

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, FEB. 11, 1888.

NO. 486

VOLUME 9

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ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

MOST REV. DR. LYNN'S VISIT TO NIAGARA

FALLS

Niagara Falls Review, Feb. 3.

The visit of His Grace, Archbishop

Lynch, to St. Patrick's Church last Sunday

afternoon was the occasion of a

grand display by the members of that

church, showing how sincerely they love

and venerate their good chief pastor.

Until the Friday evening previous but

few of the parishioners were aware of the

contemplated visit, and but little time,

therefore, could be devoted to making

arrangements. The large procession

which met and escorted His Grace to

the church, coupled with the beautiful

decorations within the sacred edifice,

proved that the brief time available was

used to the utmost advantage.

Shortly after 2 p.m. in the C. M. B. A.,

the young men of the St. Patrick's Society

and other gentlemen of the congregation,

met at the hall of the Association on

Bridge Street, nearly opposite the G. T.

Ry. depot, when all were supplied with

appropriate badges, bearing the following

inscription printed on yellow silk ribbon:

"In honor of the Jubilee of Pope Leo XIII.

Welcome to Archbishop of Toronto, C.

J. Lynch, His Grace, Fall, Ont., January

20th, 1888." His Grace, accompanied by

the Rev. Father Whitley, drove from the

Carmelite Monastery, reaching the hall

shortly before three o'clock when the pro-

cession started for the church. Several

of the officers of the C. M. B. A. marched

as a guard of honor on either side of the

prelate, who was escorted by the chief

of the Association for the district east of

Hamilton, and Mr. P. Kelly, president

of the local branch. Mr. W. Burke acted

as Marshall of the day, and discharged his

duties very satisfactorily.

On reaching the church gate the mem-

bers all opened files and His Grace drove

through the line to the entrance gate.

Here awaiting his arrival with beautiful

flowers and banners were the Holy Angels

Society, the St. Aloysius Society, and the

Society of young ladies called the Child-

ren of Mary, the latter wearing beautiful

long white veils. These latter societies

filled up the entire distance from the

entrance gates to the church doors. After

leaving the vehicle, and before proceeding

to the church, His Grace beckoned the

crowd who had escorted him through the

town to approach him more closely. He

told them he was very much pleased to

see the spirit of enthusiasm which they

manifested on the occasion of honoring

their great and good Pontiff, Leo XIII.,

who was justly regarded as one of the

greatest Popes that ever occupied the chair

of Peter. He had himself come to visit

the people of Niagara Falls to join them

in celebrating the jubilee of His Grace.

He considered Niagara Falls one of the

greatest places in the world, it was be-

coming more famous every day, and he

wished that it should be heard of at

Rome, as well as other great places. For

this reason he had requested Father

Feehan to send a congratulatory dispatch

in the name of the different societies

forming his congregation to our Holy

hereto. The Archbishop thanked the

Association for the kind wishes contained

in the address regarding their pastor,

Father Feehan himself, and the Holy

Angels. He expressed the high esteem

with which he regarded the C. M. B. A. It

was doing a work which every charitable

heart must approve and endorse—making

provision for the support of the widows

and orphans. His Grace said it was a

noble Association, had been well con-

ducted, and had his hearty endorsement. He

next referred to parish affairs, and told

the congregation that as they had him a

resident Priest, they should provide him a

comfortable residence.

As the congregation was Irish he told

them they should have a Priest of their

own nationality. He referred to the

building of the church over quarter of a

century back, and stated that he was then

a priest at the Seminary on the American

side, and presided at the laying of the

corner stone of the church, which was

only little more than half the size of the

present structure. Shortly after, he was

called to succeed Bishop Carboneau of

Toronto. His Grace dwelt at considerable

length upon his early admiration of

Niagara Falls. When only nine years of

age he had met with a picture and descrip-

tion of the great cataract. For years

afterwards whenever he met with any

person from America, his first question

was, "Did you see the Falls?" At length

it was the will of Providence that he

should come here and preside as Bishop

over the diocese, and then he became

anxious to establish religious houses there,

the prayers of whose inmates would

ascend, like the incense of the great

altar, in grateful homage to their

Creator. As a length the opportunity

presented itself he purchased 200 acres of

land. The convent was soon established

and under the 'Ladies of Loreto' forms

a magnificent institution for the educa-

tion of young ladies. It was many

years, however, before he succeeded in

getting any religious order to establish a

monastery. But at last he had suc-

ceeded, and the Carmelite Fathers

took possession of the place. He had

no doubt but their institution also

would grow rapidly in the course of

time. The shadow of the cross now

rests over the rainbow spanning the

cataract; and the emblems of peace and

salvation to mankind are linked to-

gether. His Grace, and retired

blesting on the congregation, and his ad-

vice to the vestry.

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The Sea.

BY PITS JAMES O'BRIEN.

ebb and flow ebb and flow!
By night ebb ebb through cavern low,
By night ebb ebb, O'er sandy strand,
O'er windy beach of ebb and flow.

To and fro! to and fro!
Chanting ever and chanting slow,
The sea in ebb, the sea in ebb,
And its voice is breathing of distant lands.

Ebb and flow! ebb and flow!
The golden sunsets I surely know,
The lips are rich and sweetly ebb,
And the golden ebb ebb have touched thy mouth.

Come and go! come and go!
The sun in ebb, and the winds may blow,
The sea will forever sing, O sea!
And I never, an ebb, shall sing like thee!

THE CROSS IN THE DESERT.

Some few years ago a pilgrim sailed across the blue waters of the Mediterranean, smitten with the love of the cross, and bearing in his hand "the banner with the strange device."

It was a lovely summer's evening. The fierce African sun was sinking to his rest behind the hills on which the ruins of the old city of Hippo stand; and as the pilgrim, who had climbed to its summit, stood gazing around him, the glow of the western sky bathed his dusty garments in a golden light, touching the ruins with a splendor of its own, and lighting up the sea, that heaved gently down below, with the brightness of amber and gold.

This, then, was all that remained of the proud old city whose name Augustine had made famous to the end of time!

These crumbling walls were once the school where he taught, the halls where his youthful eloquence fired the hearts of the great scholars of the day; here were the baths where he lounged in his idle hours with pleasure-loving companions; here the streets where every day he came and went from Monica's quiet home to the busy haunts of learning, of sophistry, and science; here was the place where she had wept so bitterly over him, the spot where that salutary fountain of a mother's tears had had its source; here he had sinned; hence he had gone forth in search of truth, and, having found it, hither he had come back, transformed into a confessor and a doctor of the church; here, finally, he died, full of years, leaving behind him a name great amongst the greatest of the world when the church has raised to her altars. And what now remained to Africa of this light which had shed such glory on her church? Where did his memory live? And the faith that he had practiced—whether he had fled?

The pilgrim lay down upon a stone, and, after indulging in reflections such as these for some time, he rose and descended slowly towards the plain.

Was it a fancy born of recent musings, or did he hear a voice issuing from the massive fragment of a wall which still supported a majestic dome, once proudly the throne of the luxurious and wealthy citizen of Hippo? Did he really see a light burning, or was it an hallucination born of the mystic hour and the suggestive surroundings? He drew closer, looked in, and beheld two white bearded Arabs, each placing a light on the highest point of the wall. Was it some idolatrous rite, a spell, or an incantation they were performing?

"What are you doing?" inquired the pilgrim.

"We are burning lights to the great Christian," was the reply.

"Who is that? What is his name?"

"We do not know it; but we honor him because our fathers taught us to do so."

So, then, the memory of Augustine survived in the land, though his name had perished!

The pilgrim murmured a prayer to the great Christian, as the Arabs called him, and turned away, carrying in his heart a hope that he had not known an hour ago—a hope that Augustine was still watching for the resurrection of the cross in the land of his birth, and hastening its advent by his intercession at the throne of Him whom he describes as "patient because he is eternal."

