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The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—BALMEZ.

Vol. II.—No. 11.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1894.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

The most important debate in the Local House was that on the budget, which was presented on the 8th instant by the Provincial Treasurer, the Hon. Richard Harcourt, in a lengthy but clear and forcible speech. Interest receipts from the Dominion amounting to \$300,000, the subsidy and special grant of \$1,196,000 are regular sources of income. From Crown lands the unusual sum of \$1,828,550 was received last year. Public institutions also contributed, while from the Educational Department \$17,000 was received. Licenses were slightly under the previous year in number and amount—which fact, in conjunction with the careful carrying out of the law, has brought about "a marked and businesslike abatement of the evils of the liquor trade."

Turning to the other side of the account Mr. Harcourt reviewed the various items of expenditure, such as the Educational Department, public institutions, Railway aid. He was glad to announce that these expenditures had been kept below the estimate, so that the total ordinary expenditure last year was \$8,871,748. With a further review upon the special assets and liabilities of the Province the Treasurer congratulated the House and the Province upon the satisfactory state of its finances, and the economical and successful way in which his chief, Sir Oliver Mowat, had administered the affairs of Ontario for twenty-two years. That things are satisfactory may be judged by the not unfavorable criticism which the budget received at the hands of the Opposition and the Press. Although it is claimed that we are within hailing distance of direct taxation, very little real ground of complaint was found with the very able and fair statement.

The British Parliament reassembled on the 12th instant. Her Majesty's speech, the shortest on record, simply canvassed the unfinished business of the Gladstonian programme. Casting a hurried glance at the relations with Prussia in regard to the settlement of a frontier question in Central Asia, and with the United States for the purpose of executing the award in the Behring Sea questions, Britain is quite satisfied. Even the collisions which have lately taken place between the French and Colonial forces in West Africa are to be examined as to their causes with a dignity befitting two great nations.

The following is the Queen's message to the House of Commons:

Gentlemen of the House of Commons.

The estimates for the public service for the year will be laid before you. They will be found to make full and adequate provision for the defence of the Empire. The

recent improvement in the state of Ireland has been continuous and marked. Agrarian crime has been reduced under the administration of ordinary law to the lowest point reached in the last 15 years. The condition however of a considerable body of evicted tenants requires early attention. A measure will be submitted to you with the view of a reasonable settlement of a question deeply affecting the well being of Ireland.

Bills will be submitted to you for the amendment of registration laws and the abolition of plural voting in parliamentary elections, and measures dealing with the ecclesiastical establishment in Wales and Scotland will also be submitted.

There will also be presented to you bills with the object of equalization of rates in London, the establishment of a system of local government in Scotland on the same basis as that recently accorded to England and Wales and the exercise of direct local control over the liquor traffic. You will also be asked to consider measures for the conciliation of labor disputes, the amendment of the factory and mine acts and reforming the present method of conducting inquiries concerning fatal accidents in Scotland. Upon all your labors and deliberations I humbly implore the blessing and guidance of Almighty God.

If Her Majesty left her Irish subjects in doubt, Lord Rosebery's speech at a meeting of the Liberal leaders fills them with hope and restores their confidence. Everything is to go on as usual. There will be no change of measures, but only of men. "The Cabinet had no intention of receding from the policy they pursued at the last session. The honor of England was safe in their hands."

"Regarding the group of Irish questions the party were bound by every tie of honor to continue Mr. Gladstone's policy. It would be affectation to deny that his (Rosebery's) speech in the House of Lords had raised doubts as to his position on the question, but his critics must have read the speech in a very cursory way if they imagined that he designed to depart from a full acceptance of the Liberal policy. If there were any doubts on that point they ought to be set at rest by Mr. Morley's decision to remain in the Irish office."

The closing festivities and religious services of the Holy Father's Jubilee year took place on the 18th of February. On the morning of this date, Rome seemed to be all excitement. From an early hour an unending stream of carriages and foot passengers were hastening to St. Peter's to witness the Mass which Leo XIII. was to celebrate in thanksgiving for his Episcopal Jubilee. At an early hour the Piazza di San Pietro was crowded with anxious people, while the gates of the Basilica were besieged by persons wishing to secure tickets of admission. From the windows of the houses hung gay bunting of red and yellow. "The interior of the Basilica," says the Roman correspondent of the *Irish Catholic*, "was draped in red curtains and divided off into various tribunals so as to facilitate the maintenance of perfect order in so large an assembly." In a special tribune erected at the altar of the chair of St.

Peter, and before the statue of St. Longinus, were the members of the Pecci family, the noble ecclesiastics, and the *Camerieri Segreti* of his Holiness.

The tomb of the apostles was decorated magnificently for this occasion. It was surrounded by hundreds of candles and lamps. The steps leading to the Confession "were hidden beneath a multitude of festoons and flowers, which were the gift of several Roman Princes." To continue the above correspondent's description. "At 9 a.m. the Chapter, Clergy, and Seminary of the Vatican, headed by Cardinal Riccio, proceeded to the side door to meet his Holiness. At 9.15 the Noble Guards took their station around the Papal Altar. At 9.30 the Sovereign Pontiff, clad in a white chasuble, richly wrought in gold, the gift of the Roman ladies in 1888, wearing the precious mitre, the gift of the Noble Guard, entered from the Vatican. From the Loggia opposite the silver trumpets pealed the triumphal march of Longhi, which it is customary to play when the Pontiff enters the Basilica. Only one or two notes of the march were audible, for immediately the Pontiff was seen, the entire temple rang with deafening applause. Slowly the majestic figure of the aged Pontiff approached the Papal altar. It seemed as if the *sedes gestatoria* was moving over a sea of waving kerchiefs. His Holiness turned to the right and to the left, and bestowed his blessing to all the various societies and associations standing around their respective banners."

The Mass of the Holy Father began at 10 a.m., the Papal choir intoned the *Jubilato Deo, omnis terra*. There was "scarcely a sound heard throughout the immense Basilica during the Mass. At the moment of the Elevation, when the Vicar of Christ raised aloft the Sacred Host, the silver trumpets high up in the dome pealed forth the soul-stirring *Armonia reynesca* of Count Silveri, himself a member of the Noble Guard." After the Mass, while the Holy Father was making his thanksgiving, a choir of one hundred voices executed the *Oremus pro Pontifice*, which had a grand effect. After retiring for a few minutes to receive a little refreshment, the Holy Father returned, and intoned the *Te Deum* in a loud voice. "The verses were at once taken up by all present, and with marvelous unison the Catholic world poured forth the hymn of praise in thanksgiving for the glory conferred upon the Church Militant in the person of its Visible Head."

In the evening the Piazza of St. Peter and the facade of the Basilica were grandly illuminated, thousands of lamps blazed upon the roof of the

immense colonade. The dome alone, which has not been lighted since 70, remained in darkness.

On Saturday, February the 24th ult., the eleventh Italian Catholic Congress was brought to a close. The speech of his Eminence the Cardinal Vicar was said to be the best of the evening, and was on that burning question of the day which the whole world is endeavoring to solve, the "Social Question." His Eminence said. "This question is the most important question of the day—a question which has superseded all political questions. Those who turn their attention away from this question to the exclusive consideration of political questions are like those who, amid the songs and gaiety of the populace, would close their ear to the threatening rumbling of Etna. Christian charity can alone solve the social question, something more is required than side-fire philanthropists great at the pen."

On the 20th of February, the Italian Parliament was opened. The number of visitors had been purposely limited, to avoid any unseemly demonstration. The exposition of the state of finances was read and showed a deficit for the current year of 177,000,000 francs.

Ellsworth, a town in Maine, U. S., is notorious for its know-nothing conduct in 1854. The Catholic children were turned out of the public schools; the Catholic church was burned down; and finally a gentle and laborious Jesuit Father, John Bapst, was tarred and feathered. This hateful spirit still lives in Ellsworth, but is more cowardly now than it was forty years ago. On Sunday March 4th last, when the Rev. Thomas F. Butler, rector of St. Joseph's church in this ill-famed town went to celebrate Mass, he found the entrance obstructed with a great cross draped with canvas, and thoroughly tarred and feathered. It was surmounted with a skull and crossbones on a placard bearing the inscription: "Butler's doctrine: Heathenism, atheism and infidelism."

The Protestant portion of Ellsworth seem to be fond of tar and feathers. Not long before this last dastardly act an effigy tarred and feathered, and bearing Father Butler's name, was found hanging on a tree near his house.

A Council of the A.P.A.'s in Toledo, O., is said to be split in two factions, "each with knives drawn against the other." The cause is a suit brought by the gun-dealer who supplied the members with ammunition, for the rising against the Catholics. "So bitter is the feeling," says an exchange, "between the factions that the disruption of the council is almost certain. At least the political influence of the society is destroyed."

"POLITICAL RELIGIONISM"
And the P. P. A.

To the Editor of the Catholic Register.

DEAR SIR I have waited a long time—too long for one better qualified than I feel myself to be, to criticize Col. O'Brien's reply to Mr. Edgar's letter on the P. P. A. which appeared in the *Mail* of Dec. 13, 1893. But no one seems to consider the gallant Colonel as a "foeman worthy of his steel." It might have been the time was so near Christmas, season of peace and good will, that none wished to harbor ill-feeling for one who if he could not cut deep tried to cut broad by slashing and dashing in all directions. Col. O'Brien should not be allowed to say anything and everything he pleases against Catholics without our having an answer to give. With this idea, I come forward and venture to offer a brief reply to his violent attack upon our Church and people, and show that Ignorance is the root of the defamation and Prejudice its fruit.

Col. O'Brien admits that politicians holding the most adverse views write in denunciation of the P.P.A., but attributes to these critics of the P.P.A. motives unworthy of honorable men. He accuses them of lack of patriotism, philanthropy and toleration. What right has he to cast stones? What about the third political party founded by the champion of unequal rights? The lack of patriotism, philanthropy and toleration—especially the last—is surely met by the *Tu quoque* argument. In his reply to what was a most manly and patriotic arraignment of a band of conspirators, Col. O'Brien has given free expression to his bigotry and hatred of Catholicism. It is a noted fact that Protestants with Irish Catholic names are usually more bitter and malignant against the religion of their forefathers. This champion whose name betrays his origin has insulted the Roman Catholics most outrageously, and written of them not as if the same country were common to him and to us, but as if we were Chinese, Maories or Zulus.

The letter is made up of the usual gross misrepresentations and hackneyed diatribes against the Church of Rome. Its author insolently demands the withdrawal of what he calls the "arrogant assumptions of the Encyclical." What encyclical is meant he does not explain. Does he mean the Encyclical that has been lately forged and extensively circulated by the P. P. A. in the United States, purporting to be a decree from Pope Leo XIII. ordering a general massacre of all Protestants without distinction of age or sex? This forged encyclical is a specimen of P.P.A. methods, and Col. O'Brien's argument. Seventeen Protestant ministers of Columbus, Ohio, exposed this vile conspiracy. And Col. O'Brien holds that people who use such methods, or in a word the P.P.A., can do good work by keeping down those aggressive Catholics who number only one-fifth of the population. What gallantry! What noble, generous sentiments!

Now I do not intend to be aggressive—in fact I am on the defensive. My sole object as a Catholic is self-defence against a furious enemy in an uncalled for and unprincipled agitation.

Col O'Brien asks at what period of its history has not the Church been aggressive? I ask at what period it has been aggressive. I admit that the Church of Rome has been aggressive in one sense of the word. The divine commission under which the Apostles went forth to teach all nations was to the Roman pagan aggressive: it meant encroachment upon the false divinities and the corrupted morals of the Empire. It meant more. It meant the crumbling of the Empire itself and the substitution of the Papacy in its stead. "The chair of the Fisherman stood in the very palace of the Cæsars." It

was aggression when St. Clement, who was related to Domitian, celebrated Mass in the Catacombs, and preached so eloquently, and fervently, and made so many converts that the Emperor Trajan—by no means the worst of his class—ordered him to offer incense to Jupiter or be exiled. He chose the latter, was sent to the Crimea, then the Roman Tasmania. Here he continued his work of aggression until Trajan ordered him to be drowned as a sacrifice to Neptune. There is no need of tracing that line of Supreme Pontiffs down to Leo XIII., now happily reigning—the 200th Pope from St. Peter.

To the Catholic the cardinal fact of the world's history is the birth and death of Christ—the Founder of a spiritual kingdom, an abiding Institute, as palpable and organic fact. The Church of Rome is not a sect, or even a church among churches. It is the Church Catholic—Universal—the pillar and ground of truth. It teaches as did its Master, "with authority." Without advancing any of the abundant proof there is for this stand which the Church takes, and rightly, let me discuss a portion of English history.

From the time of Elizabeth down to 1778, a period of two hundred years, millions of Catholics suffered persecution, cruel, bloody and continual. A brief respite occurred during James the Second's reign, who suspended the penal laws and granted liberty of conscience to all his subjects. This toleration cost James his crown, and placed the Dutch Stadholder, William, upon the throne. Cardinal Manning says England did not apostatize: she was robbed of her faith. Cardinal Newman thus describes the process. "Protestantism was established by law in the widest sense of the word, it was forced upon all persons in station or office under sanction of an oath. Catholics were put under crushing laws. Priests for saying Mass were imprisoned for life: if a foreign priest the penalty was death, and to all who harbored or assisted them the same, torture and death. No Catholic could inherit property or purchase land or keep school, or even send their children abroad to be educated under penalty of loss of life or liberty and property. Catholics could not vote at elections. If a son said he was a Protestant he could take all the property from the family. Elizabeth and her great men and her preachers killed and drove away all the Catholics they could; knocked down the remainder; and then at their leisure proved unanswerably and triumphantly the absurdity of Popery, and the heavenly beauty and perfection of Protestantism. Protestantism being taught everywhere, Protestant principles were taught with it, which are necessarily the very reverse of Catholic principles."

These are the two special daughters of the Protestant Tradition, Theory or Assumption on the one hand, and Prejudice on the other—Theory which scorns, and Prejudice which hates us. Theory lives on its own thought, but Prejudice is ever craving for food which is served up constantly, Titus Oates, Maria Monk and Jeffreys being the purveyors, and platform and pulpit speakers being the cooks. Such is popular Protestantism considered in its opposition to Catholics. Its truth is establishment by law; its faith is Prejudice; its facts are fictions, its reasonings fallacies, and its security is ignorance about those whom it is opposing. The law says that white is black; ignorance says, why not? Theory says it ought to be; Fallacy says it must be; Fiction says it is, and prejudice says it shall be."

I do not make this long quotation in any spirit of aggression, to expose their tyranny and injustice, but to prove that England was not converted,

but was robbed of her Catholicity by violence. It is but just to state that Catholics at the present time enjoy freedom of worship in England.

That clever cynical Jew, Isaac D'Israeli, gives a peculiar view of the great cause of religious persecutions. He says. "The subject of political religionism is as nice as it is curious. Politics have been so cunningly worked into the cause of religion that the parties themselves will never be able to separate them. An impenetrable mystery surrounds the conduct of men who profess to be guided by the gentle code of Jesus, but try them by a human standard, treat them as politicians and, the motives once discovered, the actions are understood." If we apply this test to the course taken by Queen Elizabeth who had no religious convictions, the desire to reign at any cost being her ruling passion, we should discover the secret motive which actuated her and the powerful and eminent men who supported her, was really a political one. In further support of D'Israeli's theory the fact that in 1778 when the Americans unfurled the Standard of Independence thereby setting an example of courage to all oppressed people, there took place a great relaxation of the penal code. Within fifty years Catholics could breathe their native air in freedom and safety. Thus fear quickly obtained what was denied for two hundred years to the pleading of justice and humanity.

The Catholic Church is accused of aggression. Be it not forgotten that Protestantism of the 16th century was an innovation, an encroachment, an aggression upon a constituted order of things which had existed for ages, and which was vitally connected with every fibre of the social system. Ranko says, "The questions which Protestantism affected were not merely ecclesiastical but on account of the connection between Church and State upon which the whole system rested in the highest degree political also."

Judging from these premises political religionism is the main spring of the P.P.A. conspiracy. This conspiracy is formed to curtail as much as possible the rights of Roman Catholics both civil and religious, to force upon them the system of Godless schools which are proving a curse wherever they are instituted to the poorer classes especially. They are seats of atheism and infidelity and also anarchism. It is of such that the old Duke of Wellington spoke when he said, "Education without religion makes men clever devils." Though we are only one-fifth of the population of Ontario the P. P. A. will not succeed for as the prophet Elishus said, "There are more with us than with them." This P. P. A. is like the wolf in the fable, always accusing the poor lamb of disturbing the water, of slander or something, and all for an excuse for drowning the lamb. I think what Pope wrote in "Ethical Epistles" on the monument of London, Eng. is most applicable to the newspaper articles of the P.P.A. and the whole cabal of their aiders, abettors, etc. The inscription on the Pillar accuses the "Popish Faction" of causing the great fire of London in 1666 which destroyed 13,000 houses. Pope says of the Pillar, "Like a tall bully it lifts its head and lies." The Bargains that trouble Col. O'Brien is that "Quebec Act" which was passed by the British Parliament at the time of the revolutionary war when the descendants of the Pioneers of New France demanded the fulfilment of British pledges. I must ask Col. O'Brien to call to mind a period prior to that date, when another bargain was made by the British Crown. As Festus said to St. Paul "Thou hast appealed to Cæsar and to Cæsar thou shalt go." From 1534 when Jacques Cartier planted the cross at Gaspe in the name of France down to the time when

Canada was ceded to Great Britain by the Treaty of Paris, Canada belonged to France. In 1608 Samuel de Champlain founded the city of Quebec. In 1612 Montreal was founded for the propagation of the Catholic faith in Canada. The Right Rev. Francois de Laval was appointed Vicar Apostolic of New France. By the Treaty of Paris it was stipulated. 1st. That the French Canadians should be allowed the full and free exercise of their religion, 2nd. Should be governed by their own laws; 3rd. That they should not be dispossessed of any of their property. This Treaty solemnly signed and sealed was dishonorably broken by George III., who issued a proclamation abolishing French laws and substituting those of Great Britain. Even the iniquitous Test Oath adjuring the principal dogmas of the Catholic religion was forced upon this country. This oath of course excluded Catholics from office and from a seat in the Assembly though they were as 150 Catholics to one Protestant. George III. in breaking the Treaty of Paris followed the example of William III. who in 1691 signed the Treaty of Limerick after the surrender of Gen. Sarsfield. This treaty guaranteed complete civil and religious liberty to Irish Catholics, but before the year was passed William basely permitted it to be broken by his government: and the Penal Laws cruelly enforced. This breaking of treaties with Catholics seems to be a pet foible of the British Government. The French Canadians suffered for nearly 14 years under the arbitrary laws of Great Britain when in 1774 the political exigencies of the time induced the Crown to come to terms and make the bargain fearing that the oppressed Canadians would join in the rebellion of the American colonies. The British Government passed the Quebec Act, which confirmed the rights and privileges guaranteed the French Catholics by the Treaty of Paris 1663, and which had been violated. The Quebec Act exempted them from the execrable Test Act, provided for the maintenance of the Catholic clergy, restored the old civil law allowing English law in criminal cases and established a Legislative Council. This Act conciliated the French Canadians, so that they rejected all overtures of the Americans and refused all appeals to join in the rebellion and bravely resisted the American's attempt to conquer Canada. Had not Britain made the *Bargain* it is probable that Canada would have become a part of the neighbouring Republic. But other acts of robbery and tyranny on the part of British emissaries have been until recently without redress. In 1800 the whole property of the Jesuit Order in Quebec was confiscated to the Crown, thus infringing on the provisions of the Quebec Act. In 1776 the Jesuit Colleges were converted into barracks. In 1806 Solicitor-General Sewell attempted to give the Catholic parishes to Protestants, but the Roman Catholic Bishop Plessis was firm and determined and showed the Government the impudence of making any further breaches in the Quebec Act. When the Act of Legislative Union was passed in 1840 the French Canadians justly complained, that after paying off their own public debt they were forced to assist in paying off that of the Upper Province. These historical facts prove clearly that it is Protestant ascendancy which has been the aggressors in this country as well as in Great Britain and Ireland. The Catholic Church is only aggressive in matters of Faith and conscience, through obedience to the voice of God, "magna est veritas et prevalebit." To the liberal-minded Protestant I address these words. Read the Catholic side of the question, "audi alteram partem." You have heard a little of it now.

