

# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen." — "Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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## Catholic Record

London, Sat., May 3rd, 1890.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

ON THE 5th of next month the people of Ontario will again decide which of the two political parties—the Liberals and Conservatives; or, to be more in accord with every day designations, Grits or Tories—will rule the Province for the coming four years. Time was, and not very long past, when our political battles were fought on strictly legitimate lines—when questions of public policy and administration were discussed with vigor and warmth, the "outs" attacking, and the "ins" defending, the governmental craft. While this condition of affairs existed we did not take any part whatever in the politics of the Province. Our mission was plainly stated at the beginning of the career of the CATHOLIC RECORD, and this mission was to defend the Church and advance its interests in an honorable, fearless and legitimate manner. In pursuance of this purpose, four years ago we were obliged to take a decided stand against the Conservative party in this Province, for the very good reason that the leaders and prominent men in its ranks had departed from the old political lines and sought place and power by pandering to the worst passions of those whose prejudices against the Catholic Church are easily aroused, and who possess not intelligence enough to realize the evil intentions and unpatriotic motives of their political chiefs.

It was seen that the government of Hon. Oliver Mowat was a strong government—it was seen that his followers were not only numerous and formed a large majority in the House, but that they were, likewise, men of surpassing ability and rectitude of purpose, at one of whom the finger of scorn never had been pointed because of the commission of any act unworthy a public man.

The prospect for the "outs" was a deplorable one. The more desperate wing of the party plainly saw that some more of an unusual character had to be inaugurated, and corruption was the watchword of those miserable men, whose thirst for power overcame all sense of justice as well as of shame. It was sought to purchase some of the members who supported Mr. Mowat, and large sums of money were actually paid over to them with the expectation that they would vote against the government when a want of confidence motion were introduced. These members, however, would not become parties to such a scandalous transaction, and placed the money which they had received in the hands of the Speaker, at the same time making a full exposure of the plot. The conspirators were arrested, but, by some means or other, law once again got the better of justice, and the prisons were cheated of their due. The manager of one of the Toronto papers was a leading figure in the business of bribery; and strange to say, now poses as a sort of political Puritan, all the while, however, dealing out gall and wormwood to the Catholic ecclesiastical authorities and the Catholic people, feeling, as he does, that they blocked the way when the "bawling brood of bribers" sought to enter the beautiful pastures of the Ontario timber limits.

The corruption scheme having miscarried, the political desperadoes now set another movement on foot which it was considered might be more successful. They well knew that in the minds of many of the Protestant people, notably in the minds of those who march after the Orange banner on the 12th of July, a feeling of hatred for the Catholic Church had taken deep root; and, were a brigade against that Church inaugurated—were it asserted that undue friendliness towards that Church existed amongst those occupying the Treasury benches—a Protestant prejudice would be aroused, the effect of which would be the triumph of the Conservatives and the defeat of the Liberals. All manner of preposterous stories were circulated, and most outrageous misrepresentations scattered broadcast in the Protestant constituencies, setting forth the dangers that threatened the State through the aggressive attitude of "Popery."

The men of the new crusade could of course at all times count for a certainty on the votes of the Williamites. When these men are out of power they are in their element. The average Orangeman believes he was born to rule—and to rule over Papists he looks upon as a sort of divine right handed down to him

from remote times by his north of Ireland ancestors. The "outs" had no need to seek the support of this class. Their efforts were mainly in the direction of driving all the Protestants into one camp, leaving the Catholics in a very small minority in the other.

POLLING day came and the tide of intolerance was once more rolled back with a vengeance; but to the Catholic people not all the credit was due. Protestants of all denominations—men who read and study the political horizon with a keen sense of truth and justice guiding their thoughts—came out in their thousands and relegated to the Opposition benches the apostles of hate and division.

In the present contest the old spirit of bigotry has been again introduced. Attempts are made to convince Protestants that their rights are threatened, and that the Pops and the priests are about to do something desperate if the Mowat government be sustained. All these statements have been fully discussed the past few months, and those who have been parading them before the people should in all seriousness be heartily ashamed of themselves.

We need scarcely say that Catholics in this Province, as well as in every other, seek no special privilege of any kind. They want to be treated exactly as are all other classes of the community—they desire to live at peace with their Protestant neighbors, transacting business and holding social intercourse with them in the good old way which prevailed before the poison of bigotry was imported from over the ocean, and its hateful roots transplanted in the new country—they desire to deal out measure for measure of justice, liberality, friendship, charity, and all manner of Christian kindnesses—and they long for the day—as every good man should—when we can all meet as the citizens of a free and happy and united country, having buried once and forever all cause of division and enmity, moving onward shoulder to shoulder, and vying one with the other in the grand and blessed work of developing and beautifying and enriching this magnificent country which a beneficent Providence has placed in our keeping.

The Toronto Mail of last Monday piles up compliments on the heads of Mr. Mowat and his associates for the admirable manner in which they have managed the affairs of the Province during the longest and period in which they have held the reins of power. It says:

"Mr. Mowat has, moreover, given the province much good legislation, and his management of the public business generally has, on the whole, been free from scandal."

But the poison comes after the antidote, for further on it says:

"Like Achilles, however, his Government has one vulnerable spot, namely, its connection with the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and this weakness may yet prove fatal to it."

Following the course of the most subservient political organs of the Hamilton Spectator and London Free Press stamp, our contemporary here makes an insinuation having no foundation whatever. In what manner has the Government become connected with the Catholic hierarchy to any greater extent than with the different Protestant ministers of the Province? What favors have they received? Is it not a fact that Catholics do not hold even a fair share of public offices? If grants are at any time made to Catholic institutions, are not Protestant ones treated similarly? In what part of the country can it be found that Catholic Church property is exempt from tax where Protestant property is not? Do the Catholic schools receive any favors denied to the public schools? "Its connection with the Roman Catholic hierarchy" is a very pretty way in which to urge on the Orangemen to desperate deeds. These poor fellows will never await further particulars. The Grits are on terms of amity with Papists. That's enough. Away they go. "No surrender." A member of the government is seen in the vicinity of the Archbishop's palace. What more proof is needed of dark plots to burn our bibles and introduce brass money and wooden shoes? The great bulk of our Protestant people are altogether of too intelligence to mould to place any importance on these mean insinuations of the organ in chief of the "bawling brood of bribers."

Popery and make Sunday look like a corpse. Many other affairs, too, come in for a share of his meddling, and, in fact, it may be said that in nearly all matters of little as well as great importance his narrowness and uncharitableness are only too often showing forth.

LAST week the preachers of the Queen City made a combined movement to prevent the Salvation Army parading on the Lord's Day. Rev. Drs. (they are all Doctors) Parsons, Hunter and Barton, all of them athletes in wrestling with Romanism, were appointed a committee by the Ministerial Association to devise means for stopping the very familiar demonstrations of General Booth's battalions. We would not be far astray, we think, were we to state that the green-eyed monster of jealousy has a good deal to do with this movement of the preachers. A live exhorter, who runs a live church, and who is paid a fancy salary, is expected to attract immense crowds. Falling in this, the business outlook becomes gloomy, and a divine call somewhere else confronts the good man. What wonder, then, that outdoor attractions on the Lord's Day are termed unseemly and that efforts are put forth to paralyze the male and female Generals, majors, captains, lieutenants, ensigns, sergeants and corporals of the Salvationists.

IT CANNOT assuredly be the quality of the music to which objection is made, for oftentimes infinitely worse sounds are heard in the streets of Toronto, and these sentinels on the watch towers of Israel raise not their voices in denunciation. Many a time the boisterous boys in yellow, the fiscal descendants of the carpet-beggars who settled in the north of Ireland, turn out and march in procession to the strains of the fife and drum playing "We'll Kick the Pope Before Us" and "Croppie Lie Down," and all the Doctors of Divinity remain silent as the tomb. It may be that they consider the airs mentioned sacred music, and those played by the Salvationists quite the contrary.

"WHAT is a crank?" was a question asked in the Mail of last Monday. We beg to nominate Mr. James L. Hughes as a fit and proper person, etc.

For the West Riding of Huron the name of Mr. McGillicuddy, of Goderich, has been prominently mentioned as the coming man for nomination by the Reform party. Many gentlemen of first-class ability are to be found in this riding, any of whom would make a very good Parliamentary record. For many reasons, however, we sincerely hope Mr. McGillicuddy will be chosen to carry the Mowat banner to victory. A man of unimpeachable character and integrity, a brilliant speaker, and of an energetic and active turn of mind, he would make a capital member, and reflect no small amount of credit on the West Riding of Huron.

It cannot be denied that there exists in the minds of many of our Protestant friends a feeling very much akin to a superstitious dread of Catholics occupying prominent civic positions. The following extract will, we hope, have a beneficial effect amongst our Ontario bigots, who at present act as though they think something dreadful would occur were a Catholic elected to the position of mayor in any of our cities:

"The new mayor of Rochester, N. Y., a Catholic, has won the approval of all classes of law-representing citizens by his vigorous and successful enforcement of the ordinances enjoining the closing of saloons on Sunday. The press, without distinction of party, and the pulpits of all denominations, cordially endorse and encourage Mayor Carroll's praiseworthy action. Said the Rev. Mr. Colt, of the Memorial Presbyterian church: 'We must not hesitate and question—this is his own congregation—as to what are the mayor's politics and what his religion; it should be enough for us to know that he has begun a good work and needs the support of all law-respecting people.' The members of the Methodist Baptist church, by resolution, say: 'We thank him (Mayor Carroll) most heartily for this action and pledge him our support.' To a reporter of the Post-Express (Rochester), Mayor Carroll said: 'I have no alternative in the matter. I am sworn to execute the laws and I propose to do it.'"

"THE next time you hear a man prating about the ignorance and 'unprogressive ness' of the French Canadians tell him this: Last year, in the Province of Quebec, 198 new schools were opened, 90 new school buildings were erected, 430 more teachers were employed and 7,000 more scholars enrolled than in the previous year. And free night schools have been established and maintained in Quebec and Montreal, mainly at the expense of the Province."—Globe.

We will look in vain through the columns of the Mail for a paragraph of this sort; and doubtless it will for the time to come keep on daily chattering, to the pig iron element of society, the good

old song, setting forth what a mass of Popish ignorance and superstition prevails in medieval Quebec.

THE Rev. J. W. Sanborn, of Lockport Protestant Episcopal Church, N. Y., has been boycotted by the wealthy members of his congregation because he would not discontinue some revival services, and join with a sensational evangelist whose preaching drove one girl crazy in that town. He announced on Easter Sunday that he had only six cents, and that his family had had for six weeks only a three cent meal daily to live upon. The ministers and wealthy members of other churches came to his rescue and are now supporting him and his family. The meanness of his own congregation is universally condemned.

THE Presbyterians and the Episcopalians have both been claiming recently that their respective denominations are the first which erected a church in the United States. The oldest Presbyterian church in the United States was built in 1683 at Snow Hill, Maryland; but Catholicity was established in Maryland in 1633, and churches were immediately erected, whereas in Florida and New Mexico there were Catholic churches in 1565 and 1596 respectively; so that Catholicity can claim a greater antiquity than Presbyterianism or any sect in the United States by more than a century.

IT IS somewhat remarkable that among Presbyterians even there is a growing sentiment which leads them to honor the saints of God, though they have not got much farther than to name some churches after them. Not very long ago it would have been esteemed rank idolatry to have done this, but when it is considered that Holy Scripture says "the friends of God are exceedingly honored," it would seem to be a sign of returning faith in Christianity to find that churches are now named after St. Andrew, St. Joseph, etc., though it is enough to make John Knox groan in his grave to find such names on Presbyterian churches, taking the place of the Ebenezer and Knoxonian designations hitherto given to them. For many years St. Andrew was favored with this distinction, as he was recognized in Catholic times as the patron saint of Scotland, but last week the Rev. Principal Caven of Knox College dedicated a church in Hamilton to St. Joseph. This is altogether a new departure. Of what use is it to adopt a patron saint at all if the saints in heaven cannot aid us in some way by their patronage?

A PHOTOGRAPH of the recent total eclipse of the sun which Father Perry, S. J., took at Cayenne two days before his death, appears in the last issue of the Observatory. Father Perry's photographs are the only successful plates secured by the British authorities, and they will soon be published by the Royal Astronomical Society. While in Canada the fanatics have been engaged in abusing the Jesuits the British Government has been making use of their learning and skill for the purpose of increasing the general stock of astronomical knowledge.

THE Rev. Father Kent, of the Order of St. Dominic, has been promoted to be Superior of the novitiate of the Order in Kentucky. Father Kent is well known in this city, as he was born in London West, and left here when a boy to study for the priesthood with the Dominicans in Kentucky. He is known as a zealous and learned priest.

MISS AGNES O'CONNOR, a pupil of St. Patrick's parochial school, Rochester, N. Y., won a prize offered by the Post-Express of that city for the best composition written by a pupil attending the schools of the city.

THE number of Presbyteries which have declared for Revision of the Confession of Faith has reached 46, while those which have declared against number 25. The total number of Presbyteries in the United States is 211.

THE editor of the New York Freeman's Journal, after reading the address of the Toronto Orangemen to Emperor William, writes as follows:

"There's richness for you, as Mr. Bumble used to say when he stirred together a pint of milk, a gallon of water and a pound of chalk. Kaiser Wilhelm will smile rather broadly when he reads this instruction from the bigots of Toronto as to how he shall manage his Government. The translation forcibly recalls the famous three tallors of Tooley street who met and resolved that 'We, the people of Orange fanatics representing themselves as citizens of the Western world' is highly comic."

DURING the seven years, from 1878 to 1884 inclusively, the anti-Catholic Government of Belgium succeeded in making

a deficit of \$11,800,000. This deficit has been almost cancelled by the present Catholic Government, which in five years has secured a surplus of \$9,500,000. The people of Belgium are experiencing the benefit of having honest rulers, and they will undoubtedly continue to trust a Government which can show such results.

THE Canadian Nation, the organ of the Equal Rightist, is much offended at some journals which imagine it to be "in sympathy with the Tories." It repudiates the statement strongly; yet in another column on the same page it endorses the Conservative candidate for Peel as the "Equal Rights candidate." The kind of Equal Rights advocated by the Nation is very clearly shown in a short editorial wherein it reiterates a complaint published by one of the Mail's correspondents, that there are two Catholic teachers employed by the Ontario Education Department. While doing this it comically declares that "no one would object to the appointment of a thoroughly qualified teacher, simply on the ground that he or she was a Roman Catholic." It adds:

"But when it is well known that these appointments are made chiefly on the ground of creed, and to please the hierarchy, it is altogether a different matter. The Government has never recognized the right of other denominations to be represented in this way."

Where did the Nation learn that these teachers were appointed on the ground of their creed? Their competency is thoroughly well known throughout the Province, and two Catholics are but a small number to employ among the multitude of teachers in the Normal schools of the Province. But it did not require this exhibition of bigotry to show that by the term "Equal Rights" fanatics like the Nation mean "No Rights for Catholics."

A WRITER signing his letter "Scotus" sends to the New York Catholic Review the following timely and thoughtful suggestions in regard to our Presbyterian friends: "The proposed Presbyterian council for the revision and expurgating of Calvinistic doctrine will be, I conceive, an event of the first importance, not only to Calvinists, but also to Christians generally. If not impertinent, I would ask whether it does not deserve that, in due time, all Catholics, especially of America, be invited to public prayer to obtain from God for them and for all seekers after truth grace to recognize and courage to accept the divine light appointed guidance of the Catholic Church. At such a time men's minds are peculiarly open to conviction, and, apart from the efficacy of prayer, such action on our part cannot fail to impress many with a new sense of the broad charity that distinguishes the One, Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church."

### There and Here.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.  
When Dante, following the elder poet,  
Unsummoned entered sins avenging  
shade,  
Never a spirit there could help but know  
it  
By the dark shadow he in passing made.  
Things touched were moved—and there  
awoke a yearning  
In those sad spirits, stronger than their  
pain,  
That he, unto their loved on earth return-  
ing,  
Their names outspoken now, might  
speak again.  
Can we not tell of them the self-same story?  
When they come back to us do they not  
cast  
Their shadows over all the sunlight's glory:  
And dim the present by the shining past?  
Do they not often from untrodden places  
Press back the briars our fears have made  
too much—  
And smile assurance from their mourned-  
or faces  
And with hands folded lend move all they  
touch?  
And when the wearing links of pain that  
bind us  
Seem all too heavy for our strength to  
bear  
How often does their mystic coming find us  
Turning for solace to remembrance  
there!

FRANCIS M. SMITH.

### ANTI-CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

THE New York Commercial Advertiser says: "Of this abuse there have been a great many instances. Even in this city there are men in the prime of life who remember sentences like this in the school readers, 'The Roman Catholic religion is merely the old Roman paganism, with the images of the Virgin and the saints substituted for those of the pagan gods and goddesses.' There is a tradition among the Roman Catholics of one public school where the arithmetic was made to teach Protestantism by the use of such problems as this: 'If the Pope can pay a man out of purgatory in so many hours, and a Cardinal can pray him out in so many, and there are so many Cardinals, how long will it take them all to pray him out?' The first of these cases was, of course, extreme, the latter mythical. But the fact remains that in all intensely Protestant communities the teaching of Protestantism in the public schools has been of frequent occurrence. Boston furnished us an example about two years ago. The explanation in the school his-

tory of the Catholic doctrine of indulgences was little short of a caricature. Even where anti-Catholic doctrines have not been taught, the conducting of religious services without any of the Catholic ritual has seemed to Catholics—not without reason—to be aggressively Protestant."

