and hearts of the crows who hung upon his wonderful and fervid oratory in the pulpit; it is this inexhaustible fund of wit and humor, mingled with profound learning and wisdom, that make us yearn to know more of the nature of the man. We instinctively wish to penetrate beneath that which we can but feel to be a veil hiding the real man.

The biography of such a man must needs be a difficult task; it is hard to depict with perfect fairness the varying phases in the life of one so many-sided as Father Burke. There have been few men who have played such seemingly divergent parts in this world; few but the beatified saints of God who have so wonderfully combined the active life of the public ministry with the quieter and more spiritualized life of the cloistered religious, and few who have at the same time so perfectly fulfilled the requirements and duties of both. It is easy to see that the biographer of such a man has no enviable task before him. He has to please two opposite parties—those who knew him as a Religious, as a master of Novices, and as a superior, and who were consequently more acquainted with his inner life; and those—the majority—who knew Father Tom Burke as the great preacher and orator, as the popular priest, as the man of unflagging energy and ceaseless wit, whose *bons mots* and jokes scintillated from him like sparks from the glowing iron in the hands of the smith.

We are far from asserting that the life of Father Burke, which appeared within two years of his death, is a failure, but still the fact remains that the interior life of this great man has yet to be written. We do not, of course, propose to ourselves any task half so ambitious as that implied in this remark, but we propose instead to set forth in the pages of the *Rosary* a few short articles dealing with that side of Father Burke's career which is least known. The afore-mentioned biography is not accessible to all, and inasmuch as it is not written from a purely spiritual standpoint it is hard for the ordinary reader to discover between the lines that wonderful and deep-seated humility, and that true priestly character which show themselves at the most unexpected times; which peep out amidst innocent fun and mirth, and serve to make that fun and mirth only the more remarkable. His early life is known to most of our readers and is soon told. He was born in Galway on the 8th September—the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity—in the year 1830, of poor parents. He was Irish born, and Irish to the backbone. In his love of his country was only surpassed by love of his Faith.

His father was a baker, with, like all Irishmen, a passion for music. It was from him that Nicholas—for that was Father Burke's Christian name—the name Thomas he afterwards took on entering religion—derived his love of music and his natural fund of wit and humor. Hour after hour his father, who seems to have been of an easy-going disposition, would spend in telling him quaint anecdotes, in singing to him the songs and legends of old Ireland, till at length his mother would break in with: "You'll be the ruin of that boy teaching him such nonsense, and insist on his being sent to school. If, however, his father was disinclined to eradicate his son's faults his mother can be accused of no strict disciplinaryness as she was. She fulfilled the counsels of Solomon to the letter, and Father Burke himself could relate how often, when he was

sound asleep his mother would wake him up and administer condign chastisement, owing to the complaints of the neighbours about his wild tricks, for we must acknowledge that the propensity to mischief early showed itself in Father Burke.

Yet it was to this same mother, who combined the rare piety of Ireland's daughters with the spartan heroism of the disciples of Lyncurgus, that Nicholas owed his early piety; for her he imbibed that tender love of the Virgin, Mother and that devotion to the Rosary which so distinguished him in after days. He ever esteemed his mother a saint, and years after, when his fame was well-nigh world-wide, he would go to visit her and humbly kneel for her blessing. She, on her side, never realized her son's greatness, and well-nigh to the end persisted in believing that the Father Tom Burke, of whom she read so much in the papers, was a Franciscan of that name!

Such was the boyhood of Nicholas, full of fun and mischief: often in dire straits because of some unusually daring freak for which exegation was impending, and yet full of genuine earnestness and piety, the foremost of his school-fellows in games as in all their studies. The time was soon coming, however, when the call of God would sound in his ears, and he must leave all to follow that call. That this must have been a wrench to his affectionate heart, we gather from his words in America when speaking of O'Toole: "I have seen in other lands young men asking to be admitted to the priesthood, and the father and mother saying, 'How can we give him up? When I witnessed that, I thought of the old woman in Galway, who had no one but me, her only son. I thought of the old man, bending down towards the grave; and I thought of the poverty that might stare them in the face when I, their only boy, was gone; and yet no tear was shed, no word of sorrow was uttered; but with joy and pride the Irish father and Irish mother knew how to give up their son to the God that made him.'"

The Dominicans have always been a numerous and influential body in Ireland; and there were nearly a thousand priests in the country when Henry VIII. began his persecution. Of this number only four survived when Elizabeth came to the throne thirty years later! They had furnished a glorious band of martyrs. "They feared not the executioner's sword, they died for Christ that they might become heirs in the house of the Lord." Such were the men in whose footsteps Nicholas burned to follow; and in the year 1847 we find him applying to be admitted to the order. He was sent to Rome to go through his novitiate, which was passed at Perugia, and afterwards went to St. Sabina at Rome, and from there he was sent by the Father-General, while still a novice and a sub-deacon, to Woodchester, in order to assist in the resuscitation of the struggling English Province.

At the time of the Reformation, the English Province of Dominicans possessed fifty-four Priors in England and Wales, but persecution drove them out, and the Province became utterly disorganized. For a time indeed it was extinguished, but revived at length, and the names of Fathers Blagrove, Molinieux, Norton, Woods and Proctor, who kept up the tradition down to our own time, often in peril of their lives—the first named indeed, shed his blood for the good cause—are held in undying remembrance by the members of the English Province. Through the munificence of Mr. Leigh, of Woodchester Park, Gloucester, Father Proctor and the few Fathers with him, had been enabled to found a house of regular observance, and it was to assist in this good work that Nicholas, then Father Thomas Burke, was despatched by the Father-General, in 1851, as pro-novice-master—a position involving grave responsibilities, more especially under the existing circumstances. So high a trust speaks volumes for the confidence placed in Father Burke as a religious. This lasted for four years. In 1855 he was summoned back to Ireland. From this time his public career as a great preacher and orator must date. His first great sermon was at Sandymount in Ireland in the year 1859, and from that time his success was assured.

Another change, however, awaited him in 1864. The General, Pore Jandel, appointed him Regent of Studies in the Convent of San Clemente, in Rome, the house of studies of the Irish Province. Of this house he was soon after elected Prior. He returned to Ireland in 1867, but in 1870 we find him again at Rome, this time as theologian to the Bishop of Dromore during the Vatican Council. He returned to Ireland to enter on that career of hard world and toil which ceased only with his death.

Meanwhile his truly Irish love of fun and keen sense of humor were not idle, and he would keep his brethren in religion in convulsions of laughter during recreation by his comic stories and wonderful power of mimicry. Father Burke little felt that

was this love of fun that gave Father Burke his wonderful influence with children; he became, when among them the veriest child of them all; and a remark not infrequently made about him was, that few men had scattered so much harmless enjoyment among their fellow-mortals as he had done.

As we have, however, hinted above, his mirth was often assumed for a purpose. He feared the Bishopric which had been offered him more than once. It is said that the Bishop of Dromore once told him that were it not for this one blemish of his excessive love of a joke, there was no honor to which he would not be entitled; to which Father Tom replied that if His Lordship had been himself a bit more fond of a joke he would have probably been able to avoid the burden of the episcopate under which he groaned. He seems indeed to have succeeded in his purpose, for on one occasion when his name was proposed for a Bishopric which was likely to fall vacant, his comic tendencies were put forward as an obstacle to his elevation, as not tending to support episcopal instincts. His sense of humor too it was that enabled him to support his intense physical sufferings in his later years, and which carried him through an amount of work which none but men of his unflagging energy could have borne.

Many have looked askance upon Father Burke because of his jokes; many have been inclined to think him but a poor religious and a dissipated priest, but none can say with fairness in the face of two such examples as Father Burke and Pere Monsabre, both Dominicans, that a sense of the ludicrous is incompatible with very high attributes. Nor, again, is it incompatible with great holiness of life, as Father Burke's well-known saying shows: "There is no law that good people should be stupid, they may be Sankeymonious without being Moody."

It only remains to speak of Father Burke in that phase of his career which is the best known—we mean as a great preacher and orator. Possessed of vast stores of learning and an exceedingly retentive memory, Burke had every qualification necessary for a great speaker. In addition to the above he was gifted with a rich musical voice, a rare command of languages, and a knowledge of the dramatic art which made more than one of his less spiritual hearers, exclaim, "What a loss for the stage!" The following account of the effects of his preaching has been often quoted, but will bear repetition. The writer, giving an account of the profession of some nuns, which he witnessed, thus describes the effect of the sermon: "The preacher spoke. The subject of his discourse was the religious life. The chapel was small, and his voice never rose above a whisper. All were fascinated. He spoke of the beauty and purity and perfection of the religious life; he showed how it tended to raise man, even in the life below, almost to a level with the angels; he expounded with marvellous lucidity the meaning of the vows religious take, and explained their bearings on the holy state; and with a fervid peroration that carried his hearers away from earthly things left them in earnest contemplation of a glorious future. It was no mere effort of polished rhetoric we heard on that occasion; no skillful weaving of brilliant phrases into rounded sentences such as may gratify the ear without reaching the heart. It was the full flow of an apostolic soul that came down on the congregation then assembled, and swept everything away on its irresistible tide. There were worldly men present, but the worldiest among them went along in silence, pondering upon the nothingness of his own pursuits."

