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The Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

Reddite qua sunt Caesaris, Caesaris; et qua sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 1.

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, Nov. 5, 1892.

No. 39



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In the matter of the estate of the Right Reverend Timothy O'Mahoney late of the City of Toronto Bishop of Eudocia, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to R. S. O. c. 110, s. 39, that creditors and others having claims against the estate of the above named Right Reverend Timothy O'Mahoney, D.D., Bishop of Eudocia deceased who died on or about the 8th day of September, A.D., 1892 are required to deliver or send by post (prepaid) on or before Monday the 14th day of November A.D., 1892 to Frank A. Anglin of the City of Toronto, corner Bay and Richmond streets, Solicitor for the Very Reverend Monsignor Rooney, V.G., executor of the said deceased, a statement in writing containing their names, addresses and descriptions and full particulars of their claims with vouchers, if any, verified by Statutory Declaration.

And notice is hereby further given that after the said date the said executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the estate of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to claims of which he shall then have had notice and the executor will not be liable for any claim or claims of which he shall not have had notice, as above required, at the time of such distribution.

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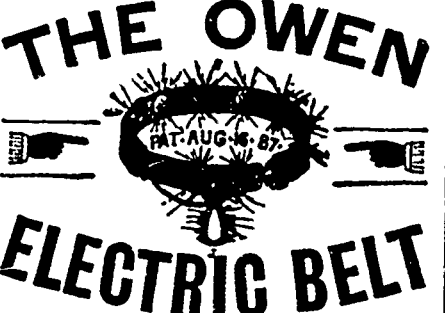
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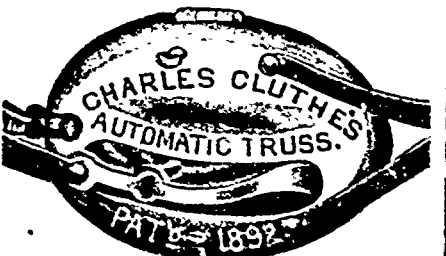
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Steamers will sail from Portland about 1 p.m., after arrival of Canadian Pacific Railway due at 8 a.m. and Grand Trunk Railway train due at noon. Rate of passage from Portland, Cabin, \$4 to \$60. Return \$50 to \$110. Second Cabin \$25, return \$55. Steerage 90. Superior accommodation for all classes of passengers. Special discount for clergymen and their families. Apply to David Torrance & Co., General Agents, MONTREAL & PORTLAND Or G. W. Torrance 18 Front St. West, Melville and Richardson, 28 Adelaide St. East Toronto.

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Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, Nov. 5, 1892.

No. 39

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Notes.

The Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart publishes particulars of several favors, spiritual and temporal, said to have been obtained through the intercession of the Canadian Martyrs, Brebœuf and Lalemant.

Archbishop Vaughan will accompany the coming pilgrimage of British Catholics to Rome. This pilgrimage, which is headed by the Duke of Norfolk, is in point of wealth and number the greatest that has left Great Britain for centuries.

Cardinal Gibbons informed the Baltimore correspondent of the Washington *Church News* that Archbishop Satolli's visit had no significance whatever relative to the school question; that matter having been finally disposed of by the Pope some time ago, would not be again considered; and that he had come solely to represent the Pope at the World's Columbian Exposition.

The *Globe Review* (quarterly), of Chicago, comes to hand with a unique recommendation, signed by the Archbishop of Philadelphia, the Bishop of the Episcopal Church there, and a prominent newspaper editor. The contents of the last number make excellent reading. Under the heading of "Personal and Pertinent," the editor (Mr. W. H. Thorne) announces his conversion to Catholicity.

A London cable informs us that the difference between the two sections of the Irish parliamentary party over the Paris fund is at last on the verge of settlement. On Wednesday last Archbishop Croke sent £50 to the fund for the relief of evicted tenants, and in a letter accompanying his donation declared that the fund should be taken from the hands of the Paris bankers and confided to three honest men who are not connected with either side of the Irish controversy, until an agreement as to its disposition should be concluded. Timothy Harrington has signified that he unconditionally agrees to the Archbishop's suggestion, and adds that he desires that Archbishop Croke be one of the three new trustees. If the McCarthyites agree to the proposition there will be little further trouble regarding the fund. At a meeting of the Irish Parliamentary Committee, held on Saturday, at which Mr. Michael Davitt presided, Archbishop Croke's proposals for the release of the fund were accepted.

There was a large gathering at the Union depot Monday afternoon to say good-bye to Hon. Edward Blake on his leaving for New York, whence he sails on Wednesday in the Teutonic for Liverpool. Mrs. Blake accompanied the hon. gentleman. Shortly before 5 o'clock, Hon. Frank Smith, Mr. Patrick Boyle and Mr. Lee addressed Mr. Blake and expressed their hearty thanks for the services Mr. Blake has rendered to the Irish cause, and their anticipation that still further benefit would result from Mr. Blake's mission. Senator Smith then produced a check for £1000 and told Mr. Blake this was a portion of the fund which had been subscribed by the friends of Ireland since the reception given the member for Longford at the Pavilion. Mr. Blake, who was visibly affected by the personal reference, accepted the trust with many thanks. President Loudon, Professor Carpmuel, Ex-Mayor Manning and other gentlemen heartily shook hands with Mr. Blake, and after an affecting good-bye to the members of the Blake family the train steamed out of the station amid the cheers of the assembled crowd.

A feature of the Columbian celebration was (says an exchange) that the Jewish synagogues vied with the Christian churches in the profusion and brilliancy of their decorations. They held services of thanksgiving on Saturday, and prominent rabbis discoursed on the character and achievements of Columbus. Rabbi Kohul spoke of Columbus as a friend of the Jews. We quote: We could not do justice within the limited time allotted to the exemplary virtues of this valiant hero who founded a haven of repose for our noble race were we desirous of even touching upon these merits. One trait of his character we would nevertheless mention for a moment, as it is a direct contradiction of the fraudulent charges of cupidity hurled at him by envious tongues, and is a feature in his career which is of interest to us Jews. Columbus desired to enrich his Majesty with West India's opihir, yet his Majesty as a legacy bestowed upon a Jew "who used to be of the Jewry, in Lisbon." The codicil to this will was formulated and indorsed by the Admiral's own

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

[Written by Eliza Allen Starr, and sung at the Catholic Columbian celebration in Carnegie Hall, New York, Oct. 12, to music by Bruno Oscar Klein.]

INVOCATION.

O Thou whose way is on the sea,
Make known to me
The path Thy dread Archangels keep
Across the awful deep;
Flash o'er the shadowy main,
Light from those stars that wane,
Beyond our world's space;
That I, a man, may trace,
Upon adoring knees,
God's highway o'er mysterious seas.

VOYAGE.

Christ on these shoulders rest,
While I the billows breast,
My only care,
Christ and His truth to bear
To shores unknown;
Where God is not;
In His own works forgot!
Queen, on thy starry throne,
Cheer with thine eyes benign
This lonely quest of mine!

LANDING.

Glory to God on high!
Thine be the praise
Through length of days!
Fly, royal banner, fly!
Christ to His own is nigh,
For on this flowery strand
The Cross doth now victorious stand!
Sovereigns of mighty Spain,
Joy to your reign!
Castile's most gracious Queen,
Await, serene,
Thy future's double crown
Of just renown!

DEATH.

Hush! o'er that bed of death,
Swayed by the failing breath,
A clank of chains!
"Peace to the noble dead!"
With tears by men is said;
While angels sigh: "God reigns."

FOURTH CENTENNARY.

To-day, what peans sound
The glad earth round!
"Colombo!" chime the bells:
Each breeze "Colombo" swells;
O'er land, o'er sea,
One burst of melody—
"A New World found."

THE EVICTIONS IN IRELAND.

WHOLE FAMILIES LEFT BY THE ROADSIDE.

The scheme of wholesale evictions in Ireland is being carried out. Although Chief Secretary Morley has given orders reviving and enforcing the old rule that the police shall not give aid in evictions between sunset and sunrise, yet the landlords find the hours of daylight quite sufficient for their work. Scores of the aged and decrepit, as well as of the young and otherwise helpless, may be seen camping on the roads in the southwest part of Ireland with nothing but clothing little better than rags, to shelter them from the bleak storms of October. At Bantry, a few days ago, a whole family were found in the midst of a fierce rain and wind storm crouching in a grove of trees and wet to the skin. They had been evicted last Saturday, when the husband was hardly able to hobble out of his wretched cabin, and the wife and mother about to give birth to another child. The little one was born without medical attendance on the following day, with the rain pouring down through the branches of the trees, now almost denuded of leaves, and the wind blowing a hurricane around. Kind neighbors learned of the wretched plight of the unfortunates and gave them a temporary home. There are three young children besides the baby, which, it is said, is barely alive, owing to the cold and exposure. Chief Secretary Morley is practically helpless to prevent these outrages so long as the landlords can find bailiffs to perform their cruel work. The laws passed by an English Parliament permit the landlords to do as they please, and Morley must bow to the law until it is repealed. The Tories are just now enforcing these laws with the utmost rigor.

Direction.—For the cure of pimples, blotches and all stains and eruptions of the skin use *Persian Lotion* pure. As a preventive and beautifier, use it with water.

The Press.

THINKS IT UNCOUTH.

We wonder when our American Catholic contemporaries will abandon their uncouth method of describing high ecclesiastical personages as simply "Bishop" or "Archbishop" so and so.—*Irish Catholic*.

WASN'T BORN FOR NOTHING.

It is estimated that the total receipts from all sources and during the entire operations will net \$84,500,000 to the Chicago World's Fair. Evidently Columbus was not born for nothing.—*Empire*.

THEY ARE FOOLING THEMSELVES.

Those Winnipegers who think to get an idea of Tom Daly's views on the Manitoba school question by giving the new Minister a public dinner, are fooling themselves. If the Government have not yet made up their minds on the matter, it is certain that the junior member of the Cabinet will not venture to give his opinions.—*Telegram*.