PETRONILLA.

THE LATE MGR. AGOSTI.

Tragic Death of the Venerable Prelate

The Passionist Fathers in the United States, says the Philadelphia *Times*, were the recipients a few weeks ago of the usual mortuary notice sent to the different houses of their order on the death of one of its members. In this instance it was the decease of the Right Rev. Hypolyte Agosti, D.D., that was announced, but it was not until very recently that the dreadful details attending it came to hand. These we now proceed to lay before our readers in the form of a letter addressed from Lumburg to the Cologno *Volkzeitung*, as follows:

"A little while ago the news reached your informant of the death of the resident Bishop of Rustschuk, Bulgaria, Monsignor Hypolyte Agosti, of the Passionist Order. I was well acquainted with the illustrious deceased, often spent some time with him and visited him while he was still a simple missionary priest at Rustschuk. The account of his early demise caused me sincere grief, which, however, was soon to be increased tenfold by the further sad intelligence that his end was a violent one, brought about by members of his own flock. The letter conveying these facts states that while the Bishop was stopping temporarily at Bellina, where he was engaged in the performance of episcopal duty, a number of Catholic peasants forced an entrance into his residence and beat him so horribly that the blood burst from his nose, mouth, eyes and ears, and even from beneath the nails of his hands and feet. In this awful condition did these human fiends leave their august victim, more dead than alive, for three entire days, keeping guard meanwhile over his mangled body and refusing to let any one approach him. Not even was a priest permitted to minister the last sacraments to the dying Bishop.

"When finally the end came his murderers threw his body into a cart, covered it with straw and conveyed it in this disgraceful manner to Rustschuk. Here the sacred remains of the martyred prelate were interred with due solemnity, the Bishop of Sosia performing the funeral obsequies both at this place and at Bucharest. The civil authorities of Rustschuk, where Mgr. Agosti was universally beloved, are now about to institute legal proceedings against those of Bellina on account of this deed of blood. The Bishop had gone to the last named place for the purpose of calming, if possible, the excited spirits of some of his diocesans there, in order that the church of the place, which had been closed for a long time, might be opened to the faithful during the approaching holy days of Christmastide. Before starting on this mission of mercy and peace loving friends warned him of the danger to which he was about to expose himself, but his only reply was the touching words of his Divine Master: 'The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep.' And the prediction was verified in him to the letter.

"In order to have a better understanding of the dreadful events of which we have just heard, I shall add the following. The diocese of Nicopolis, over which the deceased presided, is subject immediately to the Holy See and embraces the so-called 'Danube-Bulgarian tract,' or, in other words, that portion of Bulgaria which lies between the Balkan chain and the Danube. Territorially this is a very great stretch of country, but the Catholic population is exceedingly sparse and the dearth of priests correspondingly great. Aside from Rustschuk, where within recent date a priest has been stationed for the especial needs of immigrants, who are largely of German extraction, Catholic parishes are to be found only in the four villages in the vicinity of

Nicopolis, viz.: Bellina, Orescht, Ladsolin and Transchiwitz, where for centuries back a number of native Bulgarians have remained faithful to the Roman Catholic Church without any one being able to account definitely for this remarkable fact. They belong to the Latin rite and were formerly under the care of the Franciscans, but are now attended by the Passionists. In Nicopolis itself, an ancient city on the Danube, there is no Catholic congregation. The four villages just mentioned constitute the entire diocese, with the episcopal see at Nicopolis. From the time in which the bishops of this title became also administrators of Wallachia, namely, at the commencement of the present century, they were accustomed to reside in the village of Ciopla, adjacent to Bucharest. But when in the beginning of the eighties an archiepiscopal see was erected at Bucharest, with a suffragan see at Jassy, the then titular Bishop of Nicopolis, Mgr. Paoli, C.P., was obliged to resign that diocese, whereupon the subject of this memoir, Mgr. Hypolyte Agosti, a Passionist missionary priest at Rustschuk, was made its bishop.

"He established his residence in the same village, so lately the scene of his humble labors for the good of souls. The above named villages have from time immemorial been the theatre of religious insubordination and rebellion against ecclesiastical authority, whether vested in priests or bishops, a thing which cannot be understood when viewed side by side with the otherwise firm faith, stubborn adherence to the Church and devoted attachment to traditional religious observances for which their Catholic inhabitants are noted, unless one is well acquainted with their peculiar character, habits of life and their way of looking at religious matters. In this connection, too, the panslavistic agitation carried on by Russia must not be lost sight of. Innumerable times have deeds of violence occurred, even if not so deplorable in their nature as that which we have just chronicled.

"Not long ago, for instance, I met two Passionist Fathers who (one of them dragged from a sick bed on the occasion) were unceremoniously hustled into a wagon by some of the placid lambs of the gentle (I) flock and driven to the banks of the Danube, with the parting injunction to take shipping and return no more. Oftentimes, even while under Turkish domination, was it found necessary to call in the aid of the secular power to suppress uprisings of disaffected members of the several congregations referred to and to bring the frenzied masses to their senses. On this one point alone volumes could be written. In great part these outbreaks are due to a species of matrimonial alliances that are peculiar to those localities. It is a custom namely for fathers to dispose of their daughters in marriage after the fashion of the Turks, viz.: without consulting their wishes in the least. This irregular mode of proceeding, so utterly at variance with the faith they profess, is strenuously resisted by the clergy, who are often compelled to invoke the intervention of the civil authority to prevent it and to insure entire freedom of choice on the part of the young women in so weighty and sacred a matter—of vast importance to the weal of society no less than to that of religion.

"As an example I may mention that in the year 1855, at the instance of the Governor, Omer Pasha, fourteen fathers of families were incarcerated at Sistowa, while fourteen marriages which they had severally unreasonably opposed were duly celebrated and blessed. Whether such a course of action, with the attending circumstances as just described, is prudent may be doubted. At least it is an open question whether the interests of

souls would not be better subserved by a relaxation of rigorous religious observances that have been introduced into these parishes, which are maintained with unrelenting precision and far exceed the requirements of Holy Church, or whether the same interests would not be more effectually promoted by turning these wasted energies to the proper education of the rising generation in religious forms that ingrained use and custom have rendered unacceptable to their elders.

"After the sad event which I have just communicated to you it seems that fresh outbreaks like those related above have occurred in Bellina in consequence of which the church has been placed under an interdiction. In his apostolic zeal to bring the erring back to a sense of duty this good shepherd, Mgr. Agosti, laid down his life for his sheep, and what is saddest of all is that his own sheep took it from him. May the tragic death which he met with in the very prime of life be the forerunner of a new and better era; his blood the seed of a more fruitful harvest. May it serve as a proof of the sickly condition of Europe-Oriental missions and of the crying need there is of a thoroughgoing reform in their government and administration." * * *

The Adopted Kitten.

One evening, toward the close of the war, while Union soldiers lay in camp on a hillside near the Staunton River, the cry of "Halt! who goes there?" from a sentry started every lounging to his feet, and several of the mere curious ran to the guard-line to find out what the trouble was. A minute later, all knew that the night visitor who had been challenged was no enemy. A little girl, about ten years of age, holding a little white kitten, came forward into the light of the fires, conducted by two soldiers who looked as proud as if they were escorting a queen.

The whole regiment gathered, including the colonel himself, to look at the child and hear her tell her story. A very short story it was—scarcely a paragraph; but there was matter enough in it for a full chapter. She lived near by with her father, who was sick and poor; and they were Northerners, she said, and "Union folks." Her mother was dead, and her brother had been killed while fighting in the Federal army. She "wanted to give something," and when Union soldiers came she thought she would bring her pet kitten and present it to the colonel.

The colonel took the little girl in his arms and kissed her, and her kitten too, and he was not a bit ashamed of his weakness. He accepted the kitten with thanks; and its innocent donor was gallantly waited on to her humble home, loaded with generous contributions.

The white kitten was adopted by the regiment, but was considered the property and special pet of the colonel; and when the war was over he took it home with him. Like the white lamb that stayed and fed with the victors after the battle of Antietam, the little creature was a daily inspiration to better feelings and thoughts in the presence of all that is worst—a living flag of truce gleaming among the thunder-clouds of human passion and strife.—*Harper's Young People.*

Benziger's Catholic Home Annual, 1894.

We have just received a supply of this very popular annual. It contains the usual good things in the shape of stories, poems, historical and biographical sketches, and plenty of pretty, interesting pictures. Price by mail 25c., in stamps or scrip. Address, CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO., LTD., Toronto, Ont.

Died, on Feb. 6, after a brief illness, Mrs. O'Dowd, aged 71 years, the beloved wife of Mr. Thos. O'Dowd, merchant, Kilrushelghor, Templeboy. Deceased is deeply and deservedly regretted by a large circle of sorrowing friends.

The Life of a Siberian Priest.

A most interesting and truly touching account of the hardships and dangers encountered by the Catholics who are doing the work of the Apostles in Siberia is given in the *Month* for December, 1893. The materials for this story of courage, zeal and self-sacrifice are taken chiefly from letters written to his mother by Father Valerian Giromadaki, one of the most zealous of the toilers in this desolate portion of God's vineyard.

Though much has been written of late years about that vast portion of the Russian Empire, yet very few people realized its enormous size. Its provinces are each larger than the largest kingdom in Europe, yet there are only eleven priests to minister to the spiritual needs of the thirty or forty thousand Catholics, nearly all Poles, scattered throughout these huge provinces, and their ecclesiastical superior, the metropolitan bishop of Mohylewaki, resides at St. Petersburg, which is between thirteen and fourteen hundred miles off. The parishes are enormous in extent; that of Tomsk, for example, covers an area of 38,186 square miles, another takes in a territory of 46,708 square miles, and so of the rest. These figures may help one to form some idea of the difficulties of parish priests in Siberia. Moreover, the expenses incurred for the long journeys involved in pastoral visits must be borne by the priests themselves in most cases, as the Russian Government allows nothing for such expenses unless Government troops are quartered in the mission, and the people who send for the priests are seldom able to furnish means themselves.

Then these Apostolic workmen have to contend not only with daily risk of life from cold, hunger, floods and wild beasts, but the greatest danger is met in the hospitals and prisons, where typhus fever is always raging and which have been described, even by the Government officials, as "places not fit for dogs." Again on account of the great distance of the priests from their Bishop, it is impossible to obtain dispensations when they are required, and there is no one to administer Confirmation, so that many Catholics live and die without the sacraments. The poor priests carry all the burden of responsibility without any advice help or support from their chief pastor. No one can read the letters in the *Month*, without realizing that the words of the Apostle are verified in the case of those devoted priests: "In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils in the wilderness . . . in labor and painfulness, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness, besides these things which are without, the care of all the churches." (II. Cor., ix, 26, 28.) The whole article is a strong appeal to the hearts of all Catholics for help in urgent need.

DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION.—C. W. Snow & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "Please send us ten gross of Pills. We are selling more of Parmelee's Pills than any other Pill we keep. They have a great reputation for the cure of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint." Mr. Chas. A. Smith, Lindsay, writes: "Parmelee's Pills are an excellent medicine. My sister has been troubled with severe headache, but these pills have cured her."

A Simple way to help Poor Catholic Missions. Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. M. Barral, Hammonon, New Jersey. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammonon Missions.

With sincere regret we have to announce the death on February 15th, of Mr. James Hughes, Mayor's Walk, Waterford, at a ripe old age. Mr. Hughes was one of God's noblest works—an honest man. Since boyhood he had been identified with every National movement for the advancement of his countrymen. He was an O'Connellite in '43; a follower of T. F. Meagher in '48, and gave a worthy son to the Fenian movement in '67. He joined the Home Rule under Isaac Butt, and died a firm believer in the National cause.

PANEGYRIC ON ST. PATRICK.

Sermon by Rev. J. R. Teefy, Superior of St. Michael's College.

The following sermon was delivered by the Rev. Father Teefy in St. Michael's Cathedral last Sunday evening before a very large congregation, the occasion being a special service in aid of St. Nicholas Institute. So thronged was the Cathedral that extra seats had to be placed in the aisles. The Rev. gentleman took as his text:

I have chosen you and I have appointed you that you should go and should bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain.—St. John, xv. 16.

MY DEAR BROTHERS—It is almost superfluous for me to deliver a panegyric upon our patron saint, Saint Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland. It has been done so frequently, even from this very pulpit—and done so much better than I could possibly do it. You yourselves are conversant with his life, his mighty works and the history of that noble people amongst whom he labored so long and so successfully. But, my dear brethren, I have assumed the task out of charity for the good Sisters in whose behalf we are here to-night. In their name, I thank you for your presence, and your sympathy with the good work they have in hand. I have assumed it out of love for the land of my faith and my fathers—for few themes can be dearer to a priest with Irish blood in his veins than the life and work—the abiding work of St. Patrick.

All religious festivals are occasions of deep gratitude to God, for the triumph of His grace in some chosen servant or love-abounding mystery. Like fragrant breezes from a distant seaport, they come laden with the cherished memories not only of their Saints, but of all the gifts of God which were given to us upon them. Such, for example, is the day of our first communion. It may have been upon the feast day of our Blessed Lord or His holy Mother. Back upon its return there come to us our earnest resolutions, our fervent love. Such, likewise, is the anniversary of a priest's ordination, when, with hope fulfilled and generous determination, the young Levite found himself at the foot of God's altar clad with mysterious robes, invested with tremendous power. It may have been upon Corpus Christi, or All Saints' Day, or some other festival. But ever, as the year comes round, it brings again refreshing joy and grateful praise. These are turning points in the life of the individual. There are those which are the great central events in the history of nations. Such, to Irish the world over, is the feast of St. Patrick, in whose honor we are gathered here to-night. The centuries of our people circle round it. Hundreds of noble figures crowd upon our gaze as the story of Ireland unrolls itself before us. Nobler far than the grandest is the great and glorious Bishop, St. Patrick, whose life was a model, whose name is a household word, and whose festival fills in every clime his children's souls with fondest memories, and awells their hearts with undying love for the holy faith and the dear old land. He it is whose godlike deeds have not failed; whose good things continue with his age; whose prosperity is a holy inheritance, and whose seed hath stood in the covenants. He it was who was sent by God to be the apostle of a nation, who produced the most wonderful fruit in all Christ's vineyard, and whose fruit remains to this day, the glory and the consolation of the Irish race in whatever land they may have established a home. Therefore, let the people show forth his wisdom and the Church declare his praise—a man of renown, our father in his generation. Accordingly, my dear brethren, I propose for your consideration the life and work of our patron Saint, and also the glorious abiding result of his apostolate.

St. Patrick, born of Christian parents, was of noble birth, and was surrounded by all that could make life desirable and happy. But in his sixteenth year, taken prisoner by some marauders, he was torn away from home and friends, with no eye to pity him and no heart to feel, and sold as a slave to tend cattle on the bleak mountains in the North of Ireland. Here, he says in his Confession, "here I always became strengthened in the belief, love and fear of God, and prayed at least a hundred times a day and as often during the night." Thus for seven long years did he live despised and forgotten, with nothing but Christian faith and hope to support him. But the finger of God was there, and that wisdom which reacheth from end to end mightily and ordaineth all things most sweetly. It was an unsuspected yet excellent preparation for his mission. He became inured to toil and hardship—the necessary accompaniment of his apostolate. He learned the language and character of the people. He saw what excellent Christians they would make. And when he returned to his country a passion sprang up in his soul. God spoke to him. He heard in a dream the voice of many persons from a wood near the Western sea crying out as with one voice: We entreat thee, O holy youth, to come and walk among us. "It was the Irish," says the Saint, "and I was greatly affected in my heart." So he arose, and leaving kindred and lands went to prepare himself by long study for his apostleship. Then he turned his face to Rome, the source of all jurisdic-

tion and mission in the Church; and there in Rome, St. Celestine, consecrating him first bishop of the Irish nation, sent him forth upon his noble task. He returned to the Irish shores a second time—no longer a bondman, but destined to break the net on's chains—no more the unwilling slave of men, but the willing slave of Divine love—no longer a stripling, but a man with power and jurisdiction, with spirit undaunted and mind determined, with heart and soul utterly devoted to God and the holy enterprise he was undertaking.

I ask you if the centuries do not cluster round that day when, in the old Celtic tongue, the blessed name of Jesus was first preached. It was the day when, through the childlike symbol of the shamrock, the light of the Trinity broke upon the darkened mind of a kingly court. And that simple shamrock, thenceforth and forever more, became the emblem of Ireland's faith and Ireland's patriotism. I ask you if the memories of our people do not go back to that golden hour when the saintly Patrick landed upon the Irish shore to preach peace and bring tidings of everlasting joy. We look through the rain, my dear brethren, upon heaven's arching bow—the pludge of hope to the patriarch of old. So we look through Erin's ages of sorrow to the day when the light of God first rested upon those hills and threw around the dear old land a halo of glory which has never departed, planted that faith which was our fathers' and consolation in their darkest hour, their noblest pride amidst all their humiliations, their guide amidst all their wanderings.

There was a something in that old Celtic people of Ireland that made the Gospel produce fruit a hundred fold. There was a bravery and a fixedness of purpose which nothing could shake. That race possessed a natural nobleness, keenness of intellect, an admiration of purity, a simplicity, a reverence for things sacred, a tenderness and affectionateness of heart, qualities of soul which would become the glorious instruments of God's holy will when illumined with the light of His supernatural gift. The institutions and civilization of that people encouraged and hastened the spread of Catholic truth. No Roman praetor was there to turn the arrows of his mercenaries against the apostle. No Roman sophistry was taught to corrupt the mind; no Roman effeminacy was practiced to paralyze the pure teaching of the Gospel. Druidism of the highest form, with its mystic rites, pervaded the land. Superstitions of various kinds, indeed, were there, but none of a demoralizing character, none involving marks of cruelty or lust. No obscene emblems confronted the apostle, but festivity and song and deep affection for kindred. Their form of government, clanish, closely resembled the patriarchal government of the Church. Thus did Almighty God determine to unite what was beautiful in nature with what was fair in grace. Therefore did He bring our forefathers into His light that they should be His people and He should be their God.

It is an old story and familiar, and I need hardly repeat it, that life of St. Patrick as an apostle. You know, my brethren, as well as I do, how Erin welcomed him, how she took the word from his lips and put it into the heart and blood and life of her children. You know how he journeyed through the length and breadth of the land; how grace was poured abroad from his lips, and virtue went forth from him; how he scattered broadcast the seed of faith and prayer; and lo! as he passed, it sprang up in blossom and fairest fruit. Thirty three years did the saintly Patrick labor amongst them, and he saw the mummeries of paganism fit before the pageantry of Christian worship. He saw three hundred and sixty-five of his children walk forth, with crozier and mitre and uplifted hand, blessing and rulling a joyful people. And up the rugged hill and down the wooded vale he heard the Mass sung and the Saints invoked and the sweet Latin hymns chanted by three thousand priests whom he himself had ordained. Thus even in the lifetime of our Saint did the people who had sat in darkness see a great light, and thus did that Western wilderness blossom like the rose.