It is a fact, as striking as it is consolating, that within the last few years the faith has been making rapid conquests amidst the barbarous nations, where in the days of St. Augustine, and long after, it flourished so magnificently. Perhaps it is more surprising that this result should not have been universal, after nearly half a century of the rule of a Catholic power; but the mistaken policy of the French government, and, alas! we must add, the evil example of the French themselves, instead of breaking down existing barriers, have raised new and insurmountable ones against the spread of Christianity amongst the conquered tribes. France proclaimed her intention of not alone tolerating, but protecting, Islamism throughout her African dominion. She carried this policy so far for many years that it was made punishable by French law to convert a Musliman to the Catholic faith, whilst, on the other hand, it was perfectly lawful for any number of Catholics to turn Musliman. The priests who went out as missionaries were thwarted at every step by the French authorities. "Our adversaries, the men who worry us and stand in the way of our making converts, are not the Arabs or even their marabouts," said one of these devoted men to us only a few days ago; "it is our own countrymen, Frenchmen calling themselves Catholics, whom we have chiefly to contend against." And he went on to describe how, during the famine of 1867, when the Arabs were dying like flies all over the country, the French authorities were constantly on the alert to prevent the missionaries visiting them, even in their own districts. They actually sent detachments of spearmen to the various places where the poor famine-stricken creatures congregated in greater numbers to die; and when the priest was seen approaching them, as they lay gasping in their agony, the soldiers rushed forward to stop him from administering the sacrament of regeneration. One little missionary father contrived to outwit the authorities, however, and in spite of the lynx-eyes that were fixed on him, he managed to baptize numbers from a little bottle of water hid under his burqa.

No wonder the Arabs make small account of men who set such pitiful store by their religion. They call the French "sons of Satan," and the French priests and good Christians among the seculars will tell you themselves that the name is well deserved; that the omphalos of the government, military and civil, make the most deplorable impression on the natives, and by their lives present a practical example of all the vice which it is the boast of civilization to destroy. They are so untruthful that the French missionaries declare they surpass even the Arabs in lies. The Arab is abstemious by nature, and the law of the Koran compels him to the most rigid sobriety; the Christians give him an example of excesses in eating and drinking which excite his disgust and contempt.

There is a legend current amongst the Arabs in the French dominions that on a certain day Maomet will arise and precipitate the sons of Satan into the sea. When a Frenchman, in answer to this prophecy, points to the strength of his government, its enormous resources, the power of steam, and the monuments he has built in Algeria, the Musliman with grim contempt replies in his grave, sullen way: "Look at the ruins of the old Roman monuments! They were mighty when they were raised; and yet, behold, they lie in ruins throughout the land, because Allah so willed. It is written: Allah will cast you into the sea as he did the Romans."

All those who can speak from experience agree that there are no people so difficult to evangelize as the Musliman; the pure idolater is comparatively an easy conquest to the missionary, but it requires almost the miraculous intervention of divine grace to make the light of the Gospel penetrate the stolid fatalism of the Maometan.

One of the greatest obstacles to the reception of truth in the Arab is the intuitive pride of race which arms him against the idea of receiving religious instruction from a race of men whom he despises with a scorn which is actually a part of his religion, and who in their turn look down on the children of the desert, and treat their manners and customs with contempt. In order to overcome this first obstacle towards the success of their ministry, the missionaries endeavor to identify themselves with the natives, as far as possible, with the natives, adopting their dress, their manner of eating and sleeping, and in every way assimilating outwardly their daily lives to theirs.

They tried it, and the system has also been tried elsewhere. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? If faith can move mountains, cannot love melt them? Love, the irresistible, the conqueror who subdues all hard things in this hard world—why should it fail with these men, whose hearts are more like iron than our own, fashioned after the likeness of our common God? Just five years ago a handful of priests, Frenchmen, gone mad with the sweet folly of the cross, heard of how these Arabs could not be persuaded to receive the message of the Gospels, and, by the aid of their own efforts, they set themselves to work to reach them. They were seized with a sudden desire to go and try if they could not succeed where others had failed; so they offered themselves to the Archbishop of Algiers as missionaries in his diocese. The offer was gladly accepted, but when the first presented himself to obtain facilities for saying Mass in the villages outside Algiers and in the desert, the archbishop signed the permission with the words *in sum pro martyrio*, and handing it to the young apostle, said: "Do you accept on these conditions?"

"Monsieur, it is for that I have come," was the joyful reply. And truly, amongst all the perilous missions which every day lure brave souls to court the palm of martyrdom, there is not one where the chances are more in favor of gaining it than in this mission of Sahara, where the burning sun of Africa, added to material privations, that are absolutely incredible, makes the life of the most fortunate missionary a slow and daily martyrdom. His first task, in preparation for becoming a missionary, is to master the language and to acquire some knowledge of the healing art, of herbs and medicine; then he dons the dress of the Arabs, conforming in all things to their customs, he does not quit even at night, but sleeps in it on the ground; he builds himself a tent like theirs, and, in order to disarm suspicion, lives for some time in their midst without making the least attempt at converting them; he does not even court their acquaintance, but waits patiently for an opportunity to draw them towards him; this generally comes in the form of a sick person whom the stranger offers to help and very frequently cures, or at least alleviates, cleanliness and the action of pure water often proving the only remedy required. The patient, in his gratitude, offers some present, either in money, stuffs, or eatables, which the stranger with gentle indignation refuses. This follows some such dialogue as this: "What! you refuse my thank-offering? Who, then, pays you?"

"God, the true God of the Christians. I have left my country and family and home, and all my heart loves best, for His sake and for His service; do you think you or any man living can pay me for this?"

"What are you, then?" demands the astonished Arab.

"I am a marabout of Jesus Christ." And the Musliman retires in great wonder as to what sort of a religion it can be whose marabouts take neither money nor goods for their services. He tells the story to the neighbors, and by degrees all the sick and maimed of the district come trooping to the missionary's door. He tends them with untiring charity. Nothing disgusts him; the more loathsome the ulcers, the more wretched the sufferer, the more tenderness he lavishes on them.

Soon his hut is the rendezvous of all those who have ailments or wounds for miles round; and though they entreat him, sometimes on their knees, to accept some token of thanks for his services, he remains inexorable, returning always the same answer: "I serve the God of heaven and earth; the kings of this world are too poor to pay me."

He leads this life for fifteen months before taking his vows as a missionary. When he has bound himself to the

heretic apostleship, he is in due time ordained, if not already a priest, and goes forth, in company with two other priests, to establish a mission of some given spot of Sahara or Soudan, these desolated regions being the appointed field of their labor. The little community follows exactly the same line of conduct in the beginning of its installation as above described, they keep strict and until by dint of disinterestedness and of devotion and skillful work of the sick, they have disarmed the mistrust of the "true believers," and convinced them that they are not civil functionaries or in any way connected with the government. The Arab's horror of everybody and of everything emanating from French headquarters partakes of the intense character of his fanaticism in religious matters. By degrees the natives become passionately attached to the foreign marabouts, and have no put limits to the gratitude which would invest them with semi-divine attributes. The great aim of the mission is of course to get possession of the children, so as to form a generation of future missionaries. Nothing short of this will plant the cross in Africa, and while awaiting the spiritual resurrection of the country, restore to that luxuriant soil its ancient fertility. Once reconciled to civilization by Christianity, those two millions of natives, who are now in a state of chronic suppressed rebellion against their conquerors, are now armed and their energies turned to the cultivation of the land and the development of its rich resources by means of agricultural implements and science which the French could impart to them. Nor is it well to treat with either contempt the notion of a successful rebellion in Algeria. At the present moment such an event would be probably impossible; but there is no reason why it should be so in years hence. The Arabs are as yet not well provided with arms and ammunition; but they are making early large purchases in this line at Morocco and Tunis, and the study of European military science is steadily progressing. The deep-seated hatred of the Muslimans for the yoke of the stranger is moreover as intense as in the first days of their bondage; and it even precludes the idea of identifying themselves with the French, who would in all human probability remain masters of the desert; but a kingdom held on such tenure as this state of feeling involves is at best but a sorry conquest. If the Gospel had been, we do not even say untroubled, but simply unopposed, and the French would in this line of their position would be a very different one in Algeria now. After all, there is no diplomatist like holy church. "Our little systems have their day" and fall to pieces one after another, perishing with the dominions that sustain them; but that new-born birth and leave the world prey much as they found it; but the power of the Gospel grows and endures and fructifies wherever its divine power penetrates. No human legislation, be it ever so wise, can cope with the zeal of the Christian, and he will not take the sting out of defeat, can make the conquerors loved by the conquered, and turned the chains of captivity from iron to silk. Even on the lowest ground, in mere self-interest, governments would do well to constitute themselves the disciples of the King who rules by love, and subdues the stubborn pride of men by first winning their hearts. The supremacy of this power of love is nowhere more strikingly exemplified than amidst these barbarous Arab tribes.

