

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XIV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1892.

NO. 729.

A Legend of the Blessed Virgin.

The day of Joseph's marriage unto Mary, in thoughtful mood he said unto his wife, "Behold, I go into a far-off country. To labor for thee, and to make thy life And home all sweet and peaceful." And the Virgin Unquestioning beheld her spouse depart: Then lived she many days of mourning gladness, Not knowing that God's hand was round her heart.

And dreaming thus one day within her chamber, She wept with speechless bliss, when lo! the face Of white-winged Angel Gabriel rose before her, And bowing spoke, "Hail! Mary, full of grace, The Lord is with thee, and among the nations Forever blessed is thy chosen name. The angel vanished, and the Lord's high Presence With untold glory to the Virgin came.

A season passed of joy unknown to mortals, When Joseph came with what his toil had won, And broke the brooding ecstasy of Mary, Whose soul was ever with her promised Son. But nature's jealous fears encircled Joseph, And round his heart in darkening doubts held sway. He looked upon his spouse cold-eyed, and pondered How he could put her from his sight away.

And once, when moody thus within his garden, The gentle girl besought for some ripe fruit, That hung beyond her reach, the old man answered, With face averted, harshly to her suit: "I will not serve thee, woman; Thou hast wronged me. I heed no more thy words and actions mild; If fruit thou wantest, thou canst henceforth ask it From him, the father of thy unborn child!"

But ere the words had root within her hearing, The Virgin's face was glorified anew; And Joseph, turning, sank within her presence, And knew indeed his wondrous dreams were true.

For there before the sandal feet of Mary The kindly tree had bowed its top, and she Had pulled and eaten from its prostrate branches, As if unconscious of the mystery.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

THE HOLY ROSARY.

Encyclical Letter of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

TO THE PATRIARCHS, PRIMATES, ARCHBISHOPS, BISHOPS, AND OTHER ORDINARIES IN COMMUNION WITH THE APOSTOLIC SEE.

Venerable Brethren, Greeting and the Apostolic Benediction.

Whenever the occasion has arisen for stimulating amongst the Christian people and increasing love and devotion toward the great Mother of God, We have availed ourselves of it with extraordinary pleasure and joy, feeling that We are dealing with a subject which is not only most excellent in itself, and in many ways most productive of good, but which also harmonizes most happily with the deepest feelings of our heart. For this sacred devotion to Mary, which We drank in almost with our mother's milk, increased with increasing years and became more lively and more firmly planted in our soul; since it appeared more evident to our mind how worthy of love and honor she was whom God first loved and prized and so prized that, raised higher than others as she was and adorned with the most glorious endowments, He chose her from all the world to be His mother. The various and manifest proofs of her goodness and kindness to us, which We recall with the most profound gratitude, and not without tears, have greatly fostered our devotion and ardently inflame it. For on the many and different dangerous occasions which have arisen, we have always had recourse to her, have always looked up to her with eager and wistful eyes; and having laid before her (*in sinu ejus*) all our hopes and fears, our joys and troubles, have assiduously besought her to favor us as a tender mother at all times and have begged the boon of being to her a most devoted Son. When, accordingly, by the secret counsel of God's Providence it happened that We were placed in this chair of Blessed Peter, that is to say, chosen as the representative of Christ to govern His Church, then disquieted by the mighty burden of His office, and distrusting our own strength, We endeavored to pray for Divine aid with increased fervor, relying on the maternal care of the Blessed Virgin. And We are pleased to confess that, as results have proved, not only throughout all our life, but especially in discharging the Apostolic office, our hope has never been without the gratification of fruit and comfort. Therefore, the same hope impels us now more powerfully to beg, under her auspices and through her intercession, for more and greater favors which may serve to further the salvation of the Christian people and the glory of the Church. It is, then, right and opportune, venerable brethren, that We should address to all the children of the Church certain exhortations which will be renewed through your words, so that they may strive to observe the coming October dedicated by the Rosary to Our Lady and august Queen, with the more lively piety which our growing necessities demand.

The many and various methods of depravity by which the wickedness of the age treacherously endeavors to weaken and destroy in human souls the Christian faith, and the observance of the Divine Law, which nourishes that faith and renders it fruitful, is already too well known; and now the field of the Lord is almost everywhere, a wilderness as if through the breath of a horrid pestilence, through ignorance of the faith, errors and vices. The thought of this is made more bitter by the fact that those who can and ought to do so, place no limits and im-

pose no penalties on such arrogant wickedness and evils; nay, rather the spirit by which this state of things is created, very often appears to be promoted by their indolence or patronage. Hence it is when such is the case, that we have to deplore the establishment of schools for the training of the mind and the study of the arts, in which the name of God is not mentioned or is vituperated; we have to deplore the license—daily growing bolder—of laying everything whatsoever before the populace, by means of publication, of raising every sort of cry offensive to God and the Church; nor is it less to be deplored that amongst many Catholics there is a remission of duty and apathy, which if not equivalent to an open abandonment of the faith, tend to terminate in it since the practices of life are no-wise consonant with the faith. To him who considers this confusion and destruction of the highest interests it will not certainly be a source of wonder that nations are groaning beneath the weight of Divine punishment and are kept in a state of alarm, through the fear of greater calamities.

Now to appease the offended majesty of God and to bring about the cure which is needed by those who are so sadly suffering, nothing could be more effective than pious and persevering prayer, provided it be combined with Christian zeal and attention to duty; in both respects our desires can be realized in the fullest measure through devotion to the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin. From the date of its origin, which is sufficiently known, its powerful efficacy have more than once commemorated the remarkable results attributed to it. At the time when the sect of the Albigenses, which pretended to be in favor of the integrity of faith and morals, but which was in reality a most mischievous disturber and corruptor, brought ruin to many people, the Church fought against it and against wicked factions, not with worldly resources and arms, but principally by having recourse to the power of the Most Holy Rosary, which the Mother of God entrusted to St. Dominic for the purpose of defense; and so splendidly victorious over all, she provided for the safety of her children by a glorious issue, both on that occasion and on others which occurred afterward. Wherefore, in the condition of affairs of which we complain, which is lamentable for religion and most pernicious for the State, all should, with equal devotion, together implore the Mother of God, so that experiencing the same power of the Rosary, we may rejoice in the fulfillment of our desires. For when we have recourse in prayer to Mary, We appeal to the Mother of Mercy, so well disposed toward us that whatever be our need, especially if we are earnestly desirous of eternal salvation, she is ever ready even of her own accord to render us the necessary succor; and more, she gives liberally from the treasury of that grace which was so copiously bestowed upon her by God from the beginning, since she was worthy to be the Mother of God. By that abundance of grace which is made most renowned by the many who have voiced her praises, she far exceeds all orders of men, being above all others, nearest to Christ.

"For it is a great thing in any saint for salvation of many; but if he had as much grace as would suffice for the salvation of all men in the world, this would be the greatest; and this is in Christ and the Blessed Virgin." (St. Th. op. VIII. super salut. angelica.)

When, therefore, we address, her in words of the angelic salutation as full of grace and rightly weave that repeated praise into decades, we do that which is acceptable and desirable almost beyond expression, for so often do we, as it were, recall her exalted dignity and the redemption of the human race, accomplished by God through her; and here, also, is commemorated the Divine and perpetual tie by which she is united with the joys and sorrows of Christ, His approbations and His triumphs in ruling men and aiding them to eternal life. But if it graciously pleased Christ to bear in His own person such a likeness to us and to call and prove Himself the Son of Man, and therefore our brother, in order that His mercy be more evident, "It behooved Him in all things to be like unto His brother that He might become merciful (Heb. ii. 17), so from the fact of Mary being chosen as the Mother of this, our Brother, the singular thing was conferred upon her, above all mothers, of pouring forth her mercy on us. Moreover, if we are indebted to Christ for communicating to us in some measure the right which belongs to Him of calling and having God as our Father, in like manner we owe to Him the right, most lovingly communicated, of calling and having Mary as our Mother. And since nature has made the name of mother most sweet, and has, as it were, established it as the exemplar of tender and thoughtful love, tongue cannot fully tell, but the minds of pious Christians truly conceive how great is the flame of benevolent and active charity that burns in the breast of Mary—of her who is to us a mother, not humanly speaking, but

by Christ. She knows well and keeps in view all our affairs—the safeguards we need in life, the dangers which are impending publicly and privately; the difficulties by which we are beset, especially how hard is the struggle with most bitter enemies for the salvation of the soul; in these and other trials of life she can do far more for us; and she ardently desires to afford solace, strength and aid of every kind to her beloved children. Therefore, let us approach Mary, beseeching her by those maternal ties by which she is united to Jesus and also to us; let us most religiously invoke her present aid by that mode of prayer which she herself has pointed out and regards as especially acceptable; then we can justly rest under the protection of our most propitious mother with secure and joyful minds.

[The conclusion of the Encyclical will be given in our next issue.]

A MONTREALER VISITS LEO XIII.

A gentleman who has seen and conversed with the Pope has just arrived back in Montreal. He is Mr. Isidore Belleau, Q. C., who was on a business trip to England and the Continent, and thus describes the meeting: "I did not have an audience properly speaking with the Holy Father, as he only grants an audience during the summer vacation for some special reason. I had the good fortune, however, to see the Pope and speak to him, and I was highly pleased to be allowed to be placed in his way as he passed through the Vatican and to ask for his blessing. When he came near me he asked that I be shown into one of the adjoining apartments. When he had reached the place designated, he stepped down from his chair and sat on a sofa. Taking Madame Belleau and myself by the hand, he spoke to us for about ten minutes about Canadian affairs, our family, and our trip. He particularly enquired about His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, saying that he hoped that he would be able to rest after his many years of toil now that he had a coadjutor. Then speaking of the appointment of Mgr. Begin, he said: 'Are you well pleased?' He seemed to take particular interest in the description I gave him of the reception we accorded to His Lordship after his consecration."

Speaking of the personal appearance of Leo XIII., Mr. Belleau said: "The lines of his face are generally well portrayed in the portraits we have of him in Canada, but the physiognomy is not that which they show. I expected to see an old man with a severe countenance and a deep eye. I was mistaken. He speaks with great effusion, and when he does speak, affability and kindness are pictured in his face. He lends himself with good grace to all the favors which are asked of him, and seems to enjoy the pleasure we feel at being in his presence. He is in every respect like a father speaking to his children. Physically his eye is superb, and reveals the great intelligence which has astonished the world. He is tall, but stooped, and walks with much ease for a man of his years. He is very pale, and there is something of the supernatural and divine in the expression of his face. It seems as if the light actually went through his face. This interview touched me beyond all expression."

To Pass Home Rule.

The London *Daily News* advocates the prompt passing of a Home Rule bill, when Parliament meets, by the application of the closure in similar fashion to that which the Tories used to pass the last Coercion Act. Our contemporary thus deals with the question: "We have come to a great crisis, and new times demand new methods. After one of the severest conflicts of this century we have a Home Rule Parliament; 'but it will bear no half measures or temporising spirit.' The old Parliamentary methods might answer with a majority of 130, but with a majority of 40 other plans are needed. Mr. Gladstone regards the decision in favor of Home Rule as one of those from which a great and serious people never go back. The bill must now be passed in spite of the Tory resistance, and in defiance of the House of Lords. But it must be done promptly. The Tories have shown us how to act. We must push the Home Rule Bill, as they did their iniquitous Coercion Act and their unconstitutional Parnell Commission Act, by prompt use of the closure. It is understood that the Reform Bill to be introduced in the next session of Parliament by Mr. George Howell, will be exceptionally advanced and comprehensive. It proposes to consolidate and materially amend the whole existing law relating to the franchise, registrations, election petitions, scrutinies, etc., proposing a payment of £100 per annum from the Consolidated Fund to members who attend to their duties, the payment of official election expenses out of the official rates, reducing the duration of Parliaments from seven to five years, reducing the period of qualification for getting on the register, placing the entire control

of the register under the charge in each county division or Parliamentary borough of one electoral officer, establishing systematic canvassing, appointing one day for all nominations and one for all pollings, the latter to be a bank and general holiday.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Buffalo Union and Times.

The attitude of the followers of Mr. John Redmond has no longer any political or moral justification. In the first place they professed to be ready to abide by the electoral voice of Ireland, and maintained when that was heard, they were certain to be upheld. But when the verdict at the polls was given they were found to be in a hopeless and helpless minority. Then they affirmed that they had no confidence in the professions of the Liberal Government and that it was necessary for the Gladstonians to be watched. Now, however, Mr. Morley in the very first official act of his Chief Secretaryship, has given such abundant evidence of his party's sincerity that even his political opponents in the English Parliament are struck with generous admiration. Where then is the reason for the existence of Mr. Redmond's faction? If they continue their present tactics they will win not only the contempt, but the execration of the world. The great name of Parnell will no longer shield them with its mighty memories. His dream was Irish Independence, and he was ready to welcome it from whatever hands it was destined to come, whether from Gladstone or from Salisbury. The days of obstruction are over and unnecessary. The days of co-operation are at hand. It is a time for patriots, not for critics. It is the dawn of a new era of a big and generous fate for Ireland. Let all her sons join in her triumph and her jubilation, nor any become the soured and disgruntled camp-followers in the army of her beaten and humiliated enemies.

Michigan Catholic.

If Catholics are to be discriminated against on account of their religion, it is high time that some organized means should be taken to thwart the designs of their enemies. No fair-minded Protestant will deny to Catholics the enjoyment of the same rights and privileges which he himself enjoys. It is only the bigots and the Orangemen who are engaged in this disreputable work. A good plan would be to secure the names of every member of the P. S. of A., as well as the names of those who are known to be in sympathy with the movement, and give them the widest publicity. Let them be branded as bigots, as narrow-minded, unprincipled men who are unwilling that their Catholic fellow-citizens should enjoy the right and privileges guaranteed to every citizen, regardless of creed or sect, by the American Constitution.

Pittsburg Catholic.

You should bring into the practice of your religion the devotion and assiduity you do to your business pursuits. Nay, you should do more. For the spiritual is not to be compared to the temporal. In the one the gain is for this life, and if lost may be regained, or else it matters little; in the other the gain is eternal, and if forfeited, is forfeited forever. You may be half-hearted in many things but never in your duty to God. Give Him the service of a whole and undivided heart.

Parents visit your children at their school. Let them see you take an interest in their education. Don't fear of intruding on the teacher. The good teacher will be glad to welcome you and give you all the information you desire. A sure sign of a good school when you enter the room will be the bright and cheery faces of the youngsters. You will see them at their studies, not as at a task, but with faculties alert and eager receptive minds for knowledge. You will not be entering a room where everybody seems to be a drudge, both teachers and pupils. Pastors tell us they are anxious to have the parents visit the schools. It is a help, an aid, an encouragement, both to the teacher and pupil. See that you go.

THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS.

Winnipeg, Sept. 27.—To-day Archbishop Tache publishes an important letter, giving in definite forms the views of the Church on the usage of Holy Scripture. His Grace says: "The Catholic Church desires that the faithful should be incited to reading the Holy Scriptures. Despite what is said to the contrary, the Church loses no opportunity of bringing the Word of God to the knowledge of its people. Its liturgy is nothing but an inspired selection of texts admirably harmonized for the instruction and edification of all. Its ascetic books have the same character. A more glance over the encyclicals of the Popes and the pastorals of the Bishops, etc., reveals the same desire. The Catholic Church requires that the different versions of the Bible should be approved and authorized by it to be considered as the Word of God and read as such. It forbids the using of Bibles which have not such recognition. The Church is guardian of the Holy Writings, and to accomplish its sacred trust it must protect the books which contain Divine inspiration against falsification, mutila-

tion, or alteration. What would have become of the sacred treasure had it not been for the tender and intelligent care of the Church through the dangers of conflagration, wars, barbarian incursions, etc., during the centuries previous to the discovery of printing? The Catholic Church, being the sole interpreter of the Bible, forbids its interpretation according to private judgment. The Holy Scriptures 'Are not the word of man, but the Word of God.' 'My thoughts are not your thoughts, nor your ways My ways, saith the Lord.' There are some things hard to be understood when the unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do, also the other Scriptures to their own destruction; understanding this first, that no prophecy of Scripture is made by private interpretation. 'He that will not hear the Church let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican.' The Christian world is full of sects combating one another because they do not agree on the interpretation of the Bible, every man having in his own mind individual interpretation. These interpretations may be all false, but they cannot be all true. The Catholic Church favors the usage of the Bible in the vernacular language, but it required that such versions, even when approved, should be provided with explanatory notes of comments. The object of this rule of the Church is to help in finding out the true meaning of difficult passages, and to preclude the dangers of abuse and false interpretation; but that does not mean that the reading of the Bible requires comment in every case and forever. The Catholic Church cannot favor religious exercises as authorized in the Public schools of Manitoba. One reason is that the Advisory Board, in preparing such exercises, has repudiated the principle laid down by the Church and accepted that invoked by Protestants. Certain passages in the Old and New Testament are to be read 'without comment.' These two last words are not unintentionally set forth; they are used to prevent religious exercises from having their Catholic character and to prevent their Protestant reality. This double object is attained. On one hand, the Protestant children are offered an opportunity of praying according to their faith in schools supported by Catholic as well as by Protestant money; while, on the other hand, Catholic children are banished from the Public schools both by the general tone of the system and by the religious exercises contrary to their faith."

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ocean the voice of her Parliament will be heard celebrating her victory."

The "Plantation" of Ulster.

The plantation of Ulster took place in the reign of James I. The surveys being completed early in 1609, a Royal Commission was issued, which duly found that in consequence of "the rebellion" of O'Neill, O'Donnell and O'Roherty, the entire counties of Ulster were forfeited to the Crown. By direction from England, the Irish Privy Council (consisting of Englishmen) submitted a scheme for planting these counties "with colonies of civil men well affected in religion," the Protestant religion, of course, which scheme, with several modifications suggested by the English Privy Council, was finally promulgated by the royal legislator, King James, under the title of "Orders and Conditions for the Plantation." According to the division thus ordered, upwards of 43,000 acres were claimed and conceded to the Primate and the Protestant Bishops of Ulster. Trinity College (Protestant) got 30,000 acres. The various trading guilds of the city of London—such as the drapers, vintners, cord wainers, drysalers—obtained 209,100 acres, including the city of Derry which they rebuilt and fortified, adding "London" to its ancient name. Smyth, an English writer, author of "Ireland, Historical and Statistical," in his account of the plantation of Ulster, notes as follows the character of the undertaking: "James's scheme was first carried into effect in Ulster, where the lands held by Tyrone and Tyrconnell (O'Neill and O'Donnell) as sovereign chieftains amounted to 818,344 acres, and formed principal portions of the counties of Donegal, Derry, Armagh, Tyrone, Fermanagh and Cavan. . . . The Undertakers (English and Scotch), were to plant upon the lands within three years able men of English or Scotch birth. . . . The British settlers and servitors were expressly forbidden to alienate (to become Catholic or Irish, or to mix or intermarry with the Irish), or to sublet their lands to Irishmen."

Is It Worth Studying.

In the midst of this world, that is ever dying and ever nascent, and in the very centre of most rapid and ceaseless change, the Catholic Church remains a permanent and abiding fact. She has suffered assault from all foes, from all opposing powers; from kings and warriors, from statesmen and philosophers, from poets and scholars, from parliaments and peoples, from the ignorance and corruption of her own children, from the worldliness and low-mindedness of her ministers, from the violence of barbarism and the effeminate vices of civilization.

She has been exalted and she has been humbled; she has ruled and she has borne the chain of servitude; she has dwelt in palaces and she has lived in the desert. The highest have bowed before her and the lowest have spurned her. Millions have sought to destroy her. Her fate has seemed to be bound up with that of a hundred causes which have perished, and she alone survives.

And though she is ever the same, she is ever active, teaching, exhorting, proving, arguing, contending. To-day, at a thousand years ago, her missionaries are found in the midst of barbarous peoples and savage tribes; her hospitals and asylums for the sick and the homeless are in all the cities of the world; she vies with great states in building schools. She has her universities, and men who know the sciences, and men of the broadest culture are among the humblest of her children.—Bishop Spalding.

Is this a religion that is worth studying?

MARRIAGE.

HARPER HARPER.

On Tuesday morning at 8:30 o'clock at St. Peter's Cathedral, London, Ont., took place the marriage of Philip Francis Harper, Esq., of New York City, to Miss Lydia Loretto, youngest daughter of Wm. F. Harper, Esq., manager of the Merchants Bank at London. The bride was charmingly attired in grey silk, trimmed with pearls, and wore diamond earrings. She was attended by her niece, Miss Maud Cruickshank. The groomsmen were Mr. Edward G. Harper of New York City, brother of the groom, Rev. M. J. Tiernan, rector of the Cathedral and Chancellor of the diocese, celebrated the nuptial Mass. Mrs. Cruickshank presided at the organ with her usual skill. The cathedral was well filled with the relatives and many friends of the bridal party. The bride and bridegroom took the 12.19 train for New York. We wish them a full share of prosperity and happiness in their voyage through life.

Our religion teaches us to love our Protestant neighbors and to do them all the good in our power. We must hate their errors but love them. Our dislike, therefore, must be for their false doctrine only, but not for the persons who hold them. The distinction is clear.

Cardinal Gibbons has received an invitation from the joint committee on ceremonies of the World's Columbian Commission Exposition, to offer up the closing prayer at the dedication exercises in Chicago, on Friday October 21.

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Old Chum
(CUT PLUG.)
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No other brand of Tobacco has ever enjoyed such an immense sale and popularity in the same period as this brand of Cut Plug and Plug Tobacco.

Oldest Cut Tobacco manufacturers in Canada.

Whitchie & Co

MONTREAL.

Cut Plug, 10c. 1/2 lb Plug, 10c. 1/4 lb Plug, 20c.

THE RECOGNISED STANDARD BRANDS

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"Kicker"
"Cable."

Universally acknowledged to be superior in every respect to any other brands in the market. Always reliable, as has been fully demonstrated by the millions that are sold annually and the increasing demand for them, notwithstanding an increased competition of over one hundred and twenty-five factories. This fact speaks volumes. We are not cheap Cigar manufacturers.

S. DAVIS AND SONS,
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GRAPES AND THORNS.

By M. A. T., AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORK," "A WINGED WORD," ETC.

CHAPTER I. (Continued.)

Down in the black heart of the town, among the offices, was a certain back room where the windows were not so closely curtained but those who watched outside could see a thread of light burning all night long. To this room men went sometimes in the hope of mending their fortunes, or, after the demon of gambling had caught them fast, to taste of that fiery excitement which had now become to them a necessity. Honora more than suspected that Lawrence Gerald's steps had sometimes turned in there. A year or two before, in one of his good moods, he had confessed it to her, with an almost boyish contrition, and had promised never to go again. It was his last confession of the sort, but she feared, not his last sin. Of what worth were the promises of a weak, tempted man who never sought earnestly the help of God to strengthen his resolution? Of no more value than an anchor without a cable. Lawrence needed to be watched and cared for; so she went on with them. "I am so sorry to trouble you both," Miss Ferrier exclaimed, in a voice trembling with anger and disappointment. "I could have had John come for me, if I had thought." She snatched her hand from the arm of her escort, and pulled her shawl about her with nervous twitches. "It would have been better to have had John," Honora said; "for he could have gone home with me. I am the troublesome third, as it is. But then," speaking lightly, "if I am the last, Lawrence will be obliged to go in early."

With another twitch of her shawl, Annette took her escort's arm again as abruptly as she had left it, and held it closely. Careless as the last words had sounded, she knew their meaning, for there had been something said in this subject before. She chose to take it to do so. Others might blame and doubt him, but she would not. He seemed nearer to her in the light of her superior devotedness than to any one else. She would never fail him; and by-and-by he would know her worth. The glow of this fervent hope warmed the girl's childish heart, and gave her a sort of happiness. And so they reached the house, and, after a quiet good night, separated.

The walk back was passed in silence; and Miss Pembroke did not choose to lean on her companion's arm; she wished to hold her dress out of the dust. The street they went through was one of those delightful old ones which a city sometimes leaves untouched for a long time. Over-arching elms grew thick on either side, and the houses were all detached.

Midway up this street stood the cottages of the Gerald's, with a garden in front and at the back, and a narrow gable at right and left. Three long windows in front, lighting the parlor, reached almost to the ground. The steep roof slanted to a veranda at each side, leaving but one upper window over the three—a wide window with casements swinging back from the middle. The cottage was in the shape of a cross, and at one arm of it a lighted window shone out on the veranda.

At sound of the gate-latch, the curtain was drawn aside a little, and a woman looked out an instant, then hastened to open the door.

"Are we late, Mrs. Gerald?" Honora asked, and stepped forward into the sitting-room.

"Oh! no, dear; I did not expect you any sooner."

Mrs. Gerald lingered in the doorway, looking back at her son as he stopped to leave his hat and overcoat in the entry, and only entered the sitting-room when she had caught a glimpse of his face as he came toward her. He was looking pleasant, she saw, and was contented with that.

"Well, mother!" he said, and sank indolently into the arm-chair she pushed before the open fire for him. It was the only arm-chair in the room.

She drew another chair forward, and seated herself beside him. Honora, sitting on a low stool in the corner, with the firelight shining over her, told what they had been doing that afternoon and evening. The son listened, his eyes fixed on the fire; the mother listened, her eyes fixed on her son.

Mrs. Gerald was an Irish lady of good descent, well educated, and well mannered, and had seen better days. We do not call them better days because in her girlhood and early married life this lady had been wealthy, but because she had been the happy daughter of excellent parents, and the happy wife of a good man. All were gone now but this son; the husband dead for many a year, the daughters married and far away, the wealth melted from her like sunset gold from a cloud; but Lawrence was left, and he filled her heart.

One could read this in her face as she watched him. It revealed the pride of the mother in that beautiful manhood which she had given to the world, and which was hers by an inalienable right that no one could usurp; and it revealed, too, the entire self-forgetfulness of the woman who lives only in the life so dear to her. The face showed more yet; for, hovering over this love and devotion as the mist of the coming storm surrounds the full moon, and rings its softened brightness with a tremulous halo, one

could detect even in the mother's smile the mist of a foreboding sadness.

How ineffable and without hope is that sadness which is ever the companion of a too exclusive affection!

Honora Pembroke looked at the two, and pain and indignation, and the necessity for restraining any expression of either, swelled in her heart, painted her cheeks a deep red, and lifted her lids with a fuller and more scornful gaze than those soft eyes were wont to give. Where was the courtesy which any man, not rudely insensible, should show to a lady? Where the grateful tenderness that any child, not cruelly ungrateful, pays to a mother? This man could be gallant when he wished to make a favorable impression; and she had heard him make very pretty, if very senseless, speeches about chivalry and ideal characters, as if he knew what they were. He had even, in the early days of their acquaintance, maintained for a long time an irreproachable demeanor in her presence. She was learning a doubt and distrust of men, judging them by this one, of whom she knew most. Were they often as selfish and insensible as he was? Were they incapable of being affected by any enchantment except that which is lent by a delusive distance?

Here beside him was an ideal affection, and he accepted it as he accepted air and sunshine—it was a matter of course. The mother was in person one who might satisfy even such a fastidious taste as his; for though the face was thin and faded, and the hands marred by household labor, there were still the remains of what had once been a striking beauty. Mrs. Gerald carried her tall form with undiminished stateliness, her coal-black hair had not a single thread of white among its thick tresses, and her deep-blue eyes had gained in tenderness what they had lost in fire. To use one of Miss Pembroke's favorite expressions, it was not fitting that the son, after having passed a day without fatigue, should lounge at ease among cushions while the mother, to whom every evening brought weariness, should sit beside him in a chair of penitential hardness.

But even while she criticised him, he looked up from the fire, his face brightening with a sudden pleasant recollection. "O mother! I had almost forgotten," he said, and began searching in his pockets for something. "Neither you nor Honora mentioned it; but I keep count, and I know that to-day your ladyship is five times ten years old."

He smiled with a boyish pleasure more beautiful than his beauty, and the little touch of self-satisfaction he betrayed was as far as possible from being disagreeable. He could not help knowing that he was about to get a gift, and cover himself with honor in the eyes of these two women. "Now, mother," opening a tiny novercase, "this is the first ring I ever gave any woman. The one I gave Annette was only a diamond of yours reset, and so no gift of mine. But this your good-for-nothing son actually earned, and had made up purpose for you."

He drew from the case a broad gold ring that sparkled in the fire-light as if set with diamonds, and taking the trembling hand his mother had extended caressingly at his first words, slipped the circlet on to her finger. "I had no stone put in it, because I want you to wear it all the time," he said. "Doesn't it fit nicely?"

"My dear boy!" Mrs. Gerald exclaimed, and could say no more; for tears that she wished to restrain were choking her.

