

The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. 4.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1882.

NO. 187

CLERICAL.

WE have received a large stock of goods suitable for clerical garments.
We give in our tailoring department special attention to this branch of the trade.

N. WILSON & CO.

Written for The Republic.

May.

IN MEMORIAM DENIS FLORESCU MAC-CARTHY

Nevermore your heart will weary,
Waiting for the May;
Nevermore, sweet Celtic singer,
March and April, when they linger,
Will appear as dark and dreary
As they did that day.
When your sighing heart was weary,
Waiting for the May.

Peace attend your soul that slumbers
While awakes the May;
In our eyes the teardrops glisten,
In the meadows as we listen
For the sweetness of your numbers
That have passed away.
Say your gentle soul that slumbers
While awakes the May.

Nay! we wrong you who, when living,
Waited for the May;
When we saw your spirit slumber,
Since the echoes of his numbers,
Without shadow of absolving,
In this world decay.
And we wrong you who, when living,
Waited for the May.

To the buttercups and daisies
In the meadows of May,
Every breeze that lightly passes,
Where the spring amid the grasses,
Of your virtues and your praises,
Sings a tuneful lay.
To the buttercups and daisies
In the meadows of May.

In the sobbing of the ocean,
All this month of May,
We shall hear your voice undying
Where the hardy seamen, flying
To its swift and graceful motion,
Seek the lower bay;
In the sobbing of the ocean,
All this month of May.

Could we only be translated
Where you are this May;
Could we view the fields of vision,
Which have opened to your vision,
We would know your heart that waited,
Was content to-day;
Could we only be translated
Where you are this May.

Nevermore there will you weary,
Waiting for the May;
Nevermore, sweet Irish singer,
March and April, when they linger,
Will appear as dark and dreary,
As they were that day.
When your sighing heart grew weary,
Waiting for the May.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Freeman's Journal.

MR. GLADSTONE, it is said, is a capital woodsman. At Hawarden, he spends his spare time in hewing down trees. This exercise ought to have taught him that half-hearted and left-handed strokes with the keenest axe merely abrade the bark. What has he gained by his weak and half-hearted support of measures which forced him into tyranny with the cry of liberty on his lips? The "suspects" are on his hands—a dead weight. His victims wear the strait-jacket, but coercion has not made them insane. The filling of the jails has not broken the spirit of the Irish people. They are nearer the attainment of all that they can reasonably ask than they ever were.

Cincinnati Telegraph.

HERE is another beautiful story to add to the thousands that are recorded in the golden Book of Life treasured on high, illustrative of the noble-hearted generosity of the Catholic Irish servant-girls of this country. Good Father Driscoll, S. J., was walking down the street the other day, when a poor girl met him and hurriedly thrust a big roll of bills into his hand for rebuilding his burned Church of St. Xavier. "Stop," said the prudent pastor, "I must not take this, it is too much, you can not afford it." But protest was in vain. It was ever so; the poor are the best friends of the poor; they are the real church-architects of our age; they are the principal patrons of Catholic papers; they will assuredly rest forever with Lazarus in Abraham's bosom.

Ave Maria.

TRANS-ATLANTIC Catholics have as scant respect for Harper's Magazine as we have. We like to believe that this periodical is little read among Catholics, and we could wish that much of what it contains were not read at all. It is a publication that should have disappeared with Know-Nothingism. An article recently appeared in its pages entitled "The New French Minister of Instruction," which is as coarse as it is ignorant and bigoted. If any Catholic reader can continue his support of the magazine after reading this philippic, we can only say that he has not much self-respect. "Protestant periodicals of this kind," says the London Tablet, "cannot be trusted in Catholic households, at whatever sacrifice of amusement, in-

formation, or old custom, the literature that is unsafe must be kept out; and certainly the magazine whose contents are sullied like this one should bear therein its own condemnation for the future."

THE mission of Calcutta has sustained a great loss by the death of the Rev. Father Van Impe, Superior of the Society of Jesus in Western Bengal and rector of St. Xavier's College. He is said to have been a man of great learning and piety. "We had thought," says the Indo-European Correspondence, "that his real worth was mostly, if not exclusively, appreciated by his own brethren; but the great concourse of persons at his funeral, including, as it did, notable representatives of different classes of society and denominations of religion, proved that even during the three or four years of his residence in Calcutta he had won general good will and esteem." R. I. P.

Detroit Home Journal.

THE venerable editor of the Ypsilanti Sentinel (who is a non-Catholic) proves to our satisfaction that in at least one particular the Catholic Church is "opposed to the progress of the age." This is what he says: "If any one don't believe the teachings of the Catholic church are 'opposed to the progress of the age,' they ought to hear the exhortation Catholic parents got last Sunday, to be careful and teach their children above all things to work, and gain an honorable living. And furthermore, to be saving, frugal and prudent, so as to lay up something in their youth and prime, for age and possible misfortune. Could any teaching be more contrary to the 'spirit of the age,' which is: 'To bring up children to live without work, and spend faster than they gain, whether they can pay for or not? What shall we do for defaulting cashiers, speculating public officers; or Jameses and Younger Brothers, if such teachings are tolerated and generally followed? Why, the pastor actually said it was a sin against God and society for parents to allow their children to grow up in idleness. And he was commenting on the 'Pastoral' too. It is too bad thus to oppose 'the progress of the age.'"

Western Watchman.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us to know if Gury in his treatise on theft does not lay down the principle that a man in extreme necessity may steal. Gury uses these words; but they have not the meaning that the words seem to bear. The expressions are technical. Gury's meaning is that if a man is being pursued by Indians on the war-path he may appropriate a stray mustang to get out of the way. Is there anything in that. By extreme necessity Gury means such necessity as brings life into supreme jeopardy. He lays down the three degrees of necessity; extreme, grave and common. Extreme necessity is what brings life into supreme jeopardy.

THE morning papers sent their reporters to the different churches last Sunday to ascertain by actual count, the number that attended church. The day was beautiful and one calculated to bring to the Protestant churches all having new bonnets, new suits, and those dressed up in the latest agony. The following is the result:

| Churches. | Members. |
|---------------------------------|----------|
| Baptist..... | 4,512 |
| Christian..... | 671 |
| Congregational..... | 2,015 |
| Episcopal..... | 2,482 |
| German Evangelical..... | 3,868 |
| German Eyan, Luth..... | 3,651 |
| Methodist Episcopal, South..... | 5,823 |
| Methodist Episcopal, North..... | 1,569 |
| Presbyterian..... | 6,926 |
| Cumberland Presbyterian..... | 353 |
| Roman Catholic..... | 85,171 |
| Unitarian..... | 651 |
| Miscellaneous..... | 1,792 |

Total.....119,498

It will be seen from the above that the attendance at the Catholic churches was twice as large as all the other churches put together, and it also shows the influence of the respective churches over their members; while 90 per cent. of the Catholic population attend church, only 10 per cent. of non-Catholics, according to the above figures, attended a place of worship. The Protestant church is for the rich, the poor are not wanted.

Boston Republic.

Now we know why the Catholic churches are so well attended every Sunday by crowds of devout worshippers. Rev. Mr. Horton of the Second church declares the reason to be be-

cause attendance at mass is compulsory and that continued absence therefrom is punished. How? Certainly not in the way some Protestant churches discipline absentees, by dropping their names from the rolls of membership. The fact that any religion compels a person to be attentive to its requirements is, to our thinking, a pretty good proof of the vitality and truth of its creed, just the same as the inability of another one to obtain the observance of its commandments from those who profess its doctrines, is a sign of its weakness and uncertainty.

Cleveland Universe.

God created the people: He did not create the kings: Man made them and God ratified them. But a kingdom is better than a mobocracy, and one unwise ruler than a multitude of demagogues.

HAD the Protestant pulpit taught that God is the source of all power would the Cincinnati Pastoral have startled the non-Catholic press of the United States?

WHY WE HONOR HER.

SAYS Cardinal Newman, of the consecration of May to Mary: "We honor her May, not because it is best, but because it comes." And is pledge of the rest. No need to trace the origin of this consecration, nor of the devotions peculiar to the month and familiar to us from childhood. We Catholics are children of Mary from the baptismal font, even, and love and devotion to that best Mother are among the strongest of our spiritual instincts. To honor her is simply reasonable. To question her high prerogatives, belittle her glorious office, or deny the potency of her intercession, were the height of unreason. She is God's Mother. That explains everything. Home-gate paid to her, God takes to Himself with peculiar pleasure. Indifference, or wanton disrespect to her, He punishes with the wrath of a Creator displeased in His masterpiece, of a Son whose honor is one with hers who bore him.

God loved us as to give Himself on the cross for our redemption, and in the Blessed Sacrament for our soul's sustenance. With Himself, He gave us what He held most dear—His Mother—to be to us what she had been to Him—Mother and tenderest friend. He gave her for our intercessor. He left her for the world's teacher, as well as that then model of all womanhood. And the Church, in obedience to God's will, set devotion to Mary in the high place it has ever since held, and with it purified the Pagan civilization she found, humanized the bestly barbarian hordes, taught to all the dignity and the rights of wifehood and motherhood, as well as that then strange lesson of the value and sacredness of virginity, and founded the Christian home on the model of the home at Nazareth, of which Mary was the queen. Women of to-day, the civilized world over, can trace back all that makes their lives worth living to the world's first and most enthusiastic devotion to the Blessed among women, Mary the Virgin, of whom was born the Saviour.

