

Cross and Crown.

Oh, give me back the golden time Of candor and of truth. When life looked radiant and sublime, Seen with the eyes of youth: When hill and vale and plain and grove Basked in a golden glow That lit the smiling skies above, And bathed the earth below!

KAJI HAMED'S FLUTE.

BY LEW VANDERPOOL.

Low in the East, casting a rosy gleam through the mists of the far-off Red Sea, hung the full moon. Alone and with set teeth, Kaji Hamed rode out toward the luminary, fiercely glad that the coating of night made it possible to start on the long journey to Edfoo, over on the Nile, full six hundred miles away. As he left Gelabo, in the heart of the Oasis of Kurafah, he cast but a single glance to his direct left—a glance full of the hatred he felt for the Mediterranean and the white races beyond it, one man of whom was now forcing him to either renounce Allah or cross the Libyan Desert.

All night long he rode eastward in silence, speaking no caressive word to El-Senek, his favorite horse. Not once throughout that night did Kaji Hamed lift his eyes from the dreary sands. He had but one thought—to put as many miles as possible between himself and Gelabo before the dawn—Gelabo where he had grown rich in trade, but whose white-washed walls and mean, dun-hatched thatches he might never see again.

For four years Kaji Hamed had had three sources of pride, and but three—his daughter, his horses, his ever-growing wealth. And now, because the first was lost to him, he could win no consolation from the rest.

It was true, his belt was full of gold and jewels, and that El-Senek, whom men called the fleetest horse in all Libya, was under him. These were now but a small means to a mighty end—an end, too, which but for them and the over-ful measure of time and care he had given them, might never have faced him, blackening all his hopes, blighting all his days.

But for his horses and his lust for greater wealth, no Frank would ever have found it possible to steal his child's heart under his very eyes. Zelka, his daughter, was his slave also, born of a beautiful Georgian woman he had bought in Cairo twenty years before.

Unlike most Bedouins, he had loved his wife, and as she had gained rude smatches of refinement from the people she had seen on her way from the Caucasian Mountains to the market-places, he, for her sake, gave up thieving, after the manner of his kindred, and settled in trade, in Gelabo, even before their daughter was born.

From the time her eyes were opened to the light, Zelka became the pride of the Georgian woman and her Arab husband, and of the wild, rude negro town as well, for the little one had never been kept veiled and tented, after the usual custom with Moslem women.

The mother of Zelka had many ambitions beyond those of her race and sphere, and among them was the desire to have her child see the great world of Egypt, and thus be chosen to wife by some worthier man than the Libyan Desert held.

To this dream Kaji Hamed raised no opposition; in fact, it quite fell in with his own wishes. He was growing rich, was a person of importance and influence, even over along the Nile, and so it was natural that he should wish some other than a Bedouin son-in-law. And so, before the end of Zelka's tenth year, her parents were already picturing to themselves the grand, fine husband to whom the little maiden was to be some day given.

Zelka, even then, was a woman in all save years, and far more beautiful than her mother had been, having, as she did, the mingled blood of two shapely, passionate races in her veins. Despite the hot climate in which she had grown, her skin was fairer than that of most of the women of Spain. In her eyes and hair alone was the midnight of the East wholly dominant.

Before she was eleven, a trader made the difficult passage to Gelabo from the northern coast. With him came his son, a youth of eighteen, upon whom the grace and beauty of Zelka made a most remarkable impression.

The parents of the little maid allowed the stranger youth to see more of her than was good for his peace of mind, so eager were they to study the effect of her extraordinary charms upon some one else than desert folk; and so he went away sighing because his back must be turned upon the first person of the subtler sex upon whom he had ever cared to cast a second glance. Zelka, too, was drawn to him, but either fear or some finer maidenly instinct caused her to keep her secret to herself. But she went in silent seclusion for many a night when the young Frank had gone away to the eastward with his father's caravan.

Two years later ambition caused Kaji Hamed to start with his wife and

daughter across the desert, northward for Cairo—an ambition which was twofold. A husband must be found for Zelka and the Gelabo trade must be extended.

Zelka's mother died on the way. Just before they reached Kasr Dakel, two hundred miles from Edfoo, she breathed her last. Dying, she bequeathed her husband to proceed on to Edfoo with Zelka, leave her with his brother, and then return to Kasr Dakel and take her dead body back to Gelabo, so that he might ever be near her tomb till Allah called him also. The prayers of the dying wife were granted. Sheik Ibrahim, of Edfoo, the uncle of Kaji Hamed, was given charge of her while Kaji Hamed went back on his mournful journey to Gelabo.

Old Ibrahim was as advanced in wisdom as he was in years, and to him his brother's ambition was grossest folly. In the sheik's mind, Allah sent men to whatever station and place best suited his high purposes; and if the divine will ever changed concerning any one, the divine radiance would clearly illuminate the way to such migration. Like the thorough Moslem he was, he held it highest sin to follow woman's counselings. It was, hence, all evil to forsake the desert and seek the cities to find a husband for Zelka. In his own good time Allah would send her a husband, wherever she might be. To seek to hasten the coming of Allah's time, and to venture to change his way, only savored of evil. This, in his mind, was why Kaji Hamed lost his wife, and that his ill-advised brother would be still further rebuked. Sheik Ibrahim had no doubt.

It was many months after the burial of his wife at Gelabo before Kaji Hamed rejoined his daughter. Raiders had been coursing the Northern Sahara, and they were at Gelabo, when he arrived, with scores of scores of fine horses, willing to barter them to whoever chose to bid. Kaji Hamed's wealth and station made him the very customer they sought, and no sooner was his dead wife underground than the raiders led him underground they were willing to suit their time to his, and stay in Gelabo till the completion of his fitting period of mourning made it proper for him to inspect their herds. Many a week was thus consumed.

When Kaji Hamed was next in Edfoo a year had elapsed since the day he left it to go and bury his wife. His stay, this time, was even shorter than before. Now he was on his way to Cairo to dispose of an abundance of ivory, spices and horses, the fruit of much bartering with many traders; and so he decided that it would not be wise to cumber himself with women, but still left his daughter with his brother at Edfoo.

Sheik Ibrahim smiled joyously. Truly Allah was sending his brother wisdom. He had not only given over husband-hunting, but was bent on building up treasure, some portion of which, he had no doubt, would appease the wrath of Allah, by being devoted to such high purposes as were against heaven's foes.

But the sheik could devise better than he could discern. When Kaji Hamed returned from Cairo the worldly wisdom he had gathered from the traders there had made him more avaricious than ever—a needless gain, though the pious sheik.

It was now Kaji Hamed's purpose to leave Zelka at Edfoo still longer, while he went on to Gelabo and disposed of his possessions there, preparatory to making Cairo his home.

Sheik Ibrahim sighed. Civilization, he thought, was dangerous for Bedouins; it was bad enough for priests—but the latter had to face its perils; the work of Allah had to be done. For Kaji Hamed he trembled, so dire were the fateful things he in fancy saw overhanging him. What could he hope for a man who gave no heed to Allah's plain rebukes? The death of his wife had failed to bring Kaji Hamed to closer conformance with the laws of the Prophet; and so, in his mind's eye, Sheik Ibrahim already saw his brother's daughter and wealth taken from him.

But Kaji Hamed was incorrigible. None of his pious brother's admonitions were anything else than idle croakings to him. He heard them patiently, because his daughter was his brother's guest; but he only followed the counselings of his dead wife and his own heart. Zelka was again left at Edfoo, while her ambitious father pursued his cheerless way to Gelabo. The excitement of money-getting and the entertainment new-found friends had pressed upon him had kept him a long while at Cairo, which, together with his stay at Edfoo, made it now nearly four years since the burial of his wife, to whose place in his affections no other woman had succeeded—another offense on his part against Allah, in the opinion of the sheik, his brother. Once back in the home where most of his manhood had been lived, and beside the tomb of his wife, Kaji Hamed found it difficult to tear himself away from Gelabo and its negro denizens.

Day after day he put off his departure, suffering the most trivial circumstances to delay him. One, two, three months passed, and still the fascinations of the Oasis held him. Finally, just at daybreak, one morning, a messenger came to Gelabo from Sheik Ibrahim.

Zelka was gone—carried off by a young Frank, the son of a trader, whom she seemed to know and went with willingly. The old sheik had done all in his power to regain her and punish her abductor, but without avail. They were as hopelessly gone beyond human reach as smoke is when it melts in the air; so said the messenger. That day Kaji Hamed moved about with a leaden heaviness in his eyes, voiceless and with listless steps.

The people of Gelabo, knowing the reason of his sorrow, mercifully left the silence unbroken. All day long they watched his final preparations for departure from a respectful distance, much as one watches arrangements for a funeral. Toward evening his listlessness was put aside for such impatience as he, Bedouin though he was, found it difficult to repress. At last, when the sun was down, he rode hotly away toward the red and menacing moon, to rend both his daughter and her abductor, as was Allah's due. A hundred miles rewarded that night's wild riding, but for all that he was reluctant to halt, at daybreak, for his horse to rest and avoid death in the sun-heat. In vain did he try to sleep the succeeding day. Pain, rage, bitterness, singly and unitedly, kept him wakeful.

The sheik was right. He had been sinfully ambitious. He had never thought of marrying Zelka to some high-stationed follower of the Prophet; had he never gotten vain about her beauty, exposing her to this accursed Frank, both she and her mother would still be with him. It was the mother's fault, though—all her fault. But for her evil counselings none of these things would have happened. Oh, if he had but put her to lash for her ambitious pratings, as a good Mussulman should, he would not now be so utterly bereft; and, worse yet, the sport of the enemies of Allah as well. This last he must surely change. Allah forbid that flesh and blood of his—a true believer—should be the wanton sport of a Frank, a jeering denier of the Prophet and of true Omnipotence. And so, throughout that day, did he torture himself. More blood-like than he had ever seen it before was the moon when it rose that second night, fittingly symbolizing the red work he had before him.