But the life of a Saint, my dear brethren, is made up rather of heroic virtues than great external works. So was it with St. Patrick. He could truly say to his neophytes and converts with St. Paul: Be ye followers of me as I also am of Christ. Now of the many virtues which adorned his soul, and which are specially mentioned in the Breviary, I shall notice only three—his humility, penance and his love of prayer. His very name and history come down to us by reason of his humility; for he would sign himself: "Patrick, an unworthy and ignorant and sinful man." He might have gloried in his miracles and visions and the wonderful success of his preaching; but no; he gloried only in his misery and his weakness, counting himself unworthy of the least of God's gifts. Again, the spirit of penance was especially Patrick's. His youth had been holy: he had grown up in innocence and purity, in fear and holy love. Yet for the indiscretions of youth he was filled with life-long sorrow. Tears were his food night and day. And when Lent approached he retired to spend the holy season in fasting and prayer. There are

still traces of this penitential spirit in the familiar traditions of Patrick's penance and Patrick's purgatory. The third great virtue was his spirit of prayer. A hundred times a day and as many times during the night he united himself to God by some pious ejaculation; and he recited the whole 150 psalms every day, while his devotion to the Mother of God and the souls in Purgatory has impressed itself upon the people of Ireland even to this very day.

Such was the life and work of the man upon whose memory we love to dwell. Rich in years and merits he passed away in 493 to receive the reward of his godlike virtues and heroic labors. Generation succeeded generation; century followed century—and still for a thousand years the seed which Patrick had sown kept growing and spreading itself into other lands. You may still see on the hills of Cornwall and the wolds of Yorkshire old Celtic crosses which the Irish planted, and holy well or peaceful shrine where dwell some Irish recluses. Their saints and their scholars adorned the schools of Europe. But there was one flower in that beautiful garden which had not yet sprung up—it was the passion flower of suffering. There were virgins and confessors and saintly pontiffs, but there were no martyrs. Now, religion may flourish in halls of learning or the peaceful walks of a simple life; but if there is a crown to rest upon a nation's brow, to be to her children a thing of beauty and joy forever, it is the crown of patience and persecution, the crown of fidelity to truth and conscience amidst the most cruel forms of death. A time came in the history of religion, then, when that passion flower grew season after season for centuries. A time came when the brightest jewel in the crown of Erin was the ruby rod of her suffering. O my dear brethren, it is a sad, and story—and better is it for us to-day, when new hope fills our bosom and a brighter light breaks across Ireland—better for us in this Western land, where we wish to harbor no bitter memories, where we wish to live in charity with all mankind, where we wish to render to every man the duties we owe him, and respect every man's right—and where, with dignity and unflinching firmness, we claim the same for ourselves and all our co-religionists through the length and breadth of this Dominion—better for us. I say, not to dwell on Erin's sorrow, but to thank God for her fortitude and patience in the past, and to pray, and pray most earnestly, that she may be as faithful to the teaching of her apostle in the days of her prosperity, which now are dawning, as she has been in the days of her adversity.

"I have chosen you and I have appointed you that you should go and should bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." These words are true of each and every one of us. We have not received from St. Patrick the gift of faith in vain. It is given to us that we in this now and young country, each in his own sphere, by his fidelity to the practices of his religion, by his temperance and purity, by the proper development of his talents and the useful employment of his time, that we each may thus advance in God's grace and temporal usefulness. To young men I address myself especially—a serious responsibility rests upon you—to say if the next generation of Catholics will be as influential, as exemplary, as useful as the former. It is for you to walk in the paths of temperance and a briety; it is for you to lay aside the spirit of levity which has encompassed you, and assume more earnestly the responsibilities of your vocation and to heed less the sneers and contempt cast upon us no-days; and when a public trust is put into your hands it is for you to administer it with unwavering fidelity to your holy Church, and return it unimpaired by religious liberalism or self-interest. Walk ye, therefore, worthy of the vocation in which you are called—proud of the blood that flows in your veins—thankful to God for the faith He has given you through St. Patrick, and resolved that by your life and example this faith will produce its fruit in this young country, and that that fruit may ever remain.

Fancy Fair.

The Young Ladies' Sodality of St. Helen's Church will hold a Grand Fancy Fair on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of Easter Week from 3 to 10 o'clock. The proceeds are to be devoted partly to advance the interests of the Sodality and partly for the benefit of St. Helen's Church. A concert will take place every evening; an abundance of talent has been secured and a very pleasing entertainment may be expected. The committee of management has secured Mallou's Hall on the corner of Dundas and Sheridan Ave. During the afternoon admission will be free and all are invited to attend. In the evening an admission fee of ten cents will be charged.

Run Away.

While Rev. Father Shaughnessy was driving towards the city from Leaside on Sunday afternoon, his horse bolted at the railway crossing on Queen street east, and ran away. The clergyman jumped out of the vehicle and escaped unhurt, and the horse was stopped within half a mile of the place where it escaped from its driver.—Evening Telegram.

The Forty Hours at St. Patrick's.

On Sunday last the Devotion of the Forty Hours was solemnly opened in St. Patrick's Church by His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop. Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. S. J. Krein, C.S.S.R., assisted by the Rev. C. Dodsworth, C.S.S.R., as deacon, and the Rev. S. J. Grogan, C.S.S.R., as sub-deacon. His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop was attended by the Very Rev. P. H. Barrett, C.S.S.R., and the Rev. Father Dumouchel, C.S.B.

After the Gospel His Grace preached an instructive and practical sermon on the Blessed Sacrament. At the end of the Mass the procession with the Blessed Sacrament took place. The boys and girls of the school, the married men of the Holy Family, joined in the procession. His Grace the Archbishop carried the Blessed Sacrament under a silk canopy borne by four gentlemen of the congregation. After the procession the Litany of the Saints was chanted by the Rev. Father Krein, C.S.S.R., and the Blessed Sacrament was placed on a handsomely decorated throne for the adoration of the people.

On Sunday evening Solemn Vespers was sung. The Rev. Father Krein, C.S.S.R., was celebrant, assisted by Fathers Grogan and Dodsworth as deacon and sub-deacon. The Sermon, on the Real Presence was preached by the Very Rev. P. H. Barrett, C.S.S.R. The Church was crowded.

On Monday evening Vespers were sung by the Rev. Father Grogan. The Rev. Father Krein preached an effective Sermon on Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. On Tuesday evening Vespers were sung by the Rev. Father Hayden, C.S.S.R. The Rev. Father Dodsworth preached on Reparation to the Blessed Sacrament. On both evenings the attendance of the people was all that could be desired. On Monday and Tuesday the boys of the school in charge of the Brothers, and the girls in care of the Sisters, came to Church at an appointed time to spend a half hour in adoration. The Sodality of the Children of Mary, the married and unmarried women of the Holy Family, also spent an allotted time in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Rev. Fathers were busily engaged in the confessional from Sunday afternoon till the close of the devotion. On Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock took place the solemn close of the devotion. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Father Barrett, C.S.S.R. Rev. Father Grogan, C.S.S.R., was deacon, and Rev. Father Krein, C.S.S.R., sub-deacon. After the Mass the Litany of the Saints was chanted. Then followed the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, in which the boys and girls of the school and the married men of the Holy Family again took part, as on Sunday. After the procession Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given. In this fitting way the Forty Hours' Devotion was ended in St. Patrick's. May the blessings and graces bestowed on the people by our dear Lord in the Sacrament of His love serve to increase in them the true spirit of our holy faith.

Success of a Torontonian.

We clip the following item from the Washington Evening Star.

"It is rarely that a Washington singer receives such an ovation as was given to Mr. J. J. Costello, who sang at the concert of the Philharmonic Club at the Universalist Church last Wednesday evening. Mr. Costello's voice has greatly improved since he left Washington and he sings with better method and understanding. It has the same sweetness that made it so attractive while he was a member of St. Matthew's quartet, but it has increased in volume in the upper register and is now one of the finest baritone voices heard upon the concert stage. At the close of the concert Mr. Costello held quite a reception, when his former friends gathered about him and congratulated him upon his success, expressing the hope that he would soon be heard again in this city."

Mr. Costello is a son of Mr. Michael Costello of this city. Those who remember having the pleasure of hearing Mr. J. J. Costello sing in St. Basil's church will be pleased to learn of his deserved success.

Phelpston.

In the little town of Flax stands one of the finest Catholic edifices north of Toronto, the interior appearance has been greatly improved, since the new Stations of the Cross have been added (at no small cost.)

Father Gerin, the retiring pastor, had a sad surprise for his congregation on Sunday, when he announced from the altar that owing to the scarcity of priests his assistant Father Cautillon was about to be changed to Angilous. He was always willing "says Father Gerin," zealous, and obedient, and would never stop to do anything in the interest of the Church or people.

Father Cautillon was a general favorite of the congregation, and will be missed greatly.

You never catch a lawyer taking the will for the deed. That would settle his professional reputation for ever.

THE CONNOR BILL.

To the Editor of the Catholic Register.

Sir—A prominent member of the Liberal Party having requested me to state my opinion of the Connor Bill, I sent him the following summary of reasons for opposition to it:

1. The same arguments and facts adduced in 1890 by the Hon. Messrs. Mowat and Ross against this interference with the organic operation of the Separate School Law remain in undiminished force to-day. The entire Liberal party accepted them then; why not now?

2. Whatever pretext existed in 1890 for saying that Catholics were asking for the Ballot, exists no longer. The eight noisy Trustees in Toronto, who called for the Ballot, to please Mr. Meredith and the *Mall* party, were ignominiously and overwhelmingly defeated at the polls when they offered themselves for re-election; and not a voice is now heard in Toronto in favor of the Ballot. The party that has been violently striving for it in Ottawa received the people's reply at the polls in Rideau Ward last Monday. They were defeated by 27 against 20 votes. Moreover, the Hon. Mr. Scott did not succeed in procuring the signatures of more than a score of persons to his petition in favor of the Ballot in that city. As Father Whelan said, the voice of the other six thousand Catholic rate-payers has not been heard.

3. Since the Catholics of the Province do not ask for this change, but rather have opposed the project wherever it has been mooted, no reason exists for tampering with our method of election. The Ballot was given to the option of the Public School supporters in compliance with their request, not otherwise; and a large proportion of them have not availed themselves of it. Why should Catholics be discriminated against, and an option forced on them which they do not wish for? There is too much of "option" in the recent legislation of this Province, whereby the laws of society are made to depend upon the caprices and prejudices and private interests of individuals and factions rather than upon the wisdom and probity and divinely sanctioned authority of the duly elected legislators. Surely our Separate School system is burdened sufficiently with the "option" insidiously given to Catholics to transfer their taxes from Catholic to Protestant schools, from the poorer to the wealthier class.

4. Unmistakably the Connor Bill is meant to be a sop to Cerberus, a partial submission to the clamors of the P. P. A. and the *Mall*-Meredith party. If this principle be acknowledged, all security for Catholic rights in the Province will be undermined. Bigotry is rampant here, and injustice to Catholics will ever be a plank in the platform of No-Popery agitators. We have a right to demand the protection of the Government. If, however, the Government should yield on the present question in the hope of placating their enemies and ours, the same reason will hold good for acquiescing in further unjust demands. Where is it to stop?

5. The P. P. A. and the *Mall*-Meredith party have failed to shew any honest reason for this warfare against our schools. They do not disguise their purpose to injure the Separate Schools, to render their operation more difficult, and by degrees to bring about their destruction. They hate Christian education of youth more intensely than they hate the devil. Acceptance of the first part of their programme implies approval, or at least co-operation in their evil design. In order to hide, if possible, their main purpose, they pretend to aim solely at the emancipation of the laity from the tyranny of episcopal supervision; and to sustain this impudent theory, they pretend that the Bishops of the Church are the Catholic faithful, i. e., the parents of the children, are engaged in deadly war against each other, as opposing forces claiming opposite rights. Will any Catholic, or any honest man of any party, subscribe to this audacious calumny against God's Church by complying with a hostile demand based upon these slanderous assumptions?

Truly has THE CATHOLIC REGISTER of the 22nd ulto. expressed the sentiment of the Archbishop of Toronto and all the Bishops and all the faithful Catholic laymen when it stated that "the Connor Bill is a slap in the face of the hierarchy and clergy—at those whom our people hold dearest." Rightly also has the same paper in the same article said: "We do not hesitate to tell the Mowat Government that, in allowing one of its supporters to introduce a Bill to this effect, it has committed the greatest political mistake of its existence."

7. It will probably be alleged that the Connor Bill does not force the Ballot upon Catholics, but only gives them the option to use it if they like. But the option is meant to do injury to our schools; and the attempt to force the option upon us without our asking for it, is an unjust discrimination against us, which is made immeasurably more offensive by the fact that it involves compliance with the wicked demands and foul imputations of our declared enemies. But this is not all. The Connor Bill gives no option, nor any liberty to the Separate School supporters, that is, to the parents of the school children, to decide how Trustees

who shall have charge of the children's education and the supremely important and delicate duty of appointment of teachers, shall be elected. The Bill gives the whole power of enforcing the compulsory Ballot to the "Board of Separate School Trustees," that is to the majority of the Board. Thus what is called the "option of Ballot" is absolutely withdrawn from the parents of children, and vested in any three, five, or seven Trustees of the Separate School Board in towns and cities, who may, for any reason of their own or under whatsoever hostile influence, take it into their heads "to pass a resolution requiring the election to be held by ballot." Where, then, is the option given to the supporters of Separate Schools?

The existing Trustees have not been elected by the parents of the children for the purpose of making organic changes in the working of School Law, on which the welfare, spiritual and temporal, of our little ones depends. They have been elected solely for the administration of the Separate Schools in accordance with the existing law. They are not in any case the proper persons to determine the maintenance or relinquishment of a highly-prized right of the entire Catholic congregation in each city or town. Trustees are elected to represent and guarantee the parents' educational rights in the schools and no more. Why should they, rather than any other three or six men, get the power to barter away the rights of the many hundreds of parents who compose the Catholic congregations? If, in these days of Provincial plebiscites, the proposal were made to have the parents themselves, as a body, deliver a plebiscite vote in each city or town, there would be less objection to Mr. Connor's Bill, which, however, would be still gravely objectionable. The right of selecting the guardians of their children's education, and of doing this freely and judiciously, with a sense of religious duty, and without subjection to secret intrigues of individuals or parties, is an inalienable and indefeasible parental right under the Law of Nature and the Christian covenant.

7. We regard this as a question of our Constitutional rights.

Mr. Mowat in 1890 would not venture, he said, to dispute this proposition. Nothing has been done since then to our waken Constitutional claim to protection against secret voting and the hostile influences that work in the dark against the Catholic minority in this Province of unparalleled bigotry. If Mr. Mowat doubts the Constitutional right of the legislature to take from us the protection of open and responsible voting in the election of School Trustees, how on earth can he delegate the power to three, five or seven men to peremptorily deprive us of it by a simple resolution?

I remain, dear sir,
Yours faithfully,
CHRISTIAN PHILMATH.

The Men's League.

Sunday last was a great day at St. Michael's. Such a large gathering of men has rarely been seen at communion even in the Cathedral, where the number of communicants is always great. But on last Sunday the men seemed to have the church all to themselves at the 9 o'clock Mass, and almost every one present approached the Holy Table. The members of the Men's League and the members of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union, who are nearly all members of the League of the Sacred Heart, quite filled the centre aisles of the church, while the Boys' Company, the cadets of the League, took their places in St. Joseph's aisle, and St. Agnes' Society, the Ladies' Branch of the I. C. B. U., assembled before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. The men of the I. C. B. U., led by their excellent band and wearing their regalia and badges, marched from their hall to the Cathedral, and presented a splendid appearance.

When all had taken their places in Church the sight was most edifying and impressive. Mass was said by the Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann. His Grace the Archbishop, who always manifests such a deep interest in Catholic Societies, and to whom, under God, the League of the Sacred Heart owes its wonderful success in the city and diocese, was present at the Mass to encourage and bless the great gathering of men. His Grace made a brief but most eloquent and fervent address before Communion, and then spoke again after communion, exhorting all in burning words to be loyal to our Lord and Leader they had just received, to be true to their convictions and their consciences, to God and their country. It seems the Catholic societies are to parade on St. Patrick's Day; but the parade that must ever please St. Patrick best is the grand march that men make to the altar rails—such a magnificent Catholic parade as was seen in St. Michael's last Sunday.

Father Ryan the Spiritual Director of the Men's League, and Chaplain of the I. C. B. U., has reason to feel proud of his men and boys, and most hopeful of his very promising society of St. Agnes. May each and all have the success they so well deserve.

Forms had to be placed in the aisles of St. Michael's Cathedral at vespers in the evening, the special occasion of the large gathering being the usual annual lecture in

aid of St. Nicholas' Institute. The choir was reinforced by some of the best local singers and musicians, and the musical part of the service comprised a violin solo, played with much feeling, and several beautiful vocal renderings. The "Quis est homo," by the two Mrs. McDann, was exquisitely sung, as was Mrs. Juliett Smith's singing of "Rejoice, O Israel," and also Miss Elliott's rendering of an "Ave Maria." It was seen when the great altar was illuminated that decoration had been added in honour of the approaching festival of St. Patrick. High above it, traced in palpitating flame, was a cross, and on either side of it the shamrock of Ireland.

St. Patrick's Day.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians passed a resolution at the meeting of their County Board, held on Monday evening last, to forego the usual procession on the feast of their patron saint, and devote the money that would have been spent on the parade to the Home Rule Fund. The amount will be handed over to his Grace the Archbishop and by him forwarded to the Hon. Edward Blake. In the evening a concert will be given under the auspices of this Society in the Auditorium. The following galaxy of talent will take part: Mrs. Juliett D'Ervilleux Smith, Mrs. W. J. Morrow, Miss Florence M. Glover, Messrs. D. E. Cameron, Owen A. Similey, A. Carnahan. The musical part of the programme is under the direction of Mrs. W. J. Morrow, late of the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston. At the opening of the second part of the programme an oration will be given by Mr. M. J. Slattery, National Secretary, A. O. H., Albany, N. Y.

The Societies participating in the St. Patrick's Day celebration will assemble at the I. C. B. U. Hall, King and Jarvis streets, at 9 o'clock Saturday morning. The following line of March has been adopted. From King to Power, along Queen; to Bond, to St. Michael's Cathedral, where Mass will be celebrated in honor of the day. After Mass the procession will re-form on Shuter street, and return by way of Yonge, Queen, Spadina and King streets to the I. C. B. U. Hall, where speeches will be made. The committee of arrangements extend a cordial invitation to all Catholics and Catholic societies to take part in the parade.

In the evening a grand Concert and Lecture will be given under the auspices of this Society in Association Hall, corner of Yonge and McGill streets. A very fine programme has been arranged, in which the following ladies and gentlemen will take part: Misses Marguerite Dunn, Norma Reynolds, Lilli Kleiser, Ettie Tighe and F. Sullivan; Messrs. J. H. Cameron, F. X. Mercier, F. Wright and W. Welshman. Rev. Father Ryan will deliver an address, his subject being "Ireland Amongst the Nations," a subject to which full justice will be done by the Rev. Father, who woeventure to say, has no superior in Canada as an orator, whether in the pulpit or on the platform.

Pontifical High Mass will be sung in St. Michael's Cathedral at ten o'clock, at which all the Irish Catholic Societies will attend. The sermon will be preached by the Rev. J. Tracey, D.D.

League of the Cross.

St. Paul's Sodality of the above named League held its regular weekly meeting on Sunday afternoon in their hall on Power street.

There was the usual large attendance of members and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. President Duffy occupied the chair. The principal feature of the meeting was the address by the Rev. Director Father Hand who took for his subject "Perseverance." The address was full of many instances of what might be accomplished by having a firm will, and persevering to the end in any good work that we may have undertaken. The address was much appreciated and no doubt the members of the Sodality left the hall with a firm resolve to push forward the work of the Sodality until every family in the parish becomes interested in it.

Peterborough.