It is impossible to overestimate what this devotion has done for mankind merely in the natural order. Take away the influence of this highest type of womanly beauty and goodness from social life, art, poetry, music—and what will fill the void? And of Mary's work in the spiritual order, what hosts among the redeemed owe their place in Heaven to an eleventh hour repentance, won for them through Mary's intercession, in consideration of their love for her—love surviving in form of prayer or pious practice the wreck of all else in the spiritual life. What multitudes of who felt God Himself say fitly tell: "What hosts among the redeemed owe their place in Heaven to an eleventh hour repentance, won for them through Mary's intercession, in consideration of their love for her—love surviving in form of prayer or pious practice the wreck of all else in the spiritual life. 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Now.
 BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.
 "Now is the acceptable time; now is the day of salvation."
 Oh! why should we search thro' the palace,
 For the chamber where horrors have been?
 Why pour out the wine from the chalice,
 To get at the dregs all unseemly?
 And why, thro' the tear-laden shadows,
 Our eyes the dark mountains must gaze?
 When the fairest and greenest of meadows
 Lies sunny and safe at our feet.
 In the griefs that may never be tasted,
 We sink the sure joys that are ours;
 And the strength of our being is wasted
 In tracking the asp thro' the flowers.
 The Past hath forever escaped us,
 The Present a scepterless king,
 While the Future in mourning hath draped
 us.
 For afflictions it never may bring.
 Our mission is here: 'tis the Present;
 To-day puts it into our hands.
 It may not be gracious or pleasant,
 But here, at the threshold, it stands;
 Looking back—looking forward—we miss it;
 Once slighted, it comes no more.
 We may yet yearn to clasp it and kiss it,
 But it never returns to our door!
 Ah! written for all who may read it,
 Is a truth that is simple, so solemn,
 Oh! hear it, beloved! and heed it,
 We can live but one day at a time.
 Live it well—tho' that day—live it purely,
 Live it solely for heaven—and then,
 The Past and the Future will surely
 Be blessed of God and of men.

From the Catholic World.
A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XIX.
 THE LULL AFTER THE STORM.
 It was near the end of the month of February, and the winter began to show signs of breaking up. The snow in Canada, the Canadian world bore the event with composure. They were killed with the peculiarities of their blustering friend, and knew that he would not, like the Arabs, fold his tents in the night and silently steal away. He gave long, comfortable warnings. If a sleighing-party were projected in early March it might be proceeded with as leisurely as in the depths of the season. There was no need of making all arrangements and completing them within two days. If the snow was scarce in the city the country could still afford enough for a cutter, and not infrequently, after a seemingly pronounced departure, the frosty old joker returned suddenly for a positive last appearance, and played the mischief with Canadian tempers and Canadian spring costumes. The whirl and rush of pleasure still went on. The snow lay thick and the days were clear and sunny; parties of balls were as numerous as in the early season, and were quite as vigorously attended; the theatres were in full blast; the Saturday promenades distinguished by the usual number of well-dressed people, male and female simpatons being plentifully sprinkled about; and altogether the scene of fashionable society was tossing and racing with old-time activity, bearing on its bosom the gayest of travellers, whose voices could be heard from ten o'clock of the morning until three o'clock of the next, and sometimes longer, if the champagne clanked to be plentiful.
 The noise only of the tumult, the last ridge of the breakers, reached the highland of desolation and uncertainty, which were the houses of the Fullertons and the McDonells stood. Sorrow and crime had drawn a cordon around those fatal dwellings, beyond which the votaries of pleasure were not to go. Deeply they regretted it, so far as McDonell House was concerned; but the morose, morose, quiet had been Olivia's pride was passed by with a superstitious stare or never approached at all. The transcendentalists were down in the mouth again. Destiny was at work to keep the goddess shut up in her shrine for that winter, and, having a high respect for the modern Fate, they bore the privation with a morose, morose, quiet, not at home for days after her father's departure for the asylum. How she spent the hours in the loneliness of the great house, unvisited even by Killany, God only knows. What sorrowful images must have surrounded her bedside in the night of darkness! What gloomy spectres and harsh meditations must have thrust themselves upon her by day! What bitter, hopeless regret for the past must have been hers; what hopelessness for the future, with the recollection of what she was, with the memory of what she had done, weighing upon her! The disgust of the morose, morose, quiet, after a humiliating fall her soul enjoyed to its full measure, and the mournful consciousness that her crime could never be undone was the spectre which pointed and sneered at her from every side. Like Lady Macbeth, she washed her hands with dreadful persistency, rubbing, and moaning as she rubbed, dreading, and knowing that they never would be clean; and, like the same strong-minded lady, she had unsexed herself and been filled from crown to toe with direst cruelty.
 The last picture of an old man kneeling with streaming eyes, agonized face, outstretched hands, and pleading voice would never be effaced from her brain. She saw it everywhere. In her sleep she said, "Have mercy, my child, have mercy!" rang in her ears, and woke her to shiver and tremble and cower for the rest of the night. So the days passed by, full of untold misery and self-abasement.
 When nature was exhausted with its own battles she got relief. A dull indifference of spirit wrapped up thought and sensibility. Her frightful dreams departed: she began her old trick of sleeping like a child through the whole night; her appetite improved, and as a consequence her color came back and the old sweet gravity of her manner, which had been driven off for a time by the feverish gait of despair. She put away her skeleton. It was obstructive yet, but was growing stale from custom. A crime cannot haunt the criminal always. Physical weakness or repetition may bring it to the doors again; but bury the chances of ill-health and relapse into sin, and the blunted nature, like an old-fashioned thing, will soon find relief. Perfect dread, or fear, or sorrow, is as impossible to man's animal nature as continual joy. Nano had found the relief of pure exhaustion, which would in time become perhaps more natural, and mistaking it for the real article, congratulated herself on thus suddenly overcoming conscience, and began her preparations for enjoying the utmost that wealth which she had so deeply sinned to save to herself. Her thoughts naturally turned to Olivia at the outset—her ideal of the beautiful and true in

woman, and now become almost divine to her humiliated mind. Her friend had not called since—well, she could not remember the exact date, but it did not matter. Not matter! Stop! Was not Olivia in the hall that day when she came rushing like a madwoman from her father's presence? And Olivia, she recollected, had held out her arms, her pretty face all cast down with a friend's sorrow, and she had paid no attention to the offered sympathy. Was there any connection between that scene and Olivia's prolonged absence? Could she have any suspicion as to the true state of affairs with regard to McDonell? Her heart stood still. The only creature in the world that loved her to know of her guiltiness! Oh! it could not be; and her breath came in gasps, and she found herself suddenly brought back again to a consciousness of crime and of life in its present altered circumstances.
 "If she knows," was her murmured comment on this painful suspicion, "that all is over between us. I can lay that dream of love, and friendship, and sisterhood aside for ever."
 Then she tried to persuade herself that, with her wealth and power and personal qualities, she did not stand in need of the friendship of the Fullertons, that she was not dependent on any human creature for comfort or happiness; and she despised herself for the pang which troubled her at the mere thought of losing Olivia. Pride was the lady's stumbling block to faith and salvation. She felt out would not know the emptiness of her own utterances, and spoke them aloud, and tried to feel as if the great master of transcendentalism had himself spoken them.
 That day, the sixth day from her father's departure, Sir Stanley Dashington sent up his card. "Urgent," was marked on it, and she went down to the drawing-room at once to meet him, arrayed in a half mourning costume, her lips and cheeks faintly touched with rouge to hide the evidences of long suffering.
 "I am delighted to see you, Sir Stanley," said she, with an assumed lightness of tone and manner. "Do you know, you are the first of my friends to call on me since my late misfortune."
 "I am glad to have the honor," replied the baronet, "and I assure you I was sorry to hear of that calamity to which you refer. It is a pleasure to see that you bear it with proper resignation. Will you pardon me if I say that I have another burden to lay upon your shoulders, and if I ask you to use your womanly instinct and influence in a case interesting to yourself and to me doubly interesting?"
 "Olivia!" said the lady, with quick comprehension and a change of color as rapid and marked as rouge would permit.
 "Olivia," the baronet answered "whose mysterious behavior during the past week has thrown her brother and me into consternation. What do you think of a naturally lively young lady, given to pleasure, to visiting, shopping, gossiping, who retires suddenly from the world, receives no visits and makes none, remains obstinately enclosed within four walls, loses her appetite and probably her sleep, grows in consequence pale, nervous, and hysterical, yet pretends all the time there is nothing wrong, and won't submit to cross-examination from her brother or friend?"
 The symptoms were so much her own that, struck with the similarity, Nano remained silent long enough to collect her wits together and make a suitable reply.
 "We must get the causes, of course," she said at last. "There must be reasons for so startling a change in the young lady. Perhaps, Sir Stanley, a good part of the remedy lies in our hands."
 The baronet shook his head mournfully.
 "Do you think, if it were, I would not have discovered it before now and have used it to advantage? I offered her all I had—myself—and would you credit the result, Miss McDonell?"
 "Oh! she refused!"
 "Oh! she did not refuse. I would have been in heaven now, if she had, or in Ireland. Nor did she consent. There were conditions, she said, and I must wait until circumstances in a certain case had decided one way or another. According to their going, so was mine to be. And the worst of it is, if I knew the circumstances I might give the favorable turn; but I don't."
 Again Nano was silent and disturbed. Could Olivia's distress be in any way connected with late events in her own household? It was difficult to see where any connection would exist, yet her mind, awakened to suspicion, was running after phantoms and hindered in its action by stress. She did not forget the incident of the reception.
 "I can suggest nothing, except that I go to her myself, and try to draw her from her seclusion and get her to confess the reason of this masquerading. In her case I can call it by no other name."
 "Your plan is excellent, and the very one we wish to propose," said Sir Stanley. "In the doing of it I beg of you not to forget me."
 "You have deserved too well of me to be forgotten," and when may we look for you? We are anxious that an end be put to this matter speedily."
 "Ah! do not look upon me as anxious as certain. I may fall more ignominiously than you. I shall go within two days."
 "How can we ever thank you enough! Let me beg pardon for intruding upon you at such a time."
 "You have done me a favor rather. I shall expect to see you soon again. Good morning."
 They parted with very different sentiments regarding the gentle girl whose conduct occasioned them so much alarm. From the night of the carnival Olivia had not ventured to walk abroad. The doctor's poison had already worked through the circles of the city, and as a consequence callers dropped off one by one, invitations dwindled down to nothing, and bows were so cool and cut direct so numerous that she gave up her walks altogether in fear of meeting any of her acquaintances. Her brother was so wrapped up in his profession as rarely to enter society, and she thanked Heaven for that, he was so quick to discover any change in the countenance of Dame Society. It was natural that the strain on her feelings should in a short time have an effect on her outward appearance. When she grew pale and heavy-eyed her brother wondered, commanded,