PHILOSOPHY—PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

Renan's work, as far as Christianity is concerned, was mainly destructive. He labored to destroy faith in a living and personal Christ, and with all his brilliancy the sober second sense of the world will be that this brilliant Frenchman was a failure, and that no more in our own day than in the days of Voltaire can philosophy be regarded as a safe guide to the truth of the Christian religion.—*Presbyterian Review*.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

The Columbian celebration aroused the enthusiasm of the nation from ocean to ocean. Every town had its own demonstration, and the display made by New York and Chicago will be forever memorable. In this great outpouring of grateful and patriotic sentiment, the Catholics of the country were conspicuous. They added a religious feature to the jubilation, and in the civic festival they took, according to their opportunities, the part appropriate to their numbers, their love for the republic, and their relation to the immortal Discoverer.—*Catholic Review (N.Y.)*

A CLEVER FORGERY, AS LIKE AS NOT

A papyrus manuscript found in the den of an old hermit in a cave near Jerusalem in the year 1880, and which experts have all along believed to have been the handiwork of St. Peter, "the friend of Christ," was submitted to a committee of the Biblical Society of London in 1890. They have arrived at the conclusion that the work is in reality exactly what it purports to be, the last literary work of the great apostle. It is said that a "society of British literary voluptuaries" have offered £20,000 for the document.

THE NEW GENERAL.

Peter Louis Martin, the new General of the Jesuits, is a native of Spain, but is of French descent. He studied Theology in France at the school of Saint Michel. He has occupied various stations in Spain, having been for several years at the head of the Province of Castille, which is only next in importance to Aragon. Father Martin is now about 50 years old. He is tall and broad and bears the signs of a man of energy. His face is bronze in color and his eyes flashing black. He will live in the future at Fiesole, near Florence.—*World*.

THE IRISH IN IT.

Who says that for once the Irish are not "in it?" Was not William Eyre who sailed with Columbus on his first voyage of discovery a Galway man? And was not the Rt. Rev. Bernardo Boyle, who accompanied the Admiral on his second voyage, another Irishman, who in young years had rambled to Spain? The first, left to garrison Natividad, was slain by the aborigines during the absence of Columbus. The second, the first Vicar Apostolic that trod the shores of the New World, returned home after establishing the ecclesiastical link that unites Rome and America. The Irish not in it, indeed! *Quæ regio nostri non plena laboris!*—*Buffalo Union and Times*.

THE HOLY ACEPHALOUS CHURCH LOOKING FOR A NAME.

At its convention held in Baltimore last week, the Protestant Episcopal Church of America decided that it would not change its name. If it had reached an opposite conclusion, suggestions for a title would have been in order, and somebody might have proposed to call it the Church of Henry VIII. and Anna Boleyn, or the Church of Victoria in America, or the Church of Contrary Doctrines (*vide* Potter, Coxe, Newton, Brooks, etc.), or the Holy Acephalous Church. But these would not do. The men who want to alter its name have a predilection for the epithet Catholic and want to take it from us for themselves. But it would be the cloak of a giant on a pigmy and the American Branch of the Anglican Establishment would be lost under it so completely that even its own members wouldn't know it. Why not let well enough alone?—*Catholic Review (N.Y.)*

A STUDY IN TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM."

The recent death of Alfred Tennyson, England's Poet-Laureate, makes the following study quite appropriate.

"In Memoriam" was written by Tennyson after the death of his most beloved friend Arthur Henry Hallam the son of Henry Hallam the historian. In 1824 Arthur entered Trinity College and there began the memorable friendship with the Tennysons which is embalmed in the "In Memoriam."

Arthur must have been a remarkably fine character for all the noted men of his time time loved to praise him. Gladstone said of him: "There perhaps was no one, among those who were blessed with his friendship, nay, not even Tennyson, who did not feel at once bound closely to him by commanding affection." Do we wonder then that the man who was honored with the deep and intimate love of so noble a character would, when death deprived him of that friendship, feel his loss so keenly as only to be able to find comfort in the pouring out of his soul in this most beautiful of Elegies?

Let us follow the Poet in some of his thoughts. The Christian spirit is strongly marked in the first stanza of the prologue where he exclaims:

Strong son of God, immortal love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove.

What noble words and how Catholic! Further down the prologue how deep the humility where he says:

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature whom I found so fair,
I trust he lives in Thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

The poem proper hinges on two great thoughts, despair at the loss of his friend and final hope in God who has taken him out of life, and the poet carries us through his own struggle with infidelity into the sweet peace of faith. Notice the first part of the poem and see the apparent despair. He refers to some friends who say that "Loss is common to our race," and he replies:

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more:
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.

Then as if some one advised him to be calm we find the answer coming:

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
Those leaves that reddened to the fall;
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair:

Arthur died while studying in Italy and they brought his body home to bury him with his friends in England. It is then, indeed, that Tennyson reaches the point of despairing of any comfort. He watches the ship bearing its precious freight, thinking that the "Sailor is brought home to his wife" and "Letters to trembling hands" and all that is brought to him is a "vanished life"—

My Arthur whom I shall not see,
Till all my widow'd race be run;
Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me.

How deep the affection. He thinks it impossible for him to live without his friend. What a noble being Arthur must have been to inspire such love and devotion from a man like Alfred Tennyson, and I thought how happy anyone would be if he were even thought of after death. Arthur is more than two years dead before the poet's grief began to assume a milder form; for he speaks of Christmas coming and the singing and story-telling, making him so sad that he, with some others, leaves the room, so as not to cast a gloom over the entire company. He seems to be able to take no interest in any count but the one in which his "dear departed" is the leading theme. He is so delighted that he is his only and best beloved. When speaking of his great love that is lost his cry is:

I hold it true, what'er befall;
I feel it when I sorrow most:
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

His grief is so great that he has forgotten for a time even God. While engaged in weaving the "Holly round the Christmas hearth," his thoughts are turned toward Heaven and he wonders if Arthur is witness to his sorrow. He thinks of Lazarus rising from the grave and his going home and the sister asking "Where wert thou, brother, these four days?" He is surprised there lives no record of his reply. The sister he says is filled with joy for she beholds her "Lord and Master" in her house and all curiosity leaves her:—

She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?"

He dreams of his friend waiting for him and bringing him with others to the land beyond the clouds. Again the Christmas time draws near and again his sorrow overpowers him. He wants neither songs nor games, for who, he says:—

Would keep an ancient form,
Thro' which the spirit breathes no more.

Try as he may, and he does try very hard to reconcile himself to the separation with the thought of again meeting his friend in the "better land," the grief remains unchanged and he cries out:—

Beneath all fancied hopes and fears
Ay me! the sorrow deepens down,
Whose muffled motions blindly crown
The bases of my life in tears.

The tears he sheds now are not altogether tears of regret for he is able to see the face of Arthur and fancied he hears him speaking. Then he dreams of days spent in France when he and Arthur were travelling together, and lives over again the happy time. Thus he goes on through the whole poem, telling how sometimes he is on the verge of despair and sometimes hopeful, until at last we find him wholly reconciled to the will of Heavenly Father. His closing stanzas are:—

Whereof the man that with me trod,
This planet, was a noble type
Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God,

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

And thus in the true spirit of a Christian he finds the strength of his hope in a blessed immortality with God. What greater consolation to a heart burdened with sorrow than to read and re-read the "In Memoriam," which is the unfolding of a grief-laden soul which can find in God alone, true solace.—*Camille, in the Catholic School and Home Magazine.*

ONE CLEAR CALL FOR ME.

Lord Tennyson's funeral seems to have been one of the most solemn scenes ever enacted in the historic Abbey. Beautiful wreathes from the Queen (with an autograph message), from the Prince of Wales and all the members of the Royal family; from Mrs. Gladstone, with the following couplet in his own handwriting:

And in the vast Cathedral leave him;
God accept him, Christ receive him.

with innumerable others, were tendered. The pall-bearers represented every phase of national life. The Marquis of Salisbury and Lord Rosebery stood near the Marquis of Dufferin, whose presence must have recalled the dedicatory lines in which the late Laureate once linked the memory of his son Lionel with that of our one time Governor-General:

To question why
The sons before the fathers die,
Not mine! and I may meet him soon:
But while my life's late eve endures,
Nor settles into hueless gray,
My memories of his briefer day
Will mix with love for you and yours.

Mr. Lecky and Mr. Froude, and the Duke of Argyll with others completed the list. The service was beautifully conducted, calmly impressive and pathetic, and when that most lovely of anthems,

Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me,

was sung, the effect is said to have been intense. Following it without a pause came the last poem of the great deceased:

Call me rather, silent voices,
Forward to the starry track,
Glimmering up the heights beyond me,
On and always on.

The death and burial of Lord Tennyson seem to have been almost poetically perfect in sentiment and surroundings.—*Empire.*

The principal means by which we obtain relief for the Suffering Souls in Purgatory are sacrifice, prayer and almsdeeds.

S. LACHANCE Esq.,

Dear Sir.—Having given a fair and judicious trial to your *Capilline*, I can certify that the preparation is the best I have ever made use of to keep the head in healthy condition. Whilst efficaciously preventing the fall of the hair, restoring them to their natural color, your *Capilline* has the advantage of keeping the skin of the head in a perfect state of cleanliness. It will always be my pleasant duty to recommend it, as to myself, will never employ any other preparation.

Yours truly
Jos. Gagnon M.D. 201 Maisonneuve St.

OUR ONLY DAY.

Were this our only day,
Did not our yesterdays and morrows give
To hope and memory their interplay,
How should we bear to live?

Not merely what we are,
But what we were and what we are to be,
Make up our life—the far days each a star,
The near days nebulae.

At once would love forget
Its keen pursuits and coy delays of bliss,
And its delicious pangs of foud regret,
Were there no day but this.

And who, to win a friend,
Would to the secrets of his heart invite
A fellowship that should begin and end
Between a day and night?

Who too, would pause to prate
Of insult, or remember slight or scorn,
Who would this night lie down to sleep with hate,
Were there to be no morn?

Who would take heed to wrong,
To misery's complaint or pity's call,
The long wail of the weak against the strong,
If this one day were all?

And what were wealth with shame,
The vanity of office, pride of caste,
The winy sparkle of the bubble fame,
If this day were the last?

Ay, what were all days worth
Were there no looking backward or before—
If every human life that drops to earth
Were lost for evermore?

But each day is a link
Of days that pass and never pass away;
For memory and hope—to live, to think—
Each is our only day.

Coates Kenney, in *Harper's Magazine*.

SCOTCH CATHOLICS.

THE UNSUNG GLORIES OF A NOBLE RACE.

We are too often inclined to look upon the sons of "Caledonia the stern and wild as all "black Presbyterians." There is not enough told of the grand, the glorious history of our faith in the "land o' cakes." Few people ever suffered so much for their creed as did the Catholics of Scotland, and they have under all circumstances, at home and abroad, been the most splendid models of sincere Catholic virtue that it has been given to the historian to record.