A fiftieth birthday is not a joyful anniversary when there is no one but one's self to remember that it has come. Just as the mother had given up hope, and was making to herself excuses for his not remembering it, her son showed that it had been long in his thought. The joy was as unexpected as it was sweet.

When she said her prayers that night, Mrs. Gerald's clasped hands pressed the dear gift close to her cheek; and no maiden saying her first prayer over her betrothal-ring ever felt a tenderer happiness or more impassioned gratitude.

"Dear Lawrence! it was so nice of you!" whispered Honora, and gave him her hand as she wished him good-night.

He threw himself back in the arm-chair again when he was left alone, and for a few minutes had a very pleasant sense of being happy and the cause of happiness. "Who would think that so much fun could be got out of a quiet evening spent in tying May-flowers round a pole, and giving a gold bird-day ring to one's mother?" he mused. "After all, the good people have the best of it, and we escape graces as the ones to be pitied. If I were rich, I should be all right. If I had even half a chance, I would ask no more. But the poverty!" He glanced about the room, then looked gloomily into the fire again.

Yes; poverty was there—that depressing poverty which speaks of decayed fortunes. The carpet, from which the brilliant violet pile was worn nearly off, the faded and mended covers of the carved chair-frames, the few old-fashioned ornaments which had been retained when all that would sell well had gone to the auction-room, each showed by the scrupulous care with which it had been preserved, a poverty that clung to the rags of prosperity in the past because it saw no hope of prosperity in the future. Miles of unbroken forest could be seen from the cupolas of Crichton; yet in this room the very stick of wood that burned slowly on the andirons was an extravagance

which Mrs. Gerald would not have allowed herself.

"Yes; the good ones have the best of it," the young man repeated, rousing himself.

He drew the andirons out, and let the unconsumed stick down into the ashes, lighted a candle, and turned the gas off. Then, candle in hand, he stood musing a moment longer, the clear light shirring over his face, and showing an almost childlike smile coming sweetly to his lips. "After all," he said softly, "I haven't been a bad fellow to-night," and with that pleased smile still lingering on his face, went slowly out of the room.

And so the stillness of night descended, and deep sleep brooded over the town as the lights went out. Crichton was a well-governed city; no rude broils disturbed its hours of darkness. Decency was in power there, and made itself obeyed. You might see a doctor's buggy whirl by, like a ghost of a carriage, its light wheels faintly crunching the gravel; for only the business streets were paved. Now and then, on still nights, might be heard the grating of ropes, as some vessel sailed up to the wharf after a long ocean voyage. Perhaps a woman in one of the houses on the hill above would hear that sound through her dream, and start up to listen, fancying that, in the word of command the soft breeze bore to her casement, she could detect a familiar voice long unheard and anxiously waited for. Perhaps the sailor, whose swift keel had shot like an arrow past the heavy junk of Chinese waters, and scattered, as it approached the shore, clear reflections of tufted palms and dusky natives—perhaps he looked eagerly up the hill to that spot which his eyes could find without aid of chart or compass, and saw suddenly twinkle out the lamp in the window of his home.

But except for such soft sounds and shadowy idyls, Crichton was at night as still as sleep itself. The Crichtonians had a pleasant saying that their city was built by a woman, and the best compliment we can pay them is that they made this saying proudly, and kept in honored remembrance the hand of the gentle architect. But not so much in brick and stone was it acknowledged, though they owed to her their first ideas of correct and symmetrical building; in their society, high and low, in many of their pretty customs, in their tastes, in their freedom from bigotry of opinions, even in their government, they felt her influence.

While the city lies sleeping under the stars, strong, adult, and beautiful, full of ambitious dreams, full, too, of kind and generous feelings, let us go back to the time when, an infant town, it began to use its powers, and stammer brokenly the alphabet of civilization.

Hush, fair city, all thy many thousands, while the angels watch above thee! and, sweeter marvel yet! while the dear Lord waits unsleeping in thy midst, where that solitary taper burns. Sleep in peace, "poor exiled children of Eve," and be grateful at least in dreams.

Not very long ago, this place was a wild forest, with a rude little settlement hewn out of it on the river's banks. It was shut in from the world, though the world was not far distant. But the river was broad and deep, the ocean only ten miles away, and within a few miles were large and growing cities. Soon the sound of the axe and the saw were heard, and little craft, sloops and schooners, floated down the Saranac laden with lumber till the water rippled close to the rails. The story of her growth in this regard is the story of a thousand other towns.

The vessels grew larger, their voyages longer, more houses were built, some men became comparatively wealthy, and gave employment to others, while the majority kept the level of the employed. Social distinctions began to show themselves, detestable ones for the most part, since there was no social cultivation. Indeed, this poor settlement was in a fair way to become the most odious of towns. The two meeting-houses began to be called churches by the aspiring; the leading woman of the town ventured to call her help a servant (on which the indignant "help" immediately deserted her); and the first piano appeared. But let us mention this piano with respect, for it was the pioneer of harmony.

When Crichton had about fifteen hundred inhabitants, a stranger came there one day, as a passenger on board a barque returning from a distant city. This barque was the chief vessel of the town, and it had gone away laden with laths, and it brought back tea, coffee, sugar, and other foreign groceries; and, more than all, it brought Mr. Seth Carpenter. He was not, apparently, a very remarkable man in any way, except as all strangers were remarkable in this young town. He was plain-looking, rather freckled, and had a pair of small and very bright eyes which he almost closed, in a near-sighted way, when he wished to see well. Behind those eyes was a good deal of will and wit, and the will to put the wit into immediate practice. Moreover, he knew how to hold his tongue very cleverly, and baffle the curious without offending them. Nothing but his name transpired. He might be a mountebank, a detective, a king's son—how were these people to know?

In fact, he was nothing more mysterious than a respectable young man twenty-five years of age, who, having his fortune to make, had thought best to leave his prim, sober, native town, where nothing was being done, and where the people were mummies, and seek what, in modern parlance, is

called a "live" place. In his pockets he had nothing but his hands; in his valise was a single change of linen.

The very morning of his arrival at Crichton, Mr. Carpenter went to the highest hill-top, and from it viewed the town, the river, and the receding forests. He then strolled down to the river, and looked through the mills, and from there sauntered to the ship yard, where he found a ship on the stocks, almost ready to be launched. He walked round the yard, whistling softly, with an air of critical indifference. He paused near two other men who were viewing the ship, and, since their conference was not private, listened to it.

One of these men, a sailor, rather thought he might make up his mind to buy that ship. Did his companion know what was likely to be asked for it? The other reckoned, and calculated, and guessed, and expected, and finally owned that he did not know.

Mr. Carpenter, his eyes winking fast with the sparks that came into them, and his fingers working nervously, walked out of the yard, and found the owner of the ship, and still with nothing in his pockets but his hands, made his bargain with all the coolness of a millionaire. Before sunset, the ship was nominally his; and, before sunrise, it had changed owners again, and the young adventurer had made five hundred dollars by the bargain.

"I will yet rule the town!" he said exultingly, when he found himself alone; and he kept his word. Everything prospered with him, and in a short time even rivalry ceased. Men who had been proud to add dollar to dollar shrank and bowed before this man who added thousand to unit. Half the men in town, after ten years, were in his employment, and business prospered as he prospered. In another ten years, Crichton was a city, with all barriers down between her and the great world; but a raw, unkempt city; jealous, superficially educated, quarrelsome, pretentious, and rapidly crystallizing into that mould. Only a person of supreme position and character could now change it. Mr. Carpenter held the position, but not the character. He thought only of money-making, and of the excitement of enterprise and power; the rest he viewed with a pleasant indifference not without contempt. At forty-five he was still a bachelor.

We have mentioned the first piano with respect, because others followed in its train, rendering a music-teacher necessary; so that, after a succession of tyros, Miss Agnes Weston came, bringing the very spirit of harmony with her into the town she was to conquer.

She did not come as a conqueror, however; nor probably did she anticipate the part she was to play any more than the Crichtonians did. She came to earn her bread, and, while doing so, was anything but popular. Nothing but her brilliant musical abilities, and the fact that she had been educated at Leipzig, saved her from utter failure. People did not fancy this self-possessed, unpretending young person, who could sometimes show such a haughty front to the presuming, and who was, moreover, so frightfully dark and sallow. They did not understand her, and preferred to leave her very much to herself.

One person only found her not a puzzle. To Mr. Carpenter she was simply a refined woman among unconventional associates; becoming discontented and unhappy there, too, before many months had passed. He did not choose that she should go away. He had become pleasantly accustomed to seeing her, had sometimes met her on her long walks out to town; and once, when he had politely offered to drive her home—an offer which any other lady in Crichton would have accepted beamingly, without the preliminary of an introduction—had been refreshed by receiving a cold refusal, and a surprised stare from a pair of large black eyes. The great man, surfeited with smiles and flatteries, was immensely pleased by this superciliousness.

But though strangely disturbed at the prospect of Miss Weston's leaving, he hesitated to speak the word which might detain her. A bachelor of forty-five does not readily determine on making a sensible marriage; it usually needs some great folly to spur him on to a change so long deferred. He had, moreover, two other reasons for delaying: he wanted a charming wife, and was in doubt whether even his power could transform this lady into his ideal; the other reason had blue eyes, and a dimple in his chin, and was a very silly reason.

But no one who knew this gentleman would expect him to remain long in doubt on any subject. Within a month from the day he first entertained the thought of running such a risk, Crichton was electrified by the announcement that Mr. Carpenter was soon to be married to Miss Weston; and, before they had recovered from their first astonishment, the marriage had taken place, and the quiet, dark-faced music teacher was established as mistress of an imposing mansion on North Avenue.

It was now Mr. Carpenter's turn to be astonished, and he was enchanted as well. Never had he pictured to himself a woman so charming as this girl, now become a butterfly, proved itself; and never had he imagined that even his wife could obtain so beautiful a supremacy as she gradually established and never lost. She was born to rule, and seldom had such power been placed in any woman's hands. Mr. Carpenter was the first of her vassals. With a refined and noble arrogance, she esteemed him as the first man in the world, because he had

been the first to appreciate and exalt her. For this she gave him a faithful, if condescending affection, and quoted his wishes and opinions so constantly that one might have thought they were her only guides. So though she was tact and her courtesy toward her husband had scarcely guessed his own inferiority, and never dreamed that she was aware of it.

She grew beautiful, too, as well as amiable. Now that the drudgery of toil was taken from her, and her cramped talents had room for full and exhilarating play, the swarthy skin cleared, showing a peach-like bloom, the fine teeth lit a frequent smile, and the deep voice lost its dull cadence, and took a musical, ringing sound.

Mrs. Carpenter used her power well. Crichton was as clay in her hands, and she moulded it after a noble model. What arrogance could never have done was accomplished by tact and sweetness. Her forming touch was strong and steady, but it was smooth, and nothing escaped it. Thoroughly womanly, speaking by her husband's mouth when she deemed it not fitting that her proper voice should be heard, she could influence in matters where women do not usually care to interfere. She thought nothing out of her province which concerned the prosperity of the town she honored with her presence, and she inspired others with her own enthusiasm. That street should be wide and well kept, that public buildings should be architecturally symmetrical, that neat cottages for the poor, replacing their miserable huts, should start up as sudden as daisies along some quiet road—these objects all interested her, though she worked for them indirectly.

But in social life she ruled openly; and there her good sense and good heart, her gentle gaiety and entire uprightness, became the mould of form. Her nature went of fashion, and in the absence of charity, self-control became a necessity. When people of opposite creeds met at her house, their feuds had to be laid aside for the time; and, once two foes have smiled in each other's faces, the frown is not so easy to recall.

Gradually the change which had been imposed outwardly became a real one; and, when Mrs. Carpenter died, full of years and of honors, her spirit continued to animate the place, in its opinions and actions, at least, if some fairer grace of heart and principle were wanting. She died as she had lived, out of the Church; thought the Church had ever found her a friend, bountiful and tenderly protecting. Of its doctrines and authority she seemed never to have thought; but the copy of the Sixtine Madonna in her drawing-room had always a vase of fresh flowers before it.

She left no children. A niece whom she had adopted married in Crichton, and had one descendant, a grand-daughter, living there. This grand-daughter was Honora Pembroke.

Wake again, Crichton, for morning is come. Long rays of golden light are shooting out of the east; and down the hillside, in the church of St. John, Father Chevreuse is saying, *Sorsum Corda!*

TO BE CONTINUED.

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"German Syrup"
Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he

Hereditary often coughs enough to make him sick at his stomach. Whenever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market."

Dedicated in the Interest of the Prisoner, Whoever and Where.

This is the dedication which is a veritable poem, and editorial work on no his splendid talent. In stolon hours, was not be lifted for an MSS., the chapters of progressed. If the critic detects light, and there, he need that the author was even workers, side by side man who wrote of the stones thought more than of mere literary.

Moreover, poetry, ing to a great poet, circumstance Dr. Know always teach that these "mid the evanescent ethereal world." I formed the characters, the Australian bush, was not handling poetry, he touched them strove fear to shatter them.

They were the sons growth. Of suffer learned how to suffer, ism of rule and rullen to place their trust in weary years his char the very end. The best theirs and Ngr bushman with his fe was inspired by the lift his head and look

Moodyne is the str book. He is its fib With his Creator, "Men's lives are as they gather gold in they wipe out the poverty before the and the heart its str

He lifted himself off its clanking chain, the narrow cell, prison and in the Vasse and with Kor the dusky sons of Le in its freedom.

Gold was too grea an enemy. The bo the enemy had not from Koagulu, hills and noted the came." The fearful stay the traitor's ha ward course placed on the brow that crime.

A horse's head, the mountain, par animal bore a mur makes murderers. were strung across But life is dearer the weakened. Veng track of the blood The horse fell. bloo "and all around heavy bars and p the burning sands"

But not to him came. "The Div came to Moodyne "It was with kin kindly; and now utterly alone, it se He raised his body sand, looking up seemed closing in coming to a grea have lain down on but a cry, a hum him into wakefuln cry."

Yes, Moodyne It was a human hman cry. It was Bowman crying a ness. It was his ging for human sympathy. He ex was—is on his trail trail of every man used to him, and h and sin are follow find us out, and the cowl and sh head." And thou that "more terr because more ph knowledge ever p less human enem Yet his sin-beclou throbbing heart of a man's face and hand, even thou charged with the armed with the tion. He knew Thought had com in a little while convict had taken horse and had rais man took in as Thought as his w hold.

"The men's was he—moved Moodyne pause then turned and ran toward the had slept. Wit it open and cut o back to the suffe and squeezed t into the mouth of man whom he l desert to kill like "Till the last pressed the you guilty wretch looked at Moondy, grew bright, an

Moodyne: A World. By John B

THE BOOK AND THE MAN.