Poor El-Senek! He wondered why the master, who had ever been so kind to him heretofore, was so hard and heedless that night, so prone to goad his flanks with his spurs till the sands behind them were specked with ruby stains. But Kaji Hamed had no time to think of his horse. All his mind was aflame with vengeance and the great penitential things he would do after that vengeance was accomplished. Once, about midnight, El Senek came to so sudden a halt that he nearly flung his master over his head. An unseen lion, behind sharp crags of rock which jutted up out of the sand beside their very path, terrified the poor beast with his roaring. More sharply yet was the gashing of penetrating spurs; and with a curse upon all distracting circumstances, Kaji Hamed fiercely bade his horse go on. Toward morning, when the moon was casting a sullen grayness over all the desert, a little cloud of sand in the advance betokened the coming of horsemen. For a moment Kaji Hamed halted, wondering, fearfully; then, with still a wider light in his eyes, he pressed on.

What had he to fear? His was a ride of vengeance to Allah; and so, would not Allah protect him? Were Bedouin thieves or devils ahead of him, he would ride them down! Who could withstand whomsoever Allah sent forward?

The whirling sand-cloud, encircling the unknown riders, drew nearer. Faster and faster still sped Kaji Hamed toward them. At last the strangers halted, opening ranks to inclose the man from Gelabo. With guns pointing at him they bade him stop. With a yell of disdain he disobeyed, spurring his horse till he fairly flew through the air. A shower of bullets came after him, but they went wide of the mark, and the fugitive answered them with a shriek of derision. What could the vile robbers of the desert do against one whom Allah was protecting? Then another volley was fired, and what was it—was he dreaming, or did Allah sometimes forget, or was vengeance wrong? He was hit—hit hard—and had fallen off his horse. El-Senek was beside him neighing knowingly, but somehow he could not rise, could not mount the faithful beast. Something, he could not exactly tell what, was wrong. It could not be—oh, no—it could not be that he had suffered fatal hurt, when he was doing the work of Allah; when he was going to devote all his life, all his wealth, all his thought to Allah; when once the stain of the Infidel was cleared from Zelka. Surely, the holy Prophet himself would have interposed in such a case! And yet he could not rise, could not even move. And the robbers had dismounted and were grouped around him, leering into his very face.

"It is the merchant, Kaji Hamed," said one of them. "What a pity we did not shoot the horse instead of the master. He would have paid us the ransom of a prince!"

"Kaji Hamed!" cried another. "Then may the Fiend seize us for our stupidity! Ransom of a prince—he would have paid us the ransom of a king! Do you not know? This is the merchant whose daughter the Frank stole. We are indeed in sad luck. A man will pay thrice for vengeance what he will for life."

As he heard them, Kaji Hamed wondered. Why did they speak of him as if ransom were out of the question? Ransom was the very thing! He would give them any price, even to inflicting utter beggary upon himself, if they would only insure his safe arrival at Edfoo. They were right. Vengeance was far greater than life; for was it not man's highest duty to Allah? But when he opened his lips to treat with them, no sound came forth. Pshaw! Could they not see that his throat was dry from long riding? Why did not some of them give him water?

Water! Ay—that was what he

wanted—all he wanted—all there was in the universe. Just water, water, water! Strange he never valued it so before! What was vengeance, or Zelka, or—yes—or even Allah! He would give all he had, everything, hopes, possessions—restricting nothing—if only he could feel soothing, cooling water once more in his burning throat and mouth. Ah! he would soon have it, for he could hear great floods of it, like the mighty, far-off seas, rolling toward him with deafening roar and surge. Soon relief would come, now. It would lift him up and sweep him away; but that would not matter, for it would also destroy his tormentors, those leering robbers who had first shot him down and then flung the shamefulness of having a faithless daughter in his teeth.

"He is dead," said the robbers, spurring his pulseless body with their feet. Securing his horse and the gold and jewels in his belt, they rode away to the northward, fearing that the dead man might have followers close behind him who would run them down and seek redress. Slowly, from this way and that, the air currents swept the shifting sands above the victim of the marauders, until what the jacksals and vultures had left of him was hidden from the upper world.

When the passing days had measured a full week the messenger who had summoned Kaji Hamed to Edfoo rode homeward, in charge of the caravan which was bearing the dead man's possessions from Gelabo to the Nile, on the way to Cairo. A bit of cloth, fluttering from a little mound, sent the blood flying swiftly through the veins of the sheik's messenger. Halting, he sprang from his horse and pawed madly at the mound. The shred of cloth, as he had feared, was a part of Kaji Hamed's turban. The bones and the garments, rended by birds and beasts of prey, told the whole tale all too plainly.

As Ibrahim's servant turned sorrowfully away to order the caravan to proceed, a hard, detached substance in the sand came in contact with his foot. Stooping, he picked the object up. It was a flute—a small, ivory flute, with silver mountings, and inscribed with Arabic characters—such an instrument as snake charmers use. The man put it in his tunic. He would take it to the sheik as an evidence that his brother was indeed dead. But, like many another worthy intention, it miscarried. When Edfoo and the quarters of the sheik were reached the flute was not to be found. Whether it had been lost or stolen the man who dugged it out of the sand could not say. Anyway, it was gone.

I, Paolo Girolamo, who have written the foregoing, partly from personal knowledge and partly from subsequent information, am the son of the Venetian trader—the youth who married Zelka.

It is true that I stole my bride away from her uncle, but it is truer still that she was a willing thief, her love having been all mine, the same as mine was all hers, from the day our eyes first met in Gelabo. To tell of the dreams her image filled, from the hour I turned my back on her, in the Africa desert, till fateful chance threw us together at Edfoo, would be to hold up to every man who has loved a woman the familiar mirror of his own experiences. And since to tell them to those to whom love has not yet come would be to invoke upon holy things the sacrilege of scornful doubts, it is better, in either case, that I leave the matter in silence.

Her gods and mine so favored us that we were married and safe out of Egypt before Kaji Hamed knew that his child was overtaken by love. It was not till we had been many months in Venice that we knew how Kaji Hamed died. The death of her father, in itself, caused Zelka but little grief, since she knew that her life would ever be in danger while he lived; but the manner of his passing, our love being its cause, was ever afterward a source of sorrow to her. But in the sweetness of our love-life there was little time for pain. The days sped on like a morning dream till half a score of years were gone, each moment of which was fuller of heaven-sent joy than the one before it. Hours beyond number, as the days went on, did we sit on our balcony, after nightfall, watching the gay groups in the gondolas, listening to their mirth and laughter; and sometimes, when in the mood for it, Zelka would sing some of the plaintive airs of the lute, I accompanying her on the lute.

At such times the people on the lagoon would often hush their music to hear ours, it was so weird and apparently formless—so wholly unlike the rhythmic lyrics of Italy.

One night, when the whole lagoon was listening and Zelka was singing as I had never heard her sing before, and my humble playing was stirred by infection from her to something unusual in force and spirit, a second flute from an adjacent gondola joined mine; and we instantly knew from his manner of playing that the unknown performer was an Arab; for he made no error in following the wild progression and abrupt inconsequence which makes Eastern music so incomprehensible to the rest of the world. When we accented him, the stranger said he was a Moor; and such, indeed, his face, manner, language, made him seem. Whether he was in search of some new Desdemona we never knew. Several nights he joined us, mingling his music with ours; and when he finally left Venice he gave me, as a souvenir, a flute—a strange little instrument of ivory and silver, covered with inscriptions in Arabic. Some desert Bedouins had brought it to Fez,

from whom our Moroccan friend had obtained it. The quality of its tone was strangely high and pathetic, with an almost human vibrancy. It was a snake-charmer's flute, so Zelka said. She had seen many of them in the desert; in fact, her father had had one very like it.

Perhaps it was only fancy, but strange thrills went through me whenever I played it; and it disturbed Zelka also, for she never sang more than one or two songs when I accompanied her on it, while she generally sang a dozen when I used either of my other flutes.

One night she stopped in the middle of a song and covered her face with her hands. "Please put it by," she said. "I always fancy I can smell sandal wood and soume berries, my dead father's favorite perfume, when you play on that flute."

For a week I did not touch the uncanny thing; and then, one night, she asked me to get it.

"I must not give way to such idle fears," she said. "Mine is a brave race. I must be worthy of it. Play the flute till midnight, and I will overcome my folly and sing with it."

She was as good as her word and sang without a tremor, though, in the moonlight, I thought I saw an ever-increasing pallor overspreading her face. Just at midnight she suddenly fixed her eyes wildly upon mine, let a high note die in her throat and gave a little gasp; but in a moment she had recovered herself and went on singing, so I said nothing. Presently a strong and pungent odor filled my nostrils—unmistakably it was sandalwood and soume berries. Then my wife's voice stopped entirely. Looking toward her, I saw nothing—a strange mist was in my eyes. Nor, try as I would, could I rise. A chill was in all my body, and some will or power which was stronger than mine was holding me motionless.

How long this phenomenon lasted I do not know, but from what I have since been told it was until after the midnight hour was wholly done. To me it seemed longer than the entire span of my former life.