He attained perfect mastery over the human heart, and played on the

passions as on a musical instrument. He possessed, too, as Cardinal Manning said, "the grandest talent that man can possess," that of popularising theology. Those only who have heard him can appreciate the truth of this remark, which gains additional weight from the fact that Father Burke's sermon, on the occasion of his utterance, was very long and abstruse; but, instead of being fatigued, the Cardinal declared that he would willingly have listened to him for two hours longer, and then added the above remark.

In the commencement of his career he addressed his sermon chiefly to the intellect; but in after life, when more spiritualized—when he had passed through the crucible of suffering—his power of moving the hearts of his audience was unequalled. "I only meant to give one pound," said one of Fr. Burke's hearers to the priest in whose church he had preached, "but that sermon has pulled five out of me." We might well apply to him Goldsmith's words,

"Truth prevailed from his lips with redoubled sway,
And fools who came to laugh remained to pray."

But Goldsmith's village preacher would never have won universal fame. The popular preacher, of the strict sense of the word, cannot please the more cultured classes, least of all a class which is opposed to his race and mode of oratory. Father Burke, however, was popular everywhere; he was hailed with acclamation in Ireland and America, in Rome as well as in London. As the late Provincial of the Jesuits, Father Parbrick, says: "I fear not to say that we have record of no illustrious preacher who preached so constantly, for so many years, to the same audiences and to such varied audiences, and possessed all through to the end such an attractive fascination and power."

We have, we fear, made a somewhat lengthy digression from the life of Father Burke; but little remains to be told. After years of hard work, as Novice Master in Ireland, Father Burke was sent by the Father-General as visitor to the American Province of the Order. During his sojourn here for close upon eighteen months, besides his other duties, he gave four hundred lectures, not including sermons, and the proceeds of the lectures, which went to relieve many churches and convents from debt, and to endow many charities and hospitals, amounted to nearly £80,000. His work in America, however, proved too much for him, and undermined his strength. He returned to Ireland in 1873, and from that time forward he became more and more an invalid. Yet, invalid though he was and in almost continual pain, he never accorded himself any alleviation; he cheerfully toiled on to the end in an unceasing round of sermons and retreats, ever ready to lend the aid of his golden tongue to the needy and afflicted. Almost the last series of sermons he preached was at the opening of the Dominican Church at Ha-verstock Hill in London, in the year 1883, and his very last, at Liverpool, was a charity sermon. He livedpool was a charity sermon. He livedpool was a charity sermon. He livedpool was a charity sermon.

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**"THE DOWN GRADE TO
DEISM."**

The Rev. John Robertson, of the Free Church, Glasgow, who is known as a preacher of great power, charges the Free Kirk with rationalism in its teachings and subverting the authority of God's Word. He had on this account left the Church and established an independent Presbyterian congregation in the city, and a city temple. The Glasgow Presbytery felt the charge to be so serious that a deputy was sent to the church which Mr. Robertson had left to explain the position of the General Assembly in reference to the Scriptures, and the statement was made that "the Church steadfastly adheres to the doctrine of the Confession in regard to the inspiration, the infallible truth, and the divine authority of the whole Scriptures as proceeding from God, who is the Author thereof." The Rev. Dr. Howie, who made this announcement, said that he was a member of the committee which had made the declaratory act, and that "whatever doubts he had before entering that committee concerning the orthodoxy of the Free Church were dispelled by the deliberations in the committee."

It is surely somewhat remarkable that prominent clergy like Rev. Messrs. Robertson and Howie should have had doubts at all on this subject, and even convictions that the Free Church is Latitudinarian as regards belief in the inspiration of Scripture, if the position of the Church on this point were definitely so orthodox as the Rev. Dr. Howie maintains. Still more remarkable is it that when in the General Assembly the question arises to choose theological professors for the seminaries, the choice should fall, after due deliberation, upon those whose views on the authority of Scripture are quite as lax as those for which Dr. Briggs, of New York, Dr. Smith, of Cincinnati, and Dr. Campbell, of Montreal, have been condemned, the first named by the United States General Assembly, and the other two by their respective Presbyteries.

With such facts in view, even the assurance of Dr. Howie, that the Kirk is sound in doctrine, will scarcely carry conviction to the minds of the public at large. We must confess that we are prone to suspect that this declaration does not give a quite correct view of the belief prevalent in the Assembly.

A recent essay published in the New York Church Union throws some light upon the extent to which the clergy of the Presbyterian church feel themselves bound by such declarations as Dr. Howie has made. The essay is on "Creeds Divisive," and has for author the Rev. Robert Stuart McArthur, of Calvary Church, N. Y.; and in it we are told, seriously, what, indeed, most people are aware of, though the fact has been denied by some of the Presbyterian organs, that the Presbyterians no longer consider themselves bound by the Westminster Confession, or any other creed formula. He argues that the Westminster Confession ought not to be revised, but preserved "intact as a monument to the wisdom and theological learning of its age."

The reason for his advocacy of this view is certainly a curious one. Must the Presbyterians, then, continue to adhere to the old Confession while thus leaving it unchanged? Not at all. He says: "These great creeds do not conserve doctrines. The Westminster Confession does not secure unity now in the Presbyterian Church. Of what practical gain are these creeds to-day?"

Dr. McArthur's idea is that the old creed should be kept on hand as an antiquity merely, not indeed to be believed, but to be admired as a curiosity. He adds:

"The Baptist denomination, for instance, has no creed in the technical sense of the term; and yet with its more than three millions of members in America to-day, it is more nearly a unit in faith and practice than are the churches with their long and short creeds."

As far as the single doctrine of the necessity of immersion as the proper form of baptism is concerned, we have no doubt there is a unity of belief among Baptists, because this is the palmary doctrine of the denomination; but between Hard Shell and Soft Shell Baptists, or Close and Open, Calvinistic, American and Seventh-day Baptists, Campbellites and others among which these three million adherents in America are distributed, the Baptists are about as much split up as are the Presbyterians themselves. There is no doubt, also, that Latitudinarianism has made great progress among them, though not to the same extent as among Presbyterians. The single fact that Baptists have no general standard of belief, but permit every congregation to enjoy a creed of its own, is favorable to the spread of free thought, just as it has made free-thought very prevalent among Congregationalists. That it has had the same effect among Baptists there can be no doubt. It has done so in England to such an extent that the late Rev. Mr. Spurgeon publicly abandoned the Baptist Union because it had almost reached the verge of the precipice of unbelief on its down grade.

Like causes produce like effects, and the same effect has certainly followed in America.

We say it with regret, that among most of the Protestant sects of America, as well as of England and Scotland, Free-thought has made great ravages. We regret it, because we would be glad to be able to believe that the spark of Christianity is not totally extinguished in Protestantism, nor likely to become so. We would prefer to see our separated brethren retain some of the doctrines of Christianity, rather than that they should lapse into pure Deism, the final result of which will be a condition as bad as the Paganism of ancient Greece and Rome brought about.

THE MAIL AND THE SCHOOL LAW.

The Toronto Mail of the 3rd inst. has a characteristic article on the school question, in which it professes to throw light upon the status of Separate schools before and since the passing of the Confederation Act.

It commences with the statement that the whole subject of Separate schools is to be brought up in the Ontario Legislature on one of the three school bills now before the House: the ballot bill of Mr. Meredith, the permissive ballot bill of Mr. Conmee, and Mr. McCallum's more extensive measure to amend the Separate School Act.

It is somewhat surprising that there should be so many Separate school bills before the Legislature at a moment when there is no demand on the part of the Catholic body for any change in the law. The Separate school law works fairly well as it stands at present, and though it might undoubtedly be bettered in some respects, the changes proposed by the three gentlemen named are certainly not intended to improve it. Mr. Conmee's bill is the least harmful, probably, and we presume that its intention is not to injure the Separate schools, but it is uncalled-for and unnecessary, and as Catholics we must look with suspicion upon any yielding to the hostile agitation which has been excited for the express purpose of injuring our Catholic schools. In this respect Mr. Conmee's bill is mischievous. If it is only a sop thrown to Cerberus, we still object to it on the ground that the Ontario Cerberus, whose object is the entire destruction of Catholic schools, is not to be propitiated by means of such sops, and in any case we are opposed to throwing them to it. It reminds us of a sleighing party pursued by wolves, saving itself from destruction by throwing out pieces of meat and other food, and even clothing, to distract the attention of the wolves for a moment from the real object of their pursuit. We object to being placed in the position of a hunted party, forced to make such concessions to the pack of wolves at our heels. We prefer to fight our battle courageously.

After the triumphant battle fought by Sir Oliver Mowat's party at two general elections, and gained through the assistance given by the fair-minded people of Ontario, Protestants and Catholics, is it a fair return to us, who bore the heat and turmoil of the fray, to say that the defeated foe is to be propitiated by interfering in a hostile spirit with the educational interests of Catholics without any demand on our part for the change?

On the ground solely that Mr. Conmee's bill is not demanded by Catholics, we are decidedly opposed to such tampering with the school law.

The Catholic body are the best

judges of what changes are needed to improve the Separate school law, and Mr. Conmee's bill, which is simply a tinkering measure which we do not need, does not propose one of the changes needed; and, if it were to pass to-morrow, it would not satisfy a single friend or foe to Catholic education.

If Mr. Mowat's Government adopt Mr. Conmee's bill we cannot but regard it as an evidence of great weakness. It is shameful if we are to be compelled to sacrifice shred after shred of our school system until there is nothing left, that the hungry wolves who are pursuing us with distended maws have their appetites satisfied.