Seldom if ever do we hear the Highland Catholics boast of their achievements; they are silent, too much so, on the glories that cling to and cluster around their past. We would advise all who are anxious to learn the remarkable story of our faith in Scotland to read a splendid work on the subject written by the Rev. Father Dawson of Ottawa, it is beautifully and eloquently composed, couched in graphic language, and it bristles with facts of the greatest interest.

Yes; in that

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,"

the pure faith that St. Germanicus fostered held sway during long centuries. The deeds of Wallace, that shed glory upon the pages of Scottish history, were only surpassed by the boundless devotion of that hero to the faith of centuries. "The heart of Bruce" beat as warmly for the principles of the Catholic faith as ever it throbbed for the land of his greatness and his love. The wizard pen of Scott peopled the rocky heights, the mirror-like lakes with a thousand creatures of his grand imagination, but never where his pictures truer than when he drew inspiration from the scene that took place when the Catholic faith obtained all through the land, "frae Maiden Kirk to John Groat's." The ruins of Melrose are still haunted by "the monk of St. Mary's aisle," and William of Deloraine. But looking back into the mists of the past, we behold those walls rising in Gothic grandeur, for

"There from matins to midnight,
The censers were swaying,
And from matins to midnight
The people were praying;
As a thousand Cistercians
Incessantly raised,
Hosannas round shrines
That with jewelry blazed;
While the palmer from Syria—
The pilgrim from Spain,
Brought their offerings alike
To the far honored fane."

In Holyrood House, the Cross was revered and the spirit of Catholicity walked abroad over the land. Their lives were very simple and

honest, their forays numerous and very bitter, but their characters were noble and true. Their faith was as solid as the adamant base of Ben Ledi; their charity or love was as placid and pure as the face of Lough Katrine or the bosom of Lough Lomond; while their lives flowed on between alternate flowery slopes and rugged rocks, like their own historic Tweed. On Culloden's gory field a blow was given to the Jacobite hopes of the Highlanders; proud Cumberland, whose 'bloody eye' shone on defeat at Fontenoy, sat upon his charger that

insulted the slain

And their hoof-beaten bosoms were trod to the plain,

as he gloated over the victory that was to crush the hopes of a religious freedom that for long and weary years the people cherished.

While John Knox thundered his heresy from the window of his house upon Edinburgh's High street, and listening crowds of fanatics applauded him to the echo, away beyond Arthur's Seat, far up in the recesses of the Trossachs, outside the cities and in the deep glens of the Highlands, the Catholic priests were stealing along, in fear and trembling, to pay their visits to the sick, to hear the confessions of the faithful mountaineers, or to chant the Mass for the tartaned 'Children of the Mist.'

Ah! it is a grand, an inspiring, a noble history that of the Catholic faith in Scotland! With the tenacity of the Celt did they cling to their cross, and with the endurance of Highland strength did they resist the persecutions to which they were subjected. The mad fury of the Covenanters, the frantic bigotry of Claverhouse and the Lords of Convention, the wild and maniac ravings of a host of Habakkuk Mucklowraths, the fire and the stake—all were vain efforts to quench the flames of Catholicity that burned in the hearts of that gallant race. We must not forget that the land of Burns and Scott, was also the land of Wallace and Bruce.—*Montreal True Witness*.

A GREAT SEMINARY; ITS FOUNDER AND HIS HOME.

[The following letter was a mild mystery to us until we found an inclosure which announces that the writer, John A. Randolph is the author of the first English history of the great Seminary referred to, which see.—Ed. C.W.R.]

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW:

In every age God has raised up holy men and women, and endowed them with some special gift wherewith to enrich or defend His Church and to confound those who will not hear His voice.

Nor is the case of Robert de Sorbon, the poor, pious and humble ecclesiastic, an exception to the rule.

Born of poor but devout parents, in October, 1201, and carefully educated by them as far as their own learning enabled them to, he passed about thirty years in his native village, in the diocese of Rheims, and in the French Ardennes.

His Master, however, called him to the ecclesiastical life, and accordingly we find him, soon after, in Paris, whether he went on leaving home, with a view to studying theology in company with Blessed Albert the Great, St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Philip Beniti.

However, there was no place in Paris where those who were studying for the priesthood could do so together and thus help each other in the study when any difficult questions should arise; therefore, mindful of his own experiences, he stated his case before King (St.) Louis, who was immediately disposed to help him in carrying out so necessary and beneficent a scheme, and forthwith presented him with a house near the "Palais des Thermes." Here sixteen poor students in theology were lodged free, but they paid a small sum weekly for their board. Robert was appointed "Provisor," and there were four students admitted from the four following nations: English, Norman, Picard and German. Later on, as the piety and learning of these men became known, many applications came in, so much so that eventually board and lodging was arranged for six and thirty students, not counting the Provisor.

The exchanges and gifts of lands, houses, money and books became so numerous that the library of the Seminary was, at Richelieu's time, the richest and largest in Europe. The learning of the Doctors in theology at the Sorbonne was of such excellence that even Popes and Kings consulted the Sorbonists on cases of conscience, and often bided by their decision.

In 1471 the printing press was introduced into France, and its first home there was at the Sorbonne.

Richelieu enlarged the old buildings in the style of the time, and these in their turn are being trebled in proportion, for, in spite of the dissolution of the Sorbonne by decree, in 1792, of the National Assembly, it is still alive, and has gathered within its venerable walls the Faculties of literature and science, and the Holy Father has recently given canonical erection to the Theological Faculty there, in its capacity of the continuation of the Sorbonne of old.

The village of Sorbon is of great antiquity, there being a vast network of Roman vaults and subterranean passages under the houses. The church contains an old font, at which, in all probability, the Founder of the Sorbonne was baptized in October, 1201. The situation of the village is exceedingly picturesque. The population—an agricultural one—is given as 940, all told.

JOHN A. RANDOLPH.

Local.

The presentation of the clergy to His Grace the Archbishop on the 10th will take the form of a complete set of Episcopal vestments including crozier and mitre. The laity will present a purse of gold at the reception in the Granite Rink in the evening.

St. Helen's School.

HIGHEST NUMBER OF MARKS DURING OCTOBER.

Senior Fourth—Ella May Rows. Junior Fourth—Florence Boland. Senior Third—Margaret Faule. Junior Third—Annie Smith. General good conduct—Albertha Markle, Mabel Pegg, Maud Herron.

St. Michael's School.

HIGHEST NUMBER OF MARKS DURING OCTOBER.

1st Form:—Primary 1, L. Doyle; 2, A. Brown; 3, O. Carley. Junior 1, M. Mahony; 2, M. Giroux; 3, R. O'Neill. Senior 1, N. Quealey; 2, H. Todd; 3, H. Fox, N. Long.

2nd Form:—Junior 1, Mary Kennedy; 2, F. McCann and M. Smith; 3, B. Brady. Senior 1, Annie Murray; 2, L. Armstrong, M. Smith, M. Jackson. 3, M. Kearney and M. Boylan.

3rd Form:—Junior 1, M. Shields; 2, M. Graham; 3, M. Lartie. Senior 1, K. Jordan; 2, M. Cowan; 3, A. Labitzky.

4th Form:—Junior 1, M. Feany; 2, A. McCutcheon; 3, K. Martin. Senior 1, A. McCarthy; 2, L. Listan; 3, K. Flynn and M. Swalwell.

Boys, 1st Form:—Primary 1, Thos. Judge; 2, P. Pinfold; 3, Jas. Wheeler. Junior 1, Jas. Foley; 2, S. Turner; 3, W. Swalwell. Senior 1, J. Hennessey; 2, W. Burke; 3, Joe. Doyle.

De La Salle Institute.

TESTIMONIALS FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

Form III.—Excellent: J. Kormann, J. Wright, W. Malone, H. O'Connor, J. Flynn, J. Varley, E. McDonald, J. Ryan, J. Jordan, E. English, E. O'Leary, L. Murphy, W. Miville. Good: A. Conlin, F. Beer.

Form II.—Excellent: J. Harnett, J. Hennessy, J. Fraser, A. McCandlish. Good: C. Hanrahan, J. Moriarty, H. Trimbie, E. Rosar, B. Moran, J. Kelly, E. Costello.

Form I.—Excellent: L. Giroux, W. O'Connor, W. Byrne, J. Dee, M. McDonnell, P. Wheeler. Good: W. Veale, J. Cashman, P. Stafford, J. Lysaght, J. Drohan, J. Thompson, D. Simons, C. Girvin, J. Shea, A. Lotheuser, W. Read.

St. Paul's School.

Form IV.—Excellent: W. D. Boylan, J. Thornton, S. Derinski, J. McCloskey, B. Mitchell, F. Delaney. Good: J. Daly, D. Hayes, J. Egan.

Form III.—Excellent: S. Brady, J. Griffith, F. Thornton, J. Finley, G. Russell, B. Gloster, H. Silvas. Good: P. Bird, F. Cull, M. Crosbie, T. Judge, W. Holland.

Form II.—Excellent: J. Horan, W. Duffy, J. Bateman, J. Buckley, E. Brown, J. F. Daly, J. Lawless, S. Derinski, S. Griffith, W. Hamilton. Good: L. McGrady, J. Nevins, L. Lyons, F. Barber, W. Devane, F. Cherry, F. Harris.

Form I.—Excellent: W. Brady, P. Martin. Good: W. Goodwin, E. Dennie, M. Hayes, T. Burns, J. Whitaker.

St. Michael's School.

Form IV.—Excellent: W. Christie, H. Evans, J. Pape, P. O'Connor, L. Langley, E. Shanley, W. Foley, F. Foley, J. Bigley, J. Brady, E. Curry, W. Han, C. Connors, F. Murphy. Good: J. Reunie, T. Harri, J. Shields, F. O'Leary, E. Foran, M. McGinn, H. Winter.

Senior Form III.—Excellent: F. Bredannaz, J. Bredannaz, J. Christie, M. O'Leary, J. Giroux, F. Mahony, J. Swalwell, E. M. J. Costello. Good: L. Sullivan, C. Phillips, A. Pape, J. R. Trimble, W. Trimble, C. O'Connor, F. Lalor, G. H.

Junior Form III.—Excellent: F. Moran, E. Killeen, J. Connors. Good: W. Cowan, F. Bidwell, T. Jordan, W. Gloynes, J. Hurst, J. O'Leary, M. Leonard, J. Murray.

Columbus the Catholic.