scolded. When he saw her appetite failing, and discovered that she walked off nights or sat up in her rooms till the morning hours, he was positively furious; but neither affection nor authority could move this obstinate maid, and she continued her downward and dissipating courses. He tried strategy, and failed. He suggested removal to a fairer climate, and she refused to budge. In his despair, after consulting with the distracted Sir Stanley, he left the matter in the hands of Nano McDonell.
 Olivia suffered still more under this well-meant persecution. Her object was to discover herself, as Mrs. Strachan had directed, what papers or proofs her brother had of her legitimacy. If they were satisfactory the affair might be put in Harry's hands to be managed as he pleased, or Killany might be forced, through fear of an exposure, to retract his infamous slanders. If they were not, and none better could be obtained, Mrs. Strachan had no further advice to give. Her reticence was more suggestive than her directness. He had suffered so much in Harry's hands, that he was not disposed to smile on him, she dreaded anything occurring which might bring the care-worn lines into his handsome face again.
 If it were possible she was determined to fight the affair herself; but until matters had assumed a more tranquil appearance she did not venture to approach him on so delicate a subject. Continual anxiety, in the meantime, had brought about the change in her appearance. The doubt, and dread, and suspense of her position were harder to bear than actual disgrace, and she could not control her feelings or conceal them so thoroughly as Nano McDonell. And this elegant lady was another source of sorrow and anxiety for her tried heart. She did not exactly know what she feared. She was not sure of anything, and she hardly dared whisper to herself the awful suspicion which Nano's wild words and actions on a certain sad day had raised in her mind. A conviction, of which her brother had been a member, had declared the merchant insane. She had not spoken to Harry about it. He seemed to take the affair as an ordinary sorrowful event, and never alluded to it in a particular fashion. Yet the strange words of Mr. McDonell on that morning when in her presence he accused his daughter of being his enemy; the authoritative airs of Killany, and Nano's remark that the man was distasteful but useful; and lastly, Nano's demeanor and mysterious agony and self-accusation on the day of her father's death, all these things, taken together, formed a chain of premises whose conclusion forced itself upon her irresistibly, horror-stricken as she was at the thought of such unfaithfulness to her friend. That Nano, proud beautiful Nano, could be guilty of so heinous a crime was almost impossible! And she, and yet, and yet, racking doubts never left her day or night, and an overpowering disgust for the friend who had loved and cherished her for many years, found its way to her heart. The dream of a union between her and Harry, formerly so pleasant and frequently indulged in, inspired her with the same feeling of repulsion, and she, in high good-humor, pondering disgust for the friend who had loved and cherished her for many years, found its way to her heart. The dream of a union between her and Harry, formerly so pleasant and frequently indulged in, inspired her with the same feeling of repulsion, and she, in high good-humor, pondering disgust for the friend who had loved and cherished her for many years, found its way to her heart.
 The opportunity of speaking to Harry on the all-important topic came at last on the evening of that day when Sir Stanley had called upon Nano. Harry and she were sitting in the drawing room, the doctor reading in high good-humor some magazine sketches, and she engaged with her sewing. Her thoughts were not on the reading, however, but on the conversation she was about to begin; and her heart beat almost to suffocation as she faced the result. He went off to the asylum a few days later, and it was the safest place for him, I should judge."
 "I know. But you never told me of your interview with him, and how he acted, and all those little particulars."
 "You are after the gossip, I see. Well, I was greeted by the gentleman precisely as you would like to greet Killany. He never looked at me. When I began to speak a change came over his face. He seemed like one struck with mortal fear, accused me of haunting him at night and in league with his daughter, and cried, 'Go, go!' until I was forced to leave from a fear that he would injure himself by his excitement. Nothing was left of that madman, though, he went off to prison with much dignity. His attacks may be only periodic. There is hope for him in that case."
 "Poor Nano!" sighed Olivia, much relieved, yet with doubt still tugging at her heart-strings. "To be so utterly alone!"
 "I know others that were left most utterly alone," said the doctor, with a shadow on his face, "and there wasn't so much as a drop of sympathy even given them. You never knew father, or mother, or fortune, child."
 "Ah! but that fact makes my sorrow more easily borne," said a sweet epigrammatist, as if falling into a reverie. "How much I would give, though, to have a miniature of them, or a bit of writing, or some other memento!"
 "Our good, mysterious guardian," answered the doctor savagely, "took care to remove all evidences of who and what we were, and several other things of equal value, as if my child's memory serves me rightly."
 "Do you remember them, Harry, and the guardian?" she asked with cunning indifference.
 "Pretty well," he said musingly. "And you resemble our father most, for our mother was a dark-haired, sweet-eyed woman, very gentle, and loving, and commanding. She died very soon after our arrival in New York. I have a dim, confused recollection of the street we lived on, and of one shady spot in partic-

ular where I took you every day and cried quietly over my dead mother and dying father. It amused you a two-year-old, so much that you forgot your own sorrow and vigorous yellings, and put up your pretty baby-hands to catch the tears and smooth and pet my wrinkled countenance. Boy-like I laughed a minute later. Then a friend or relative came along, whom my father was very glad to see. He arranged matters, took all the papers and valuables, placed a few hundred miles apart, and made himself invulnerable and unapproachable till this day. I would like to meet him."
 "Do you think he got anything of value, Harry? Do you think there was anything of value to take?"
 "I feel quite certain of it, and our guardian's manner since is conclusive. Why was he afraid to come forward as an honest man and claim his friend's children, whom he had voluntarily taken it upon himself to support and educate? He has hidden like a thief. He gave us a good education out of funds that were not his own. I'll be bound, since it is unfair to suspect him of so much generosity. Then he sent us adrift. He concealed his name and residence, and was careful to keep all avenues to discovery closed. We are not of noble birth, nor the victims of a romantic episode, nor likely to trouble him for what was not owing to us from justice. Why, then, did he remain unknown, except through fear that we might make it hot for him hereafter? He took away all hopes of proving our own position to the world as the children of a Mr. and Mrs. Fullerton, who came from a southern country where that had been married, and died in New York. Olivia, we are not even sure of our names."
 The color was not deep in her cheeks at any time during these past few days, but it fled altogether at this crushing announcement. In vain she bent lower over her work to conceal the tell-tale expression of utter despair, and the pain that looked from her eyes. The doctor saw it, and though excited in his grave way, mistook the cause of her emotion.
 "There, I have frightened you," he said, with a sigh of relief, "and worked myself up to enthusiasm. But the consequences of our guardian's doings are not serious, and never will be. We shall get along quite as well, perhaps, as if burdened by exhaustive particulars with regard to our family. Perhaps our name was Sykes, or Wiggins, or Triginbotham, or some other hideous combination of Anglo-Saxon roots, and our relatives might have been the veriest rascals that ever trod the earth. There is consolation to be derived from so frightful a negation as having no family."
 She could not laugh at his absurd remarks. They had too much sorrowful meaning for her, lightly as they were uttered; but having recovered somewhat of her color and composure, she asked:
 "But if our good name were ever cast in question, Harry! Suppose an instance in which they would be required to prove our legitimacy, and our relationship to those we call father and mother? If we were unable to do so would not the consequence then be frightful?"
 "That is a different matter, and I have occasionally thought of it as a possibility. I have thought, too, of searching up the records, but want of time and want of money are great obstacles. And the search might prove fruitless. There was a neighbor in New York who attended on our father and mother in their last moments, and she might know many useful things. But is she alive or dead? Proving our right to the name we carry would be a difficult but not impossible matter. I even doubt if we could do it at all, unless under very favorable circumstances."
 This was the judge's sentence. She said nothing, and an icy feeling seemed crowding around her heart as if to shut off from it all warmth and joy for ever. There was, then, no answer for Killany's slanders, and before long Harry would learn the full force of the calamity that had befallen them. The love which she had cherished in her bosom for the bright, fair baronet had become a thorn to rankle there; and as for her brother, he need never turn his thoughts again to the woman who had won his heart. The doctor was musing and did not observe her silence or expression. Her pallor was deepening with every moment. Only the glow of the firelight and the shadow in the doctor's eyes, as he veiled to hide her mortal agony from his eyes.
 "Ah! these troubles," he said at last, "are only visionary. They are nothing compared to those which have passed or to those which are, and we can lay them aside until they present themselves. Olivia, I want your advice. My greatest trouble at present is that I am hopelessly in love."
 "Have I not known that since the night on which I discovered the photograph you carried next your heart? If she knew that?"
 "If she did," sighed he, "and appreciated it rightly, what a happy man this city would be! I have hope."
 "Of course. What lover has not, even where the differences are more telling? Income of the lover, two thousand; income of the lady thirty thousand a year. According to reason, what are his chances?"
 "Two out of thirty," he answered, "as that is very good."
 "I have not compared your qualities with hers yet. Put them side by side and what are your chances then?"
 "Zero," he said humbly. "How you do pour on the cold water, Olivia!"
 "It is best for you to know the worst before you feel it. I would not discourage you in your efforts, and I will meet by the king, Rhydderich Hael, in the southern part of his dominions. He arrived with words of healing and blessing, and established for a while his dwelling at Hoddam, some sixteen miles from Dumfries. He recommended the old work, the purification of the corrupt Christianity, and the combating with the idolatry, which he expressly stated to have invaded the worship of Odin derived by the Britons from the English. But the sphere of his love was not confined to the Britons. He strove also to renew the work of Ninian among the piets of Galloway and to spread the Gospel in the southern parts of Alban."
 It was about this time that there came to him Constantine, once a chief in Cornwall, and the object of a terrible denunciation by Gildas, but whose turning to the Lord is noted by the Irish annals and

completely overwhelmed it was Doctor Henry Fullerton.
 TO BE CONTINUED.
THE MARQUIS OF BUTE ON ST. MUNGO.