The story of every little dark-eyed waltzer at the orphanage of St. Charles, lately established in the poor village of Algiers, would furnish a volume in itself; but an incident connected with the admission of one of them, and related to us a few days ago by a missionary just returned, is so characteristic that we are tempted to relate it. The archbishop, in making a visitation in the poor village sixty miles beyond Algiers; the priest presented to him a miserable looking little object whose parents still lived in a neighboring desert tribe, but who had cast off the child because of its sickliness and their poverty. Could his archbishop possibly get rid of such an orphan? The thing was not easy; for every spot was full, and the fact of the parents being still alive militated against the claim of the little, forlorn creature. But the archbishop's heart was touched, and he made an arrangement it somehow; let the boy be sent on to Ben-Aknouf at once. This, however, was easier said than done; who would take charge of him on such a long journey? His grace's carriage (a private conveyance dignified by that name) was at the door. "Put him in; I will take him," he said, looking kindly at the small figure with the dark great eyes that were staring wistfully up at him. But the priest and every one present exclaimed at the idea of this. "The Arabs are proverbial for the amount of light infidelity they carry about with them in their hair and their rags; and the fact of their presence in myriads on the person of this little believer was evident to the naked eye. The archbishop, however, nothing daunted, ordered him to be placed in the carriage; then, finding no more of them, he caught up the little fellow in his arms, embraced him tenderly amidst the horrified protestations of the priest and others, carried him to the carriage, seated him comfortably, and then got in himself and away they drove. A large crowd had assembled to see the marabout depart, and stood looking on the extraordinary scene in amazement. A few days later several of them came to see the priest, and asked to be instructed in the religion which works such miracles in the hearts of men, and to offer their children to be brought up Christians.

This Orphanage of St. Charles is the most precious institution which Catholic

constantly kissing her crucifix, thanking those around her for their kindness and patience.

Towards the evening of the second day the pains grew rapidly worse, and she entreated to be carried to the chapel, that she might look once more upon the tabernacle. The nun took her in her arms, and laid her on the step of the altar, where her suffering instantly ceased, and she sank into a sleep which she thought was the last one. She was carried back and laid on her bed, but soon opened her eyes with a look of ecstatic joy, and cried out, gazing upwards, "How beautifully it shines! And the music—do you hear? Oh! it is the Gloria in Excelsis!" No one heard anything; only her ears were opened to the heavenly harmonies that were sounding through the half-open doors of Paradise. She continued listening with the same rapt expression of delight, and then, clasping her little hands together, she cried, "Alleluia! alleluia!" and fell back and spoke no more. She had passed the golden portals; the glories of heaven were visible to her now.

What wonder if the apostolic souls who reap such harvests of delight, and their laborers light, and rejoice in the most of their poverty and self-imposed martyrdom!

But there are homelier and less pathetic joys in the Orphanage every now and then than these blessed deaths. When the boys and girls have learned all they need learn, and have come to the age when they must leave the fathers and the nuns, they are perfectly free to return to their native tribes; and it is a convincing argument in favor of the strength of their newly acquired principles and affections that they almost invariably refuse to do so. The proportion of those who go back to the old life is one in every hundred. The next thing to be considered is what to do with those who refuse to go back. The plan of marrying the orphans amongst each other is not a very practical one, especially if they are ill and some nascent medicine is presented to them, the little things seize the cup with avidity, and with a word, such as "For thee, dear Jesus!" drain it off at once. They realize so clearly that every correction imposed on them is for their good, that it is nothing rare to see them to the presiding father or sister and ask to be punished when they have committed some little misdemeanor unobserved. One little misdeed of six felt very sickly towards a companion, and after a short and vain struggle to overcome herself, she went to the nun and begged to be whipped, "because she could not make the devil go away." Their vivid Oriental imaginations paint all the terrible and beautiful truths of the faith in colors that have the living glow of visible pictures. They are so tenderly devoted to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and nothing pleases them more than to be allowed to spend their hours of recreation in prayer before the tabernacle. Their sense of gratitude for the blessing of the faith makes them long with an insupportable yearning to share it with their people. All their prayers and little sacrifices are offered up with this intention: Those among them who were old enough to remember the wretchedness they were rescued from, speak of it continually with tenderest devotion to our Lord; and their instructors, who are their greatest pleasures is to count over the good things they have received from God. A sister overheard two of them one day summing them up as follows: "He gives us bread and the sunshine and the water to drink, and when we are lying in the night time; he prevents the sea overflowing and drowning us; he has given us monsieur and our mamas (the nuns); he came on earth to teach us to be obedient; he brought us the Gospel; he has given us the Blessed Virgin to be our mamma, and the angels, and then the Holy Father; he forgives us our sins; he has given us sacraments for our soul and body; he stays always with us in the chapel; he is keeping our place in heaven; he looks at us when we are naughty, and the angels to be our mamma, and the Holy Father." And so they go on composing canticles out of their innocent hearts that must make sweet music in His ears who so loved the little ones.

The deaths of some of these little barbarians are as lovely as any we read of in the lives of the saints. One of them, who was baptized by the name of Amelia, has left a memory that will long be cherished in Ben-Aknouf. She was dying of a lingering, terrible disease; but her sufferings never once provoked a murmur. She was as gay as a little bird and as gentle as a lamb; her only crying was to see God. "And what will you do besides in heaven?" she asked one of her companions. "I will walk about with the angels," she replied, "and be on the water to meet our mamas when they come to the beautiful gates. In the sleep I used to pray still; many a time the nuns found her muttering her rosary with clasped hands while sleeping the sound sleep of a tired child. She fought against death as long as she could, insisting on getting up and going to the chapel, where she sometimes would lie exhausted with pain and weakness on the step of the altar, breathing her prayers softly until she dropped asleep. Her only fear was lest she should not make her First Communion before she died; but her extreme youth (she was not quite eight years old) was compensated by her devout piety. They gave her our Blessed Lord after giving her Extreme Unction. The expression of her face was seraphic in its joy and peace. All her little companions were kneeling round her bed, their eyes fixed in admiration to the beaming countenance of the dying child. One of them, called Anna, who was her chosen friend, an orphan from a remote desert tribe like herself, drew near to say good-bye. The two children clasped each other in silence; but when they parted, the tears were streaming down the cheeks of both. "Why did you make her cry, my child?" whispered the nun to Anna reproachfully. "I did not do it on purpose," was the reply. "I only said, 'O Amelia! you are too happy; why can't you take me with you? and then we both cried.'" The happy little sufferer lingered on to the great part for another day and night,

father threw up his hands in amazement, shook his head, and expressed grave doubts as to the possibility of their obtaining such a prize. These maidens were pearls worthy to be set in fine gold; they had been reared like delicate plants in the shadow of the sanctuary; their hearts were pure as lilies, guileless as the flowers of the field; they were strong in faith and adorned with all the virtues. Were poor Arab youths worthy of such wives? But, brave with the boldness of true love, the suitors answered in one voice: "We will be worthy; we will work for them and serve them faithfully; we will love them and be fathers and mothers to them! Give us the maidens of the vineyard!"

The missionary heaved a sigh, looked mightily perplexed, but promised to speak to the archbishop and see what could be done. After several solemn interviews, in which the young men were severely catechized and warned, and made to pledge themselves to strive with all their might to make the maidens happy, to treat them reverently, and serve them humbly, the archbishop undertook to intercede for them. The fair ones, being of the race of Ere, were a trifle over first; but soon the truth was elicited, and each confessed that, since she needs must marry some one, Ben Aissa, or Hassan, or Scheriff, would be less distasteful than another. So the great affair was settled, and soon after the day of the wedding. The archbishop himself was to perform the ceremony.

The fathers and sisters were about before sunrise, you may be sure; for what an event was this! Fifteen Christian marriages celebrated between the children of this fallen race of idolaters. And now see! the two processions are approaching the church, the bridegrooms draped in the native white burqa, with the scarlet turban on their heads; the brides clad in spotless white, a soft white veil crowned with white flowers covering them from head to foot. Slowly, with the simple majesty inherent in their race, they advance to the altar and kneel side by side before the archbishop, who stands awaiting them, robed in his gala vestments. He looks down upon the thirty young souls whom his love has brought here to the foot of the altar—the altar of the true God; thirty souls whom he has had the unspesakable joy and happiness of rescuing from misery in this life and—may he not hope!—in the next. He must speak a few words to them. He rises; but the father's heart is too full. The tears start to his eyes and course down those careworn cheeks; he goes from one to the other, and silently presses his hands on the head of each. The marriage rite begins; the blessing of the God of Abraham is called down upon this new seed that has sprung up in the parched land of the patriarch, once so fertile in saints; the music plays, and songs of rejoicing rebound on every side as the fifteen brides issue from the church with their bridegrooms.