Columbus never penned a letter without setting at its head *Jesus cum Maria sit nobis in via*; "May Jesus and Mary be with us on our way." The Mass celebrated by Father Perez, the commission of the admiral ere he boarded the Santa Maria, the singing of the *Ave Maris Stella* as the three small crafts sailed, the melody of *Salve Regina* on the deck every evening, the *Gloria in Excelsis* chanted at sight of land, the *Te Deum* as the cross rose on American soil, the prayer of the kneeling discoverer, the name he gave the land—all this stamps the enterprise as Catholic and the man as a loyal son of the Church. Truly has Pope Leo XIII. said, *Noster est*—"he is ours."

SEPARATE SCHOOL BOARD.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Separate School Board on Wednesday night the reports of all the standing committees were adopted.

Miss Hart received the appointment of head teacher of St. Cecilia's school at a salary of \$950 per annum. The appointment takes effect Jan. 1.

Mr. Carey arose to correct a statement which appeared in the *News* report of the last meeting of the Board. In it he was accused of moving a measure in retaliation for a motion passed by the Public School Board to the effect that the Separate School supporters be debarred from bidding for contracts. Mr. Carey's motion was "that all other things being equal, if a contract was being tendered for the Separate School supporter should have the preference." He says when he was questioned as to whether this was done in retaliation he stated it was not.

The Separate School children will present an address to His Grace the Archbishop on the 11th in the Cathedral. Over 2,000 children will be present. They are now being trained in the singing for the occasion.

The Board will attend in body, but their address will be presented in Granite Rink on the evening of the 10th.

Hon. J. W. Anglin was elected to fill the seat of the late Dr. O'Sullivan on the Public Library Board. His resignation as a member of the Separate School Board was accepted.

The *American Catholic Quarterly Review* for October is a varied and interesting number. The table of contents shows: 'The Catholic Idea in the New Testament, by Very Rev. Augustine F. Howit, D.D., C.S.P.; The Church and English Liberty, by Michael Hennessy; English Kings and Roman Pontiffs, by Arthur F. Marshall, B.A. (Oxon); Christopher Columbus: Ingratitude—Misfortunes—Posthumous Honors, by Richard H. Clarke, LL.D.; A Retrospect (Continued) by Prof. St. George Mivart, F.R.S.; The Friars of the West Indies, by J. Rodrigues; The Nimbus and Aureole, by Ellis Schreiber, Columbus and the 'Scientific' School, by John A. Mooney, LL.D.; Is Irish Home Rule Near? by Bryan J. Clinch; Our Parochial System—the Progress it has Made and is Making, by George D. Wolff, LL.D.; Scientific Chronicle, Rev. Thomas J. A. Freeman, S.J. Then follow the book notices, always interesting and precise.

HAVE YOU ASTHMA?

Dr. R. Skiffman, St. Paul, Minn., will mail a trial package of Skiffman's Asthma Cure to any sufferer who sends his address and names this paper. Never fails to give instant relief in worst cases, insures comfortable sleep and cures where others fail.

In old age our bodies are worn-out instruments, on which the soul tries in vain to play the melodies of youth. But because the instrument has lost its strings, or is out of tune, it does not follow that the musician has lost his skill.—*Longfellow's Table Talk*.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

The fear of death is excited by any severe attack of disease, especially colds or coughs. This need not be where Dr. Woods Norway Pine Syrup is kept on hand for family use. This unrivalled remedy cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, asthma, bronchitis and all throat and lung diseases. Price 25c. and 50c. Sold by druggists. MONTREAL, 6th June, 1892.

TOO MUCH MULTIPLICITY.

Propos of academic distinctions, one of the funniest things in our experience was the case of a music teacher who was in the habit of signing his card in the newspapers; "Prof.—, B.A." To our enquiry as to what University he was graduated from he gave the naive reply: "From no University. My father was a B.A., and I inherit his title." This reminded us of the story told by a Southern paper: "You say you're a veteran from Georgia?" "I have that honor, sir." "What regiment?" "No regiment at all, sir—just a natural born colonel." Perhaps these observations may help to explain the multiplicity of academic titles in some quarters of the world. At any rate, they indicate the wide-spread craving for distinctions.—*Presbyterian Review*.

TREATS JACK FROST.

DEAR Sir, I have used Hagar's Yellow Oil in our family and know it to be a good remedy for lumbago and frost bites. My wife was so bad with her back that she could not straighten herself, and Yellow Oil cured her. It has been a fortune to us.

OLIVER ALLEN, Owen Sound, Ont.

Be in our actions—God's glory.

Be in all our loves—The love of God.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA.

Commended by

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.

The Most Rev. C. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax.

Rt. Rev. T. J. Dowling Bishop of Hamilton.

The Late Archbishop Lynch.

The Late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carberry, of Hamilton.

The Late Rev. Father Dowd of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.

The Late Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto.

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

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Remittances by P. O. Order or draft should be made payable to the Manager.

Lock Box 2323. Telephone No. 1613.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOV. 5, 1892

HIS GRACE'S SILVER JUBILEE.

On next Thursday His Grace the Archbishop celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration. The clergy and laity of the diocese will unite with him in returning thanks to Almighty God for the magnificent success with which his episcopal career has been crowned, and they will add their prayers that many years of his paternal rule may be granted him and them.

Pontifical High Mass will be celebrated in the Cathedral at 10.30, after which the address of the clergy will be read and their presentation made. At 7.30 a grand reception will be held in Granite Rink, when the address and presentation of the laity will be offered.

SOME OF THE QUEER THINGS THEY SAID.

At a recent meeting of the Toronto Ministerial Association they undertook to discuss the "inerrancy of the Bible," and they went all to pieces. As a daily paper says, reporting the proceedings, "It was a discussion of matters which ministers seldom handle in their pulpits because such discussion calls for an acknowledgement of the errancy of the Bible in some respects," and of course that would be very awkward.

Prof. Maclaren thought that Dr. Briggs' position as to the inerrancy of the Scripture did not harmonize with the Westminster Confession of Faith. This statement caused no remark; there are so many things, you know, which do not "harmonize" with the Confession. But he went on. "The church exercises authority but not in matters of faith. The church has no authority independently of the Bible. If we are Protestants we must give to the Scriptures the authority the Catholics give to the church." Now that is sound Protestant doctrine. A church which is of no authority in matters of faith, which consequently has no authority to teach the faith of Christ, which consequently is not the church commissioned by Christ our Lord to go into all the lands and teach all nations; a Bible (of infallible authority) whose teachings every man is at liberty to interpret at his own sweet will, to suit his own idea, with no arbiter of right or wrong interpretation. Perfect Protestantism. But the Rev. D. J. MacDonnell objected. "There was a church before there was a Bible." A shudder must have passed through

the whole Association. The Catholic position of the relation of the church to the Bible loudly proclaimed in their very presence!

Dr Galbraith must have also startled the brethren when he said among other things: "The position of verbal inspiration cannot be sustained. The whole Bible is not of equal authority. The whole Bible is not equally inspired. The Devil speaks in the Bible; was the Devil inspired?" And so they went on, saying much and concluding nothing, till finally they broke away,

"Richard and Dorothy, husband and wife,
"Agreeing to differ the rest of their life.

MORRIS VERSUS MEREDITH.

The *Mail* is casting about for some one rash enough to lead the next No-Popery campaign. It finds the men who are available lacking in aggressiveness. After a limping reference to Hon. Mr. Morris, it says: "Mr. Meredith is even less aggressive than was Mr. Morris; he is so unaggressive, indeed, that it is difficult to understand his motive for retaining the leadership of the Opposition. Mr. Morris can hardly be said to have neglected a chance of victory, since none ever presented itself to him. To Mr. Meredith at the last election the Equal Right movement did offer a chance of victory, but he failed to take advantage of the opening. His declaration, when it came, was not only late, but had so little of the trumpet sound in it. "he seemed hardly to desire success." There follows a hint that Mr. Meredith was "betrayed" at Ottawa. Anything to make a bad cause look good. This country is right at heart, and no policy of persecution for conscience' sake can succeed. They have tried it often enough. Marmion, Ross Eible, French schools; what next?

LET THEM BEGIN HERE.

The Ministerial Association are to memorialize the Minister of Militia to forbid the volunteer review on Thanksgiving Day. Let us give them credit for sincerity. They desire to see the day set apart for thanksgiving, devoutly and totally given up to that end. They wish, therefore, to have eliminated everything that might interfere with a religiously thankful frame of mind. Suppose them as sincere as you please, they are unreasonable. Are the volunteers something we should not be thankful for? There are some men (not a few) in the Association who have made reputation, for which they are not themselves thankful, as cranks of the first order; made it by championing the most extravagant and inconvenient measures. The more extravagant the idea, the greater the upset its being carried out would give the established state of things, the greater the glory to the propounder of it.

If they really wish to aid in reclaiming a holy day, let them commence with Good Friday. Their people have utterly lost the Christian idea of the day, and almost universally devote it to pleasure. The commemoration of the death of the Savior of the world attracts their attention less than the Governor General's proclamation. It is quite natural. They are afflicted with the itch the Athenians had, to be always hearing or saying something new.

NO USE FOR THE METHODISTS.

We alluded last week to the above misleading head-line as having been used in a daily paper over the account of the refusal of the Irish Viceroy to receive an address from the Irish Methodists. The address was very likely constructed on lines similar to those on which the Dublin Chamber of Commerce drafted theirs, which was also refused. Following is the letter of refusal:

VICEROYAL LODGE, DUBLIN, 5th October, 1892.

DEAR SIR—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this date enclosed.

ing a copy of the address which the Dublin Chamber of Commerce desire to present to the Lord-Lieutenant. I have laid the copy before His Excellency, who desires me to assure you that the wish of so important a body to present an address on the occasion of his assumption of the government of Ireland, affords him much satisfaction. His Excellency, however, observes with regret that the address contains allusions to matters of a controversial kind, which, in his opinion, render it impossible for him to receive it in its present form

I remain, yours faithfully,

HERBERT JERYLL.

The proposed address contained the following among other passages: "To your immediate predecessors in the office of Viceroy we have felt it our duty to declare our conviction that the maintenance of the Legislative Union now existing between Ireland and Great Britain is essential to the prosperity of the trade and commerce of Ireland, and the experience of recent years has tended to deepen this strong and deliberate conviction. We earnestly hope that the Government will continue to administer the laws with that impartiality and firmness which are needed to preserve to the people that sense of security and personal freedom in the exercise of their lawful vocations which are essential to the display of energy and enterprise, whether in agricultural or commercial pursuits." These sentiments the Viceroy deemed mis-placed in an address presented him in his official capacity.