The Marquis of Bute delivered a most interesting lecture recently in Glasgow under the auspices of the Caledonian Catholic Association, on St. Kentigern (Mungo). The Archbishop presided, and on the platform were Principal Caird, Professors Sir Wm. Thomson, James Thomson, Wm. Jack, R. Grant, Mr. Smith Sligo, of Inzevar, Mr. Brand, and a large number of the Catholic clergy of the city and neighborhood.
 The Marquis of Bute was received with loud applause. He began his lecture by stating that the principal authority upon the life of St. Kentigern was Jocelin, Abbot of Furness, in Lancashire. His work was composed nearly six hundred years after the death of the saint, but was founded, the noble lord showed, on much more ancient materials. The beginning of the life of Kentigern was surrounded with a mass of historical difficulties, but it might be taken that he was born about the year 506. Christianity which had been previously introduced into Britain, was at that time fallen into a state of great corruption and decay. Though the son of Tansnew, daughter of Liew, Prince of Lothian, Kentigern entered the world in circumstances of the utmost wretchedness. The place of his birth was Dysart, on the south coast of Fifeshire. He was brought up by a holy man named Seranus, who taught him along with other boys destined for the service of the Church. He came to Glasgow while very young, and after residing there for some time was chosen Bishop. Kentigern was the name by which he was always known in the works of serious writers and in the service books of the Church, but the lecturer expressed a doubt whether it was his baptismal name—St. Mungo was confessedly a nickname, the derivation of which was greatly disputed among Celtic scholars.
 Of the personal appearance of the saint the following curious description was quoted: "Holy Kentigern in bodily shape quite as well, perhaps, as if burdened by exhaustive particulars with regard to our family. Perhaps our name was Sykes, or Wiggins, or Triginbotham, or some other hideous combination of Anglo-Saxon roots, and our relatives might have been the veriest rascals that ever trod the earth. There is consolation to be derived from so frightful a negation as having no family."
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588 and who had become a monk at Minerva. Under Kentigern's directions he settled at Govan, where he became head of a monastery, and ultimately died a martyr in Cantire. From Hoddam Kentigern returned to Glasgow and there re-established his See. The king is said to have invested him with a certain amount of secular jurisdiction throughout his dominions, and it is to this circumstance that Jocelin attributes the name or title Kentigern—i. e., Clannighearn, Head Lord, represented in Welsh by Cathares or Uyndeyrn Gurthys, Head Lord of Glasgow. At sometimes, probably before 592 when Columba perceived the approach of death, then four years distant, he came to Glasgow to see Kentigern. Kentigern and Columba exchanged slaves "for a pledge and token of their mutual love in Christ," and it was mentioned that which Columba gave to Kentigern was long kept at Ripon. The end of Kentigern's dying life was now at hand. He had completed a work during his long course which was only less remarkable than the extraordinary exaltation of his personal character which had enabled him to perform it, but which would have remained the same even if circumstances, including probably his royal blood, had not set his light upon a candlestick. He was the restorer, albeit if not the first apostle, of Christianity through a region which stretched from Clwyd to Clyde, from Mid Wales to Dunbartonshire, the founder of the Sees of St. Asaph and of Glasgow. And of Glasgow he may more than any other man be regarded as the founder. The city which bears for her arms his image and the memorials of his half volume, half legendary history, and for the motto the echo of what would have been his prayer—that her flourishing may be with the preaching of the Word of God. His age at death was probably about ninety-five.
 Pontifical vestments (his ordinary clothes being kept as relics) on the right side of the altar, and as far as Lord Bute had heard, his body had never been disturbed, though the spot had been made the centre of the crypt of the cathedral.
 On the motion of the Archbishop, a cordial vote of thanks was passed to the Marquis of Bute for his lecture; and a similar compliment to the Archbishop for presiding brought the proceedings to a close.

A WHITENED SEPULCHRE.

A Yankee Ex-Priest's Whisky Guzzling, Love-Making and Blasphemy.

Meaford Mirror.
 More than one good Protestant stood agape on catching sight of the placard announcing "Father O'Connor's" lecture in Meaford on Monday night. It reeked of blasphemy, and many Protestants deprecated the coarseness which assailed the tenets deemed sacred by our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen. Fortunately true religion cannot be hurt by the advocacy of such characters; it may further it by showing the strong contrast to the more excellent way. We do not wish to linger on the subject, which, to us, is an unnecessary one, but we simply give the following from the Tara Leader, believing it to be our duty to assist in ridding the country of such nuisances by exposure through the press. The Tara Leader says:
 Father O'Connor, ex-catholic priest of Elgin, Illinois, delivered what he was pleased to term a lecture in McGloskie's hall, on Tuesday evening, on "Why I became a priest and why I ceased to be one." The price of admission was placed at ten cents, and at the hour mentioned for the lecture to commence, a large crowd assembled in the hall, including about two dozen ladies. The priest's operations did not end here, though. On the stage from Owen Sound to this village, he made the acquaintance of a Miss—, of Meaford, and a strong attachment seems to have sprung up between them at once. He proposed marriage and was accepted. On Tuesday afternoon a notice appeared in the Meaford Standard, to the effect that gentleman refused to grant, and the lady's friends in the village were strongly opposed to the union of the pair. They were determined to accomplish their purpose at any cost, and on Wednesday morning they proceeded together to Inverness, where we believe they procured a license. Mr. Neeland being ignorant of the circumstances of the case, they next appealed to Rev. Mr. Cooper, but that gentleman firmly refused to perform the marriage ceremony, and succeeded in consulting the lady of the folly of her conduct. At the earnest solicitations of the pastor, she finally consented to postpone the marriage for one week, and thus the matter rests.
 [Since the above was in type, we have received private advice to the effect that the issuer of marriage licenses has cancelled the license issued, as it was got from him through misrepresentation.—Ed. Note.]
 Never be Haughty.—A humming-bird met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person and glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship. "I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me and called me a drolling dolt." "Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird. "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you." "Perhaps you do now," said the other; "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice: Never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors."

Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed breaks up colds and fevers, cures neuralgia and rheumatism, and is the best liniment for sprains and bruises. 50 cents. By druggists.

WANT OF CONSIDERATION.

Ignorance of some Catholics on Matters Pertaining to their Religion.

This prudence is certainly a very great boon to the possessor of it, and all the more so, because the people of this class generally live in quiet with all about them. This gives to them an advantage over the rest of their neighbors, who are, more or less, hot-headed, hence fall often into squabbles.

Prudence follows the footsteps of consideration. The one flows naturally from the other. The considerate soul is full of charity. It does not stop its flow of thought for the purpose of picking flaws in the conduct of others. If it weighs the actions of others, it is not to find fault with them, but to discover the principle from which such acts flow, to avoid them if they prove to be in discord with the principles of faith.

Now the truths and practices of the Catholic Church come often to those not of our faith, just in this manner, viz., mixed with the advice they like. They are acquainted with, and become acquainted with some one, or many, and these are Catholics. They are intimate, and their lives are brought into pretty close relationship.

Persons not of our faith are quick to notice the least hesitancy in answering questions about these things. They have often heard them laughed at by friends of their own way of thinking, yet they were not altogether satisfied that these things are foolish, if they do appear so to the untaught or unfaithful soul.

For want of consideration, also, how many souls are left in the darkness of error! Catholics have books of instruction explaining these very things. One would think, perhaps, the cost of them is beyond their reach. It is not so. "Challenges" Christian instruction, and kindred works can be had at almost any book store for about twenty-five cents.

These people are ignorant, and hence inconsiderate. How is it with you? You say, "I forgot those things; I believe in the practice of them." But just consider a moment. If you would keep the knowledge of even your little catechism fresh in your minds, you will be able to answer any question that may be put to you.

Be considerate. You find fault with the ignorance of your non-Catholic neighbor because you think it culpable. When he casts a slur at some Catholic practice, stop him with the kind explanation of that practice, and you will soon see some change in disposition.

All kidney and urinary complaints, especially Bright's Disease, Diabetes and liver troubles Hop Bitters will surely and lastingly cure. Cases exactly like your own have been cured in your own neighborhood, and you can find reliable proof at home of what Hop Bitters has and can do.

HOW ONE ACT OF CHARITY MADE SEVERAL CONVERTS.

In one's journey through life, we are often suddenly brought to a realization of the inscrutable workings of Divine Providence, made manifest to us by practical evidence. We see, in the actions of men and women with whom we come in contact in our every day life, instances of the events which have transpired, and are transpiring, under our observation.

During the late war, while we were enjoying the luxuries of Andersonville prison, a Mr. Major, who had been a soldier in Col. Morgan's 2nd^d Confederate Kentucky Cavalry, was a Federal prisoner of war at Camp Douglas, Chicago.

Young Major returned home, and bravely served out his term of enlistment. At the close of the war, after mature investigation and meditation, he was received into the Catholic Church. He studied theology, received Holy Orders, and was the means afterwards of converting his father, mother, and brothers to the faith.

A young Jesuit priest, a relative of Bp. Fenwick, of Boston, was sent by the Bishop of Hartford, bearing a letter of introduction to me. The priest intended to visit a number of Catholic families, residing at that time in Enfield, a small place 20 miles north of Hartford, where a number of men were employed in digging a canal which was destined to extend as far as Long Island Sound.

The majority of those engaged on the work were Catholics, and as the priest was anxious to begin his labors among them at once, I drove him to an inn just on the borders of Enfield, in which I secured a room for a day, and he immediately began preparations for opening a mission. I then went to inform the men of the arrival of the good father, and upon my return found a large number of them already assembled at the inn.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is a scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scrofulous or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

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PERE HYACINTHE AND HIS FINANCIAL GALICIAN SOCIETY.

Says the London Universe, March 30: Pere Hyacinthe is probably almost forgotten in this country as well as in his own. Determined, however, to sink into oblivion without a strong effort to gain at least a share of his former notoriety, the ex-Carmelite has founded a new organization. On Saturday he announced in his miserable little *locale* near the Oleno, Paris, that he had established a nucleus of a Financial Galician Society, whose object is to build him a suitable church and assure him sufficient funds to proceed with the evangelization of France.

The "Galician Church" is quite clearly on its last legs, and its final extinction is likely to be accelerated by this absurd effort of its wretched pontiff. The sources of income upon which it mainly depended for support, the bank shares of the enemies of Catholicity and ancient spinsters, are failing. Already the society has received a weakening snub. Knowing that a religious edifice in the Rue St. Honore had to be vacated by the Polish priest, consequent on the expulsion of the Orders, the disgraced cleric had the cool effrontery to demand the church from the Paris Municipal Council for the exercise of his "devotions."