When I was free to move, I sprang to my wife's side. Her eyes were fixed in a vacant stare on some object straight before her. Her throat plainly wore the print of finger-clutches, as if some one had been trying to strangle her, and yet I knew perfectly well that no person could have reached her, as my chair completely blocked the balcony window. Following the direction of her stolid gaze, I glanced over my shoulder. There was a luminous flash, swift as lightning, and then, felled by a sledge-like blow on the head, I dropped backward across the motionless body of my wife.

Sheik Ibrahim came to Cairo two years afterward, where I then was, and where we made a mutual exchange of confidences.

"It was Kaji Hamed's flute which Allah sent you by the Moor," he said. "He had loved it and had played it so much that it was as a part of his life. Since you had stolen his daughter, your playing of the flute was the profanation of a holy thing; and so, summoned by your breath and touch, his soul came into it. At midnight it won power to act. Because she was his own flesh and blood, his soul had mightier compass of will over her than over you, whom, try as he would, he could only strike down."

Was this true, or was the Moor a spy first, and then a murderer, sent by the crafty sheik to avenge his brother's death and release Zelka from what to him was profanation? If the latter is the true explanation, which I doubt, what saved my life? Why did the mere playing of the flute so terrify my wife, and how came the soume, the rare desert berries, in Venice?

Whichever way it was, to one of these causes I owe the death of the sweetest wife the Eastern world ever gave to a Venetian husband.—Independent.

Mgr. Fallieres, Bishop of Brioux, in Brittany, has written to the Mayor of that town a strong protest against the insult to that Catholic locality implied in giving the name Renan to a street. It is said that the outrage was sanctioned by the President of the Republic.

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THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

Some Recollections of the more Famous English Statesmen.

Richard B. Kimball in New York Times. On my way to the Latin Quarter in Paris, of which I have made mention, I had a two weeks' allowance for a brief stay in London. I experienced the natural enthusiasm of youth about the historic monuments of the great city, but I confess it was the living men, the men who were then governing England, that I desired to see rather than the tombs of the dead in the famous medieval abbey.

There were Wellington, Peel, O'Connell, Palmerston, all prominent in the nation's councils, either supporting the Government or in opposition, and the young girl, Victoria, who in the course of nature (William IV. died a few months afterward) would soon be Queen.

I had for a companion a very close friend and fellow-student, and we planned how best to compass our purposes. Admission to the Houses of Parliament was only by order from a member. We were advised to proceed by an English acquaintance. We worked hard to prepare a very brief sample letter which, *mutatis mutandis*, was to serve for both Lords and Commons. Our chief difficulty was what the proper address should be and how the document should wind up. Our laudably helped us out, and even indited several notes to certain lords and several notes to members of the Commons. They were chosen mainly at random, with the exception of Wellington and O'Connell. We "took turns" in signing these productions.

Engaging a cab, we drove first to Apsley House, where our mission was at once successful. Here on the aristocratic corner of Hyde Park, I was surprised to find an iron barricade put up around the front side of the duke's mansion, strong enough to resist any ordinary assault. It seems that while for years the duke was the idol of the nation, his extreme Toryism at length made him the most unpopular man in England, so that in less than twenty years after Waterloo he was forced to barricade his residence against the attacks of the mob.

To return from this digression. We drove next to the Duke of Richmond's and got an order instanter. The Duke of Richmond was one of the richest men in England, and, like George Peabody, always took "a bus" when coming into the city. The moment he entered the conductor would cry out, "Post office—bank—Duke of Richmond inside!" The "bus" would be filled in a trice. For the following evening selections were made from the Commons. First, Daniel O'Connell. The visit to the great Irish statesman was enlivened by an amusing incident.

O'CONNELL'S HATRED OF SLAVERY was carried to such an extreme that he would not willingly receive a southern man, even if he brought a letter of introduction. The stereotyped note was signed by my friend, and it inclosed his card, dated from "Boston, Mass." When we stopped before O'Connell's door we both got out and knocked with such vehemence that the house rang with the echo. (We had been told that in high life visitors of importance always knocked obstreperously.) The door was opened with startling suddenness, and we stepped into the hall unbidden. We were informed that Mr. O'Connell was entertaining friends at dinner and could not be seen.

"Take this letter to him immediately," said my companion, and bring an answer. It is of the utmost importance." The man took the letter, and as he went back he left the door of the dining room partly open. There was solemn silence for two or three minutes, then came a burst of laughter from the whole company. The servant returned and put two bits of paper into our hands. We escaped to the cab and then looked at their contents.

On one was written: "Finding Mr. Partridge is from a non-slaveholding state, Mr. O'Connell has the honor to comply with his request." On the other paper was written: "Admit the bearer to the gallery of the House of Commons." "DANIEL O'CONNELL." Our visit to the Lords was not presenting. Wellington was not present. Brougham, no longer a member of the Commons, was in his seat. He had been "cushioned" and the ancient fire was gone. I heard him speak for perhaps ten minutes in a dead alive way. I said to myself: "Is that the man whose scathing invectives made his opponents in the Commons tremble, the man whom only O'Connell could silence?" The House of Lords appeared to me the dulllest and the stupidest body of men I ever looked on.

The next day we were told Wellington would be there, but our orders would serve only once. The session lasted only a few minutes, so I waited outside to put my eyes on the conqueror of Bonaparte. He came out erect and solidly. He was then nearly seventy. A servant in modest livery stood at the head of two well-groomed cobs. The duke mounted one with tolerable ease, though he stuck a little as his leg crossed the saddle. He started off on a brisk trot, the groom following. It struck me that the latter was the better mounted of the two, but perhaps I was mistaken. Immediately after came the Duke of Cumberland, King William's brother. He was the most hated man in all Britain. There was no heinous crime

of which he was not accused—murder not excepted. His niece, Victoria, stood before him and the crown, and horrible rumors were afloat (they were rumors only) of his designs against her.

I think I never saw a more cruel and wicked countenance. He got into a close carriage and drove off. On the KING'S DEATH he became King of Hanover, the succession being confined to the male line, and England was rid of the male line. To come to the House of Commons. There I did see Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell and O'Connell. Although the latter was pursuing his merciless attacks on Peel and Wellington, this appeared to be an off night. Peel was explaining his sudden change in advocating the repeal of the corn laws and the country members were attacking him, declaring he had deceived them and turned traitor to their cause. It was said that what touched Peel most deeply that evening was a single remark from a country squire, an old personal friend. These were his words: "Mr. Speaker, I do not say the honorable member has deceived us, but he has allowed us to deceive ourselves."

The next day O'Connell made a characteristic onslaught on Peel, but we were not in luck. Five years later I heard O'Connell "agitate" in the Grass Market, Dublin, where, in giving the immense gathering an account of his labors in Parliament, he said: "Why, my lads, there is Wellington, who has won a hundred battles, and there is Peel, who has practised a hundred rogneries, and I have beaten them both."

Visiting Westminster Abbey late on Saturday, we saw the heart of the verger by a fee, apropos of nothing, of half a crown instead of a shilling. As we were leaving he said: "Would you young gentlemen like to see the Princess Victoria?" "Yes, indeed," was our joint response.

"She will attend service with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, tomorrow in the private chapel, and you must manage to be close to the door of the entrance to it when they come out. There will be no crowd, for no publicity is given. The duchess keeps her daughter very close."

We acted on the information, though half suspecting it to be apocryphal. We made several circuits around the abbey in search of that particular "entrance," and were left in doubt of its existence. We waited till the next day, and at the proper time we made inquiry of a policeman at a point where we thought the famous entrance ought to be. He was disagreeably reticent and walked stily away.

"We are in for it," said my companion, "I believe we are on the right track; this is no shilling affair. Our spending money is melting fast, but we must go half a crown apiece on him."

We took a turn and made another attack. We told the fellow who we were and what we wanted, and fortified the observation with the 5s. (£1.25).

There was no relaxation of his countenance; indeed, it was more glum and stolid than before. He replied gravely, "No one is allowed inside the abbey. I must go on to that corner. If on my return I should happen not to see you, you will not be disturbed, but keep very quiet." We did keep quiet, standing as immovable as posts against the old stonework. We had just secured this "coign of vantage" (our friend, the policeman, was back at his post in half a minute) when a close carriage drove up.

THE COACHMAN AND A FOOTMAN on the box and two lackeys standing behind. In less than five minutes there was a slight stir, then emerged from the abbey, walking side by side, the Duchess of Kent and her daughter, the Princess Victoria. I have little or no recollection of the appearance of the mother, but Victoria was (her expectations aside) a really modest-looking, rosy-cheeked, pretty English girl. Before we knew it they were in the carriage and off. We left at the same moment, and, saluting our policeman, whom I have ever since held in affectionate remembrance, we went to our lodgings to talk over the day's incidents. I have seen the Queen many times since then; the last time not eighteen months ago. She was stout, red faced and decrepit, walking with a cane as a support. The lines from the great dramatist came to mind: "Is this the promised end?" The pretty, fresh, modest English girl of eighteen; the fat, red-faced, decrepit old woman of seventy-two! Yet what a history runs between those dates!

emerged and I was installed in his place. The House was crammed as well as the galleries.

As soon as the ordinary routine business was over, Roebuck rose, and, selecting his victim, pronounced his iron clad formula. The effect was like that of a hawk pouncing down upon a dove-cote. The ridiculous attempts to evade by one, the denial of the right of the member to put such a question by another, the simple declining to answer by a third, and so on, occupied an hour or more, the proceedings being interrupted by cock crowing and cat calls, while Roebuck kept on unmoved. At last a retired officer, who had been many years in Parliament, was called up. I could see every one was anticipating fun. He began with an easy, careless air, and expressed the desire to give the honorable member all the information in his power as to HOW ENGLISH ELECTIONS WERE MANAGED.