MAKES BAD WORSE.

A queer genius is James Gammack, LL.D., of East Toronto, who writes to the *World* to say that:

"Your Young Man was a little astray in his calculation about the actual anniversary of Columbus' discovery of America. I make no attempt to account for the selection of Oct. 21 by the Americans, or of Oct. 12 by the Canadians, as, if attention is to be paid to the change of style, neither Oct. 12 nor Oct. 21 is the true date for commemorating Oct. 12, 1492. It is true that in 1492 there was a progression of nine days, though no public attention had been drawn to it, and the present commemoration is in the 19th Century, when 12 days separate the styles. Our change of style dates from 1752, and Oct. 12, 1492, corresponds with Oct. 24, 1892."

So, we were all wrong. The President of the United States who adopted the 21st, and the Pope who adhered to the 12th; and James Gammack, LL.D., is going to prove it. He says "Twelve days separate the styles." As the question is an astronomical one, we take the liberty of translating his odd phraseology into something tangible. This is a correct statement: "The sun is, to-day, twelve days (more or less) in advance of the position assigned him by the Julian Calendar." But in 1492 the sun was only nine days in advance of the position assigned him by the Julian Calendar. If it had been necessary (which the Church deemed unnecessary) to readjust anniversaries that they might be astronomically correct, the work should begin at the year 325 when sun and calendar were put in perfect accord (by the First General Council of Nice), and should be carried forward, year by year. So counting, the 12th Oct., 1492, would have been the 21st. With this arrangement we have no quarrel. The Calendar dates were slow, but the Gregorian correction brought them up to date and provided for their accuracy (we should have said correctness), for some few thousand years to come.

The Revd. (we hope we are not presuming) Gammack, LL.D., will therefore see that the error was cumulative from A.D. 325; and its total effect in 1492 was nine days (nearly). That particular 12th Oct. should really have been called (and, if the astronomical knowledge of the world had then reached its present development would have been called), not the 12th but the 21st of October. The Holy See was the first to correct the error. Dr. Gammack says "Our change of style dates from 1752." That's true. Protestant England took 170 years to find out she was wrong, after the Catholic world had adopted Pope Gregory's correction, and Russia, for a similar reason, still refuses to accept it, against all the science and reason of the world.

England's refusal made no more change in the Church's calendar than makes, at present, Russia's.

Counting from the fixed, well established, Paschal Moon of A.D. 325, the day on which Columbus discovered America, should have been called the 21st and not the 12th of October, 1492. Gammack's idea of making the count retrograde from 1892 is an absurdity, simply. We return to the contention, already several times advanced in these columns, that there is no authority, scientific or other, for changing the Calendar date of anniversaries. The day of the month has always been, by common consent, the anniversary and will be for all time.

ENFORCE THAT LAW.

Lady Frederick Cavendish and the Duchess of Bedford at the Church Congress in Folkestone a couple of weeks ago published a genuine sensation. In the higher circles of society in Britain heavy drinking has been abandoned by the men, but the women "are becoming inveterate tipplers; many ladies have recourse to 'pick-me-ups' at 11 a.m., brandy and soda during the day, wine at dinner, and something hot at bed-time"; and fashion favors "the young ladies and the old ones too, accompanying the gentlemen to the smoking-room after dinner and sharing not only the cigars but also the spirits." Now we have the authority of an English exchange that a law was passed in England in 1750 to the effect that at parties "ladies must not get drunk on any pretext whatever, and gentlemen not before nine o'clock." There are no penalties named; but surely something could be devised "to suit the crime." The *Presbyterian Review* views the situation with dismay and declares that if "such customs and fashions come to prevail, there will soon be room and need for a new Puritanism, and, who knows, but for a new Cromwell also." The new Puritanism would correct all that by wearing its hair short and making Sundays bluer than the bluest of blue Mondays.

SOME MORE CATHOLICITY.

Said Bishop Carman at the opening of Victoria University last week:

"From the very nature of God, the very constitution of the human mind, and the course of the moral universe, it was not supposable that the Divine instructor would leave so perilously responsible a being as man for his sure and certain light, for his knowledge, convictions and imperishable interests to vistas, expectations and shifting interpretations of future possibilities, when he might provide him with authoritative decisions and positive facts."

Here is the good Catholic doctrine. God did not design to leave man at the mercy of "shifting interpretations" and established a church which "would provide him with authoritative decisions and positive facts." So entirely Catholic was the sentiment that, whatever may have prompted Dr. Carman to express it, he saw the futility of attempting to show that "authoritative decisions" on "positive facts" were to be had at the hands of Methodism. Only the Catholic Church has the power; and in fact she alone lays claim to it.

THEY DON'T KNOW LATIN.

The anti-Popery ranters in Great Britain have not even yet recovered from the violent agitation into which the investiture of Archbishop Vaughan threw them. As usual, most ridiculous assertions were made and most ludicrous arguments used to excite popular feeling against the Church. One of the statements to which special prominence was given, was that an Archbishop has to swear that he "will persecute and fight heretics." There, say they, he is our sworn enemy. Some of the more reckless declared that he must swear to "persecute and exterminate" the heretics, but, as the Latin would not stand the strain, if quoted, they made the assertion without offering an atom of evidence to support it. Those who published the first-quoted translation boldly advanced the text, and proved thereby—simply that they did not know Latin. The text of the oath which they alleged to be taken

by all Archbishops contained the words "*persequar et impug-nabo*," which they translated "persecute and fight." Now, in the first place, the phrase does not occur in the oath as at present administered, and from its context in the old formula its meaning is simply "I will follow up and contend with." But it was quite too much to hope that the ranters would accept any explanation however clearly made. They are of the same breed as our own parsons who, during the late Jesuit agitation, insisted that "*obligare ad peccatum*" meant "to oblige to sin," when it had been made as clear as day that the true meaning was "to bind under pain of sin." None so blind as he who will not see.

HIS HONOR DID NOT SAY IT.

WILL THE "GLOBE" PLEASE EXPLAIN.

A personal friend of the Lieutenant Governor having drawn his attention to our article of last week (referring to the *Globe's* report of the address he delivered at the distribution of rewards at the Jarvis St. Collegiate Institute, received from His Honor an explicit denial that he used the words which the *Globe* attributed to him. He says in conclusion:

"May I request that you will ask the editor of the *CATHOLIC REVIEW* to state that I deny most emphatically using the words ascribed to me, or any similar words, or that I desired to convey to my hearers any such idea."

We truly rejoice that the *Globe's* report was erroneous. The report made the Governor say (speaking of Columbus):

"He went to John of Portugal, but was rejected. He went to Ferdinand and Isabella, but did not succeed. For three years he argued with the court commissioners, who were superstitious priests, to no purpose."

His Honor denies emphatically that he used the words "superstitious priests" or "any similar words," or that he had any intention of "conveying to his hearers any such idea." The Lieutenant-Governor has, since his installation, shown great interest in provincial affairs, freely lending the prestige of his presence to public gatherings. We have much admired the good taste and the large knowledge which he has displayed in the numerous addresses he has delivered.

The entire *Globe* report of the Collegiate Institute distribution was a most slovenly performance; but the editor should have hesitated before ascribing, in any report, to the Executive Head of the Province an expression grossly offensive to its Catholic readers.

ECCLIASTICAL EDUCATION.

At the season when attention is called to the need of aid for the education of young men for the priesthood it would be well for those Catholics whom God has blessed with abundance to consider whether they are doing their duty in this regard. The priesthood will be perpetuated—God will provide for that—but those who are now able to assist effectively in its perpetuation and who neglect their opportunity, lose the large merit of the most excellent charity in the world, and possibly miss the mark God set for them when in His Providence He so disposed of their material condition. When we compare the magnificent foundations made by Protestants for the education of their ministry according to their various modes of thought, with the very modest donations made by our own people for the perpetuation of the Divine priesthood, we can draw but one conclusion, and that is that Catholics generally do not appreciate the situation of the Church in this part of the country. Having no foundations, or trusts, or lands whose revenues can be applied to the education of the clergy, the Church is entirely dependent on the more or less precarious resource of annual collections. Let our people rise to the occasion. How many there are who, without interfering in the least with their business or other interests, could charge themselves with the education of one student. There is no question of donating hundreds of thousands to build a seminary or the other hundreds of thousands to equip and endow it. An expense which to many a man would be a light one, and to many others not burdensome, would place another laborer in the field, whose works, prayers and sacrifices would call down untold blessings on his benefactor. The ministry of Christ's Church will, as we have said before, necessarily be perpetuated, but blessed indeed will be the man whose beneficent charity shall have co-operated in the Divine plan.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA BEFORE COLUMBUS.

That an Irishman reached America as soon as Columbus did, cannot be disputed by any one who knows the history of that great discoverer. Among the crew of the ship, the "*Santa Maria*," in which Columbus himself sailed, was a sailor from Galway named William Ires. From 1492, at least, may be truly said that the Irish began to go to America. The names of the members of the crew who left the port of the Palos with Columbus on the morning of August 3rd, 1492, have not been recorded; but those left behind in the newly discovered land, when the Admiral returned to Spain, are known, and amongst them is that of Guillermo, or William, Ires, of Galway. Navarrete gives the "list of the persons whom Columbus left in the island of Hispaniola and found dead, killed by the Indians, when he returned in 1493." It is in this list that the name of the Irishman is to be found who, with Columbus, placed his foot upon the new lands. It is true, that among this ship's crew there was also an Englishman, who was, in all probability, the first of his nation who landed on the shores of America. He was named Tallarte de Lajes.