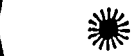
At the last regular meeting of the Peterborough Separate School Board, Mr. L. M. Hayes, barrister, of the firm of Hall & Hayes, was unanimously chosen to represent that body on the Collegiate Institute Board.

The Separate School Board is to be congratulated for selecting such a competent and worthy representative, and we have no hesitation in saying that in Mr. Hayes' hands the interests of the Separate School will be well looked after.

"March to search" is the old adage. It searches out any weakness of the system, resulting from impure blood. Those who use Ayer's Sarsaparilla find March no more searching or even disagreeable than any other month. This medicine is a wonderful invigorator.

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Business Suits and
Dress Suits

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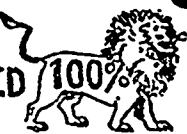
Within a comparatively short period, and with but little advertising to cause it, over 50,000 bottles of Hallamors' Expectorant have been sent out for public use. With the very large number of cough remedies upon the market which it has had to contend against, this is indeed a wonderful showing, and furnished to every user of such remedies a most satisfactory assurance of merit and usefulness. Those who use it are satisfied with its safety, with its surety, with its agreeable taste, with its specific action in bronchitis, and with its admirable use for children. It is truly a household remedy. The Toronto Pharmacal Co., Wholesale Agents.

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W. W. GILBERT, Toronto

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOL.

It is not unusual, nowadays, to find men eager to counsel the recognition of the principle that religion be withdrawn from the school, and that secular education be relieved of such adventitious trimmings as the teachings of the moralist. In view of this fact it is the duty of those, to whom patriotism is a virtue rather than a sentiment, to hoist the danger signals along the land, that the unwary may be warned of the surrounding peril. The lesson that history teaches to him who cares to learn is this, that the purity of a nation's morals is the pledge of a nation's greatness. Rome fell from wealth and power into penury and weakness, because she fell from "virtue into voluptuousness. This truth then is obvious, that the desire to labor for our country's progress should be associated with the determination to struggle against the severance of religious and secular education. And the struggle will be a bitter one, because the enemies are powerful, but this bitterness should be only the parent of increased energy.

What are the motives of those who plead for the divorce of science and religion? It is difficult indeed to answer with certainty. The presumption, however, is rational that they are guided by opinions very much resembling those which prompted the revolutionists of France to make Sunday observance a punishable crime, and fill their "sunny land" with temples, beneath whose roofs men gathered to pay homage to the goddess of reason. None are so bold as to desire a recurrence of these events. It may be safely said that everyone wishes society to be lasting; but so society will not be lasting if we take God from the school, and allow Him but the narrow limits of a church for his abode. If this latter contingency should arise, the dissolution of our social organism would follow in its path. The process might be a long one, but dissolution would come sooner or later. And why? Because the fundamental principles upon which society rests are justice and charity. All duties of man towards man may be found in these two virtues, whose true and lofty conception can be acquired solely through the study of Christian doctrine.

We cannot say that nature has been selfish in bestowing her gifts, or that she has forgotten to plant a certain tendency to good in the human breast, but this tendency is in a crude undeveloped state, and must be fashioned and amplified by religious training. Hence, it must be said that any system which proposes to disunite religious and secular instruction, holds within itself the germs of national disintegration. Were the designs of enemies powerful enough to attract many sympathizers from amongst the educationists of the land, our universities and colleges might send forth accomplished, but certainly not educated men. "To educate means to bring out, to develop the intellectual, moral, and religious faculties of the soul."

Authority after authority might be quoted in favor of the contention that religion and science must go hand in hand. The Scriptures teem with wise counsels regarding the instruction of youth. Cicero, Hume, de Lamennais, and Guizot have declared that the perpetuity of civilization depends upon moral training. Voltaire and Rousseau have voiced the same sentiment, and no one can honestly censure them for extreme leanings towards Christian piety. Brought face to face with the testimony of such men and such observers, one must be filled with the conviction that if our welfare is to be abiding; if our youths are to become good members of society, and if society itself is to be something more than a mere collection of individuals, without a unifying spirit, the shaping

of man's moral nature must receive serious and constant care. If the mind be filled with scientific speculations, while the heart is left void of these religious impulses for which it ever yearns, men would become nothing more than learned animals.

Too much importance cannot be attached to this question, because it is one of public concern and universal interest. This strong antipathy to a religious education is founded on a misconception as to the import of the words "religious education." By it is not meant an education in which religion is exclusively taught, or in which the will is properly trained while the mind is neglected. No! By it is meant an education in which the sciences are taught, theories expanded, and their application explained; an education which is directed to the perfecting of the entire man, to the guidance of his intellectual, moral and physical powers: but, withal, an education founded on religion, conducted by religion, and leaning to religion. No one can assert that these views are extreme, unless he assume the sophist's role, and does so that he may be able to bolster up what he feels to be the weaker side of the argument.

To everyone who believes that a thorough development of character is desirable, and even necessary, the task will be an easy and a pleasing one, of urging upon those who have any concern for the social and political integrity of their country to proclaim against any proposal that would point to the withdrawal of the religion from the school; because without the religious sentiment deeply fixed upon the minds of the people, law would be but a formality and government impossible. If this religious spirit be not fully infused into the very being of the community, what would be the result? Present day nations, like others whose existence the world has seen, would totter and fall, and above the ruins might be written, "This is as it is because the sustaining arm of God was drawn from them."

Would not see a Nun Insulted.

An incident occurred on an afternoon train on the Marblehead, Mass., branch of the Eastern Railroad the other day that ought to have found its way into print before this. It has numerous lessons. Among the passengers were three sweet and quiet Sisters of Charity, in their characteristic dress. A drunken man, very drunk and annoying, entered the car and sat down beside one of them. He talked persistently, drank from a big bottle that he carried, and finally stuck his disagreeable face into the long bonnet of the Sister in a most insulting way. She was evidently much frightened. Finally a woman, as white as a sheet, and full of suppressed indignation, got up from her seat and went to the rescue. She grabbed the brute's bottle, wrested it from his hands, and flung it out of the window. She then took hold of him, and after a lively and unassisted struggle, got him out of the seat.

"I'm no Catholic," she said, excitedly, to the spectators, "but I can't sit still and see a Sister of Charity insulted!"

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

They who are most weary of life, and yet are most unwilling to die, are such who have lived to no purpose, who have rather breathed than lived.—Clarendon

Faith and patience are life's architects, while doubt and despair bury everything under the ruins of endeavor.

It is not charity, but rather great cruelty, that prevents us from reminding a brother of his faults.—St. Antoninus.

A FARMER'S SON TORTURED.

Confined to the House for Months and Unable to Walk.

A Sensational Story from the Neighborhood of Cookeville—The Father Tells How His Son Obtained Release—What a Prominent Toronto Druggist Says.

From the Toronto News.

Four miles from the village of Cookeville, which is 15 miles west of Toronto on the Credit Valley division of the C.P.R., on what is known as the "Centro Road" is the farm of Thomas O'Neill. In the village and for miles around he is known as a man always ready to do a kindness to anyone who stands in need of it. Because of this trait in his character, whatever affects himself or his household is a matter of concern to the neighbors generally. So it happened that when his eldest son, William O'Neill, was stricken down last spring, and for months did not go out of the door, those living in the vicinity were all aware of the fact and frequent enquiries were made regarding the young man. When, after suffering severely for some three months, young O'Neill reappeared sound and well his case was the talk of the township. Nor was it confined to the immediate vicinity of Cookeville, as an outer ripple of the tale reached the News, but in such an indefinite shape that it was thought advisable to send a reporter to get the particulars of the case, which proved to be well worth publishing in the public interest. On reaching Cookeville the reporter found no difficulty in locating the O'Neill farm, and after a drive of four or five miles the place was reached. Mr. O'Neill was found at the barn attending to his cattle, and on being made aware of the reporter's mission told the story in a straightforward manner. He said: "Yes it is true my boy has had a remarkable experience. I was afraid he wasn't going to get better at all, for the doctor did him no good. At the time he was taken ill he was working for a farmer a couple of miles from here, and for a time last spring he did a lot of work on the road, and while he was working at this there was a spell of cold wet weather, when it rained for nearly a week. He kept working right through the wet and he came home with his shoulders and wrists so sore that he couldn't work. He got gradually worse, the pains spreading from his shoulders and wrists to his hands and then to his legs, finally settling in his knees and ankles and feet, so that he couldn't stir at all some days. I sent for a doctor from Streetsville. He said the trouble was an attack of rheumatism, and although he kept visiting him every few days and giving medicine, it did not seem to do any good. The pains did not quit and the boy was suffering dreadfully. Why when he would wake in the morning he couldn't stir a limb, but gradually during the day he would get a little easier so that he could sit up for a while. His feet were swollen so much that he could not get on either boots or stockings. After he had been doctoring for nearly two months without getting a bit better, I concluded to try something else, so the next time I went to Toronto I got three boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at Hugh Miller's drug store. We followed the directions with the Pink Pills, but the first box did not seem to do him any good, but he had scarcely begun the second box when he began to improve greatly, and by the time the third box was gone he was as well and sound as ever, and has not had a pain since. He is now working on a farm about six miles from Cookeville, and is as sound and hearty as any young man can be."

On his return to Toronto, the reporter called at the store of Messrs. Hugh Miller & Co., 107 King street east, to hear what that veteran druggist had to say about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He remembered Mr. O'Neill getting the Pink Pills, and on a second visit Mr. O'Neill had told him that Pink Pills had cured his son. Mr. Miller, in answer to a question as to how this preparation sold, said that of all the remedies known as proprietary medicines Pink Pills was the most popular. He said he sold more of these than he did of any other remedy he ever handled. This is valuable testimony, coming from a man like Hugh Miller, who is probably the oldest and most widely known druggist in Toronto. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. are to be congratulated on having produced a remedy which will give such results, and which can be vouched for by the best dealers in the province.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder, and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexion and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Bear in mind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Ask your dealer for

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schuectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

ITS JUST THIS WAY,

People who are bulldozed into buying inferior waters which have nothing but the dealer to recommend them are bound to be disappointed. St. LEON MINERAL WATER is endorsed by every prominent medical practitioner in this country, is a perfect medicine, is chemically pure, and sold just as it flows from the rock.

No artificial coloring, no additional ingredients to make it palatable, never disappoints, and never produces reaction.

St. Leon Mineral Water Co., Ltd.

Head Office—King St. W., Toronto.

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HOME RULE.

The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has now in press, and will shortly have published, a verbatim report of the speeches delivered on the occasion of the first and second readings of the Home Rule measure now before the

ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The collection embraces the speeches of Gladstone, Clark, Sexton, Saunderson, Balfour, Bryce, Collings, Redmond, Russell, Labouchere, Chamberlain, Blake, Hicks-Beach, McCarthy, Davitt, Morley, &c., &c., furnished by a first-class stenographer employed on the spot; and as they are the reproduction in book form of controversies that are destined to become of historic interest, the under-reigned relies on his friends and on the reading public for their patronage. A further announcement later on.

P. MUNGOVEN.

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TORONTO AND MONTREAL.

S. C. Co. (Trade Mark) Compound.

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Never before on the market. We guarantee to save from 15 to 40 per cent. of your coal bill. The greatest discovery of the age. No change in grates or stoves. Nothing deleterious to iron. Preserves grates and stoves. Makes them last longer. No clinkers. No gas. No smoke. Purely chemical.

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Heart Longings.

ANNE MORRIS.

If the pleasure of city and country
And the gems of earth and sea
Were mine, they could fill me, never,
This awful void in me.
For blossoms and flowers would wither
And places crumble to dust
The glare of the jewels weary me,
And the silver and gold would rust.

If the love of countless thousands
Of hearts which this world contains
Was mine, it would bring me nothing
But heart aches and weary pains
And I at this shining night worship
For years in one single day
To find all my bright hopes vanished
And fallen my ideal to clay.

Take the shell from the sea and listen I
Do you hear it mean and sigh?
Pluck the flower from the field, the' tended,
'Twill droop and wither and die,
As the shell belongs to the ocean,
And the little flower to the sod,
So the soul belongs to Heaven
And the heart to its maker - God.

So my soul may be filled with longings
And yearnings for things to be;
But God and his dear love only,
Can fill this void in me.
Yes safe from the world and its turmoil,
I and my heart may be,
Forever and ever in Jesus,
And Jesus forever in me

Legend of Maid of Orleans.

"Gate of Heaven," prayed the young girls of Lagny.

They knelt in the Lady chapel, wearing white gowns and white veils, as on the day of their First Communion. There were lights on the altar, and tiers on tiers of April flowers, tall spires of white and yellow broom, and boughs of pink almond blossom. In front of the altar lay a little dead child, a babe whose life had only been measured by days. His tiny fingers were crossed rigidly on his breast. The afternoon sunshine could not change the gray pallor of his small, set face.

"Gate of Heaven," whispered the young girls. "Queen of Sorrows, have compassion on the sorrow of a mother whose child has died without baptism."

Three days the babe had lain there in the little linen gown that his mother had spun before he was born, his dark, downy little head never moving on the small pillow of home-made lace. Three days the young girls had prayed.

The church door opened. Another white-robed boy entered softly to relieve their companions, who had prayed since noon. A shaft of sunlight and fresh air followed them through the open door. With it came a breath, a whisper that passed in a second to those round the altar: "The maid is in Lagny."

Each rose from her knees. There was a murmur, a rustle, and moved as it were by one impulse, the young girls all streamed into the green churchyard like a flock of white doves. They pulled off their little wooden shoes that they might run the faster down the long street of the little town and over the bridge that crossed the Marne, till they came in sight of the broad space of meadow land, where the troops were preparing to encamp for the night. The men were busy pitching the two or three tents they had with them, watering their horses at the river, or leading them back again towards the camp. Not one offered a light word to the young girls or lifted disrespectful eyes as they passed, their long veils fluttering behind them in the soft spring wind like wings of silver; for these were the soldiers to whom the maid had said:

"No man shall follow my banner who has not been first to confession."

Before the gate of a farm-house close by, a milk white charger stood, from whose high peaked saddle, one, clad in white armor inlaid with gold, was about to alight. Her head was bare. The Westering sun touched as with gold the brown, curly hair cut short like a boy's. She had already thrown aside the clinking, cumbersome gauntlets. Her little sunburnt hands lay

light as a leaf on the arched, glossy neck of the tall charger as she leaned forward in her saddle to caress him. A few steps off her standard bearer, the Siro d'Aulon, just dismounted, still hold her banner, its sheening folds spreading and drooping and spreading again on the warm, flower-scented breeze—the white-silk banner, with the lilies of Franco embroidered in gold, and above them her motto: "Jesus Maria."

The young girls gazed upon her with a wonder that was well-nigh worship. No need to tell them that they stood in the presence of the maid, the maid who saw the visions, the maid who heard the voices, the shepherd girl of Domremi.

Thronging 'round about her they made known to her whence they came, entreating her to return with them and pray beside the body of the little one, that so the Lord God might restore him to life and permit him to receive baptism.

She looked at them with her deep, clear eyes, that, for aught they knew, had seen that day, though no other eyes had seen, the glorious St. Michael riding by her side.

"My sisters," she answered in the gentle, girlish voice that the Lord de Laval has described so prettily in his letter to his mother, "your prayers are as good as mine. In the name of God, go you and pray."

But they kissed her hands and the scabbard of her sword and the housings of the charger till she put back into the stirrup the foot she had withdrawn, and, gathering up the reins again, turned the horse's head and went across the bridge with them and between the murmuring poplars into Lagny.

A rumour reached the pastor, pacing the quiet presbytery garden while he said his office, that all the town-folks who were not at work in the fields had gathered in the church. He went there also and saw Jeanne kneeling in the midst of the maidens. Through a window above her head a ladder of light, colored with the first flush of sunset, floated down upon her and made her white armor glisten like mystic silver, powdered with gold dust. Her young, pure, steadfast face was upturned to the tall statue of the Mother of God. He knew in an instant that this was La Pucelle.

She seemed unconscious of everything around her. Those nearest her fancied they heard her whisper the names of her great patron, St. Michael, of "Madame St. Catharine," and "Madame St. Marguerite."

As she prayed the rigid little body at the altar stirred almost imperceptibly. The color of life crept back into the ashen cheeks. The dark-fringed lids flickered. The dark eyes opened.

Quickly the priest went into the sacristy, and returned in cotta and stole. Quickly he stepped in among the kneeling people, and, lifting the little one from the altar steps, laid him warm and living in the mailed arms of the maid.

Cries of "a miracle! a miracle!" began among the people, and died away the next moment before the bent brows of the maid. Even the porch was full as she stood in the church door, while the priest, laying the end of his stole upon the babe "bade him enter into the temple of God." She held him while the sweet and solemn rite was gone through. In his name she begged baptism, in his stead she received the lighted candle.

"Go in peace," said the priest to the infant, concluding the ceremony.

The little one, lying restfully on Jeanne's arm, yawned three times. Then his dark eyes closed again forever.

She stooped and kissed his pretty head, wet with chrism water.

"Already," she whispered, "he holds God."

Humbly as any little village child Jeanne knelt down to ask the priest's blessing before she turned to leave the church. She hoped to slip away quietly without notice, but already the path was thronged with people.

Mothers held out their little ones that she might lay her hands on them. The aged and the cripples pressed forward to touch her.

"La Pucelle! La Pucelle!" the cry went everywhere. "The miracle! the miracle!"

"In the name of God," said Jeanne with her wonted energy, and using the formula that was habitual with her when she spoke earnestly, "good people do not please me. Please Jesus and Mary. I am only the poor serving maid of the gentle king, my Lord of France."

They fell on the ground before her, embracing her knees kissing her feet. She drew her purse from beneath her armor, and distributing all its gold pieces among them, made her way gently through their midst and sprang to the horse again.

The children ran and pushed their offerings up to her, long stems of broom flower, the white and the golden, the branches of red and white horse-choatnut flowers. She heaped them in front of her across the saddle bow, a sheaf of blossom, and so she rode away as she had come, bareheaded.

The people of Lagny stood and looked after her as she rode on beneath the rustling poplars till she seemed but a moving speck against the sunset—the red, flaming sunset, faint presage, as it were, of the dreadful day that waited for her at Rouen, presage, too, perhaps, of another day still to come, when, at the voice of the Supreme Pontiff the altars of the Church shall burst into a sudden blaze of lights and blood-red flowers, and the maid's fair, stainless name be found in the calendar of canonized saints.—*May Probyn in the Catholic Fireside.*

Winter Care of Trees.

There is no better time than the present to examine groves and groups of trees in order to determine whether they are becoming overcrowded, and to designate those which should be removed to make room for the rest. The axe is the only remedy for crowding among trees, and when this heroic treatment is necessary, no consideration of sentiment should be allowed to interfere with its use. At this season, too, it is easier to find where branches are growing too thickly on a tree, where they are rubbing each other, then it is when they are in full foliage, and in the warm days of midwinter pruning can be done to advantage. When it is necessary to remove large branches they should be sawed close to the trunk and the edges cut smooth with a sharp knife. Coal tar applied to the wound will keep out moisture and fungi, and thus prevents decay. Any kind of ochreous paint will answer almost as good a purpose, and it can be easily applied with an ordinary brush. All sprouts should be cut from the trunk and all suckers from its base, but the dead twigs in the heads of the trees can be more easily detected in the summer.—*Garden and Forest.*

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a number of years, and it has always given me satisfaction. It is an excellent dressing, prevents the hair from turning gray, insures its vigorous growth, and keeps the scalp white and clean."—*Mary A. Jackson, Salem, Mass.*

We regret to have to announce, also, the early death of Miss Anastasia Tobin, daughter of Mr. John Tobin, and principal teacher in Coolusmeear National School. She was a general favorite with all those who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. For some time past her health was not the best; but her death, which took place on February 10th, though not altogether unexpected, came as a surprise upon all who heard it. On the 12th the funeral took place, and was one of the largest that has been seen in the neighborhood for some time. Deceased was about six years teaching in Coolusmeear, and was about 28 years of age.