Dedicated in the Interests of Humanity to the Prisoner, Whoever and Wherever he May Be.

This is the dedication of a story which is a veritable poem of nature. Moondyne, though written hurriedly, is not without the charms of an excellent literary style.

In stolen hours, when his pen could not be lifted for an instant from his MSS, the chapters of his great story progressed. If the eye of a skillful critic detects slight blemishes here and there, he need only remember that the author was ever "one with the workers, side by side."

Moreover, poetry, which is, according to a great poet, "the centre and circumference of knowledge," does not always teach that the singer should move "mid the evanescent hues of this ethereal world."

They were the sons of the underground, suffering, they had learned how to suffer. Of the despotism of rule and rulers, they had come to place their trust in God.

Moondyne is the strong man of the book. He is its fibre and its genius. With his Creator, he knew that "Men's lives are short; and unless they gather gold in the mass, how shall they wipe out the primal curse of poverty before the hand loses its skill and the heart its strong desire?"

Here we have a character whose soul-workings have been laid bare. The author had the talent of placing life-like characteristics before his audience. Where else shall you find, in two paragraphs, a stronger human insight into human frailties than this?

The rascal thus pictured succeeded in parting Sheridan and Alice Walsley. Over this young girl, as many men have before, over just such a creature, Sheridan and Draper quarrelled. Sheridan's strong arm was drawn back and the vice-like fist sent Draper to the bosom of mother earth.

A horse's head was turned toward the mountain pass. The faithful animal bore a murderer and that which makes murderers. Heavy bars of gold were strung across the saddle-bow. But life is dearer than gold. The horse weakened. Vengeance was on the track of the blood-stained criminal.

But not to him as his pursuer came "The Divine Thought." It had come to Moondyne the day before. "It was with him still—grave and kindly; and now they two were so utterly alone, it seemed almost a smile. He raised his body and knelt upon the sand, looking upward, and all things seemed closing in upon him, as if he were laid down on the sand at peace—but a cry, a human-like cry, startled him into wakefulness,—surely it was a cry."

Yes, Moondyne was not mistaken. It was a human-like cry. It was Isaac Bowman crying aloud in the wilderness. It was his human nature begging for human presence and aid and sympathy. He expected death. Death was in his trail. "Death is on the trail of every man; but we have grown used to him, and heed him not. Crime and sin are following us—will surely find us out, and some day will open the cowl and show us the death's-head." And though Bowman realized that "more terrible than these fates, because more physically real, is the knowledge ever present that a relentless human enemy is on our track."

Yet his sin-befuddled mind and his throbbing heart yearned for the sight of a man's face and the touch of a man's hand, even though the face should be charged with thunder and the hand armed with the lightning of destruction. He knew not that the Great Thought had come to Moondyne. But in a little while, when the escaped convict had taken him from under the horse and had raised him up, the dying man took in as much of the Great Thought as his warped intellect could hold.

"The men's eyes met, and the blistered lips of the sergeant—for it was he—moved in piteous appeal. Moondyne paused on a stern moment, then turned and ran from the place—ran toward the palm near which he had slept. With hasty hand he tore it open and cut out the pith, and sped back to the sufferer. He knelt down, and squeezed the precious moisture into the mouth of the dying man—the man whom he had followed into the desert to kill like a wild beast.

Till the last drop was gone he pressed the young wood. Then the guilty wretch raised his eyes and looked at Moondyne—the glazed eyes grew bright, and brighter, till a tear

Moondyne. A Story From The Under-World. By John Boyle O'Reilly.

rose within them, and rolled down the stained and sin-lined face. The baked lips moved and the weak hands were raised imploringly. The sergeant fell back dead.

Moondyne knew that his last breath was contrition, and his last dumb cry "pardon."

And yet! and yet! a few American writers have been blind enough to say that there is not enough of the Catholic spirit in Moondyne.

The scene is changed. Moondyne is in England. The story developing new characters, places them around the grand centre figure.

The study of Draper is the greatest piece of character analysis in the pages of Moondyne. You remember his eyes—blue eyes; not the soft blue which usually denotes good nature, but a pale, slaty blue that has a hard and shallow look.

You know his manner! "He had a free and easy way with him that made people who met him for the first time think he was cheerful and amiable. But if you observed him closely, you would see in the midst of a boisterous laugh that the cold, blue eyes were keenly watching you, without a particle of mirth."

Here we have a character whose soul-workings have been laid bare. The author had the talent of placing life-like characteristics before his audience. Where else shall you find, in two paragraphs, a stronger human insight into human frailties than this?

The rascal thus pictured succeeded in parting Sheridan and Alice Walsley. Over this young girl, as many men have before, over just such a creature, Sheridan and Draper quarrelled. Sheridan's strong arm was drawn back and the vice-like fist sent Draper to the bosom of mother earth.

A horse's head was turned toward the mountain pass. The faithful animal bore a murderer and that which makes murderers. Heavy bars of gold were strung across the saddle-bow. But life is dearer than gold. The horse weakened. Vengeance was on the track of the blood-stained criminal.

But not to him as his pursuer came "The Divine Thought." It had come to Moondyne the day before. "It was with him still—grave and kindly; and now they two were so utterly alone, it seemed almost a smile. He raised his body and knelt upon the sand, looking upward, and all things seemed closing in upon him, as if he were laid down on the sand at peace—but a cry, a human-like cry, startled him into wakefulness,—surely it was a cry."

Yes, Moondyne was not mistaken. It was a human-like cry. It was Isaac Bowman crying aloud in the wilderness. It was his human nature begging for human presence and aid and sympathy. He expected death. Death was in his trail. "Death is on the trail of every man; but we have grown used to him, and heed him not. Crime and sin are following us—will surely find us out, and some day will open the cowl and show us the death's-head." And though Bowman realized that "more terrible than these fates, because more physically real, is the knowledge ever present that a relentless human enemy is on our track."

Yet his sin-befuddled mind and his throbbing heart yearned for the sight of a man's face and the touch of a man's hand, even though the face should be charged with thunder and the hand armed with the lightning of destruction. He knew not that the Great Thought had come to Moondyne. But in a little while, when the escaped convict had taken him from under the horse and had raised him up, the dying man took in as much of the Great Thought as his warped intellect could hold.

"The men's eyes met, and the blistered lips of the sergeant—for it was he—moved in piteous appeal. Moondyne paused on a stern moment, then turned and ran from the place—ran toward the palm near which he had slept. With hasty hand he tore it open and cut out the pith, and sped back to the sufferer. He knelt down, and squeezed the precious moisture into the mouth of the dying man—the man whom he had followed into the desert to kill like a wild beast.

Till the last drop was gone he pressed the young wood. Then the guilty wretch raised his eyes and looked at Moondyne—the glazed eyes grew bright, and brighter, till a tear

Moondyne. A Story From The Under-World. By John Boyle O'Reilly.

his heart." But the stout heart contracted when his sister Mary told him that Alice Walsley was in prison.

So the man who had wandered away from his youth finds mockeries where joys had been, and in their hollow sounds the gamut of every discord. For murder! For killing her child! Ah! No! Not that! But the iron entered his soul when he read the card on the door of the fourth cell:

ALICE WALMSLEY. LIFE.

He had a glimpse of her. He passed out of her cell to become acquainted with Lord Somers, the Colonial Secretary, and the typical chief director of a convict prison, the "expert" Sir Joshua Hobbs.

Hobbs' face said plainly: "I know all—these gentlemen know nothing—it is not necessary that they should—I am the convict system."

He had graduated from a police court, where he had begun as an attorney; and he was intimately acquainted with the criminal life of England in its details. But he had no soul for the awful thought of whence the dark stream came, nor whether it was going. He was merely a dried mudbank to keep it within bounds for a little way.

He was ignorant and arrogant—a pompous noddy and a petty despot. With his bulldog in the air he marched along, until a man of intellect, who seemed to take great interest in prisons and prisoners, appeared on the scene. This stranger's name was Wyville. "Sheridan liked him from the first look." Never among all the men he had known had Sheridan met such a man as this. The head, with all its features, the eye, the voice, the whole body, were cast in one mould of superb massiveness and beauty. There was no point of difference or weakness. Among a million, this man would not have merely claimed superiority, but would have unconsciously walked through the opening crowd to the front place, and have taken it without a word. Before him now stood three men least likely of any in London to be easily impressed—a young and brilliant statesman, a cynical and able novelist, and each of these felt the same strange presence of a power and a principle to be respected.

"Nature, circumstances, and cultivation had evidently united to create in this man a majestic individuality. He did not pose or pretend, but spoke straight the thing he meant to say; yet every movement and word suggested a reserve of strength that had almost a mysterious calmness and beauty.

"He was dressed in such a way that one would say he never could be dressed otherwise. Dress was forgotten in the man. But he wore a short walking or shooting coat of strong dark cloth. The strength and roughness of the cloth were seen, rather than the style, for it seemed appropriate that so strangely powerful a figure should be so strongly clad. His face was bronzed to the darkness of a Greek's. His voice, as he spoke, on entering the room, came easily from his lips, yet with a deep resonance, suggesting a possible tenderness or terror that would shake the soul. It was a voice in absolutely perfect accord with the striking face and physique."

Book Third carries us with a noble prayer to the cell of Alice Walsley. With the strong, true, sympathetic touch of a man who has known suffering and has looked upon the effects of sin, the author describes the fall of the woman who was "in for life."

Her heart was hard and cold. Her soul had turned away from Heaven, until Wyville co-operated with Sister Cecilia. Their tiny rosebud wafted the fragrance of God's providence into the sunless soul. The frozen heart became animated. The night had been long, but at last the dawn of a brighter day showed her that in misfortune the innocent may cheer and attend the unfortunate. She divined the nobler part which proves that a kindly word and an act of sympathy are of greater value than all the preaching and remembrance of the world.

Before she left London for Australia, in the convict ship, the efforts of Wyville had gone a long way toward assuring her of a better future. He had journeyed to her early home and had met that "modest and unassuming old fellow, Officer Lodge." Wyville tired not. "Great and sombre was the Thought which lay within the cell of this traveller's soul, to be investigated and solved."

He was working out his high ideals. He was doing his best to live up to them. He was helped because he did not believe in "a cold, statistical Christ," but in a God of "love and justice," and his faith "bridged the gulf of doubt with a splendid arch."

That sublime faith sustained him when he met Mr. Hagget. Hagget was the Scripture reader of the prison. "He was a tall man, with a highly respectable air. He had side-whiskers brushed outward until they stood from his hawk cheeks like paint brushes; and he wore a long, square-cut brown coat. He had an air of formal superiority. His voice was cavernous and sonorous. His lips were not exactly coarse or thick; they were large, even to bagginess. His mouth was wide, and his teeth were long; the whole, and still more—enough to fold afterwards into consciously pious lines around the mouth."

Hobbs and Hagget feared and hated Wyville. They feared his power and hated, because they could not understand, his humanity. But he triumphed over both, and in the scene at the door

of Alice's cell, when she clung to Sister Cecilia and defied those who tried to part them, he gave Hagget a lesson, which that baggy-lipped Scripture-reader remembered to his dying day.

Then turning on Hobbs he handed him that potent paper which destroyed his power and made him bow his head in humiliation.

The convict ship was to sail. Sister Cecilia, Alice Walsley, Draper and his wife, Will Sheridan, Hagget; Wyville's friend, Hamerton, and Wyville himself, boarded the vessel.

The first few days of the voyage are inexpressibly horrible. The hundreds of pent-up wretches are unused to the darkness of the ship, strange to their crowded quarters and to each other, depressed in spirits at their endless separation from home, sickened to death with the merciless pitch and roll of the vessel, alarmed at the deafening thunder of the waves against their prison walls, and fearful of sudden engulfment, with the hatches barred. The scene is too hideous for a picture—too dreadful to be described in words. Only those who have stood within the bars, and heard the din of devils and the appalling sounds of despair, blended in a diaphanous that made every hatch-mouth a vent of hell, can imagine the horrors of the hold of a convict ship."

The most dramatic chapter in Moondyne is that one which tells us, "How a prisoner might break a bar."

A fire breaks out in the ship. A thousand lives tremble in the balance. But cool and brave and strong Wyville rushes to the rescue. With the aid of Hagget he saves the ship and its human cargo. Hagget's great "reef like lips quivered with suppressed feeling. He gazed earnestly at Wyville, then seized his hand in a grip of iron and said "forgive me."

When Mr. Wyville entered his room that night "his eyes fell on a letter, fixed endwise on his table, to attract his attention. It was addressed to him. He opened it and took out a photograph—the portrait of a convict in chains. There was no other enclosure. On the back of it were written these words, in Mr. Hagget's handwriting, dated four years before: "This is the only photograph of the man known as Moondyne. It was taken in Western Australia, just before his latest escape from Fremantle prison. All other photographs of this prisoner have unaccountably disappeared from the prison books."

Mr. Wyville gazed at the picture * * * * * walked meditatively and fro * * * * * looked at it with deep attention, while his lips moved as if he were addressing it, * * * * * tore it to pieces, opened the window of his room and threw the pieces into the sea."

The ship arrived at Fremantle. Wyville, now in authority, set about reforming the prisons and the penal system. Draper and his wife dragged out their miserable existence. Alice Walsley, whose innocence had been established by Harriet Draper's confession, met the love of her youth among "the shadows and the flowers and the bright-winged birds."

Sheridan was happy. But Wyville! Ah! Wyville! Into that strong, patient, sad-burdened heart a holy love had come long ago. The rosebud had had turned Alice Walsley's thoughts to the Almighty had been Wyville's votive offering. His life had been a life of struggles, of bitterness, of utter loneliness. Home and friends were but memories. He stood alone, and now that he had triumphed over cruel fate, powerful enemies, and over his own mighty passions, he yearned for the light of a woman's face and the love of a woman's heart.

But a greater blow than any he had yet received was about to fall upon him. For the first time he learned that his friend Sheridan loved Alice Walsley.

"The door of his room was locked for hours that day, and he sat beside his desk, sometimes with his head erect and a blank suffering look in his eyes, and sometimes with his face buried in his hands. The agony through which his soul was passing was almost mortal. The powerful nature was ploughed to its depths. He saw the truth before him, as hard and palpable as a granite rock. He saw his own blind error. His heart, breaking from his will, tried to travel again the paths of sweet delusion which had brought so great and new a joy to his soul. But the strong will resisted, wrestled, refused to listen to the heart's cry of pain—and, in the end, conquered. But the man had suffered woefully in the struggle. The lines on his bronze face were manifestly deeper, and the lips were firmer set, as toward evening, he rose from his seat and looked outward and upward at the beautiful deep sky. His lips moved as he looked, repeating the bitter words that were becoming sweet to his heart—"Till will be done."