And now do you care to follow them to their new homes, and to see where their after-life is cast? The earthly providence which has so tenderly fostered them thus far follows them still into the wide world where they have embarked.

The archbishop's plan from the start was to found Christian villages in the desert, and to people them with these new Christians educated by the missionaries. The cost of founding a village, including the purchase of the land, the building of twenty-five huts, furnishing the inhabitants with the necessaries of life, building a little church and a house for the fathers and one for the sisters, an enclosure for the cattle, a well to supply that first element of life and comfort—pure water in abundance—amounts to forty thousand francs (or say eight thousand pounds sterling), and only with the utmost economy. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith—that glorious institution, to which Christendom owes a debt that can only be paid in heaven—consents nobly to the assistance of Mgr. de la Vigerie, he has secured the necessary funds; the sources of his apostolic heart, so inexhaustible in its ingenious devices of charity; he prays and begs, and sends his missionaries all over the world begging.

One of them has lately come over to Paris on that most heroic of Christian enterprises—a begging tour. He has brought with him a little black boy from Timbuctoo, who had been bought and sold seven times before falling into the hands of these new masters for the sum of three hundred francs. He is not yet ten years old—a mild-looking little fellow, who has been reared in France; he likes the father, answers by a grin too significant to need further comment, as he turns his ebony face up to Pere B— and wriggles a little closer to him. Pere B— is telling the child belonged to a man eating tribe, and turned up a corner of his burqa, showing some particular formation of the teeth peculiar to that amiable race of gowmands. He says that the same charming docility which marks the young Arabs is observable in most of the savage tribes; they are far moreceptive and easily moulded and impressed than the children of the civilized races.

The capture and purchase of these unhappy little slaves all along the coast and in the northern parts of Africa is part of the mission which brings the fathers the greatest consolation. It is of course attended with immense risk, sometimes danger even to life; but the human merchandise which they thus obtain "is worth it all and ten times more," the Pere B— declared emphatically, as he dilated on the fervor of these poor children's faith and the intensity of their gratitude. The great and constant want for the carrying on of the mission is—need we mention it—this XIXth century, when we can scarcely save our own souls, much less our neighbors', without it!—money. People say money is the root of all evil; but really, when one sees what precious immortal goods it can buy, one is tempted to declare it the root of all good. The archbishop has recently sent one of his missionaries, the Pere C—, to beg in America, and we are heartily glad to hear it. A French priest, speaking about begging for good works the other day, said to the writer: "I wish

I could go to America round of the States round. They are a beg of. Somehow I think to the Catholic in begging for our I all the sting out of what a bitter cud it is. We hope the good did not represent the latter point, but it is the generous spontaneity can follow. Catholics have "held out the name of our blessed of charity! how it together, casting in drawing all hearts matters not whether from a near country of blood or class but that climate where the scarce that of a broom; he comes in the mon Lord, and asking saving of souls this ransom as ours. times all the night, but the dawn comes; Jesus in the person souls who love him estea at heart, and befriended him; and into deep water, plentiful Can we divine Mediant hands to us for which at this moment of these faithful as in imagination as create it.

A gathering of huts, if you like—of garden rooms, whose spire, points to the skies, tells of and desolation, the be of the desert and tongue calls the entire population their work and summons; the of and troop, on the kneeling before lamp of the Sacred Heart sheds its solemn light. The father's blessing is asked; the person is asked; the day, for its help and invoked on the on the benefactor assisted at this he call down on the "all those de do not know, but and charitable voices of the A repeating the p bursting with joy was subject to the blessing of The Litany of and the assista go home. The park. The sta out in the love are flying to m follow with mess' star, eastward graces just grateul praye- power of grati- loving Instab who was so m smallest set of tesy, when He declared that should not go

Whether lines of the stretched to whether sad human sorrow triumph, and the the stricken by violation. With eyes and expressed preserved by generatly by the mid of the period appeared complete pagan ideas had come laborers un- memory; it is the ages to of his hum

"Never some heart and in heart w tion. The the stricken by disease, and nervous lassitude, temper, a manly p- Favorite Sold by d When I my estab- able to of my c- dis- I have in my ahead of curing of most of Millbrook

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11, 1888

In an arrangement, expressed grave... These maidens... I could go to America and make the round of the States with my hat in my hand. They are a delightful people to beget of. Some of them are so sympathetic to the Catholic principle embodied in being out for our Lord that they take all the sting out of it for one; but oh! what a bitter cudgel to chew in Europe! We hope the good father's experience did not represent the general one on the latter point, but it is well founded as to the generous spontaneity of our American Catholics towards those who have "held out the hat" to them in the name of our blessed Lord. Sweet bond of charity! how it welds the nations together, casting its silver net and drawing all hearts into its meshes! It matters not whether the fisher come from a near country united to us by ties of blood or clanship, or from some distant clime where the very face of man is scarce that of a brother whom we recognize, he comes in the name of our common Lord, and asks us to help in the saving of souls that cost as dear to ransom as ours. He may labor sometimes all the night, and take nothing; but the dawn comes, when he sees the Jesus in the persons of those generous souls who love him and have his interests at heart, and are always ready to befriend him; and then the net is cast into deep waters, and the draught is plentiful. Can we fancy a sweeter reward to stimulate our zeal in helping the divine Mediator who holds out His hands to us for an almost infinite number of faithful souls may contemplate in imagination as they have helped to create it.

FOR SERVANT GIRLS.

ST. ZITA, THE PATRONESS OF ALL WHO MAINTAIN THEMSELVES BY LABOR. From the Homeless Child. St. Zita, commonly called the Patroness of servant maids, was born near Lucca, in Italy, in 1218. She was blessed with simple mind, God-fearing parents, who, being poor and illiterate mountaineers, had nothing of this world's goods to endow their child with; but they, for her sake, walked daily in the observance of His holy law. So, in the midst of obscurity and poverty, they brought up the little Zita as a precious gift of God sent to cheer them in their loneliness. St. Zita who was never at school, grew up unlettered in the worldly sense, but was fully instructed in the practice of our holy religion by her pious mother. This good parent used often to hold in her hands a small crucifix, (still preserved in the Church of St. Fredian at Lucca), and in her own simple way explain some of the mystery of the Sacred Passion. The child's intense love of our dear Lord, and His intense love of our dear Zita, would overflow with gratitude and love. In her after years the very sight of that crucifix used to excite her to transports of love, accompanied by such a lively sense of sorrow that she would often cast herself at the feet of it, and, like Magdalen, weep at it in tears. It was a favorite lesson which she taught her poor mountaineer's wife also for the poor mountaineer's wife had a daughter that God created all things for His own greater glory, and for the benefit of man, and from their cottage door the wonderful book nature, proclaiming God's power and goodness, lay open. So the days of her childhood went by with the daily instruction of her good mother in the morning; then came the labor of the field, or her part in the care of the little home, to close with the Rosary of the Mother of God in the evening, when the great bell of the distant monastery sounded far and wide the time of the Angelus prayer. Zita was about twelve years old when, after repeated entreaties on her part, in order to aid her parents in some substantial way, she obtained their consent to enter as a domestic the household of a rich citizen of Lucca, named Fatinelli. It is at this period of her life that St. Zita's biographers begin to give us a clearer insight into her character. We are told that her manners were gentle, and that a singular purity of heart was manifested in the whole exterior. Born in poverty, she loved it as sent by God, and she blessed Him with her whole heart, that as she grew older and stronger, she could contribute to the support of her good parents. The little servant maid, however, had much to suffer in her new position. Her parents were simple and unworldly, and she was a simple and unworldly girl. Her parents were simple and unworldly, and she was a simple and unworldly girl. Her parents were simple and unworldly, and she was a simple and unworldly girl.

THEY BEG FOR THE POOR.

THEY BEG FOR THE POOR. Catholic Review. Justin D. Fulton, in his "farewell address" in Temple, Boston, the other day, said the following: "I hate to see these creatures in big white bonnets and straight black dresses in our streets. I hate to see 'em with their assumptions of goodness when they know what they are, I hate to see 'em going up looking for get money to keep up their habits; going into gambling dens to collect tribute from gamblers. If they can't dress like other people let 'em stay at home; and do you pass a law that'll make 'em dress like other people, or else stay at home." (Great Applause.) Our readers know that we do not trouble ourselves much about Mr. Fulton. He is a professional anti-Popery agitator, and as such does not care for real argument. But in this vulgar and rancorous attack upon the Little Sisters he is offensive to all decent people, for the "great applause" could not have come from people who know—most of them—what they are doing. Every body knows—most of them—what they are doing. Every body knows—most of them—what they are doing. Every body knows—most of them—what they are doing.