Archbishop Croke paid a visit the other day to his old parish of Doneraile, and while there addressed a mass meeting of the people, who had assembled to welcome him. In the course of his speech, he referred to the state of the country and to recent attacks on men and animals, and spoke with much warmth. He warned the Irish people that such outrages turned against them and their cause the sympathy of all civilized nations, and robbed Ireland of her most powerful ally—the public opinion of the world.

St. Stephen teaches us never to let the devil find us unoccupied. How many of our past sins began in the weariness of an idle hour. "If the poverty of the place compels the brethren to gather their harvest themselves, let not that grieve them; for they will be truly monks if they live by the labor of their hands, like our Father and the Apostles. Indolence is the enemy of the soul."—Rule of St. Benedict.

In the Cistercian abbeys nothing was allowed to interfere with allotted portions of manual labor. The priest, on finishing Mass, exchanged his chasuble and stole for the pickaxe and spade. St. Bernard broke off one of his sermons on the Canticles because the monks must go to work in the church, and the lay brothers the distant farms. When he bell rang for the Office, the latter knelt down in the fields, and said such vocal prayers as they knew by heart.

Alalagawatte Amomunaha Unashe has been received into the Catholic Church at Morawatta, a few miles from Colombo. He was a Buddhist priest. On being baptized and received into the Church he took the name of Clement Feix. He is an accomplished scholar, and intends to write a book setting forth the fallacies of the Buddhist religion.

Are promptly cured as well as all flesh wounds, sprains, bruises, callous lumps, soreness, pain, inflammation and all painful diseases; by the great Rheumatic Remedy, Haggard's Yellow Oil. For external and internal use. Price 25c.

FATHER BURKE ON GOOD FRIDAY.

One of the largest congregations that was ever gathered within the walls of St. Saviour's Church, Dominick Street, Dublin, crowded that edifice on Good Friday evening to hear the Passion Sermon preached by the Very Rev. T. N. Balfour, O.P. The central aisle was packed from the altar to the door with the people unable to find seats; even on the altar itself the congregation was so thickly gathered as to leave little more than bare room for the clergy taking part in the office of the Tenebrae, and all other parts of the church were inconveniently crowded.

THE HORRIBLE CROSS RAISED UP by the strong man who bore it, the cross that is to bear her own Divine Child. She sees the blood upon His face; she sees the blood upon His hands; she sees the blood upon His feet. No, the rule arm of the Roman soldier interposes. "Back," he says, "back; this man is condemned to die; I care not if you be His mother; forward, forward to Calvary." The woman with a broken heart follows, and the Lord Jesus is not allowed to speak to her mother the word of comfort that He had given to the other pious women who ventured to follow Him.

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There were two thieves crucified with Him, and even these poor dying wretches joined with the crowd in insulting the Saviour, until with one glance of His neck, Divine eyes, He converted one of them. The people came around him, "Ah, thou blasphemous, ah, thou deceiver, why didst thou seek to destroy us, and lead us astray?" At length there fell a silence upon them all, a silence the most terrible, and it came to pass thus. In the midst of their reviling of the dying Saviour, in the midst of their insults and blasphemies, suddenly the sun in heaven refused to shine any more upon the earth, and darkness like midnight fell upon the city. Men looked around in terror; it was just twelve o'clock in the day when the Lord was raised upon the cross; it was a bright spring day, and there is no light in the heavens, and the very stars that appear in the darkened firmament appear as if they were trembling at beholding so terrible a sight. Far away on the other side of Jerusalem.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON BEND before a terrific storm that sprang up, Lebanon itself, and Olivet, groined and reeled, those great hills, and were broken by earthquake; the streets of Jerusalem were filled with crowds of people rushing from their houses; the earth was shaken beneath them; and graves around the city opened, and their dead arose in all the terrors of death and walked sively through the city, confronting the living and frightening them almost to death. Now, who will revive!—now, who will insult the Lord God, who even in the hour of His weakness thus asserted Himself while He was dying upon the cross? Scribe and Pharisee, bold, noble alike are silent. Then Mary and John approach, Magdalen comes and puts her arms around those feet that she loved so well to wash with her tears, and she is privileged once more to pour forth upon the feet of her Saviour the blessed tears of her repentance and love, for well she knows how large a share she the sinful woman, had in the terrible work she now sees fulfilled. The Virgin comes, and puts up her cry of sympathy, of sorrow, and of commiseration to her child. But from the lips of the dying man comes the word, "Oh, mother, behold John; he is my friend; let him be thy son."

To John he said, "Oh, son, behold my mother; let her be thy mother; be in all to each other. He said, 'Leave me in my utter desolation to die.'"

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body, His soul, His life, His reputation, His honour, His very divinity was sacrificed on this terrible hill of Calvary to prove to every Christian man how dearly the great Saviour Jesus loved us. Have you anything to say to Him to-night in return? Don't leave this church until you make one act of faith such as the Roman soldier made—"truly Thou art the Son of God." Ah, don't leave this church to-night until you have spoken to your dead Saviour, and said to Him, "I have crucified you by my sins; I never will lead you to that Calvary again. Oh, God, who didst die for me, let me die rather than crucify Thee by my sins again."

THE BREAK-UP OF PROTESTANTISM.

Says the Boston Watchman, a Protestant journal: "To-day there are many so-called Christian pulpits in the land where men professing to be ministers of the Gospel, with the Bible before them, preach infidelity, if not as gross and outspoken, yet as rank as that uttered by Amer Kneeland, and if they do not scoff as he did, or as Ingels does, at the Word of God, they teach that it is largely made up of myths and fables, that it has no binding authority over us, that its good precepts come from Confucius and Buddha, and have no more authority than the productions of such good men. They outstrip Theodore Parker, who told us that 'four great religious teachers had appeared in the world's history, all excellent men, and doubtless others would appear who might exceed them: Moses, Mohammed, Jesus Christ, and Buddha.' Thousands of men and women listen to their teachings every Sabbath, and thus have their religious faith undermined, and their prospects for eternity ruined. More mischief, vastly more, is done by their preaching, to the religious faith and hopes of thousands, than the writings of scores of Tom Paines or Voltaires ever could accomplish."

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON INFIDELITY.

Cardinal Newman preached at High Mass at the Edgelyston Oratory on Sunday morning, and after referring to the state of the heathen, pointing out that they had no idea of a future life, he said Christians had a different prospect before them. But there was also a great amount of infidelity in the land, and it seems now that some dreadful spiritual catastrophe was about coming upon them. People who had lived in the world many years said they never knew a time such as this. They knew that in the course of twenty years there had been omens of what in fact were productions of the evils of infidelity which never were before, and it seems now that some dreadful spiritual catastrophe was about coming upon them. People who had lived in the world many years said they never knew a time such as this. They knew that in the course of twenty years there had been omens of what in fact were productions of the evils of infidelity which never were before, and it seems now that some dreadful spiritual catastrophe was about coming upon them.

WHAT PROTESTANT GIRLS THINK OF CONVENT SCHOOLS.

From a Quiz, Philadelphia Society Paper. Take a child, born of Protestant parents of any sect of the Church, who has heard, as most children reared in the Protestant faith—especially the Presbyterian Church, have heard, the objections and indignities, so-called, of the Catholic Church, and after hearing this sort of opinion of Catholicism, let that child be a convert to a school or academy, or a convent, taught by a sisterhood of the Catholic Church, for six months, or even three, and you will find, if she is intelligent and truthful, that her faith in the wisdom and purity of Protestant teaching (as antagonistic to Catholic) will receive a great shock, or be shattered altogether, because it will become evident to her that the Catholic standard, which she has heard are a community of weak, foolish women, whose life is made up of unmeaning prayer and ridiculous penance, are, instead, a living, working example of what Protestantism aims to teach—faith and works, and a following of Christ as a model; she knows the sturgeon stories are false, that the inmates of the convent are not unhappy, because in this country at least, no Catholic who does not prefer a sequestered life enters a convent, or, if, after she has entered one, she finds that "she has mistaken her vocation," she informs her spiritual adviser, and returns to the world, and to her home and marries or not, as she pleases. Any Protestant girl who has been at a convent school can tell of her own convent experience of a young girl who insists upon a trial of herself as a novice, who enters a convent, and stays perhaps a week, and then returns to her home because the life does not suit her—this girl can refute of her own knowledge, the stories of "soaring and threats and deceit" told against the sisterhood by good or bad intending bigots. And the "danger" to a child of Protestant faith is not only that it will sympathize with their shandlers, and reject that part of its early teaching that is slender, but that it will reject all of the "faith of its fathers," because of the blame-worthy error that was so long allowed to flourish in it—the utter disregard of one's own commandment—"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

The Catholic Record
 Published every Friday morning at 428 Richmond Street.
THOS. COFFEY,
 Publisher and Proprietor.
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 Six months..... 1 00
 Advertisements must be paid before the paper can be stopped.

LETTER FROM HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH.

DEAR MR. COFFEY.—As you have become proprietor and publisher of the CATHOLIC RECORD, I deem it my duty to announce to its subscribers and patrons that the change of proprietorship will work no change in its one and principle; that it will remain, what it has been, thoroughly Catholic, entirely independent of political parties, and exclusively devoted to the cause of the Church and the promotion of Catholic interests. I am confident that under your experienced management the RECORD will improve in usefulness and efficiency; and I therefore earnestly commend it to the patronage and encouragement of the clergy and laity of the diocese. Believe me,
 Yours very sincerely,
JOHN WALSH,
 Bishop of London.

Mr. THOMAS COFFEY,
 Office of the "Catholic Record,"
 FROM HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP HANNAN,
 St. Mary's, Halifax, Nov. 7, 1881.

I have had opportunities during the last two years or more of reading copies of the CATHOLIC RECORD, published in London, Ontario, and approved of by His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, the Bishop of that See. I beg to recommend that paper to all the faithful of this diocese.
 + MICHAEL HANNAN,
 Archbishop of Halifax.

Catholic Record.