He had "ordered his stout heart to bear it." The sands in the glass of his life were running low. He faced the angry convicts, quelled their contemplated rebellion and, though his scheme was somewhat fanciful and sentimental, because of its too implicit faith in human nature,—yet if he was not understood on earth he was in heaven.

As he passed his life in self sacrifice it was fitting that he should sacrifice his life for others—even if they were the lowliest and the least unworthy. With Hamerton, his faithful friend, he read into the bush fire. There too was the nobleman of the bush, Ngarrajil. Before them, in peril of their lives, were Draper and his wife. The man and the woman were standing in a circle of flame. Unless some brave man dashed through that circle they would never again see the sun rise or set. But the brave man was there.

In vain Hamerton tried to dissuade him. Wyville "struck his spurs into his horse, and the animal sprang to the front. But next instant he was flung back on his hanches by Ngarrajil, dismounted, who had seized the bride. The bushman's eyes blazed and his face was set in determination.

"No! No!" he cried in his own language; "you shall not! you shall not! It is death, Moondyne! It is death." Wyville bent forward, broke the man's grasp, speaking rapidly to him. His words moved the faithful heart deeply, and he stood aside, with raised hands of affliction, and let him ride forward. Hamerton did not follow; but he would not try to escape. He sat in his saddle, with streaming eyes following the splendid heroism of the man he loved dearest of all the world."

Through the cinders and burning branches and sea of fire Wyville rode. The woman, Harriet Draper, faithful to the last, was bending over her husband holding "the wine flask to his parched lips" as Wyville approached. But he was too late. The woman breathed the fire and sank down beside the dead body of Sam Draper.

"One moment, with quivering face, the strong man bent above her, while his lips moved. Then he raised his head and faced his own danger."

He faced it well. He had to ride his horse through the fire. "The animal reared and screamed, but dashed through the fire, with eyes scorched and blinded by the flame, now solely dependent on the hand of its guide. The rider felt the suffering animal's pain, and recorded it in his heart with sympathy. * * * * * By the side of the swamp he was stricken from the saddle by the branch of a falling tree. His body fell in the water, his head resting on the tangled rushes of the swamp."

"Once before he died, his opened eyes were raised and he looked above him into the sea and forest of fire. But he would not accept that; but upward, with the splendid faith of his old manhood, went the glazing eyes, till they rested firmly on the eternal calmness of the sky. As he looked, there came to him, like a vision he had once before dimly seen, a great Thought from the deep sky, and held his soul in rapt communion. But the former dimness was gone; he saw it clearly now for one instant, while all things were closing peacefully in upon him."

So the man who had been Moondyne died. Here you have the outline story of Moondyne. Having read it you know the man and the author. Resurgam. St. John, N. B. JOHN MAHONY.

The Rationale of Confession. How many are the souls in distress, anxiety, or loneliness, whose one need is to find a being to whom they can pour out their feelings unheard by the world? Tell them out to them; they cannot tell them out to those whom they see every hour. They want to tell them and not to tell them; and they want to tell them out, yet be as if they be not told; they wish to tell them to one who is strong enough to bear them, yet not too strong to despise them; they wish to tell them to one who can at once advise and can sympathize with them; they wish to relieve themselves of a load, to gain a solace, to receive the assurance that there is one who thinks of them, and one to whom in thought they can recur, to whom they can betake themselves, if necessary, from time to time, while they are in the world. How many a Protestant's heart would leap at the news of such a benefit, putting aside all distinct idea of a sacramental ordinance, or of a grant of pardon and the conveyance of grace! If there is a heavenly idea in the Catholic Church, looking at it simply as an idea, surely, next after the Blessed Sacrament, Confession is such. And such it ever found in fact—the very act of kneeling, the low and contrite voice, the sign of the cross hanging, so to say, over the head bowed low, and the words of peace and blessing. Oh, what a soothing charm is there, which the world can neither give or take away! Oh, what piercing, heart-subduing tranquility, provoking tears of joy, is poured almost substantially and physically upon the soul, the oil of gladness, as Scripture calls it, when the penitent at length rises, his God reconciled to him, his sins rolled away for ever! This is Confession as it is in fact.—Cardinal Newman.



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London, Saturday, Oct. 3, 1892.

THE PAN-PRESBYTERIANS.

The Pan-Presbyterian Council has had its session in Toronto and the members, some of whom had traversed half the circumference of the globe to be present, are now wending their ways to other scenes.

The Council opened on the 21st ult. with a prayer by Rev. Dr. Aspinwall Hodge specially composed for the occasion, followed by a sermon from the Rev. Dr. Cayven of Toronto.

This Pan-Presbyterian Council is the fifth of the kind which has been held by the Presbyterians of the world. Hitherto it has been customary to call these gatherings by the name which we here give to it, and it is a name peculiarly appropriate, for it expresses the diversity which came together to represent what the delegates call universal Presbyterianism.

The Greek prefix Pan signifies all, so all shades of theological opinion were represented, the only bond between them being that, while professing to accept the Bible, they deny the authority of the Pope, and have each for itself a form of Church government according to which each organization, supreme in itself, is governed by a synod composed of delegates, ministerial and lay, who have been elected to office by their respective congregations.

While we admit that in the political sphere, where the source of all authority rests in the first place with the people, such a form of government is best adapted to make known the wishes of the people who govern and are governed. Besides, from the fact that nationalities as at present constituted are entirely independent of each other, a multiplicity of supreme authorities exists of necessity.

But in the spiritual order God has revealed one truth, which all are equally bound to accept. In this order Christ established but one Church, and His Apostles were the sole depositaries of the authority to teach with which Christ invested them. It is therefore a grievous mistake to suppose that independent communities have the right to institute independent Churches; and still less is it permissible that Churches so instituted may combine together by a Federal compact more or less close, to constitute themselves into the one universal Church of God.

On this erroneous basis the five Pan-Presbyterian Councils which have been held have had their foundation; and the prefix Pan most suitably expresses the error under which they labor.

We notice that there is now a tendency to change the name hitherto in use as descriptive of the nature of the Churches represented, into that which has been employed to designate the Councils of the Catholic Church. The recent Council is now usually called by its promoters an "Ecumenical Council."

The type of an Ecumenical Council is that Council which was held by the Apostles at Jerusalem, an account of which is given in the fifteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

The Apostles and those who were selected by them to fill the Episcopal office had an authority which presbyters of the Presbyterian churches cannot claim, as they themselves acknowledge that they have not any Apostolic succession, and they deny the necessity of such succession. This authority is "to rule the Church of God," for St. Paul, speaking to the chief pastors of the Church at Ephesus, said: "Take heed to yourselves, and to the whole flock, wherein the Holy Ghost has placed you Bishops to rule the Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood." (Acts xx, 28.) Hence an Ecumenical Council of the Apostles or of their lawful successors has authority to define matters of faith, and to establish disciplinary laws for the whole Church. Both of these things the Apostles did at Jerusalem, defining that Circumcision is not necessary under the New Law, and making a law of abstinence from blood and things strangled; and of their decrees they say: "For it hath

seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us to lay no further burden upon you than these necessary things." (Acts xv, 28.)

Of course the Pan-Presbyterian Council had no such authority as this, and in fact it was fully understood and declared when it was called together that it would not deal with such subjects. It is clear, therefore, that it is in no sense entitled to be called an Ecumenical Council. It is simply a gathering of men of various beliefs who have met together for the purpose of making the world believe that they have the one faith "once delivered to the Saints."

No one can assert that the Free and Established Presbyterians of Scotland are one with each other, or with the Waldensians of Italy, the Lutheran Calvinists of Germany, the Cumberland Presbyterians, the Reformed Churches of the United States and Europe, the Original Secessionists, and the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists. The only resemblance which these and the other sects which form the "Alliance" which held the Council is that they oppose the Pope, and have a somewhat similar method of governing their various Churches by local synods or General Assemblies on a plan which certainly has no scriptural basis.

It is true that these Churches have a semblance of unity on one other point, inasmuch as they all have in their creeds the Calvinistic doctrines of foreordination and preterition; but it is notorious that the American Presbyterians at least have grown tired of this dogma, and intend to cast it overboard at the earliest possible moment, as the Jonah which is bringing misfortune and decay upon their Church on this continent.

The speeches or sermons which were delivered during the Council were necessarily very non-committal, as there is so little of common doctrine; but, devoid as they were of doctrine, there was friction enough to cause one of the speakers to spread consternation among the delegates by announcing that the Australian delegates felt themselves ill-treated, and would withdraw from the alliance unless the offence offered them were atoned for.

This incident arose out of a very insignificant cause, still it illustrates how slender is the bond which unites these different bodies together, and it showed up their diversity, instead of manifesting their unity, as the Acts of the Council declare to have been the object of holding it at all.

There was less of virulence exhibited against Catholics at this meeting than is usual at representative Presbyterian gatherings; yet one day was spent in abusing Popery. It would not have been a proper Presbyterian Assembly without this feature.

Pastor Choisy, of Geneva, declared, amid applause, that in Switzerland there is mutual forbearance in the manner in which Swiss Catholics and Protestants regard each other, and that he knew of one case where "Protestants use a church building at one hour of the day, and Roman Catholics at another time." But Rev. Jas. Kerr, of Glasgow, proclaimed that the Pope is to be resisted, because he wishes to attain universal political power, and to change kingdoms into Popedom. This was applauded, too; and, strange to say, the same speaker was also applauded when he said that Presbyterianism must stick to Calvinism, and avoid Ritualism. How does this accord with the modern movement to eliminate Calvinism from the Westminster Confession?

This speaker also declared, with all the persecuting animus for which Scotch Presbyterian parsons are notorious, that "Roman Catholics must be denied all political office." Mr. Kerr is a century behind the age. He is evidently not aware that the time is past for his Kirk to put into effect the persecuting dogmas of the Westminster divines.

The Rev. John Laing of Dundas, Ont., was grieved at the prosperity of the Catholic Church, especially in the Province of Quebec, and expressed regret at the settlement of the Jesuits claims for their confiscated estates. Yet he congratulated the council that there are now 12,000 Protestants on the St. Lawrence, "whereas fifty years ago there was not one." These statistics are certainly not in accordance with facts; and the speaker should have supplemented his figures with the statement, which is to be derived from the last census, that Protestants of Quebec increased during the last decade by less than 4 per cent., while the Catholic increase was nearly 10 per cent. This does not indicate the wonderful progress

which Rev. Mr. Laing would have us believe to be taking place. But his statistics were intended to give strangers the idea that Protestantism is gaining upon Catholicity, at least in the Dominion of Canada, which is not the case. If the Dr. had told the truth, his purpose would not have been obtained.

CREED MULTIPLICATION.

"There is union in the air" was the expression used by a prominent minister of one of the Protestant sects within the last couple of years when there was much talk of a federal or some kind of union between Anglicans, Presbyterians and Methodists. The prospect was not realized, partly owing to the firm position taken by Anglicans or Episcopalians in regard to the necessity of Episcopal ordination to constitute a veritable clerical order. The Presbyterians, especially, resented this requirement, and at the Presbyterian General Assembly held in Detroit in 1891 very strong language was used denouncing the supposed Apostolical succession of the Anglican Episcopate as a mere sham which Presbyterians would never recognize in any shape or form.

In contrast with these aspirations towards unity comes the intelligence that a new sect has just been established which held its first convention a few days ago at Union City, Michigan. Its name is the "Saints of the Most High God," and they claim to have had some special revelations on which they found a new creed.

These new-fangled religionists have certainly the same right to start a new religion as had Luther, Calvin, Henry VIII., John Knox, John Wesley and other rebels against Church authority in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

If the true religion of Christ were delivered unknown until at the time of the so-called Reformation these men were called upon to declare that it was their mission to reform the Church, surely in this nineteenth century the new saints have an equal right to reform the reformed creeds. But it does not promise well for the materialization of the "union in the air" that so many new creeds are being started from day to day. The United States census gives one hundred and forty-nine Protestant creeds as the number existing in that country. The new creed will bring up the number to one hundred and fifty, and they must continue to multiply as long as it is recognized as a religious principle that private individuals have the right of deciding for themselves what doctrines they may accept or reject. This doctrine is the basis of Protestantism, and it must have the disintegrating effect which produces innumerable sects.

There has been recently a meeting at Grindelwald, Switzerland, where delegates from most of the Protestant sects termed Evangelical took into consideration the question whether some kind of union is possible among them, but it resulted in nothing practicable. One of the great difficulties in the way was the preposterous claim made by Anglicans that the English Church Episcopate should be recognized as the fountain-head of ministerial authority. To such a claim the other sects will not yield an inch. But a greater difficulty still is the impossibility of framing a creed which the sects will adopt with even a tolerable degree of unanimity.

It is acknowledged that the only way to secure any kind of general agreement is by leaving out all distinctive doctrines; but when it is attempted to apply this principle in practice it is found that there will not be left any single doctrine which could distinguish Christianity from Islamism, Buddhism, or Deism. There is not a doctrine distinctive of Christianity which is not denied by some of the sects of Protestantism, and anxious as many of the ministers are to patch up some kind of apparent unity between the sects, so that they may appear to men as the "one Church" instituted by Christ, there are but few ready to go so far as to strip the Christian religion of all its doctrines for the sake of calling themselves members of a united Protestant Church of God, in which Unitarians, Baptists, Methodists, Anglicans, Quakers and hundreds of other sects can dwell in peace.

The prospect is not bright that such a union as is longed for will be realized until the sects subject themselves to the living authority of St. Peter's successor, Pope Leo XIII.

The Rev. David Benjamin, of Urmiah, Persia, formerly an assistant in the Archbishop of Canterbury's Mission to the Nestorians for nearly two years, has been received into the Catholic Church.

THE IRISH CENSUS.

The Irish census returns for 1891 have just been published by the Government, and melancholy enough is the lesson which is to be learned from them. It appears that during the decade 785,105 persons emigrated to settle elsewhere. This number is even larger than that representing the emigration of the previous decade, which was 629,130.