### CATHOLIC PRESS.

N. Y. Catholic Review.  
Mr. Justin McCarthy often says a good thing, but he never said anything truer or more to the point than when in answer to a gentleman who thought the Catholic Church must be afraid of revolutions, he said: "Whatever changes take place must be changes which are directed by the spirit that rules the universe; and, therefore, the Catholic Church has no fear." This is the proper view of the Church's position. The revolutions of the last four centuries have swept from her millions of her children, but as a compensation her spirit has been renewed, and at the present moment she actually gains ground with every shift of the world's politics. Her fear has always been not that revolutions would overwhelm her, but that, when the storms had passed and the seed time and the harvest came, she would lack the laborers demanded of her.

### Chicago Catholic Home.

Two fanatics in California, the Prophets Erickson and Woodworth had proclaimed that on April 14th, Chicago, Milwaukee, San Francisco and other places would be submerged by a tidal wave thirty feet in height, or be totally destroyed by earthquakes. For weeks they had "made night hideous"—and day also—by preaching in the streets of California cities, exhorting the people to flee from the wrath to come. Strange as it may seem, their wild vituperations were listened to by hundreds, who, terror-stricken, fled to the mountains from the doomed cities. But April 14th came and went, and the awful destruction predicted did not come. On the day in question, Prophet Erickson's attention was called to the fact that the day was an unusually bright and sunny one, but he answered that his prophecy held good until the midnight of Monday. But that midnight melted away into the day of Tuesday and all the threatened cities are still in being. What satisfactory explanation these false prophets will give their deluded followers we know not, but we do not doubt that the latter will be easily persuaded to trust again in the mysterious powers of these agents of occult spirits. Our readers might be inclined to wonder at the foolishness of these blinded people, but it is an historical fact that in proportion as the sure guidance of the Catholic Church is cast off, do the unfaithful become superstitious and inclined to follow pretended wonderworkers. History informs us that the reformers in England were grossly captivated by degrading practices of superstition. Queen Elizabeth counseled the celebrated astronomer, Dr. Dee as to the appointing of a "lucky day" for her coronation. The famous, or infamous, Earl of Leicester, and Secretary Walsingham were also among this mountebank's patrons. After the overthrow of the ancient faith in England, soothsayers, sorcerers and wizards became so rare that laws had to be promulgated against them.

### "MERRIE" ENGLAND.

Rev. Father John S. Vaughan, preaching to a crowded congregation recently in the pro-Catholic, Kensington, from the text, "Without faith it is impossible to please God" (Hebrews xi, 6), said that some four or five hundred years ago the whole of England, from Berwick on Tweed to Lundy End in Cornwall, was bound together in the unity of Catholic faith. Master and servant, the lord and the laborer, knelt before the same altar and worshipped at the same shrine. Though innumerable were the churches and monasteries and convents scattered over the land, yet one and all were dedicated to the service of the same religion. From a thousand spires and turrets the joyous bells would ring out their merry peal at midday, and the reaper would stop his busy sickle and the housewife her spinning-wheel while they knelt to recite with becoming reverence the *Angelus Domini* in memory and in honor of the Incarnation. This was in the good old times when England was "Merrie" England, and "merrie" because there was more of the bright sunshine of God's grace and truth about it than it has ever enjoyed since. Indeed, we love to linger upon the thought of those thrice blessed days, and to picture to ourselves the condition of our country before it was rent and spoiled by religious strife, and torn by conflicting factions. Nor could we easily forget that period even if we would. There is too much to remind us of it. Hundreds of chapels, churches, monasteries and cathedrals, some in ruins, some standing, are yet to be seen in our midst, bearing their silent testimony to the historical fact that England was once Catholic. Indeed, among the many vast cathedrals now existing in this country, the most superb and majestic are those that date from Catholic times.—London University.

The Church has progressed marvelously in India. Fifty years ago there were in the Indian vicinities of Madras, Hyderabad, Nagpur and Vazganapatam only 23 churches or chapels; there are now 255. Half a century back the same districts possessed only 90 schools, now there are 55. The Hyderabad cathedral, built about 1848, and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, under the title of the Assumption, is a splendid structure in the decorated style of Gothic architecture. It was built almost entirely from the contributions of the Irish soldiers.



his hand and he kissed it very tenderly, as in fact he always did. At times during his illness I thought he would break it, he pressed it so hard to his lips. He put it to his lips several times and repeated the Holy Names, blessing himself with his crucifix.

At 3:35 he became unconscious. I put the crucifix to his lips several times, but he did not notice it. The doctor said he was making a hard fight, and that we could only pray and wait the end. At 4:15 the doctor said he could scarcely feel his pulse or the heat of his heart. I began the prayers for the dying again. When we had got about half way through Father Perry turned his head on one side. I got up to raise it. He was dead. Thus he passed away in our arms at 4:20. We knelt down and said the prayers for a soul departed, and we then informed the Captain, and asked him if he would take the body to the cathedral. I breathed a fervent act of thanksgiving when he said he would. We laid the body out in white vestments; he looked perfectly peaceful and quite himself. The body was carried by six marines to the bridge till the coffin was ready, in the boat in which he had died, covered with a Union Jack. At 10 p. m. the coffin was ready, and he was laid in it, his face quite calm and sweet as if he was asleep. The coffin was left on the bridge. Father Perry died about seventy miles from Demerara, lat. 6 56 N., long. 56 50 W. At 3:30 on Saturday morning we anchored two miles outside the lightship, which is itself twelve miles from Georgetown. The water being shallow the *Comus* could get no nearer. Captain Atkinson sent a boat to the lightship to inform them of Father Perry's death, which they were to signal to the shore, and warn them to make arrangements for the funeral.

Fortunately Lord Gormanston, the Governor, with Bishop Butler, had met Father Perry in Barbados, and wishing him to lecture at Georgetown had promised to send a steamer out as soon as the *Comus* was signalled. This arrangement was specially fortunate, as, owing to a mist coming on, the lightship could not signal Father Perry's death to the shore. The steamer arrived at 9:30, and came as close as it could. There were on board Lord Gormanston's private secretary and the Harbour Master, sent by the Governor to escort Father Perry. At 10 the Captain ordered all hands on deck; the same six marines who had carried the body before lowered it into the boat, and the solemn tolling of the ship's bell. Father Perry had been a great favourite, and all seemed to feel his death very much. On the evening on which he died, one of the blue-jackets came to me to say he was dejected by the other men on the lower deck to say how out they all were. At 10:30 we steamed to Georgetown, and the *Comus*, with her flag half-mast high, started for Barbados. On reaching land we found the Governor and the Scotch minister waiting to receive Father Perry, still ignorant of the sad reality. They had not noticed the flag half-mast high, and when they saw something was wrong they still thought Father Perry was only ill. There was still some difficulty in arranging the funeral, owing to objections raised by the officer of health; but it was finally settled that the body should be taken to the cathedral, as soon as the grave had been prepared, and after a short service there be carried at once to the cemetery. The Bishop received the body at the cathedral at 2, accompanied by all the clergy. At 2:30 the cortege started. The body was carried to the grave by six policemen, who walked by it to the grave. The hearse was followed by the Bishop's carriage, with the Governor, Father Stiles and minister waiting. Other fathers followed; then the Governor and his secretary.

Many others followed on foot, and next Mr. Chatterton and friends. The prayers at the grave were said by the Bishop; the body of Father Perry was lowered into the grave at 4 p. m. Thus did the good religious and great astronomer meet his end, devoting himself to the last to the work which he had taken up as the best way for him to work for God's greater glory.

His funeral was without pomp, but in many churches this week his month's mind has been celebrated as solemnly as possible, and at his own home for so many years, the Stourhurst he loved so much, the whole house joined in the solemn dirge on Monday evening and the Requiem on Tuesday morning.

Father Carmley, S. J., preached a powerful sermon, appealing for prayers for the departed priest, and speaking of him in words of deeply affectionate remembrance. R. I. P.

Not Their Place.

Written for the *Proctor*. The air was mild, the sky was clear. The lawn no more looked withered, serene; so warm was the sun's breath. I seemed that Winter died the death; when over the hills a bluebird flew. From far-off Southern sunny skies Lured by a ray that seemed of spring To Northern shores he took the wing. And thought to dwell in primrose dells And zephyrs sweet from daisies' kiss; Or soar in rapture on the breeze That wafted the newly budding trees. To spend his life in chirping free, The heart of brook and meadow-lee. O'er laughing brook and meadow-lee. But all false hope! again the blast From Winter's heart came cold and fast. Too weak to bear the chilly wind. The bluebird droops beneath the snow.

'Tis thus with him who, from afar, Through worldly eyes views that bright star Which sheds its beaming, luminous mild, Of him who's called Belshazzar's child. Drawn by its gleam he seeks the ground, Where grace and holy joys abound. And thinks that there in certain peace He'll live a life of bliss and ease. He'll soothe his mind in that soft bed Which flows from chaste Religion's calm. And while away his hours on earth In innocent and social mirth. Alas, how vain! He lacks the grace That summons to that sacred place; And soon beneath cold's cruel rule His heart's warm fervor glows to cool; And duties' sameness, day by day, So heavily on his soul doth weigh, That now his life he dreads to lay. While Grace breathes forth her last weak sigh.

To birds alone for Winter born, Have now and then who's charm; And only those whom God doth call Can thrive beneath monastic wall. JOHN S. MURPHY.

A dry, hacking cough keeps the bronchial tubes in a state of constant irritation, which, if not speedily removed, may lead to bronchitis. No prompter remedy can be had than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which is both an anodyne and expectorant.

NOT SCHOOLMASTERS.

THE PRIESTS OF THE CHURCH ARE CHRIST'S APOSTLES.

VERY REV. T. A. FINLAY, S. J., DEFINES THE POSITION OF THE CHURCH IN MATTERS OF EDUCATION—A PRIEST'S RIGHTS—AUTHORITY—JEALOUS FEAR OF THE CHURCH—REASONS FOR STATE INTERFERENCE.

At St. Paul's Church, Belfast, Ireland, recently, that distinguished Jesuit, Very Rev. T. A. Finlay, S. J., gave a powerful exposition of the claim of the Catholic Church of authority in matters of education. For the benefit of our readers we extract some of the most striking passages. The speaker said:

The real for education and the claim for exclusive control over it on the part of the civil government are of comparatively recent origin. In past centuries, when kings and their ministers were the rulers of nations, and war and diplomacy were regarded as the primary functions of State authority, the education of the people was left to the Church or to fortuitous private or personal agencies. It was not a burden which the heads of the State were anxious to take up, an expense for which they were ready to provide. And, besides, the paramount part the Church had taken in educating the people of Europe had brought men to look on education as primarily of her domain. It was regarded as a work for Christian zeal and Christian philanthropy. The founding of schools and the founding of hospitals were alike expected from Christian charity; and Christian charity, it will not be denied, responded munificently to the expectations thus addressed to it. But with progress of time and changes in the character and temper of governments, this view of the State's duties and rights gave place to a wholly new conception. The absolute form of government became more absolute still; the popular forms became more democratic. The change in the one direction and in the other affected the attitude of the State towards education.

THE AUTOCRATIC RULER, who had come to see in the nation which was subject to him a social organization specially contrived by Providence for his exaltation; which discharged its functions as a community only through him; which grew to greatness only by making him magnificent; which created wealth chiefly to fill his coffers; which made war or peace as his interests or his whims dictated, of whose power he was the only embodiment, and of whose voice he was the only mouthpiece—this man could not witness without jealous malignings the Church's action upon the mind of the young generations. The young were growing to maturity only to subvert his plans, and to work out his purposes. They should be taught, besides, that was their end of life, the key to their destiny, and there was no guarantee that the Church would teach them this lesson. She assumed to be the judge of kings, and she would inculcate allegiance to herself as a duty which would take precedence of duty to the throne. It became a necessity for the autocrat, who meant to be absolutely and effectually master of his people, to take their education into his own hands; to plan himself the methods and the principles which should be applied in their instructions, to provide a system under which they should be trained to subvert, if not to obedience, and in which, if they heard little of the sovereignty of God, they should hear a great deal about the supremacy of the crown. And what is the plea of justification for this policy of narrow bigotry and oppression, this outrage not only on the rights of the Church as a recognized religious organization but on the parents also whose children the State forces into its schools? Again, it is jealous fear of the Church, a dread that in some way or other she may supersede, in the estimation and reverence of the people, the ephemeral rulers whom popular favor and disfavor are daily making and pulling down. Even from the GREAT REPUBLIC OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE

(the United States) we have lately heard the cry that the supremacy of the people was in danger; that the Catholic Church was establishing a perilous ascendancy within the republic, and that the increase of her power constituted a pressing danger to the free institutions of the great federation. The distrust of autocrat and democrat alike proceeds from the same source, and ultimately finds its explanation in the same feeling: jealous fear of the Church's influence upon the popular mind. With both it is the same cry of resentment against what they are pleased to term priestly domination. They will not submit, they protest, to priestly rule; they will not have ecclesiastical control established over their state institutions. They will not admit the pretension that in every department of social life, public and private, the ambition of the priest and his love of power shall be free to assert themselves. They will, therefore, take the young generations out of his hands. They will save them from subjection to the yoke he would impose; they will teach them independence as well as obedience; to respect also the dignity of humanity in themselves, and thus train them to the habits of social virtue which make the useful citizen. What right has the ecclesiastical to come between the chiefs of the State and their subjects, or to dictate to the civil governments how it shall discharge its proper functions? We are familiar with this language. This is the result of the straining after the paltry privilege of worldly superiority. In the priest, whom the Church recognizes as the representative of her spirit, and whom she acknowledges as the genuine creation of her teachings and discipline—the priest whom, thank God, we know best

—there is no ambition, and it would be more than a surprise that there should be. You know him well—a man of unpretending mien, of simple habits, of familiar address, of ready sympathy with the afflicted. You have seen him surrounded by the helping children of the poor, teaching them the rudiments of God's law. You have seen him in his visits to the bedside of the dying. You have seen him seeking out the victim of disease and poverty in the dark places of a great city like this, or again plodding along the lonely country road or climbing the mountain bridle path, in the same business of mercy. He has been grounded

in the theory of the nothingness of human greatness and the nothingness of human glory, and the theory finds equal confirmation in his own experience unless he wholly fails to read the lessons of life which his ministry is constantly enforcing upon him. He has stood by the bed where the child of promise, the hope of an aspiring house, was dying, and has had to point the aspiration of souls whose projects of greatness were perishing to a higher world which they had forgotten. The struggle and the sacrifice of youth, re-echoing at the bidding of death its hot hopes and gorgeous ambitions, have been accomplished before his eyes with the help of his exhortations. The grave where the poor heart, fretted by the thousand eager enthusiasms of life, had come to rest and been dissolved, has closed under blessing from his hand. No, no; he is not, he cannot be, ambitious. We might, perhaps, suspect him of being cynical in his views, and frankly simple. He is not ambitious; ascendancy in any sphere of social life he does not seek and would not accept; and, nevertheless, he disputes with the masters of the State the control of the public systems of education. He will insist that

HIS VOICE SHALL BE HEARD and his counsels respected in the framing of the plans, legislative or otherwise, which affect the destinies of the young, and that he shall be permitted an effective influence in all institutions of education however established. What is his motive for seeking this control? If we exclude the ambition with which he is absurdly reproached? We sometimes hear fervent apostles of the Church defending her right of interference in education on the ground that she has been the great educator of Europe, and that education, as she has proved, is part—important part—of her mission. This argument is not an argument, the priest himself does not urge. Education, in the ordinary sense of that term, is not a part of the special mission of the Church. Her mandate is to preach the word of God, not to teach school. Her ministers are apostles, not schoolmasters. If the Kingdom of heaven can best be established by school methods she will adopt them for the time; but if school methods are a hindrance to the coming of that Kingdom she will resist them without scruple. If then the priest claims to interfere in education it is not in virtue of his pretensions as a schoolmaster, but under pressure of his duty to seek first the Kingdom of God; to bring home the knowledge of it to every soul that owes allegiance to the Church. He has to announce it to the young and to the old, and in the case of both to watch for and to resist the influences that are hostile to it. He is the appointed guardian of the flock of Christ, and is responsible for their safety. It is his duty, as it is his right, to assure himself when they pass into the hands of other teachers and other guides that his teaching and his guidance shall not be undone or undermined. THE SCHOOL WHICH IS ANTI-CHRISTIAN his teachings will be undone; in the school which is not anti-Christ his teachings will be undermined. He has the right—more than the right—the duty, to follow his flock into the school and assure himself that it is neither anti-Christian nor un-Christian. Let who will question his right of entrance his answer is ready. It is in him his mission. He can point to the children and say, as no one else can, "I come among them because they are mine." And if he is further asked whence this claim is derived, he can make answer with reverent use of the words of the Redeemer, "The Father has given them to me out of the world." And here the question is brought down to its ultimate issue. Either there is a Gospel of Christ and a Kingdom of God, and certain men are commissioned to preach them, or there are not. If there are not, then religion is an imposture, and the rulers and statesmen who tolerate it are coniving at a fraud. If there are in very truth such things as these, then the interests which they represent are paramount to all others, and it is the supreme obligation of the minister of State to allow the ministers of this great spiritual system the freedom of teaching truth and blundering error, without which there can be no Kingdom of God on earth. Thus much for State obligations and the duties of State authorities, and in justification of the claims we address to them. For ourselves, we hold, of course, that there is for us a law, the source and pledge of life eternal, that in our present existence finds its only explanation, and our hopes for a hereafter their only guarantee; that we cannot in any theory of Government rights let it out of our hearts all the days of our life; and that with Government aid or without it, under Government favor or in the face of Government opposition, we must teach it to our children and our children's children.