LONDON, FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1882.

The Hierarchy of Ontario and the Dublin Murder.

The following despatch was called yesterday, by Bishop Walsh, to the English Prime Minister, on behalf of the Catholic hierarchy of Ontario:

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Premier, London England.

In the name of the Catholic Bishops of Ontario, Canada, I express our abhorrence of the assassination of Secretary and Under-Secretary for Ireland, as unchristian and un- Irish; our sympathy with their afflicted families, and our hope that the righteous cause of Ireland may not suffer by the atrocious crime.
JOHN WALSH,
 Bishop of London.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

When the abandonment of their unjustifiable and ineffective policy of coercion was first announced, it was everywhere felt that the Gladstone administration had achieved its greatest triumph. We had always looked upon it as painful and humiliating to all men of broad and liberal views that a government headed by a statesman with a record so distinguished and honorable, as viewed from the standpoint of true and solid popular progress, should have ever inaugurated such a policy. In common with most journals on this side of the Atlantic, and of all journals everywhere that spoke in the interests of Irish national security, we never failed to condemn its operation and predict its speedy collapse. That collapse came through a candid admission on the part of the government of utter inability to attain through its means the ends they had in view at the time of its adoption. A few days ago, when the reversal of the former policy of the government was announced, all was bright and promising in the political horizon of Ireland. Now the darkest clouds, summoned up by the loathsome demon of assassination, again lower over that unhappy country. The brutal murder of Lord Cavendish, who had, upon the resignation of Mr. Forster, accepted the chief secretaryship of Ireland, with the Under Secretary of State, is, we have no hesitation in saying, one of the most unfortunate events that has ever threatened the peace and marred the prospects of Ireland. The news of this appalling crime amazed and bewildered the Irish leaders. Mr. Michael Davitt could find no language he could command to express the horror with which he regarded the murder or his despair at the consequences. "I grieve," said he, "to think that, when the government had just run the risk of introducing a new policy, when everything seemed bright and hopeful, and when all expected outrages to cease, this terrible event should overthrow our hopes." Mr. Parnell was not less overcome with grief and despondency. "This is," he declared, "one of the most outrageous crimes ever committed. Its effects must certainly be damaging to the interests of the Irish people." Under a strong conviction of duty to the Irish people and to the interests they have done so much to promote, the leaders of the land movement issued on Sunday last a manifesto which contains a declaration or two

which will find a ready echo from every Irish heart: "We earnestly hope that the attitude and action of the Irish people will show to the world that assassination such as startled us almost to the abandonment of hope for our country's future, is deeply and religiously abhorrent to their every feeling and instinct.

We feel no act has ever been perpetrated in our country during the exciting struggles of the past fifty years, which has so stained the name of hospitable Ireland as this cowardly, unprovoked assassination of a friendly stranger, and until the murderers of Cavendish and Burke are brought to justice that stain will sully our country's name."

The enemies of Ireland will, no doubt, take advantage of this unhappy event to excite public opinion against its people as lawless and unfit for self-government. Let us remind our readers that if lawlessness has found a foothold in that ill-fated country, it is due to no preference of Irishmen for lawlessness, but to ages of systematic misrule which has had the effect of placing the vast majority of the Irish people outside the operations of constitutional government. A people cannot be made lawabiding by treating them as lawless, nor can a government that rules its subjects as disaffected and rebellious expect to win their affection and obedience. We have always deplored the unscrupulous efforts of anti-Irish journals to fasten upon a generous race the crimes of a few. These efforts will, we feel assured, be now renewed. But we have every hope that public opinion in every free country, guided by the views already affirmed by its ablest exponents, will not permit itself to be influenced by such one-sided and baseless deductions from crimes of which the very system of government they advocate is the cause. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that the murder of Lord Cavendish was perpetrated by Irishmen. If rigid enquiry establish the fact that it was, we can, we think, in that case safely predict that the criminals are members of some organization openly hostile to Irish interests, or are the victims of those dangerous and communistic teachings which have found some few advocates, men characterless and desperate, who have sought to deprive their fellow-countrymen of the control of their safest guides, the clergy of Ireland. The abhorrence everywhere excited by the announcement of the deed should be a warning to all classes of our fellow-countrymen to avoid such persons as the very worst enemies of Ireland. All true Irishmen will now, in view of the terrible crisis into which, by this unexpected crime, their country has been plunged, join with deeper devotion than ever in the grand aspiration "God save Ireland." God save Ireland from revolution and crime! God save Ireland from the vengeance of enemies and the perfidy of false friends! God save that noble country from every peril now menacing its future.

THE IRISH RESOLUTIONS.

The Senate of Canada, as we know our readers were glad to perceive, passed the now famous Irish resolutions by an overwhelming majority. The speech of the debate was that of Hon. W. Scott, Catholic Senator for Ontario, who was supported by two other able Catholic representative men, Hon. Frank Smith of Toronto, and Mr. Howland of Prince Edward Island. The speech of Sir Alexander Campbell, so sympathetic and decided, cannot but serve to increase his well-known popularity with the Irish of Canada, already well acquainted with his moderation. There were a few senators who forced the House to a division—six in all. Two of these, Messrs. Read and Kaulbach, distinguished themselves during the debate by the most offensive outpourings of fanaticism. As for Mr. Read, he can never be otherwise than discourteous, while Mr. Kaulbach is evidently determined to acquire a name that no one but unreasoning bigots aspire to. Neither of these gentlemen would have got a hearing in the popular chamber. We regret, for the sake of the Senate, which contains so many

estimable men, that it counts amongst its number any who reflect dishonor upon it.

THE CHURCH AND THE PEOPLE.

We have often in these columns very pointedly condemned the nefarious attempts of many so called Irish and Catholic journals to lead their readers to the belief that the Catholic Church is the enemy of Ireland's freedom. These attempts, while failing of any general effect, even upon the readers of such journals, have manifested a spirit of such total ingratitude, and anti-Christian respect for the opinions of men in a position to form just views upon all subjects of public interest, as to lead us to the conviction that journalists of this class must have very false notions of the rights of others, and cannot be considered truly friendly to the solid advancement of the cause of Irish liberty. The history of Ireland brings one fact into fullest relief, and that is, the ever-determined and unchangeable attitude of Irish clergy in favor of the political amelioration of their country. Amongst a body so numerous, so intelligent, trained under many different political systems and all devoted to the speediest attainment of one object, there has been, as is quite natural, a certain diversity of opinion as to the best mode of reaching the end so dear to the hearts of all. The diversity of opinion on the very same subject amongst Irish laymen of prominence, has been always much more marked, and has often led to the very saddest results. Why then point to the priests, as some pseudo-patriots delight in doing, as the enemies of the Irish cause? Those who do so have more at heart the injuring of the religion so dear to Irishmen than the promotion of the cause of Irish political freedom.

THE NEW CATHEDRAL.

Work has been, we are most happy to announce, resumed on the new Cathedral. This will be glad tidings to all the Catholics of London diocese who take so deep an interest in this great work. Much has been done for the advancement of religion in this western section of the Province of Ontario, and especially within the past fifteen years. The crowning glory of all the self-sacrifice and generosity evinced in that time will be the construction of the noble edifice whose first stone was laid a year ago in the presence of the assembled hierarchy of the Province of Ontario. Our devoted bishop has set his heart upon the completion of this monument of religion, and its early freedom from debt. From what we know of the dispositions of the laity we feel assured that His Lordship's desires will meet with gratification.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

We are happy to know that our views on the subject of Catholic education and the position and prospects of our schools in this Province, have attracted some attention. There is no subject of more vital interest to Catholics. Its discussion by them in the docile and religious spirit of furthering the improvement of our school system, in obedience to the requirements of religion, must lead to good results. We are glad to perceive that, with an occasional exception, all Catholics who have written on the subject have done so in this spirit. The exceptions, however personally respectable, have not presented any argument sufficient to destroy the confidence of the Catholic body in the efficiency of our schools and their great power for good. This being the case, it is the duty of our people to spare no effort to assist the Catholic clergy of Ontario and the self-sacrificing body of Catholic teachers in this Province to make our School system daily more efficient. Under obstacles that no other religious body could have met, much less surmounted, the Catholics of Ontario have laid the solid foundation of a religious system of education within their own sphere, that will redound not only to their benefit and to that of their posterity, but to that of the entire country for all future time.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

We were happy last week to present our readers with the able pastoral of His Lordship the Bishop, on the subject of devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. The pastoral was, we know, read with very deep interest, and with much profit everywhere the RECORD is read. But especially from the faithful of the diocese of London will it receive the attention the importance of the subject and the ability of its treatment deserve. All through Canada devotion to the Holy Mother of God is a distinctive feature of Catholic piety. To this quality of our national piety is, we firmly believe, due the steady growth of the church in our midst. It is our duty, then, to see to its continuance if we desire the prosperity of religion to increase throughout this promising land.

DEVOTION TO THE MOTHER OF GOD.

The following extract from the writings of Mr. Lecky, a pronounced rationalist, but able writer, will be found of interest to our readers during this month: "The world is governed by its ideals, and seldom or never has there been one which has exercised a more profound and a more salutary influence than the medieval (that is Catholic) conception of the Virgin. For the first time woman was elevated to her rightful position. No longer the slave or toy of man, woman rose, in the person of the Virgin Mother, into a new sphere and became the object of a reverential homage of which antiquity had no conception. In the new sense of honor, in the softening of manners; in the refinement of tastes displayed in all walks of society; in those and many other ways, we detect the influence of devotion to the Virgin. All that was best in Europe clustered round it and it is the origin of many of the purest elements of our civilization."

OUR REMOVAL.

The CATHOLIC RECORD has removed to its new and commodious premises on the corner of Richmond street and Dufferin Avenue. Here we hope to receive the same hearty support and encouragement our patrons have hitherto extended us. In connection with our printing establishment we have also opened, as we announced through these columns some short time ago, a Catholic book store and publishing house. We are in consequence prepared to offer the Catholic population of this neighborhood and throughout the diocese not only an excellent variety of Catholic books, but also all manner of objects of Catholic piety, such as crucifixes, rosaries, holy water fonts, and the like. From the encouragement we have already received, we make no doubt that our friends will give us the support necessary to enable us to daily enlarge the scope of our business in this direction, to meet the wants of the growing Catholic population of this city and surrounding counties.