France came later. It was not, so far as can be ascertained, until the second expedition, in 1493, that a Frenchman accompanied Columbus. An inquiry recently instituted into this subject has shown that the first Frenchman who went to America was Jean Deledeulle. He was born in Bourgogne and belonged to the Order of Franciscans. His history has been put together by a seeker into old documents, piece by piece, in the archives of the Biblioteca Colombiana and in the archives of the Indies, at Seville. The story of this monk is interesting as furnishing another tribute to the merits of the religious orders. In the Chapter held by the Franciscan Order in 1511, in the province of Aquitaine, the death was announced of a Franciscan, French by nationality, called Brother Jean Deledeulle or de la Duella (as the Spaniards made it), also surnamed the "Bourguignon," and also "the Rouget," because he was red, or colored, who died in the province of Santa Cruz, in the Indies. "He went to the New World with the second expedition in 1493," having returned to Europe, he crossed the Atlantic once again in company with Bobadilla in 1500. The famous "*De Gubernatis*" of the Franciscans, declares, continues the writer from whom I quote (*Orbis serphicus*, Vol. III., page 220) that he is the first religious of this order who went to America, and the Franciscans should know something about him since they were, at first, the only religious order which took part in the expeditions of Columbus. Bartolome las Casas, in his "*History of the Indies*" (I. chapter lxxxi.), speaking of the first monks who went to the Indies, declares to us that he has known personally two lay brothers, "notable persons, natives of Picardy, or Bourguignons, and who decided to make this voyage solely with the object of converting souls," "although lay brothers," he adds, "they were very well instructed and lettered, and one saw very soon that it was only through humility that they had not wished to become priests, one of them was called Friar Jean de la Duella, or Friar Jean 'la Rouge,' or Red, because he was so, and the other Friar Jean de Tisin."

However interesting it may be to know that the Irishman from Galway who sailed with Columbus, remained in America and died there, "holding the fort" for humanity and civilization, it is still more important to consider the evidences of an earlier arrival and settlement of his fellow-countrymen, of whom he may be said to have inherited the spirit and the courage and daring. We know much of the incidents of the first voyage of Columbus to the land beyond the Atlantic, thanks to the copious diary, or log-book, that great navigator kept during the passage, and in which he entered every event of the least as the greatest importance, even the record of his thoughts, and feelings, and aspirations. But what would we not give for the diary of William Ires, of Galway! The discovery of America, seen from this point of view, would be of palpitating interest. We might learn then whether it was love or adventure, or the desire of seeing "men and cities," such as moved Ulysses of old time, which led him to embark with the "dreamer of dreams" who sailed from Palos; or whether he, having heard in his youth the legends and traditions with which his land was well furnished, of great countries of boundless wealth, and unfading flowers, and sweet perfumes, and jewels, and strange birds, beyond the Western seas, desired to test the accuracy of the tales heard in childhood and to seek for himself the land so poetically described.

With regard to the legends, whether pagan or Christian, in which the Irish people have declared the continuity of their belief in the existence of lands beyond the Western Ocean, while no one thinks of taking all they contain in a literal sense, yet it would be undoubtedly rash to deny the whole story they tell, because some of the details they relate are extravagant, and perhaps impossible. In his lectures O'Curry has said that these facts would be of a great value if they had been transmitted to us in their original form, but, in the course of ages, after having passed from the lips of narrators full of imagination, these stories have lost a great part of their original simplicity, becoming more and more fantastic and extravagant. Nevertheless, they constitute, as a recent authority on this most attractive subject, and whose work largely inspires this paper, writes, "they constitute a source of most valuable information."

The most prominent and the most popular of all the legends is that

of St. Brandan, or St. Brendin, a full account of which, sent to *The Pilot* by Mr. B. E. Dunigan as the report of Major-General Butterfield's valuable study on the subject, precludes any further treatment of it here. I may note, however, that full as Major Butterfield's paper on the subject was, a complete treatment of it would require a large treatise, for the story prevailed in Ireland and over most of the Continent of Europe for several centuries.

In the Middle Ages—in that glorious period of individual exertion, to which some large-minded historian will yet do justice— Ireland was not only the Island of Saints, but also the land of travellers. Energetic and stirring, proud of their independence, the Irish, says a writer, seems to have inherited the best qualities of their legendary ancestors, the Phœnicians. They loved change and action, and they did not hesitate to bring their enterprising genius into other lands. When the island became Christian, the Irish then felt, as it were, an overwhelming impulse to carry abroad the light of faith and of learning. Ireland well deserved the name of Island of Saints on account of its numerous monasteries, of the learning of its priests, and of the captivating ardor of its missionaries. These were found in every land and on every sea of the West. "In their mystic visions," says the writer to whom I have referred, "people offered themselves to them to be initiated in the law of Christ. Excited by the reading of the Sacred Scriptures and the scientific works then known, and, as it were, fevered by the habit of religious meditation in sight of the ocean, the saints of Erin, from the sixth century forward, sought unknown worlds to conquer for the new faith." And it is noted how the Irish Diocuil, in his work, "De Mensura Orbis Terrarum," quotes Priscian, Solinus, Pliny, Isidore of Seville, Philæmon, Xenophon of Lampsacus, Pytheas and Onesicritus—as those referring more or less directly to lands or islands beyond the Western seas.—P. L. CONNELLAN (in *Boston Pilot*).

REVELATIONS OF A SPY.

LE CARON IN CANADA.

From Le Caron's "Recollections," just published, the stories of his connection with the Fenian brotherhood and their designs on Canada is perhaps the most interesting. Twice only did the betrayer come into any personal peril of discovery. On the first occasion he incautiously took down some Fenian names and addresses in a note-book—a proceeding which a genuine revolutionist would have carefully avoided. This aroused suspicion, he was denounced, and a committee of inquiry was held. They declared the charges to be scandalously untrue, but the acquittal was not good enough for this human ferret, who felt that a conspirator must be like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion, and that if he were to succeed in the future as in the past, he must take some heroic means of completely wiping this off. He therefore positively resigned his official position in the Irish Republican Army, couching his letter in indignant terms. The prudent courage and confidence of this act take one's breath away. It succeeded, however, and he was begged to remain, and finally did so, with his position stronger than ever. But he adds, "I never kept a note-book again."

The second occasion was a much more dangerous one. Le Caron had ventured to pay a second visit to Canada, and was having dinner at a station where the train stopped for the purpose. Here is the incident, in his own words:—

Struck by an unusual commotion at the door of the dining room, I looked round to find advancing towards me two men, one remarkable for his tall, military appearance, and the other for his clerical attire. All eyes were turned upon them, and as I ceased eating for the moment to look up, I heard the clerical-looking person say as he pointed his finger towards me, "That is the man." Advancing, the tall man, who subsequently turned out to be the Mayor of Cornwall, speaking with a Scotch accent, said, "You are my prisoner," accompanying the words with a grasp of my shoulder. I imagined there was some mistake, and laughed as I turned to resume my dinner, asking at the same time what was the matter. Not a movement, however, disturbed the solidity of my Scotch friend's face as he solemnly repeated the words, "You are my prisoner," adding, "you must come with me at once."

As I learned subsequently, the priestly-looking person was a wandering preacher, who had happened to be in the vicinity of Malone when I was locating arms there, and I had been pointed out to him as the leading Fenian agent. His memory was a very good one, and he immediately recognized me when we met again.

Matters were beginning to look serious; but still I could not comprehend what all this meant, and being still hungry I said, "But won't you let me finish my dinner?" "No," was the sharp reply, "come." "For what reason?" quoth I indignantly, "Why am I arrested?" "You are a Fenian," came the reply, the words falling clearly and distinctly on the hushed room, where those present began to show signs of anger and indignation towards me. I hurried out with my captors, and was taken to a room adjoining the ticket office, there to have demanded of me my luggage and my keys, with everything on my person. I had no luggage save a hand-bag, yet I had with me documents which would reveal everything, if made public.

My position was dangerous—distinctly dangerous. The prospect before me was that of disclosure and imprisonment among a strange people, whom I had no friend.

Under the circumstances there was but one thing to do. He asked for a few minutes' private conversation with the Mayor, and made a clear breast of everything, and the Mayor sent him under armed escort, amid angry cries of "Shoot him!" and "Lynch him!" to Ottawa. There, of course, he was at once released and conveyed secretly out of the city. Although his own wonderful coolness and judgment, combined with the utmost good luck, carried him safe through everything, his subordinates were not so fortunate. While engaged in shipping arms at Malone, N.Y., he employed a man named Rose, who was supplied to him by the Canadian Government. It was noticed by the Fenians that this man was constantly at the same places with him, and was seen following him about. Therefore men were set, without Le Caron's knowledge, to watch Rose, and they arrived at the conclusion that he was spying upon Le Caron. He was therefore, waylaid, robbed, and cruelly beaten. Of the real spy's feelings he must himself tell:

I was immediately advised by my Fenian friends as to the dangerous character of this mutual enemy of ours, as he was termed; and, though shocked and embittered by the treatment accorded to the poor, devoted fellow, I had, for politic reasons, to applaud their cowardly assault, and to denounce my brave friend, who was bearing all his sufferings in silence and with a splendid spirit. For months poor Rose was quite prostrated, and through this act of my brother Fenians I was deprived of the services and co-operation of as faithful and capable an ally as ever was given to me.

If anything could add to the dramatic character of the whole narrative it would certainly be this spectacle of the Fenians watching with such devoted care over the safety of their deadly and unscrupulous persecutor.

O'Neil ordered the attack on Canada so suddenly that Le Caron feared the Canadians would be taken unprepared. He "at once telegraphed the authorities in Ottawa," and fortunately the same plan of campaign as before was adopted. In the meantime he himself was appointed Adjutant-General, with the rank of Brigadier-General. "We had quick promotions," he sarcastically adds, "in the Fenian army." The details of the "invasion" were much the same as before. O'Neill expected 1,000 men to meet him, there were only 500. These, however, O'Neill mustered, and addressing them as follows, led them to the attack:

Soldiers, this is the advance guard of the Irish American army for the liberation of Ireland from the yoke of the oppressor. For your own country you enter that of the enemy. The eyes of your countrymen are upon you. Forward. March.

The frontier was a narrow river spanned by a bridge. Beyond it was a dark and thick wood. They crossed the bridge, and "deploying as skirmishers in close order advanced with fixed bayonets, cheerfully wildly"—no enemy being in sight. The rest is told in a dozen words:

A few paces, and on their startled ears came the ringing ping, ping, of the ambushed rifles, as the Canadians poured a deadly volley straight into their ranks. Utterly taken aback, they stopped, broke rank, and fled as in 1866, an ungovernable mob, to return for a moment in order to pour a volley on their almost invisible enemy, and to finally retreat up the hill to where I stood, still under the fire of their adversaries, leaving their dead to be subsequently buried by the Canadians.

PRAY FOR THE DEPARTED.

November is the month of special devotion for the suffering souls. There is no greater charity than to pray for them, who cannot pray for themselves. In the Communion of Saints our prayers avail them. We are still of the Church militant and our works are meritorious and may be applied to them. They can only suffer, purging away the sins of their past lives. We may merit for them through the infinities of Jesus Christ. Tennyson makes the dying King Arthur say in the true Catholic spirit:

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Therefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep and goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If knowing God they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those they call their fellow men.