It is not to be supposed that the bills proposed by Messrs. McCallum and Meredith will pass. Mr. McCallum's bill is avowedly hostile to the Catholic Separate school system, that gentleman having been elected by the influence of the P. P. A. Mr. Meredith's Bill is more covert in its hostility, but its aim is also to placate the P. P. A. element, which played so important a part in re-nominating him as their candidate for election in London at the next general election.

On this question of the ballot for Separate schools the Mail is wont to wax very eloquent, describing all the ills to which Separate school supporters are subjected. Its argument now is that "the statute of 1863 states definitely that the election of Separate school trustees shall be conducted in the same manner as the election of Common school trustees. Had this clause been left in the Act the permissive ballot would have been operative as regards Separate schools when it was applied to Public schools. It was, however, repealed when the Public school ballot was impending, and a distinct open voting provision was inserted in its place."

This is not a correct statement of the case. The clause in the statute of 1863 defining that the election of Separate school trustees should be conducted in the same manner as the election of Common school trustees was not repealed, but the manner of electing Public school trustees was changed, and it is a question whether the election for Separate school trustees would not have remained as before, subject to the old law, without special legislation in reference to Separate schools. At all events it was not deemed proper to leave the matter in doubt, and moreover it was deemed unfair to legislate a change in the operation of the Separate school law by a side wind, when the Separate school supporters had expressed no wish for a change of the law in their regard.

The introduction of the ballot principle would have made the operation of the Separate school law more complex, without any corresponding benefit, and we are convinced that if a vote of the Separate school supporters throughout the Province had been taken, they would have approved of leaving the Separate school elections to be conducted simply as they are at present. In all fairness it would be an absurdity to leave the Separate school trustees at the mercy of every whim of the Public School Board to decide whether or not at each successive election the vote should be by ballot or an open poll.

Mr. Conmee's bill which would leave the matter of the ballot optional with school boards might not do much harm, in itself, it is true, but we object to the principle of tinkering with the Separate school laws without any request from Separate school supporters that such changes be made, and it is for this reason that we object both to Mr. Conmee's and Mr. Meredith's proposals. Mr. Meredith proposes to make the ballot compulsory on both Separate and Public schools. At present the Public schools may use the ballot at their elections if they think proper, and very few Boards avail themselves of this method of avoiding the tyranny of those who might interfere with their liberty of voting. We presume they do not feel the oppressiveness of open voting, though the advocates of the ballot try to impress it upon them. But we very strongly suspect that the chief reason for Mr. Meredith's bill is some vague notion which that gentleman has that his measure will in some undefined way annoy the friends of Separate schools, and bring discord into the ranks of Separate school supporters. We cannot in any other way account for his officiousness in wishing to change the Separate school law, and even the Public school law, as a means to effect the object he has in view. He knows well that it would be invidious to change the Separate school law alone to bring into it the compulsory ballot clause; but we imagine that the Public school supporters will not be thankful to him for making them the catspaw to satisfy his anxiety to interfere in some way with the Separate schools.

That we are doing Mr. Meredith no injustice in taking this view of his proposal will be evident from the fact that all his attempts during the last six years to interfere with the Separate school laws have been, not efforts to improve the schools, but to make the working of the law more difficult, and to conjure the taxes of Separate school supporters into the Public school treasury. We do not altogether think that it is any inherent bigotry on Mr. Meredith's part that induces him to follow such a course; but he is led to it with the hope of securing the fanatical anti-Catholic vote for himself and his supporters at the coming general election.

With another assertion of the Mail we may deal here in a few words.

Over and over again we have been told by it that the Separate school law of 1863, which became part of our constitution under Confederation, was a "final settlement" of the Separate school question, and that, therefore, Mr. Mowat's Government was guilty of a breach of faith with the public in making certain changes in it.

If this is a breach of faith, why does the Mail with its following persist in demanding changes in the law? Why constantly harp on the necessity of the ballot?

Of course the Separate school law is final to this extent that it is beyond the reach of the Local Legislature, so far, that none of the privileges conferred upon "any class of Her Majesty's subjects" can be taken away by that body; but the Local Legislature can, with this limitation, regulate the working of the schools. The amendments introduced by Mr. Mowat did no more than assimilate the Separate to the Public school law in some respects wherein the operation of the law needed to be made more satisfactory. But of these there should be no complaint; for if these provisions are necessary for the efficiency of the Public school system, it may be reasonably supposed that they are generally necessary also for that of the Separate schools. The only plausible ground on which improvements in the law can be denied to Catholic schools is that Catholics should be persecuted on account of their religion; but we may as well say at once that we shall have something to say if legislation is to be attempted on such lines. The Catholics of Canada are not here on tolerance. We have the same rights as British subjects with our Protestant fellow-citizens, and we are quite resolved to maintain them.

Human laws are not generally so perfect as to be accepted as finalities, and there is no reason to assert, as the Mail does, that the Separate school law was "a satisfactory and final settlement." It was a "satisfactory" law when passed, because it placed the Separate schools on a satisfactory footing, but there is no foundation for the Mail's statement that "this law was received by the representatives of the Church . . . as a satisfactory and final settlement of the Separate school question."

It is true that where we have placed the hiatus the Mail has it, "according to Dr. Ryerson." We do not remember that Dr. Ryerson made this statement; but, whether he did or not, we know that he neither was himself a representative of the Church, nor was he authorized by representatives of the Church to make such a statement.

Further, the Mail complains that though Dr. Ryerson, who was Superintendent of Education when the Separate school bill became law, opposed the utilization of the municipal machinery for the collection of Separate school taxes, on the ground that this would establish the Roman Catholic Church as a State Church, yet on the retirement of Dr. Ryerson the municipal machinery was made use of for the purpose indicated.

The municipal machinery was made use of for the purpose of collecting the Public school taxes, and the only apparent reason for denying the same to the Catholic Separate schools was that this would impose an unnecessary and unjust tax of about 10 per cent. on them to prepare the assessment lists and collect the taxes. This was very pleasing to those who wished to harass the Separate schools, but it was not justice, and it is to the credit of Sir Oliver Mowat and his Government that the injustice was redressed by them.

The Mail also asserts once more that there are coercive features in the Separate school law, whereby Catholics are obliged to become Separate school supporters. On this subject we had something to say not long since. We shall only say here that the coercion is altogether in the Mail's imagination.

THE CHURCH AND DIVORCE.

The statement has been widely circulated by the press that the Holy Father has granted a divorce to the Countess Fleury, separating her from her husband and annulling her marriage, and much surprise has been expressed that such should have been the case, as it is well known that the Catholic Church holds that a Christian marriage cannot be dissolved except by death. It should be scarcely necessary for us to inform our readers that the statement is entirely incorrect. A decree of divorce annulling a marriage is never granted by the Church, though it is the right of the Church to pronounce whether a marriage has been validly contracted or not. It is well understood that the laws of God and of nature prohibit marriage with in certain degrees of kindred, and marriages contracted within those degrees are null from the beginning. The laws of the Church also prohibit marriages under certain other circumstances, under penalty of nullity, and when these conditions exist there cannot be a Christian marriage; and it is within the province of the Church to judge whether or not these conditions exist in any particular case. Thus it was with the Fleury marriage, which was pronounced by the proper ecclesiastical court to be null from the beginning. A decree of divorce could

not be obtained even by kings who had contracted a valid marriage, and it was for this reason that Henry VIII., who could not either cajole or frighten the Pope into granting him a decree of divorce, established a more accommodating religion which would do just what he desired. The refusal to grant a similar decree to Napoleon I. was also the cause of most of the persecution which that Emperor inflicted upon successive Popes. A decree of divorce would not be granted even for the sake of preserving a nation to the faith, nor to avoid relentless persecution. The reason for this is that God's law, which makes marriage indissoluble, cannot be changed by any human authority.

**MR. IGNATIUS DONNELLY vs.
A BOGUS PROFESSOR.**

The A. P. A. lecturer, "Professor" Sims, had recently a public discussion with Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, the well-known writer of the entertaining and learned work "Atlantis," and also the advocate of the theory that Lord Bacon was the real author of Shakespeare's works. The subject of discussion was the intolerance of the A. P. A., which Mr. Donnelly declared to be subversive of the fundamental principles of the American constitution, Sims maintaining the contrary, as a matter of course.

The discussion took place in a public hall in Milwaukee, and a very large audience was present, composed of Catholics and Protestants, the former being somewhat the more numerous.

As might be expected, Mr. Donnelly's wit was too much for the notorious slanderer Sims, who was made the laughing-stock of the audience owing to the absurd blunders, or rather deliberate falsehoods against the Catholic Church which were ably exposed by Mr. Donnelly. We are surprised, however, that from the short report of the discussion which appears in the papers, it would seem that Mr. Donnelly did not contradict the assertion of the bogus professor and major, that Lafayette had foretold that "if ever the American Republic were to be overthrown, it would be by the hands of the Roman Catholic priesthood."