What is sweeter than roses That bloom in the beauty of June? Or the red, lily and fragrant lilies Brought down to us in the dew? Ah, sweeter the roses blowing On the cheeks of those we love, And the lily of health that's glowing The cheeks' red rose above.

But how soon the lily and the rose wither in the faces of our American women. Why is it? Simply because so many of them are victims of weakness, irregularities and functional derangements incidental to the sex. If they would use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription all these beauty and health-destroying ailments might be warded off, and we would hear less about women "growing old before their time." To regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, Dr. Pierce's Pellets excel. One a dose.

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Disease of the Kidneys. QUAKER GAP, Stokes Co., N.C., July 8, 1888. W. H. COMSTOCK: Dear Sir—Your Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills have effected a most remarkable cure. My mother was suffering from kidney difficulties; the disease had got so firm a grip upon her that she could not walk a step. I bought a box of your pills and commenced giving her two pills every night; before she had taken all of one box she could walk about the house. Today she is perfectly well and says that Dr. Morse's Pills saved her life. Yours, &c., L. W. FENNELL.

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Catholic Record.

London, Sat., May 3rd, 1890.

THE MONTH OF MAY AND OF MARY.

The institution of days or periods during which special consideration of some mystery of religion is recommended to the Christian is a wise practice of the Church, inasmuch as by this means all the chief truths which have an influence upon our salvation, or a relation to the work of our Redemption, are brought before us in succession.

During the month of May the virtues and prerogatives of Mary the Mother of God afford us ample matter for reflection, whether we regard them as evidences of God's bounty, which should lead us to admire that infinite goodness which bestows favors gratuitously, or the bestowal of new gifts and graces in recompense for virtues which have been put into practice.

Under both of these respects there is an inexhaustible subject for our admiration in God's dealings with the Blessed Virgin, and much for which the whole human race has cause for never-ending gratitude. To that class of favors which was gratuitously conferred upon Mary the Mother of God, the Immaculate Conception of course belongs.

The Blessed Virgin was not freed from sin, after being partaker in the contagion, but by a special grace, and through the infinite efficacy of the Redemption which Christ came on earth to bring to man, she was absolutely freed from the stain of sin before she contracted it.

This grace of the Immaculate Conception was needed in Mary in order to secure the absolute spotlessness of Christ Himself, and it was, of course, one of the graces conferred upon Mary gratuitously.

Who are these politicians, both Provincial and Dominion, whom the Equal Rightsists denounce so pertinaciously? They are those who, for twenty, thirty, or even forty years, have commanded the confidence of the Canadian public, and who, owing to their ability and honesty of purpose, have administered the affairs of the country for these lengthened periods, because they possessed the confidence of the great majority of the people.

These considerations serve to show us in what light the traditions of the Catholic Church have always regarded the sinlessness of Mary. She is sinless, not only because she received special graces from God, but also because, in the exercise of her free will, she co-operated with all the graces conferred upon her, and thus increased her store of sanctity and merited new favors from her Creator, without any stint or limit of which we can conceive.

The month of May has been selected by the Church as peculiarly suitable for cultivating devotion to the Blessed Virgin, because what happens in the spiritual order by the advent of Mary upon the earth has its analogy in the natural order each year when the month of May returns to gladden its aspect.

refreshing verdure which cheered our hearts as we gazed upon it. Even the grass, which grows spontaneously, has ceased to enliven our sight. But as May approaches a change is at once apparent. The grass appears first on one spot; then another bleak spot is covered with its mantle of green, the trees give forth their buds, and the leaves spring forth by degrees, until, when May is with us, the earth, which was lately so desolate and deathlike, has become a very garden of delights.

On the spiritual life of the world the advent of the Immaculate Mary has a similarly vivifying effect. It was the wickedness of mankind which brought on the general deluge for the punishment of the world; yet, at the period when Mary was conceived and born immaculate, the demoralization of mankind must have been almost, if not quite, as great as when God determined to destroy the human race because man's wickedness was intolerable.

Ernest Catholics should, during this month, endeavor to profit by the graces which will certainly be imparted to those who regard Mary as their mother, and who imitate her virtues, and especially her love for her Divine Son.

A DEATH WAIL.

The Rev. Dr. Caven, Principal of Knox College and prime mover and President of the Equal Rights Association, is out with a new manifesto in vindication of the policy of that organization from the severe criticisms with which it has been received by all who desire the peace and prosperity of our country.

There is nothing which more clearly points out the preposterousness of the demands of the so called Equal Rightsists than the unanimity with which its leaders attack all the political parties in the country as if they were slaves of the Pope and the much-abused Jesuits; and Dr. Caven, like his colleagues in the existing agitation, does not hesitate to malign all parties to similar purpose if not quite so opprobriously as the Rev. Superintendent or ex-Bishop Carman of the Canadian Methodist Church.

We do not traduce the parties in saying that the Church of Rome has been zealously courted by both, and that, while both Conservatives and Reformers will know that Rome has her own ends to serve and cares nothing for their politics, they will stick at little which may help them, or the time, to secure the Catholic vote.

Who are these politicians, both Provincial and Dominion, whom the Equal Rightsists denounce so pertinaciously? They are those who, for twenty, thirty, or even forty years, have commanded the confidence of the Canadian public, and who, owing to their ability and honesty of purpose, have administered the affairs of the country for these lengthened periods, because they possessed the confidence of the great majority of the people.

In the Dominion Parliament, especially, every interest in Canada is pretty fairly represented. Catholics form in it a considerable element, but it cannot be said that they have any influence beyond what is due to them, for their representation falls far short of what their ratio to population would justly demand.

Surely all the honesty and statesmanship of the Canadian Parliament are not

concentrated in the thirteen who voted in the minority on that occasion, thirteen nobodies, for the most part, who never have been, and who probably never will be, considered by the people of Canada as their ablest and most upright representatives. They are remarkable chiefly for their virulent hostility to Catholics, who must, after all, be recognized as an important factor of the population of the country, even though they be but a minority.

But Principal Caven abuses not only the leading politicians but also the two political parties of the Dominion, Reformers and Conservatives. This is running amuck with a vengeance, for the two parties constitute almost the whole population of the country.

Dr. Caven very needlessly alarms himself and endeavors to alarm the public lest there will be in the future some encroachments of "Romanists" upon the rights of Protestants. There have been no such encroachments in Quebec, where Catholics form the great majority of the people, so surely, they need not be expected in the other Provinces wherein Protestants are so decidedly in the ascendant.

Ernest Catholics should, during this month, endeavor to profit by the graces which will certainly be imparted to those who regard Mary as their mother, and who imitate her virtues, and especially her love for her Divine Son.

The Rev. Dr. Caven, Principal of Knox College and prime mover and President of the Equal Rights Association, is out with a new manifesto in vindication of the policy of that organization from the severe criticisms with which it has been received by all who desire the peace and prosperity of our country.

There is one pleasant feature about Dr. Caven's manifesto, that is the virtual admission that the Equal Rights movement is really defunct. It is the chant of the dying swan. The President of the Association, besides acknowledging, as we have seen above, that the great parties in the country wish to see the end of the organization, says: "It is too soon to predict the fate of the Equal Rights movement."

Such an appeal would be quite unnecessary if there were a spark of vitality in the concern.

A MORMON PROBLEM.

While we Canadians are troubling ourselves about the influx of Mormons from Utah into the North-West, and fearing lest the four or five hundred followers of Brigham Young who have settled in that territory may form the nucleus of a polygamous population in Canada, and are legislating to prevent the threatened misfortune, we seem to have overlooked the fact that Mormonism is not confined to the neighborhood of Lee's Creek.

The most of these are in the Western part of Ontario, London, Kent and Elgin Districts, wherein the membership reaches 1276. The rest are found chiefly in Nova Scotia and Manitoba. It is reported that the progress of the sect is very satisfactory, but it will be anything but satisfactory to the people of Ontario to learn that this superstition has made among them such strides as to have increased nearly 13 per cent. in a single year.

should make progress at all in our midst.

It will be remarked that Mormonism has made its converts among the non-Catholics of Canada. Might not the opponents of religious education in the schools learn from this that there is a decided benefit to be derived from the teaching of religion in the school room, if it serves only to check the growth of such a system of belief and practice? Surely the fanatics who are seeking to destroy the Catholic schools would be better occupied if they were to devise rather the means of giving to their children more efficient religious teaching, for without such teaching the principles of morality itself cannot be efficiently inculcated.

ARCHBISHOP CLEARY'S CIRCULAR.

The Mail and its bevy of unscrupulous correspondents still keep harping on Archbishop Cleary's private circular to the priests of his diocese, on the necessity of supporting, by every means in their power, the existing Catholic Separate school system, as provided by law. What the Mail and its fanatical contributors have to do with interfering between a Catholic Bishop and his clergy, is a puzzle that human calculation may vainly try to solve.

Archbishop Cleary's circular is nothing but a private and confidential instruction to the clergy of his diocese respecting the sacraments of the Church and the dispositions required in the recipient for their valid administration by the priest.

The circular merely ordains what is to be the rule henceforth in the diocese of Kingston, and it is nothing else than what for many years has been the ecclesiastical law in every other diocese in this Province. Kingston diocese has at all times proved so faithful to the Church in regard of Catholic education of youth, that the Bishop saw no necessity for enacting the law of "reservation."

If unhappily there be any Catholic ratepayers, "who in this hour of conflict between the Kingdom of Satan and the Kingdom of Christ," deliberately choose to side with the enemy for the gradual destruction of Catholic education in this Province, I hereby charge you, as the pastor of the souls of your people and guardian of the rights of Jesus Christ and His Church, to call upon every ratepayer before the 1st of next March, and announce to him in my name and authority, as his bishop, that:

1. His action in this matter is "rebellion against the Church," and he comes under the anathema pronounced by the Son of God, "If any man will not hear the Church let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican."

2nd. That I hereby reserve to myself alone, or, in my absence from my diocese, to the Administrator for the time being, all power of absolving such rebellious Catholics from his sins, unless he shall have signed a written declaration, or ordered it to be signed by his agent, that he heartily repents of having injured the Church and scandalized his neighbors by his withdrawal of his taxes from Catholic education, and shall have promised to become a supporter of the Separate school at the earliest opportunity. On receipt of this declaration in writing, any priest of my diocese may absolve him.

this enactment, but an explicit declaration of the divine law of sacramental action, with special reference to a particular class of public sinners, to whom the law of God would be applicable, whether reserved by the Bishop or not, but whose case, by reason of its present importance, the Archbishop reserves to himself for judgment in each individual application for pardon.

The circular plainly sets forth the nature and gravity of the public sin reserved by him, viz: in the conflict between Satan and Christ. The bad Catholic has taken sides with the agents of Satan. His act is co-operation with the enemies of religion, for the gradual destruction of Catholic education in this Province, and constitutes nothing less than rebellion against the Church, whose right and paramount duty it is to "feed the lambs and feed the sheep."

The consequences of the public sinner's obduracy in his sinful disposition, even in the article of death, are detailed most carefully by the Archbishop for the guidance of his clergy. These, too, are but an enforcement of the common law of the Church, practiced throughout the ages, in regard of public sinners, who refuse to repent at death.

INTIMIDATION.

The men and journals that take a special delight in slandering Archbishop Cleary, and misrepresenting his motives, have raised the cry that His Grace's circular was issued with a view to intimidate and frighten the Catholics into signing the necessary declaration in regard to Separate schools, on or before the 1st of March.

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But let us suppose that His Grace of Kingston had issued his instructions a whole month previous to the 1st of March, where is the unreasonable or unjustified intimidation? No parent or legislator, no judge or teacher, will presume to say that all intimidation is unlawful or unjust. On the contrary, all and every one of them must admit that correction, restraint, holy fear and downright intimidation is at times wholesome and necessary for all. It is oftentimes forcibly asserted and exercised for the direction of erring minds, and the counterbalancing of pernicious influences.

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with his religious profession, and consequently a sin against conscience. By Catholics, however, it cannot be otherwise regarded than as an act of treason against Christ and His Kingdom. If the civil power is justified in employing intimidation against Protestant ratepayers, should they refuse to pay their taxes to the support of Protestant schools, whether they like to do so or not, how can the Church be blamed for withholding her blessings and spiritual privileges from rebellious children who resist her authority and strive to divest her of her divine right of guardianship of her children's moral and intellectual training?

If a man professes to be a Catholic, let him abide by the Church's laws, or submit, as he must, to the judgment of her tribunals, or openly apostatize. He cannot be Catholic in name and anti-Catholic in practice. She cannot tolerate this. Christ has armed her with all sufficient power of self-protection against traitors from within and enemies from without, and against all the forces, visible and invisible, of the "Prince of Darkness" and the "Gates of Hell."

THE BATTLE BEGUN.

The election is on us. Mr. Meredith and Mr. Creighton have mailed their colors to the mast, and orange is the prevailing tint. The men who declare publicly that the Catholics of this country are the "common enemy" have no more reason for existence than Orangeism, whose sole aim and end is to uphold Protestant ascendancy.

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A WOULD-BE DANIEL.

The anti Catholic press are parading a letter from one Michael J. Maloney, who has written from Chicago to prop up the cause of the Equal Right fanatics by decrying Catholic schools. He states that Father Stafford (formerly of Lindsay) admitted with pain and regret that "Catholic ratepayers cannot afford first class teachers in their schools."

Mr. Maloney evidently knows but little of the subject of which he treats, and his letter, full of ungrammaticalisms and mis-statements, does not indicate that he is an authority in educational matters. He was formerly a resident of Kingston, and he must know that the Catholic schools of Kingston are in a most flourishing condition; but as he has been some years in Chicago he is certainly not in a position to sit in judgment as to the efficiency of the Catholic schools of Ontario.

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD. The festival of Easter was observed with unusual solemnity in all the city churches. At the cathedral four Masses were celebrated, the last being at 10.30, at which the Bishop pontificated, assisted by deacons of honor, assistant priest, deacon and sub-deacon. A full choir rendered Haydn's Mass with orchestra accompaniment. At the end of Mass His Lordship preached from the gospel of the day, after which he imparted the apostolic benediction.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH. In the afternoon at 3.30 Vespers were sung at St. Joseph's German church, at which His Lordship assisted and preached, after which he granted a plenary indulgence to all who had approached the sacraments of penance and Holy Eucharist.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH. In the morning two Masses were celebrated, at half past ten the music was particularly grand, the choir being under the direction of Rev. Chancellor Claven, assisted by an excellent orchestra. In the evening the vocal and instrumental music was equally brilliant. The bishop was also present and preached, after which he granted the plenary indulgence to each of the faithful who had complied with their Easter duty on the morning of the festival.

On Low Sunday at 7.30 a. m., the members of the various organizations approached Holy Communion at the Mass celebrated by the Bishop. On the same morning at 8.30 the children of the Parochial schools received Holy Communion and were addressed by His Lordship. PATRONAGE OF ST. JOSEPH. Sunday last, the feast of the patronage of St. Joseph, Rev. Father Hinchey celebrated Mass, assisted by Rev. Fathers Robert Brady as deacon, and Halm as sub-deacon. A brilliant discourse suitable to the occasion was delivered by Rev. Father Brady. In the cathedral solemn Mass was also celebrated at which Rev. Father Cronin, of Dunville, preached. Rev. Father O'Leary officiated last Sunday at Dunville and Rev. Father O'Sullivan at Freelon on the Sunday previous. Vicar General Keogh officiated at Brantford assisted by Rev. Father O'Sullivan, and Rev. Father Lannon officiated at Paris. Rev. Father McCann has left Brantford on a visit to his native land before proceeding to his new home in California. Vicar-General Keogh has already in less than one year paid off \$1000 of the debt on his new parish. Well done for Paris! A Polish mission was lately given by the Rev. Father Bietkopf, C. R., of Berlin, in St. Joseph church. Several of the citizens sailed over the Bay last Sunday to visit Holy Sepulchre cemetery, and all admired the beautiful new chapel and vault which are rapidly approaching completion. Three new

structures in the city have already been commenced, the new church of St. Lawrence at the bay, the new palace for the clergy adjoining the cathedral, and a new school for boys convenient to the old palace, which is to be converted into an academy for higher education under the direction of the Christian Brothers.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD. On his departure from the diocese of London, Rev. Father Shea was presented by his fellow priests with an address and a handsome present. The presentation took place at the Rev. Father Ronan's residence, Wallaceburg. Rev. Father Cummins read the address, which was as follows:

To the Rev. Father Shea: REV. AND DEAR SIR—It is with sorrow and regret that we your brother priests have recently heard of your intended departure from our midst. You cannot imagine how we felt on learning this sad news. We know the loss we are about to sustain; we feel that we are losing a kind and good brother priest, and it makes our hearts ache. How could it be otherwise? You have been a faithful priest amongst us for the last twenty-two years. We have grown old in each other's society, and during those years you have endeavored yourself to us by your generous hospitality, your gentle society and your Christian example, ever wise and prudent in counsel, and ever willing to assist us by your sacred eloquence so well and so favorably known. We are assembled here to-day to do you an honor most worthily deserved, and when absent from us rest assured that the good wishes and affection of the London priests will ever be with you. Before leaving us please accept this gift as a slight token of the affection and esteem in which you are held by the friends you leave behind you.