"I have," said he, "stood for Parliament five times—twice I lost, three times I won. I lost the first election, but I left £30,000 in the district. The second time I was again unsuccessful, but I had an associate, and it only cost me £10,000 apiece. After that I won. My first success was expensive. My opponent was a large landed proprietor, and he turned all his tenants out of doors because they voted for me, and I had to build new cottages for them. My next venture was very satisfactory. I got off for about £8000."

At the beginning these statements were greeted with roars of laughter from all sides of the House, and when he sat down vociferous cheers rang through the hall. It will be noticed that he stopped short with his fourth canvass, and he had made no reply to Roebuck's question on the fifth; but the temper of the House was such that Roebuck acceded to a motion to adjourn, and he never renewed the attack.

I was present at the passage of arms between Russell and Palmerston at the close of 1851, when the latter was forced out of office for favoring the *compétat* of Louis Napoleon. It was comparatively a tame affair, for there was no personal feeling between the two, and Palmerston's easy, jaunty air greatly neutralized the serious attack of Lord John. I will make one more mention of these debates. It was in 1866, when Disraeli, in opposition, was pressing Gladstone, then the leader of the House, who was forced out of office the latter part of June.

The habits of these two men when in their seats were exactly the reverse of what would be generally supposed. Disraeli, a charming companion with his friends outside the precincts of the House, was moody and uncommunicative when in his seat. Gladstone, on the contrary, was cheerful and chatty. His temper was irascible, and Disraeli took advantage of this when he could. Disraeli was not an orator, his set speeches amounted to little; but he was a born tactician, and a remarkable ready debater. Gladstone was exactly the reverse. He was an orator, a classical scholar, and to a fair extent a statesman. He had a habit when interrupted in debate of looking around on his friends as he resumed, asking, "Where was I?" or "What was I saying?"

On this particular occasion Disraeli had wrought his antagonist up to fever heat. While Gladstone was launching invectives at his opponent he was interrupted by a question, and, on resuming, he put the familiar query: "What was I saying?" Disraeli was seated on the Opposition benches, his legs crossed, his hat drawn completely over his eyes, showing only the tip of his long nose, apparently somnolent. The moment Gladstone asked: "What was I saying?" Disraeli in his high, rasping voice cried out: "Diabolical was the last word!" The whole House was convulsed, and it certainly spoiled Gladstone's speech for that night.

A Heroic Priest. "He was probably the most naturally heroic soul of his century," says Montalbert in his biography of Lacordaire. Something of this natural heroism seems to be possessed by a young priest, the Abbe Fresquet, cure of Saint-Laurent-des-Arbres in the department of the Gard. Small pox recently breaking out in a house in the village, the house was at once abandoned. The panic lasting, the sufferers would have been left to their fate but for the Abbe Fresquet, who tended them night and day. One of them dying, the public authorities forbade that the body should be taken into the church. The corpse being completely abandoned, it was then that the cure performed for it the last offices, placed it in the coffin and carried it on his shoulder to the cemetery. The inhabitants of Nimes are believing that the Abbe Fresquet may be rewarded.

You have catarrh, and other remedies have failed you—then give Nasal Balm a fair trial. There is no case of catarrh it will not cure if the directions are faithfully followed.

Henry G. James, of Winnipeg, Man., writes: "For several years I was troubled with pimples and irritations of the skin. After other remedies failed I used four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and since then I have been quite free from my complaint. B. B. B. will always occupy a place in my house." D. H. CUNNINGHAM, importer of Diamonds, Watches and Jewellery, Manufacturing and Fine Watch Repairing, 71 Young Street, second door North of King, Toronto. VICTORIA CARBOLIC SALVE is a wonderful healing compound for cuts, wounds, bruises, burns, scalds, boils, piles, pimples, &c. Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

THE CROSS MOTHER.

She Wears Her Mind and Body and Makes Her Children Miserable.

At no time in her busy days is an intelligent mother so apt to fold her arms and close the eyes of maternal justice as when she is cross—simply and undoubtedly cross. This crossness is chiefly caused by fatigue—weariness of mind and body, and sometimes of soul. With tired nerves and weary body, she cannot endure the common demands made upon her, and ill-temper follows.

She bows bitter feelings, and repels loving attentions, with her irritable, hasty words. Broadly speaking, no mother has any right to get tired. She cannot afford it. It takes too much out of her life, and too much out of her children's lives. Such a condition can more frequently be prevented than is generally believed.

The careless or shallow woman says: "I was overworked. It made me cross," and she considers that admission the sufficient reason and excuse for any amount of similar indulgence. The religious or sympathetic woman worries over it, prays over it, sheds bitter tears—and then the trouble repeats itself.

The remedy lies near at hand. Let a mother find out what makes her cross, and then let her avoid the cause if possible. If social pleasures weary her, let them be decidedly lessened. If there is too much sewing, too much cooking, or too many household cares, lessen them. If economical efforts lessen the severe strain, stop economizing at such a cost. That is the worst waste of all. Let the first economy be of that precious commodity, a mother's strength.

Some Recent Famous Converts. "The rush home-wards," which seems to have marked this year, has by no means spent its force, if one may judge from recent conversions among various classes of the community, says a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Prominent among them are to be noted those of Mr. George Skelington Usher, a lineal descendant of the famous Archbishop Usher, Protestant Primate of Ireland; Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, the well-known author, and his wife, who is the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne; Major-General and Mrs. Whinyates; and Mr. Basil Lechmere, son of Sir Henry Lechmere, Bart. At a time when all England is, as it were, veneration a new memory of Nelson, it is interesting to find that the Hon. Edward Horatio Nelson has become a Catholic, making the third of the present Earl Nelson's sons who has taken the step. Viscount St. Cyres, the eldest son of the Earl of Iddesleigh, and a popular student at Oxford, whose conversion was prematurely announced a year or so ago, and denied by his father, has now openly declared his adhesion to the old faith by taking an active part in the formation of Newman House, in South London, which is to be worked by Catholic members of Oxford University on the social and religious lines laid down in the Papal Encyclical. Among the ladies occur the names of Miss Stewart, of Ascot Hall, Bute; Mrs. Thornton, superintendent of Mysore College; Miss Charlotte O'Brien, the daughter of the late W. O'Brien, M. P., and of no fewer than three matrons of London hospitals, as well as several in the provinces. The latest clerical recruit is the Rev. Thomas Cato, M. A., of Oriel College, Oxford, making the twelfth minister of the Established Church who has "gone over" within a comparatively brief period.

The usual statistics of conditional baptisms and confirmations just presented show that the number of conversions in each of the fifteen dioceses of England ranges from 700 to 1,000 annually.

Words of the Saints. He who has renounced the world or despises it should resemble a statue which does not prevent itself being dressed in rags, nor being despoiled of the purple which ornaments it.—St. Ignatius. It is quite easy to speak, to write, and listen to discourses about afflictions; but when they happen to us, we find them difficult to bear.—B. Henry Suso. As to the desires of the flesh, we believe that God watches us without ceasing, because the prophet said to the Lord: "All my desire is before Thee."—St. Benedict. Every one should say to himself: Though I should possess all virtues and have no humility, I deceive myself, and whilst I consider myself virtuous I am but a proud Pharisee.—St. Vincent de Paul.

At Last. The sports of summer are always prolific of all kinds of physical injuries, and for the treatment of such, here is a most striking example. Mr. Jacob Etzensberger, 11 Summer St., Cleveland, O., U. S., says: "I sprained my arm, clubbing chestnuts; could not lift it; suffered for years, but St. Jacobs Oil cured me." After many years he hit the right thing at last. The best thing first saves much. Mr. H. B. McKinnon, painter, Mount Albert, says: "Last summer my system got impregnated with the lead and turpentine used in painting; my body was covered with scarlet spots as large as a 25-cent piece, and I was in such a state that I could scarcely walk. I got a bottle of North's & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and at once commenced taking it in large doses, and before one-half the bottle was used there was not a spot to be seen, and I never felt better in my life."

Mrs. Geo. Rendle, of Galt, Ont., writes: "I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for it is a sure cure for all summer complaints. We are never without it in the house." Fowler's Wild Strawberry, Price, 35c.

Catholicity in the Front.

In certain circles, says the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, it is taken for granted that the Catholic Church is opposed to science, but a slight knowledge of history will recall such eminent names as Fallopius, Eustachius, Vesalins, and Malpighi in the domain of physiology; Buffon and Cuvier as zoologists; Jussieu the botanist; Galvani, Volta, Ampere, and Gramme in electricity and measure; Fresnel in light, Lavoisier and Chevreul in chemistry, Descartes in philosophy, Torricelli, Galileo, Marston as geologist, botanist and anatomist; Chavins, Mayer, De Vico, and Grimaldi; Copernicus, the monk of Thorn, who dedicated his book to Pope Paul III.; Gassendi, the Padre Piazzi, Theatine monk, who discovered the first of the asteroids on the first day of the present century; Secchi and Father Perry, greatest of travelling observers and real martyrs to science; all astronomers of immortal fame, and all Catholics—all men of science, every one of whom died in members of the Catholic Church. In navigation we might mention Hadley, the inventor of the quadrant; Vasco di Gama, and the great Columbus, who did so much for geography and travel. Leonardo di Vinci, painter, pioneer, geologist and designer of the tressel bridge. These and ten times more would still be a fraction of the names enrolled on the list of Catholic scientists. The Catholic Church is ever encouraging her children to take their place as discoverers and collectors of knowledge, but she forbids them to use fact in defence of fancy opposed to her teaching. She cautions them that human reason is fallible and prone to mistakes, and that in all things they should strive to use their discoveries that there will not be even an apparent contradiction between them and those truths the promulgation and protection of which have been entrusted to her by her Founder, the Redeemer.