A NEEDED REFORM.

We have much pleasure in announcing the information conveyed to us, from, we believe, reliable sources, that the government has decided to abolish postage on newspapers from and after the 1st day of July next. The abolition of postage on Canadian newspapers addressed to subscribers from the office of publication is a boon that will, we know, be fully appreciated by every journal in the Dominion. The time had come for such action; and its effect will be one of unimpaired good to the reading public of Canada. We heartily join in congratulation to members of Parliament of both sides of politics who worked to bring about so salutary a change, and trust that this is but the harbinger of other postal reforms very much needed.

THE POET PHILOSOPHER.

The death of Ralph Waldo Emerson has called forth the usual varied criticisms incidental to so notable an event. Emerson was indeed a man of world-wide fame, and personally one of the most amiable the human family contained. As a writer and thinker, he has been variously judged, his ardent admirers claiming for him undying fame. We greatly

doubt if the experience of the next half century will justify that claim. The Sage of Concord was not the poet or philosopher of any distinctive period or critical epoch in the world's history, and cannot, therefore, in our estimation, enjoy the immortality so fondly associated with his name.

HAMILTON LETTER.

Clerical—Dundas Items—Picnic—Political—Sale of Library—Scarcity of Houses—Distinction without a Difference.

CLERICAL.

Rev. P. Lennon of Arthur is about to be transferred to Brantford, and the Rev. Father Doherty will go to Arthur in his stead.

ITEMS—PICNIC.

Vicar-General Heenan sails for Europe on Saturday, the 13th inst., by the steamer Polynesian from Quebec. During the week many of the parishioners called upon him to bid good bye, and wish him a pleasant journey and safe return.

DUNDAS NOTES.

It is not too soon to begin preparations for the annual picnic in aid of the House of Providence. The Dundas people are hard workers and no doubt they will make the coming picnic as successful as its predecessors.

INDUSTRY IS ACTIVE IN THE "VALLEY CITY."

The principal factories are running full-handed and full-timed, with lots of work ahead.

POLITICAL.

The leaders of both political parties in this city are actively engaged in mastering and drilling their forces for the ensuing parliamentary struggle. Both sides are confident of victory. Neither has chosen its candidates yet but will very soon do so. A hotly contested election is expected.

PRESENTATION.

The employees of Greening's Wire Works recently presented their fellow workman, Mr. P. H. Gleeson, with a handsome meerschaum pipe accompanied by an address, on the occasion of his departure from the city. Mr. Gleeson has resided here for a number of years, and that he is esteemed by his friends is fully evidenced by the compliment referred to.

MECHANICS INSTITUTE LIBRARY.

This large library seized by the sheriff at the instance of some of the creditors has been under the hammer for two weeks. The books are selling fast and generally are bringing good prices. The most valuable works have already been disposed of, and it is likely the sale will be closed this week.

MORE HOUSES.

Houses are scarce here and rents are high. There is a growing demand for a class of dwellings that will rent for moderate prices—houses suitable for mechanics and laborers. The present time affords a splendid opportunity for capitalists to invest their money to advantage.

THE MASSACRE.

The news of the assassination in Dublin created immense excitement here as elsewhere. There can be but one opinion as to the atrocity of the deed; yet it is difficult to see a spirit of justice in the opinions of those who accuse the whole Irish nation for the crime of a few desperate men. When an Englishman shot at his queen, and an American killed his president, no one thought for a moment of extending the blame beyond the individuals themselves. Why should it go any further in this case?
 CLANCAHILL.

GUELPH LETTER.

During the past week, Rev. Fr. Damen S. J., has been giving a mission here—or rather a renewal of the mission he gave us last summer.

PROTESTANT CASUISTS WHO JUSTIFIED OCCASIONAL LYING.

"I cannot think," wrote Cardinal Newman, in his "Apologia," "what it can be in a day like this which keeps up the prejudice of this Protestant country against us unless it be the vague charges which are drawn from our books of moral theology." He then proceeds to speak of the accusation made against St. Alphonsus Liguori that he allowed equivocation, mental reservation and deliberate falsification under critical circumstances. After showing how lying is sometimes a choice of two evils, and expressing his own complete abhorrence of it, he continues: "Great English authors, Jeremy Taylor, Milton Paley, Johnson, men of very distinct schools of thought, distinctly say that, under certain special circumstances, it is allowable to tell a lie. Taylor says: 'To tell a lie for charity, to save a man's life, the life of a friend, of a husband, of a prince, of a useful public person, hath not only been done at all times, but commended by great, and wise, and good men. Who would not save his father's life at the charge of a harmless lie from persecutors or tyrants?' Again, Milton says: 'What man, in his senses, would deny that there are those whom we have the best grounds for considering that we ought to deceive—as boys, madmen, the sick, the intoxicated, enemies, men in error, thieves? I would ask by which of the commandments is a lie forbidden? You will say by the ninth. If, then, my lie does not injure my neighbor, certainly it is not forbidden by this commandment.' Paley says: 'There are falsehoods which are not lies, that is, which are not criminal: 1. Where no one is deceived, etc.; 2. Where the person to whom you speak has no right to know the truth.'"

Five Jews Converted.

Rome, April 12.—The most interesting ceremony of Holy Week in the Eternal City was the baptism of five converted Jews at the Church of St. John Lateran. A Cardinal baptised these converts, who constitute an entire family.

The venerable Jesuit Father Goetz died last week at Santa Clara College.

The deceased, upon his arrival at San Jose, California, in 1856, found the small-pox raging in that city, but with the heroism of his holy faith, the good father voluntarily offered himself as nurse and spiritual counselor of the afflicted people with whom he remained, becoming himself a victim to the pestilence which left its mark upon his features ever after. May his soul rest in peace.—San Francisco Monitor.

of St. Patrick, and one of St. Joseph. They are to be placed in the new part of the church in chapels that are being prepared for them.

The choir of our Lady intend giving a series of Sacred Concerts in the Church, commencing on Monday 15th of May, and to continue for five successive Mondays. The first one will be the Creation. So lovers of good music are expecting a musical feast.
 CHILD OF MARY.

BRANTFORD LETTER.

THE CHURCH CONCERT.

The concert held last Friday evening was a decided success in every sense. About 800 people occupied Stratford's Opera House, the floor being crowded in every part, as well as the boxes, and all but a few seats on the gallery. While friends in every part, as well as gratifying, it is also satisfactory to know that all who attend entertainments of the kind are well pleased with the success of the program in this respect all connected with the concert have the greatest cause for congratulation.

The program left nothing to be desired. The church choir, under the guidance of Professor Zinger, who played the accompaniment, rendered a "Gloria" by Mozart, as an opening chorus, in a manner that received well-deserved applause. During the concert with most thoroughness "Sparkling Treasure," also well rendered.

MISS REIDY'S ACCOMPANIMENT.

Miss Reidy, who has been studying at the piano solo, and created so favorable an impression that she will likely be sought again for her services in the city in the future. She also played accompaniments several times during the evening.

Miss Reidy sang a duet, "Trust her not," in fine style and in response to the music of the first part, and assisted in the laughing trio with Miss Nolan and Mr. Audette, in the second.

Miss Reidy again won the hearty plaudits of Brantford audience, and gave her wonderfully sweet voice its full liberty. In the first part she rendered the "Gloria" by Mozart, piano accompaniment and a violin obligato by Prof. Baumann, and the audience insisted on a response to the "Gloria" by Mozart.

The vocal solos which gave the fullest measure of enjoyment to the audience was the duet by Miss Reidy and Miss Nolan. All enjoyed the piece heartily, and those who were innocent of that genre of music were pleased that it was so well rendered. The piano accompaniment and a violin obligato by Prof. Baumann, and the audience insisted on a response to the "Gloria" by Mozart.

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10 Victims. I sing the Hymn of the Conquered, who fell in the battle of life...

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its psalm for those who have won...

CHILDREN.

Good Advice given to Catholic Parents by A Bishop.

The Right Rev. Bishop of Newport and Monaca writes as follows to the fathers and mothers in his diocese...

The duties of parents at home, for instance, are a great deal more serious than seem to be commonly supposed...

And with those who are better off there are further duties. The more Almighty God has intrusted to any of us, the more He demands of us...

of Eden was. We know it because we know its name, and we have a sufficient idea of it to distinguish it from other ideas...

Bribing a Boy.

In cleaning up a little shortly after the Christmas rush a small dealer in toys, papers, and confectionery on Gratiot Avenue found among his trash what the boys call "a thundering big fire cracker."

The Weaker Sex.

are immensely strengthened by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," cures all female derangements, and gives tone to the system.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Boils.

JEDDIAH BELLANGER, of Cold Spring, Cape May Co., N. J., writes that PERUVIAN SYRUP cured him of Rheumatism and Neuralgia...

A Cure for Headache.

What physician has ever discovered a cure for headache Echo answers none.

THE ELEMENTS OF BONE, BLOOD AND MUSCLE.

are derived from the blood, which is the great natural source of vital energy.

Worse than War.

"The throat has destroyed more lives than the sword," by imprudence in eating and intemperance in drinking...

The Secret of Beauty.

No cosmetic in the world can impart beauty to a face that is disfigured by unsightly blotches arising from impure blood.

A Good Filter.

To have pure water in the house every family should have a good filter, the health and comfort depends largely upon the use of properly filtered water.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections...

Bleeding of the Lungs.

Bowmanville, Ont., Nov. 8, 1872. Messrs. SEBASTIAN, FOWLE & SONS, Boston, Gentlemen—I have been troubled with bleeding of the lungs for a long time.

There are two ways of knowing one's religion.

One is to know it as we who read the Scripture know what the Garden

BAD BOOKS AND PAPERS FOR BOYS.

In the dime and half-dime novels of the criminal school which are now read by all our boys, either openly or secretly, now forms of profanity and slang are taught in the most effective way.

LOCAL NOTICES.