Rev. Father Shea replied by saying that he could not express the sorrow and regret he felt in leaving the priests of the diocese, and especially the good Catholic people of Seaford. If the choice were left to him now to decide to leave them—to bid them the last farewell—he would never undergo the trying ordeal he had just experienced. He was now leaving his brother priests, and it was a great consolation to him that he had never exchanged an angry word with any of them; and if at any time he may have hurt the feelings of any of them, it was not intentional, nor was he aware of having done so. He denied the statement in the address that he was eloquent. He said that he was not and that he had no claim to oratory or eloquence. He concluded his modest and touching reply by extending to his brother priests his kindest wishes for their welfare. He hoped that if he had not the happiness to meet them again on earth that he would meet all in heaven.

LOUIS VEUILLOT.

To the Editor of the Catholic Record: DEAR SIR—In your numbers of the 10th and 12th instants you published the whole of the article of the London Month (the English organ of the Society of Jesus), written in 1883, in vindication of the memory of the great lay champion of the Catholic Church, Louis Veulliot. Liberal Catholicism received its death-blow from the great Vatican Council, but like the scot-dog snake, it still yells wriggles. You have done well, therefore, to set before your readers and ever growing circle of readers the splendid article in which Father Longueau shows us how to estimate at their real value the attacks, still from time to time renewed, upon the character of the "great Christian apologist," the "lay Tertullian of the Nineteenth Century."

The following "appreciation" of Father Longueau's article is extracted from a letter I have just received from a friend, to whom I had given copies of the CATHOLIC RECORD containing the excerpt from the Month: "The admirable article from the Month on Louis Veulliot published in the CATHOLIC RECORD is a rare literary treat. I have not, in a long time, read anything that pleased me so much. The writer had, in my opinion, a marvellously accurate conception of the great journalist's character and of the exact motives and principles by which he was actuated throughout his long, arduous and remarkably successful career. He has sketched that career with a master hand. It is seldom one meets nowadays with a piece of composition so elegant in style, so polished in expression and so eminently calculated to attain the end aimed at—the analysis and vindication of a character, grand and unique in the important role he played but misunderstood and misjudged, even, by many who should have been his champions. Were I only capable such is the review I would write of Veulliot's life and labors."

I think you will agree with me, sir, that my friend has a somewhat too humble opinion of his own literary powers. I conclude by venturing the suggestion that not one in ten of Louis Veulliot's mailings ever read ten pages of any of his splendid works. Your's sincerely, VAICAN.

HOME RULE.

THE BATTLE FOR A PARLIAMENT IN COLLEGE GREEN.

Mr. Wallace, whose name indicates sufficiently that he is a thorough Scotchman, is the Liberal member of Parliament for East Edinburgh. Addressing a public meeting at Norwood, he related the mode of thought which led him to become a Home Ruler. He, like many other people, had always heard that Irishmen are wild and irreclaimable, but he continued: "I made it a rule to examine every part of my political creed; and when I came to sit in judgment on this particular tenet of my faith, the strange part of the story is that the very thing the Government considered their armoury, out of which they were to draw the weapons to destroy the Irish party—the arch-beggy, the sort of scooped-out turnip with light falling from the eyeballs warranted to scare the village population (laughter)—that was the very thing that made me a Home Ruler. We used to read in the papers of the dreadful deeds perpetrated by the dynamite party, and I asked myself, What can it be in the world, what can it be that has so fanatical Irishmen, men of single mind and of unselfish purpose (for they had nothing personally to gain by these acts), men vouched for by Michael Davitt, whose nobility of purpose and pity of life I am quite convinced of—what can have prevailed with men of this class to speak and act like fiends, like men possessed with devils rather than rational beings? I looked deeply into the Irish question and found that what seemed so inexplicable was but the outcome, and the not unnatural outcome, of the desperate wrongs perpetrated by the English hands, which had but grown in intensity and bitterness as it was handed down from generation to generation, and acted upon by men of highly strung and impassioned natures, whose feelings it is impossible for us as mere spectators to understand. I felt that the agitator was not the cause, but the effect, of Irish agitation—he was the fruit and not the root of a movement that saved the people from national despair. I was convinced that the craving for self government, which had grown and strengthened in the course of centuries, was an ineradicable and hereditary feature of the Irish character, and so what could I do but go in strongly for Home Rule for Ireland (applause)? This was how I found salvation (laughter)—as my countryman, Campbell Bannerman, calls it. We Scotch are called slow, but when once we see a thing heaven and earth, and what is under the earth—(laughter)—won't make us let it go once we get hold of it. They say a Scotchman holds tight to a halpenny, and as for a sixpence you can never get it from him (laughter). We don't let it go and we won't let it go till we have made it triumphant, and the need of it no longer exists."

Mr. Wallace is evidently in earnest, and in the after part of his speech he demonstrated how thoroughly the Irish party were exonerated by the special commission from participation in crime. They were accused of not denouncing crimes ostentatiously enough, but surely when we have heard of a murderer who is not bound to buttonhole every man we meet and say, "have you heard of this murder? murder is a dreadful thing I never murder. Did you hear of the last case of pocket-picking? I never pick pockets. If ever your pocket be picked, do not imagine I did it."

On the charge of boycotting, Mr. Wallace thus defended the Irish Nationalists: "The judges say they incited to no crime, with one exception, and that was boycotting. And what is boycotting? It is a form of non-resistance. It means that I won't talk to Tom, Dick or Harry. I am not bound to do so; if I turn my back on Tom, Dick, or Harry in the street it may be a want of politeness, but it certainly is not a crime. As long as it is eyes on and hands off, it is perfectly justifiable, although I cannot defend eyes off and hands on. The landgrabbers in Ireland in the meanest creature that crawls, and it is perfectly righteous and a necessary operation to bring him to his senses by the force of public opinion—(hear, hear)—and it is this, apart altogether from every violence, which the Irish party advocate."

Habitual Discourtesy.

There was a sharp passage at arms in the House of Commons recently between Mr. Sexton and Sir W. Marriott owing to a dastardly imputation made by the latter, wherein the forged letters of the Times were quoted as if they were probably authentic. Mr. Sexton called attention to a speech delivered by Sir W. Marriott at the St. James's Restaurant on Wednesday, and reported in the Times of the following day. He complained in particular of Sir W. Marriott's comments on the report of the Special Commission, objecting especially to his remark that a mystery still hung over the forged letters. This, he submitted, constituted a gross breach of the privileges of the House of Commons. The Speaker replied that whether the remarks of Sir W. Marriott were just or unjust was a matter of opinion, but they did not refer to the conduct of any member, and it was clear that the case was not one that could be submitted to the House as a matter of privilege.

Sir W. Marriott remarked that a great deal of his speech was spoken, not in a serious way, but rather as a chief of staff, and he never made a single charge against any Irish member. Mr. Sexton said that, as Sir W. Marriott had made in public false charges which he has since retracted, he had spoken in chaff, he would leave him to the contempt of the House and the country. The constant discourtesy shown to the Irish members of Parliament, which is backed up by the Speaker and a hostile majority, is one of the most convincing proofs of the need of a Home Parliament, where the demands of the Irish nation will be listened to with respect, at least, even when they are not acceded to. It is said to be Mr. Goschen's intention to endeavor to make a split between

the Irish Nationalists and Liberals by embodying in his Land Purchase Bill some clauses of Mr. Parnell's motion. Mr. Parnell regards Mr. Goschen's offer to do this as a trap, as his scheme can only be effective when worked by itself. Mr. Parnell moved that the Irish Land Purchase Bill be rejected. He said that the measure justified the claims the Nationalists made nine years ago. He welcomed Mr. Parnell as the latest recruit to the ranks of land reformers. While accepting the Government's recognition of the principle of the land for the people, Mr. Parnell declared that he could not admit that the bill was a satisfactory solution of the land question. The initial question was how far the British tax payer would go in lending credit to the Irish landlord. The experience gained by the discussion of Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill in 1886 showed that the taxpayer would not go far enough finally to settle the land difficulty. The present bill was simply to enable one set of the owners in Ireland, these being the larger absentee landlords, to sell out at exorbitant prices, leaving their poorer brethren in the lurch. Sir George O. Trevelyan objected to the Bill on the ground that it was introduced in the interests of individuals and not of the State. The Liberals, he said, desired not to remove landlords from Ireland, but to increase their number from the ranks of solvent, reliable tenants. The present Bill dealt with good and bad alike. The proposals relative to the congested districts were altogether inadequate. He protested against the enormous salaries proposed for the Commissioners and against the non-representative character of the proposed Land Court. In the event of a serious war the scheme would collapse from inability to borrow at 2 1/2 per cent. The measure was unworlable, and would produce discord instead of content.

IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE.

REV. DR. O'REILLY'S LECTURE BEFORE THE TORONTO BRANCH.

Last night Rev. Father O'Reilly, of Detroit, Treasurer of the American branch of the Irish National League, lectured in the Grand Opera House in aid of the funds of the League. Mr. Patrick Boyle was chairman, and with him on the platform were several well known Toronto Irish Home Rulers. The audience was not large, but every enthusiastic. In introducing the lecturer the chairman referred to the great work he had done for Ireland and hoped that the Irish in Ireland would soon be in the same free happy condition that the Irish in Canada were.

Rev. Father O'Reilly is a gentleman of good presence and a fluent and eloquent speaker. He began his lecture by appealing to the kindness of his audience. He was suffering from a severe cold, but he had concluded that if he had to come to Toronto on a stretcher he would come, and as William O'Brien had said, "I have only one life to lose and if Ireland wants it she can have it." The lecturer then said that if any one wished to know why Ireland wanted help he must go to Ireland to find out. Ireland wanted help because she was really in a state of revolution. A great line had to be drawn between the Irish and British members of Parliament. Out of the eighty odd Irish members of Parliament thirty-six had been imprisoned within the last few years. What did those Irish members go to jail for? Was it for sport and pastime or on account of their honest convictions? There was a time when the Irish priest from America on visiting Ireland first asked to be shown the old castles, the old churches, etc., but now he first asked to be shown the Irish gaols. Almost every gaol in Ireland had recently been consecrated by the imposition of Irish priests. The cells in these gaols were as small as was consistent with the preservation of life. They were about 6 by 9 feet, had a plank bed, were dimly lighted and heavily barred. The diet in them for first-class misdemeanants was breakfast, 8 oz. of bread; dinner, 3 oz. of stick-bread; supper, 8 oz. bread and all the waste there was explained. Every convict went to these Irish prisons who had been imprisoned. Such a diet was bound to break down the strongest man. Prison life in Ireland was either death or the vestibule to a lunatic asylum. Yet out of the thousands imprisoned by the British Government not one had been subdued, and every one of them had left the gaol saying he would repeat the offence for which he had been sent to prison. The lecturer then explained the methods of boycotting in England, stating that Captain Boycott, from whom the word originated, after being in America and Australia, was now back in Ireland, and after dealing with his tenants in a liberal manner, was being well treated. The manner of distributing the \$100,000 sent to Ireland for National League purposes within the last three years was explained. Every convict went to these Irish prisons who had been imprisoned. Such a diet was bound to break down the strongest man. Prison life in Ireland was either death or the vestibule to a lunatic asylum. Yet out of the thousands imprisoned by the British Government not one had been subdued, and every one of them had left the gaol saying he would repeat the offence for which he had been sent to prison.

During his lecture Rev. Father O'Reilly was frequently cheered, and whenever the names of Gladstone, David, Biggar and O'Brien were mentioned the applause was loud and prolonged. The band of the Irish Boreston Society was present and played during the evening. Owing to the indisposition of the rev. gentleman his lecture was a brief one. As an aid to internal remedies for skin diseases, Dr. Low's Sulphur Soap proves very valuable.

O'Donoghue's Return.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

"Once every seven years, on a fine morning, before the first rays of the sun have begun to disperse the mists from the bosom of the lake, the O'Donoghue comes riding over it on a beautiful, snow white horse, intent upon household affairs, fairies hovering before him and strewn his path with flowers. As he approaches his ancient residence everything returns to its former state of magnificence. Before the sun has risen the O'Donoghue recrosses the water and vanishes."

In the earliest dawn of the morning I went to meet Beauty alone, While the dew drops her mantle adorning Were like gems that some fairy had sown. By the ivy-clad ruin uncertain I paused, for 'tis dreary and dim Till the angel of morn lifts the curtain And the wild birds their mattins begin. Like a star in the ether beclouded, Still as infant asleep on Love's breast, The lake in the mist lay enshrouded. Since the sunset had kissed it to rest. But hark! what is this that comes striding O'er the waters as if they were earth? 'Tis the chieftain O'Donoghue, riding To the beautiful land of his birth. See the fairies strew roses around him, For their petals lie crushed in his track, For a spell from the past has enbowed him, And the long, long ago has come back. The castle (a ruin no longer) Rises fair as in youth it first rose, By its legends of valor made stronger, And its flag floating far o'er its foes. Fair ladies the harp strings are waking, Brave chiefs lead the chase o'er the hill, And the laughter of children is making Sweet Echo the sport of its will. But soon over wave and through willow, Ere the sky win the cloud from the lake, From the dearly loved home of his childhood His way must O'Donoghue take. 'Tis not known if his home be in Heaven Or where souls are made perfect through pain; But this once when the years count the seven, He comes back to Killarney again. But I know that if I were in Heaven— Where they nevermore dream about pain—I would wish for one year in each seven To visit Killarney again. FRANCES M. SMITH.

NEW TIPPERARY.

The county in which each Irishman was born, to him naturally is the best. But all born out of Tipperary agree that that splendid spread of fertility and richness of its soil is the second best. Therefore, by a logic plain to the understanding of a child, Tipperary is the pride of the throng, and indeed it is usually entitled the premier county of Ireland. The poets have sung it and the grand district itself has been the cradle of some of the most illustrious names of the nation. Richard Dalton Williams, the gentle, Charles Kickham, and the thoughtful Ellen O'Leary. Our great national singer, the man who put a new soul into the country, Thomas Davis, has immortalized "The Man of Tipperary" of stately form and warm heart. Mary Eva Kelly has fully celebrated the charms and merits of the stretch of loveliness in the poem beginning:

Were you ever in sweet Tipperary, where The meadow-brown and blue bloom and the gates look down with so proud a mien? 'Tis there you would see more beauty than on all Irish ground— And bless you, my sweet Tipperary, for where could you like be found?

And how truly she paints the characteristics of the race that inhabit it, a race with a spirit as bold and frank as their own mountain breezes:

You've a hand for the grasp of friendship— another to make them quake, And they're welcome to whatsoever it pleases them to take.

Dublin Castle is thought less of in Tipperary than the Palace of Tralee. There is one of the gentlest tones of the metropolis lashed by Tauckery there, none of the sibilant of foreign accent and foreign fashions, none of that awful susceptibility to the criticism of England—a survival of the traditions of the Pale, which makes so many of the women of the lower middle class from misty Chappel-dale to flunkey Kingstown utterly ridiculous. In Tipperary is one of the most famous seats of religion, patriotism and learning, presided over by the Most Rev. Dr. Croker. There are the storied ruins of the Cistercian Abbey of the Holy Cross, the shrine of St. Cronan, the Prior of Athassel, the pile, magnificent in its decay, on Cashel's holy rock—Cashel, where Cormac MacCallenan, Prelate and King, ruled ten centuries ago. Truly a locality sacred to piety this which extends from the Shannon to the Sair, under the sentinel heights of Slievenamon and Camalite. Large in area, bursting with fitness to that degree that a portion of it is termed "The Golden Vein," tenanted by a population vigorous, daring, affectionate and not to be suppressed, it is a factor to be counted with in any struggle for the welfare of the Irish nation.

And to an active share in the struggle which stirs the island to its inmost depths Tipperary is committed. Two generations ago it rarely and unequivocally stood up for the oppressed tenants, and a compelled redress of their grievances. On the Home Rule question there is no chance of mistaking its opinion. Its four members, all faithful adherents of Mr. Parnell's policy, and two of them particularly active and able, the giants Thomas Condon and John O'Connor, were returned unopposed. If Tipperary were selfish and did not care how the world should be, or what its neighbors suffered from exposure and the wreck of tumbling masonry so long as it was secure under shelter, there would be peace in the county to day. But because Tipperary is magnanimous there is storm in the air, and sacrifice is confronted. It was never slow to take up a gauntlet of defiance, and that which was flung at it by a confederacy of Irish

rack renters did not wait for long before it was accepted with that calm, cheerful, quiet steadiness which means the firmness of clinched teeth and a determination to win. No rash impulse, no hot momentary ebullition of temper or enthusiasm fails, but the fitting white heat of stern resolve, the do-or-die grit that faces the risk of financial ruin with equanimity, and would walk into the cell with a smile of disdain.