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THURSDAY MARCH 15, 1894

Calendar for the Week.

March 16—S. Zachary, Pope and Confessor.
16—The Seven Dolours of the Blessed
Virgin.
17—S. Patrick, Bishop and Con-
fessor.
18—Palm Sunday.
19—Ferial Office.
20—Ferial Office.
21—Ferial Office.

*The devotion of the "Forty
Hours" opens on Palm Sunday in
the Church of the Sacred Heart.*

Catholic Higher Education.

The last issue of the *Evangelical Churchman* is a very remarkable one. Its leading article is one entitled "Lenten Duties," from which we extract the following.

Christians are brethren. "Christians must draw closer together as Christians, if they are to fulfil their work for the world. They cannot live the Christian life alone; they must fulfil their mission, not simply as individuals, but as a society. 'See how these Christians love one another!' was the wondering cry of the old world."

Side by side with such sentiments we find another article entitled "The Failure of Higher Roman Catholic Education." Relying upon the authority of the *New York Independent* our contemporary works upon Washington University as a failure. One reason is financial difficulty. Another reason is want of men, both properly qualified professors and students in sufficient numbers. But the principal reason is that the Church of Rome "has refused liberty of thought, and has well-nigh crushed out among orthodox Catholics the spirit of scientific research."

None are so blind as those who will not see. That calumny against the Church is so three-bare that the *Churchman* ought to be ashamed to be seen wearing it. It was parted with long ago by everyone with the first claim to scholarship, refinement and charity.

To tell the *Churchman* the honest truth, we are delighted that the Catholic Church has some one to think for us. It is more than can be said about other churches. If the *Churchman* had some one to think for him it would be better every way. Life is too short for us to study all the departments of knowledge, from philology up to theology, and from biology to metaphysics. Who does the *Churchman's* thinking in all these subjects? Our Church does the thinking for her children in all matters pertaining to faith and morals, because it is her right and duty to do so. She is the divinely appointed guardian of both. It is another thing altogether with the English Church. If we were members of that church we would not let even the *Evangelical Churchman* do our thinking. We would not allow him to tell us that "to be a true Lent the spiritual aspect must dominate all

also." The *Churchman* has no right to decide between true and false, and should not use the word "must." As there is no authority, in the Anglican Church there is no thought worthy of of the name. Doubt there may be, and guessing too; but none of that unerring, ennobling thought, that God-like knowledge, whose glory it is to bend the knee to legitimate authority and bow the head to every heaven-sent truth. Is such thought slavery? Then give us its bondage. Its chains are golden. They bind the soul to heaven in truth and right and duty.

"All the great modern thinkers," the *Churchman* says, "have been outside of the pale of Rome." We do not know to what modern thinkers our contemporary refers. If he refers to Mill, Huxley, Spencer, and the rest of the Materialist school, we can retort. These are not to be found even in the elastic pale of the English Church. If the proposition implies that English, French, German and Italian thinkers have all been outside the Catholic Church, we deny it. It just shows the ignorance some critics have of Catholic literature and philosophy. Men like Newman, Ward, Manning, Faber, are a guarantee for the stand Catholics have taken. Fathers Perry and Secchi, both Jesuits, were eminent astronomers. Barff and Mivart are distinguished in science, while Paley has given us some of the best editions of the classics.

"As to philosophy," again says the *Churchman*, "original thought has long been dead amongst orthodox Catholics, and their professional students of philosophy only ring over and over again countless monotonous repetitions of St. Thomas." All that is gratuitous assumption, and displays a most woful ignorance of Catholic thought. It would be well if the *Churchman* would spend some time in repeating our St. Thomas. He would acquire a system instead of the hotch-potch mixture doled out to himself and his class—neither sense nor nonsense, neither philosophy nor wisdom, but poisonous sophistry, which is as countable for the scepticism and the irreligion of the age.

But we deny the imputation. Newman and Ward, whose names we have already mentioned, were Catholic philosophers. The latter was the only man whom England could furnish able to measure swords with John Stuart Mill. The most philosophical mind of the American continent was Brownson, who thought himself into the Catholic Church; and when in it, brought an originality and power to bear upon every question which placed him amongst the foremost thinkers of the nineteenth century. Rosmini in Northern Italy and Balmez in Spain are likewise amongst the greatest philosophers of the past fifty years.

It ill becomes the *Churchman* to taunt English speaking Catholics with a want of literature. A hundred years ago we were serfs. It was a crime for a Catholic to educate his son. If he did so it was in a foreign land and a strange tongue. How could they rival their wealthy, cruel fellow-countrymen? Yet be it not forgotten that Pope and Dryden were Catholic, while the *Churchman* cannot prove that

Shakespeare was a Protestant. The argument of the *Churchman* is historically unsound and ungenerous. Its assumption that the Washington University is a failure, bears the same characteristics. Considering everything—the fact that our people are not wealthy, that they cannot afford long University training, that our priests are needed for the essential duties of the ministry, the Catholic University is steadily advancing. But to put any failure at the door of Rome is absurd on the face of it; because, if the Catholic University of Washington has a founder and a patron, it is Leo XIII. the head of the Catholic Church. With a word of advice to the *Churchman* we are done. Read something about Catholic philosophy and learning—then criticize. It will be found that, in spite of the terrible struggle in which the Church is engaged, it has made, and is making, gigantic efforts in every branch of higher education.

The Situation.

While the world in general applauds the calm, dignified attitude of the Irish Nationalists in the present crisis, there be croakers of the illiberal, domineering class. They, while aspersing the motives of the grand old man, and minimising his greatness, predict the downfall of Ireland's hopes for home legislation, and as a necessary corollary, a long continuation of landlord tyranny and Orange coercion methods. "Lord Rosebery," quoth the *Mail*, "is not a man to be governed by sentiment, and he is not in the least what is commonly called a crank—an appellation that would long ere this have been applied, colloquially at least, to Mr. Gladstone, if Mr. Gladstone had not been lifted above such a disrespectful characterization by the greatness of his character and the splendour of his personality." The *Mail* alone of Canadian journalists can get off paradoxes of this nature. How the same personality could be a crank and a mere sentimentalist, while distinguished for greatness of character and splendour of eminent abilities and virtues, is a problem which its cranky editors only may solve.

The Prussian Minister of Finance, Dr. Miquel, discussing the retirement of Mr. Gladstone, spoke of him in eulogistic terms of praise, and characterized him "as the greatest financial genius of modern times." The *Toronto Mail*, however, insinuates that he was poor at figures, whereas Lord Rosebery, it declares, "to use a common expression, knows how many beans make five—who will be exceedingly undesirous to be hampered by legacies of the past." And therefore, concludes the sapient oracle of pessimism: "It is not likely that he will feel bound in every particular to carry out either Mr. Gladstone's ideas of Home Rule or every plank of the Newcastle platform."

Our own opinion is that just because Lord Rosebery is far-seeing, and knows his arithmetic, he will not allow the Empire to be for ever weakened by Orange Ascendancy at home, or by hatred and threats of retaliation by Irishmen at home and abroad. Why should the Premier, with his

modern views and modern education, not grapple with the old foggyism of Tory Ascendancy and Landlord feudalism, which are the bane and curse of England as well as of Ireland? He succeeds to Mr. Gladstone's policy of educating and elevating the masses, while restricting the privileges and curtailing the power of the aristocratic classes. Long since he adopted the Gladstonian view of strengthening the Empire by securing the gratitude and loyal attachment of the Irish people; and just because he knows "how many beans make five," he is able to reckon up the millions of Irish hearts and Irish right arms he may win over to Britain's cause by framing laws that will make the Irish people free, prosperous, independent and happy.

The *Mail* assigns another reason for its prediction of ill to Ireland's cause. It says the appointment of Sir William Vernon Harcourt looks very much like a shoving for the present of the Home Rule question. The reason assigned is that Sir William, although a clever debater, is rather jocular in his manner, and makes of politics an excellent sport rather than a serious duty—in fact, "that there is nothing he would rather see sunk fathoms deep than Home Rule for Ireland."

Sir William Vernon Harcourt has made very eloquent speeches in favor of Home Rule. His jocular criticisms had the effect of shaming many Englishmen into adopting a Home Rule policy. It was his sarcasm, and the fun he made of it, that killed Mr. Balfour's County Councils' Bill for Ireland. Lord Rosebery is so adept at calculating "how many beans make five" that, while estimating Mr. John Morley, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Campbell Bannerman at their just value, as able and zealous colleagues, he can discern just exactly the fine points in Sir William's character and genius that will make of him one of the shrewdest and most successful, as well as to all parties most acceptable Leader that can well replace the Grand Old Man.

The *Mail* says: "It looks as though Lord Rosebery intends, perhaps, to take advantage of the character he enjoys in the eyes of the British people, viz: that of a man who holds strong views as to the permanence and integrity of the Empire, and as to the protection of its coasts at home and expansion of its power abroad." There could be no stronger inducement for him to exist upon Mr. Gladstone's policy of Home Rule being adopted, and settled once for all. The strongest and most reliable bulwarks of a nation are loyal hearts to make treason impossible, and stout right arms to man its ramparts and defend its coasts. Home Rule, contentment and justice can alone procure such national defenses. Lord Rosebery is well aware of this truth, and at the nation's peril he would not swerve from it for a moment.

It makes little difference, however, to the Irish Nationalist party what man is chosen by Lord Rosebery, or by the Queen, to lead in the House of Commons. The party in power is committed to Home Rule for Ireland, and the moment it abandons that policy its fate is sealed. There are

eighty unpurchasable votes in the House of Commons that vote solidly for or against the Government that grants or refuses to do justice to Ireland's demands for autonomy. While Ireland remains true to herself, while her sons are loyal to her interests, with all left out in the calculation, there is no change of ministry in the British Parliament can impede her further progress or stop her onward march to independence and dignity as a Nation.

Church Exemption.

The Bill before the Legislature upon the Exemption of Churches from taxation by Dr. Ryerson is odious in the extreme. Its principle is odious. Has it come to this, that a country boasting of its Christian teachings should put an embargo upon every House of God in the Province? What is the use of the Premier writing Evidences of Christianity when all that Jew, Pagan or Atheist has to do is point to a measure of this kind? Pretty evidence of Christianity, indeed! No member with a particle of respect for himself or his fathers' memories would support for one moment such a dastardly blow at the religious feelings of the people of Ontario. Tax the temple of God! Make the Lord of the temple pay tribute to the creature who prays in the temple! The principle is contrary to the religious sentiment of all civilized people.

It is contrary to economy. Who are to pay the taxes of the Church? The people who have a conscience will have to pay for those who do not attend Church. It will come out of the taxpayer, for no Church in this country has revenues of its own here. Every church depends upon the voluntary subscription of its members. It will simply mean that they will have to make good the amount. It is contrary to the equality of taxation, which remits taxes in certain cases and increases them proportionally in others. If taxes ought to be considered as payment for valuable services, as political economists hold, what services does the State render the Church? There is not an argument of equality, certainty, convenience or economy to justify this unchristian, radical measure.

But the present bill is odious for other reasons. Nothing to men of justice and self-respect could be more humiliating than one of the arguments advanced by the deputation of opponents to the bill. A comparison was drawn between the property of the Catholic Churches and the Protestant.

"In the city of Toronto," these gentlemen say, "the total exemptions of real property are \$23,189,524, of which, church property amounts to \$5,050,350; and of this sum Roman Catholics own \$969,236 and Protestants \$4,081,114." What means this discrimination between Catholic and Protestant property? What difference does it make? Are we to be told that the bill is aimed at the Catholic Church? Therefore, even from this low view, it is to be a boomerang, and its false foundation must be shown up. What is to be thought of legislation of such a kind? It is class legislation of the worst character. It brands the

man who introduces it as a demagogue of unsound principle and dangerous proclivities. Supposing the figures above quoted were reversed, and Catholics stood as 4 to 1 in proportion to Protestants, would that make any difference? The very argument the opponents of the bill advance is odious. It looks very much as if the guerilla warfare now going on against our people is stopped, not because of its injustice and false principle, but because it will tell more heavily against the non-Catholic portion of the community. If we take these figures, and allow ourselves to be guided by nothing but love of money, we Catholics ought to advocate the taxation of Churches. We do not, for a higher principle guides us. We are opposed to it upon a principle too strong to be touched by popular clamor—the principle that the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.

The following is the argument presented by J. H. Paterson, Esq., on behalf of the deputation:

"The taxation of church property is in itself objectionable, as the churches are not income earning or property-creating institutions. They exist for the benefit of all classes of the community, whether they attend the church or whether they do not, and they are the most effective means of promoting and teaching the very highest morality and creating the best character. Churches should be exempt on the same principle that light, air and water are exempt; they are all necessities for man's nature and life.

Further, in no country in the world are churches taxed, except in California; and in infidel France, where the name of God is not allowed to appear in its Public School books, the churches are repaired and maintained at the expense of the State. From an aesthetic standpoint, beautiful church edifices should be encouraged. Besides, the churches promote the intellectual, moral and economic interests of the people, and are aided in their work by the exemption of the property used purely for religious purposes.

The taxation of burying grounds, Mr. Paterson continued, which would create a lien on the graves of the dead, and whereby a bailiff could enter and sell the most consecrated earth, is revolting to human nature. The bill protested against, he held, was aimed invidiously at churches and burying grounds, and discriminates wrongfully against them. Why were educational institutions, agricultural societies, hospitals, asylums, on the one hand, to be exempted, and churches and burying grounds, on the other hand, to be taxed? The bill discriminated most unfairly against the most sacred property, and institutions which are in the highest and best sense educators and promoters of benevolence.

The taxing of churches would be a very serious burden upon the supporters of the churches, and would not help municipalities much. In the City of Toronto the total exemptions of real property are \$23,189,350, of which church property amounts to \$5,050,350, and of this sum Roman Catholics own \$969,236, and Protestants \$4,081,114. The total assessment of city property is in round numbers \$150,000,000. The rate being 15 mills in the dollar, or thereabouts, and the total taxes about \$2,250,000. If the exempted church property was added to the total assessment the rate would be 14 1/2 mills, so the total reduction, even if the Council maintain the same tax, which it is unlikely they would, would be half a mill in the dollar, or 50 cents on every \$1,000 of assessment. The principle of such taxation is wrong and vicious, and most especially is it so when church property is singled out from a large mass of other property which has been by law exempt, and by the proposed law will remain exempt."

No Catholic name appears upon the deputation. Whether any were asked we cannot say. Nor do we understand why they should have been passed over; or, if asked, why they did not act. Still less can we understand any Catholic appearing upon the other side.

Pere Schmitt, one of the Catholic missionaries in Siam, has been awarded the cross of the Legion of Honor by M. Carnet for exceptional services during the conclusion of the treaty of peace between France and Siam.

St. Patrick's Day.

On the morning of Saturday, the 17th, shall the eyes and hearts of many millions be lifted up in sincerest gratitude to the most bountiful Giver of all blessings, and shall God's infinite mercies be praised, that St. Patrick's mighty work still endures, and that his children, despite all that was done to their prejudice and annihilation, have lived and grown in might and influence, and can hold their own to-day in the race of progressive nationalities. It is a subject of much laudable gratification for every son of the Emerald Isle to ponder and reflect on the marked advances that have been made by his countrymen, at home and abroad, during the present eventful nineteenth century. They have risen to opulence and fame in almost every civilized country under the sun. Their names are closely and honourably connected with the political events and changes of government in France, Austria and Spain; while in the new world they have built up a new Ireland, that must be reckoned with by statesmen and diplomats before any new complication is agreed on, or any great change made in the machinery of domestic or foreign politics.

It is not so much, however, in the political arena that Irishmen have come to the front. They have largely assisted, if not wholly, contributed in establishing true, practical Christianity—St. Patrick's Christianity—in every land where the English tongue is known or the British flag floats. In every great centre of commerce or active life, on every known shore, and head land, and by all the great rivers they have raised cathedral spires or modest chapels, Christian schools or colleges already famed for great results. The sons of Irishmen are found all over this great continent, either on the altar offering up the One Unspotted Sacrifice, or with Mitre and Crozier, perpetuating the office and mission of St. Patrick. From the Primatial See in Baltimore to the humblest chapel on the Pacific Coast the gentle sway and effective influence for good of the priest or Bishop with an Irish name are universally felt and gratefully acknowledged by the American people. In church annals the Apostle of Ireland is praised for having not only introduced Christianity into Ireland, but also for having taken from the people whom he converted, young men who were to succeed him as priests and Bishops, and who at his death occupied Sees and parishes all over the land. A chapter may now be added to the annals, and the fact told, that Irish priests and Bishops are found in still greater numbers in Australia and all over the great continent of America. It has been said that one half of the eight hundred Bishops, who attended the Vatican Council spoke English, and that of these the great majority, perhaps with a few exceptions bore Irish names, and were of Irish ancestry.

The present century opened in darkness and well nigh the gloom of despair for the prospects of the Irish race. The Nation was robbed of its Parliament and all its wealth drained into alien coffers. Its popular Faith was proscribed and considered as a bar to education, to preferment, or to social standing. Taxation was exorbitant, the *habeas corpus* suspended and martial law imposed on the whole population that was constantly, by yeomen and Orange atrocities, being goaded into open rebellion. In fact no other alternative was offered, except to flee the country and perish in exile. Since

then every attempt at an appeal to armed force has failed. Robert Emmet, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Wolfe Tone and others perished in vain efforts to strike down the Colossus of British Power. O'Connell chose the path of peace and employed Constitutional means. His magnetic personality and towering eloquence secured Catholic Emancipation, but failed to break the chains of political servitude that bind her to this day. Isaac Butt originated a movement in favour of Home Rule that was taken up by the late lamented Charles S. Parnell, who, with Michael Davitt, founded the Land League. Whatever may have been the faults and private errors of Parnell, history must credit him with having united the Irish electors into one solid body—with having forced Ireland's wrongs upon the attention of England's legislators and people, and with having driven British Statesmen to the dilemma of choosing between parliamentary obstruction for England or Home Rule for Ireland. With the century's greatest statesmen Gladstone, Ripon, Spencer and Rosebery advocating freedom for Ireland, and with all Ireland, Scotland and Wales and the Liberal party in England insisting upon it, there is no government to-day possible at Westminster that dare refuse Home Rule in all its fullness and amplitude to the long suffering people of Ireland.

Ireland, then, has reason to rejoice and be glad that the day of her deliverance is nigh, and that the nineteenth century, through which she has fought bravely and patiently borne famine, ship fevers and coercion acts without number, may close in peace over her people, united and prosperous and dignified with a sense of self-reliance and Nationhood. The world must give credit to the Irish people, for having ever stood lovingly by their national flag—the green flag of Hope, even when threatened with national extinction. Nor does there exist to-day one reason why she should falter in her buoyancy of hopefulness, or abate one jot of her fond and sanguine expectation of sure and speedy triumph—when land, with its hills and verdure, may be seen from the top-mast, and when the rich crimsoning dawn of Freedom's day already brightens her consecrated vales and cheerful, albeit weeping skies.

The Ballot.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to an important communication on the question of the Ballot in the election of Separate School Trustees, which appears in another column over the signature of "A Christian Philomath." The arguments on the question are put forward by the writer in a concise, comprehensive and forcible manner, and claim the serious consideration, not only of our readers, but of our legislatures. These arguments and reasons cannot be fairly met, and are simply irrefutable.

The writer assumes, however, what we venture to hope, even against hope, will not be the case—that the Conmee Bill will receive the sanction of the Legislature. We can hardly think that the Mowat Government can go back on its record upon this question. Apart from all considerations of justice and of the educational rights of our people there does not seem to be even a good political reason for their backing down from the position they assumed before the last election. The alternative proposed by "Christian Philomath," viz.: that the option be given to the supporters of Separate Schools instead of it being given to the Boards, may be preferable, but in our opinion it does not mend matters much. We believe in the wisdom of leaving "well enough" alone.