THE HOLY FACE.

THE HOLY FACE. Wm. H. Ingersoll, in the American Magazine for December. On the damp and gloomy walls of the catacombs of sepulchre and worship, in the monuments of the primitive Christian Church, and in the portals and in the spaces of ancient Byzantine basilicas; in the stately cathedrals of the middle ages, and in the proud galleries of the world's art, and even on the humble walls of the lowliest homes, or in the cherished books of the poor, that strange and celestial thought, arrests the mind with the suffering face, and charms the imagination with the hope that we may hereafter see Him as He is. Whether depicted in the coarse, rude lines of the earliest sketches, or in the finished touches of the master's skill, whether sad and painful, with divine and heavenly sorrow, or glorious in the triumph of the cross, the face of Christ is always represented. The whole of Christendom is pervaded by these memorials of a divine visitation. With endless variations of lineaments and expression, there has always been preserved a faithful adherence to the general type of some ancient ideal. In general type of some ancient ideal. In general type of some ancient ideal. In general type of some ancient ideal.

MOR. BERNARD O'REILLY'S REMARKABLE LETTER TO THE LONDON TIMES.

MOR. BERNARD O'REILLY'S REMARKABLE LETTER TO THE LONDON TIMES. The London Times of Jan. 2nd published a remarkable letter from the Hon. Mr. Bernard O'Reilly, the author of the "Jubilee Life of Leo XIII." The letter is a splendid argument against the Coercion Act, and the fact of its publication in the Times gives it a special interest. It is not often that a friend of Ireland opens its columns to a friend of Ireland. The letter, dated from Paris on Christmas day, runs as follows: Paris on Christmas day.—The blessed gives it a special interest. It is not often that a friend of Ireland opens its columns to a friend of Ireland. The letter, dated from Paris on Christmas day, runs as follows: Paris on Christmas day.—The blessed gives it a special interest. It is not often that a friend of Ireland opens its columns to a friend of Ireland.

When dread disease, with iron hand...

When dread disease, with iron hand, hangs its shroud o'er the life, With Golden Medical Discovery, Dr. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures coughs, colds, and consumption. It is a powerful purifier of the blood, regulates the stomach, liver and bowels. It is a powerful purifier of the blood, regulates the stomach, liver and bowels. It is a powerful purifier of the blood, regulates the stomach, liver and bowels.

Let her be just to Ireland even now...

Let her be just to Ireland even now, and at the eleventh hour. Let justice, a right, come policy, and the provincial good sense of Englishmen combine to satisfy the reasonable demands of a people too long and too grievously misgoverned, and you will see Irish hearts reach forth to the entire English nation with the same generous native warmth now shown to all Englishmen who sympathize with Home Rule. Ay, and believe me, when the not far distant day has arrived when England will need the devotion of every true heart within her domains and the strength of every arm that can fight her battles, Irish valor shall not fail her, nor the devotion of that Celtic race who treasure unshakably the memory of deeds of brotherly love, as well as the recollection of past injustices unrepaid. From the bottom of my heart I pray at this Christmastide that better thoughts may come to rulers and people and that justice and peace may reign. BERNARD O'REILLY.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

Published weekly at 42 and 48 Richmond Street, London, Ontario. Price of subscription—\$2.00 per annum.

Catholic Record.

London, Sat., Feb. 11th, 1888.

THE SEPARATE SCHOOL LAW.

The Mail is very much troubled concerning the welfare of the Catholic Separate Schools of this Province.

To the supporters of Catholic Schools in Ontario, it will be no great recommendation of these two improvements of the Separate School law, that it is the Mail that recommends them, and if any further proof were needed than the known hostility of that journal to the best interests of Catholics, that it wishes these amendments for the express purpose of injuring Catholic Schools and of destroying their efficiency in the very purpose for which they have been established, the Mail furnishes that proof in the very article in which he discusses the subject.

Every one acquainted with the School Laws of the Province knows perfectly well that these statements which have been so frequently dinned into our ears by the Mail are false; and well the Mail knows this too.

Whatever coercion there is in the case applied to Protestants, who cannot become supporters of the Catholic Schools, even if they wish to do so: while the existing law gives full liberty to Catholics to transfer their taxes to the Public Schools, whenever they desire it.

The Mail's talk about the hierarchy "intimidating their flocks" is equally nonsensical. It is the duty of the hierarchy and the clergy to inform their flocks of their moral obligations; and among these is the obligation of educating their children religiously.

But are not the Protestant ministers of Ontario at this moment in the act of intimidating the Catholic clergy in this

The Catholics have long since made up their minds as to the character of the religious education which ought to be imparted to Catholic children. The Protestant Ministerial Association have at this moment a committee at work considering what kind of religious education they can agree upon for Protestant children, and the Mail has virtually engaged to support them in their demands when they come to a definite conclusion.

As regards the employment of religious orders for teachers, the Mail's gratuitous advice has not been asked. If Catholics are satisfied that religious communities who devote their lives to the purpose of fitting themselves for the duty of educating children, are suitable teachers, Protestants have no right to complain.

As regards the adoption of the ballot for Catholic school trustee elections, there seems to be no religious principle involved in the choice either by open vote or ballot. But it is not true, as the Mail says, that the laity complain that through the open vote the clergy have too much influence.

Notice of motion has been given by a member of the Toronto Separate School Board, to petition the Legislature to substitute the ballot for open voting at the Separate School elections.

The Mail blames Mr. Mowat for "his refusal to permit the use of the ballot in Separate School elections," and says that "no Liberal can justify" him in this. It will be quite time enough to blame Mr. Mowat, if he refuses the authorized request of the Catholics of Ontario.

It was first announced and afterwards denied that on the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's visit to Rome he would have an audience with the Pope.

It was first announced and afterwards denied that on the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's visit to Rome he would have an audience with the Pope.

DROMORE.

The suppression of the Home Rule meeting at Dromore, Co. Tyrone, by the Government, was one of the most cowardly, lawless, arbitrary, and stupid measures which a tyrannical Government could perpetrate.

Of course the Government would not proclaim to the world the true reason for their action. This would brand them with the infamy of their cowardice and lawlessness, by their own confession.

Through the County of Tyrone is in Ulster, and Protestants form a majority in it, Catholics are numerous enough to be able to take care of themselves, being close upon one half of the population.

The decision of the Queen's Bench Division in this country, (England), in the case of the Salvation Army, was based upon the opposite principle. It was based upon the principle that the State is bound to protect men in doing what they have a moral and legal right to do, and that other men must not be allowed to molest them.

Undoubtedly, too, if the Orangemen or the Unionists desired to hold a meeting anywhere where Nationalists are strong, the Government would unhesitatingly put forth all their force, if necessary, in order to protect them; but at Dromore the troops occupied the village for the purpose of bludgeoning, or shooting if the occasion arose, the promoters of a perfectly lawful assembly.

Up to this time the reasons given, even by the Tory Government, for the suppression of Nationalist meetings, has been that something in the nature, the object, the time, or the place of the meetings made them in themselves, and directly, dangerous to the peace.

From this it will be seen that we are not a whit too severe in characterizing the conduct of the Government as cowardly, lawless, and arbitrary. But it was also stupid. Their object was to prevent a Nationalist meeting, lest the Home Rule agitation might grow in intensity.

We publish in another column the able and earnest letter of Monsignor Bernard O'Reilly, which appeared in the London Times of January 24th. Monsignor O'Reilly appeals with great force to the English people to endeavor to strengthen by conciliation the bonds which unite under one Empire the English and Irish people.

THE PRESENT PROSPECT.

Mr. Parnell's announcement that there will be on the part of the Nationalists no obstructive policy during the impending session of Parliament has, apparently, nonplussed the supporters of the Government.

The Daily News, which is Mr. Gladstone's organ, states that Mr. Parnell's policy is in accord on this question with the recommendations of Mr. Gladstone, and quite in agreement with the course foreshadowed in his last speech delivered before his departure from England.

It was evidently in the expectation that an important adverse vote must soon meet the Government that Lord Salisbury stated in Liverpool that in such an event the Government will have to consider whether they should follow the usual constitutional course of resigning, or of appealing to the country.

It is almost needless to say that the course thus foreshadowed by Lord Salisbury is as impossible to be acted upon, as it is directly contrary to Parliamentary usage.

