

The Catholic Record.

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

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1891.

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Catholic Record

London, Sat., March 21st, 1891.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We had occasion to mention in our columns a few weeks ago that Professor Briggs, who has been recently appointed to the chair of Scriptural teaching in the Presbyterian Union Theological Seminary of New York, openly defends the Rationalistic view on the subject of the inspiration of the Scripture, and that it is to be expected that the rising generation of Presbyterian clergy, educated under such influences, will naturally be inoculated with the same doctrine. According to this view, the Scriptures are not inspired, except in a sense in which we may say that human intelligence is inspired also. That the faculty of the Seminary are in accord with Professor Briggs is made evident from their recent treatment of a student named Mr. McComb. This young man was accused with having furnished information to the press regarding the Professor's unorthodox teachings, and with having criticized them. President Hastings insisted that Mr. McComb should apologize to Professor Briggs; but as the young man refused to do so, he has been dismissed from the seminary. Mr. McComb states that he had not furnished any confidential information to the press, but only what was quite available to the public; and he combated the Professor's views because he felt it to be his duty to combat errors so dangerous to Christianity itself.

The bigotry which has prevailed hitherto in the New York Juvenile Delinquent Asylum has received an unexpected check from the State Legislature. The authorities of the Asylum had a Bill before the Legislature to enable them to apprentice children in other States, whereupon Mr. Ives proposed that as a condition of the passing of the Bill a clause be added obliging the authorities to grant freedom of worship to the children. He explained that Roman Catholic children in the institution are not permitted to attend the services of their Church. Mr. Stewart, the promoter of the proposed Bill, objected to the introduction of Mr. Ives' amendment, but it was carried by a vote of twenty-six to one. Mr. Stewart himself constituting the minority. The bill was then passed as amended.

It was recently reported by telegraph from Rome that the shrine of St. Agatha had been broken open and plundered of its jewels, and that the people, fearful of a divine visitation in punishment of the offence, had made a demonstration against the Cathedral Chapter, and that several priests had been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the sacrilege. This story has been formally contradicted by the Secretary of the Archbishop. The shrine was not violated at all; but part of the silver carriage in which the relics were borne in procession has been stolen. This is the only grain of truth in the whole story. The pretended arrest of priests is entirely fictitious, and both priests and people have united in celebrating a festival of reparation.

REV. FATHER MOLPHY, of the parish of Ingersoll, Ont., has sent a draft for \$14 50, to the Right Rev. Jno. Lyster, Bishop of Achonry, for the relief of the suffering poor of that diocese. This sum was subscribed by the parishioners. The diocese of Achonry is the most distressed part of Ireland.

It is stated in a cable despatch that the wife of the Grand Duke Sergius, who is grand-daughter to Queen Victoria, is about to be converted to the Greek Church. This implies, of course, that she embraces without reserve the doctrines of that Church, which are for the most part identical with those of the Catholic Church. It may be presumed that political reasons are the cause of the change; but it is the doctrines of the Greek Church that are thus adopted without creating consternation among the ultra-Protestants of England, why should there be so much horror amongst them against Catholic doctrines? Every day proofs become more abundant that Christian truth, in the Protestant mind, is quite a secondary matter in comparison with political expediency.

CARDINAL LAVIGIER is engaged in the inauguration of a movement to give profitable employment to the Arabs who have hitherto subsisted by carrying on the slave trade in Africa. He is of the opinion that if a new means of livelihood be furnished them they will the more readily abandon the evil career they have hitherto followed. He will establish on

the Sahara a number of stations manned by monks of the new Order of Brothers of the Sahara, who are skillful engineers and agriculturists, and the Arabs will be employed in irrigating and reclaiming some of the vast tracts of land which are capable of being cultivated after the proposed improvements are carried out. The Arabs will also be taught the arts of civilization. The plan is a noble one which probably no one but the Cardinal could bring to a successful issue. The slave trade in which the Arabs have hitherto been engaged resulted annually in the brutal murder of over 400,000 persons.

CARDINAL SIMONEI, Prefect of the Propaganda, has issued a circular letter to the Bishops of Italy in which he notifies the Bishops that the Holy Father wishes them to place no obstacle in the way of priests of their dioceses who wish to join the congregation of missionaries for Italian emigrants. This congregation was instituted for the purpose of going to countries where there are Italians who need the services of Italian missionaries to administer to their spiritual necessities. The Cardinal says that in America there are hundreds of thousands of Italian emigrants whose faith is exposed continually to serious danger, and the Propaganda has long directed attention to the best method of supplying the needed spiritual assistance to them. By far the largest proportion of the Italians who direct their course to the New World settle in the South American Republics.

LYNCH LAW.

Eleven Sicilians who were accused of being members of the Mafia, a secret society in New Orleans, La., which pronounced sentence of death against David G. Hennessy, Chief of Police of New Orleans, were acquitted by the jury. The chief of police was slain on October 15, and that very night the evidence began to accumulate, showing that his death had been deliberately planned by a secret tribunal and carried out boldly and successfully by the tools of a secret society. The trial lasted twenty-five days, and though the evidence seemed conclusive, the jury, which is currently charged with having been tampered with, failed to convict.