Literary Notes.

In the March number of the *Canadian Magazine*, which is always welcome to the sanctum are some very interesting articles. "A Physical Catastrophe to America" by Arthur Harvov is suggestive of Bellamy's "Looking Backward." "Brumagem Jewellery" is an account of the manufacture of the gilt ware of Birmingham, the name being originally "Bromwycham" this ancient Saxon pronunciation became corrupted into the word "Brumagem" which is still used among the uneducated in the Midlands of England. Faith Fenton so well known to the readers of Saturday's *Empire* has a most entertaining article on the "Winter Carnival at Quebec." The other contributions are "The Death Penalty," by Dr. John Ferguson; "Premier, and President," by John A. Cooper. In "The Garden of British Columbia," by G. Molson Spragge, there are some views of lovely bits of scenery in our far away sister Province. This *Magazine* is published by the Ontario Publishing Co., 29 Manning Arcade, price is \$2.50 per annum.

The *Cosmopolitan* for this month has its usual well-selected and illustrated articles. "The Son of a Carpenter," is an account of the Holy Land with beautiful illustrations of places where our Blessed Lord had often been. "The Quadrilles at the Court of Napoleon," with illustrations from old prints, gives an idea of the brilliant entertainments held at the Tuilleries during the first Empire: there was always something so pathetic about them, as amidst all their gaiety must have been heard the rumble of cannon, and the low moan of the dying. At one of these grand *Bals de masque* Queen Hortense presided, according to the date it must have been after the retreat from Moscow. One of the most elaborate of these was planned by Queen Caroline, the Emperor's sister, it was a quadrille danced as a living game of chess, she being very fond of that game. The other articles are "The Origin of Thought," a novel, by Armando P. Valdee; a continuation of W. D. Howell's "Letters of an Altrurian Traveller," and also another of St. George Mivart's papers on "God's Will and Human Happiness." In the "World of Art and Letters" are short contributions from such able critics as Andrew Lang, Agnes Repplier and I. Zangwill, the latter has a criticism on Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's book "The Religion of a Literary Man," which made a sensation and a name for the author in England when it came out. The *Cosmopolitan* is \$1.50 per year or 15 cents single copy.

The Easter number of *Donahoe's Magazine* is to hand with its more than ever interesting matter. "The Land of the Lily and the Rose" is a delightful account of the Bermudas, by Rev. James Fogarty. "Colored Catholic Schools in the Bahamas," by Rev. Bernard J. Reilly, shows the good work done in these islands by our clergy. "Experience of a Catholic Literary Man," from the versatile pen of Maurice Francis Egan.

Other articles are "Co-operation and Human Nature," by Mason A. Green; "Five Great Ball Plays," by T. H. Murnane; "Real Estate, the Ideal Asset," by William E. Harmon; "The Greatest Man of Irish Blood in American History," by Capt. John M. Tobin.

Sadlier's Catholic Directory for 1894 is to hand with its complete reports of all dioceses in the United States, Canada, British West Indies, Great Britain and Ireland. This Directory contains a vast amount of useful information for the Catholic generally, but especially for Clergymen and Editors. Price \$1.25 per copy, to be had at D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal and Toronto.

The *Century* for March contains two articles of special interest to Catholics "A Pilgrimage to Lourdes" by Stephen Bonsal, and "The Anti-Catholic Crusade," by Washington Gladden. In the first there is a glowing description of the celebrated Shrine with its thousands of pilgrims daily arriving. The second is written deprecating the A.P.A., organization which the writer pronounces much worse than the old know-nothingism,

"Singing Sands."

A examination of the phenomenal sands which emit sounds of a sonorous character, and are familiarly known as "singing sands," has given rise to various theories as to the cause of the peculiarity—that, however, of equality or of the inequality in the size of the grains being now rejected. In the eastern part of Massachusetts is a locality where this kind of sand is found, which does not present the proposed cellular structure associated with such a sound, nor does effervescence of air between moistened surfaces apply to this case. Sonorous mineral, such as clinkstone, is not present, and there is no evidence of electrical phenomenon being concerned. The conclusion arrived at is that the sand, instead of being, as ordinarily, composed of rounded particles, is made up of grains with flat and angular surfaces. In the case referred to, a plane surface of felspar is apparent in many of the grains—the supposition being that a certain proportion of quartz and felspar grains is probably adapted to give the sound, while less or more of the component would fail of the result. In one of the islands of the Hebrides a sand of this sort is found which is largely calcareous. Its constitution is a mixture of large and small grains, and the larger ones are of rounded quartz. Many angular fragments of quartz are also contained, and 3 or 4 per cent. of the whole are dark granules of chert.

Wit and Humor.

Laundry Note.—The fluting of an amateur musician is the best thing discovered for ruffling one's temper.

He: "Her hair looks like pure gold." She (not liking to hear her rival praised): "Yes; fourteen carrot."


What a nice place to live in this world would be if the women were all as good as they look, and men were as good as they seem.

Miss Porkopolis: "Is it true that all Bostonians live on baked beans?" Mrs. Beaconstreet: "Oh, no; lots of them live on their relatives."

Before marriage she was dear, and he was her treasure; after marriage she became dearer and he treasurer; but they were not boisterously happy, after all.

A professional Maxim for Lawyers.—Whatever you do, do it with your might. Many a member of the profession has made his fortune by working with a will.


Professor Nucci Tanner: "What will you pay me to undertake a forty-day fast at your museum?" Manager: "Well, I'll pay your board while you fast."



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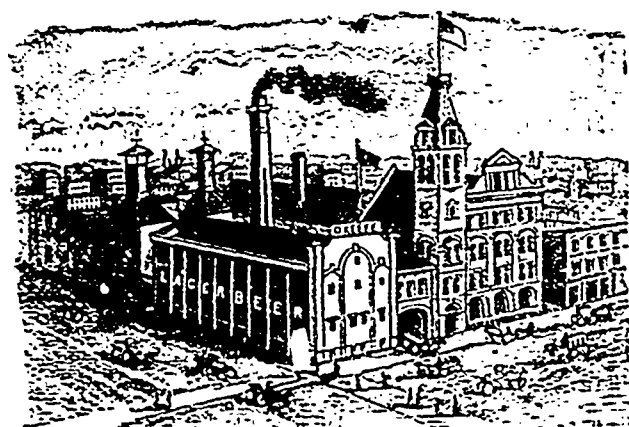
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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

On February 13th, one of the most lamentable and sensational occurrences that has happened for many years occurred in the neighborhood of Lisburn. It appears that on the previous Sunday forenoon, two little children named Dunwoody left their home at Hillden, to attend Lambeg church. They did not return, and their absence caused much anxiety. The town and district were searched but no tidings of the children were obtained until Tuesday, when it was learned that they had found their way to their aunt's in Belfast, and subsequently to their uncle's at Carryduff. The loss of the children preyed on the mother's mind to such an extent that she lost her reason, and while in that state drowned herself and her youngest child aged about two years, in the canal about 100 yards from the house. Deceased leaves a husband and seven children to mourn her and her child's sad end. The family are of the working class, and appear to have lived on agreeable terms all their life.

Armagh.

A gloom has been cast over the Archdiocese of Armagh by the death, on February 14th of Rev. Charles McEroy, P.P. of Tynan and Middletown. He was well known and revered throughout the Archdiocese, but it is in Drogheda that his memory is especially cherished, for it was there the principal portion of his ministry was spent. Ordained in '70 he was appointed to the curacy of Donaghmore. Thence he was promoted to Dungannon, after a short period, and having spent some months in the town of the "Volunteers," he spent the greater portion of his priestly life in the old borough by the Boyne. But a few days ago he was the guest of his life-long friend, Father Hardy, on the occasion of the Castleknock celebration. He was then apparently in robust health, but a disease contracted during his missionary labors in Drogheda fatally asserted itself. In his demise the Archdiocese has lost an earnest, zealous priest, his parishioners an anxious, prudent father, and very many a whole-hearted, steadfast, generous friend.

Clare.

The Most Rev. Dr. McRedmond, Bishop of Killaloe, has made the following promotions in his diocese:—Rev. John Vaughan, P.P., Kibballyowen, to be P.P., Carrigaholt; Rev. M. Carey, Adm. Ennis, to be P.P., Doora and Kilraghtis, and chaplain to the county Clare Lunatic Asylum; Rev. P. M. O'Kelly, C.C., Ennis, to be Adm. do.; Rev. M. Lennihan, C.C., Clondegad, to be C.C., Ennis, Rev. W. Foley, C.C., Kilfidane, to be C.C., Clondegad; Rev. Patrick Kenrick, C.C., Eyrcourt, diocese of Clonfert, to be C.C., Kilfidane; Rev. M. Hehir, C.C., Kilmurry-Ibrickane, to be C.C., Kilmacduane; Rev. T. Lynch, C.C., Killimer, to be C.C., Kilmurry-Ibrickane; Rev. James Maher, Archdeacon of Glasgow, to be C.C., Killimer.

Cork.

The ex-master of the Duhallow Hounds' Mr. W. N. Barry, of Castlecor House, met with a serious accident on February 15th, while out hunting. After a short run Mr. Barry's horse got beaten up, and on rising to a fence the animal hit his knee against the top, and was thrown headlong into the deep gripe on the other side, carrying his rider with him. On examination it was found that Mr. Barry's thigh was broken in three places. He received prompt surgical attendance, and is going on satisfactorily.

Dublin.

We deeply regret to have to announce the death of Mr. Michael Murphy, J.P., President of the Dublin Chambers of Commerce, which occurred on Feb. 11th, at his residence Merrion Square. Mr. Murphy, who had attained the advanced age of 77 years, was the principal in the great shipping firm of Falgrave, Murphy & Co., and was for many years a leading and prominent figure in Irish commercial life. He was a member of the Dublin Port and Dock Board, chairman of the Hibernian Bank, and a director of the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway Company. His loss will be much felt in Dublin commercial circles and deeply mourned by hundreds of friends.

Louth.

In the Land Commission Court, Dublin, on Feb. 7th, Justice Bowley and Commissioners Fitzgerald and O'Brien, heard the case of Macon v. Magorisk. This was an appeal from an order of the County Court Judge of Louth fixing the specified value of a holding situated at Drumcrahel, Castlebellingham, at £350. The late Thomas Magorisk died in November, 1892, having made a will leaving his farm to be divided between his wife and certain charities, and appointing Patrick Landy his executor. Landy served notice on the landlord to sell, and the landlord made an application to the County Court to have the specified value fixed. The Landlord gave no evidence, and Landy swore the place was only worth £300. The Court fixed the specified value at £350. The widow applied for leave to intervene, which was granted. When the appeal came on Landy did not appear. The Court now discharged the order of the County Court Judge, and dismissed the whole proceedings, with costs of both the widow and the landlord against Landy on the ground of irregularity, no probate having been taken out.

Mayo.

We regret to announce the death, on the 16th of February, at Ballyvary, Castlebar of Kate, the beloved wife of Michael Mahoney of Ballyvary, and daughter of Wm Mahoney, Newport.

Most Rev. Dr. MacEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam, has been pleased to confer the dignity of Canonship on Very Rev. Dr. Kilkenny, P.P., Clonmorris, and Very Dr. P. Flaherty, P.P., Aughagower.

Roscommon.

It is understood that the Roscommon S. & Z. Hunt has at length succeeded in getting rid of the objectionable parties—Lord De Froyne, Messrs Blakeney and Young—and this being so, the ban of the people, under which they rosted, will be removed.

Sligo.

On Sunday evening, Feb. 11th, the dead body of a man was observed floating in the tide opposite Messrs. Pettigrow's store, on the Sligo quay. Constable Heenan had a boat procured, and after some difficulty the body, which the constable identified as that of Pat Connor, of Loughlin, Ballygawley, was brought to shore. There were no marks of violence on the deceased, and the hands were stretched forth under the chest as if the unfortunate man was trying to save his life by swimming. The deceased, who was a fine young man, of about 27 years of age, was last seen alive by his brother-in-law in Market street, on Saturday evening, when he expressed his determination of starting for home immediately. There is little doubt but that he intended to go by the six p. m., market train, and being in a hurry, in the darkness and storm mistook the road and walked into the river.

Tipperary.

The Local Government Board has again refused to increase the salary of Dr. Moran, medical dispensary officer of Carrick-on-Suir district, from £70 to £100. The ground on which the refusal was based is that "the population has not increased" since Dr. Moran's appointment, nor have the number of medical relief cases. The communication has been referred to the local Dispensary Committee. The opinion in the entire district is that Dr. Moran is insufficiently paid for the duties he is called on to discharge.

Tyrone.

On February 12th, abnormally heavy floods visited the neighborhood of Strabane. The Mourne river swelled to enormous proportions, and, notwithstanding the embankments, flooded all the lands lying alongside. Several parts of the town were so flooded that boats plied in the streets, which were filled with water several feet deep. The houses were inundated. The river Finn did similar damage. The railway traffic was impeded, and the night mail from Dublin proceeded no further than Strabane. No early train could come from Derry, nor could the Donegal train proceed till midday owing to the floods. In some places cattle were lost.

Waterford.

Mr. Michael J. Boyle, of Dungarvan, died on Sunday, February 11th, and was interred in the grounds of the parish church, on the 13th. A large funeral accompanied his remains to their last resting place.

On February 6th, the Most Rev. Doctor Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford, invested with the white veil three young postulants at the Convent of Mercy, Carrick-on-Suir. The young ladies received were—Miss M. Kelly, Borris, county Carlow (Sister Mary Berchmans); Miss A. O'Donnell, Mountoven, Tralee (Sister Mary Brendan); and Miss M. Lynch, Greenmount (Sister M. Ita).

Wexford.

Mr. Stafford Gaffney, B.A., Trinity College, Dublin, has obtained his degree in civil engineering, and has also been awarded a special certificate, in testimony of his superior merit, in practical engineering.

Mr. J. Mullin, who is a member of the Royal University, Dublin, has recently been appointed to the charge of Kilmore National School, Wexford. During his college course, he was prizeman on three successive occasions, after having obtained first place in Ireland at the entrance examination. He is brother to the Rev. Professor Mullin, C.C., Desartmartin, late of St. Columb's College, Derry.

Dr. Michael Walsh, Licentiate of the King's and Queen's Colleges of Physicians, has been appointed by the Inspector General, Sir Andrew Reel, to be medical officer to the R.I.C., in the following police stations in the counties of Wexford and Kilkenny:—County Wexford—New Ross, Ballywilliam Ballinaboola, and Ballybrasil; county Kilkenny—Rosbercon and Tullogher, all of which were held by the late Dr. John W. Boyd, of New Ross.

It must have been very gratifying to the proprietors of Ayer's Sarsaparilla when the World's Fair opened, to learn that their popular blood-purifier was the only preparation of the kind admitted at the Fair. Yet such was the fact. Out of all the many blood medicines advertised so largely in America, Ayer's was the only Sarsaparilla allowed to be placed on exhibition.

Let no purpose pass current from thy heart till God hath set on it His stamp and seal of approbation.

Miscellaneous.

Every day should be distinguished by at least one particular act of love.

Women are in the moral world what flowers are in the physical.—Y. Marcehal.

To delay to do right is the desire to do wrong. We do decide when we delay deciding.

He who has never watched in sorrow, and watered his bed with tears, knows you not, ye heavenly powers.

Lord Kilmacnoo is concluding the sale of another large section of his Mayo estate to his tenants. He has already sold £57,000 worth of land to his tenants.

The young daughter of Prince Cantacuzene the Russian minister at Washington, is one of the most earnest workers in the art school of that city. Prince Cantacuzene is a widower, and in his own house the young princess, who has not yet made her debut in society, presides at his dinners and entertainments, although not attending social functions elsewhere. The Princess Cantacuzene gives promise of a considerable talent, and her clever sketches are the delight and often the amusements of her fellow-art workers. Like all educated Russian girls, she speaks English and French as fluently as her own tongue.

A great sensation was caused in the Caucasus a few weeks ago by the execution of Prince Rikodze in the place of Tiflis. The prince entered the station at Tiflis recently in an intoxicated condition and picked a quarrel with a police officer on duty in the building. In the course of the quarrel the prince drew a dagger from his pocket and stabbed the officer so severely that he died a few hours later. A trial was held, and Prince Rikodze was condemned to death. An appeal was made to the czar to pardon the aristocratic murderer, but he declined to interfere. He belonged to a wealthy and influential family.

What fills the housewife with delight, And makes her biscuit crisp and light, Her bread so tempt the appetite?

COTTOLENE

What is it makes her pastry such A treat, her husband eats so much, Though pies he never used to touch?

COTTOLENE

What is it shortens cake so nice, Better than lard, while less in price, And does the cooking in a trice?

COTTOLENE

What is it that fries oysters, fish, Croquettes, or eggs, or such like dish, As nice and quickly as you'd wish?

COTTOLENE

What is it saves the time and care And patience of our women fair, And helps them make their cake so rare?

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Handsome Is that Handsome Does.

Eben E. Rexford in Philadelphia Saturday Night.

Near me lives a little fellow
Who has cheeks like roses red,
And his eyes are bright and sparkling,
And I often hear it said,
"What a charming lad—so handsome!"
But I never can agree
With the ones who sing his praises,
For he is not fair to me.

Very lazy, very selfish,
Is this lad of whom I tell;
He's determined not to study—
Never has a lesson well;
How he hates to help his mother!
Not a stick of wood he'll bring
Till he's done a deal of grumbling,
And it's so with everything.

If you saw his cheeks get crimson
With his anger, and a scowl
Make his pretty features ugly,
And you were to hear him growl
When he's hidden to do something,
You would quite agree with me,
That far, very far from being
A delightful lad is he.

There's an old and truthful saying,
"Handsome is that handsome does."
Many a lad with plainest features
Has a noble look to us;
For we know him kind and helpful,
And his smile can make us glad,
And his plainness—we forget it—
He's the really handsome lad.

Selected Receipts.

SAUCE TARTARE.—Put in salad bowl two eggs' yolks, salt, pepper and nutmeg; mix with a wooden spoon while adding to this, slowly and gradually, a pint of sweet oil, dropping in a spoonful of vinegar at a time. When the sauce appears thick add some finely chopped gherkins, capers, parsley, chervil, two table-spoonfuls of prepared mustard, mingle well and serve in a sauce bowl.

FRIED SMELTS.—Clean the smelts, dry and season them with salt and pepper. Skewer them in shape by putting the tail of the fish into its mouth, and fastening with a small wooden skewer. Dip in flour, in egg, in bread crumbs, and fry. The kettle should then be set back on the stove, and smelts cooked five minutes for large ones, four for small ones. Drain on brown paper, and serve with sauce tartare. The smelts may be prettily served with the sauce in a small dish in the centre of the platter, the smelts arranged around it, and garnished with parsley and lemon.

COFFEE CAKE.—Make a sponge of one cupful of lukewarm water, one and three-quarter cupsful of flour, three table-spoonfuls of sugar, and half a yeast cake dissolved in half a cupful of lukewarm milk. When risen, add a cupful of melted or softened butter, one egg and two yolks beaten until light, half a teaspoonful of salt, the grated rind of half a lemon—if this flavoring is liked—and one and three-quarter cupsful of flour. Beat well and turn into a shallow pan, spreading quarter of an inch thick. Let it rise again until it doubles its bulk, and bake in a moderate oven twenty minutes. When half done brush over the top with beaten egg and spread with half a cupful of butter, three-quarters of a cupful of powdered sugar, and two-thirds of a cupful of blanched almonds chopped fine. This is the recipe for German coffee cake, and is delicious.