HE QUIT THE DOCTOR.

GENTLEMEN,—I was troubled with dyspepsia for about four years and tried several remedies but found them of little use. I noticed an advertisement of Burdock Blood Bitters, so I quit the doctor, and started to use B.B.B., and soon found that there was nothing to equal it. It took just three bottles to affect a perfect cure in my case, and I can highly recommend this excellent remedy to all.

BERT J. REID, Wingham, Ont.

A PARADE OF "ESCAPES."

What has been pompously styled the national Protestant congress met last week at Portsmouth, Eng. Of course, it was not national in any sense except that it was English. The high church people, the ritualists and others who claim to be the orthodox churchmen were absent. The congress was solely and simply a low church affair.

The delegates enjoyed themselves hugely, so we are informed. The Pope was dissected skillfully, the dangers of "Roman ascendancy" were discussed fervidly, and the new lord mayor of London was denounced as a traitor to British institutions. Several special attractions were invited to be present for the delectation of the pious brethren and sisters. Some old American favorites were put on the stage. Among these were Edith O'Gorman and Miss Cusack, formerly known as the Nun of Kenmare.

Besides these distinguished "escapes" there were present "Joseph O'Shea, D.D.," an ex priest, and Miss Golding, who was "rescued" from a French convent about a year ago. There is nothing that tickles the ear of the average low church parson so pleasantly and agreeably as a vigorous denunciation of "Romanism" by a "brand snatched from the burning." The four performers who have been named were generously applauded during their discourses.

It mattered not that they had left their own church for its good, or that the stories they told were the stale falsehoods so often rehearsed and relished by bigots and cranks since the beginning of heresy. The preachers and lay delegates enjoyed the recital as much as if the tale was new. Neither was the character of the narrators taken into consideration. Everybody who has followed their careers knows that their reputations for truth are decidedly bad, and that they abandoned Catholicity because their lives were not shaped properly to meet its requirements. To none of these things did the delighted auditors of the national congress of Protestants pay heed. They simply enjoyed the denunciation of "Romanism" by these freaks and bigots.

After all, there is but little difference between an English bigot and his American brother. A person reading the reports of the Portsmouth gathering might readily imagine himself in Music Hall at a "patriotic" meeting. The character of the persons present and the nature of the subjects discussed were identical.—*Boston Republic.*

THE MEANING OF THE KNOW NOTHING REVIVAL.

According to all accounts there is great activity in the States west of the Alleghenies among the secret anti-Catholic societies. In some of these localities the Know-Nothingism that raged all over the country from 1853 to 1856 has never disappeared, though the increase in the numbers, wealth, and social standing of Catholics has had the effect of cowering the beast for some years. It is now some twenty years since Mr. Hayes was elected to a second term as Governor of Ohio largely through the aid of a silly anti-Catholic panic.

A similar anti-Catholic society to that which stirred up the rustics, and the city bigots as well, in Ohio in Governor Hayes' time is now busy throughout the West. It prints weekly papers in various cities and it is sending out circulars by thousands. It has its members among the Protestant clergy, who are incessantly advising their hearers to be on their guard against 'The Romanists,' in other words, to be sure not to support any Catholic for public office or private employment.

It is a curious revival of the 'No Popery' folly. What is the meaning of it? One high-minded and talented Protestant minister, who has long been well known as a contributor to *The Century Magazine*, the Rev. Washington Gladden, of Columbus, Ohio, has conjured the members of his congregation to have nothing to do with this devilish attempt at persecution for conscience' sake. He sees both the wickedness and the folly of this movement, but he is an exception among the Protestant clergy, or, at all events, he is exceptional in his courage, the intelligence and the charitableness of heart which prompt him to perform his duty. The explanation of this attempt in 1892 to rehabilitate the Know-Nothing movement of nearly forty years ago is probably to be found in a mixture of fear and envy on the part of the more rock-ribbed of the Protestant sectaries. They say that the spread of education is weakening the hold of Protestantism on the great mass of the people, while Catholicity is growing apace. It is a very ancient story. Many centuries ago Arianism almost gained the mastery of Christendom, but in the course of time it burnt itself out. Towards the last, however, it became more violent than ever and the poor Catholics were made to feel the bitterness of its hatred.

As for Catholics, they have only to possess themselves in peace. For their separated brethren they can only bear love and good will. These excited Protestants will some day recover from their unprovoked rage and will feel ashamed of themselves, it is to be hoped. The days of persecution for religion on any large scale, in the United States, at least have passed by. The Philadelphia centennial was credited with having much improved the æsthetic faculty among Americans at large, perhaps it is reserved for the Chicago Columbian Exposition to soften the asperity of Western Protestantism.—*Catholic Review, (N.Y.)*

Our Story.

PHILIP'S RESTITUTION.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

Reprinted from the Ave Maria.

II.—Continued.

Philip put his hand in his pocket. "I wonder I did not think," he said, "that it would have been easier just to give you a cheque. I believe I will do it yet."

"It would be easier," said Graham; "but on the whole, I think you had better go and spend the money at the fair. It shows interest, you know, and that is something you are not overburdened with."

Philip flushed. "Perhaps you are not the best judge of that," he said. But the next moment his sense of honesty made him add. "You are right enough, though: I don't take much interest in religious matters. But I am willing to give, to the extent of my means, whatever is needed."

"That is better than nothing," said Graham, rising and putting his book carefully aside. "But, if you will pardon the liberty, I am bound to add that you are ready to give because it costs you nothing. A little interest would be better for the health of your soul. Without it you will be likely to go some day as—others have gone."

He stopped himself before saying "as your uncle has gone," but Philip knew very well that it had been on the end of his tongue, and it seemed to make reply impossible on his own part. That was the end to which indifference and worldliness led. He knew it well, and knowing it, he seemed to see before him the end to which he would also come.

"You are always a cheerful prophet," he said after a minute. "But if I am to show interest in the buying and selling of useless articles for the health of my soul, come let us go. I have not much time to spare."

They went out together, and walked a few blocks to the hall where the fair was taking place. They found it crowded when they entered, and although it was the last night, the tables had not lost their attractive appearance, and traffic was very brisk. Philip had not many acquaintances—for his social lines did not lie much in Catholic circles—but he was himself sufficiently well known; and it was so impossible to him not to enter with spirit into whatever he undertook, that he was soon engrossed not only in buying, but in assisting to sell all that he could.

Graham watched him for awhile with amusement, then he seemed to drift away, and when Philip presently looked around he had some difficulty in finding him. But after an interval he perceived him talking to a young lady sitting behind one of the tables, but who did not appear to be taking much trouble to dispose of her wares. This, however, was not because she was so engrossed by Graham's conversation. Philip rather doubted whether she heard half of it, there was so much indifference in her air, and now and then her eyes wandered wearily over the noisy crowd.

It was these eyes that first attracted the young man's attention. They were so large, so dark, so lustrous—such eyes as are seldom seen except in an Italian or a Spanish face. Noticing this, he also noticed that there was the nobleness of outline, the statue like grace of the Latin races, in the head and features. Her profile, as she turned it might have been cut on an antique cameo, with the dark hair drawn back just as it was, in a low knot. It was a face of the loftiest type—fine, clear, sensitive—and Philip caught his breath as he looked at it.

"Who on earth can she be?" he said to himself; and then he walked directly up to Graham.

"I have been wondering what had become of you," he said, addressing him suddenly.

Graham turned, looked a little embarrassed. "Oh—is it you?" he asked. "I thought I left you very well employed."

"So I was," Philip answered. "But I think it only right to bestow my attentions impartially. I have come to see what I can find to buy here."

"Not much, I am afraid," said Graham, glancing around. He moved away from the lady to whom he had been talking, and addressed a young girl who shared the duty of presiding over the table. "What have you that a gentleman anxious to spend money can buy, Miss Julia?" he inquired.

"Oh! a great deal," replied the girl, eagerly. "Here is a lovely hand-painted screen. Perhaps he will take that?"

Philip took the screen in his hand, as if he were critically examining the conventionalized flowers that adorned it; but in truth he hardly saw them, for he was thinking that Graham's conduct was churlish in the highest degree. "I would not have believed the fellow could have been so selfish and rude," he reflected—rather unreasonably, for, on the face of the matter, Graham was certainly not called upon to interrupt his conversation in order that Philip might make

some purchases. But an instinct assured the latter that his friend was perfectly aware of his motive for approaching him, and so he resented the coolness which had handed him over to Miss Julia.

This young lady discovered nothing amiss in her new customer, however. He bought the screen and various other trifles, paid for them liberally, and then carelessly gave the most of them back. When he had finished he turned, to find Graham at his elbow. Involuntarily he glanced around for the dark-eyed girl whose appearance had so much attracted him. She had moved to some distance, and was engaged with some one else; but again her air of distinction, and the noble beauty of her classic head, struck his eye. He stood still, looking at her.

"Well," said Graham, after waiting a moment, "are you ready to go?"

"No," Philip answered, with quiet decision. "I want you to introduce me to the young lady yonder."

There was a short pause, during which the two men regarded each other—Philip with an air of expectation, Graham with a reluctance which must have been apparent to the dullest observation. At length he said:

"This is not a suitable place for introductions, and she is—engaged."

"Whether or not this is a suitable place for introductions, you have introduced me to at least a dozen other people," said Philip. "But no matter; I only wanted to see if you would do it. I am satisfied now."

He turned quickly on his heel; but as he walked away, Graham was by his side.

"I know you think me churlish," he said, as they passed down the hall.

"Yes," Philip answered, "if you care to know it, I do, but, as I have already remarked, it is not a matter of the least importance."

"You do not understand," said Graham, in a low tone. "I could not act otherwise; I could not introduce you to her without asking her permission—"

"And what prevented you from asking her permission?" demanded Philip, coldly, as he paused.

"The fact that she would not have given it," replied the other, "and that would have been awkward for both of you."

Philip was so much astonished at this most unexpected reply, that he stopped short—they were now outside the hall—and stood looking at his companion by the light of the lamps flaring over the door.

"I can not imagine," he said at length, "that you are in earnest. What possible reason could there be for this young lady refusing to know me?"

"It does seem extraordinary, no doubt, since young ladies are not in the habit of refusing to know you," said Graham, with a slight smile. "But perhaps when you know who this young lady is, the mystery will not be so great. She is Miss Percival."

"And who is Miss Percival? I never heard of her before."