These words have been many times repeated by anti-Catholic papers as having been uttered by Lafayette, but they are a clumsy forgery. The speech of Lafayette in which words having some resemblance to the words quoted, was delivered for the express purpose of moderating the ill-will which many of the Protestants of America regarded Catholics a century ago. What Lafayette actually said was that "if the American Republic is ever to be overthrown, it will not be at the hands of the Roman Catholic priesthood;" and as Lafayette was himself a Catholic, this is just what he might have been expected to say after having fought side by side with the American patriots in the War of Independence, in which also Catholics took their part, in proportion to their number in the country at the time, which was but small. The quotation of the words of Lafayette with the word not left out is simply a Know-Nothing or A. P. A. forgery.

Sims met with an unexpected rebuke during the discussion when he appealed to the Catholics present to answer the following question:

"I want to ask you, my Catholic fellow-citizens who claim to be loyal to your country, if the Pope to-day should direct you to act in a certain way politically would you rebel against his authority?"

Every Catholic present answered without hesitation, "Yes, certainly we would rebel every time."

The question was an absurd one; but it was answered just as Catholics would answer the same question in any country in the world. It might as reasonably have been asked would they hang themselves or cut their own throats if the Pope commanded them to do so. It is not the office of the Pope to issue commands of such a nature, though it does belong to him to pronounce upon the morality or immorality of human acts. But his decision is to be made according to the principles of Christian ethics, and not according to his political proclivities.

Treason against one's country is a sin according to Catholic theology, and it is absurd to put the hypothesis that the Pope will order Catholics to be guilty of that sin, or to lay down for ourselves a course of conduct to be pursued if ever such a command should be given.

We cannot suppose that the Milwaukee discussion will produce much good fruit. Sims is known to be a fraud and an unscrupulous liar, and his meeting with a gentleman for a

discussion on a public platform gives him a prominence which he does not deserve. We might add that the book-keepers in the offices of the daily papers of this city would be pleased were the Professor to call and give them an opportunity to balance their books.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

Mr. John Paul Bocoek has an article in the Forum for April, under the title "The Irish Conquest of our Cities," in which a number of facts is stated as showing that in a remarkably large number of the American cities, Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen occupy leading positions in the municipal government, and in this way practically control or "boss" the United States Government, but especially the government of the large cities. In fact, concerning one Irishman, Mr. Richard Croker, of New York, he quotes several of the New York newspapers which concede to him a practical dictatorship of the city's affairs. One of these papers says:

"He is the dispenser of place in our municipal government. He decides what laws shall be enacted by the State Legislature. He determines who shall be our judges, magistrates, and commissioners. His permission is a necessary first step toward the entrance of men into Congress. In conjunction with Mr. McLaughlin, of Brooklyn, Mr. Murphy, of Troy, Mr. Hill, of Albany, and Mr. Sheehan, of Buffalo, he selects the senators to represent in Congress the greatest State in the Union."

Another paper is quoted, which says: "No President ever had such power in Congress. Richard Croker is virtually the law-making power."

Unfortunately, Mr. Bocoek does not tell us which papers have made these statements, so we cannot well judge from their mere reproduction the value which ought to be attached to them. It is nevertheless certain that Mr. Croker's influence is very great, though it is an exaggeration to attribute to him quite so much power as do the passages quoted. It is, in fact, a common practice with those who have made up their minds to sustain some given thesis to quote such authorities as seem to favor the particular point they wish to establish, and then to infer that their thesis is proved, though it frequently happens, as in the present case, that the authorities quoted had no intention to have their words accepted in their strict and literal sense. At least it is fair to suppose that such is the case; for a paper which values its reputation would not make such sweeping assertions with the intention that they should be accepted for more than they are worth.

It is not a very wonderful matter that the Irish should exercise great influence in such cities as New York, Boston, Chicago, etc., where they number very nearly half the population, and have among them men of the highest intelligence and ability as well wealth; and as these cities are the important centres of population, that influence must also extend through the States or districts of which they are centres.

The popular will is made up of its units, and in a country where the popular will is the law, as is the case in the United States, that section of the people must come to the front which, being sufficiently numerous, best concentrates its strength; and when the motives which dominate in such a community are honest and good, it is an advantage to all that this should be the case. To a certain extent it is true that in many localities the Irish strength is somewhat concentrated, and thus it is made great. But it is not abnormally so, and to the extent to which it is habitually exercised it is as a rule for the good of the whole people. The Irish influence in New York is great, but it has been shown that New York City is and has been especially well and economically governed, at least since the overthrow of Boss Tweed, who was not an Irishman, and neither were his most guilty colleagues Irishmen, though it was an Irishman who exposed the injustices of the Tweed ring and brought it to strict account for its misdeeds. Municipal government in New York at the present time is conducted more cheaply than in any large city in the nation.

Neither is it true that the Irish influence in New York is exerted to the detriment of other nationalities. It is true that Mr. Croker is an Irishman by birth, but he came to America a child, and his associations and reminiscences are entirely American. He is a Protestant, and we believe so were his parents before him; and thus, even if he had been old enough on his arrival in America to hold political views, his Protestantism would have been enough to separate him from the vast majority of Irishmen in his sympathies, as we all know that the generality of Irish Protestants have no sympathy with the politics of their Catholic fellow-countrymen. Thus the prominence given to Mr. Croker in swaying the political destinies of New

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that division may be created among
Catholics, and that the different parties
thus formed may be vanquished in
succession. These tactics, however,
will not succeed. The Catholics of the
country, notwithstanding that there
are sometimes minor differences and
jealousies among them, understand
the play, and will not give themselves
over as an easy prey to their enemies.

Notwithstanding the oft-repeated
boast made by the anti-Catholic or
extreme Protestant party, that the
United States is a Protestant country,
the extremists do not constitute a
majority of the population, and so,
even according to Mr. Boeck's prin-
ciples, they should not be allowed to
rule. The Catholics are only about
16 per cent. of the population, but the
real Protestants who have strong
religious and anti-Catholic convictions
do not much exceed this proportion,
if they actually do exceed it.

The Catholics do not aim to rule the

York city and State cannot be said
to indicate that the power he
wields represents the influence
proper of Irishmen. This is especially
the case as regards the State, wherein
the Irish influence is counterbalanced
by so many opposing interests that it
certainly does not predominate. Like
Mr. Croker, Mr. Hill is a Protestant,
and his family for several generations
back have been Americans. Mr. Mc-
Laughlin, of Brooklyn, is named by
Mr. Boeck as one of five who manage
the choice of Senators from New York,
which we are told is "the greatest
State in the Union." Certainly it is
the greatest of the States, but the very
fact that the least State in the Union
has an equal representation in the
Senate with the greatest is a refutation
of the theory that Irish influence is
predominant. Besides, Mr. McLaugh-
lin's influence in Brooklyn is exagger-
ated for a purpose. Messrs. Alfred C.
Chapin and David A. Boody, both of
whom are New Englanders by birth,
of Puritan stock, exercise more power
there politically than does any Irish-
man; and the fact that in Brooklyn
the present mayor is a German, shows
that the power of the Irish is greatly
over-estimated. His predecessors were
not Irishmen either; and in another
part of his article, Mr. Boeck acknowl-
edges that "in Brooklyn the office
holders were for many years for the
most part native Americans."

We have no hesitation in saying
that the political influence of Irishmen
in New York and the other cities
named by Mr. Boeck is only what
their numbers, and the aid they have
rendered in building up the country,
justly entitles them to.

This gentleman gives several lists of
Irish names which are found on the
rolls of office holders in some of the
cities of which he speaks, and no doubt
these names are numerous, as they
must necessarily be if there is any
fairness shown in the distribution of
official patronage. But similar
lists of Germans, and of native
Americans, or we should rather
say of unknown race, might be easily
constructed. In reading over these
lists it must be borne in mind that
many of those names of all nationalities
belong to persons who are natives, and
even whose predecessors have been
of French Canadian. But this sophism
it would be unfair to conclude that
the descendants of the family of George
Washington are English in politics
and sentiment, rather than American,
because Washington is or was origi-
nally an English name. This method of
proving "the Irish conquest of our
cities" is therefore a most fallacious
one. Besides, we must remark that
it has been the wise policy of the United
States to make Americans as soon as
possible of the strangers which landed
on their shores. This object would not
have been accomplished if the full
rights of American citizenship had not
been given them. These rights were
extended, and herein lies the secret of
the wonderful progress of the country
within a few years; and we can safely
say that none have proved them-
selves to be better citizens than the
Irish settlers in the country. The
children of these settlers are Ameri-
cans at once, and are imbued with the
spirit of the country. Thus the fear
that a foreign element will ever pre-
dominate is but childish, and the
danger that such an event may occur
grows less every year, as the native
population becomes larger in compari-
son with the foreign.

Mr. Boeck's purpose in this article
is evident, notwithstanding that it is
in some measure concealed by the
use of a few phrases of compliment to
Irishmen. Thus in one place he says:
"Now the Irishman in America is
patriotic, and he is entitled to his due
share in our government."

This admission is, however, spoiled by
the malicious assertion that "one
of the functions of the Irish race in
America is to administer the affairs of
American cities;" and "the theory of
the government contemplates the rule
of the majority, and in the cities of the
United States a minority has so long
been in control that it will require a
veritable revolution to shake off, even
for a time, the dominion of our Hibernian
oligarchy. Were this minority
made up of direct immigrants from an
angelic world, its right to rule the
majority would be clearly indefensi-
ble."