Twelve months ago a settlement was on the eve of being effected between the wretched serfs of the Ponsonby estate and their "master," when Mr. Smith-Barry, with his landlord syndicate, wantonly stepped in and caused them to be broken off. His tenants in Tipperary town sent him a deputation requesting him to stand aside. He peremptorily refused. Then they signified to him that they would pay him no more rents until they had twenty five per cent. reduction, ten of which were intended to hand over to help the Ponsonby victims. Mr. Smith-Barry was obstinate, and the sturdy Tipperary boys have manfully abided by their pledge. Sooner than gratify him with a sou, they peacefully submitted to eviction—anticipated it often by removing their furniture and other property—and the once busy and prosperous town is now idle and deserted, except for its garrison of police. The shopkeepers and traders have migrated to a camp adjacent, hastily run up with brick and wood and concrete, and on this present Saturday the New Tipperary is to be opened with pomp and jubilation.

And the New Tipperary will go on and prosper, for all Ireland is at its back with good will and substantial support, and the Old Tipperary will remain a white elephant on Mr. Smith-Barry's hands. His advisers and associates will soon tire of dipping into their pockets. His poorer exterminated tenants, even those who are dwelling in the corrugated iron huts supplied by the Land League, are happier than he, for their minds are content.

Indeed, the unfortunate creature is at his wit's ends already and bites his fingers to the quick, these grim Tipperary boys every on the war so thoroughly and stubbornly. He proclaims that there can be no fairs or markets or public traffic without his sanction, and that no goods can be weighed save on his machine—remarkably painful this at the close of the nineteenth century—and lo! these laughing Tipperary Irresistibles keep ever heedful; they actually drive their pigs through the gates without paying toll, they trade in corn and hay without the faintest respect for the memories of Charles II. and James II—the one a treacherous scoundrel, the other a spiteful dastard—and have created an ouzel of their own. Patient reader, why, they are quite capable of playing boycott, whistling feloniously, or whistling "Harvey D."!

And so they must be met and thwarted by every means, animate and inanimate—Balfour's residence, the Star Chamber inquiries, detective shadowing, the sallow Caddella—ill or well the patronymic is apt—and the entire machinery of Censorship. But Tipperary will succeed, for its blood is up. The healthy Irish race has eyes concentrated this Saturday on the brave town of "the Well of the Pains," in the shadow of the Galtees, and waits its heartiest and heartiest good wishes for the memories of Charles II. and James II—the one a treacherous scoundrel, the other a spiteful dastard—and have created an ouzel of their own. Patient reader, why, they are quite capable of playing boycott, whistling feloniously, or whistling "Harvey D."!

MISSION IN WOODSTOCK.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD. On Sunday, the 20th, a very successful mission was opened in Woodstock by an eloquent and soul stirring sermon preached by Rev. Father Tierman, of this city. On Monday morning he again addressed a large gathering of people assembled to assist at the Holy Sacrifice and prepare for the worthy reception of the sacraments. Father Tierman preached again at the evening service on the spiritual benefits of a good confession. Rev. Father Finnelly, of St. Thomas, preached on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings on the "Holy Eucharist" and "End Perseverance." The church was crowded on every occasion, and people who had not practiced their religion for years came seeking pardon in the holy sacrament of penance. Rev. Father McCrea preached in Gaelic on Thursday morning, and heard the confessions of those who were accustomed from their childhood to pray and confess in their Celtic language. Altogether the mission was a decided success, and a subject of much joy and consolation to the worthy and zealous pastor, Rev. Father Brady, who, since the time of his appointment to Woodstock, has built a grand church and wrought wonders for the parish. It should be added that the musical part of the mission and the singing was very creditably performed by Miss M. Murphy, organist, and her accomplished sisters.

Monsieur Grandin, Bishop of St. Albert, in the Canadian North-West, ordained recently the Rev. Edward John Cunningham, a half-breed, to the holy order of priesthood. He is the first half-breed priest ordained in British territory, though there have been a few ordained in the United States. It had been long the desire of the Bishop to ordain a priest of the mixed race, and at length his desire has been gratified. The French episcopate of 1783, when the Rev. M. de la Riviere, but numbered one hundred and forty-five prelates. Of these only three episcopates and two took the Oath, for fear of the guillotine. One hundred and forty remained unshaken, under the sudden and fierce persecution, one hundred and twenty sought rather the privations and hardships of exile, twenty confessed the faith on the scaffold or in the dungeons.

**Some Day.**  
 Some day, fond heart, into those loving eyes  
 My last look will descend.  
 Carrying as always into thy soul  
 The message of a friend,  
 A brother and a lover in one;  
 And that true love of mine  
 Its quick response will find, as oft before,  
 Back to this soul of mine.  
 But shall we know that day that nevermore  
 On earth we two shall meet?  
 Or shall we part unconscious of our fate,  
 'E'en while with noiseless feet,  
 The angel, Death, stands at the door in wait?  
 And, while we bid good-bye,  
 With spirit-touch smiles our clasped hands  
 And breathe an angel sigh?  
 Some day, or you or I—whichever shall it be—  
 Will stand beside a grave  
 In holy resignation, so I pray;  
 And, thinking not, who gave  
 In this drear, loveless world one fond, true  
 Heart.  
 Our lonely life to bless,  
 The tears will flow, the soul feel sad and still  
 In deepest thankfulness. —S. FIDELIS.

**INTERESTING MISCELLANY.**

The longer I live the more firmly I believe that strength lies in doctrines and not in men.—Madam Svedchikine.

On the cultivation of the minds and hearts of women depend the welfare and the happiness of the race. Napoleon said, "The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother."

Verdi composed a "Stabat Mater" when he was but thirteen years old. In 1838 he made application for admittance into the Milan Conservatory, and offered as credentials all of his earlier compositions, but he was told very abruptly that he had not the slightest talent for music. He was almost crushed by this disappointment, but he still persevered, and received instructions through a musician at the Scala Theatre. Verdi was always of a retiring nature, and even to this day he is timid and modest when a boy.

A correspondent writes to the London Daily News: "The new Roman Catholic Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, Dr. Thomas William Wilkinson, who is enthroned in his cathedral on Tuesday, is one of the numerous converts with which the High Church and Ritualistic party in the Establishment has furnished the Roman Catholic Church. He was educated at Harrow, and took his degree at Durham, near which the family estates are situated. At the time of his accession he was attached to the St. Saviour's church, Leeds, built and endowed by the late Dr. Pusey, the various vicars and curates of which seem to have an extraordinary attraction towards Rome—no fewer than nine having at one time or another entered the R-man Catholic Church.

**A CLERGYMAN CONVERTED.**  
 The Rev. William Tatlock, late curate of St. James the Less, Liverpool, for many years, and also of Christ Church, Clapham, has just been received into the Church at the London Obituary by the Very Rev. Sebastian Bowden, Superior. Mr. Tatlock is a graduate of the University of London. It is believed that he is now studying with a view to entering the priesthood.—Liverpool Catholic Times, Feb 17th.

**TRACED BY A HORSE'S HAIR.**  
 I will venture to relate a story which I can vouch for as true (writes a correspondent). A grey horse of some value, owned at home some twenty miles from here, was stolen one night, and, inasmuch as no trace of the animal could be found elsewhere, it was assumed that he had been taken to the city of E. A detective was employed, and every public or dealer's stable in the city was visited, but without result. Finally, just at dinner-time one day the detective dropped in at a large hotel frequented by market men, drovers, and the like, and as it was the winter season, a great number of top coats were hanging up in the hall. The detective examined them, and found that two contained white horse-hair, although he had previously ascertained that there was but a single grey horse in the stable, and that not the one of which he was in search. Accordingly, he waited for the owner of the horse to come out from dinner. The first one went straight to the stable and ordered his horse to be harnessed. The second one put on his coat and went out into the street. The detective pursued, and, after tracking him for an hour or so, finally followed him to a small stable in an obscure street, where he found the missing horse and arrested the thief.

**RICHES.**  
 Riches will not make you happy. This has passed into a proverb. What is to be deducted from it, admitting it to be true? Are we to conclude that property is not to be desired? It is true that riches will not make their possessor happy—that is to say, they are insufficient, in themselves, to render one perfectly happy. In the first place, there is no such thing as complete, unalloyed bliss, in this state of existence, and even the nearest approach to it is not attained without something besides wealth. It does not follow, however, that the possession of property—of a competency—does not contribute in a degree, the most noticeably, to one's enjoyment. A house for shelter, fire for warmth, food and clothing—surely it cannot reasonably be contended that a person without all, or any of these, is in a condition favorable to happiness. Dogenoes with nothing but a tub would make a sorry show in these days, however he may figure in the classics. The true import of the saying which we have quoted is that those who rely solely on wealth for happiness will be sorely disappointed—as they will be, grievously. Happiness depends mainly on the culture of the mind and the heart; on the faithful performance of duty, in secret as well as openly, amid reproach and obloquy, as well as when cheered by words of encouragement or applause. It depends on courage to sustain us through the trials of this life and the hope which extends to another.

**NOTABLE CONVERSIONS.**  
 Among the Anglican clergy at present there is found a healthy movement toward the Catholic Church, which manifests itself either in the adoption of Ritualistic methods or in embracing the true faith. The step from Ritualism to Catholicity is exemplified in the results of the recent trial of the Bishop of Lincoln, which has been agitating the public mind for over a year past. The Bishop had been accused

of mixing water with the sacramental wine, of crowding himself during services, of the use of lighted candles during communion, and of the intonation or singing of the Agnus Dei, all of which are opposed to the ritual and teachings of the Anglican Church. This trial was presided over by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by his vicar general, and the Bishops of London, Rochester, Oxford, Hereford and Salisbury. After the examination of the presenting witnesses and an argument by counsel for the prosecution, St. Horace Davey, the court adjourned. In the meantime, a protest has been signed by a great number of the Anglican clergy against the legality of the trial of the Bishop of Lincoln, and what is of more interest and importance, twelve of the protesting ones have been formally received into the Catholic Church by Cardinal Manning, and this within the past few weeks. And thus has the Archbishop of Canterbury, by his indiscretionary discipline, called forth a movement that will give him much mental worry and irritate and official disquietude.—From an Exchange.

**KISS ME GOOD-BYE, DEAR.**  
 This is the phrase heard in the hall of many a home as the man of the house is hurrying away to exchange daily labor for daily bread in the mart of commerce. Sometimes it is the wife who says it, sometimes infatigable lips prattle the caring word, holding a sweet flower for the kiss that is its warm sunshine of life, and the husband, in a moment to clasp his treasure and is gone; and all day he wonders at the peace in his heart; at the nerve with which he meets business crises. The wife's kiss did it, the baby's kiss did it, and he realizes that it is not wealth or luck that makes our happiness, but the little sense we bear with us from the presence of those we love.

Kiss me good-bye! O lips that have said it for the last time! would you ever ask again in those pleading tones for the kiss so tardily given? Would we not remember that the relation the flower bears to the universe is as carefully provided for as that of the brightest star; that the little action of a loving heart goes side by side with the deed of heroic worth; that love is dew of life; and the parting of day may be the parting of life time.

"How many go forth in the morning  
 That never come home at night?  
 And hearts have broken  
 For harsh words spoken.  
 That sorrow can ne'er set right."

Many tears have been shed over un-  
 kissed kisses—over those dear "fomenter-  
 bered kisses after death;" but the time to  
 kiss is the present. Kiss your children,  
 man of business, before you leave home;  
 kiss the mother of your children, and that  
 dear old mother who sits in the chair by  
 the window—no matter if her cheeks are  
 wrinkled, her heart is young—and then  
 go about your day's work with a "thank  
 God" in your soul that you have loved  
 one at home to love and to be loved by.  
 "For thought in the quiet evening  
 You give us the kiss of peace.  
 'Tis it might be  
 The better for these  
 The pain of the heart should cease."

**IN THE MISTON VALLEY.**  
 HISTORIC BUILDINGS IN CALIFORNIA SLOWLY CRUMBLING TO RUIN.  
 Fremont Wood says, in a recent article, the slow, gradual coming to ruin of the several historic mission buildings in California has for many years been a source of much regret among enthusiastic antiquarians. Able writers, both at home and abroad, have frequently alluded to the decay of these buildings, and have greatly lamented it. Decades ago the same feelings of regret were borne, more sharply, perhaps, by the patient, self-sacrificing Franciscan Fathers who beheld with great misgivings the inevitable demolition of their cherished works.

The present mission buildings of San Diego, or rather the ruins of the buildings, were commenced in 1774. The mission church was dedicated November 12th, 1777, but was not entirely completed until the year 1784.

What is known as the Mission Valley is situated three miles north of the business centre of San Diego. Through it runs the San Diego River. It may be reached either by way of Old Town, which lies at the mouth of the valley, or by the road over the mesa and new grade, which enters it two miles further up. The valley, which varies from one-half to one mile in width, in about six miles in length. The old mission church is located near its eastern terminus. The Mission buildings stand on an eminence at a point which commands an splendid view of the entire valley to the sea on one side, and of the mountains on the other. The main building is about ninety feet long, and extends from the north to the south, the main entrance being at the south end. The walls, built of adobe, are very massive, being in the main about four feet in thickness. The door and window casings are made of burnt tiles. At right angles with the main building, forming a wing extending eastward, are the outbuildings, constructed of the same material used in the main building. At the rear of these outbuildings, and east of the main edifice an adobe wall incloses the customary court yard.

**Do Not Forget It.**  
 It is a fact that Nervine cannot be surpassed by any combination for the relief of pain. The reason is a good one. Nervine contains the best, most powerful, and the latest-discovered remedies. It is a magic pain cure. Rheumatism, stiff neck, cramps, neuralgia, colic, in fact all pain, internal, external, and local, are subdued few minutes. Go at once to any drug store, and get a trial bottle. It will only cost you 10 cents, and you can at a small cost test the great pain cure, Poison's Nervine. Large bottles only 25 cents.

**The Public Warned.**  
 Many people are deceived into neglecting bad blood, dyspepsia, constipation, etc., and thus all these and other diseases become established. Act promptly by using nature's blood purifying tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters, which regulates the entire system, curing all diseases of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.

Mr. George Tolen, druggist, Gravenhurst, Ont., writes: "My customers who use Dr. Ketchum's Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, say that it has done them more good than anything they have ever used." It has indeed a wonderful influence in purifying the blood and curing diseases of the Digestive Organ, the liver, kidneys, and all disorders of the system.

**SICKENING SCENES**

**WITNESSED DURING A THREE-DAY EVICTION CAMPAIGN IN DONEGAL.**

**MURDER MOST FULFILLED BY THE CROWDING BRIGADE—POOR, DESTITUTE OLD MEN AND WOMEN DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOMES—THE MILITARY AND POLICE SUPERVISE THE EVICTIONS—AN AWFUL TALE OF POVERTY.**

A REPUTABLE of the Dublin Freeman's Journal accompanied the eviction gang of agents, bailiffs, policemen and red-coats down into Donegal during the last week of March and witnessed scenes of misery that test the credulity of the average reader. His narrative will be found to contain pictures of pollution, brutality and of ruffianism on the part of sheriffs and bailiffs that are shocking to the sense of justice existing in modern times. The fate of the poor wretches sent to Siberia by an automatic Car is preferable to that presented to the homeless, homeless, starving victims of landlord rapacity in northern Donegal. We will let the Freeman correspondent tell the story. Writing on Wednesday, March 26, he says:

At 8 o'clock this morning, the little village of Falcarragh possessed an unwonted appearance. Mounted orderlies were prancing to and fro, the clang of arms and steel again resounded, and the district once more assumed that appearance of military possession which evoked the wrath of the tenants themselves, and of Mr. Conyngham on other occasions. It had been at first intended that this campaign should be one of gigantic dimensions, and that an entire countryside should be laid waste, but a judicious regard for the feelings of the British electorate induced the government to apply some "pressure" within the law. The remaining eviction decrees on the Siney and Siney estates have been allowed to lapse, but the powers that be on the Ophert estate have proved themselves DETERMINED TO EXACT THEIR POUND OF FLESH.

The forces consisted of a large body of police, under Divisional Commissioner Cameron, County Inspector Milling and District Inspectors Hill, McCaffrey and Flower, as well as a detachment of soldiers from the Royal North Lancashire, a corps which earned its reputation on very different fields indeed. Father McFadden, Father Boyle and Father McNelis were present throughout the day.

The scene of evictions was Glasserico, the fringe of which is washed by the Atlantic. The land is of a rocky and sterile nature, and the poverty of the people almost defies description. Formerly it was an unenclosed tract of moor and moor, without any inhabitants, and it is scarcely necessary to say that since then the landlord has never expended a farthing on its improvement or reclamation. It is this town, Mr. T. W. Russell recently described in the Times as the most wretched portion of a most wretched district. One of the first houses marked out for eviction to day was that of a Widow Curran, and no small excitement was occasioned by the discovery that another grim tyrant, Death, had done its work before the arrival of the myrmidons of the landlord. It appears that deceased had been in failing health for some time past, and it is thought that

**THE SPOCK OF HER APPROACHING EVICTION**  
 served in no considerable degree to hasten her death. Last evening her illness had assumed an acuter form, and before morning she was dead.

Another very painful scene was witnessed at the house of Bridget Magee, whose mother had been evicted last May, and had since resided with her. Both mother and daughter were lying ill upon the earthen floor, and the whole scene was really painful to look upon. Father McFadden objected to the eviction proceeding until the army surgeon should pronounce an opinion, and Dr. Allen, whose fairness and humanity are beyond praise, refused to allow the eviction to proceed. On Father McFadden's application the surgeon again intervened at the house of James Curran, a helpless old man, and the eviction was abandoned. The forces then tramped across the bog to the townland, the ordinary structure is about ten feet by six and five feet in height, and contains only one apartment. At night father, mother and five or six of the family are scattered over the damp floor, and in the same apartment with the family cow, and perhaps a calf, are tied to a stake a few feet distant. From such a hotel were two poor sisters driven today, the army surgeon called them in Scotland endeavoring to earn the rent to keep the old roof above their heads. In fact, it is from service wages of their daughters in Ireland and the harvest wages of their sons in England and Scotland that the poor tenants are able to gather the rent at all. At the house of Alec Ferry the family had literally to be dragged out, including the mother and daughter, and when the latter saw her mother being pushed for ward her feelings overcame her, and she MADE A FRANTIC EFFORT TO ASSIST THE MOTHER.