TO SERVE OYSTERS WITH FORCEMEAT.—Select two dozen plump, large oysters. Let them boil up in their own juice for two minutes, then drain them. Take a raw breast of chicken and the same amount of stale wheat bread. Chop the breast well and pound it to a paste. Let the bread soak in milk for at least one hour. Pound the bread and chicken together until they are thoroughly mixed, and rub them through a sharp sieve. Add a teaspoonful of butter and the yolks of two eggs. Mix thoroughly and season with salt and pepper, adding a table-spoonful of cream. Mash each oyster with this paste; then dip them in egg and in bread crumbs, like croquettes. Lay them in

a croquette basket so that they do not touch each other, and immerse them in a pot of boiling lard for three minutes. Serve them seasoned with a little salt and a dash of cayenne pepper, and waferlike slices of brown bread.

Catholic News.

The new Bishop of Hartford, Rt. Rev. M. Tierney, D. D., has received a handsome gold crozier from his alumni friends of St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y.

At the Synod of Hanover, a State Church institution, discussion has been held on the modification of baptism and abolition of the *Credo*, which young Protestants are obliged to recite on the day of their Confirmation. Some Protestant doctrines are reversible, like patent waterproof garments.

It is announced that the Holy Father has instructed the new Abbot-General of the Benedictines to take steps for re-establishing the order in Brazil. The Benedictines formerly had many prosperous monasteries in the South American Republic, the one in Rio de Janeiro being an immense establishment.

At the eleventh Catholic Congress just held at Rome social subjects and the liberty of teaching were principally spoken of, but the sittings were private. Archbishop Grasselli and the Bishops of Sinigaglia and Fiesole presided. Three hundred important persons, and Bishops to the number of seventy-seven, attended.

Cardinal Gonzales of Madrid, a distinguished member of the Sacred College, is afflicted with cancer in the tongue. He paid a visit to the German specialist, Dr. Earnest Bergman who pronounced the disease, after a close and exhaustive diagnosis, as too far advanced. The germs of cancer were in such a locality that all aids of surgery would be of no avail.

The Italian Catholic Church of the Most Precious Blood, No. 115 Baxter street, New York, which has been closed for some time because its Italian parishioners could not support a pastor has been re-opened. Archbishop Corrigan has turned the church over to the Franciscan Fathers. Father Julius, who had been pastor of St. Anthony's Church, in Sullivan street, has been placed in charge.

So obnoxious have the practices of the A. P. A.'s become in St. Louis, Mo., that the Catholics of that place have determined to inaugurate a retaliating policy. It is stated that an anti-A. P. A. society has been started in the city. The membership is confined to Catholics. The organization, it is said, will conduct a vigorous warfare on all members of the A. P. A. and will make a determined effort to wipe out the anti-Catholic society as a factor in political and mercantile life in the city. The Catholics of St. Louis feel that they have been driven to this course by the despicable actions of their bigoted enemies. Yet perhaps, it would be just as well not to notice the attacks of the fanatics to the extent of organizing societies in opposition. Know-nothingism will die of itself.

Advice to Invalids.

Almozia Wine is the best wine for invalids ever before offered to the public, and is highly recommended by all the Medical profession all over the world, is the only wine known to contain natural Salts of Iron produced by nature. On account of the feruginous soil in which the vines are cultivated. J. D. Oliver & Co., 16 King street west, Toronto, sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

"She used to be a nice girl," sighed Jenkins: "but since she wears a crinoline she is barely passable."

STILL ANOTHER TRIUMPH.—Mr. Thomas S. Bullen, Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles; and frequently I was unable to walk or sit, but four years ago I was cured by using Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I have also been subject to Quinsy for over forty years but Electric Oil cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the Piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since."

Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith



Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old mother urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

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The Catholic Truth Society.

We have received the annual report of the Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa, and are pleased to hear of its flourishing condition. Although the number of its members has not increased as rapidly as the Society would wish, it shows "substantial progress in many respects." A great amount of good Catholic literature has been put in circulation, and a series of four lectures was given through the year. At the first of the series Rev. M. J. Whelan gave a lecture on "The Civil Allegiance of Catholics," which has since been published in pamphlet form by the Society. A very good idea was proposed, that the ladies' branch of the Society should collect Catholic literature and distribute it among the poor of the city, and organize systematic visiting for this purpose. The REGISTER congratulates the Catholic citizens of Ottawa upon their energy and perseverance in this good work, and hopes the interest in it will not flag. This Society has entered in the third year since its organization. The officers for 1893-94 are his Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa, Patron; James J. McKenna, President; Rev. M. J. Whelan, 1st Vice-Pres.; Mr. Joseph Pope, 2nd Vice-Pres.; William C. De Brisay, Sec.; John L. McCabe, LL.D., Treasurer. Among the Committee are Rev. Canon McCarthy, Rev. A. Paullier, O.M.J., Rev. T. Cole, Rt. Hon. Sir John Thompson, K.C. M.G., W. L. Scott, T. R. Latchford, F. B. Hayes and others.

C. M. B. A.

At the last regular meeting of Our Lady's branch No. 31 C.M.B.A., Guelph, the following resolutions were ordered to be sent to the CATHOLIC REGISTER for publication with a view of bringing them before the eyes of the members of the society and afterwards have them discussed in the various branches prior to the next Grand Council meeting.

- 1 That any member attaining the age of 75 years be entitled to receive one half of his beneficiary. Full dues and assessments are nevertheless to be kept paid up until death of such a member when the other half is to be paid to his heirs as requested.
 - 2 When by reason of decease or accident a member becomes permanently disabled from following up his usual or other occupation he shall receive one half his beneficiary and the balance paid to his heirs at time of his death or in case of attaining the age of 75 years he shall be debarred from privileges in Section No 1. Full assessments and dues are to kept paid up until death.
 - 3 It is also in the opinion of this branch that a sick benefit fund be established.
 - 4 That a charge be made in the representation of branches to the Grand Council, viz. that instead of every branch sending one or more representatives, the branches of every County or certain districts each appoint a delegate to meet at the County seat or branch having the largest membership at least 30 days prior to the Grand Council meeting. These delegates to appoint one of the members to represent the views of the various branches of the grand Council meeting.
- The expenses of such members to be defrayed by the G. C. and the remuneration of such delegates shall be not more than \$2 per day for no longer than 3 days and mileage. This would curtail G. C. representative expenses to less than half at present.

JAMES KENNEDY, Sec.

On Tuesday March 6th, Branch 24, Thorold, held their regular meeting, with a large attendance present; in fact the largest meeting I have had the pleasure of attending. Branch 24 have 65 members on the roll, three new members been initiated on that night, and good prospects of increasing in the future. The following is a list of the officers: Chan., Jas. Battle; Pres., Joseph Battle; 1st Vice-Pres., P. J. O'Neill; 2nd Vice-Pres., Jos. Saunders; Treas., E. J. Reilly; Rec. Sec., M. Battle; Fin. Sec., A. McKeaguo; Asst. Fin. Sec., J. F. O'Neill; Marshal, John McNulty; Guard, F. Poulis; Delegate, Grand Council, Jas. Battle; Alt., Rev. T. J. Sullivan.

Branch 61, Merriton, held their regular meeting on Thursday, March 5th, with a good attendance present. Branch 61 have a membership of 32, with the following officers: Chan., Jno. J. Giblin; Pres., Wm. J. O'Reilly; 1st Vice-Pres., John McClean; 2nd Vice-Pres., O. Mallarky; Treas., Jao. McNally; Rec. Sec., Jno. H. Horey; Fin. Sec., R. J. Smith; Assistant Fin. Sec., P. Daher; Marshal, M. Nestor; Guard, C. Doyle; Delegate to Grand Council, Rev. Father J. Lynett; Alt., Wm. J.

O'Reilly. I was very cordially received at both meetings, as a visiting member, also as Representative for the Catholic Register, and wish them every success.—C. A. M., Agt. G. R.

The following resolution was adopted at the last regular meeting of Branch 23, C.M.B.A., Seaforth:

This Branch is of the opinion that the interests of the Association would be better served by holding fewer conventions of the Grand Council or by decreasing the number of delegates to a convention. This Branch is also of the opinion that, especially in consideration of the great expense to which the Association has been unavoidably put by separation and secondly as a matter of principle, the Grand Council should convene at a place centrally located and consider the holding of a convention on the outskirts of membership territory, unbusinesslike, magnified and not in accordance with the custom of well regulated and powerful societies—even in the face of the plea that such a step might advertize the Association and increase the membership.

The C. M. B. A. of Barrie had a very good meeting on Monday evening last. There are fifty five members in this Branch, which is in a flourishing condition.

John Young Reid.

The retirement of J. Y. Reid from the partnership with which he has been connected for nearly fifty years will be regretted by his old customers, who always found in him a courteous gentleman, and one ever ready to accommodate them on the most generous terms. Feeble health is the cause of Mr. Reid's sundering of the tie which so long had bound him to the firm of Buntin & Co.; but his condition is not serious, and the prospect is fair of a lengthy and well-earned repose. That this may be so is the earnest wish of Mr. Reid's many friends, both inside and outside the paper and stationery trade.

Home Rule Collections.

The total amount of Welland and Port Colborne was inadvertently omitted in our last issue, which should read as follows: Port Colborne, \$16.35; Welland \$32.65. Total \$ 49 00.
 Penetanguishine.....\$ 10 00
 Schomberg..... 19 55
 Gore of Toronto..... 20 00
 Thorold..... 32 00

At the Convent of Mercy, Kinsale, recently, Miss Kate Madigan (in religion Sister Mary Berchmanns) made her solemn profession, receiving the black veil from the Very Rev. Canon Potter, P.P., the Bishop being unable to be present.



They're Completely Disguised—all of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—with a sugar-coating which surrounds their concentrated vegetable extracts. You do not get the taste. This means more than comfort. The offensive taste of oils, or of bitter pills is apt to upset digestion. They're tiny, hence easily swallowed. They're easy in action, and after using them you feel well instead of Bilious and Constipated; your Sick Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion are gone.

Good nature belongs to an active liver; irritability to a morbid liver. Take Pleasant Pellets that you may cultivate good nature, happiness, and health.

They're the cheapest pill you can buy, because guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

A SQUARE offer of \$500 in gold is made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for any case of Catarrh in the Head, no matter how bad or of how long standing, which they cannot cure.

"How are you?"
 "Nicely, Thank You."
 "Thank Who?"
 "Why the inventor of
**SCOTT'S
 EMULSION**

Which cured me of CONSUMPTION."
 Give thanks for its discovery. That it does not make you sick when you take it.
 Give thanks. That it is three times as efficacious as the old-fashioned cod liver oil.
 Give thanks. That it is such a wonderful flesh producer.
 Give thanks. That it is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Coughs and Colds.
 Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00.
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BUILDING SALE.

Present Premises Coming Down.

OUR thoughts have a considerable turn for your welfare when we say: Keep well shod this weather. Our prices are so shaped that this consideration becomes practical with about everyone.

- Ladies' American Kid Oxfords, patent leather tip, 85c.
- Ladies' American Kid Oxfords, patent leather tip, Philadelphia toe, \$1, worth \$1.25.
- Ladies' Dongola Kid, button, patent leather tip, Piccadilly toe, \$1.25, worth \$1.75.
- Ladies' Dongola Kid, button, hand-turned, patent leather tip, \$2, worth \$2.50.
- Ladies' Dongola Strap Slippers, \$1, worth \$1.25.
- Men's Heavy Working Boots, \$1.25.
- Men's White Fox Hand-made, Waulkenphast Hals, \$2, worth \$2.50.
- Men's Calf, Hand-sewed, Blucher Hals, best make, \$2.50, worth \$3.
- Men's Dongola Kid, Hand-turn Congress, \$2.25, worth \$3.
- Boys' School Boots, whole fox, double sole, \$1, worth \$1.25.
- Youths' School Boots, heavy sole, 75c, worth \$1.
- Children's Oil Pebble, hand-riveted, spring heel, 75c, worth \$1.
- Girls' Oil Pebble, hand-riveted, spring heel, tip, 55c, worth \$1.25.
- Girls' American Kid, button, 75c, worth \$1.

A department of boots and shoes that has an interest to many is that of trunks and valises. We have the best, and, as with footwear, we sell the stock lower than anywhere else.

Be it green, black or mixed tea, we can please you. You know our 25c black tea, usually sold for 40c.

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REV. T. W. LEGGOTT, BRONKLYN, N.Y., writes: After giving the K. D. C. a fair trial, I am satisfied it is the best remedy for Dyspepsia ever brought within my reach. I have found it all that is claimed in its behalf, and have much pleasure in recommending it as a most excellent remedy.

Free Sample of K. D. C. mailed to any address. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N.S., or 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

Dangerous Occupations.

Doctor Abbott says, in the Independent, that those businesses whose members die youngest are just those which suffer the greatest temptations to the use of intoxicating liquors. The death rate among barkeepers and workmen in breweries is frightfully high. If a man wants to live long he must avoid such a business. It is more dangerous to one's health to tend a bar than it is to breathe the sharp, metallic dust to which one is exposed who grinds cutlery. Whisky is more poisonous and dangerous than the white lead with which painters stain their hands. Putting the mortality of clergymen at 100, the mortality of those who attend a bar run up to 997, nearly four times as many deaths, and no amount of sanitary conditions can make their business healthy.

Obituary.

On Sunday, 25th of Feb. at midnight, Miss Hauora Brennan passed quietly out of this world at St. James' presbytery, Colgan, at the ripe old age of 78, after being fortified with the last sacraments of Holy Church. Though her lot was humble in life, yet her conscientious fidelity in the discharge of every duty that devolved upon her seems to entitle her to more than a merely passing notice. Her career as house-keeper commenced in Annacorthy Parish, in her native county of Tipperary, with Rev. William Mullally, a distinguished priest of the Diocese of Cashel, just previous to the terrible famine that spread the pall of death over Ireland, well nigh fifty years ago. Oft was her hand extended in charity to the hungry, and many times she partook sparingly of her meals in order to relieve the pangs of hunger, of those around less fortunate than herself.

She came to this country in 1849 or 50, and since has been engaged as house-keeper with priests, with the exception of two brief periods which she spent with ladies in Rochester, N. Y., and Brantford, Ont. When His Grace Archbishop Walsh was pastor of St. Mary's, Toronto, she was his house-keeper for two years. She lived also in the same capacity for a number of years with Rev. Father Sauvadet when he was parish priest of St. Patrick's, Toronto. She had been two years with Rev. Father Kelly during his pastorate of Niagara-on-the-Lake, and she has been with Rev. Father Kilcullen, at whose residence she departed, for the past twenty-two years. Every one acquainted with her will readily bear testimony to the Christian charms that adorned her noble character and the many virtues that shed a ray of splendor over her ordinary and every day actions. Every thing savoring of sham she despised, and human respect never caused her to deflect from what she considered the right course in the line of duty. Her friends will mourn her many a long day, and all will in their charity pray "perpetual light" may shine on her soul.—*Cardwell Sentinel.*

The funeral took place on the 25th ult. from the residence of Mr. John Walsh, Bellevue Place, Toronto, to St. Michael's Cemetery.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, March 14, 1894.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 62	\$0 00
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 61	0 00
Wheat, spring, per bush.....	0 60	0 00
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 58	0 00
Oats, per bush.....	0 39	0 40
Peas, per bush.....	0 62	0 63
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs...	5 75	6 00
Chickens, per pair.....	0 45	0 60
Geese, per lb.....	0 06	0 07
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 10	0 12
Butter per lb., in tubs.....	0 20	0 22
Butter, per lb.....	0 20	0 22
Eggs, now laid, per dozen...	0 17	0 18
Parsley, per doz.....	0 15	0 01
Parsnips, per bag.....	0 45	0 55
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 30	0 40
Colery, per doz.....	0 45	0 55
Onions, per bag.....	1 10	1 25
Rhubarb, per doz.....	0 90	1 00
Turnips, per bag.....	0 30	0 40
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 50	0 55
Beets, per bag.....	0 65	0 75
Carrots, per bag.....	0 35	0 40
Apple, per bbl.....	2 50	4 00
Hay, timothy.....	9 00	11 00
Straw sheaf.....	7 00	8 00
Straw, loose.....	5 00	6 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO March 13.—The market was a very poor one, and prices dropped. Butchers' cattle brought 3½c per pound, the average being 2½c.
 Neither sheep nor lambs were really wanted to-day. A few lambs sold at 4c per pound, but 3½c was an ordinary figure.
 Sheep were nominal. Only good calves are wanted, scarcely any worth buying here. Hogs were much lower, and \$4 70 was the top price.

THE GLADIATORS:

A Tale of Rome and Judea.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE.

EROS.

CHAPTER XIV.
CÆSAR.

When a woman feels herself scorned her first impulse seems to be revenge at any price. Some morbid sentiment which the other sex can hardly fathom, usually prompts her in such cases to select for her instrument the man whom in her heart she loathes and despises, whose society is an insult, and whose attentions are a disgrace. Thus lowering herself in her own esteem, she knows that she inflicts a poisoned wound on the offender.

With all Valeria's self-command, her feelings had nearly got the better of her before Esca left the house. Had it been so, she would never have forgiven herself. But she managed to restrain them, and preserved an outward composure even while Myrrha prepared her for repose. That damsel was much puzzled by the upshot of her manœuvres. From a method of her own, which long practice rendered familiar, she had made herself acquainted with all that occurred between her mistress and her handsome slave. Why their interview should have had no more definite result, she was at a loss to conceive. Altogether, Myrrha was inclined to think that Esca had been so captivated by her own charms, as to be insensible to those of Valeria. This flattering supposition opened up a perspective of hazard, intrigue, and cross purposes, that it was delicious to contemplate. The maid retired to her couch exulting. The mistress writhed in an agony of wounded pride and shame.

Morning, however, brought its un-failing accession of clear-sightedness and practical resolve. There are hours of the night in which we can abandon ourselves to love, hatred, despair, or sorrow with a helplessness that possesses in it some of the elements of repose; but with dawn reality resumes her sway, and the sufferer is indeed to be pitied, who can turn away from daylight without an impulse to be up and doing, who wishes only, in the lethargy of utter desolation, that it was evening once more.

Valeria was not a woman to pass over the slight she had sustained. Few of them but will forgive an injury more readily than an insult.

Long before she rose she had made up her mind where, and when, and how to strike; nothing remained but to select the weapon, and put a keener edge upon the steel.

Now Valeria had long been aware, that, as far as was compatible with his disposition, Julius Placidus was devoted to her service. Indeed, he had told her so many a time, with an assumption of off-hand gallantry which, perhaps, she estimated at less than its proper value. Nevertheless, the compliments she received from the Tribune were scarcely so well turned as might be expected from a man of his outward polish, refined manners, and general bad character. The woman's ear could detect the ring of truth, amid all the jingle that accompanied it; and Valeria felt that the Tribune loved her as much as it was possible for him to love anything but himself.

To do her justice, she liked him none the better on that account. He was a man whom she must have hated under any circumstances, but perhaps she despised him less for this one redeeming quality of good taste. Here was a weapon, however, keen, and strong, and pliant, placed moreover, so to speak, within reach of her hand. She rose and dressed, languid, haughty, and composed as usual; but Myrrha,

who knew her, remarked a red spot burning on either cheek; and once a shudder, as of intense cold, passed over her, though it was a sunny morning in Rome.

Julius Placidus received a letter ere noon that seemed to afford him infinite satisfaction. The gilded chariot flashed brighter than ever in the sun, the white horses whirled it like lightning through the streets. Automedon's curis floated on the breeze, and the boy was even more insolent than usual without rebuke. Lolling on his velvet cushions the Tribune's smile seemed to have lost something of its malice; and though the tiger-look was on him still, it was that of the sleek and satisfied tiger who has been fed. That look never left him all day, while he transacted business in the Forum, while he showed his grace and agility at ball in the Fives' Court, while he reposed after his exertions at the bath; but it was more apparent still when the hour of supper arrived, and he took his place in the banquet hall of Cæsar, with some of the bravest soldiers, the noblest senators, the greatest statesmen, wits, gluttons, and profligates in the empire.