It is almost unnecessary to say that
the real object of this essay is to play
into the hands of the American
notings. It is not so much aimed
at the Irish, as at Catholics in general,
and especially at Catholics of Irish
origin, who form a majority of the
Catholic population. It is safer, how-
ever, to raise a cry against the Irish
especially than to unite Catholics of all
nationalities in defence of their
common interests. Thus it is hoped
that division may be created among
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thus formed may be vanquished in
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Notwithstanding the oft-repeated
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16 per cent. of the population, but the
real Protestants who have strong
religious and anti-Catholic convictions
do not much exceed this proportion,
if they actually do exceed it.

The Catholics do not aim to rule the

country, and even if they wished to do
so they could not. But neither can
the extremists among Protestants do
so unless they enlist on their side a
majority of the intermediates and the
indifferents to one form of religion or
the other.

It is in the hope of gaining this in-
termediate population that the extreme-
ists are always parading their pre-
tended loyalty by calling themselves
Patriots or Americans, as if they were
exclusively worthy of these titles.

Thus they have American Protective,
American Mechanics, Patriotic Sons of
America, Loyal Men's and Loyal
Women's Associations. But they have
not succeeded, nor are they likely to
have any general success by these
wiles, and so Catholics will continue
to enjoy their rights as citizens, at all
events in most States, though there
may be certain restricted boundaries
within which bigotry may achieve
temporary successes. Hence we are
confident that the following appeal
to the spirit of Know-Nothingism, with
which Mr. Boeck's article concludes,
will fall flat upon his audience, and
the people of the country:

"What do the majorities of the
citizens of American municipalities
think of themselves? How has it
come about that the system of govern-
ment so admirably conceived by the
fathers has worked out so perfectly in
national affairs and so poorly in
municipal affairs? Philadelphia, Bos-
ton, and New York were once gov-
erned by the Quakers, the Puritans
and Knickerbockers. Are they better
governed now, since from the turbu-
lence of municipal politics, the Irish-
American has plucked both wealth and
power? Surely those who are too
scrupulous to contest with him for
these rewards should be the last to
decry him for his success in securing
them."

There is a coolness which is refresh-
ing in this setting up the native
American race as the only scrupulous
portion of the voting population,
whereas it has been proved that not
only the bribers of the electorate, but
also the bribed are to be found rather
in much greater proportion among
native Americans than among for-
eigners, whether Irish, German or
French Canadian. But this sophism
is an appeal to pride, so Mr. Boeck
hopes it may be effective.

THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION
AND RELIGION.

An effort is being made by a union
of clergymen of several denominations
in the United States to have the con-
stitution changed by inserting therein
the name of God, which, as they
remark, has been omitted.

Similar efforts have been made to
attain the same purpose in years past,
though hitherto they have been un-
successful, as the promoters of the move-
ment could not induce a sufficient
number of members of Congress to en-
list themselves in their cause.

It cannot be said truly that God is
ignored in the constitution now, for
though He is not named in the code of
laws to which the name of "Constitu-
tion of the United States" is applied,
the Declaration of Independence, which
is the basis of the constitution, most
unambiguously names God as the origin
and source of human rights and duties.

It asserts the equality of peoples under
"the laws of nature and of nature's
God," after which we find the following
as the principle upon which the Gov-
ernment of the country is based:

"We hold these truths to be self-
evident—that all men are created
equal; that they are endowed by their
Creator with certain inalienable rights;
that among these are life, liberty and
the pursuit of happiness."

The signers of the Declaration then
declare that "with a firm reliance on
the protection of Divine Providence,
we mutually pledge to each other our
lives, our fortunes, and our sacred
honor."

While we freely proclaim it to be
our conviction that nations, equally
with individuals, are bound by the laws
of God, and that God must rule over
the universe in all its parts, it may
well be doubted that it is advisable to
adopt the suggestion of the so-called
"God in the Constitution Party."

The American Constitution is not a
declaration of Faith; nor of the funda-
mental principles on which legislation
is based. The Declaration of Inde-
pendence does all this, and it is
acknowledged to be the corner-stone
of the constitution; but the constitu-
tion is the law itself on which all the
other laws of the union must be based,
and with which they must be accord.

The constitution guarantees to all
the liberty of worshipping God as the
conscience of each individual dictates,
and if it contained any further refer-
ence to religion than the laying down
of this principle of law, religious
liberty would be endangered, as it
might hereafter become necessary to
appoint a religious court to decide
upon what should be regarded as the
law of God, and that legislative mea-
sures should be enacted to execute God's
will. Then the liberty which now
exists would be at an end.

Religion has prospered under the

constitution as it stands, and it seems
that no real benefit would be derived
from changing it to suit the views of
the constitution tinkers who are ad-
vocating a change. We venture to
say that the Declaration of Independ-
ence is a better foundation to the con-
stitution than would be the preamble
which they propose to substitute for it.

A MODERN HERO.

In the year 1889 a priest named
Don Unia left Turin for South Amer-
ica. His destination was Santa Fe de
Bogata, which is quite near the leper
settlement of Aqua de Dios. Touched
by the sufferings of the victims of the
horrible malady, he bent himself to the
task of relieving their spiritual
wants.

The news of his coming was borne
to the outcasts of Aqua de Dios, and,
needless to say, they gave an enthu-
siastic welcome to the heroic priest.
This is the way Don Unia describes his
reception:

"As we drew near about a hundred
little boys in Sunday clothes and with
shining faces advanced with many little
banners flapping above their heads.
These were followed by white-robed
little girls bearing palms and flowers
and singing hymns. It was a simple
scene and yet so touching that it drew
tears from my eyes. But the sight
soon changed for me when I visited
those lying in the Lazaretto. God
help them—breathing carcases, in a
long protracted putrefaction. One is
without hands, another without arms,
and another has no feet. Here is one
whose flesh is dropping off piecemeal;
and in this condition they drag out a
miserable decade. Taking everything
into account, I think work would be
wanting, so my life will be a happy
one."

Don Unia has contracted the disease,
and, from latest accounts, the end is
not far distant. The heroism of the
sacrifice cannot be realized in an ade-
quate manner from the scanty records
afforded us by his letters. Such a life
stands out in bold relief, from the
background of the world's useless-
ness. It is a comparatively easy task
to dare and to do while men look on
with admiring eyes, but to immerse
oneself in a corner of South Amer-
ica, to touch no hands, to hear no
voices but those of lepers, to immolate
on the altar of charity every human
feeling and joy, and to live with the
spectre of a death horrible and loath-
some ever haunting us, requires a
nature fashioned in finest mould and
strengthened by divine grace. The
best of us recoil from suffering, and
when pain and sorrow darken our life's
sunshine we murmur, and are glad
only when the shadow disappears.

Don Unia took suffering as his com-
panion, and never during the toil-
some years did he yearn for a separa-
tion. He was no fanatic or weak en-
thusiast, but one inspired by the prin-
ciple that has been the source of
deathless deeds, namely, Christian
charity.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is a good sign that the A. P. A.
in the United States has not the influ-
ence it claims when we find that
prudent business men deem it neces-
sary to disclaim all connection with
the organization when there is a suspicion
that they are members of it. This is
what has happened in Rochester, N. Y.,
in which city Messrs. Sibley, Lindsay
and Curr are one of the leading firms.
As the report was circulated that they
are members of the A. P. A., they
deemed it necessary to issue the fol-
lowing circular which was sent to all their
patrons:

Having been repeatedly informed
that for several weeks reports have
been circulated that a member or
members of our firm were connected
with an organization known as the A.
P. A., that we were in sympathy with
its principles, and that we had dis-
charged employes because they were
Catholics, we hereby declare that all
such reports are false in every particu-
lar. SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR.

A RESOLUTION was passed in the
British House of Commons by a major-
ity of ten, affirming the desirability of
granting to Scotland a species of Home
Rule. The present intention appears
to be to institute a special Committee
of members to legislate on Scotch
questions, the committee to consist of
the Scotch members of Parliament,
together with a limited number of
other members of prominence.

The Rev. Madison Peters of New
York continues Sunday after Sunday
demolishing the eighth commandment.
His last utterance was to the effect
that the Commissioner of Pensions, Mr.
Loughren, is a Catholic. He made this
statement for the purpose of throwing
discredit on the Commissioner's refuta-
tion of Mr. Peters' former falsehoods
concerning the management of the
Pension Department. When Mr.

Loughren saw a report of Mr. Peters'
sermon he said:
"That fellow is an intolerant, lying
bigot. I am not a Catholic, as he as-
serts. I am a member of no Church,
though for many years when I was at
my home in Minneapolis I attended
an Episcopal church. The religio-
ous denominations to which the em-
ployees belong are unknown to me ex-
cept in possibly two or three in-
stances."

Several other officials at Washing-
ton expressed themselves in similar
language, but it may be presumed
that this plain talk will have little
effect on the garrulous parson, as long
as he can find a congregation of dupes
to sustain him.

We regret to hear that the Rev. H.
Blyth, a retired curate of St. Mar-
tine, in the county of Chateaugay, in
the province of Quebec, died on Tues-
day, the 3rd instant. He was in the eight-
y-fourth year of his age and the oldest
priest in the diocese of Montreal and
Valleyfield. Requiescat in pace!

THE P. P. A.