It is noticeable that by far the largest part of this emigration is from thoroughly Catholic counties, and as a consequence the per centage of Catholics in Ireland has been surely and rapidly decreasing, though more than three-fourths of the population are still Catholics. Kerry, Longford and Leitrim are in the front rank of those counties from which the emigration has taken place; and this condition of things has given occasion for would-be wits to give utterance to such intolerant sayings as that we noticed in our last issue as having been uttered by one of the speakers at the anti-Home Rule demonstration which was held in the Toronto Auditorium a few days ago. He said that if only the state of affairs now existing in Ireland were allowed to continue unchanged for a while, the necessity for Home Rule would pass away, and the Irish problem would soon be solved by the mere change of population which is taking place; and this was half seriously, half sarcastically proposed as the true solution of the problem.

It is not the first time that an anti-Irish bigot gloated over the rapid depopulation of Ireland which has been going on under the misrule from which the country has suffered for centuries. Many of our readers will remember the famous saying of the London Times uttered when famine and pestilence stalked through the land claiming their victims by thousands, and following them even to the shores of America, striking them down with the dreaded typhus fever in every considerable town in Canada and the United States. It was then the Times said so exultingly and unfeelingly, "the Irish are going with a vengeance."

It is notorious that the cause of the famine and of the exodus from Ireland was the system under which Ireland was governed. Owing to the extortionate rents, the chief products of the people's labor were all taken by the landlords in payment for the rent; and thus, though there were cattle and cereals enough produced to feed all the population and to avert the catastrophe, they were obliged to have recourse to rotten potatoes to sustain their lives.

Is it any wonder that the Irish, who were thus driven from their homes, went "with a vengeance," in a sense very different from that meant by the Thunderer. It is no wonder that they contributed towards forming the anti-British sentiment which is to this day a marked feature in United States politics.

But under the new policy inaugurated by Mr. Gladstone, it may reasonably be expected that there will arise a more friendly feeling between Ireland and England, and we can assure the Toronto anti-Home Rule fanatics that there is very little likelihood of their aspirations being realized, and that Ireland will be depopulated of its Catholic population. When Mr. Gladstone's policy shall be carried out, prosperity will return, and the people will not need to seek a livelihood in foreign lands.

It is scarcely necessary for us to say that the policy heretofore followed, of unifying the two kingdoms by driving out the population of Ireland, was the most suicidal which could possibly have been adopted. Its tendency was to weaken the British Empire, and there is no doubt that it actually had this result; for within forty years, by actual count, 3,415,000 Irish left their country. The emigrants were also the most valuable portion of the population—the young men and women. The proof of this is to be found in the fact that during the last decade, 61 per cent. of those who emigrated were between 20 and 45 years of age, and 85 per cent. between 10 and 45. About the same proportion was kept during the previous decades since 1851. With the natural increase which would have occurred, there is no doubt the population would have reached by this time 12,000,000, instead of the 4,705,000 now reported, if the country had been governed as other countries are, to secure the welfare of the people.

The emigration from Ireland has certainly not disappeared from the world without leaving its trace somewhere. Part of it certainly helped to build up distant British colonies, as Canada and Australia, and even England and Scotland have increased by reason of immigration from Ireland; but the great bulk of the population went to build up foreign countries, and especially the United States, which owe much of their progress to the influx of Irish immigrants. To them also is greatly due the unprecedented growth of the Catholic Church on this continent. Great Britain, however, has lost forever what these other countries have gained. Mr. Gladstone deserves the thanks of the whole British Empire for having adopted a policy which will keep at home the population which was being driven out by a

policy which has no parallel in modern times, except that which Russia adopted within the last few years to rid itself of the Jews; and history will yet record the favorable results of Mr. Gladstone's statesmanship and foresight, which the Orangemen of Ulster and Canada are vainly attempting to circumvent.

FALSE PRETENCES.

The enemies of Catholic education are attempting a new stratagem in regard to the Indian schools of the United States in the West. The Indian Commissioners appointed by President Harrison, viz., General Morgan and Parson Dorchester, have made every possible effort to destroy the Catholic schools, having established what they term "non-sectarian schools," and having even compelled Catholic children to attend them against the wish of their parents. These schools are in reality Presbyterian and Methodist proselytizing agencies; and these sects, recognizing this, have apparently determined to withdraw from school work among the Indians, so that, while the Commissioners are doing their work for them, they may have an excuse for raising an outcry against the Catholic education of the Indians.

In furtherance of the same purpose, the Presbyterian General Assembly and the Methodist General Conference have passed resolutions against religious education, which are reported as follows in a Pennsylvania paper: "While the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and the General Conference of the Methodist Church, out of loyalty to our Government, and fearing that history will repeat itself, and Church come to control State, are passing resolutions against the use of public money for sectarian schools; and while the non-Catholic organizations are reducing their Indian school work carried on with public funds, or abandoning it altogether, the Catholic allowances from Government Indian school funds for their Indian work have steadily increased."

If there has been an increase in the Government apportionment for Catholic schools, it is because the Catholic schools have become more numerous and the number of pupils has largely increased, so there is certainly no reason to complain if the Government has increased the amount of appropriation in proportion to the increase in work done, which Senator Vest attests to have been efficiently done.

The sectaries know well that if the Indians are to be civilized they must be Christianized, and their pretence that they wish to have the Indian schools rendered non-sectarian is a most transparent sham. Their objection is to Catholic education for Catholic Indians, and such is their love for Christianity that, according to their own virtual acknowledgment, they would rather see the Indians grow up uncivilized and Pagan than have them instructed in Christianity by the Church which alone spread the Gospel throughout the whole world.

Of course the secret of their new desire to keep Church and State separate is that they are aware that Messrs. Morgan and Dorchester are doing their work for them, under pretence of establishing non-sectarian schools. But the consequences of the present anti-Catholic policy may fall more severely, both on the subordinates and their principals, than they anticipate.

There are, however, other reasons besides his hostility to Catholics, which, if proved by further evidence, must bring about Commissioner Morgan's downfall. This very devoted Protestant champion is accused now by Captain Frank P. Baldwin, who accompanied Kicking Bear to Pine Ridge Agency, with having supplied the Indians with absolutely rotten bacon, so vile that a white man would rather die than eat it. Captain Baldwin says the responsibility for this piece of inhuman roguery rests solely with Commissioner Morgan, who has never heeded the protests of the Indians against the treatment to which they have been subjected. He prognosticates an Indian war should the vile knavery be persisted in; and yet the supporters of General Morgan have the hardihood to boast of their super-eminent loyalty while contributing towards bringing about such results.

There is a movement among the parishioners of the colored church of St. Benedict, the Moor, New York, Rev. John E. Burke, rector, to show the progress made by the Church in the education, religious and secular, of the negro. The orphanage and the school at Rye will send to the World's Fair an interesting exhibit of the work done by the colored children. The Sunday school attached to the church will also make a unique and creditable showing.

LIKE CAUSES WITH LIKE EFFECTS.

The Orangemen and Equal Righters who assembled in the Toronto Auditorium on the 20th ult., and whose cries of "No Surrender: Rome Rule never, never," and the like, were so vociferous, have need of some delicious consolatory pabulum to strengthen their frames in the enfeebled condition in which they find themselves after their violent efforts to make it appear that their organizations still wield some political power in Canada and Great Britain. It will therefore be interesting for them to learn the extent to which their influence goes in England.

The National Club, which is the central body of the associations which correspond in England to the anti-Catholic organizations of Canada, and has just published some information which gives to subscribers to their funds an insight into the amount of influence which they exercise, and it appears that this influence is diminishing in England in about the same ratio as in this country.

A desperate effort was made by the club to run some ultra-Protestant candidates at the last general election, and the results are announced. The announcement sounds very much like the shouts of victory which had a place in the columns of the Mail when the success of two or three Equal Righters was announced after the Canadian election contests. In one division of Liverpool the Orange candidate was elected, viz., West Toxteth; but this was the only victory scored. In North Sussex a candidate was named, but he withdrew before polling day, and in other constituencies efforts were made to bring out candidates on the Popery ticket, but they were in every case too late in the field.

The Liverpool Catholic Times, in commenting on the National Club report, pokes fun at it in the following style: "We imagine that this report will make it tolerably clear, even to the most cautious candidate, that if there is one section of the community whose peculiar notions may safely be left out of account it is the ultra-Protestants. Finally, the committee appeal for 'the needful financial help.' In short, the report reads exactly like the annual report of a Protestant missionary society, or of a mining company—nothing has been done, but the prospects are encouraging; and more money is urgently required."

The whining complaint of Mr. E. Douglass Armor at the Toronto Orange meeting, that the Equal Righters of Canada were annihilated simply by the fact that the Canadian Government "drew a red herring across the path," does not give us assurance that the Orangemen and Equal Righters are in a more vigorous condition here than are their brethren on the other side of the Atlantic.

We condole with them most sincerely on their distressed condition.

A NEW CODE IN OPERATION.

The Hon. John Morley is endeavoring as rapidly as possible to put into operation the policy of conciliation in Ireland which the present Government are determined to substitute for Mr. Arthur Balfour's policy of coercion. He is about to make a tour through the congested districts so as to know what steps should be taken to ameliorate the condition of the people.

The Coercion Act has still the force of law, as Parliament has not yet had an opportunity to repeal it, and the Tories are reported to have made a plan to endeavor to enforce it so as to create dissatisfaction among the people, and, if possible, to goad them into acts of violence so as to throw discredit upon the expediency of the course which Mr. Gladstone's Government has resolved to pursue. But the Nationalists are fully alive to the Tory design, and the Irish Parliamentary party have advised the people to patience and moderation, so that nothing may be done by them to give an excuse for any delay in remedying Ireland's grievances.

Though the Coercion Act is still part of the law, Mr. Morley has already rendered its most oppressive clauses inoperative by the resolution of the Privy Council which revokes all the local proclamations of counties which were made under the late Government. The whole country was thus under the Coercion clauses regarding special juries, the summary disposal of charges of conspiracy, the treatment of disturbed districts, and the drafting of extra police forces, but these cases are now all made subject to the Common Law.

Mr. Morley's action has given much confidence to the people in the honest intentions of the Liberal leaders to

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CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

The child interested Pepsie at once. Although she had seen very few high-bred children in her short life, she noticed that this little one was different from the small inhabitants of Good Children Street.

However, it was not only the child's beauty, her tasteful, pretty dress, and high-bred air that interested Pepsie; it was the pale, mournful little face, and the frail little figure, looking so wan and ill.

Pepsie could not remove her eyes from the house, so anxious was she to see the child again; but, instead of coming out, as she expected they would after they had looked at the house, much to her joy she saw the young man flinging open the shutters and doors, with quite an air of ownership; then she saw the woman take off her bonnet and veil, and the child's hat, and hang them on a hook near the window.

Presently, the little girl came out on the small side-gallery with something in her arms. Pepsie strained her eyes, and leaned forward as far as her lameness would allow her in order to see what the child had.

"It's a cat; no, it's a dog; no, it is n't. Why, it must be a bird. I can see it flutter its wings. Yes, it's a bird, a large, strange-looking bird. I wonder what it is!"

And Pepsie, in her excitement and undue curiosity, almost tipped out of her chair, while the child looked around her with a listless, uninterested air, and then sat down on the step, hugging the bird closely and stroking its feathers.

"Certainly, they've come to stay," said Pepsie to herself, "or they would n't open all the windows, and take off their things. Oh, I wonder if they have; I'll just get my cards, and find out."

But Pepsie's oracle was doomed to remain silent, for, before she got them spread on the table, there was a rumbling of wheels in the street, and a furniture-wagon, pretty well loaded, drove up to the door. Pepsie swept her cards into the drawer, and watched it unload with great satisfaction.

At the same moment, the active Tite Souris entered like a whirlwind, her braids of wool sticking up, and her face all eyes and teeth. She had been out on the *banquette*, and was bursting with news.

"Oh, Miss Peps, Miss Peps, sum un's done tuk dat house ov' yer, an' is a-movin' in dis ver' minit. It's a woman an' a boy, an' a litt' yaller gal. I means a litt' gal wid yaller hair all ove' her, an' she got a litt' long-legged goslin', a huggin' it up like she awful fond ov' it."

"Oh, stop, Tite; go away to your work," cried Pepsie, too busy to listen to her voluble handmaid. "Don't I see them without your telling me. You'd better finish scouring your kitchen, or mana'll get after you when she comes home."

"Shore 'nuff, I se a-scurin', Miss Peps, an' I se jes a dyin tu git out on dat *banquette*; dat *banquette*'s a spillin' might' bad ter be cleaned. Let me do dat *banquette* right now, Miss Peps, an' I se gwine scour like fury byme-by."

"Very well, Tite; go and do the *banquette*," returned Pepsie, smiling indulgently. "But mind what I say about the kitchen, when mama comes."

Such an event as some one moving in Good Children Street was very uncommon. Pepsie thought every one had lived there since the flood, and she did n't blame Tite Souris to want to be out with the other idle loungers to see what was going on, although she understood the *banquette* ruse perfectly.

At last all the furniture was carried in, and with it two trunks, so large for that quarter as to cause no little comment.

"Par exemple!" said Monsieur Fernandez, "what a size for a trunk! That madame yonder must have travelled much in the North. I've heard they use them for ladies' trunks."

And, straightway, madame acquired greater importance from the conclusion that she had travelled extensively.

Then the wagon went away, the door was discreetly "bowed," and the loungers dispersed; but Pepsie, from her coign of vantage, still watched every movement of the new-comers. She saw madame putting up a pretty lace curtain at one window, and she was curious to know if she intended to have a parlor. Only one blind was thrown open; the other was "bowed" all day, yet she was positive that some one was working behind it.

"That must be madame's room," she thought; "that big boy will have the back room next to the kitchen, and the little girl will sleep with madame, so the room on this side, with the pretty curtain, will be the parlor. I wonder if she will have a carpet, and a console, with vases of wax-flowers on it, and a cabinet full of shells, and a sofa." This was Pepsie's idea of a parlor; she had seen a parlor once long ago, and it was like this.

game of solitaire; but Madelon did not complain of her idleness. It was seldom the child had such a treat, and even Tite Souris escaped a scolding, in consideration of the great event.

The next morning Pepsie was awake very early, and so anxious was she to get to the window that she could hardly wait to be dressed. When she first looked across the street, the doors and shutters were closed, but some one had been stirring; and Tite Souris informed her, when she brought her coffee, that madame had been out at "sun up," and had cleaned and "bricked" the *banquette* her own self.

"Then I'm afraid she is n't rich," said Pepsie, "because if she was rich, she'd keep a servant, and perhaps after all she won't have a parlor."