A banquet with Vitellius was no light and simple repast. Leagues of sea and miles of forest had been swept to furnish the mere groundwork for the entertainment. Hardy fishermen had spent their nights on the heaving wave, that the giant turbot might flap its snowy flakes on the Emperor's table broader than its broad dish of gold. Many a swelling hill, clad in the dark oak coppice, had echoed to ringing shout of hunter, and deep-mouthed bay of hound, ere the wild boar yielded his grim life by the morass, and the dark grisly carcass was drawn off to provide a standing-dish that was only meant to gratify the eye. Even the peacock roasted in its feathers was too gross a dainty for epicures who studied the art of gastronomy under Cæsar: and that taste would have been considered rustic in the extreme, which could partake of more than the mere fumes and savour of so substantial a dish. A thousand nightingales had been trapped and killed, indeed, for this one supper, but brains and tongues were all they contributed to the banquet, while even the wing of a roasted hare would have been considered far too coarse and common food for the imperial board.

There were a dozen of guests reaching round the ivory table, and so disposed that the head of each was turned towards the giver of the feast. Cæsar was, indeed, in his glory. A garland of white roses crowned his pale and bloated face, enhancing the unhealthiness of its aspect. His features had originally been well-formed and delicate, expressive of wit, energy, and great versatility of character. Now the eyes were sunken, and the vessels beneath them so puffed and swollen as to discolour the skin; the jaw, too, had become large and heavy, imparting an air of sensual stupidity to the whole countenance, which brightened up, however, at the appearance of a favorite dish, or the smack of some rich luscious wine. He was busy at present with the eager, guzzling avidity of a pig: and he propped his unwieldy body, clad in its loose white gown, on one flabby arm, while with the other he fed himself on sharp-biting salads, salted herrings, pickled anchovies, and such stimulants as were served in the first course of a Roman entertainment, to provoke the hunger that the rest of the meal should satisfy. Now and then his eye wandered for an instant through the long shining vistas of the hall, amongst its marble pillars, its crimson hangings, its vases crowned with blushing fruit and flowers, its side-boards blazing with chalices, and flagons, and plates of burnished gold, as though he expected and winced from a blow; but the restless glance was sure to return to the table, and

quench itself once more in the satisfaction of his favourite employment.

Next to the Emperor was placed Paris, the graceful pantomimist, whose girlish face was already flushed with wine, and who turned his dark laughing eyes from one to another of the guests with the good-humoured insouciance of incipient intoxication. The young actor's dress was extravagant in the extreme, and he wore a collar of pearls, the gift of an empress, that would have purchased a province. He was talking volubly to a fat, coarse-featured man, his neighbour, who answered him at intervals with a grunt of acquiescence, but in whose twinkling eye lurked a world of wit and sarcasm, and from whose thick sensual lips, engrossed as they were with the business of the moment, would drop over and anon some pungent jest, that was sure to be repeated to-morrow at every supper table in Rome. Montanus was a crafty statesman and a practised diplomatist, whose society was sought for at the Court, whose opinions carried weight in the Senate; but the old voluptuary had long discovered that there was no safety under the empire for those who took a leading part in the council, but that certain distinction awaited proficiency at the banquet—so he devoted his powerful intellect to the study of gastronomy and the fabrication of witty sayings; nor did he ever permit the outward expression of his countenance to betray a consciousness of the good things that went into and came out of his mouth.

Beyond him again reclined Licinius; his manly face and noble bearing presenting a vivid contrast to those who surrounded him, and who treated him, one and all, including Cæsar himself, with marked deference and respect. The old soldier, however, appeared somewhat weary, and out of his element. He loathed these long entertainments, so opposed to his own simple habits; and regarded the company in his secret heart with a good-humoured, yet very decided, contempt. So he sat through the banquet as he would have kept watch on an outpost. It was tedious, it was disagreeable. There was nothing to be gained by it; but it was duty, and it must be done.

Far different, in the frank joyous expression he knew so well how to put on, was the mien of Julius Placidus, as he replied to a brief, indistinct question from the Emperor (murmured with his mouth full), by a sally that set every one near him laughing, and even raised a smile on the pale face of Vitellius himself. It was the Tribune's cue to make his society universally popular—to be all things to all men, especially to win the confidence of his imperial host. There is an art in social success, no less than in any other triumph of natural ability. The rein must never be completely loosed, the bow never stretched to its full compass. Latent power ready to be called forth, is the secret of all grace; and while the observed does well, it must be apparent to the observer that he could do better if he chose. Also, to be really popular, a man, though a good deal liked, should be a little feared. Julius Placidus excelled in the 'retort courtois,' which he could deliver without the slightest hesitation or change of countenance; and a nick-name or a sarcasm once inflicted by the ready-witted Tribune clung afterwards to its object like a burr. Then he possessed besides the invaluable qualification of a discriminating taste in seasonings, the result of a healthy palate, refined, but not destroyed by the culture bestowed on it; and could drink every man of them, except Montanus, under the table, without his stomach or his brain being affected by the debauch.

Our acquaintance Spado was also of the party. Generally a buffoon of no mean calibre, and one whose special talent lay in such coarse and practical jests as served to amuse Vitellius when his intellects had become too torpid to

appreciate the nicer delicacies of wit, the cunuch was to-night peculiarly dull and silent. He reclined, with his head resting on his hand, and seemed to conceal as much as he could of his face, one side of which was swollen and discoloured as from a blow. His fat unwieldy form looked more disgusting than usual in its sumptuous dress, fastened and looped up at every fold with clasps of emeralds and pearls; and though he ate slowly and with difficulty, he seemed determined to lose none of the gratifications of the meal.

There were a few more guests—two or three senators—who, with the caution, but not the genius of Montanus, were conspicuous for nothing but their fulsome adulation of the Emperor. A tall sullen looking man, commander of the Pretorian Guard, who never laid aside the golden breast-plate in which he was encased, and who seemed only anxious for the conclusion of the entertainment. Three or four unknown and undistinguished persons, called in Roman society by the expressive term 'Shades,' whose social position, and, indeed, whose very existence, depended on the patrons they followed. Amongst these were two freedmen of the Emperor, pale anxious-looking beings, with haggard eyes and careworn faces. It was their especial duty to guard against poison, by tasting of every dish served to their employer. It might be supposed that, as in previous reigns, one such functionary would have been enough; but the great variety of dainties in which enormous appetite of Vitellius enabled him to indulge, rendered it impossible for any one stomach to keep pace with him throughout the whole of a meal, and these devoted champions took it by turns to guard their master with their lives. Keen appetites and jovial looks were not to be expected from men engaged on such a duty.

The first course, though long protracted, came to an end at last. Its greatest delicacy, consisting of dormice sprinkled with poppyseed and honey, had completely disappeared. The tables were cleared by a band of Asiatic youths, richly habited, who entered to the sounds of wild Eastern music, and bore off the fragments that remained. As they emerged at one door, a troop of handsome fair-haired maidens—barbarian captives—simply clad in white muslin, and garlanded with flowers, entered at another, carrying the golden dishes and vessels that contained the second course. In the meantime, hanging curtains parted slowly from before a recess in the middle of the hall, and disclosed three Syrian dancing girls, grouped like a picture, in different attitudes of voluptuous grace. Shaded lamps were so disposed as to throw a rosy light upon their limbs and faces; while soft thin vapours curled about them, rising from braziers burning perfumed incense at their feet. Simultaneously they clashed their cymbals, and bounded wildly out upon the floor. Then began a measure of alternate languor and activity, now swelling into frantic bacchanalian gestures, now sinking into tender lassitude or picturesque repose. The warm blood glowed in the dark faces of these daughters of the sun, the black eyes flashed under their long eye-lashes, and their white teeth showed like pearls between the rich red lips; while the beautifully turned limbs, and the flexible, undulating forms, writhed themselves into attitudes suggestive of imperious conquest, coy reluctance, or yielding love.

The dance was soon over; wilder and faster flitted the glancing feet, and tossed the shapely hands, encircled with bracelets and anklets of tiny silver bells. When the measure was whirling at its speediest, the three stopped short, and at once, as if struck into stone, formed a group of rare fantastic beauty at the very foot of Cæsar's guests; who one and all broke into a murmur of unfeigned applause. As,

touching their mouths and foreheads with their hands in Eastern obeisance, they retired, Placidus slung after them a collar of pearls, to be picked up by her who was apparently the leader of the three. One of the Emperor's freed men seemed about to follow his example, for he buried his hand in his bosom, but either changed his mind or else found nothing there, since he drew it forth again empty; while Vitellius himself, plucking a bracelet from his arm, threw it after the retreating dancers, remarking that it was intended as "a bribe to go away, for they only distracted attention from matters of real importance, now that the second course had come in,"—to which Montanus gave his cordial approval, fixing his eyes at the same time on the breast of a flamingo in which the skilful carver had just inserted the point of his long knife.

It would be endless to go into the details of such a banquet as that which was placed before the guests of Cæsar. Wild boar, pasties, goats, every kind of shell-fish, thrushes, beccaficos, vegetables of all descriptions, and poultry, were removed to make way for the pheasant, the guinea hen, the turkey, the capon, venison, ducks, woodcocks, and turtle-doves. Everything that could creep, or fly, or swim, and could boast a delicate flavour when cooked, was pressed into the service of the Emperor; and when appetite was appeased and could do no more, the strongest condiments and other remedies were used to stimulate fresh hunger and consume a fresh supply of superfluous dainties. But the great business of the evening was not yet half finished. Excess of eating was indeed the object; but it was to excess of drinking that the gluttons of that period looked as the especial relief of every entertainment, since the hope of each seemed to be, that when thoroughly flooded, and, so to speak, washed out with wine, he might begin eating again. The Roman was no drunkard like the barbarian, for the sake of that wild excitement of the brain which is purchased by intoxication. No, he ate no repelation that he might drink with gratification. He drank to excess that he might eat again.

Another train of slaves now cleared the table. These were Nubian eunuchs, clad in white turbans and scarlet tunics, embroidered with seed pearls and gold. They brought in the dessert—choice fruits heaped upon vases of the rarest porcelain, sweetmeats in baskets of silver filigree, Syrian dates borne by miniature golden camels of exquisite workmanship—masses of flowers in the centre, and perfumes burning at the corners of the table. Behind the couch containing its three guests stood a sable cup-bearer, deaf and dumb, whose only business it was to fill for his especial charge. These mutes were procured at vast expense from every corner of the empire; but Cæsar especially prided himself on their similarity in face and figure. To-day he would be served by Germans, to-morrow by Gauls, the next by Ethiopians, and so on; nor, though deprived of the organs of speech and hearing, were these ministers of Bacchus unobservant of what took place amongst the votaries on whom they waited; and it was said that the mutes in the palace heard more confidence, and told more secrets, than all the old women in Rome put together.

And now, taking his cue from the Emperor, each man loosened the belt of his tunic, shifted the garland of flowers off his brows, disposed himself in an easier attitude on his couch, and proffered his cup to be filled by the attendant. The great business of eating was for the present concluded, and deep drinking about to commence. When marvelling, however, at the quantity of wine consumed by the Romans in their entertainments, we must remember that it was the pure and unadulterated juice of the grape,

that it was in general freely mixed with water, and that they thus imbibed but a very small portion of the alcohol, which is in reality the destructive quality of all stimulants, to the welfare of the stomach and the brain.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For the Lawyers.

In the incident related below, a boy twelve years old conquered a smart and shrewd lawyer, fighting for a bad cause.

Walter was the important witness, and one of the lawyers after cross-questioning him, said:

"Your father has been talking to you, and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify."

"Well," said the boy, modestly, "father told me that the lawyers would try to tangle me, but, if I would just be careful and tell the truth, I could tell the same thing every time."

The lawyer didn't try to tangle up that boy any more.

The inauguration of the new club of Catholic youth, the St. Joseph's has taken place at the Kuppelhof of Strasbourg. Twelve other societies assisted in the proceedings, which were brilliant and solemn. Canon Roess, the Abbes Muller-Simonis and Metz all spoke, and spoke with a will, and to best of purposes. There was also an edifying allocution from Mgr. Fritzen, and the festival, where French, German, and dialect intermixed, will long be remembered with joy in faithful Catholic Alsace.

A WONDERFUL CURE.—Mr. David Smith, Cos Hill, Ont., writes: "For the benefit of others I wish to say a few words about Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. About a year ago I took a very severe cough, had a violent sore on my lips, was had with dyspepsia, constipation and general debility. I tried almost every conceivable remedy, outwardly and inwardly, to cure the sore but all to no purpose. I had often thought of trying Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, so I got a bottle and when I had used about one half the sore showed evident signs of healing. By the time that bottle was done it had about disappeared and my general health was improving fast. I was always of a very bilious habit and had used quinine and lemon juice with very little effect. But since using 3 bottles of the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY the biliousness is entirely gone and my general health is excellent. I am 60 years old. Parties using it should continue it for some time after they think they are cured. It is by far the best health restorer I know."

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The much-travelled Empress of Austria is now sojourning in Madeira, where her stay is prolonged by an accident which happened to her yacht, the repairs of which will take some weeks, says a foreign exchange. The Empress is profiting by the delay to explore the interior of the island, making excursions ascents, and taking long walks, and revisiting the places she admired twenty years ago when she first visited the Canaries.

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LETTER FROM LONDON.

Weekly Correspondence of the Register

LONDON, Eng., March 2nd, 1894.

Rumours of impending changes in the Ministry are again in the air. Little else is discussed in political circles. The Anarchists' outrage and the British reverses in West Africa have ceased to have the prominent place in public attention. Even the compromise on the Parish Councils Bill pales before the all-absorbing topic of Mr. Gladstone's personality. It seems to be the universal impression that we are on the eve of some historical movement which has its origin in the Cabinet. But that is about all that men of experience in political affairs will venture to admit, even to themselves. What the real secret is, no one outside the Cabinet seems to know, and the wildest guesses are made by political quidnuncs. One says that Mr. Gladstone intends to resign; another that the Queen sent for Lord Rosebery to prevail upon him to accept the leadership of the Liberal Party, a third states that a dissolution will take place in a few days or a few weeks. On the other hand, rumour hath it that Lord Rosebery's visit to Windsor was of the simplest official character; but again it is declared that his visit was of a personal nature of a most interesting kind. Every one of these statements may be only "floating fancies of an idle mind," but some of them are gravely discussed by sage men, who believe "that behind all this smoke there must be at least some fire."

When all has been said that can be said, one thing remains patent, Mr. Gladstone's resignation cannot be long delayed, and may come at any moment. Whenever it comes, strife for the moment will be hushed in considering the pathos of his personal position. He still retains much of his intellectual energy, and his greatness is denied only by curmudgeons. His courage is as high as ever. His ascendancy over his followers is still almost unrivalled. His devotion to his duty is without thought for self, save in so far as the love of power for fame's sake may be called selfish. Yet now, if he passes out of politics, it will be as a statesman baffled in the midst of a great enterprise, and unable for purely physical reasons to continue the struggle. It is a saddening spectacle, and one which will excite universal sorrow. We should have wished to see the Grand Old Man retire to his well earned repose with the task he had set himself in the evening of his days, accomplished. But should the fates decree otherwise he will yet lay down the reins of office amid "the fragrance of the gratitude of two nations though his loss will be keenly felt by both. Perhaps the best thing that can be said is to tell over again the story of an incident which touched both Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone acutely. Some years ago they were going to church together in London, and walked through a portion of St. Giles. They were recognised by a crowd of larkins, and stared at until one of the lads cried out, "Well, they may say what they like about him, but they'll miss him when he is gone."

To turn to the future, Lord Rosebery must be the Prime Minister, even though Mr. Labouchere denounces him as a wolf in sheep's clothing. Sir William Harcourt is his only possible rival. Lord Rosebery is a model Foreign Secretary. He is an Imperialist by instinct. He believes in a strong foreign policy. He is rarely subject to political delusions. He has diplomacy which he can exercise even in the domestic field. He is an orator and a wit and is praised even by his opponents for the fairness of his argument. He can stand up for a principle which he thinks important with all the courage and tenacity of an enthusiast. Sir William Harcourt is a very

able man; but he has one disqualification that he has the misfortune to be regarded, even by his friends, as somewhat of an opportunist. It is felt that he would seek to minimise the questions which concern the Empire. The people at large know him so well that that they discount him, and his own party has not sufficient faith in him. Lord Rosebery from the calm of the Upper House can control general affairs better than Sir William with doubtful national sympathies can control them from the House of Commons. Sir William would have great power as leader of the Lower House, but as leader of the Party his success would be questionable. Mr. Gladstone himself may advise her Majesty to make Lord Rosebery her chief adviser, for it is some years now since the Prime Minister spoke of the head of the House of Primrose as his political heir. But in any case the Queen is likely to prefer Lord Rosebery, and the majority of the Liberal Party will acquiesce in her choice.

Last night was a historical one in the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone made a memorable speech—one which will stand out as marking an epoch in the political conflicts of the country. The gage of battle has been thrown down to the House of Lords by the greatest statesman of the age, and a challenge coming from such a quarter means that a crisis has been reached in the fortunes of the Peers. Early in the evening it was evident that something important was about to happen. Mrs. Gladstone, who had driven to the House with the Premier, was in her accustomed corner behind the ladies' grille—a sure sign that her husband was going to make one of his important speeches. The House was crowded, and members were obviously in a state of animated expectancy. At half-past three the Prime Minister entered, and was received with a thunderous cheer from the Liberals and Nationalists. Foremost among the latter in the demonstration of welcome was Dr. Tanner, who was wearing a flaring red tie, which he always does when battle is at hand. Questions over, the Premier advanced to the table. A hush fell upon the assembly, for the House by intention knew that a fateful moment had arrived. There stood the venerable Old Man, ready to sound the clarion note of war. The spectacle was one to vividly appeal to the imagination; for the victor of debate, with the snows of eighty-four winters upon his head, was about to make an epoch-making speech. Members felt that in all probability this was to be his last great effort in an assembly where for sixty years he has played a leading part, and this thought gave an additional touch of pathos to the scene. Standing erect at the table, without a note in his hand, and in clear, silvery accents he denounces the action of the Lords, and vehemently declares that for this continued contrariety, this incessant conflict between the Peers and the people there is only one solution, and he pledges his party to attempt that solution. At an announcement so unexpected the Liberals and Irish break out into a demonstration of the wildest enthusiasm and the Premier sits down amidst a chorus of cheers such as, perhaps, never greeted him before in his chequered career. The leader of the Opposition replies as best he can on the spur of the moment, and then members and spectators troop out to discuss with unwonted excitement this latest move in the political game.

The speech has greatly heartened the Liberal rank and file, and they refuse to believe the Premier's resignation is as imminent as it is reported. A movement has set in with great vigour to induce him to retain the leadership of the party even if the state of his eyesight necessitate a temporary withdrawal from active duties.

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G. T. R. West	7.30 3.25	12.40pm 8.00
N. and N. W.	7.30 4.20	10.05 8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00 4.30	10.55 8.50
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C. V. R.	7.00 3.00	12.15pm 8.50
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. W. R.	noon 2.00	9.00 7.30
	6.15 4.00	10.30 8.20
	10.00	
U. S. N. Y.	6.15 12.00	9.00 5.45
	4.00 10.30	11pm
U. S. West'n States	10.00	
	6.15 12 n.	9.00 8.20
	10.30	

English mails close on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10 p.m., and on Thursdays at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for March: 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 22, 23, 24, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. N.B.—There are branch post-offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Savings Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such Branch Postoffice. T. C. PATTERSON, P.M.

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