On Friday night, 13th inst., soon after the verdict of the jury was known, a body of cool-headed men, lawyers, doctors, merchants and political leaders, all persons of influence and social standing, quietly met and decided that some legal action must be taken and the people's justice, swift and sure, visited upon those whom the jury had neglected to punish. On Saturday morning a call for a mass meeting at Clay Square, on Canal street, appeared in the papers, which editorially deprecated violence. The significant closing sentence of the call was, "Come prepared for action."

At 10 o'clock there was a crowd of several thousand anxious people congregated around the statue. They hardly knew what was going to happen, but they seemed ready to go to any length, and while there were of course many of the lower element in the throng a large proportion were the leading people of the town. There were three like, and the assemblage not unwillingly soon keyed up to a high pitch, demonstrative in its denunciation of the assassins. Each of the speakers said there had been a great mass meeting months before which had met quietly and dispersed peacefully. The law had failed. The time to act had come. W. S. Parkerson, the leader, is a prominent lawyer, the president of the Southern Athletic Club and the man who led the vigorous city reform movement three years ago. Walter D. Deane, another of the speakers, is one of the leaders of the New Orleans, is John C. Wickliffe, also a prominent attorney, and James D. Houston, one of the foremost men of the State.

After denouncing Detective O'Mally, who is supposed to have tampered with the jury, the speakers announced that they would lead the way to the parish prison. Mr. Wickliffe concluded with these words: — "Shall the execrable Mafia be allowed to flourish in this city? Shall the Mafia be allowed to cut down our citizens on public streets by foul means of assassination? Shall the Mafia be allowed to bribe jurors to let murderers go scot free?"

Soon a crowd of 3,000 citizens had assembled, and provided themselves with arms at the arsenal, and the number gradually increased to 10,000, who marched to the prison. Captain Davis, governor of the prison, refused to open the doors, and neighboring houses readily supplied axes and battering rams, and will hands went to work to force an opening. This did not prove a difficult task to the trembling but determined throng. Soon there was a crash, the door gave way, and in an instant armed citizens were pouring through the small opening, while a mighty shout went up from 10,000 throats rejoicing at their success so far.

Once the crowd had got inside the Sicilians were soon picked out from among the prisoners, and were at once shot or hung. A coroner's jury was held, but their verdict did not name any of the lynchers. The citizens generally are said to favor the murderous proceedings and the various papers adopted resolutions maintaining that the deplorable administration of criminal justice in that city and the

amount to only £737. Unless America subscribes generously Parnellism is menaced with death by early inanition and exhaustion after the first furious effort of the campaign.

As the Parnellites continue to spread the report that Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien will take side with them, Mr. Davitt, at a meeting of the Nationalist Executive, stated that as soon as Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien were released both were expected to join the Federation Committee.

With the appearance of the *Nationalist* the waiting attitude of the Parnellites has been abandoned for energetic action. The National Federation is receiving adhesions in every district in Ireland.

In the House of Commons Mr. Smith asked a morning sitting for Government business on Tuesdays and Fridays. He explained that the Government was anxious to prorogue Parliament three weeks earlier than usual. This is held to confirm the report that the Government intends to dissolve Parliament next autumn.

The Dublin *Nationalist* says: "Triumph after triumph was scored by the Nationalists yesterday throughout the country. The voice of the nation is becoming heard, and it is interesting to watch the daily increasing intensity of the Parnellites' assaults upon the Bishops."

At a large meeting at Mitchellstown, many priests being present, the opinion generally expressed that Parnell would be politically dead six months from now.

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IRISH NEWS.

THE LIBERAL PLATFORM. Mr. Gladstone has been in consultation with Mr. Morley, Sir William Vernon Harcourt and Sir G. O. Trevelyan, as to the scope of the Liberal electoral platform, and is preparing to announce it at Hastings. It is learned that Home Rule, with a definite exposition of the question of Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament, land and police relations to the Irish Government continues to hold the front rank. Mr. Schaubert (Liberal), the ablest and clearest headed of the wire pullers, estimates that Mr. Parnell's following in the next Parliament will be reduced to ten. Mr. Healy's calculation gives Parnell eight supporters. Mr. Gladstone, thus assured of the support of the Irish phalanx of seventy-three steady adherents, deems himself ready to resume and complete the legislation for Ireland.

SALISBURY'S SPEECH. The court has adjudicated Wm. O'Brien a bankrupt on the petition of Lord Salisbury in the latter's suit to recover £1,700 the costs in the libel brought against him by O'Brien, in which the latter was not sued. Herman Rafalovitch, the father in law of O'Brien, has offered to discharge the debt, but Mr. O'Brien has declined to accept the favor. O'Brien is unable to sit in Parliament for a year, and if at the end of that time he is still confined in prison, his seat in the House of Commons will be declared vacant, and an election for a new member will be ordered.