In the course of a sermon delivered in
the First Presbyterian church, in this city,
last Sunday, by Rev. W. J. Clark, the following
reference was made to the P. P. A. We
copy the extract from the *Advertiser* report:
Mr. Clark then proceeded to speak of the
particular manifestation of intolerance in the
shape of the so-called Protestant Protective
Association, which had for some time past
been attracting public attention. As to its views
and proceedings, he had read of what its op-
ponents had written, and he had read its own
publications, without knowledge; though
the organization had in some re-
spects earned a reputation of being a
suspicious account of its secrecy of methods.
The nature of real Protestantism was not such
as to need any but open methods of defence.
In all calmness and deliberation, he believed
that such a movement, such a spirit, was evil
in its tendency, and ought to be strongly, coolly
and wisely discontinued. As an illustration
of the danger, he used a very apt parable.
He told us that he had read an extract from
one of the newspapers of the movement.

The extract contained the usual non-
sense which is to be found in a disreputable
paper published in this city, the publisher of
which was Mr. Clark. The extract was
addressed to make money. Like Mr.
Shepherd and the rest of them, by playing
on the credulity of ignorant Protestants and lead-
ing them to suppose that their Catholic
neighbors are aiming to make war upon them.

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neighbors are aiming to make war upon them.

UNSETTLED THE WEAK MINDS.
He wanted to say that the man who applied
the incendiary torch to his neighbor's house
was a man of a different class from the
print-such incendiary rubbish, calculated as it
was to rouse inextinguishable hatred between
two classes of people, who should be friends and
co-workers for the well being of the commu-
nity, and he wanted to say further that to ex-
pect the statements he had quoted to be ac-
cepted was an insult to the intelligence of
intelligent people. Mr. Clark said he would
refer also to one or two statements recently
made by certain lecturers. One sweeping
statement was "I am an infidel." Another
was "I am a heathen." These statements were
everywhere enemies of the countries in which
they lived, that is, broadly, disloyal; and cer-
tainly forced documents held to show this had
recently been denounced by the combined
Protestant ministers of the city of New York.
He thought that the view of Roman Catho-
lics was that the Pope stood above earthly
kings, though some of these Protestants
manifested had been pretty lively reading;
but in the practical, not the theoretical, con-
duct of life, the records showed that whether
in the civil war of the United States, or in fighting
the Indian wars, Catholics and Protestants stood side
by side, and alike did their duty as manly men
and loyal citizens. Another speaker had made
a reckless and wholesale charge against the
Roman Catholic priesthood of leading immoral
lives. No doubt there might be black sheep
every flock, but what could be more scan-
dalous, more distasteful, than to charge the
priesthood of a few of its members with
leading a life of sin and immorality? Pro-
testants and even Presbyterian ministers
did not hesitate to bring charges against
denominations, yet how indignant would we
be if someone charged the sort returned to
ought, wholesale, against Presbyterianism?
They should all rather say what God they
could of each other, remembering Count Tol-
stoy's true saying, "Do not hate."

LOVE BEGETS LOVE.
While violence, whether of word or deed, could
beget only violence, as was illustrated by
recent unfortunate occurrences in some of the
Western States, what they were bound to do
as Christians, of whatever name, was to man-
ifest the spirit of the Master, even if it
were not reciprocated. And if it had not
been so, if the members of what was termed the
Evangelical Association, and if he were not
no doubt many of them were honest and well-
meaning, even if mistaken—if they believed
they had something better than that possessed
by the Roman Catholics, the way to manifest it
was in their lives, so that men could take
knowledge of them. Those who do God as
exclaimed Mr. Clark, are all children of our
Father in heaven, and the mercy of the Eternal,
to picture to himself
that if God in His mercy permitted him (the
speaker) to treat a street of the New York
in this world. In conclusion Mr. Clark said
he would meet there many with whom he
had not in various things seen eye to eye while
in the city. He had seen Mr. Clark, and he
did not know whether what he had considered
his duty was to become the subject of
newspaper or other remark, but he intended
to take no part in such controversies, but would
simply go on with his ordinary tasks and pur-
sue the even tenor of his way.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION.
Father's Cantillon's removal from Phel-
pston will be greatly deplored by the people
of Phel and Medonte. The League, of which
Father Cantillon has been the director,
resolved not to let him leave without ex-
pressing their appreciation of his efforts for
their welfare, accordingly a handsome
purse was collected and presented along
with the following address:

Phelpton, Mar. 30, 1894.
To Rev. C. Cantillon, Rev. and Dear Father.
It is with feelings of deepest sorrow that we,
the promoters of the League of the Sacred
Heart of Jesus, approach you to-day, in behalf
of our comrades of the League to say a parting
word to you.

We have heard with sincere regret that you
have been summoned to sever your connection
with us, in order to serve God's holy cause else-
where. Although you have been in our midst
but two years, yet, during that time, you have,
by your fostering care and noble qualities, won
the esteem and appreciation of those whom you
have labored amongst.

The League of the Sacred Heart, which your
great charity and love of souls led you to establish,
will particularly miss your skill-
ful leadership and direction. For you have been
not only a good shepherd, ever watchful and at-
tentive to our spiritual welfare. In fact,
you have never spared either. Our
trouble in the advancement of our spiritual
prosperity, it is scarcely a year since you
organized the League in this parish, which
has been your zealous care and untiring efforts,
that, to-day we have a membership of over four
hundred associates. This alone is good testi-
mony that your efforts have been most success-
ful, and we assure you that you have left im-
pressions which will through life be most ser-
viceable in guiding us under the beautiful ban-
ner of truth and Christian morality.

Be pleased then, dear Father, to accept this
purse as a slight token of our appreciation
of your noble services, and hoping that you may
be long spared to prosecute your good and holy
cause with the fervent prayer of your faithful
children, the members of the League of the
Sacred Heart.

Mrs. T. O'Neill, Mrs. M. Kennedy, Miss Margie
Marley, Miss N. McLaughlin, Miss Sarah
Grosby and Miss Sarah O'Neill.

Father Cantillon is, we presume, seriously
surprised at an unexpected gift, ex-
pressing his regret at leaving a people so
devoted, so ready to receive the priest's instruc-
tions, and so prompt in raising themselves

under the banner of the Sacred Heart—
but God's will and glory required him else-
where. He expressed his regret at not
having had an opportunity of addressing the
League in Phelpton, before leaving, so sud-
denly was his departure. However, he said,
God's work needs no particular man to assure
its success; it works alone; four hundred
associates and twenty-five promoters are a
sufficient proof of His blessed hand at work
with the instrument of the League in Phel.

After expressing his thanks to the associa-
tes, in the person of the promoters present,
he pointed out the means for the League's
future increased prosperity and stability.
It will be promoted by good books, he said,
and good deeds, such as the little *Messan-
ger*, promote good and waylay evil. He
would ever remember the good people of Phel,
and asked their prayers for his success in his
new mission.

Father Cantillon left on the evening train
to take charge of his mission in Adjala. He
takes with him the best wishes of the people
of Phelpton and the vicinity.

RELIGION WITHOUT DOGMA.

Philadelphia Catholic Times.
A writer in the *Outlook* asks: Can
we teach a non-theological religion? Or,
can we inspire religion without
teaching theology?

He does not answer his own question
directly, but from a series of illustra-
tions he leaves the impression that he
believes it can be done. The radical
defect in his article is that he does not
define "religion" or tell us what he
means by the term. He does not tell
us whether he means by "religion"
something objective or something sub-
jective, something purely emotional or
something merely sentimental. Of
course, from such vagueness nothing
definite can be concluded. He is
equally unsatisfactory in reference to
what he means by "theology." He
does not say whether it is dogma or
moral or both; whether a science or a
system. To reason without clearly de-
fined data is like attempting to solve a
problem in arithmetic without know-
ing the conditions. It cannot be
done.

He says: "Perhaps we can answer
this question in no way more effectually
than by asking another: What
system of theology did Christ teach?"
Here it will be seen that the writer
passes from theology to a system of
theology, and in doing so goes away
from the question he proposes and
attempts to solve, which is: Can religion
be taught without theology?

As there is no mention of a system
of theology in the question it should
be kept rigorously out of the solution.
To enter into a discussion of the
merits of the different systems of
theology, or of religion, before giving
an answer to the general question is to
introduce a confusion of ideas.

Having introduced a system of
theology the writer goes on to show
how many different systems have been
constructed by human ingenuity from
the teachings of Christ as found in the
Scriptures. Having shown that these
various systems contradict each other
he concludes thus:

"If Jesus Christ were the teacher of
a theology the simple fact that entirely
honest disciples understand Him so
differently would constitute a fatal
criticism of His teaching." The real
explanation of these differences is not
that He was obscure, or evasive, or
used words with a double meaning,
but that He was not teaching theology
at all.

Granting that the various systems of
theology deduced from the teachings
of Christ contradict each other, it by
no means follows that these contradic-
tions "constitute a fatal criticism of
His teaching." If this theory of the
writer were true mere difference of
opinion on the part of the recipients
would be fatal to all kinds of teaching
whatsoever. Nothing could be taught,
for teaching has ever been taught that
has not been misinterpreted or denied
by somebody. According to this theory
Aristotle never taught philosophy be-
cause men have disputed his meaning
and established contradictory schools
to interpret his doctrines. Men have
quarreled and fought about the mean-
ing of the Constitution of the United
States. Does it follow that the framers
of that document laid down no polit-
ical doctrines or principles?