Presently there was a little flutter behind the bowed blind, and lo! it was suddenly flung open, and there, right in the middle of the window, hung a very tasty gilt frame, surrounding a white center, on which was printed, in red and gilt letters, "*Blanchisseuse de fin, et confectioes de toute sorte*," and underneath, written in Raste's boldest hand and best English, "Fin Washun dun hear, an notuns of al sort," and behind the sign Pepsie could plainly see a flutter of laces and muslins, children's dainty little frocks and aprons, ladies' collars, cuffs, and neckties, handkerchiefs and socks, and various other articles for feminine use and adornment; and on a table, close to the window, were boxes of spools, bunches of tape, cards of buttons, skeins of wool, rolls of ribbons; in short, an assortment of small wares, which presented quite an attractive appearance; and, hovering about them, madame could be discerned, in her black skirt and fresh white smock, as smiling and self-satisfied as ever, she arranged her stock to the best advantage, and waited complacently for the customers who she was sure would come.

For the first time since the death of the young widow in Gretna, she breathed freely, for she began to feel some security in her new possessions. At last, everything had turned out as Raste predicted, and she had worked her plans well. The young mother, sleeping in the Bergeron tomb, could never testify against her, and the child was too young to give any but the most sketchy information about herself. She did not even know the name of her parents, and since her recovery from the fever she seemed to have forgotten a great deal that she knew before. Her illness had left her in a pitiable condition; she was weak and dull, and did not appear to care for anything but the blue heron, which was her constant companion.

Whether she was conscious of her great loss, and was mourning for her mother, madame could not decide. At first, she had asked constantly for her, and madame had told her kindly, and with caresses, which were not returned, that her mother had gone away for a while, and had left her with *Tante Pauline*; and that she must be a good little girl, and love her *Tante Pauline*, while her mother was away.

Lade Jane looked at madame's bland face with such solemnly scrutinizing eyes that she almost made her blush for the falsehood she was telling, but said nothing; her little thoughts and memories were very busy, and very far away; she had not forgotten as much as madame fancied she had, neither did she believe as much as madame thought she did. Whatever of doubt or regret passed through her little brain, she made no sign, but remained quiet and docile; she never laughed, and seldom cried; she was very little trouble, and scarcely noticed anything that was going on around her. In fact, she was stupefied and subdued, by the sudden misfortunes that had come upon her, until she seemed a very different being from the bright, spirited child of a few weeks before.

"TO BE CONTINUED."

Few Catholic Suicides.

The vile calumny of the anti-Catholic press, that the cause of the rarity of Irish suicides is owing to the fact that the Irish "consider absolution from a priest a necessary preparation for death, which they can have if they kill others, but not if they kill themselves," is sufficiently disproved by the history of the persecutions in Ireland. For fully three hundred years of persecution by England, death was preferable to life for the Catholic in Ireland, and yet one case of suicide is recorded. It is monstrous to hear the editors of the Protestant press speak of "absolution," of which they know absolutely nothing, and of Irish Catholics, whom they hate with a hatred that has its roots in the lowest pits of hell. They do the work of their master, and every subject which they touch savors of the atmosphere in which he dwells. Such men are spiritual murderers, for they bring death on the souls of their readers by inciting them to hatred of their fellow-citizens.

Her Ladyship. Personages of high rank in England are patrons of a great remedy, Bridgetoot House, River, Bucks, Eng. Lady Edwards has suffered from rheumatism for several years, especially in the knees. She was persuaded to buy St. Jacobs Oil, and after a fortnight's use of it, all the rheumatic pains have left her. The relief is such that Lady Edwards will never be without a bottle.

"Clear Havana Cigars." "La Cadena" and "La Flora." Insist upon having these brands.

The N. B. A. Act. The great British North America act now-days is to buy a bottle of B. B. B., and cure yourself of dyspepsia, constipation, headache, liver complaint or bad blood, and it is an act that always attains the desired result.

Misard's Liniment cures La Grippe.

A LONDON SENSATION.

An Important Statement by a Well-Known Citizen.—Mr. E. J. Powell, of 33 Alma Street, Relating His Remarkable Experience to an Advertiser Representing a Tortured Malignant Rheumatism From Boyhood. Ever-Lasting Escapement—A Story Full of Hope for Other Sufferers.

London Advertiser. At 33 Alma Street, South London, lives Mr. E. J. Powell, a gentleman who has resided in London and vicinity for many years, and who enjoys the esteem of a large circle of friends here and elsewhere throughout the Province. Those who know him are well aware that he has been a sufferer since his youth from rheumatism in its worse form. His acquaintance in the city, who remember the long siege of the illness he stood a year ago last winter, and who had come to look upon him as almost a confirmed invalid, were surprised of late to see the remarkable change for the better that had taken place. The haggard face and ailing gait of a few years ago had given way to an appearance of robustness, and vigor, which seemed the result of a wonderful agency.

Hearing of this a reporter called on Mr. Powell in order to ascertain by what magic means this transformation had been wrought. The article first asked if the reports concerning a wonderful cure of a year ago were true. "I am thankful to say they are," said Mr. Powell. "My case is pretty well known around here."

"To what do you owe your recovery?" was asked. "I owe it to the use of a certain remedy," he replied; "but I would prefer saying nothing at all, until I had suffered nearly all my life with a malady I had begun to regard as incurable, and the fact that I am permanently relieved is a matter of common parlance. In common parlance, it seems too good to last, and to be sure that I am permanently cured before any other remedy is tried, I will give you a testimonial which will have some weight. You may call again later on and I will let you know."

About two months later the reporter knocked at Mr. Powell's door, and was admitted by that gentleman's letter, which stated he was now absolutely convinced of the permanency of his cure, but being a man who did not care for publicity, he had heard long before he could make up his mind to allow his name to be put in print. He had, however, been so impressed with the truth of his conscientious and unimpaired testimony, that he was not willing to fail to have the weight they deserve. "Mr. Powell," I attribute to a severe thrashing administered to me by a school teacher when I was twelve years of age, which subsequently brought me years of suffering. The first time I was laid up was in the autumn of 1872, when carrying an armful of wood up a flight of stairs in Victoria College, Cobourg, which in 1872, I was a student in. A twinge of pain caught me, but I went on in my usual way. I did not know what it was. Again, when playing football, I experienced a like sensation, and that marked the commencement. After that I was attacked at various periods, though it was not until 1885 that I began to grow alarmed. I was living then in the wholesale tea business, and as I resided in North Elmwood street, and had to go to Wellington street daily, I found that my rheumatism was getting pretty bad. I did not consult a doctor, but took different patent medicines advertised to cure various ailments of my nature. I was not benefited, however. The rheumatism passed away, only to return after several weeks, getting somewhat engaged in mercantile business in Essex county. From that time I was laid up, but the pain returned at intervals. I suffered from sciatica in the left leg; it was very acute, and I was hardly able to move around. This was the first acute symptom—that is, where the pain remained for any length of time. I suffered the most intense pain for days. That was about the year 1888.

For many months I continued to grow worse and worse. In 1891 I went into the real estate business in Toronto, and was very busy, and I was not able to rest. I had the pain constantly that summer. It was all day and at all times, frequently so bad that I would have to stand on one leg, and hold the muscles of my left leg and let it swing until the spasm was over. At most, I could walk but a few feet, and my back and legs were so stiff that I consulted medical men and was advised to try electricity. I took the treatment several weeks, getting somewhat better, but I was not cured. I was engaged in mercantile business in Essex county. From that time I was laid up, but the pain returned at intervals. I suffered from sciatica in the left leg; it was very acute, and I was hardly able to move around. This was the first acute symptom—that is, where the pain remained for any length of time. I suffered the most intense pain for days. That was about the year 1888.

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The Lambeth Circuit, whether I was a sick man or not, were his parting words.

Mr. E. J. Powell's testimony. The reporter dropped in on Rev. C. E. McIntyre at the parsonage, 87 Askin street. "I know Mr. Powell well," said the reverend gentleman when questioned. "He was an esteemed parishioner of mine when he lived on Askin street. He afterwards moved into the country, but he has since returned and is attending the Lambeth circuit."

"Do you remember, Mr. Powell's illness a year ago last winter?" "Yes; I frequently called on him. He had a very bad attack of rheumatism which laid him up for a long time. He had to be wheeled from the house in a chair."

"You notice that he has recovered?" "Yes; he appears to be a well man now. I heard he had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"You know Mr. Powell to be a thoroughly honorable gentleman and that if he says these things he would make a perfectly reliable statement?" "I do, Mr. Powell, in my opinion a most conscientious person, and any statement he would make would be perfectly reliable."

WHAT MR. MITCHELL SAYS. "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best selling and most popular medicine in the store," said Mr. B. A. Mitchell, the well known drug and medicine merchant, next door. "Do you know Mr. Powell's case?" asked the reporter. "I do, and I consider it a most remarkable one. I remember that Mr. Powell was a great sufferer from rheumatism. He was continually buying medicine of some sort, and seemed to get no better. Then he commenced to try Pink Pills. I saw he was beginning to look like a different man. I asked him one day about it. He told me that he traced his cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. As I have already said, the demand for Pink Pills is something astonishing, and they invariably sell themselves. I know this to be so from the voluntary statements of customers, and if necessary the proprietors could get scores of testimonials from people who have been benefited by the use of Pink Pills. I have sold thousands of boxes, and have no hesitation in recommending them as a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and the tired feeling therefrom, the after-effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from a stony, over-work of excesses of any nature."

Mr. Hodgins, the head clerk, corroborated the statements of Mr. Mitchell. The sale of Pink Pills was extraordinary and the general verdict was that it was a wonderful medicine. These Pills are manufactured by Dr. J. C. Williams, Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing our trade mark and wrapper, at cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is not to be trusted. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Poisoned by Scrofula. Is the sad story of many lives made miserable through no fault of their own. Scrofula is more especially than any other a hereditary disease, and for this simple reason: arising from impure and insufficient blood, the disease locates itself in the lymphatics, which are composed of white tissues; there is a period of latent life when the whole body consists of white tissues, and therefore the unborn child is especially susceptible to this dreadful disease. But there is a remedy for scrofula, whether hereditary or acquired. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which by its powerful effect on the blood, expels all trace of the disease and gives to the vital fluid the quality and color of health. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not accept any substitute.

Worse and Weaker. GENTLEMEN—I suffered for three days very severely from summer complaint and could not get relief but kept getting worse and worse till the pain was most unbearable and I became very weak. Some friends advised Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and after I had taken the first dose I found some relief, and it did not fail to cure me. I do not intend to be without this valuable medicine if I can help it.

W. W. T. Gilman, Wilford, Ont. C. A. Livingston, Plattville, says: "I have much pleasure in recommending Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism."

Thomas Robinson, Farnham Centre, P. Q., writes: "I have been afflicted with rheumatism for the last ten years, and have tried many remedies without any relief. I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and found it gave instant relief, and since then has not returned, and I would recommend it to all."

Better Than Gold. GENTLEMEN—I have used Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaint and can say there is no other remedy as good.

Mrs. James Dennison, Lake Dora, Ont. Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

Rich Plum Pudding. This delicious confection is nicely calculated to produce dyspepsia, heartburn, bilious troubles, indigestion, flatulency, and other ailments. It is equally well calculated to cure those troubles and has proved its power in hundreds of cases. B. B. B. regulates and purifies the entire system. Porter, Druggist and Chemist, Toronto.

NO OTHER EMULSION equals Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion in pleasant taste, nourishing power or curative effect.

HOW BABIES SUFFER. When their tender skins are literally on fire with itching, burning, excruciating, and itching, Scaly, and Blotchy Skin and Scalp Diseases, with Loss of Hair, none but mothers realize. To know that a single application of CUTICURA Remedies will afford immediate relief, permit rest, and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure, and that it is equally well calculated to cure those troubles and has proved its power in hundreds of cases. B. B. B. regulates and purifies the entire system. Porter, Druggist and Chemist, Toronto.

ASTLE & SON MEMORIALS AND LEADED GLASS. CHURCH BELLS—TUBULAR CHIMNEYS AND BELLS. 180 KING STREET. JOHN FERGUSON & SONS, The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open night and day. Telephone—Home, 573; Factory, 582.

Protestant Missions A Failure.

Prof. David Swing, of Chicago, a good Protestant authority certainly, in a recent interview in that city shows what a barren business the Protestant missionaries are doing in heathen lands. The following instance is in the Professor's own words:

"There is a good deal of truth spoken in jest about the cost of converting a heathen. My Church sent a bright young preacher to Africa some time ago and paid his salary and expenses for two or three years. When he came back he said he had very nearly saved one old chief, but was afraid he would soon fall from grace. He kept the chief in the fold by making him the high mogul of the mission. The chief liked this first-rate for a while, but in summer he disappeared for a whole month, and when he came back our missionary took him to task and de-

manded to know where he had been. 'Oh, I was up in the mountains worshipping the old gods for awhile,' he said. 'I thought I would like to try them again for a change.'

Evidently, the Holy Ghost hasn't much to do with this supposed spiritual business. It may or may not be the fault of the missionaries who are accused of paying more attention to real estate than to the saving of souls, as in Japan. And as for Africa, a man with a family on his hands doesn't exactly covet the glory of being devoured by black cannibals. Altogether, the Protestant foreign missionary service seems to give a poor return for all the millions invested in it. The missionaries might as well stay at home and try their hand on members of some of the many secret alliances, whose gospel is to malign Catholics and ostracize them politically.—Buffalo Union and Times.

This is a simple easy way of washing the clothes without boiling or scalding them. It gives the sweetest, cleanest clothes, and the whitest.

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3134 Prizes worth \$52,740.00. S. E. LEFEBVRE, MANAGER, 81 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

Never be without a supply of JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF. Convenient in domestic cooking. Indispensable in times of sickness. Easily prepared, Readily digested, Very strength-giving.

HEALTH FOR ALL. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT. THE PILLS Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are precious.

THE OINTMENT Is an Infallible Remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal. FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, Colds, Glandular swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 NEW OXFORD ST. (LATE 533 OXFORD ST.), LONDON. And are sold at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s. and 38s. each Box or Pot, and are had of all Medicine Vendors, throughout the world. Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

WILSON & RANAHAN GROCERS. 265 Dundas St., near Wellington. NEW TEAS—Ceylons, Congous, Japans Young Hysons, Gunpowder and English Blends. NEW COFFEES—Chase & Sanbourne and Blend Coffees. NEW CURRANTS, Raisins and Figs. SUGARS of all grades. Finest and Cheapest Goods in London.

ALEX. WILSON, THOS. RANAHAN Late of Wilson Bros. J. C. BURKE, VETERINARY SURGEON. Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, Office and residence, 238 Adelaide street, 2nd door south of Litley's Corner, London East. Calls promptly attended to.