It was Graham's turn to stare somewhat.

"You have never heard of her father—of Robert Percival?" he said.

"Certainly not," answered Philip, decidedly. "I never, to my recollection, heard the name before."

"Ah!" said Graham. He made no other comment, but, turning, proceeded to walk on so silently that Philip presently asked, impatiently:

"What is the meaning of this? Who are the Percivals?"

"Who are the Percivals?" repeated Graham. He was silent still a minute before he answered. "Ask your uncle that question."

-III.

Who are the Percivals? The question seemed to haunt Philip. He was too proud to ask further information of Graham after the latter had waived the inquiry and referred him to his uncle; but even at the moment he had felt that it would be impossible for him to go to his uncle with such a question. Why impossible he did not know, except that Graham's tone had been very significant; and deep in Philip's own heart was a consciousness, which he did not acknowledge even to himself, that there might be things in his uncle's life that he would not wish to know.

After parting with Graham he went to the ball; but slight as the occurrence at the fair had been, it left a recollection which marred his pleasure; for although he had not yet been forced to realize the fact in any keen degree, he was possessed of a nature so sensitively strung that it vibrated to every touch. And this touch had been deeper than he imagined. In the midst of the gay scene in which he found himself, he saw before him constantly the dark eyes and the stately head of the girl who would have declined to know him. Philip had no more than his due share of vanity, but he would have been singularly obtuse if he had not recognized his own popularity, and appreciated the kindness of the glances which many bright eyes bestowed upon him.

It struck him, however, that there was less kindness than usual in the glance of one pair of eyes. Constance received him rather coolly, and announced that her ball book was quite full. The fact in itself

would not have concerned him, but it was a significant indication that she had been offended by his refusal to accompany them. He shrugged his shoulders a little as he turned away. It was a pity; everything had gone wrong this evening; and that, too, when he had been moved by the best intentions. Evidently, good intentions were not sufficient to insure satisfactoriness of result in a decidedly unsatisfactory world.

This, which is an old story to most people, was rather new to Philip. Things had gone so smoothly with him up to this time—life had contained so few difficulties, complications or perplexities—that even a slight jar seemed to him a reversal rather than a fulfilment of ordinary conditions.

The Percival question was the first thought in his mind when he waked the next day, but morning brought no light by which to determine how to solve it. He still felt it impossible to ask his uncle, as Graham advised. And indeed what reason was there why he should ask any one? The Percivals, of whom he had never heard before, certainly did not concern him in the least. He recognized that very plainly, and yet he felt that he would like to know why Miss Percival would have declined his acquaintance.

It was, however, with the final determination to put Miss Percival out of his mind that he went down stairs to breakfast. He found Mrs. Thornton in the breakfast-room, and the smile with which she greeted him did not indicate any consciousness of offence on her part. She made a pretty picture as she sat in a morning dress of quilted violet satin, with a becoming lace trifle of a cap on her soft hair, by the side of the perfectly-appointed table. It occurred to Philip as he entered that twenty years hence Constance would look just like this, and certainly no man could desire a more gracious presence to preside in his household.

"If it is possible," he said, as he sat down, "that your looks are an accurate indication of your feelings, I need hardly ask if you have recovered from the dissipation of last night."

"Oh! yes, I have recovered," she answered. "It was not a very severe dissipation. That is the advantage of being merely a chaperon—one is not fatigued much."

"I am glad to hear there is some advantage connected with it," continued Philip. "It seems to me that it would be awfully fatiguing. But I doubt whether Constance looks as fresh as you do this morning."

"Constance has not appeared yet," said Mrs. Thornton, smiling. "I fancy she will look fresh enough when she comes."

"She looked very well last night," remarked Philip. "I do not think I ever saw her look better. I was sorry that she would not dance with me."

Mrs. Thornton glanced at him quickly, but the easy quietness of his tone was reflected in his manner. Evidently his regret was of a very composed nature.

"That," she replied, "was your own fault."

"If so," he answered, "that is chiefly why I am sorry—because it seems that both yourself and Constance thought I should have accompanied you. Believe me, if I had imagined such a thing for a moment, I would have done so."

"I suggested that it would be well."

"True, but since Bellamy was on hand I did not feel that I was needed, and I had made an engagement which I disliked to break."

"It must have been a very special engagement," said Mrs. Thornton, a little dryly.

"It was," he answered. "I had promised to attend a church fair, of which it was the last night."

"Oh! a church fair!" The smile Philip had anticipated came around her lips—a smile of mingled wonder and amusement. "That was very good of you, indeed," she said; but the wonder was evident in her tone. "I hope it was—a success."

"I don't know," he replied; "but I hope so, too. At least I did my small endeavor to aid in making it so. I bought a number of things—screens and the like out of which I hoped you might, perhaps, select something you might care to have."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Thornton, looking at him kindly. His affectionate deference had long ago made her very fond of him. "You must tell Constance why you did not go with us," she added, presently.

"Mention it if you think it of sufficient importance," responded Philip. "I could not have conceived that it would matter to Constance, who has always so many attendants."

"Yes, she has a great many," said Mrs. Thornton; but still—

She stopped, unwilling to repeat her words of the night before, that Constance should not be left too much to these attendants. If Philip did not see this for himself, Constance's aunt could not make it plainer to him.

Her pause, however, was significant, and Philip looked at her as if expecting her to go on. When she did not, he said, lightly:

"But still she does not like certain things to be disregarded? I understand, and I shall be more careful in future. Yet I could not have thought she would refuse to give me even one dance. I feel aggrieved about that, for there can be no doubt that she was the belle of the ball. There was no one present to compare to her."

"I thought not," said Mrs. Thornton, with delicate pride.

But even as he spoke what perversity of recollection brought be-

fore the young man a different face and figure? He looked at the fire, as if he saw it there, and was silent for a moment. Then he said with an abrupt impulse:

"Do you chance to know any people named Percival?"

"Percival?" repeated Mrs. Thornton.

"No—yes—that is I had a slight acquaintance once with the man who was your uncle's partner. But I believe he is dead now."

"I did not know that my uncle ever had a partner," said Philip, regarding her with surprise. "Are you quite sure?"

"Oh! perfectly sure." She spoke with ease; evidently she knew no reason for shrinking from the subject or the name. "It was long ago. He brought the business, by some bad management, nearly to the verge of ruin. Your uncle had great difficulty in saving it. But Mr. Percival acted very well. He gave up his property to make good what he had lost, and then he retired."

Philip caught his breath.

"But if he gave up his property, was not he ruined?" he asked.

"He was much poorer, of course," answered Mrs. Thornton, composedly; "but that could not be helped. It was his own fault, you know."

"Yes," Philip assented, with a vagueness equal to that of the information he had received. He felt that upon such information as this no judgment was possible. It was entirely probable that his uncle had been in the right; for the sense of injury on the other side proved nothing. He knew—who does not know?—how wrong yet how obstinate people can sometimes be in the animosities which arise out of such transactions.

"I never heard of the man before," he said, after a short silence; "but I saw at the fair last night a very striking-looking girl, who, I was told was Miss Percival."

"His daughter most likely," replied Mrs. Thornton. "I remember he married a very beautiful woman, the daughter of a Spanish consul. But they were never in society much, and of course dropped out altogether after his misfortune."

"Do you know," said Philip, "whether they—that is, he—blamed my uncle for his course in the matter?"

Mrs. Thornton looked surprised. "I don't know at all," she said; "but I cannot see how it was possible, for your uncle was certainly in the right. I assure you that Mr. Percival brought him nearly to the verge of bankruptcy."

"Well, naturally 'who breaks pays,'" continued the young man. "but it does seem hard," he added, as if to himself: "one to go on to such prosperity, the other to drop down to ruin. It is easy to fancy some bitterness on the other side."

"Perhaps so," said Mrs. Thornton, indifferently; "but it was his own fault."

His own fault! The words echoed through Philip's mind after he left her, still sitting in the pretty, sunshiny room, and went himself into the bright, clear chill of the outer air. Was it his own fault? Of course, if so, it was right that he should have borne the consequences; or, at least, life was inexorable in demanding such a penalty. But if—if it had been failure, mistake, or anything like deliberate wrong-doing, surely these consequences were hard.

Philip had not been conscious at the time of observing what Miss Percival wore the evening before, but he remembered now, that it was a simple black dress, relieved only by some soft lace at throat and hands. It was true that she had looked like a princess even in this; yet what a contrast when he placed her in imagination beside Constance in her exquisite toilette, flashing with diamonds! The two figures symbolize and emphasize the wide difference in the fortunes of the two men who had once stood on an equal level. And while all things had prospered with one, the other had fallen—by his own fault? Yet, why then, had Graham said with so much significance, "Ask your uncle that question"?

The idea of following this advice was as far from Philip's mind as ever. He wondered a little whether he should ever know the exact truth of the matter, but he could imagine no circumstances in which it would be possible for him to ask an explanation of his uncle. "And, after all, how does it possibly concern me?" he said to himself, with a sense of positive irritation. "I wish I had never gone to the fair—I wish I had never seen that girl! No doubt if I had talked to her I should have found her commonplace enough. And this old story of a broken business connection—what is it to me? I will not give it another thought."

(To be Continued.)

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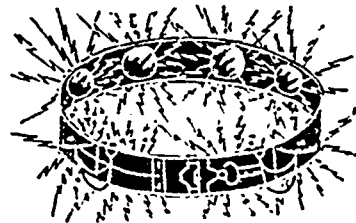
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	CLOSE.		DUE.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.15	7.45	7.15	10.2
O. and Q. Railway	8.00	8.00	8.10	9.1
G. T. R. West	7.30	3.25	12.40	7.4
N. and N. W.	7.20	4.10	10.15	8.1
T. G. and B.	6.50	4.30	10.45	8.6
Midland	7.00	3.35	12.50	9.8
C. V. R.	6.30	4.00	11.15	9.5
G. W. R.	a.m. p.m.		a.m. p.m.	
	12.00	9.00	2.0	7.8
	6.15	4.00	10.30	8.2
	10.00			
U. S. N. Y.	6.15	12.00	9.00	5.4
	4.00		10.30	11.0
	10.00			
U. S. West States	6.15	10.00	9.00	7.2
	12.00			

English mail close on Monday and Thursday at 7.15 and 10 p.m. The following are the dates of English mails for November 1, 3, 7, 10, 12, 14, 17, 19, 21, 24, 27, 30, p.m.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should contact their Saving Bank and in every other business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such branch post office.
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