The fact that men dispute about what
Christ taught concerning God and His
relations to His creatures and man's
duties to Him (and that is theology) is
proof positive that He did teach on this
subject. If not, there would be no
ground for difference of opinion. The
misunderstandings about His doctrines
on the part of honest disciples could
not possibly exist unless Christ taught
doctrines. These doctrines referred to
God and to man's duties to Him, and
this is the subject matter of theology.
Christ therefore, taught theology. It
may be asked here what system of the-
ology did Christ teach? But the
answer to this question is not involved
in the problem as represented by the
writer in the *Outlook*.

"Theology," says Webster, "is the
science of God and His relations to His
creatures; the science which treats of
the existence, character and attributes
of God, His laws and government, the
doctrines we are to believe and the
duties we are to practice."

And yet the writer in the *Outlook*
gravely and, we presume, seriously
tells us that Christ did not "teach the-
ology at all." What, then, did He
teach, or did He teach anything at all?

It is possible that by "theology" the
writer meant dogma, as there are some
queer people who talk about religion
without dogma, and in doing so *ipso
facto* stultify themselves. They fail to
see that when they affirm that there
can be religion without dogma, they in-
volve every affirmation lay down a dogma,
namely, that there can be religion
without dogma. Thus in their efforts to
reputate dogma they become the most
dogmatic of dogmatists. The writer
says, "Christ was not teaching theology
at all." Then here we have a dogma,

namely, that Christ did not teach the-
ology at all.

Dogma is to religion what the
skeleton is to the man; it is the frame-
work on which religion in man rests,
and from which it derives its validity
and significance. Dogma is to religion
what the science of mathematics is
to the art of arithmetic; as the opera-
tions of the latter depend for their
validity on truths established by the
former, so human acts or operations,
considered in their moral or religious
aspect, depend on principles arising
from the nature of the Supreme Being
and on the nature of man and his re-
lations to the Supreme Being. These
principles or truths when formulated
in language are called dogmas. As
arithmetical processes that sin against
the dogmas or principles or axioms of
mathematics must be invalid, so
human acts that are not in accord
with the principles that should govern
them are invalid—stupid, and *sinful
only by reason if their non-accord with
those principles or dogmas.*

This last fact is important. It shows
that when dogma is eliminated from
man's consciousness vice and virtue
cease to have a meaning, the difference
between moral good and moral evil is
obliterated, and religion becomes a
word without a corresponding idea.

It is for this reason that atheists and
agnostics, the enemies of religion, at-
tack the fundamental dogmas of relig-
ion, such as the existence of God, the
creation of the world, the immortality
of the soul. They know that if they
can remove these from the minds of
men they obliterate at the same time
the idea of religion and all the duties
and obligations it carries with it.
They are logical in this. They know
that when the roots are destroyed the
tree will wither and die.

An illustration will show that with-
out dogma moral obligation ceases.
There is a precept, "Thou shalt not
steal." Disassociated from the dogmas
on which it ultimately rests what is its
worth? Absolutely nothing. It has
and can have no force or bearing on
human acts.

SAVING THE ONLY
Sarsaparilla
ADMITTED
RULE XV.
 "Articles that are in any way dangerous or offensive, also patent medicines, nostrums, and preparations, whose names concealed, will be admitted to the Exposition."
 This is not a patent medicine, nor a secret preparation, nor an experiment, and it is a family medicine.

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 Lots 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

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After All
 BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Grief is strong, but joy is stronger; Night is long, but day is longer; When life's riddle solves and clears, And the angels sing our praises, Whisper the sweet answer low (Answer full of love and blessing). How our wonderment will grow, And the blindness of our guessing— All the hard things we re-call Made so easy, after all.

Earth is sweet, but heaven is sweeter; Love complete, but faith completer; Close beside our wandering ways Through dark nights and weary days, Stand the angels with bright eyes, And the shadow of the cross Falls upon and sanctifies All our pains and all our losses, Though we stumble, though we fall, God is helping, after all.

Sigh, then, soul, but sing in sighing; To the happier things replying; Dry the tears that dim thy seeing, Give glad thoughts for life and being; Time is but the little entry To eternity's large dwelling, And the heavenly guards keep sentry, Urging, guiding, half compelling; Till, the puzzling way quite past, Thou shalt enter in, at last.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.
 Third Sunday after Easter.

DEVOTION TO ST. JOSEPH.
 Go to Joseph, and do all that he shall say to you. (Gen. 11, 5.)

It is Joseph's nearness to Jesus and Mary during his life that leads us now, when he reigns with them in heaven, to confidently call upon him for succor in our needs, and especially do we go to him because to his patronage the whole Church has been commended, that by his intercession he may do for her and each of her members what he did for Jesus and His Mother when He was in the flesh.

Wisely has the Church made him her protector, for his power with God must be very great. Of this we can have no doubt, when we remember that to his care were entrusted the purest and the best who have ever walked this earth—Jesus and Mary—Jesus, the Son of God; Mary, His stainless Virgin Mother, whose chaste soul the Holy Ghost made His dwelling-place, delighted with its beauty.

Above the seats of all the bright angels who serve in the courts of the Most High Mary's throne was raised, and one day she would be the angels' mistress and queen; Jesus was their Lord, their Maker, before whom they were in lowliest reverence. And yet Mary was Joseph's spouse, and Jesus rendered him the obedience a son should give a father. Very worthy must he have been who held so high an office.

Joseph was a necessary member of the family. He served as a veil to screen from the vulgar gaze the deep mysteries of the Incarnation and Nativity; he led the way into Egypt, and his faithful arm supported the Mother and the Babe during the journey; he brought them back to their own land and provided shelter for them; their daily bread was the fruit of his labor—in a word, during the boyhood and youth of our Lord they were entirely dependent upon him.

Such, then, was Joseph's position in the Holy Family; he was the master and guardian of the household; and this is what the Church would have him be in every Christian family. It is you, Christian fathers and mothers, who should be especially devout to St. Joseph, for he is your patron in a particular manner. You, like him, have the cares of the household upon you; you must provide for the life and health of the children God has given you; it is your duty to see that they are instructed in the faith and that they study their school lessons; and that they guard them against the dangers they must meet with in a great city like this, and keep them away from those who may lead them to evil; and, above all, you should give them good example in the practice of virtue. To fulfil your duties well you need divine assistance. Go to Joseph—go to the foster-father of Jesus Christ; he will intercede for you, and obtain the many graces of which you stand in need. Go to him and tell him all your troubles; you will find him very gracious.

But St. Joseph is the patron not of heads of families alone. The Church would have you, dear brethren, go to Joseph, and do all that he shall say to you. From him she would have you learn a tender love to Jesus, a love manifesting itself in deeds, not simply in words. Joseph devoted himself to the service of our Lord, and so should we. But how can we presume to say that we love or serve Jesus if we do not keep His commands; if we neglect our duties as Catholics and as members of society? Let us show how much we love Him by doing something for Him, as St. Joseph did, and let us, like him, be constant in our well-doing, permitting no day to pass without some acts of love to God. And if we would hope to make progress in the ways of God, let us daily "Go to Joseph and do all that he shall say."

The latest results of pharmaceutical science and the best modern appliances are available in our compound Aver's Sarsaparilla. Hence, though half-a-century in existence as a medicine, it is fully abreast of the age in all that goes to make it the standard blood-purifier.

Burdock Blood Bitters cure Dyspepsia, Burdock Blood Bitters cure Constipation, Burdock Blood Bitters cure Biliousness, Burdock Blood Bitters cure Headache, Burdock Blood Bitters unblock all the clogged secretions of the Bowels, thus curing headache and similar complaints.

Why Hood's? Because Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best, most reliable and accessible of the greatest cures. HOOD'S CURES. Minard's Lintment cures Garget in Cows.

A LEGEND OF ST. PATRICK.
 A Mysterious Memorial of the Great Apostle of Ireland.

St. Patrick, it is said, came from Ireland to Gaul to visit St. Martin, attracted by the fame of his sanctuary and miracles. On arriving, in the midst of a snow storm, at the banks of the Loire, not far from the spot on which the church now stands which bears his name, he sought shelter under a thorn bush. It was Christmas-tide, and the winter was a severe one. The shrub, out of respect for the saint, extended its branches, and shook off the snow which rested on them; when the servant of God arose to continue his journey, it appeared covered with snow-white flowers. St. Patrick crossed the Loire on his cloak, and arriving on the opposite shore, again rested under another bush, which at once burst into flowers. "Since that time," concludes the *Chronicle*, "the two shrubs have never failed to blossom at Christmas-tide in testimony of the sanctity of Blessed St. Patrick."

Another version of this beautiful legend runs as follows: On his return to Ireland after a visit to St. Martin in Gaul, St. Patrick came to the left bank of the Loire; he requested some boatmen to take him across the stream, promising them the blessings of heaven if they complied. But these rude men gruffly repulsed him. Thereupon the saint laid his mantle upon the water, and directing his course by means of a branch of a blackthorn which he had broken from a bush resting by, floated safely to the opposite side. The boatmen were overcome with astonishment. St. Patrick planted the thorn branch, and kneeling down, gave thanks to God. The branch took root, and grew into a bush which blossomed each succeeding winter in honor of the saint.

So far the legend. Before giving an account of the phenomenon, we may remark, with St. Patrick's latest and best biographer, Father Morris, of the Oratory, that it would seem as if nature would fain repay the saint for the way in which he had honored the inanimate creation when he made high mountains his altars, and "bound in the services of his Lord." Natural monuments are a distinguishing feature of St. Patrick's history in Ireland, and it is certainly very remarkable that the same characteristic should attach to the record of his life in France.