She afterwards attempted to rush through the cordon, but in a short time the humble furniture was rudely tossed out and the doors and windows barricaded, and the forces thereupon started for fresh fields and pastures new.

The next house was soon surrounded by the glittering bayonets and ponderous rifles, and as the result of the fearless descent of the forces an old man of ninety-eight years was carried out on a chair and placed beside a ditch. At Philip McCaffrey's his child was found to be dying, and Dr. Allen, having refused to certify it fit for removal, the eviction had to be postponed. Denis O'Brien, an old man of over eighty years, presented a most affecting sight as he tottered from the home in which he had lived from youth, and in which he had hoped to spend his declining days. His clothing was veritably of shreds and patches and his married daughter was evicted from a still more wretched hovel adjoining her father's the material of which was turf, and which was without any ventilation. When the house of Catherine Ferry was reached Father Boyle

draw attention to the fact that the tenant was a helpless invalid, and asked that the army surgeon be sent for. The agent refused, and Father Boyle warned them of the consequences. After considerable delay the agent announced that eviction would be adjourned till tomorrow, to enable the friends to remove her to a place of safety.

**IN ALL TWENTY-FIVE EVICTIONS TOOK PLACE**  
 to-day, and on their conclusion the agent approached the press representative and said that any information in their possession could be had for the press, but the representative said in reply that as the press was excluded from the military cordon the information offered would have to be dispensed with. The evictions will be renewed and probably concluded to-morrow or Friday.

The correspondent telegraphing later, says: I am in a position to state positively that the government was averse to granting forces for the present evictions, which are bound to attract great notice, but the agent expressed his determination to carry out the law himself, and leave on the government the responsibility in case there should be any breach of the peace. The government, therefore, surrendered and granted the forces.

The first tenant evicted on Thursday was Edward Gallagher, of Ballyne, who had spent close upon £300 in building the house and reclaiming the farm, for in this as in all the other cases houses were erected, and all the improvements were made by the tenants themselves, but, notwithstanding his investment and improvements, he was evicted for non-payment of the comparatively trifling sum of £7 10s. Ned McElroy's case is a still harder one. According to his own statement the landlord owes him over £70 for a house—a debt which has been accumulating for thirty years. In addition he had paid another £100 purchase money for the farm and £50 in improvements and buildings, all of which was confiscated for a debt of £28. He offered to pay all that was claimed if the landlord would pay what was claimed against him, but, needless to say, the offer was not accepted.

**JAMES GALLAGHER WAS EVICTED FOR THE SECOND TIME.**  
 from a shelter beside the crumbled walls of his former home. The rent due amounted to £24, and the improvements which he had effected to double that sum. John Magee's case was still more noteworthy, for inclusive of the purchase money of the farm he had invested fourteen times the amount claimed by the landlord and forty times the sum in dispute between the landlord and tenant. After the eviction his wife was found huddled at the corner of a house and beside a dung heap, whilst her child was clinging affectionately to her. The sight was painfully affecting.

The evicting forces then started for Drumatinny, the scene of the famous resistance of last May. Along the route the marks of devastation were manifest. Dismantled dwellings and ruins of once happy homes met the eye at every turn, and the whole appearance was that of a country through which a hostile army had swept. When the farm of Pat Doonan was reached the sheriff and agent were met by the tenant, who declared that he had already been evicted from another farm and house, and that in both cases he had been most harshly treated. He claimed a refund of over £100, which he stated he had paid to the agent for the tenant right, but the only reply which he received was an intimation that he was now a trespasser, and that unless he left at once he would be arrested. The tenant was then released. James McGinley, brother of the McGinley whose house was levelled by emergency men, and many others, were also deprived of the fruits of their years of toil and industry. After a brief interval for luncheon John Magee, an evicted tenant, who had been allowed to take shelter in an outhouse, was formally driven from his refuge. A start for Glas-seroch was then made, where

**THE CROWNING ATROCITY OF THE DAY**  
 was perpetrated at the house of Caarins McIvor, whose mother, an old woman of over eighty years, was ejected. It would almost seem as if the powers that be intended to convey an idea of the wretchedness of which the only redeeming feature would be the tenderness that invests the name of home. The only animal in possession of the tenant was a cow, which was seized on foot of the coats of the decree. The tenant's sister claimed the cow as her own, and a wild scene followed. She caught the animal by the horns, and refused to allow it to be treated in such a way as to evoke her cries for help, in response to which the divisional commissioner rushed down the slope and ordered the man to desist. A lengthened controversy followed, at the end of which Mr. Cameron suggested to the agent that the cow should be released. Mr. Hewson replied that it was a sheriff's decree, and with him the responsibility would rest. The sub-sheriff and the agent then conferred, with the result that the former offered to release the cow on payment of £1. No one seemed anxious to contribute to the Ophert sustentation fund, and the offer was declined. On the advice of her friends, the sister relinquished her hold and allowed the seizure to be made. It is stated that prompt legal action will be instituted for illegal seizure.

Further huts are being erected for the shelter of the evicted. Dr. Rev. Peter Kelly, P. P., Dunfanaghy; Rev. Patrick Blake, C. C. Dunfanaghy, and the Rev. John Boyle, C. C. Falcarragh, were present during the day.

**THE FIRST EVICTION ON FRIDAY**  
 took place on the townland of Ardabeg, which is noteworthy for the resistance last year at Nail Doogan's. Mrs. Catherine McCaffrey had taken the precaution of barricading the doors and blocking the windows with huge boulders. The sub-sheriff sought peaceable possession of the house, but this was denied to him, and the authorities concluded that the house was about to offer a determined resistance. The most warlike arrangements were therefore entered upon. When the emergency men attacked the house their efforts met with no success for some time.

Entrance, however, was finally obtained through the window, and the first who ventured to enter was struck by a woman with a stick. It was then discovered that the sole defender was an old woman. She states that she was cut on the hand by an emergency man. After she was dragged out through the window there was some danger for a time of a conflict between the police and the people, but through the intervention of the local leaders disturbance was happily averted. The next victim was Paddy O'Donnell, one of the blacksmiths who in January offered such brave resistance to eviction, and for which he suffered a lengthened term of imprisonment. His neighbors then built for him a new forge adjoining his old one and on the land of Manus Ferry. In accordance with an arrangement amongst the tenantry Ferry paid his rent and holds a receipt in full discharge. Notwithstanding this O'Donnell was to day ejected and his implements thrown upon the wayside. It is understood that O'Donnell's eviction will form the subject of legal proceedings.

A start was then made across the mountains for Keeldrum. Philip Doogan's eviction having been completed the ropes were torn off the thatch roof to insure its speedy collapse, after which the doors and windows were boarded up with timbers of THE BED OF THE HELPLESS OLD MAN AND WOMAN

who had just been turned adrift on the world's charity. The tenant's wife had reached the age of eighty years when she learned this latest lesson of firm and resolute government. Just as operations were commenced at the house of Hugh McAdams the coffin in which were to be borne to the grave the remains of poor Bella Curran (who died on the eve of her eviction) was carried past the assembled forces.

The remaining evictions were carried out in the townland of Keeldrum, about which a few words are necessary. The landlord admitted before the parliamentary commission of 1855 that he had taken no less than two thousand acres of mountain grazing from those tenants of Keeldrum, adding that if he had taken five thousand acres the tenants would have had enough! He stated before the same commission that the tenants had a commonage of nine thousand acres, to which he now denies their right. To-day the work was pushed on another stage and atrocities perpetrated for which one might vainly seek a parallel in Ireland. After Michael Connor's eviction the byre and dooposts were torn down, the agent himself assisting in the work. At John Doogan's house the family offered resistance, and stones were thrown for some time. THE INMATES WERE FINALLY OVERPOWERED.

John McGinley's house is situated close beside that of Gallagher, who figured in the hearing of the case of "winking at a potter's pig" during the process of the Falcarragh fair. Peaceable possession was refused, and in the attempt to effect an entrance, the women inside and the chief emergency man were wounded. The wounds of both were dressed by the army surgeon. At the next house, that of Daniel Gallagher, the emergency man was sufficiently recovered to assist in levelling the outhouses, which was effected under the protection of the armed forces of the crown. McGinley's wife was then placed under arrest and removed in custody. The house of Malachi McGee was next visited, and the inmates having been ejected, the thatch ropes were cut by emergency men and the march was resumed. Widow McFadden, whose husband had died but a few days ago, was next cast out of her home.

**At Easter Time.**  
 BY LUCY E. TILLEY.

Behold the mystery of creeping things!  
 A little spinning and twirling is spent,  
 A dreamless rocking in the silent tent,  
 And then the glory of the up bearing wings,  
 Behold the mystery of the brown earth  
 unfolds!  
 A little sewing, a swift touch of quickening  
 breath,  
 And young grain covers all the barren fields,  
 A troubled toiling, a few weary tears.  
 A little loving, seeming scarce begun,  
 And night falls swiftly and our day is  
 done.  
 Love only dies not: through deep sleep it  
 hears  
 The Easter chiming, spreads its wings  
 abroad,  
 And rises whither to the feet of God.

**Woolen Manufacturers Combine**  
 in pronouncing Nasal Balm the sovereign remedy for catarrh. Mr. Horatio Collier, Woolen Manufacturer, Camerontown, Ont., states: Nasal Balm is the only positive remedy for catarrh that I ever used.

The Proprietors of Parmelee's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explains itself. Mr. John A. Beam, Waterloo, Ont., writes: "I never used any medicine that can equal Parmelee's Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Complaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful." As a safe family medicine Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a Cathartic.

**The Best and the Cheapest.**  
 100 doses for 100 cents, Burdock Blood Bitters.

Does your Head ache? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.

Is your Blood impure? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.

Are you Coughy? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.

Are you Bilious? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.

Are you Dyspeptic? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.

1 cent a dose, 1 cent a dose, Burdock Blood Bitters.

S. Chadwick, of Acadia, Wayne Co., writes: "I have had severe attacks of Asthma for several years. The attack was taken by Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The first dose relieved me in one hour. I continued taking it in teaspoonful doses for a few days, and have not had an attack of it since, nor nearly one year."

**Easily Ascertained.**  
 It is easy to find out from any one who has used it, the virtues of Hagar's Yellow Oil for all pains and inflammatory troubles, rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, frost bites, burns, bruises, sprains, contracted cords, stiff joints, aches, pains and soreness of any kind, it has no superior.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mather Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure, and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

**Coughing**

Nature's effort to expel foreign substances from the bronchial passages. Frequently, this causes inflammation and the need of an anodyne. No other expectorant or anodyne is equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It assuages Nature in ejecting the mucus, allays irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures.

"Of the many preparations for the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there is none, within the range of my experience, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For years I was subject to colds, followed by terrible coughs. About four years ago, when so afflicted, I was advised to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and within a week was well of my cold and cough. Since then I have always kept this preparation in my house, and feel comparatively secure." —Mrs. L. L. Brown, Denmark, Miss.

"A few years ago I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed nights after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continual use of the Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected." —Horace Fairbrother, Rockingham, Va.

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.**  
 PREPARED BY  
 Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
 Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢, six bottles, \$5.

**WATCHES FREE.** 300 absolutely free to introduce our goods. Write and be convinced.  
 25 St. Canadian Watch Co., Toronto, Can.

**ONTARIO STAINED GLASS WORKS.**  
 STAINED GLASS FOR CHURCHES.  
 PUBLIC & PRIVATE BUILDING.  
 Furnished in the best style and at prices low enough to bring it within the reach of all.  
 WORKS: 484 RICHMOND STREET.  
 R. LEWIS.

**SAVE PAYING BILLS**

**DOCTORS' BILLS**  
 BY USING  
**Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.**

They are the Remedy that the bounteous hand of nature has provided for all diseases arising from Impure Blood.

**MORSE'S PILLS** are a cure cure for BRONCHITIS, HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, ETC., ETC.

For Sale by All Dealers.  
 W. H. COMSTOCK,  
 Brockville, Ont. Morrisstown, N. Y.

**MANUFACTURING UNDERTAKERS**  
 Wholesale and retail. Outside the company's rates. Write for prices.  
 R. DRISCOLL & CO.  
 424 Richmond-st., London, Ont.

**DEFENCE OF THE JESUITS.**

**CALUMNIES**  
 Pascal, Pietro Sarpal and Rev. B. F. Austin TRIUMPHANTLY REFUTED.  
 With a New Song—"The Devil's Thirteen." By REV. W. FLANNERY.  
 Price 10 cents; 50 cents per dozen.

"The Devil's Thirteen," in Music Form, 10c. A SCHOOLS, TEOS. COFFEY, London, Ont.

**HOW A SCHOOLMASTER BECAME A CATHOLIC.**  
 We especially recommend its perusal to our Protestant friends, whom we know to be sincere and in error. It was current at one time.—Western Catholic News, Chicago. The work may be had by address—Thos. Coffey, Catholic Record Office, London.

**NEW YORK CATHOLIC AGENCY**

The object of this Agency is to supply at the regular dealers' prices, any kind of goods imported or manufactured in the United States.

The advantages and conveniences of this Agency are many and of which are listed. It is situated in the heart of the wholesale trade of the metropolis, and has completed such arrangements with the leading manufacturers and importers as enable it to purchase in any quantity, at the lowest wholesale rates, and getting its profits of commissions from the importers or manufacturers, and hence

2nd. No extra commissions are charged its patrons on purchases made for them, and giving them besides the benefit of my experience and facilities in the lowest prices charged.

3rd. Should a patron want several different articles, embracing as many separate trades or lines of goods, the writing of only one order to this Agency will insure the prompt and correct filling of such orders. Besides there will be only one express or freight charge.

4th. Persons outside of New York, who may not know the address of Houses selling a particular line of goods, can get such goods all the same by sending to this Agency.

5th. Clergymen and Religious Institutions and the trade in general, are allowed the regular or usual discount.

Any business matters, outside of buying and selling goods, entrusted to the attention or management of this Agency, will be strictly and conscientiously attended to by our giving the authority to act as your agent. Whenever you want to buy anything, send your orders to

**THOMAS D. EGAN,**  
 Catholic Agency, 42 Barclay St., New York, N. Y.

At Sea. Shall we, the storm-tossed sailors, weep...

BEYOND THE WINDERS OF DEATH. Beyond the wilder winds of death, I strain my gaze...

I would not, if God gave us choice For such to bear the other part...

Ah, well, for any voyage done, What'er its end, or port, or reef...

BY THE PAULIST FATHERS. Fringed in white, next to the wall, The Apostle, Fifty-ninth street and Ninth...

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. "I am the Good Shepherd. The Good Shepherd giveth His life for His sheep."

Among all the ways in which we have thought of our Blessed Lord of late—the "Man of Sorrows," the "Lamb led to the slaughter," the "Crucified for our sins,"...

My brethren, our Lord is the same Good Shepherd now as He was during His life on earth. He speaks as truly now as He then: "I am the Good Shepherd."...

And again, as He leads His sheep, so He also feeds them. "He hath set me in a place of pasture," says the Psalmist. "He hath brought me up on the water of refreshment."...

And once more, as the Gospel tells us, the Good Shepherd will seek out and help even the wandering sheep and bring them back to His fold.

Are we among the number of those wandering sheep, my brethren? Have we strayed afar from the flock, caught perhaps in the thorns and brambles of some besetting sin?...

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

NEVER OUT OF CALL. BY ANGELOUS DE LANDE. I thought that I might walk alone...

The flowers blossomed at my feet, The morn was fragrant with their breath...

With blinding flash and deafening roll, And rattling hail and drizzling rain...

The flowers had withered in my grasp, Silent the birds that sang at morn...

Then I bethought me of the time When, safely at my Father's side, He held my hand, and knew no fear...

And in my need I cried to Him Who holds the world in His command...

He wrapped me in His garment's fold, Whispered of pardon and of peace...

"Where wert Thou, Lord, when Thy poor child Was tempted from Thy side to stray?"

All day, though oft by us forgot, The Father watches over us: Through storm and sunshine—sweetest though!

LOVINGEST FACE IN THE WORLD. "I love you, mamma," my little one said...

"And I think," said she, looking up in my eyes With a glance that was tender and grave...

"I'm glad you're my mamma, I love you so." What was the praise of the world to me...

BOYS THAT HATE TO GO TO SCHOOL. The following order, issued by a prominent railway company of the West...

"I KNOW A THING OR TWO." "My dear boy," said a father to his only son, "you are in bad company."

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MINNEHAHA.

HOW THE RAINBOW CROWN WAS PLACED ON LAUGHING WATER.

Just below Minneha Falls stands an oak dead tree the artists are ignoring. This sketch reveals the mystery of its death, and shows that the old tree must be in the foreground of all true pictures of Minneha.

Long ago, by the silvery Minneha, stood a little tree which overhung the river; overhanging and shaded it just where the water-falls (in the Minneha Falls) Minneha, "Laughing Water," the beautiful one to whom they gave a song to sing on and on forever.