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Branch No. 4, London, Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month, at eight o'clock, in the hall, 11, St. Nicholas Street, E.C.4. For particulars, apply to the Secretary, Mr. J. H. Kelly.

C. M. B. A. Resolutions of Condolence. At the regular meeting of Branch No. 4, London, on the 2nd of September, 1892, the following resolutions of condolence were passed: Whereas the members of this branch have learned with sorrow of the sudden death of our esteemed brother, J. F. Scandell, in New York City, who had been for years a faithful and honored member...

E. B. A. ORGANIZATION OF A BRANCH OF THE EMERALD BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION AT NEW HAMBURG, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF ST. BONIFACE. The following report from Grand Organizer J. J. Hagarty will, I am sure, be read with pleasure by members of our branch...

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CATHOLICITY AND INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM. The Fallacy of Free Thought.

"Pope Leo, no more than Pope Pius, admits the right of mankind to think for itself on any matter which the Church has once determined upon." —Protestant Exchange. Of course; and no Pope ever has admitted or ever will admit any such right if by thinking on a matter our contemporary means thinking contrary to what the Church teaches. If mankind had any such right, our Divine Lord would have had no mission as an authoritative teacher of the mysteries of religion. Right to do anything presupposes ability to do it. To claim that mankind has a right to do that which it has no capability of doing is sheer nonsense. Our Divine Lord became incarnate and gave His Gospel to His Apostles because mankind, by thinking for itself, could not discover nor comprehend the truths which He revealed and which it was necessary for them to know. And that these truths might be disseminated over all the earth and might not be lost in the course of time, but be preserved and continue to be known through all ages, He gave to His Church, of which the "Pope" is ever the Visible Head, the mission and authority to teach those truths. "Go ye into all the world and teach My Gospel," runs the divine commission. For mankind, therefore, to claim the right of thinking for itself, and thus ignoring the teaching of the Church respecting this Gospel, would be as absurd as for a child to claim the right of thinking about a branch of knowledge of which it was entirely ignorant. It would, indeed, be far more so. For the subjects which a secular school-teacher explains to his pupils are within the range of their natural comprehension. But the truths comprised in the Gospel of Christ are to a great extent supernatural mysteries, and require for their comprehension the teaching of a supernaturally-instructed and supernaturally-guided teacher.

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THE MARTYR SPIRIT. It still flourishes in the Household of Faith.

We do not live in an age of Martyrdom, but we live in an age when every man must bear a martyr's will. Now at the moment (1875) I am speaking there are Bishops of the Church of God fined, threatened with imprisonment, imprisoned and threatened with deposition. Be it so. Do you think that one such pastor, who has received his consecration from the Son of God, and who, through the Vicar of Jesus Christ, has received the charge of his flock with the words, "Feed My sheep," that one such man will be found who will lay down his pastoral staff at the foot of an imperial throne? Wait till we see it, then, we will believe it. The whole history of the Church gives the lie to such a slander against the fortitude of the Bishops of the Catholic Church. But the man who will prove this must carry the will of a martyr in his heart, for who knows what may be before him? Now, as we are taught, there are three kinds of martyrs. There are those who are martyrs both in will and in deed, like the apostles; all except one; next, there are those that are martyrs in will but not in deed, like St. John—he alone among them died a natural death; thirdly, there are those who are martyrs in deed if you like, but not in will, for they die out of the Church, out of the faith. To what do they bear witness? Saint Cyprian says of such in his day: "They are slain but not crowned; (Occisi sed non coronati)." Now every man must at least bear in his heart the will of Saint John; he may never be called to lay down his life, but he must have the will to do it, if he were ever called to bear witness to the faith or to his own pastoral office. Then he must have the will to suffer all things: fines, exile or imprisonment, violence usque ad sanguinis effusionem—even unto blood. And so it must ever be; it must be so with you. For there are three kinds of martyrdoms, as there are three kinds of martyrs. First of all there is the martyrdom of those who willingly give their lives, if need be, in the care of the sick and dying and in the fever hospital, or in times of pestilence. There is a martyr's will and a martyr's death. The poor priest, the Sisters of Charity and of Mercy, and the like, and many a noble and generous heart, are in more peril in the fever hospital than on the battlefield, and yet some have been struck even there in their Master's work, and have given up their life in the midst of the wounded and the dying. And, lastly, there is the martyrdom of those who were themselves out early and late, summer and winter, in weariness and poverty, by broken rest at night, never-ending work by day, in the service of their neighbor, and in the love of the souls for whom Jesus Christ shed His Precious Blood. Such men have fortitude enough to care for nothing, if they may finish their course with joy; and when kind, but not wise, friends tell them that they ought to spare themselves they remember what their Master said to Peter. Now you may all have that spirit in you. You may all have a ready will to lay down your life by the bedside of the sick. The poor nurse, the poor priest—whom the world despises and hates—live all day long in that readiness to die for their neighbor's good. It is in our own lifetime—only the other day, I may say—that a Bishop and twenty-seven other priests gladly gave their lives, struck down by fever, in the towns and cities in the north of England. They came one by one, each filling the place of the other; as when a soldier is struck down a man from the rear comes to the front, so they died with the fortitude of martyrs.

The First and Chief, the great example of this spirit of fortitude, as I have already said, is Jesus Himself. And He has been followed from the beginning by a line of martyrs. The martyrs of early days you all know. The line has never been broken, though at times the world has broken thought to persecute. New fortitude is tried even more in the foresight of the suffering that is to come

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IRISH AFFAIRS. Mr. Redmond approves the Home Rule programme of the Home Rule League.

Mr. Redmond approves the Home Rule programme of the Home Rule League. He declares that the Home Rule League are willing to accept a statutory Parliament with an executive responsible to it, leaving untouched the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament on purely Imperial questions, on which alone Irish members shall have the right to sit and vote at Westminster. The Irish legislature, he says, must control the judiciary, police and land. These points he pronounces vital and declares they cannot be compromised. He believes it would be better for Ireland to wait another generation than accept a scheme not granting these demands.

Mr. Morley, Chief Secretary for Ireland, has sent a letter to Mr. Justin McCarthy, stating the intentions of the Government with reference to evicted tenants in Ireland. Mr. Morley recalls a discussion that took place in the House of Commons in 1891, when an effort was made to remedy the evils by passing the thirteenth section of the Land Act. That provision, he said, entirely failed of its object. The magnitude of the failure was shown by the fact that the extra police for evictions involved an annual cost of £15,000, to say nothing of the expenses of prosecution and other proceedings. The Government, continued Mr. Morley, have, therefore, decided to appoint a small commission to examine the question promptly and impartially. The commission will report on the number, circumstances, costs and results of evictions.

Michael Davitt addressed a meeting of Irishmen in Glasgow on the 2nd. He said he believed the time was ripe for a movement to give English, Scotch and Welsh farmers the protection of judicial leases and land courts for the revision and reduction of rents. "Such a movement," he said, "will give the Argyles, the Devonshires, the Balfours, and the Westminsters, who are now encouraging the Irish landlord campaign, enough to do to defend their own interest. The moment the landlord campaign is opened in Ireland we will start a Land League in Great Britain."

AWARDED THE MEDAL.—The gold medal presented by Rev. H. T. Burke, P. of Macdonald, to pupil of Separate school, Galt, passing Entrance Examination to Collegiate Institute, and obtaining high number of marks, was awarded this year to little Eva Collins, daughter of Mr. James Collins, Galt, who has evidently a very clever little girl.—Galt Reporter.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co. (Galt)—My daughter was suffering terribly with neuralgia. I purchased a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT and rubbed her face thoroughly. The pain left her and she slept well till morning. Next night another attack, another application resulted as previously, with no return since. Grateful feeling determined me to express myself publicly. I would not be without MINARD'S LINIMENT in the house at any cost. J. H. BAILEY. Parkdale, Ont.

NEVER FAILS. SOOTHING, CLEANSING, CURES COLIC, INSTANT PERMANENT CURE, FAILURE IMPOSSIBLE. Many scalled diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as head-ache, neuralgia, tooth-ache, rheumatism, small-pox, diphtheria, and all the diseases of the throat, nose, and eyes. If you are troubled with any of these diseases, or if you have Catarrh of the throat, nose, or eyes, you will find relief in the use of FULFORD'S CATARRH. It is a certain and speedy cure for all the above diseases, and is the only remedy that will cure them. It is sold by all druggists and chemists. Price, 25 cents per bottle. FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

MARKET REPORTS. London, Oct. 6.—There was the largest market of the season to date, and the square and the surrounding districts were well supplied with vehicles. Grain deliveries were large, and wheat fell to 21.05 to 21.10 per cental, or 10 to 10 cents per bushel. This is a very low price for wheat in this country. There was a fair demand, at 15 to 18 cents per cental. A few loads of barley sold at 8 cents per cental. There was a fair demand for all classes of wool. Beef, 1.50 to 1.55 per cwt. Lamb, a drug at 7.08 cents per pound wholesale. Mutton, 1.10 to 1.15 per cwt. Pig, 1.10 to 1.15 per cwt. There was a supply of apples; pears, grapes, and peaches were in keen demand. Potatoes were from 5 to 6 p. 100 lbs. Tomatoes, 5 to 6 p. 100 lbs. Hay, 1.50 to 1.75 a ton. Straw, 1.00 to 1.25 a ton. Wheat, 2.00 to 2.25 a bushel. Barley, 1.50 to 1.75 a bushel. Oats, 1.00 to 1.25 a bushel. Corn, 1.00 to 1.25 a bushel. Rye, 1.00 to 1.25 a bushel. Buckwheat, 1.00 to 1.25 a bushel. Potatoes, 1.00 to 1.25 a bushel. Apples, 1.00 to 1.25 a bushel. Pears, 1.00 to 1.25 a bushel. Grapes, 1.00 to 1.25 a bushel. Peaches, 1.00 to 1.25 a bushel. There was a fair demand for all classes of wool. Beef, 1.50 to 1.55 per cwt. Lamb, a drug at 7.08 cents per pound wholesale. Mutton, 1.10 to 1.15 per cwt. Pig, 1.10 to 1.15 per cwt. There was a supply of apples; pears, grapes, and peaches were in keen demand. Potatoes were from 5 to 6 p. 100 lbs. Tomatoes, 5 to 6 p. 100 lbs. Hay, 1.50 to 1.75 a ton. Straw, 1.00 to 1.25 a ton. Wheat, 2.00 to 2.25 a bushel. Barley, 1.50 to 1.75 a bushel. Oats, 1.00 to 1.25 a bushel. Corn, 1.00 to 1.25 a bushel. Rye, 1.00 to 1.25 a bushel. Buckwheat, 1.00 to 1.25 a bushel. Potatoes, 1.00 to 1.25 a bushel. Apples, 1.00 to 1.25 a bushel. Pears, 1.00 to 1.25 a bushel. Grapes, 1.00 to 1.25 a bushel. Peaches, 1.00 to 1.25 a bushel.

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THE HOLY EUCHELICAL LETTER OF X.

TO THE PATRIARCHS, BISHOPS, BISHOP ORDINARIES IN THE APOSTOLIC SEAT. Venerable Brethren, Apostolic Benediction. CONTINUED FROM. Besides this excellent library arising from affording a certain guarantee on the mind principal points of which is, it may be admirable recommendation chiefly by faith that truly approaches to reverence in mind and immense exiguity over all supreme power, vidence. "For he truly believes that he warden to them that God took upon Him, shone forth to us, in way, the truth and fore necessary that moreover embrace teries of the Divi sacred Trinity and of the Father become is eternal life: that Thee, the only true Christ, Whom Thou xvii, 3). A very did God bestow upon His holy faith: but not only raised above the done and sharers of but we have this in of pre eminent me wards; and our hope ported and confirm may look upon God the imperfect light unclouded light, a ment of our ultim But, in truth, the of the cases of diverted to what is frequent admonition he gradually forged most necessary that account his faith he perishes. In order vent the loss of the ance in his children omits no counsel of gence, nor is that which she has been for in the Rosary the principal my connected in a cer beautiful and fruit ccessively recalled under contemplation those in which the flesh, and Mary, a mother, discharg duties towards Him then the sorrowing His torments as witnesses of the race was acceptably teries full of glory over death, and Heaven, and the down there, and the of Mary taken the everlasting s and the Son. T festly admirable woven together, assiduously brou the faithful, and glance, are laid i influences into the devoutly practice holy Rosary a ce ness of piety, a them just as if the most tender m mysteries and i tary lessons. V appear too much faith through ig ous errors is places, and fami the ancient honor Blessed Virgin is

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ALASKA IN DESCRIPTIVE AND LEGENDARY POEMS.

This work on "Alaska Legends" is the first one of its style yet published which deals exclusively with the legends, ethnology, customs and scenery of Alaska. Although the rhythm is in conformity with that of Hiawatha and the Kalevala, the book claims distinction in that each chapter is complete in itself, no one depending upon another for either subject or conclusion. The descriptions of scenery are taken from the author's note-book, which was his constant companion while travelling in the Territory, therefore their reality is assured. In following the Finnish verse, the author has been the liberty of avoiding, in a great measure, the tautology for which "Hiawatha" is renowned. Whether this superfluous ornament will be acceptable as an improvement or not remains with its readers to decide. The writer, being a physician, has given considerable care and study to the "Medicine Men" or Shaman's, their peculiar education, strange practices, ostentatious manners, method of collecting fees, their death and burial, all of which is interesting, and some parts are startling in their intense realism. His faithful adherence to truth in recounting the customs of the people gives glimpses of them in their vivid light, and most awaken the sympathy of those who pause to think of the unnumbered darkens which instituted such dreadful practices. The legends are beautifully written, the vein of each followed strictly in accordance with the native legends, though where there are more than one version the author has chosen the most poetic for his pen. The weird beauty of the legend of "Moosehide" is rivalled by the pathos in the "Legend of the Sharking Grandeur of the Legend of the Large Glacier of Slickeden River," and the life-like grandeur of the "Legend of the Raven" and the "Owl." "Muir Glacier" is full of gorgeous, quiet splendor; "Moonlight" is lovely in its dainty beauty; "Aurora" dashes its coloring in every line; and "Sunset" is a glorious benison to the whole book, which must be read before it can be said to have been too longly praised. The illustrations are few, but their exquisite beauty lends a great charm to the book, which is beautifully bound in cloth, with gilded covers. The illustrations are taken direct from photographs. PORTER & COATES, Publishers, Philadelphia.

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