It is undoubtedly the confidence which the Irish people feel that the day of their decisive victory is at hand, that keeps them so patient under the intolerable oppression they are subjected to as the law is now administered.

It is not surprising that there should be extremists in Ireland who will not be satisfied with any concession; but it is declared by all who are acquainted with the desires of the Irish that the country will be satisfied with a reasonable measure of Home Rule.

MONSIGNOR O'REILLY'S APPEAL FOR CONCILIATION.

We regret to have to state that at the moment of our going to press, the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bruyere, V. G., Administrator of the Diocese, is still in precarious condition.

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BLUNT VS. BALFOUR.

The harsh treatment of Mr. Wilfred Blunt is still continued. Notwithstanding the advice of the prison doctor that he should be removed to the hospital, he is still confined to his cell.

the present moment a better feeling in Ireland towards Englishmen than has existed for centuries. This is because the people are convinced that the English are more ready now than they have been at any time in the past to consider calmly the injustices which the Irish have so long endured, with a view to remedying them.

The issue of the present complicated situation will be looked for with the greatest interest by all parties, and if it results in a dissolution, the Liberals have every confidence that the voice of the country will be given unmistakably in their favor.

Since 1826 the Secular Missions on the Rue de Valenciennes in Paris, have sent to the far East sixty-four missionaries.

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EDITORIAL NOTES

It is rumored that the Russian Government is planning the massing of troops on her frontier.

On Sunday, 15th Jan. were canonized by His Holiness: seven founders of the Order, and three illustrious Clergy, Alphonsus Rodriguez, Berchmans.

Lord and Lady Rauden Berlin for Paris on the 10th inst. It would be a great satisfaction to see him, and to see the departure of the Princess. This is a diplomatic matter which is being watched by the press.

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NEWS FROM IRELAND.

Carlow.

The Quarter Sessions for the county Carlow were opened on Jan. 9th, before Dr. Darley, Q. C., County Court Judge. The Grand Jury having been sworn, Judge Darley congratulated them on the fact that there was no criminal business to be transacted, and as a similar state of things occurred at Naas for the county Kildare, he felt there was room for congratulation, as far as these facts might be taken as an indication of the state of the respective counties.

Kilkenny.

On Sunday, January 8th, the farmers and laborers of the district surrounding Gorebridge, assembled in that village in furtherance of the National movement. The local traders spared no trouble to make the demonstration as imposing as possible, and their efforts were very amply rewarded. Contingents came from distant parts of the counties of Kilkenny and Carlow, and swelled the meeting into one of enormous proportions. Most of the demonstrators brought banners and flags. A substantial platform was erected in a field near the village, and the structure was tastefully decorated with banners and evergreens. By a special arrangement a Government note-taker was allowed on the platform, and the police, who were not present in any large numbers, were held aloof from the meeting. Father Morris, O. C., Gorebridge, was moved to the Chair. Speeches were delivered by Mr. P. J. O'Brien, M. P.; Mr. P. A. Canice, M. P.; M. E. M. Marum, M. P.; the Mayor of Kilkenny, Mr. Clarke, Dr. Counsel, and others.

Queen's County.

Mr. Ballour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, arrived at Abbeyfeich House, the seat of Lord de Vesey, on Saturday, January 7th, on a visit. He arrived at Maryborough station at 3 p. m., and it was surprising how soon it became known that he was present, for groups of persons were to be seen on the platform eagerly watching him while he waited for the train on the Waterford and Central Ireland Railway, which was to bear him to his destination. His personality became known to most, if not all of them, from their familiarity with the caricatures of the *Wacky Freeman* and *United Ireland*. There was a large force of police present, and several detectives might easily be noted traveling by the same train. Mr. Ballour returned to Dublin on the 12th.

Cork.

District-Inspector Irvine, with a body of police from the Subli station, made a descent on the house of a respectable farmer and his wife, who were the father and mother of a child, named T. Regan, Dromedary, on January 11th, and seized a quantity of illicit spirits, with all the appliances used in its manufacture. One of the men, a son of Regan, received a terrible blow on the head, from one of the police, when trying to escape. Mr. Bartlett, O. C., M. P., has written to Father Davis, P. P., Baltimore, enclosing a donation of £25 for the benefit of the sufferers from the measles epidemic in West Cork.

Kerry.

On Little Christmas Day, it being a holiday and the Quarter Sessions going on, there were a great many people in Kilmurry, as is customary on such an occasion. A poor straggling ballad singer took up his position in a central part of the town, and began to sing about how Mr. O'Brien had outwitted the Government and the officials in Tullamore Jail by clothing himself with a suit of "Biarney Tweed." The ballad had only just come out, and had not been, not exactly on account of its poetic merit, but on account of the subject of it. The poor ballad-singer was singing away, a crowd of people from the country had collected round him, and he was at-tempting of his prints rapidly, to the satisfaction of himself and his wife, who stood near, having an infant in her arms, when the police came on the scene and hearing the ballad, took the singer into custody and marched him off to bridewell, a large crowd following all the way. Subsequently, the singer, whose name has not been ascertained, was brought before Mr. Leon and J. P. Constance (County of Kerry), made his terms, and was set at liberty, while, who however, must not have looked upon it as a serious night as the officious constable, and discharged the unfortunate man, to be summoned. When the singer regained his liberty he went down to the town and commenced his old song, and in a short time had disposed of all his ballads.

Derry.

Great excitement has been caused in Draperstown, Maghera, and the surrounding districts by the issuing of over 100 hundred civil bill processes and judgments against the tenants of the London Drapers' company's estate in the county Derry. The latter have retaliated by serving notices on the landlords to have fair rents fixed and for an extension of time, and on January 7th, all the solicitors' offices in both towns were during the entire day thronged with tenant farmers preparing defenses to the impending proceedings. The Drapers' Company who own these vast estates in Derry hold them by grant to their predecessors during Plantation times, and that the rents received are invariably spent in turtle soup and champagne by the London shopkeepers, whose position here is low is according to the grant, to look after the interests of the Derry tenants. They perform their duty by overfeeding, by drinking, and by dying of apoplexy, and so mindful are they of the dangers of those duties that they most religiously extract all the rent they can from their tenants, and move, no doubt, by a pious and holy fear that they too might commit the sin of gluttony.

Galway.

The indifference of the Ballinasloe magistrates to the treatment which prisoners under the "Crimes Act" are receiving in jail, is a subject of comment and criticism. It is seen that in other parts of Ireland, where these prisoners are imprisoned, humane and independent magistrates are visiting them, and by virtue of the power the law gives exclusively to magistrates, inquiring into their wants, and seeing that no undue severity is inflicted. This neglect marks the conduct of the entire roll of the magistracy in the county. All the prisoners are Catholic, and most respectable in their habits of life. Yet, though there are about seventy Catholic magistrates in the county, not even one has paid a visit of inquiry or sympathy. This conduct is bitterly animadverted upon by the people of Galway.

tenants were received with deep indignation by the public.

Limerick.

On January 10th, about ten thousand people assembled at Ballyvaughan, and effected a stop to the fox hunting gentry from riding over the county Limerick. The people are fully determined to put down hunting so long as the present Government have under lock and key some of the best blood of the Irish people. After some time the people quietly disappeared, giving ringing cheers for Wm. O'Brien, David Sheehy, and Father Ryan.

Clare.

A case which had been before Messrs. Hodder and Mercer, B. M.'s, for some days came to a close on January 9th, re- sulting in ten out of seventeen carriages, resident at Clare, being sent to Limerick Jail for three months each, without hard labor. The charge was criminal conspiracy to compel and induce persons un- lawfully to refuse to work for the Royal Irish Constabulary. Mr. John F. Cullinan, Sessions Clerk, conducted the case for the Crown. For the accused, Messrs. Thomas Lynch and Edward O'Meara, solicitors, appeared. The principal witnesses against all the parties summoned was Sergeant Dowler, of Clare Castle station, being in effect applicable to each, to whom he applied individually, for hire of his cars to convey coal and provisions to out quarters in charge of iron section huts, and where Emergency men were also stationed. The majority of the car drivers imperatively refused. The magistrates decided that on ten principal defendants the sentence would be three weeks' imprisonment, and without hard labor; the others to remain in custody for three hours. The prisoners were handcuffed and sent by train to Limerick Jail under a strong escort of police.

Waterford.