At the year went by the Tree and Laughing Water grew up together and loved with all the sweetness of natural affection. More and more beautiful she became as the years developed her.

Her long hair hung down in flowing tresses to the water-mirror which lay at her feet; the mirror that the eyes gave her that she might know how beautiful she was.

The Tree grew, too, and stood by her side, strong and majestic. He spread his great arms out, so that the sun could not shine on his bride, his worshipped Laughing Water.

How like a prince he seemed, arrayed in his green robe! How like a king he stood, crowned with the autumn gold!

How loving they were in those happy days! He, whispering his passionate vows, putting out his eager arms to embrace, and bending over to kiss her when the wind-god gave him leave.

She, answering back in her low, murmuring voice, in words that only her wooer could know; laughing from under the brisal veil of white spray at the love he stirred as he threw to her the gold leaves of his autumn crown.

But one day a storm cloud swept over them, and a stroke of lightning withered one of the great arms he stretched out to shield her. It was summer, and when the leaves fell the sun smiled dazlingly down on Laughing Water.

Still she sang on to her lover a soothing song and laughed more merrily than ever to cheer him. If she wondered at the lordly grandeur of the stranger who rode by in a chariot of flaming cloud, it was only for a moment.

Each day the sun stole round to where he could creep under the withered arm and smile on Laughing Water. He played with her flowing hair and filled it with gleaming gems.

He doctored her with pearls and showed her the mist cloud that robed her with silver shawl.

The moon came, one evening, the Kinging love taking of the Sun, and in instinctively divided the secret. Her own inconstancy led her to look for it in all others. Softly she took her suspicions to the Tree, but he shook his head scornfully and waved her away with the withered arm, while with silver shawl, he covered her.

Such is the love of man to man for kindness received. A man's heart is touched when a fellow-man loves him and shows his love by risking his own life and doing for us. For who has loved us as Jesus has loved us? Who has done for us what Jesus has done!

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A CHILD'S INSTRUCTION IN RELIGION.

TWO SYSTEMS COMPARED—THE PROTESTANT WITH THE CATHOLIC.

Protestant children have very little to learn at school in connection with their religious faith. All that they can gain is the impression which selected reading may imperceptibly make upon them.

It is different, of course, with Catholic children. The school is part of the Church. The teacher is ever teaching Catholic truth, in the midst of secular teaching. Especially in the primary schools, the school is a religious nursery all the time.

There is more to be taught the Catholic child than the single of a hymn, and there is more to be taught the grown boy and girl in the higher schools than the ritual lesson for the Sunday. The Protestant boy and girl seem essentially equipped for life when they are proficient in singing the hymns of the denomination to which they belong and in having a fair idea of the biblical lessons of the Sunday-school book as expounded by the Sunday school teacher.

In the public schools the majority of Protestant children do not want any religious instruction. They have had and are getting elsewhere all they can possibly get. Sunday afternoon Bible class is quite sufficient for all their essential religious knowledge.

With the Catholic children it is only when they have grown into boyhood and girlhood that they really begin to understand the Catholic faith. It requires more than an hour on Sunday to unfold all the beauties and the full meaning of the incarnation of the Son of God, the sacraments of the Church, of the nobility of the Sacrifice of the Mass, of the sacrament of penance, of the dogma of the immaculate Conception and the interest of God's saints, and of the many and varied tenets, all of which in their completeness and helpfulness give the heart of youth a cordial of loving attachment to the true faith. This teaching never fades from the memory.

There are few Catholics, no matter how far away they may have wandered in the busy world during a lifetime, who will not crave at the last hour for a priest. They are taught why in Catholic schools. But, as has been said, the Protestant protest against the necessity for such a religious belief, and of course as he is in the majority he can afford to tell the Catholic that all such things do not belong to a school. So he takes the Catholic's money and says: "We can bring a horse to the river, but we can't make him drink."—N. Y. Catholic Review.

"LOVEST THOU ME?" A ship was far away upon the Atlantic Ocean. A storm came on. The captain was below, the mate upon watch, when the cry rose, "A man overboard!"

The moon was bright, but the sea was running so high, and the danger so great, that the mate could not bring himself to order out a boat and risk the men's lives in a such a hazardous enterprise.

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Catarrh

It is a blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this intractable and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of all blood purifiers.

"I was troubled with catarrh for over two years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me of this troublesome complaint and completely restored my health."—Jesse M. Duggs, Holman's Mills, N. C.

"When Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me for catarrh, I was inclined to doubt its efficacy. Having tried so many remedies, with little benefit, I had no faith that anything would cure me. I became emancipated from loss of appetite and impaired digestion. I had nearly lost the sense of smell, and my system was badly deranged. I was about discouraged, when a friend urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I referred me to persons whom I had cured of catarrh. After taking half a dozen bottles of this medicine, I am convinced that the only sure way of treating this obstinate disease is through the blood."—Charles H. Maloney, 113 River st., Lowell, Mass.

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CHURCH FEWS AND SCHOOL FURNITURE

The Bennett Furnishing Co., of London, Ont., make a specialty of manufacturing the latest designs in Church and School Furniture. The Catholic Clergy of Canada are respectfully invited to send for catalogues and price before awarding contracts.

"I have lately put in a complete set of pews in the Bradford Catholic Church, and for many years past have been favored with contracts from a number of the Clergy in other parts of Ontario. In all cases the most entire satisfaction having been expressed in regard to quality of work, lowness of price, and quickness of execution. Such has been the increase of business in this special line that we find it necessary some time since to establish a branch office in Glasgow, Scotland, and we are now engaged manufacturing pews for new Churches in that country and Ireland. Address—BENNETT FURNISHING CO., LONDON, ONT., CANADA.

References: Rev. Father Bayard, Harlot, London, Bradford; Mr. Molloy, Ingersoll; Mr. Corcoran, Parkhill; Mr. Kingston; and Rev. Bro. Arnold, Montreal.

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY. Under the patronage of the Rev. Father Labelle. Established in 1881, under the Act of Quebec, 32 Vic. Ch. 26, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

CLASS D. The 31st Monthly Drawing will take place WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1890, at 2 o'clock p. m.

PRIZES VALUE CAPITAL PRIZE: \$50,000. One Real Estate worth \$5,000.

LIST OF PRIZES. 1 Real Estate worth \$5,000.00 5,000.00 1 " " " " " " 2,000.00 2,000.00 1 " " " " " " 1,000.00 1,000.00 1 " " " " " " 500.00 2,000.00 10 Real Estates " " " " " " 300.00 3,000.00 30 Furniture Sets " " " " " " 200.00 6,000.00 60 Gold Watches " " " " " " 100.00 6,000.00 100 Silver Watches " " " " " " 10.00 10,000.00 1000 Toilet Sets " " " " " " 5.00 5,000.00 2007 Prizes worth \$1,000,000.00

TICKETS. It is essential to receive all prizes in cash, less a commission of 10 p. c. Winners' names not published unless specially authorized. Drawings on the Third Wednesday of every month.

E. LEBLANC, Secretary. Offices: 19 St. James Street, Montreal, Can.

Burdock Blood Bitters Cures DYSPEPSIA. Cures DYSPEPSIA. PROMOTES DIGESTION.

Burdock Blood Bitters Cures CONSTIPATION. Cures CONSTIPATION. PROMOTES DIGESTION.

Burdock Blood Bitters Cures BILIOUSNESS. Cures BILIOUSNESS. PROMOTES DIGESTION.

Burdock Blood Bitters Cures HEADACHE. Cures HEADACHE. PROMOTES DIGESTION.

Burdock Blood Bitters Cures BAD BLOOD. Cures BAD BLOOD. PROMOTES DIGESTION.

Burdock Blood Bitters Cures RHEUMATISM. Cures RHEUMATISM. PROMOTES DIGESTION.

Burdock Blood Bitters Cures NEURALGIA. Cures NEURALGIA. PROMOTES DIGESTION.

Burdock Blood Bitters Cures MIGRAINE. Cures MIGRAINE. PROMOTES DIGESTION.

Burdock Blood Bitters Cures INDIGESTION. Cures INDIGESTION. PROMOTES DIGESTION.

Burdock Blood Bitters Cures ACIDITY. Cures ACIDITY. PROMOTES DIGESTION.

Burdock Blood Bitters Cures CONSTIPATION. Cures CONSTIPATION. PROMOTES DIGESTION.

Burdock Blood Bitters Cures BILIOUSNESS. Cures BIL

Branch No. 4, London, Meets on the 1st and 4th Thursday of every month...

C. M. B. A.

New Branches. Branch No. 126 was organized at Park Hill, Ont., on April 22nd, by District Deputy Charles Stock...

Spiritual Adviser, Rev. D. A. McRae; President, Thomas Stanley; First Vice-President, Alex. Joseph Gardon; Second Vice-President, John Doyle...

Branch No. 127 was organized at Windsor Mills, P. Q., on 22nd April, by District Deputy Chas. F. R. E. Campeau...

Resolutions of Condolence. Resolved, April 16th, 1899. To the Editor of the Catholic Record:

DEAR SIR—Will you kindly give the accompanying resolution of condolence insertion in the column of your valuable paper?

At a regular meeting of Branch 93, of the C. M. B. A., held in their hall, Kenilworth, on Saturday evening, April 15th, it was moved by Brother George Lapointe, seconded by Brother C. Doroche, and unanimously passed:

That whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to lay the heavy hand of affliction on the family of our respected brother, B. J. McDermott, be it Resolved, That we, the members of Branch 93, of the C. M. B. A., do hereby tender Brother McDermott our deep and heartfelt sympathy...

Rev. J. C. Linnett, S. J., is forming a good Branch in Sault St. Marie.

THE OBLATE MISSIONS.

We are pleased to be able to place before our readers the following very interesting letters from the Oblate Missions in the North-West:

Mission of Providence, Nov. 27th, 1899. To His Lordship Bishop I. Out, Bishop of Archaide:

MY LORD AND VERY DEAR FATHER—I have had the honor and pleasure of receiving your kind letter in which you announce your intended voyage to St. Boniface, for the provincial council, and the proceeds of your proceedings in Canada to provide resources for our missions.

But the circular which accompanied your letter destroyed all hope we entertained of seeing you. We have since learned through the newspapers of St. Boniface that you were to return to France to try and recruit missionaries.

I had told you that Mr. Farand, having ordered me to visit our missions of the Mackenzie, I should have the joy of seeing my old and new associates. I repaired to Good Hope, where I found dear P. Seguin, whom I had not seen since 1860. We had left France and crossed the ocean together; since then we have long drank at the same source, that is to say, the waters of the Mackenzie. But to us had not yet met. Ah! the dear Father has grown old and his strength is diminishing rapidly.

Sturgeon Lake, thus named on account of the journal of a savage called Namen (Eturgeon), is a pretty little lake bordered by beautiful barberry shrubs. Its length may be about twenty-five to thirty miles and its width fifteen miles. We also saw several curiously shaped houses in the south east. A fire did damage here last summer. Many habitations were burned. There occurred a very singular thing last year. It relates to the cemetery. The fire raged everywhere. All persons left their homes and took refuge on the lake. The living fish but the dead stirred not. The fire attacked the cemetery and respected all the crosses that adorned the graves of Christians while it consumed all the wood resting on the graves of those who had died without baptism.

Potatoes are abundant but they are about all there is in the line of provisions. It appears that hunting, which was a resource in my time, has fallen there as elsewhere. This is the universal refrain and in nearly every place that I visited there was an enumeration of deaths that had been caused by misery and famine among the Indians. The disappearance of hares, which is ordinarily a great misfortune for these countries, is commencing to cease, but these animals are still too few to admit of any of them being destroyed. In the meantime they make use of fish, which, however, are not always obtained without difficulty. Here in the eddy, and below in the river, there have not been any this year. Search was made for them at Lake Castor, where I also went, but the fishing did not prove very successful and the fish were poor and hardly eatable.

The low water prevented the taking of the desired number, and it will be necessary to go to the large island to fish this winter. On the other hand the harvest of wheat, barley and potatoes has been very fine notwithstanding a swarm of locusts that I never imagined would appear here. Happily the grain was already sufficiently matured to be a little too tough for these terrible insects, which consequently did but little damage. They laid their eggs

in the soil, however, and should our dear Lord permit them to be hatched our fields will certainly be devastated next summer. In December I am going by the express to Fort Rel, when I shall proceed to St. Joseph, of which I have only had a passing view. From this place I shall return to Providence, and next spring descend as far as Peel's River, where Mr. Farand wishes that I should examine the ground in order to take measures for establishing a new mission there for the Santeux and the Equimaux.

As you will undoubtedly receive other letters that will give you all the news, I need not renew my best wishes for your health and the success of your labors and beg you to accept the sentiments of respect and affection with which I have the honor of being, my Lord and very dear Father, your humble servant,

E. GROUARD, Priest, O. M. I. P. S. If Your Lordship kindly have one or two packages of guitar strings purchased for Father Lescomte and sent to him by post you will give great pleasure to this dear Father.

Lower Slave Lake via Winnipeg and Edmonton, N. W. T. Received April 8, 1899.

To His Lordship, Bishop Out, O. M. I.: MY LORD AND VERY-LOVED FATHER—Your little note, dated from Paris, found me the 27th of January, occupied in giving a mission at Lac des Eturgeons. Useless for me to tell you it was welcome. Last autumn I promised the savages of Sturgeon Lake that I would visit them in the month of January, a time when all or nearly all go fishing under the ice. They are thus occupied during the whole month, but in fish to scarce they raise the camp. I did not wish to break my promise and still less to lose an opportunity of doing them some good. However, according to the orders of my Superior, the good Father Collignon, I had to postpone my departure eight days. We awaited Revs. P. P. Huson and Lescomte and Father Henri to make our annual retreat. Our dear Lord had the charge of watching over our poor savages during our retreat, which lasted the time determined by our holy rules. The 14th Jan. was the closing day and the day of my departure for this remote mission, one hundred miles from Little Slave Lake. I left at the St. Bernard mission Revs. P. P. Collignon, Superior of the District of the River de Peace, Lescomte, Huson, Fathers Nemcz, Ryan, Rahan and Henri. I set out accompanied by a Metis and had four dogs in my sleigh (two old and two young). The journey took four days. We had nearly five hundred pounds in weight to transport, and the burden was not a light one. Fortunately the roads were tolerably good, and the cold was not too intense according to my appreciation, though others, more sensitive to its influence, found it so; several had either their feet or their cheeks frozen, but I only had the end of my nose frozen, and this I attribute more to my mousetache than to the cold. It is well to have new skin sometimes, even on the end of one's nose. You, my Lord, who have travelled so much in winter during your long years of missionary work in the North-West, know that it does not do to have too old a skin under the feet, and it would be difficult to believe all I suffered during my journey. From the second day the soles of my feet were lacerated and I wore a pair of stockings each day. I walked as though I were on broken glass. Having arrived at Sturgeon Lake, I had to refrain three days from walking, save a little, now and then, in the house. I shall say nothing of my sleep. I was three weeks without sleeping more than an hour each night. I was thus deranged either from the cold or by the children.

Sturgeon Lake, thus named on account of the journal of a savage called Namen (Eturgeon), is a pretty little lake bordered by beautiful barberry shrubs. Its length may be about twenty-five to thirty miles and its width fifteen miles. We also saw several curiously shaped houses in the south east. A fire did damage here last summer. Many habitations were burned. There occurred a very singular thing last year. It relates to the cemetery. The fire raged everywhere. All persons left their homes and took refuge on the lake. The living fish but the dead stirred not. The fire attacked the cemetery and respected all the crosses that adorned the graves of Christians while it consumed all the wood resting on the graves of those who had died without baptism. Tals appeared very singular to our poor savages, and it animated the Christian portion to lead better lives and the others to desire the reception of baptism. The Indians of Sturgeon Lake cultivate little gardens when they can procure seeds.

These are the good savages. What a difference there is between them and those of Lac Polson Blanc! The former pray for you, but the latter pray to eat. The first cry days I taught catechism, to the children in the morning and in the evening to all, both young and old. We recited the beads and then I gave them an instruction. In the afternoon I went to the different abodes and taught prayers to children and to elderly persons who could not assist at my instructions. My poor heart overflowed with joy amongst these good people. Our Saviour must also have been pleased with their sincerity. One only thing, my Lord, prevented a certain number from coming to catechism in the morning and to the beads at night, and that was want of clothing and excessive poverty. I baptized a poor widow of forty years. She had four children, three of whom were old enough to attend the mission, but too poorly clad to expose themselves to the extreme coldness of the atmosphere, consequently I visited, as I have already mentioned, all the poor of our good God and instructed them in their own dwellings.

On my return to Little Slave Lake I sent some of them clothing which had been charitably provided for me. It rests with God to recompense those who enabled me to do so. B. For my departure I was occupied in seeking a suitable place in which to have a house or rather a home. I purchased a house adjoining the cemetery, one which the fire had not injured. It is the prettiest place on Sturgeon Lake. Its cost is \$200 and I am now asking myself who is going to pay it, or rather who will procure for me the means of discharging this debt! Here we are among fish bones, that is to say, dwelling in huts the floors of which are strewn with fish-bones. Henceforth we shall not be obliged to live in the houses of others, consequently there will be more liberty to do good. I have, however, no reason to complain, for I was well received by a good Irishman, Mr. McDermott, who is in the service of the honorable company of Hudson Bay. But long live "Home Sweet Home!" The hour of my departure having arrived, I left accompanied by three dogs. I was obliged to leave one of my old dogs; it could no longer walk. I was in hopes I would not be compelled to walk so much on my return, having less to carry. Our Heavenly Father decided otherwise. Not only was I obliged to walk, but even to run from morning until night. Our journey was made in three days—a short time for it. I found all in good health at the mission and all are well occupied. Good Father Collignon had taken charge of affairs during my absence. Besides his regular class of children he has undertaken an additional one, and owing to this he kept so busy that he finds himself not able to finish his work before bedtime.