The Christian Teacher. Thomas J. Morgan, A. M., D. D., Principal of the Rhode Island State Normal School, in his recent book, "Studies in Pedagogy," says: "The ideal schoolmaster is a Christian; not a sectary or a bigot, but a man who, without cant or hypocrisy, reverences God and recognizes in Jesus Christ the ruler of the universe. That wonderful being whom we call man has a religious nature, as well as a body and mind. If it is true, as Plato has said, that a good education is the full development of man in his entirety, then it must include the unfolding of that which is the crowning excellency of man's nature, his religious susceptibilities. The education which secures to him merely the training of his body makes him only a magnificent beast. That which affords him an intellectual training alone may make him a Meibohmese, a sort of human devil, acute, cunning, capable, but unprincipled and full of subtlety. That training which would secure to him the health of body, the vigor of mind and the discipline of his moral powers, would fit him for citizenship; but if it left him untaught religiously, it would make of him a cultivated heathen. Man is not a congeries of unsoftened natures, he is a unit. Education pertains to him in his entirety. A complete education is a symmetrical education. Man without a religious training is like a kingdom without a king, or an army without a general. He may be admirable for what he suggests, a splendid torso, but nothing more."

The Boston *Congregationalist*, says an exchange, is one of the brightest and ablest of Protestant papers. In a recent issue it had an article by G. B. Clarke, called "Among the Jesuits." The writer states that he is intimately acquainted with a number of members of the order, and he adds: "It has never been my pleasure to know a more gentlemanly, kind and considerate class of men. That spirit of charity so eminent in all priests is pre-eminant among them. They are moral and temperate. The popular error that 'the end justifies the means' is one of their mottoes, is an error, and no such sentiment is found in any of their teaching. Their wealth is not spent upon themselves. They are too busy and too wise to waste their time in the petty proselytizing business so often attributed to them."

Beautiful Banff, N. W. T. I was induced to use your Burdock Blood Bitters for constipation and general debility and found it a complete cure which I take pleasure in recommending to all who may be thus afflicted.—James M. Carson, Banff, N. W. T.

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Catarrh

IS a blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this loathsome and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of all blood purifiers. The sooner you begin the better; delay is dangerous.

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

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

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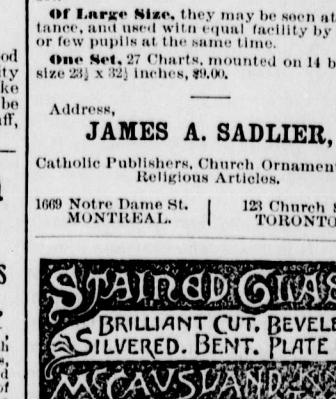
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London, Saturday, Oct. 24, 1891.

DRIFTING INTO RATIONALISM.

WE MENTIONED last week a saying of the Rev. W. T. Davidson, the Professor of Biblical Literature in Richmond College, England, at the Methodist "Ecumenical Council" in session at Washington, that "the trial of Dr. Briggs is not the result of the Doctor's teaching, but of the arrogant and damning manner in which he sought to force his ideas down the throats of everyone."

This utterance was loudly applauded in the council; and that applause was much more significant than might appear to the cursory reader of the occurrence. It will be profitable to examine the meaning of this sentence a little.

In an editorial article a few weeks ago we mentioned the fact that the Protestant religious press are occupying themselves with praising the General Presbyterian Assembly, which met a short time since in Detroit, saying that in condemning Dr. Briggs the Assembly has boldly asserted the Christian truth against the inroads of Rationalism.

Not all of even the religious press, however, take this view. There are not a few papers of what they are themselves pleased to call "the advanced school" which maintain that the Assembly stultified itself by adhering to standards compiled by men who have been dead for centuries in their graves.

We do not agree with either of these views of the case. Those who maintain that Dr. Briggs should not have been condemned found their opinion on the supposition that religious truth is changeable according to the age in which we live. According to their theory, every generation has the right to make its own creed. It will be readily seen that such a theory saps the foundation of Christianity and of all revelation.

Religious truth is not a human invention. It is a revelation from God of truths which we could never discover by any process of mere reasoning, and it is as unchangeable as God Himself. It has been revealed by God for the purpose of leading the human race to heaven, and it is the duty of the Christian Church to uphold it in its integrity in every age. We say, therefore, that the attack made by Dr. Briggs upon the inspiration of Holy Scripture, which is the foundation of Christian truth, ought to be condemned. But the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church did not condemn his error, and it is, therefore, not deserving of the laudations which have been so copiously bestowed upon it. It did no more than veto his appointment to a professorship in which he would be able to propagate among the rising generation of Presbyterian ministers his own Latitudinarian views. The Assembly did quite right in curtailing the Professor's power to propagate error, but it failed egregiously in its duty as the supreme authority of a professedly Christian Church, inasmuch as it did not unmistakably assert the Christian truth of Scriptural inspiration. This fact was evidently understood by the delegates at the Methodist Council, when they applauded Dr. W. T. Davidson's statement, that the trial of Dr. Briggs is not the result of his erroneous teaching. It is merely the condemnation of a man who rendered himself obnoxious by his arrogance in forcing his opinions upon the world; and the General Assembly has not earned the praise which is being so lavishly heaped upon it by the Presbyterian and Methodist press, as the bold upholder of Christian truth.

We are not surprised at this milk-and-water course of the General Assembly. We are told by St. Augustine that the Church of Christ not only avoids the teaching of error, but that she is not silent when doctrinal errors are taught. The Church of Christ is declared in Holy Scripture to be the pillar and ground of truth; and the

silence of the General Assembly in regard to the teaching of Dr. Briggs is simply an additional proof that it does not represent the true Church of Christ. Moreover the applause of the Methodist Ecumenical Council when it was virtually stated that Dr. Briggs' doctrine was not condemned, seems to us a proof that the principles of Latitudinarianism are about as widely spread through the world's Methodism as through Presbyterianism.

To any one who considers the matter seriously it will be evident that Dr. Davidson's statement, which was applauded in the Methodist Council, was equivalent to saying that there are no doctrines in Christianity which we are bound to accept. On this theory, there is no such thing as Christian truth, no revealed doctrine which Christians must believe.

Such a Christianity as the "Ecumenical Council" thus puts before us does not differ from that of Tom Paine or Bob Ingersoll. We can only draw the inference that Protestantism in all its forms is fast drifting into infidelity; and that our inference is correct is further evinced by the fact that day after day the Protestant religious press speak of the "Catholicity" of the Church, as if it meant that it should include within its fold believers in doctrines most contradictory to each other.

There is no foundation in Christian tradition for such an interpretation of the term Catholicity. The Church is called "Catholic" in the Apostles' Creed, not because she includes within her fold innumerable diversities of belief, but because the one faith revealed by Christ is taught everywhere, in accordance with the commandment given by Him to His Apostles: "Teach ye all nations . . . to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."

LET THERE BE UNITY.

THE CABLE reports of the past week indicate that a movement is on foot on the part of the Parnellite members of the Irish party to keep alive the agitation which proved to be a forlorn hope in the hands of their deceased leader. To the Irishmen in this country, at least, the continuance of the turmoil appears to be utterly causeless. Sincerity may be claimed as the guiding motive of Mr. Parnell's followers; but for this they will get no credit, we feel assured, by the vast majority of Irishmen in all parts of the world: and the result of their unjustifiable agitation will undoubtedly have for effect the postponement of the blessings of home government for Ireland. When a majority of the Irish members declare that a certain one of their number be chosen as leader the minority should accept the situation and at once fall in with their brother members in an earnest desire to achieve the great object in view: failing in this, they should be swiftly and surely relegated to private life; for we can never hope to achieve a triumph for Ireland so long as stubborn and unbending spirits are permitted in the ranks of the Home Rule party. The Irishmen of America will, we fancy, take this view of the matter, and money from this side of the Atlantic will most certainly not find its way into the pockets of reckless disunionists in the Irish ranks. They must either submit or be ejected from the party.

The time has now arrived, we are proud to say, when a spirit of union seems to permeate the Irish race. Those who are seeking Home Rule at the hands of the English Tories, or who imagine that they can achieve that boon as an independent party, are the veriest madcaps, and represent most fully that reckless element whose doings have from year to year cast a shadow on Ireland's prospects as they began to emerge from the clouds of despair. In future elections in Ireland it is to be hoped that the people will be more careful in the selection of their representatives. In the present Parliamentary party there are a few, we regret to say, who are, for many reasons, unworthy representatives of the Irish race. These men may be talented; they may be full of patriotism, and declare their willingness to die in the cause; but the people should see to it that no man be given a representative capacity whose character is not above reproach on the score of morality. The member who is morally unsound is not a fit representative of the Irish or any other people; and there are, we regret to say, altogether too many of them in public life.

Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of grapes were destroyed by frost in Chantanooga Co., N. Y., on Sunday night, 17th inst.

JINGO NONSENSE.