On January 12th, some seventy police, under the command of County Inspector Whelan, District Inspector Barry, Head Constable Twiss, with Mr. Dunster, the county magistrate, and Mr. J. J. O'Brien, M. P., setting out from the city of Waterford, proceeded to the property of Sir John Kennedy. The vic- tim on this occasion was a well known man—Mr. Frank Muleshy—who in days gone by was a well-known figure at Carrigrohane Hunt; who was always looked upon with the greatest esteem, not only in the county but in his district but of all in the county whose good opinions were worth having.

Tipperary.

On Tuesday morning, January 10th, Monaghan Perito celebrated Mass in the Cathedral, Thurles, and gave the usual monthly Communion to over four hundred children. He was accompanied by the Archbishop of Cashel, his Excellency afterwards drove to Templemore, where he was received by the parochial clergy and all the clergy of the surrounding district. The town was tastefully decorated in honor of the distinguished visitor. The Pope Envoy visited the Cathedral Church, where he addressed a large con- gregation of people. Subsequently he visited the Convent Schools and the other schools of the town. His excellency re- turned to Thurles by Templemore, where he visited the exquisite Gothic church erected by the late pastor, Father Power. After having inspected the church, he visited the parochial house, where he was hospitably entertained by the present rector, pastor, Father Hickey, and re- turned to the Palace in the evening.

Clare.

The Earl of Canan, who has come out as a strong Liberal, writes to the Press in terms of high praise of the self-restraint which the Irish people are displaying at a crisis when the Government, for party purposes, are deliberately attempting to goad the people into a late resistance. He points out that in spite of all the provocative tactics of Mr. Balfour, the new phase upon which the Irish Question has entered since it has become allied with the Liberal party, has been sustained by any crime or attempted crime such as the Phoenix Park murders. He compares the dignified attitude of the Irish leaders as contrasted with the meanness of the Balfour policy, which consists in putting the political op-ponents of a Minister into prison, and treating them there as common criminals.

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Mr. P. J. B. Daly, collector, of Ballinrobe, on whose estate at Iriahstown, some notable evictions occurred, has not yet come to an arrangement with his tenants.

A Protestant Bishop Who Takes His Theology From an Encyclopedia

IN GIVES A LESSON IN LATIN BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP OF VICINENZA

The following letter appeared in the Journal, January 13th: BISHOP COXE AND THE JEJUNITES. To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal: Some time ago you published a re- flection on Bishop Cox, of Western New York. As I am a reader of your paper, and thinking that you will publish the other side, I now put on the opportunity. The letter was addressed to the Churchman, a church periodical of New York City.

To the Editor of the Churchman:

"A little more than a year since I had occasion to quote the Jesuit maxim 'the end justifies the means.' To answer it, the end of the Jesuit Fathers inserted the following braido in one of our local journals of largest circulation: 'If Bishop Cox can show from the authentic works of the thousand writers of the society of Jesus that you refer to, for proof of the means, that the end justifies the means, he shall receive the reward of \$1,000, payable at Constance College, this city.' 'This was immediately answered by the Bishop declining the reward, unless they were willing to send it to one of our benevolent institutions. This was the end of the Encyclopedia Britannica, Vol. VIII, p. 651, where are to be found textual quotations from the Jesuit writers (Busenbaum, Layman and Wagnemann) fully meeting the challenge. The article quotes from one of them as follows: 'This determined problem actus.' This met the Jesuit challenge, but, needless to say, the reward was not paid. The Jesuit contented themselves with reply- ing that this maxim does not mean that 'the end justifies all means.' (Answer.) 'Good means require no justification. I had accepted their challenge and given a responsible reference to which every body had access. It would be easy to give other data, but who can buy Patience! Enough! It illustrates their maxim that they now circulate through the newspapers state- ments that the Bishop had never met their challenge.' I write this only to gratify friends who have inquired of me as to the facts.

A Wonderful Offer.

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have offered, in good faith, \$500 reward for a case of Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents. It has fairly attained a world-wide reputation. If you have daily heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and purring; if the eyes are weak, watery and full; if there is ringing in the ears, dizziness, heaving or coughing to clear the throat; if expectoration of offensive matter, to- gether with scabs from ulcers, the voice being changed and has a nasal twang; if breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; sensation of dizziness, with mental de- pression, a hacking cough and general debility, you are suffering from nasal catarrh. The more complicated your case, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annu- ally, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood, or more successfully treated by phisians.

Bright Future

is simply the natural result of wise action in the present. Money being necessary, in the regular order of things, the chance for making it are observed by the wise. Reader, you can make \$100 upwards per hour in a few lines of pleasant business. Capital not needed; you are started free. All ages. Both sexes. Any one can easily do the work and live at home. Write at once and learn all no harm done. If you are unable to read, we will send you a free copy of our book, "How to make \$100 a day." All free. Address Shinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

A MAN OF A THOUSAND.

When death was hourly expected, all remedies having failed, and Dr. J. James was experimenting with the many herbs of Quinina, he accidentally made a prepara- tion which cured him of his complaint. CONSUMPTION, this child is now in a fine state of health. He has proved to the world that CONSUMPTION can be positively and per- manently cured. The doctor now gives this cure free, only asking two cent stamps as evidence of your faith. Send for your copy of this book, and you will receive it free of charge. Write to Dr. J. James, Philadelphia, Pa., using this paper.

Dangerous Counterfeits.

Counterfeits are always dangerous, more so if they are sold as being the original. The original in appearance is the ORIGINAL SUCCESSORS. Beware of cheap imitations. The remarkable success achieved by Nasal Balm in curing all you conclude to not. Cold in the head has induced unprincipled parties to imitate it. The public are cautioned not to be deceived by nostrums imitating Nasal Balm in name and appear- ance. Beware of cheap imitations. Send for your copy of this book, and you will receive it free of charge. Write to Dr. J. James, Philadelphia, Pa., using this paper.

The Difficultly Experienced

In taking God Liver Oil is entirely over- come in Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. It is as PALATABLE AS MILK, and the most valuable remedy that has ever been produced for the cure of Consumption, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases. Do not fail to try it. Put up in 50c and \$1.00 sizes.

A Timely Prevention.

To prevent serious diseases, regulate the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys and blood with Burdock Blood Bitters. Remember that prevention is better than cure.

Important to Working Men.

Artizans, mechanics and laboring men are liable to sudden accidents and injuries, as well as to rheumatism, stiff joints and lameness. To all this troubled you would recommend Haysard's Yellow Oil, the handy and reliable pain cure for outward or internal use.

Why?

Why suffer a single moment, when you can get immediate relief from internal or external pain by the use of Polson's Ner- viline, the great pain cure? Nerviline has never been known to fail. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. You will find it just as recommended. Neuralgia, toothache, sprains, headache, and all similar com- plaints disappear as if by magic when Nerviline is used. Large bottles 25 cents. Test bottles 10 cents, at druggists and country dealers.

Why?

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial. For NETTLE RASH, Itching Piles, Ring- worm Eruptions, and all skin diseases, use Prof. Low's Sulphur Soap.

LEAVE MEDICINE ALONE!

This is the candid advice we give to all who are suffering from Dyspepsia.

IN NINE CASES OUT OF TEN

Medicines do more harm than good and rather hinder than help nature.

THE RIGHT THING TO DO

Is to strengthen the system by taking nourishing food that can be easily digested, and the most strengthening food that can be taken is

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF.

Every drop of it contains all the nutritious element of meat in a highly concentrated form, and the weakest stomach can retain and thoroughly digest it, and as the system becomes nourished all the bodily functions improve. TRY IT.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS Purify the blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitution, and are invaluable in all Objections incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, Colds, Glandular Swellings and all skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 NEW OXFORD ST. (LATE 533 OXFORD ST.), LONDON.

And are sold at 1s. 10d., 2s. 6d., 4s., 6s., 10s., 20s., and 30s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all respectable Vendors throughout the world.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not Oxon street, London, they are spurious.

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BELL ORGANS

(ESTABLISHED 1864.)

UNAPPROACHED FOR GENERAL EXCELLENCE AND QUALITY OF TONE.

SPECIAL STYLES MADE FOR CHURCHES

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W. BELL & Co., GUELPH, ONT.

IMPERISHABLE MONUMENTS!



WHITE BRONZE MONUMENTS, CROSSES, CRUCIFIXES, STATUARY, ETC., ETC.

From PURE METAL, not affected by atmospheric changes.

ONLY FACTORY OF THE KIND IN THE DOMINION.