The weeks seem to him to pass more quickly at St. Bernard than at any other place. Father Huson is engaged in cutting wood for a chapel and a house; preparing wood for fifteen thousand shingles likewise finds the day too short. Good Father Huson wished to accept the invitation that Father Collignon gave him. This is why he arrived here on the 7th of January to pass the remainder of the winter with us. We can never thank him sufficiently for the services he is going to render us during his stay. Good little Father Falke is as good a worker as can be found anywhere. He studies the cries with great ardor. He will certainly have acquired the necessary knowledge of it by next spring.

The excellent Father Nemcz is trying his best to finish the house which we have been occupying since the 8th of December. Our dear Fathers Ryan and Rahan also perform their duties. In a word, if there be any one a little indolent, it is your humble servant. We have an average of forty-five children in attendance. As many as thirty have taken their meals at the mission. I bought 8000 fish last Autumn and I do not expect to have any surplus. Our potatoes have been consumed, also some barrels of barley that I pressed the good God to give us. We had a passably hard winter. There was famine at Riviere la Paix and at Lac Polson Blanc. Fifteen families from this place arrived at Slave Lake. Everyone seeks for something to eat. Several families arrived from Riviere de la Paix. It appears that many savages die at this place from want of sufficient nourishment. I have not received any news from Sturgeon Lake since my return. It is probable that the supply of fish is giving out. Needless to add that these poor unfortunates do not pass this mission without asking for something. I think the good God for having allowed me to procure so plentiful a provision of fish. I would wish to have more nets. I might have had yearly a good provision of fish and thus a great number of poor, here more than elsewhere, we have the needy continually around us and consequently we shall always have our Lord. It is for us to keep Him. Yes, my Lord, how many poor widows in the place, how many poor orphans! Ah! if my wishes were gratified how many miseries would be relieved! God's will be done! I cannot do more. You who are more eloquent than I, who know better how to touch hearts, have at least pity on me and plead in favor of our poor suffering ones. Like Jesus I feel my inability to speak to the people. You will be, my Lord, the Aaron of St. Bernard. You will speak to Christians and they will listen to you. We are going to commence our church in the month of March and it is necessary that it should be finished, at least the exterior, by the month of May, but, my Lord, we also count on your kindness to find us wherewith to ornament the interior and a melodious voice which Christians, even at a distance, my hear. Not to say too much, I think, nevertheless, that the victory of our opponents will be undermined. He is strong who has God on his side. Yes, if the good God is with us who can overcome us. Pray, then, that this kind Master will not abandon us, especially at difficult times. Bag this through the intercession of His Blessed Mother and St. Joseph. Ask that we become saints and make saints of all our Christians, that we may not labor in vain in the Lord's vineyard.

While waiting to see or hear from you, permit me to wish you a happy year of good health, and to ask of you a blessing for us all, in particular for your servant, A. DESMARAIS, Priest, O. M. I.

TEMPERANCE AT SAULT ST. MARIE.

From the Sault Express, April 19. A public meeting of the Temperance Society in connection with the Catholic hall was held in the Separate school hall on Monday evening. The hall was crowded with a large audience. Mr. J. J. Kehoe, president of the society, addressed the meeting first in French and afterwards in English. He explained the working of the society and its objects, which are total abstinence and beneficial. The society, in forwarding its object of total abstinence, worked on the individual by moral suasion, and took no stand on the prohibition question. Among Catholic temperance people, some are prohibitionists and some are not, but, as far as this society was concerned, the question of prohibition is never discussed. The speaker then pointed out the evils of intemperance and the strong hold the drinking habit had upon its victims. He made an especial appeal to young men to convince them that their only safeguard was to take the pledge, and closed by calling on the mothers, wives

and sisters to assist them in sending recruits to the ranks of the society. The address was heartily applauded throughout, and a vote of thanks was moved by Mr. John Dawson and seconded by Mr. Monkhouse. The second part of the evening's programme was as follows:

- Chorus—"Beautiful Spring," Pupils; Recitation—"Cold Water Man," John Dubois; Duet—"Gipsy Dances," Miss Howard and Valada; Song—"Junonia," Miss Lala Pim; Song—"A Boy's Best Friend is His Mother," Miss Lala Pim; Song—(comic), Miss Katie McPeak; Recitation—"Drunkard's Dream," Miss Katie McPeak; Song—"The Fisherman," Miss Doyle; Chorus—"Good Night," Pupils.

The society is in a flourishing condition, both in point of numbers and financially. The members wore their badges with pride, and the meeting particularly attractive. Altogether the meeting was a great success.

TRIFLING WITH FAITH.

Too many Catholics hold their faith too lightly and do not appreciate at anything like its true value this most precious of all gifts. They are proud of being Catholics, ready to boast of being Catholics, ready sometimes to fight for their faith, when they do not show its influence on their lives. They regard it as a kind of inheritance came down from a long line of ancestors who preserved it amid a host of trials and persecutions, and which, as a matter of course, they are to transmit unaltered to future generations. But here is the fallacy—it is no heirloom, entirely at their behest and under their control. It is a precious gift from the garden of God, His gift to man, that will live in this cold world of ours only by constant care, that can thrive and blossom only by the most zealous and anxious watchfulness.

Those who are ever ready to criticize the Church and its teachings, to arraign priest, bishop, and even the Vicar of Christ himself before the court of their judgment, are playing a dangerous game. Their faith is in danger. Those who neglect their religious duties, who sympathize with every rebellion against the constituted authority in the Church have a faith that is rapidly dying and needs a miracle to save and restore it. Men live and men die but the Church remains. You cannot sever faith from the Church. Cut off from the Church, faith is lost. In this land where vice and error in every seductive guise menace our faith, we need special safeguards, wise precautions, earnest watchfulness. Every parent should implant into the heart of his children a love for faith and a high idea of its value, that through life they may look upon the very idea of losing it as the greatest of perils. They should instill into their minds that loyalty to the constituted authority, above all to the Vicar of Christ, is one of the greatest guarantees of faith.—Catholic Standard.

SENATOR WHITE A CATHOLIC.

The United States Senator-elect from Louisiana to succeed Mr. Eastis is Hon. E. D. White, of New Orleans. He has been a most prominent figure at the bar, on the bench and before the people for a considerable period. He will make a national reputation at Washington. His whole aspect is that of power physically and mentally, yet he is a man of gentle temperament. Though he has advanced from one high station to another, his progress has been like that of the sun, and not that of the moon. He is of Irish and Maryland extraction, forty-five years old and unmarried. Had he entered the Church—he would have made a grand Archbishop, perhaps a Cardinal. He is an alumnus of Georgetown College. To know Judge White is to admire, and then to feel affection for him. That such a man should have won the great prize of the Senatorship of Louisiana, with many formidable elements against him politically, proves the lofty character of the aspirant.

FATHER PROUT.

HIS MANNER OF EXHORTATION AND ENTERTAINMENT. The Rev. Canon Hagarty, whose parish is at Glamis, County Cork, Ireland, within sound of Shandon's bells, and only six miles distant from Watergrass Hill, is very properly an enthusiastic admirer of Father Prout, as all who have heard him discourse of Prout or have heard him sing "The Bells of Shandon" will cheerfully testify, writes Eugene Field, from London to a Chicago paper. Father Hagarty kindly gives me an anecdote of Prout which I do not remember to have seen in print. "My Bishop told me," says he, "that when he was completing his collegiate course (a brilliant one) old Father Prout invited him to come and stay with him at Watergrass Hill. He went, and, being in orders but not yet a priest, he was devoutly attending Mass within the sanctuary of Prout's church the Sabbath morning after his arrival in Cork. One of the congregation was a certain Captain Nangle, a Catholic magistrate or petty judge, who was generally revered and was a most sincere man. Old Prout duly faced the congregation and preached the word of God to them in his patois verbis: 'Ah, ye set of villains! I often told ye my heart was broken for ye! But I said I'd manage ye yet! There's Captain Nangle there, and he couldn't angle ye. I couldn't do anything with ye, ye set! But d'ye see that young man there? I brought him all the way from Mayo north College to ye; he knows how to settle matters in this parish. He knows Hobaric, and Chialic, and Syric, and all the acts, and if he and Captain Nangle up there in the gallery can't manage ye I won't know what to do with ye at all.'"

It was quite a custom with Father Prout to invite a company of jolly good fellows from Cork to dine with him at his home at Watergrass Hill. He would seat this company at a table upon which there was no cloth and which was bare of plates, knives and forks. When the guests were seated upon rude forms two rustic servants would hustle in bearing a pot of

boiled potatoes, and three steaming hot vegetables they would shoot along the table between the guests. Then was there a great rushing and rattling noise in forcing a wooden vessel filled with cold milk for every two guests. Then Prout would say, gravely: "Your dinner is before you, gentlemen, let us say grace." Eminent jurists, poets, journalists and ecclesiastics would vie with one another in the delicate task of peeling hot potatoes with their fingers, and when the joke seemed to have gone far enough the host would arise and announce dinner in the next room. There would be found a repeat fit for a king; nobody knew better than Prout how to serve a dinner or how to facilitate digestion with felicitous anecdote and merry song.

HOW HE WAS CONVERTED.

An interesting story is told of the conversion of Mr. F. O. Barnard, the editor of London Punch. Mr. Barnard was without religion; according to his own account, he had never given the subject serious thought. What he did give serious thought to, however, was his humorous work in Punch. He was always on the lookout for "material." One day he found the "Confessions of St. Augustine" on a book-stall; he bought it, and took it to the Punch office in hope of finding a joke in it. There an Anglican bishop, who came to visit the factious editor, saw it. He concluded that Mr. Barnard was on the way to Rome, or why should he read St. Augustine? "Have you really considered the step you are about to take?" he asked, solemnly. "Very carefully," answered the professional joker, fancying the bishop was alluding to his projected irreverence. "Well," said the bishop, "come to me to-morrow and I will show you reasons against it." Barnard went, and the bishop, who had the Anglican attitude to him. "I shall now show you how weak the Roman position is," added the prelate. Barnard thanked him, but said he thought he had better go to Cardinal Newman for the "Roman position." He saw the Cardinal for the first time, and this was the beginning of his conversion.—Ave Maria.

HYMNEAL.

On Wednesday morning, the 16th inst., Mr. Thomas Rowland, of Mount Carmel, led to the altar Miss Teresa Doyle, second daughter of Mr. James Doyle, of Annesborough. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Kealy. The bride was accompanied by Miss Helen O'Dwyer, of London, and the best man was Mr. John Rowland, brother of the bridegroom. The guests and the many deeply interested lady friends completely filled the church. The bride looked charming, attired in white satin, real lace, and orange blossoms, and the bridesmaid very becomingly in lavender satin. The presence were costly and too numerous to mention. After the marriage ceremony, the party, including the Rev. Father Kealy, proceeded to the residence of Mr. James Doyle, where a most sumptuous wedding breakfast was awaiting them. After ample justice had been done to the good things provided and a very enjoyable time spent, the happy couple left for the east by the 12 o'clock train. Mr. Rowland and his amiable bride a life full of happiness.

FERGUSON-TURNER.

On Monday morning, at the Church of the Holy Angels, St. Thomas, Mr. F. Joseph Ferguson and Miss Mary Turner, both of St. Thomas, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Rev. Father Flaherty officiated at the altar. The ceremony was the most beautiful and impressive ever witnessed in their new departure, and we commend to those who have attained the proper age and circumstances, to "do and likewise."

LATEST MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON, May 1.—The meat market was large, supplied with veal, live beef, and mutton and lamb were scarce; veal sold at 36 per pound by the carcase; beef, 40 to 42; mutton, 30 to 32; lamb, 30 to 32; pig, 10 to 12; butter, 10 to 12; eggs, 10 to 12; chickens, 10 to 12; turkeys, 10 to 12; geese, 10 to 12; ducks, 10 to 12; poultry, 10 to 12; fish, 10 to 12; fruit, 10 to 12; vegetables, 10 to 12; grain, 10 to 12; oil, 10 to 12; sugar, 10 to 12; coffee, 10 to 12; tea, 10 to 12; spices, 10 to 12; other goods, 10 to 12.

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK.

Chicago, May 1.—CATTLE—Receipts, 1,500; market brisk; light supplies; beefs, 4.90 to 5.00; steers, 3.80 to 4.00; stockers and feeders, 3.50 to 4.00; cows, bulls and mixed, 1.50 to 3.00; Texas grass steers, 2.50 to 3.00; fed, 3.00 to 3.50; Hogs—Receipts, 14,000; market lower; mixed, 4.05 to 4.25; heavy, 4.10 to 4.30; light, 3.90 to 4.10; pigs, 3.30 to 3.50. Sheep—Receipts, 1,000; market firm; natives, 4.00 to 4.50; western, 4.50 to 5.00; Texas, 4.50 to 5.10; lambs, 5.00 to 6.70.

TO ORDER.

ALL-WOOL \$4-TWEED TROUSERS—\$4 UPWARDS. ALL-WOOL \$15-TWEED SUITINGS—\$15 UPWARDS. PETHICK & McDONALD 393 Richmond St.

DIED. At Port Austin, Mich., on the 25th April, Bridget A. beloved wife of Geo. Shaw, and daughter of John Coleman, Stanley street, London South.

In this city, on the 7th instant, at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. James McDermott, Queen's Hotel, Mrs. Ann Young, in the 73rd year of her age.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & Co. GENTR.—Having used MINARD'S LINIMENT for several years in my stable, I attest to its being the best thing I know of for horse flesh. In the family, we have used it for every purpose that a liniment is adapted for, it being recommended to us by the late Dr. J. L. R. Webster. Personally I find it the best allayer of neuralgic pain I have ever used.

Books for the Month of May. A Flower for Each Day of Month May. Paper cover, 10c. each. 80c. doz. The Month of May in Religious Compendium, after the French of the Abbé L. S. S. By Agnes Sadler. 24 The Child's Month of May. 50 Mater Admirabilis. By Rev. C. O'Brien. 50 The Glories of Mary. By Rev. C. O'Brien. 50 Cloth. 10c. each. 85c. doz. The New Month of May. By Rev. P. R. Henrick. 18mo. cloth, red cover. 60 A Flower for Each Day of Month May. Little Month of May for Children. Translated from the French of the Graces of Mary; or, Instructions and Devotions for the Month of May. 60 Maria Magnifica: a story for Mary. For a Month on Our Lady's Life. By Rev. P. R. Henrick. 18mo. cloth, red cover. 15 The Month of Mary, containing Meditations for Each Day of the Month of Mary. Translated from the French by A. M. S. Cloth. 35 The Month of Mary. By Rev. P. R. Henrick. 18mo. cloth, red cover. 35 Our Blessed Redeemer speaking to the Heart of the Children of Mary. Paper. 15 The Month of Mary for the use of Ecclesiastics. 40

SHEET PRAYERS.

Devotions to Our Lady of Perpetual Succour. 4p. leaded, with chromo, 45c. per doz.; 50c. per doz. Devotions in Honor of the Sorrowful Heart of Mary. 4p. leaded, 50c. per doz.; 60c. per doz. Our Mother's Month. 4p. leaded, 35c. per doz.; 50c. per doz. The Month of St. Bernard. 1p. leaded, 30c. per doz.; 50c. per doz. Queen of the Most Holy Rosary. 2p. leaded, 30c. per doz.; 50c. per doz. Prayers to Our Lady of Lourdes. 1p. leaded, 30c. per doz.; 50c. per doz. Devotions to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart of Mary. 2p. leaded, 30c. per doz.; 50c. per doz.

D. & J. SADDLER & Co. 123 Church St. 1689 Notre Dame St. TORONTO. MONTREAL.

TENDERS.

SEALED TENDERS marked "For Mount-Edwards" and addressed to the Honorable the Minister of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, will be received up to noon on Tuesday, 3rd June, 1899. Information as to the articles and approximate quantities required, may be had on application to the Mount-Edwards Police Station in the North-West, or at the office of the undersigned. No tender will be received unless made on such printed forms. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian bank cheque for an amount equal to the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract for the completion of the work, or if he fails to complete the service contracted for. If the tender is not accepted, no payment will be made to newspaper inserters. This advertisement without authority having been received from the undersigned. FRED WHITE, Comptroller, N. W. M. Police, Ottawa, April 29, 1899.

I took Cold. I took Sick. I TOOK SCOTT'S EMULSION.

RESULT: I take My Meals. I take My Rest. AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, FOR SCOTT'S Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURE MY Incurable Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING FLESH ON MY BONES AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK. SCOTT'S Emulsion is put up only in Salmon color wrappers. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

A NATURAL REMEDY FOR Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Inebriety, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects. Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us. This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Father Koenig of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MEDICINE CO., 60 West Madison, St. Charles, St. LOUIS, ILL. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price \$1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for \$5. Agents, W. E. Saunders & Co., Druggists, London, Ontario.