ON THE 13th of the present month the anniversary of the battle of Queenstown Heights was duly celebrated in Toronto. Most of our people, we surmise, will question the advisability of reviving the memories of these struggles of by-gone days: they should be left to the past, and to history, where they belong. The marshalling of large numbers of school-boys, arrayed in all the glory of wooden guns, marching and drilling like soldiers, and fired with military ardor by such hot-house warriors as Colonel Denison, is as laughable as it is nonsensical. In these days what we should cultivate are peace and plenty and happiness and the onward march of progress in all those achievements which make a people truly great and noble. Were we to pay more attention to these things and less to Denisonian Rule Britanniaism, Canada would become a country far more inviting to her own children as well as to outsiders. When we look the solid facts straight in the face we find that the Toronto warrior's caramels become olives—for in fifteen years from date a large per centage of his youthful heroes will owe allegiance to the stars and stripes. Much mischief, we doubt not, will accrue from the antics of Colonel Denison. He appears to be perpetually spoiling for a fight in time of peace. It would appear, indeed, as if he had a cut-away coat made of Union Jacks, and this garment he trails after him on the streets of Toronto, daring somebody to tread upon it. Another conspicuous warrior on this occasion was the tremendous James L. Hughes, the champion Orangeman of the county of York, who loves the Queen and hates the Pope with all his heart and soul. These little demonstrations are not calculated to create a friendly feeling towards us on the part of Uncle Sam; and as we cannot see any glory to be achieved for Canada by their continuance, it would, it seems to us, be better policy to turn our attention to something more practical and sensible.

THE DEATH AND ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

OUR attention has been called to an article from the pen of J. W. Reilly which appeared in the Irish Catholic, and was copied into our columns a few weeks ago, the subject of which was "The Story of the Divine Faith and Happy Death of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

The article in question was duly credited to its source, and was published in our columns without being critically examined as to its theological accuracy. We have, however, been asked recently to pass an opinion on the following passage.

We are told in the article in question that Mary the mother of our Lord remained at Ephesus for many years while a persecution was raging in Palestine against the Church of God, but that when the time of her death approached, warned by the Angel Gabriel of her approaching end, she went to Jerusalem to die: and that "when the moment predicted was close at hand she laid herself on a couch and tranquilly composed herself for the sleep of peace. St. John was at her right hand. St. James gave her absolution. Then she requested those about her to send greetings to the other apostles, assuring them that even to the last she had thought of them and would be mindful of them in the other life."

As it is the faith of the Catholic Church that the Blessed Virgin was conceived immaculate and lead a sinless life, the question very naturally arises, "on what grounds is it stated that she was absolved by St. James, the Bishop of Jerusalem?"

We did not write the article in question, and we do not at all assume the responsibility of the statement; but as we understand that we have been somewhat sharply criticized for publishing the article, we have only to say that absolution is often pronounced even when there is not a certainty that the subject has committed sin; so that though we are aware that the learned writer of the story of the Irish Catholic has not any sure foundation for his statement on this subject, it is perhaps rather severe to assert that there is an error against faith in it. The dogma of the Immaculate Conception was not formally defined at the time, though it was undoubtedly held by the Church; still if history really attested that St. James had done what was attributed to him by Mr. Reilly, it is not clear that he would have been blameable.

Mr. Reilly's account is not purely historical, but is evidently in part legendary. It is based upon

details which are attested by early writers, one of whom, St. Denis the Areopagite, declares that he was present at the Blessed Virgin's death, as were also many of the brethren, besides Sts. Peter, James and Paul. We believe that the authenticity of St. Denis' writing has been proved beyond doubt, but we must add that neither St. Denis, St. Gregory of Tours nor the Mozarabic liturgy makes any mention of the absolution given by St. James. It is, therefore merely a hypothetical statement.

St. Gregory of Tours says that the Apostles were present, having come together for the purpose, and that our Lord appeared, surrounded by His angels, and that He confided the soul of His mother to the Archangel Michael, after which the vision disappeared. The sacred body was then placed in the tomb, near to which the Apostles remained for some time, awaiting a new appearance of our Saviour. In fact "He did appear again, and taking up the sacred body of His mother, bore it amid a brilliant cloud, to the bosom of paradise." This illustrious saint continues: "There, reunited to its glorious soul, it reigns in glory amid the elect and surrounded with the never-ending splendors of eternity."

There is no doubt that this testimony of St. Gregory was the authenticated tradition of the Church in the sixth century. An ancient Gothic liturgy in use at the same period contains an account of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin in terms identical with those of St. Gregory, but in all this there is nothing of the absolution mentioned by Mr. Reilly. We must, therefore, set it down as not authenticated, though we will not go so far as to assert that it is contrary to Catholic faith.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

A REPORT reached us from Toronto last week that at the meeting of the Presbyterian Council Rev. Dr. Parsons, in discussing the relation of the Church members towards organizations outside of the Church, said societies such as Masons, Oddfellows, Foresters and others of similar character were formed of a grain of morality covering a multitude of sins. Many of our separated brethren, including ministers, have frequently hurled the charge of intolerance and narrowness at the heads of the ecclesiastical authorities of the Catholic Church because they have condemned these secret societies. It is only now, at this late day, that the ministers are beginning to discover good reasons for the attitude of the Catholic Church in their regard; and we cannot help remarking that this discovery has only been made when it is found that the secret societies are playing havoc with the membership of their churches. In this, as in almost all other matters, there appears, however, to be no sense of unity in the utterances of the ministers; for we find that while some condemn, others approve of these organizations; and many reverend gentlemen are active members. It is noticeable, too, that at each anniversary of these Lodges—from the Masonic Grand all the way down to the Young Briton—a preacher can ever be found to sound their praises in the highest key.

MR. GOSCHEN'S CONFIDENCE.

MR. GOSCHEN has announced that a general election will probably not be held for the British Parliament until 1893. He maintains that the Liberal successes at the by-elections do not amount to a forecast of a Liberal success at the general election, and that the confidence expressed by the Liberal leaders, and especially by Sir William Vernon Harcourt, is but "mere chuckle and chaff." He declares that the Unionists are not at all discouraged at their prospects. We cannot blame Mr. Goschen for keeping his courage up, but the temper of the British people is undoubtedly hostile to that gentleman and his political allies. If he does not think so why is he afraid to face the music and dissolve the House? The British electorate recognize in this gentleman one not only unjust in his treatment of Irish affairs, but one also who is possessed of a desire to put new props under the tottering fabric of privilege which is first falling to ruins in the mother country. Quite recently he made reference to the House of Lords in terms which would lead one to suppose that he considered that body possessed something little short of a divine right to rule the empire; and Mr. Gladstone's threat to re-furbish or destroy the worse than useless concern was characterized by Mr. Goschen as an utterance not far

removed from treason. It is quite likely that the next election will cause Mr. Goschen to express great astonishment; for the time has arrived, we think, when the English people will open their eyes to the fact that they have for some time past been ruled by a set of men not in touch with the mass of the people.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND THE PILGRIMS TO ROME.

THE FRENCH CABINET has issued an order prohibiting Bishops from leaving their dioceses without permission from the Government. This order has been issued in consequence of the recent disturbances which took place in Rome on the occasion of the pilgrims' visit to the Pantheon. The Bishops of Rheims and Angers have protested against this piece of tyranny, but so far the Cabinet have declared their intention to enforce the order.

It is difficult to see in what way the act of an irresponsible and over-zealous visitor to the Pantheon is attributable to the Bishops, but the Government is evidently anxious to interfere with them on the slightest pretext. It is not even certain that it was one of the French pilgrims that offered the insult to the memory of Victor Emmanuel, which was, of course, an indiscreet act. Cardinal Langeneux has written to the French Minister of Public Works, Mons. Fallieres, denying that French pilgrims had anything to do with the transaction; nevertheless he is taking steps to prevent the recurrence of such episodes in future, by putting a stop to such pilgrimages, at all events while the present temper of the Italians lasts.

He has also called the attention of Mons. Fallieres to the anti-French character of the Italian demonstrations on the occasion referred to.

The incident was to be regretted, but it is no excuse for holding all the pilgrims, and still less for holding the Bishops of France responsible. The action of the French Government cannot be regarded as anything less than a petty tyranny, against which the Bishops very properly protest. The act of the pilgrim, if pilgrim he was, is done, and cannot be recalled. The cablegrams inform us, however, that the party who was guilty of it expressed his sorrow and left the city. It does not appear that he could do more than this to atone for his action, which so excited the Italians. Should the incident result in preventing more pilgrimages from taking place for some years, the Italians will be themselves the greatest sufferers, as the visits of so many respectable strangers to the city cause the circulation of a large amount of money by which the Italians derive a great profit. It is not denied that the pilgrims generally conduct themselves with decorum, and that they are law-abiding visitors.

WHAT PASTORS HAVE A MISSION.

IN THE educational sermon delivered before the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec, now in session in Toronto, the preacher, Rev. J. E. Trotter, made some remarks which, if proper application were made, would be very appropriate, regarding the importance of the ministry of the Church of God, which, he said, is "ordained of God for the development of the spiritual man. In writing to the Ephesians Paul tells us that when Christ left this world He committed to His Church this function: 'When He ascended up on high . . . He gave gifts to men. And He gave some to be Apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints unto the work of ministering, unto the building up of the body of Christ till we attain unto the unity of faith, and the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a full-grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.'"

He proceeded to show that to fulfil this her sublime mission of the perfecting of the saints, "Christ has endowed her with gifts, while the Holy Spirit dwells in her midst to make the exercise of these gifts effectual in developing the individual and corporate life of His people."

He spoke of the duty of the Church to discover those who have special gifts to fit them for the ministry, and exhorted individuals to make use of and prize the ministry of the Church; "for he is under moral bonds to work out his own salvation, which can be done only by means of the appropriate agencies; and the ministries of the Church are one of the special agencies."

As we have said, these views are in

themselves very sound. But is it not rather inconsistent with the Protestant idea that the ministry should be of so much importance in the plan of salvation? According to the Protestant view, each individual is his own judge of the doctrine he is to believe, and the very "Evangelical" ones add that all Christians are equally priests. If this be so, how can it be said that the priesthood, or ministry, occupy a peculiar position in the Church by divine appointment, as the rev. gentleman asserts to be the case?