R. S. MURRAY & Co. are prepared to fit up churches, public buildings, hotels and private residences with Brussels, Wilton, velvet, tapestry, three-ply Kidderminster and Dutch carpets, India and China matting, English oil cloth, cut to fit rooms...

McKENNAN & FRYER.

EVERYONE SATISFIED!

JACOBS OIL.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM.

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering.

Employment for Ladies.

The Queen City Superior Company of Cincinnati are now manufacturing and introducing their new Sewing Machine for Ladies and Children...

FREE TO ALL!

One of our best and most popular... 15-cent bottle...

BLUMYER M.F.G. CO. BELLS.

Barlow's Indigo Blue!

TO FARMERS.

Any farmer who will send his name in full, number of lot, concession, Township and Post Office address, will receive free of cost a copy of a magnificent treatise on diseases of the Horse.

500,000 WALL PAPER.

ELEGANT SCRAP PICTURES.

Purchased at Auction, SELLING OFF VERY CHEAP.

THIRTY ASSORTED PICTURES FOR 25 CENTS.

ALL NEW AND ELEGANT DESIGNS, the highest achievement of art; or 185 for ONE DOLLAR.

D. W. LEE & CO., 219 S. Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

RUPTURE.

Cure without operation of the injury first inflicted by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method.

SANITARY NOTICE.

We have just completed the fitting up in our Show Rooms, the latest Improved SANITARY WARE, including...

McKENNAN & FRYER.

EVERYONE SATISFIED!

JACOBS OIL.

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TO FARMERS.

Any farmer who will send his name in full, number of lot, concession, Township and Post Office address, will receive free of cost a copy of a magnificent treatise on diseases of the Horse.

500,000 WALL PAPER.

ELEGANT SCRAP PICTURES.

Purchased at Auction, SELLING OFF VERY CHEAP.

THIRTY ASSORTED PICTURES FOR 25 CENTS.

ALL NEW AND ELEGANT DESIGNS, the highest achievement of art; or 185 for ONE DOLLAR.

D. W. LEE & CO., 219 S. Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

RUPTURE.

Cure without operation of the injury first inflicted by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method.

SANITARY NOTICE.

We have just completed the fitting up in our Show Rooms, the latest Improved SANITARY WARE, including...

McKENNAN & FRYER.

EVERYONE SATISFIED!

JACOBS OIL.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM.

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering.

Employment for Ladies.

The Queen City Superior Company of Cincinnati are now manufacturing and introducing their new Sewing Machine for Ladies and Children...

FREE TO ALL!

One of our best and most popular... 15-cent bottle...

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WALL PAPER.

250,000 ROLLS!

ENGLISH, FRENCH AND AMERICAN. Don't be fooled by advertising gloss as to largest and widest patterns. We have all kinds at all prices.

The Old Stand, 206 Dundas St., GREER & WIGMORE.

FOR SALE!

BOUND COPIES OF THE HARP.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR.

Volumes 3, 4, 5 and 6, neatly bound in cloth, \$1 each.

J. GILLIES, 225 ST. MARTIN ST., MONTREAL.

THE ENGLISH SAVINGS CO.

ENGLISH LOAN CO. BUILDING, North-east Corner of Dundas and Talbot Streets, LONDON, ONTARIO.

5 & 5 1/2 PER CENT PER ANNUM ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

OFFICE HOURS, 9 TO 5. HON. A. VIDAL, Senator, President, D. J. CAMPBELL, Manager.

OPIMUM MORPHINE CURED.

THOUSANDS OF SUFFERERS CURED IN 20 DAYS.

Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

TO BUILD RS.

The subscriber has on hand a large quantity of Bridge and Double stone, from 10 to 12 inch that can be furnished at once.

Apply to MR. A. HARRISON, St. Mary's, Ont. 182-1w.

TELEGRAPH LINES.

SELKIRK TO EDMONTON.

NOTICE.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to Noon on WEDNESDAY, the 17th day of May next, in a lamp sum, for the purchase of the Government Telegraph Line embracing the Poles, Wires, Insulators and Instruments, between Selkirk and Edmonton.

The conditions to be that a line of telegraph communication is to be kept up between Winnipeg, Humboldt, Buffalo and Edmonton, and that Government messages be transmitted free of charge.

The parties tendering must name, in addition to the lamp sum they are prepared to give for the telegraph line, the maximum rate of charge for the transmission of messages to the public.

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 15th April, 1882. 185-4w.

OTTAWA RIVER.

Grenville and St. Anne Canals.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Timber for Lock Gates," will be received at this office until 12 o'clock on the Eastern day of MAY next, for the furnishing and delivering, on or before the 1st day of October, 1882, of Oak and Pine Timber, sawn to the dimensions required for the construction of Lock Gates for the new Locks at Grenville, Point, Grenville Canal, and the new Lock at St. Anne, Ottawa River.

The timber must be of the qualities described, and of the dimensions stated on a printed bill which will be supplied on application, personally or by letter, at this office, where forms of tenders can also be obtained.

No payment will be made on the timber until it has been delivered at the place required on the contract, and until it has been examined and approved by an officer detailed to that service.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that an accepted bank check for the sum of \$200 must accompany every tender, which shall be forfeited if no contract for supplying the timber is entered into on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

The undersigned does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 15th April, 1882. 185-3w.

THOMAS D. EGAN,

NEW YORK CATHOLIC AGENCY

33 Barclay St. and 38 Park Place.

NEW YORK.

THIS AGENCY was established in 1875, for the purpose of acting as the Agent of any person wishing to save time, money and extra expenses.

As your AGENT, it will purchase any kind of goods you may want.

As your AGENT, it will execute any business or look after any private matter needing careful personal or confidential attention.

This Agency is so thoroughly well known to the wholesale dealers and manufacturers in this city and the United States, that it can guarantee entire satisfaction to its patrons.

WANTED.

A CATHOLIC MAN of good business disposition and steady habits. Must travel considerable distances in section in which he resides. Apply with references, to BEN ZIGLER BROTHERS, 31 Broadway, N. Y. [1887]

MENELEY BELL FOUNDRY.

Favorably known to the public since 1836, Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm and other bells, also Castles and Towers.

MENELEY & CO. WEST TROY, N. Y.

Written for the "Record." To Our Blessed Mother in the Month of May.

Oh Mother Mary! pure and mild, How oft have I thy orning child, From virtue's path been led astray...

LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

Ireland. Earl Spencer, the new Lord Lieutenant, starts for Dublin at the end of this week, but will not make an official visit until the middle of May...

Changes the Current of a Dissolute Life—How an Eminent Preacher was Saved in His Youth.

The distinguished orator, Father Strasslacher, of the Society of Jesus, in one of his recent sermons, related the following touching incident:

A DYING MOTHER'S LOOK. A mother, in the midst of her grief, placed in chains and condemned to the horrors of a criminal prison...

UTTER A WORD. Not a sound escaped her pallid lips, but for a long, long time she gazed earnestly with a firm and penetrating gaze...

A FLUCTUATING CHURCH MEMBER. One day in the years ago a stranger arrived in Dearborn, in this county, and inquired for a citizen commonly known as Uncle Ike...

arrived. She is said to have been very aged in appearance, and that she had lived for many months, and to have preserved none of the traces of her former beauty...

Arthur, May 1.—Between one and two o'clock Sunday morning a fire broke out in the residence of Andrew Murray, residing about a mile from Arthur village...

Andrew Murray and his wife, who were so severely injured at the burning of their house at Arthur on Sunday last, have since died. The youngest surviving child is not expected to recover.

At the Stratford Assizes, on Wednesday, an interesting case was tried—Smith vs. Kennedy. The plaintiff, Mrs. Mary Ann Smith, brought an action against the firm of James Kennedy & Son, hotel-keepers in St. Mary's...

Ottawa, May 4.—Yesterday afternoon a man named John Charlois, accompanied by two of his children, attempted to cross a lake in the vicinity of the city...

The distinguished orator, Father Strasslacher, of the Society of Jesus, in one of his recent sermons, related the following touching incident:

It might help both priest and sick, if the messenger were posted at least some little about the disease, condition, and danger of the patient. Ask him what doctor is in attendance...

It would have increased his danger if the priest had been warned and the patient's soul freed by a good confession from the stains that beset it...

Does the patient reject all food and drink on account of his stomach not being able to retain them, or plainly, does he throw up what he eats or drinks?

should think how near you are to our dear Lord and make in silence acts of love and adoration and not the priest with frivolous questions, and make attempts to draw him into conversation...

LOCAL NEWS. The new pumps for the waterworks weigh six tons and were shipped the other day from Kelley's Mill works.

On Monday morning of last week, a young son of Mr. Burgess Howay, corner of Maitland and Dundas street was sitting beside a large Royal coal stove when without any warning the stove fell on him, burning him frightfully and crushing the little fellow almost to death.

There is often some trouble and dissatisfaction among people who are sick, and prostrate a member of the family, and services of the priest are required. It arises for the most part from ignorance of the case.

On Wednesday, April 26th, at the Church of the Sacred Heart, the Rev. Fr. Cusack, assisted by the Rev. Fr. Cusack, Miss Jennie Payne to John W. Conroy, both of London, Ontario.

THE LAWRENCE CATHOLIC HERALD errs, according to the say of the Cincinnati Telegraph, in saying that Monsignor Pappele is a resident of Toronto...

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ESPOSIZIONE MUSICALE IN MILANO. Palazzo Del R. Conservatorio. AT THE GREAT ITALIAN MUSICAL EXPOSITION. 1881.

THE GRAND SILVER MEDAL. being the only highest award in this department was conferred upon the MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS.

COMMERCIAL. London Markets. Wheat, Spring, 100 lbs. \$2.00 to 2.25. Barley, 100 lbs. 1.00 to 1.25.

Montreal Market. FLOUR—Receipts, 2,200 barrels sales, Market quiet, unchanged. Quotations are as follows:

WEDNESDAY, 17TH MAY, 1882. For the delivery of the following quantities of coal in the Province of Ontario...

TO LADIES ONLY! We will send 1 beautiful silver-plated Factor Knife, 1 beautiful silver-plated Sugar Shell Fork, 1 beautiful silver-plated Spoon...

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