Push in orders now for spring erection and get the work erected in April, May or June. Mr. W. Scarlett, General Agent, is now on the road. Any parties desiring agency of section of county should address to St. Thomas at once, and if practicable we will have Mr. Scarlett meet them. Parties needing a monument, where we have no agent, will please write direct to this Company for designs and prices.

St. Thomas White Bronze Monument Co.

ST. CHARLES'S NASAL BALM CURES ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE NOSE AND THROAT. POSITIVE Cure For COLD IN HEAD, CATARRH, HAY FEVER, &c.

Royal Canadian Insurance Co. FIRE AND MARINE. J. BURNETT, AGENT. TAVIN'S BANK, Richmond Street.

MINNESOTA Agency for the sale of the best quality of Flour, Meal, and other provisions. P. A. McCARTHY, President. The Stevens' County Abstract & Real Estate Agency, Lock Box 144, Morris, Minn.

ONTARIO STAINED GLASS WORKS. Stained Glass for Churches, Public and Private Buildings. Furnished in the best style and at prices low enough to bring it within the reach of all.

Information Wanted. Of Eileen McEldermotte, who came to New York about the year 1849. Married Napier Irwin, in Staleybridge, Lancashire, England. Information that she is likely to be received by her sister, Mrs. F. McHugh, York street West, London, Canada. 482-4.

A Beautiful Landscape.

Beautiful world where all live, Beautiful all that God doth give; Beautiful birds and trees, and flowers, Beautiful shades and happy bowers.

Beautiful field, all clad in green, Beautiful streams that glide between; Beautiful banks, with primrose sweets, Gnarled old oaks, and moss grown seats.

Beautiful ferns in their mossy bed, Beautiful birds, all wild with glee, Trilling their songs on the lawn or tree.

Beautiful trees, in their budding green, Beautiful sunlight, gleaming between; Beautiful light from Heaven above, Beautiful emblem of God's own love.

Beautiful sunset, crimson and gold, Soft, dim twilight, gray and cold; Bright suns to be seen in heaven, Beautiful daylight passes away.

Beautiful moonlight overhead, Beautiful stars their soft light shed; Bright suns to be seen in heaven, Beautiful thoughts of God's changeless love.

Beautiful rest from a day of care, Beautiful hour of sweet prayer; Beautiful thoughts of God's changeless love, Sleeping, or waking, if safe in His care.

SHORT INSTRUCTIONS FOR LOW MASSES.

[Delivered by the Rev. James Donohoe, rector of the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas, Brooklyn, N. Y.]

MATTER, FORM AND MINISTER OF THE SACRAMENTS

DEAR PEOPLE: Before we come to consider the sacraments in particular, there are a few things which should be clearly understood concerning the sacra- ments in general. "Every sacrament," says Pope Eugene IV., "consists of three parts: certain sensible things as the matter, certain words as the form, and a minister who confers the sacrament with the intention of doing what the Church does. The three are so essential that, any one of them being absent, there is no sacrament." This morning we will try to explain what is meant by each of these essential elements.

Matter, form and minister are terms that will be constantly recurring in these instructions, and for that reason we will ask you to try and get a clear idea of what is meant by them. By the matter of a sacrament is meant the element, or the thing employed in its administration. The matter of some of the sacraments is a material object, such as water, bread and wine, blessed oil. The matter of the sacraments of Penance and Matrimony is a moral act. These things will be explained in detail when we come to treat these sacraments.

It might be asked: Why are these exterior elements employed in the admin- istration of the sacraments? Could not the Holy Spirit produce the effect desired in the soul without making use of any exterior element? Could not the Holy Ghost purify a child's soul without hav- ing poured on its head? This question, which is a very old one, was answered in this way, more than fourteen cen- turies ago, by St. Gregory. "Without doubt," he says, "the Holy Spirit could purify the soul of the newly-baptized, and infuse into it without the application of the baptismal water, but Christ wished that water be a sign, a symbol, an image of the effect produced." If God wished, He could at once develop and mature the child's intel- ligence, but He does not; He allows the fond father and mother to be the agents in this development of the faculties by making repeated use of external signs, and so He leaves to Mother Church the agreeable duty of developing in us the life of grace by the frequent administra- tion of the sacraments.

By the form of a sacrament is meant the words used, or minister in admin- istration. The matter of a sacrament is something very ordinary. It is the word of the minister joined to the matter to produce the sacrament. What more common than water, but the words of the minister, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," added to the matter, pro- duce the soul and infuse sanctifying grace. Oil and canvas are very common things, but the touch of the artist's brush will make them extremely valuable. Water, oil, bread and wine, are very common things, but when certain words are added, and infused into them, they become the sacraments, and are of price- less value. The minister of the sacra- ments is the person who administers them.

In case of necessity any person, man or woman, lay or cleric, baptized or unbap- tized, may administer in addition to the minister of Baptism, provided the proper matter and form be used, and the person baptizing have the intention of doing what the Church does. The reason of this is because Baptism is abso- lutely necessary for salvation; and, in case of necessity, any person, man or woman, lay or cleric, baptized or unbap- tized, may administer in addition to the minister of Baptism, provided the proper matter and form be used, and the person baptizing have the intention of doing what the Church does.

The office of a priest is truly wonderful. He is the Bishop, of the diocese, for per- son entrusted to his charge, is the minister of Baptism, outside the case of necessity, Holy Eucharist, Penance, and Extre- mum Unctio. He also blesses, in the name of the Church, those who are about to be united by the sacrament of Matrimony. The office of a priest is truly wonder- ful. He is the Bishop, of the diocese, for per- son entrusted to his charge, is the minister of Baptism, outside the case of necessity, Holy Eucharist, Penance, and Extre- mum Unctio. He also blesses, in the name of the Church, those who are about to be united by the sacrament of Matrimony.

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A Beautiful Landscape. Beautiful world wherein we live, Beautiful all that God doth give...

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By the form of a sacrament is meant the words used by the minister in administering it. The matter of a sacrament is something very ordinary. It is the words of the minister which give the sacrament its character.

His office is sublime! Woe, a thousand times woe to him, if he be not holy while he dispenses holy things! For, although interior sanctity is not necessary for the valid administration of the sacraments; although the King's Seal, whether it be made of iron or of gold, always gives the same impress; although a precious liquor, whether it be contained in an earthen or a crystal vessel, has always the same flavor; still, O priest of God, dispenser of the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven, minister of the Holy Sacraments, thou shouldst be holy! Brethren, dear, pray for him! - N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

PROFANING THE HOLY NAME. Is it not a terrible thing to think of the frequency with which so many thousands, every day, upon every little annoyance, use the most Holy Name of Our Lord by way of cursing or swearing? It is one of the most deplorable vices of our time.

In a number of dioceses, both in England and our own country, in order to counteract this immense evil and shameful sin, and to guard the young especially from falling into the habit, associations have been formed, the members being all pledged against any profane use of the Holy Name. We trust those societies will spread and flourish.

Consumption Surely Cured. To the Editor: - Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured.

In a Dangerous Condition. Any person troubled with irregular acting kidneys or any form of kidney complaint, however slight it may seem, is in a dangerous condition if the trouble is neglected. Burdock Blood Bitters should be taken at once; it is the best regulator of the kidneys, liver and blood known to the world.

Thousands Suffering. Thousands of people are suffering untold miseries from constipation, headache, biliousness and weakness that might be at once relieved and soon cured by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters. This invaluable medicine is sold by all dealers in medicine.

SADLER'S BOOK STORE. The Catholic Directory, Almanac and Co., for 1888. The Catholic Home Almanac for 1888. The Catholic Family Almanac for 1888.

D. & J. SADLER & CO. Catholic Publishers, Booksellers, Stationery, Church Ornaments and Religious Articles. 115 Church St. TORONTO. 1699 Notre Dame St. MONTREAL.

CURE FITS! FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS. When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE.

NATIONAL LOTTERY. The Monthly Drawings take place on the THIRD WEDNESDAY of each month. The value of the lots that will be drawn on 15th Day of Feb., 1888, - WILL BE - \$80,000.00.

TRY The New Shoe Store when you are in want of Boots and Shoes. My stock is all new, of the best material and the price as low as any house in the city.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. BEPP'S COCOA. Breakfast. By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Bepp has provided his breakfast table with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save many a heavy laden stomach from being gorged with indigestible food.

UNDERTAKERS. Outside of the Undertaker's Ring Always open. R. DRISCOLL & CO. 414 Richmond St. - London, Ont.

R. F. LACEY & CO'S Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in Every Variety of Boots and Shoe Uppers. 398 CLARENCE STREET. LONDON, ONT.

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