He has, indeed, quoted passages of Scripture in support of his view; but this is where the inconsistency lies. It is certain that the Baptist ministry are not of divine appointment. They have no direct succession from the Apostles, and they do not even claim it. Have they a direct call to the ministry from God? If they have, they should prove it by the indubitable signs or miracles whereby God has always given His ministers direct succession, when He has conferred it. They are, therefore, not among those whom God has appointed "Apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers," and the words of St. Paul, which Mr. Trotter so confidently quotes, are not applicable to them.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Louisiana State Lottery, by establishing offices in Montreal and Toronto, has succeeded in flooding the United States with its circulars, contrary to law, and complaints by telegraph have been made by the Washington Government to that of the Dominion, asking the latter to take such action as will lead to the discovery of the objectionable parcels sent by mail from Canada to the United States. The Dominion Government is requested to mark all such packages as are suspected, as containing dutiable matter, so as to ensure their being examined by United States Customs' officials. It is provided by the Postal Union agreement that this shall be done, for dutiable matter, and the American Government desires that the agreement shall be made to cover the case in point.

A GREAT sensation has been created in Philadelphia, especially in the neighborhood of Chestnut and Twentieth streets, by the return home of a young woman named Miss Sarah Ferry, who has been on a visit to the celebrated shrine of our blessed Lady at Lourdes. Some months ago Miss Ferry received a legacy, and as she has been nearly all her life confined to bed and unable to walk, she resolved to pay a visit to the shrine in company with her brother. She stayed at Lourdes two weeks, occupying herself in constant prayer to be relieved from her infirmity, and occasionally bathing in the water of the miraculous spring the parts of her body which were paralyzed and unable to perform their functions. Her success in attaining the object of her visit to Lourdes was made evident to the people who knew her in Philadelphia, when on her return on the 7th of Sept., instead of being carried into her home, she stepped briskly from the carriage and went into the house in a most sprightly manner. Hundreds of visitors have called on her to congratulate her on her wonderful cure.

It is announced officially that Mr. Balfour has been named to succeed Mr. Smith as leader of the Government in the House of Commons. The Chief Secretaryship of Ireland, it seems, is to be still retained by the same individual. The party now in power in England must find itself in a poverty-stricken condition when it is forced to ask Mr. Arthur Balfour to command the Tory army. It has been moving rapidly on a down grade for many years, and the old Conservative heads in the mother country must surely look with dismay on the future when they compare Disraeli with Smith, and Smith with Balfour. It is claimed for this gentleman that he possesses capacity to govern, and that he is a man of courage and resolution, as evinced by his treatment of the Irish peasantry; but those who give the Secretary this credit ignore the fact the most insignificant potroom in the empire, with the British army at his back, could have done the work quite as effectively. So far as the Irish people are concerned, we do not think they have any reason to feel distressed at this latest move, for we know of no man who will more surely lead the Tory hosts to destruction when the general election takes place.

The unpleasantness arising out of the treatment of Minister Egan by the new Chilean Government has been followed by a riot which may precipitate

trouble with complete satisfaction not known to the blamable embroglio. Washington the marines Baltimore, a riot with which eight down. Another boatswain's marines excitement at Washington intelligence, has been held telegram pulled at As the affray of individual tipsy sailors, State complicatedly as the class of citizen the occurrence

ARCHDIOCESE

Episcopal VI special to Saturday, remembered South Adjalala, Toronto for James.

Under the Father Killeen the parish, ever been made might be exte prelate of the Long before ham of the 10 natives from family in themselves in depot, anxious to greet the renowned or whom they much.

The train accompanied by the St. Michael after hearty formalities, a rage in wai Killeen. A ioners on su shalled by Mr popular Reeve over two hund in view.

Above the n and presbyter been erected, artistically de in large capita appeared. The guard precision sal stepped on the of carriages a bright coveri morning sun, spectacle that old Adjala bef

When the pr the sacred edit to the altar ran a few words of all dispersed to await the com The aftern Grace in an ex who had been Communion a the past six m

The answeri was exception great credit on dren themse their devoted pously striven t result. Sunday mor lovely, and when the par by many vis parishes, bega take part in the day.

In the early y assisted by O'Donohoe, offic of the Mass 8:30 by the Ma were to receive Rev. Father K The children one hundred, altar and rec from the han returned to th orderly and gr testimony to th had received.

The girls w of flowers and veils; the boys and had white arms. At the usual Mass was celeb hee, at the Co Grace delivere which was rec tion by the imm He reminded established a C such marks ar manifest to ev distinguish it Churches. He also inst ments, which through which the soul. His Grace sp many grace ro and concluded discourse by s den's minds

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Noble Young Prince. Early death called from succession to the throne Louis, the Duke of Burgundy, grandson of Louis the XV. of France.

One day Louis was rushing helters-skelter down the stairs, when he suddenly fell and hurt his knee. He was so afraid of frightening his mother, and so anxious that none of the servants in charge of him should be alarmed, that he told no one how much he was hurt.

He suffered a great deal for some time, and at last he was obliged to tell his mother about it. Then it was found that an abscess had formed in the knee.

The doctors held a consultation, and the little prince was taken into the next room while they talked the matter over, and determined that an operation must be performed.

When the day which they had fixed arrived, the prince's tutor went to prepare him for it as gently as he could.

"I hope you will be able to bear it quietly," he said. Louis smiled sadly.

"I knew all you have been telling me two months ago," he said. "I heard what the surgeons said, but I did not mention it for fear any one should think I was worried about it. Now the fatal day has come. Leave me alone for a quarter of an hour; then I shall be ready."

When the time was up he asked to see the instruments. Taking them in his hands he said: "I can bear anything if I only may get well again and comfort mamma."

Chloroform was unknown in those days, and the operation would have been very hard for a man to bear, yet the little fellow only called out twice, and when it was all over he found his reward in the tender embraces of his father and mother.

Then came weary months of pain and weakness, which tried the poor boy sadly, yet it was only when the pain was more than usually violent that he allowed himself to complain; and it was understood among his attendants that if the prince were particularly anxious about their health and comfort, it was a sign that he himself was suffering more.

"Dear Tante," he said one day to one of his favorite servants, "you do too much for me; you hurt yourself. Go out and get some fresh air; I will try and do without you for two or three hours."

Night after night the poor little sufferer, not yet eleven years old, would lie awake in pain; yet he would not groan or cry out, lest he should wake the attendants who slept near him, and if they were obliged to ask for anything it was in a tone of voice which could disturb no one.

At last those weary months of suffering came to an end, and the noble-hearted boy died, February 22, 1761, with his arms around his mother's neck.

There is one saying of his which well describes his life, and which may serve as a motto for all: "I cannot do much, but I will do all I can."

Alice's Swing. It was a lovely October day—such a relief after the long rainy week! "I'm going out to my swing, mamma," said Alice. "I suspect it's most a month since I was there."

"Not quite so long as that," said her mamma, smiling, as she tied on her little daughter's cap and kissed the sweet lips; "but I think you will enjoy your swing all the more because you have not been in it for a week."

Alice skipped away and was soon swinging gayly. "Oh, you dear old swing!" she said, "how glad I am to get into your lap again! I am going to stay here till dinner-time."

By and by her attention was attracted by a very ragged little girl who came slowly up the road, and presently stopped and peeped in through the fence.

"Oh, let me get in just for a moment!" said the little girl. "Do you love to swing?" Alice asked.

"I don't know," answered the child, shaking her head. "I never did."

"Never was in a swing!" exclaimed Alice; and then she slipped to the ground, and, walking out into the road, took the little stranger's hand, and leading her into the garden, showed her how to climb into the swing; then pushing her several times, she sat down in a garden chair and watched her.

"Shall I get out now?" asked the child. Alice wanted her swing very much; she had not had it for a whole week; you remember, but then she thought of the little girl with no swing.

"No," she answered, smiling at her; "you shall stay in it till dinner-time." And when dinner-time came she ran to the house and brought her some bread and a nice slice of cake, and, after watching her down the road, she went into the house and told her mamma about her morning. "I wanted my swing, oh very much, mamma; but, after awhile, I just loved to let the little girl have it."

The great Dr. Boerhaave left three directions for preserving the health—keep the feet warm, the head cool, and the bowels open. Had he practised in our day, he might have added: and purify the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla; for he certainly would consider it the best.

MILBURN'S AROMATIC QUININE WINE fortifies the system against attacks of ague, chills, bilious fever, dumb ague and like troubles.

JAMES STEPHENS.

The Career of the once famous Irish Revolutionist.

The Republic printed in its cable news of last week the announcement that James Stephens, the famous Fenian leader and agitator, had returned to Ireland. He is reported also to have pronounced in favor of the movement at the head of which Mr. Parnell was. Time was when the statement that Mr. Stephens had determined to visit Ireland, or indeed to move from one place to another, would have created a flurry in Dublin Castle. But the veteran revolutionist, it seems, is now permitted to spend his declining years in his native land without any attempt at Government interference of surveillance.

Perhaps no Irish revolutionist of modern times held a higher place in the estimation of his countrymen than James Stephens. He first attracted attention in the insurrectionary movement of 1848. In the skirmish between the police and Smith-O'Brien's band of patriots at Ballynag on July 29, 1848, James Stephens, then a student in engineering, was shot in the right leg. He was hurried off to the mountains with another patriot, Michael Doheny, and for two months they were hunted, suffering much privation. Eventually, Stephens got off to France, disguised as a family servant. His companion drove cattle on board a British steamer at Cork, and in this way escaped to France and thence to New York, where he died in 1862.