It is a fact, one for which science is still unable to give any satisfactory explanation, that a tree in a little town on the banks of the Loire, not far from Tours, named after St. Patrick, unfailingly, every year at Christmas, is seen covered with flowers. Some few years ago the flowers appeared during the entire octave, when the mercury was constantly below zero. It frequently happens that the bush is at one and the same time white with the snow of winter and the blossoms of its own flowers. Thousands came to gather these fleurs de St. Patrick, which are believed to be an undying witness of St. Patrick's connection with St. Martin of Tours. These trophies of the apostle of Ireland are also objects of religious veneration. M. Dumont, better known as the holy man of Tours, always kept a branch of the fleurs de St. Patrick hung in his room. "The whole neighborhood," as Father Morris remarks, "is re-dolent of St. Patrick." Besides the village, the commune bears the name of the saint; and the ancient parish church, dating from the tenth or eleventh century, is dedicated to him.

The following account of the mysterious tree, from the pen of Monsignor Chevalier, president of the Archeological Society of Touraine, is given in Father Morris' admirable life of St. Patrick. It has for title, "Extrait des Annales de la Societe d'Agriculture, Science, etc., du Departement d'Indre et Loire, t. xxx., annee 1850, p. 70."

"On the banks of the Loire, a few leagues from Tours, a very remarkable phenomenon is repeated year by year, and from time immemorial—one concerning which science as yet has given no satisfactory explanation. This phenomenon, too little known, consists of the blossoming, in the midst of the rigor of winter, of the *prunus spinosa*, commonly called the sloe. We have lately verified this circumstance with our own eyes, and can vouch for truth without fear of contradiction. We can appeal to the testimony of thousands who, at the end of December in each year, are eye-witnesses to its repetition, and we have ourselves gathered these extraordinary flowers. This remarkable shrub is to be found at St. Patrick upon the slope of a hill not far from the Chateau de Rochecotte. The circulation of the sap, which is revealed by the moist state of the bark, which it easily separates from the wood which it covers. The buds swell, the flowers expand as in the month of April, and cover the boughs with odorous and snow-like flowers; while a few leaves timidly ventured to expose their delicate verdure to icy north winds. Shall I venture to add?—to the flowers succeeds the fruit, and at the beginning of January a small berry appears attached to a long peduncle in the midst of the withered and discolored petals, which soon shrivels and dries up."

"This singular growth of flowers is almost unknown, although it has been repeated every year from time immemorial. The oldest inhabitants of St. Patrick have always seen it take place at a fixed period of the year, no matter how severe the season of the year may be; and such has also been the ancient tradition of their forefathers, while legend seems to attribute a very remote origin to the fact; but

as the shrub itself appears quite strong, it is probable that it is renewed from the roots. However, this phenomenon is limited to the locality and to the shrub in question. Cuttings transplanted elsewhere have blossomed only in spring.

The incredulous will object that, after all, this circumstance is not more extraordinary than the flowering of the lilac in November, when the buds, by an unwary mistake, suppose that in the still mild temperature, they have found the soft breath of spring. Our reader must not be deceived: the blackthorn of St. Patrick "grows, develops and bears fruit in the midst of the rigors of winter, in the most icy temperature." Although growing on the slope of the hill, this shrub is in no way sheltered from the north wind; "its branches are encrusted with hoarfrost, the icy north-west wind blows violently against them, and it often happens that the shrub is loaded at one and the same time with the snow of winter and the snow of its own flowers."

A CATHOLIC VIEW OF THE P. P. A.
 To the Editor of the Globe:

Sir—After reading the report given in your issue of to-day of the proceedings of the convention of the above association at Hamilton, and your leader commenting on me, I feel it my duty to say a few words, to offer a few remarks, how I, with others of my religious belief, view this society.

I am a Canadian of the most born, having first seen the light of day some forty years ago in the little town in which I at present reside, and in which I hope to spend the balance of my days. I have had the pleasure of visiting and seeing something of other countries—the United States of America, Ireland, England, France, Italy, Germany, Spain, and Russia. I have seen strange things, some when I confess that I love my own dear Canada best of all. Without any desire to appear bold or presumptuous, I feel it my duty to say to you, that I yield to no man in true affection for this land of my birth. So that our friends of the P. P. A., must not run away with the idea that they are the only loyal ones in the country. My Roman Catholic religion—and I consider I know its teachings fairly well—taught me first to be loyal to God, and then to my country, and my fellow-men. From boyhood I have endeavored as closely as possible to adhere to her teachings, and my experience has been, and still, that I adhere to the better man and the better citizen I am. Protestants of this or any other country who are carried away with any notion or idea that they are the only loyal ones in the country, are simply duping themselves with the veriest and most nonsensical of all delusions.

As to the P. P. A. If this society considers that any of its members, or any of their Protestant fellow-citizens, are laboring under any grievance or any injury coming from the Roman Catholics, why not make it known, and we will join them in doing all in our power to have such wrongs righted. Regarding the P. P. A., I have carefully examined into, very few of the P. P. A.'s are so situated as to be able to give much employment to anybody. My observations are that they are a large number of them, and their competency to return to their employer adequate wages, and that they are simply duping themselves with the veriest and most nonsensical of all delusions.

The firm of which I am a member is a large employer of labor; it is a firm composed entirely of Roman Catholics. Many of our employees are Protestants, even Orangemen, but they are not in our employ simply because he is a Protestant or an Orangeman. We have had for years, and still have, in our employ, faithful and devoted to our business, men of whom we are proud, and for whom we would give considerable out of the regular way to assist or do a favor. And they claim no other principle for any employer of labor to act on. Incidentally, I might here remark that I do not think it is possible to separate Catholics and Protestants in the sense of creating Catholic interests and Protestant interests. Politically, commercially and socially, we are so inter-mixed that we are one people, and as for instance, the family of which I am one is an old and strong Catholic family, and still are the most intimate and a Catholic one, but a Presbyterian, and that, I believe, of the old school.

With regard to Separate (Catholic) schools, a very wrong impression prevails as to the education given there, and the standing of such, among very well-informed and well-meaning Protestants. I have attended as a pupil both Public and Separate schools, and I know the class of work being done in each, and in the schools I refer to, with which I am familiar, I can assure you the Separate school had nothing to complain of in comparison with the Public schools, and at our regular High School entrance examinations our Separate school children more than hold their own. No matter how desirable some Protestants may think it that there should be no Separate schools, but only one Public school for all, we Catholics cannot assent to such a long as our Church says otherwise. The reason of the Church for taking such ground has been given over again and again, in the public press, so that it is quite unnecessary for me to enter into any explanation of the same. I doubt very much the sincerity of the P. P. A. in their desire to elevate our Separate Schools, and assist the trustees in doing so, for the reason that such does not harmonize with the antipathy they display towards us.

As Catholics, living in a country strongly Protestant, such as the province of Ontario, we still have to do with our Protestant friends and neighbors that they cannot afford to be generous, we ask them to extend to us a treatment honorable, fair, manly and just. In a mixed community, to have harmony and attain success, mutual forbearance must at times be indulged in, and all good citizens desirous of the well-being of our country.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is absolutely equalled as a blood purifier and strength giving medicine. It is the ideal spring medicine. Try it.

country will, when the occasion demands it, practise such. To those of my fellow Catholic citizens who may read these lines, I would say, through, verily, and in a word, I say, P. P. A. Simply leave it alone, and it will destroy itself. All such associations not founded on right principles contain within themselves the seeds of disintegration and of death. To those of our Protestant fellow citizens who will have none of us, we must still extend the hand of Christian Catholic charity, and recognize in such our brethren, though misguided. A CATHOLIC CANADIAN.
 Jan. 25.

Bright Spring Days.

The spring should be predominantly a season of contentment, happiness and hope. In these bright and pleasant months the country should enjoy its highest degree of tranquility and prosperity. But spring, it is well known, is often a period of discomfort and disturbance in the physical system. Important organs of the body become torpid or irregular in their action, and the fact is instantly reflected in the mental condition of the individual. A disordered liver means disordered nerves and a dull and unsteady brain. Anything which will bring the physical system into harmony with budding nature cures an enervating ailment of physical discomfort. Hood's Sarsaparilla does this, as thousands of grateful and happy men and women can testify, and increases the efficiency of the standard spring medicine in a more real practical importance in promoting health and quiet in the business world than reams of advertisement.

A Dinner Pill.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and the result being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmentier's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the bowels, and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with indigestion or dyspepsia.

Dyspepsia causes Dizziness, Headache, Constipation, Variable Appetite, Rising and Souring of Food, Palpitation of the Heart, Distress after Eating, Burdock Blood Bitters are guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia, if faithfully used according to directions.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can prevent a cure by using Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

Dear Sirs,—I have been using Burdock Blood Bitters for boils and skin diseases, and I find it very good as a cure. As a dyspeptic cure I have also found it useful. MRS. SARAH HAMILTON, Montreal, Que.
 For Nine Years—Mr. Samuel Bryau, Theford, writes: "For nine years I suffered with a chronic cough, and had consulted with several of the physicians, and tried every preparation I heard of or saw recommended for such disease, but could get no relief. I was recommended to give Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL a trial, which has resulted, after using eight bottles of it internally and externally, in a complete cure. I believe it is the best medicine in the world, and I write this to