Stephens was joined in Paris by John O'Mahoney, a Tipperary farmer, who subsequently became the leader of the movement in America. Stephens returned to Ireland clandestinely, having an understanding with O'Mahoney that if they should have an opportunity in the future they would try and

STRIKE ANOTHER BLOW FOR IRELAND. The overthrow of the Tenant's Rights League opened up another hopeful vista of revolutionary experiment; but preparation and organization were necessary to any degree of success.

Stephens met Jeremiah Donovan, the latter, in the exuberance of his patriotic ardor, resumed the "O" to his name, and as his people belonged in Ross, he assumed the distinguished Gaelic affix Rossa, and has been known since as O'Donovan Rossa. The latter, inspired to some extent by promises from Stephens of assistance from America, may be said to have really started the conspiracy which developed into the Fenian movement. The Irish organization was first known as the Phoenix Society.

It met in its infancy with a blow from the Government that it was supposed would be the means of suppressing the agitation; but the encouragement received from Irishmen in America inspired renewed hope in the movement. Stephens attributed the failure of the Phoenix movement to the influence, more or less, of the Nation, the organ of the Grattan Nationalists, who did not believe in physical force. Charles J. Kickham, John O'Leary and Thomas Clarke Luby were Stephens' contemporaries.

On the American side the movement was being directed by John O'Mahoney, Michael Doheny and Colonel Corcoran of the Sixty-ninth regiment. O'Mahoney was head centre. It was he who designated his branch of the organization "Fenians." Centuries ago the Irish national militia were called "Fiana Eriou," or Fenians, from Fenius, Fin or Fion, their famous commander. Stephens preferred the name of IRISH REVOLUTIONARY BROTHERHOOD, shortened into I. R. B., for the home section.

The beginning of the American civil war threatened to extinguish the movement; but a stronger impulse came to press it on. There was an idea that war would be declared between this country and England on account of the latter's concession of belligerent rights to the confederacy. Another circumstance which helped produce excitement in the ranks of the Irish revolutionists was the death, in 1861, in San Francisco, of Terrence Bellew MacManus, one of the "Forty-eight" leaders, who, in 1851, effected a daring escape from prison in Van Dieman's Land.

His body was borne with public ceremonial across continent and ocean to the land of his birth. It was only when the funeral preparations had been somewhat advanced, a whisper went around that the affair was altogether in the hands of the Fenian leaders, and was being used to advance their projects. At one time the purpose was seriously entertained of making the MacManus demonstration the signal for insurrection. Stephens, however, said he would not strike until he was ready. Fifty thousand men marched after the hearse through the streets of Dublin.

The American delegates returned filled with great enthusiasm; and the movement here grew eventually to large dimensions. New York city was the headquarters of the movement here. The central offices were in the celebrated marble mansion in Union Square.

MONEY FLOWED INTO THE COFFERS of the organization, and even the poorest of Ireland's sons and daughters pressed eagerly forward with their contributions. Fathers and mothers

brought their sons to be enrolled; servant girls brought the savings of their wages and California miners gave freely of their hoards.

In November, 1863, Stephens, started in Dublin the Irish People. It was devoted to the propagation of the ideas of the advanced Nationalists, and helped raise the spirit of the people to the highest pitch. At the close of the American war the Fenian leaders felt that the hour for action had arrived. Arms were being daily imported and distributed. Every steamer from America brought Irish officers and privates who had fought under the stars and stripes. Dublin Castle took alarm. For more than a year a man named Pierce Nagle, a confidential agent of Stephens, was in the secret pay of the Government. At a critical moment he gave information to the Castle authorities, which caused them to make a raid on the Irish People office. Several of the leaders were arrested, but Stephens escaped.

The paper was suppressed, and intense excitement ensued throughout Ireland. Midnight arrests and seizures, hurried flights and perilous escapes, wild rumors and reports scared every considerable city and town. Stephens all the time was living calm and undisturbed in a pretty suburban villa two miles from Dublin Castle. Proclamations offering \$200 for his arrest were scattered all over the country. Thousands of policemen, hundreds of spies and detectives were exerting every ingenuity to discover his whereabouts. Stephens at the time might be seen as "Mr. Herbert" nearly every day in his flower garden or greenhouse, busily arranging his geraniums or tending his japonicas.

On the night of the seizure of the Irish People office he was in Dublin. The police noticed that while they couldn't find Stephens his wife paid frequent visits to Dublin, but they always lost her somewhere in the neighborhood of "Mr. Herbert's" house.

FEMALE SPIES WERE EMPLOYED to shadow Mrs. Stephens; and by this method Stephens' identity with "Mr. Herbert" was established, and his asylum located. Several other Fenians were in the house when the police, in large force, entered.

A large sum of money—nearly \$9000 in notes, gold and drafts—was found in Stephens' room, and large quantities of eatables and drinkables were also discovered on the premises, indicating that it was Stephens' intention to try and remain in the place of concealment that the police did not discover for about two months. Stephens had become a popular hero. The van which conveyed him and his colleagues to court was accompanied by a mounted escort with drawn sabres, and preceded and followed by a number of cars conveying policemen armed with cutlasm and revolver.

In Stephens' house were found a lot of incriminating documents, which were put to use by the Government authorities in punishing the leaders. There were lists of American officers, their names, rank, travelling charges paid them and the dates of sailing for Ireland. The seizure of the documents by the Government assisted it wonderfully in its effort to suppress the conspiracy, and Stephens was subsequently criticised sharply for allowing such incriminating evidence to come into the hands of the police.

About two months after Stephens' arrest he escaped from Richmond prison; and the announcement of the fact brought consternation to the Government. The populace was very differently affected. This daring achievement was all that was necessary to immortalize the Fenian leader. The police and detectives went about the streets crestfallen and humiliated. Richmond prison was one of the strongest in Ireland. The cell doors were of wrought iron, fastened with ponderous swinging bars and padlocks. In cells cut off from the rest of the prisoners the Fenians were confined.

A young man named McLeod, confined for some minor offence, was placed next to Stephens' cell, with instructions to ring his cell gong if he heard anything wrong. Military guards and sentries and a detachment of police had been plentifully placed in the prison.

WHEN FIRST THE FENIANS WERE COMMITTED, but a petty squabble about their board bill caused them to be withdrawn; and a dispute over a few pounds cost the Government the prize for which they afterwards offered a thousand and would have given five times as much to recover.

In anticipation of the arrest of some of the Fenian leaders, members of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood had secured places in the jail. Among them were a watchman named Byrne and John J. Breslin, who was a hospital superintendent. They had pass keys for all doors, and wax impressions of the moulds were taken and duplicates manufactured.

All pass keys were placed in the governor's safe every night. The duplicates got by Breslin and Byrne didn't go, however, into the prison governor's safe. A friendly tap on the night of Nov. 23, 1865, at Stephens' cell door, and soon it swung open with Breslin and Byrne outside. Each of them was armed, and, in the event of detection, was determined to fight to the death if necessary to effect Stephens' escape. They were not detected, however. Stephens scaled the wall, and was hurried off by confederates in waiting.

At no time probably since Emmet's insurrection were the Irish executive authorities thrown into such dismay and confusion as on this occasion. The

most desperate efforts were made to recapture Stephens. A thousand pounds reward was offered. For three months he was secreted in the house of a woman of humble means. Three months afterward he drove one Sunday evening in disguise in an open carriage with two footmen behind through the streets of Dublin. The "coachman" and "footmen" were picked I. R. B. men, and were armed to the teeth.

Stephens was taken to the seashore, and escaped to France, and thence to America. Here he spent his energies again upon the movement; but the Fenians lost confidence in his promises and professions. He didn't venture on Irish soil either to conquer or to perish, although he had held out promises that he would. Again and again he had announced that 1866 would see a call to arms and that he would perish or conquer on Irish soil.

He had no ambition, however, to place himself once more within the reach of the British lion. He bore blame, derision and praise in silence. He returned to France some years ago and lived in humble circumstances. He wrote at times for the Irish press. Readers of the Republic will remember that for a limited season he was a contributor to these columns.

A TEXAN BISHOP.

The Memphis Catholic Journal says that the attention of a couple of prominent business men of Memphis, who were standing by the hotel entrance, was attracted by the distinguished looking appearance of a stranger. One of the gentlemen is a well-known and well-to-do German brewer, and the other a wealthy Hebrew dry-goods merchant.

"That man," said the Hebrew, "is the companion, and nodding in the direction of the stranger, 'is a Catholic Bishop.'"

"I don't think so," replied the other, "he is too young."

"I feel confident you are mistaken," continued the Hebrew, still gazing at the clear-cut features of the stranger, and noting the valuable ring that adorned one of his soft white fingers.

The discussion continued, each man adhering to his opinion, until the brewer offered to wager a basket of champagne that the newly-arrived guest was not a Catholic Bishop.

The wager was immediately accepted, and it was agreed to settle the question by appealing to the subject of controversy.

Approaching him, the Hebrew in a gentlemanly manner begged pardon for addressing a stranger, and then requested to learn his name in order to settle a dispute.

The bright eye of the stranger for a moment rested on his interlocutor, and then a clear and melodious voice responded: "I am Thomas Francis Brennan, Catholic Bishop of Dallas, Tex."

The stranger was the youngest Catholic Bishop in the United States. He speaks German as fluently as a German, French like an educated Parisian, and Italian as correctly as English. As a linguist he has few superiors, for he is master of twenty different languages and speaks them with fluency. He was formerly a county delegate of the A. O. H., in Pennsylvania, where he was a missionary priest at the time of his nomination to the Dallas See.

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