PARNELL'S MANIFESTO. Parnell has issued his manifesto. It is addressed to the Irish Americans, and is principally composed of an appeal to Irishmen in the United States for assistance. He defends his position, and says that he always worked in the interest of his countrymen, although often misapprehended. The manifesto is a great disappointment to Parnell's friends, who had thought he would exonerate himself in relation to Mrs. O'Shea. The lady, however, is not referred to in the document. Parnell appeals to his fellow-countrymen in America to once more assist him in quelling military and clerical opposition to a really independent Parliamentary party, so that we may make one more, even though it be our very last effort, to win freedom and prosperity for our nation by constitutional means.

SCULLY WILL TRY AGAIN. It is stated at Dublin that Vincent Scully, the Parnellite who unsuccessfully contested for the seat in Parliament against John Parnell, the McCarthy, will contest for the seat representing North Sligo, made vacant by the death of Peter McDonnell. It is understood that Theodor McDonnell, Queen's counsel, supporter of Mr. McCarthy, will enter the list against Mr. Scully.

THE NATIONAL FEDERATION. The *Nationalist*, the McCarthyite organ, expresses the opinion that the National Federation was a success more brilliant than the most sanguine Nationalist ever hoped for. The convention is a death-blow to Parnell's pretensions and a lesson to those who have been making the clamor of the mob for the voice of the nation.

PARNELL'S CARELESSNESS. Mr. Parnell's absence from the House of Commons on Thursday, during Mr. Balfour's graphic narration of the distress in Ireland and the relief measures adopted by the Government has caused intense surprise in Ireland. A messenger has called at the House of Commons daily for Mr. Parnell's letters. In reply to the official inquiries the boy declared Mrs. O'Shea had sent him. Even the friends of Parnell declare that his continued neglect of Ireland will completely ruin his cause.

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CARDINAL NEWMAN.

AN INTERESTING STORY JUST PUBLISHED—WHAT LED TO THE GREAT ENGLISHMAN'S CONVERSION.

It may not be generally known that Cardinal Newman, who was one of the most learned and distinguished men of England, was drawn from the bosom in which he was born through the instrumentality of a French priest, named Yager.

The way in which he was led to acknowledge the truth of the Catholic Church is thus related: "Rev. J. N. Yager, then chaplain of the Hospital of the Invalids, in Paris, one day met in a rooming-house an Englishman of distinguished manners, whose conversation, by preference, turned on the highest questions of religious controversy.

The mistress of the house, in arranging the places for her guests at the dinner table, had contrived to place the Englishman and the chaplain side by side. His brilliant and distinguished conversation was conquered by the learning and modesty of the kind and amiable priest. Each one of the objections made by the Protestant elicited an answer as polite in the form as it was peremptory in the foundation. "What do you think of our chaplain?" "I confess," replied he, "that I have nowhere met with so much science united to so great simplicity." Captivated by his conversation, he solicited a private interview with the priest, which was readily granted. As long as the strange conference with Rev. J. N. Yager, manly conferences with Rev. J. N. Yager, he believed him to be a man of the world, and he was totally ignorant of his title of doctor of the University of Oxford.

ing spirit; he did not consider as presumption what he knew to be the expression of a conscience highly enlightened and sure of itself. He purposely prolonged the conversation, and, in his turn, he was astonished to find in his interlocutor an erudition and a patriotism, which he had not even suspected in this unassuming priest.

"Truly," said the Archbishop, "you are a living council. May God bless your efforts, my dear friend. Continue your work. No one is better able than yourself to lead it to good."

The rest is known. For a whole year the controversy was prolonged with an ardor and a science that were crowned with the most consoling success. The initials, used as signatures to the English letters, concealed names that are now well known to the Catholic world. Father Yager enveloped himself closer than ever in the mantle of humility and silence.

This correspondence, so honorable to himself, was published in an octavo book. He constantly refused to gratify the curiosity of his readers, by giving them the names of his Anglican antagonists. In a few months a French edition was exhausted. He did not allow them to publish a second edition. "It is not with work of God," said he, "that the work of God is accomplished in souls; this is effected by prayer."

The adversaries of Oxford had discontinued their written controversy; but religious truth, watered by divine grace, acted upon their souls; and, in the following years a glorious crowd of doctors, ministers of the Established Church, Egerton, and illustrious laymen, concluded the Church of Jesus Christ by their filial return. Of this number was Dr. Newman, one of the principal correspondents of Rev. Father Yager.

NATURE'S DISRUPTIVE FORCES.

THE SALVATION ARMY SPLIT.

On Sunday evening after Vespers the Rev. Walter Crooke Robinson delivered the second of his series of discourses in St. John's, Wellington, his subject being "The Cohesive Power of the Catholic Church."

One of the great attributes of the soul, he said, was an intense longing for knowledge, and each access of knowledge only increased men's thirst for it. All men were, according to the capacity of their souls, like that great German philosopher who, when dying asked for "more light." Let them take the great intellects of Israel, the two Cyrils, Athanasius, Gregory, Leo, Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventura, Lactantius, and Newman. Did they think that these men were without these three great passions? They were prone to error more than most men because of their great intellectual forces. The Catholic Church had not only kept these but thousands and millions in all ages in one unity of faith. The Catholic Church alone had succeeded in binding together by its cohesive power men in one unity, and more than one had tried to upset that unity, and had tried in vain.—*London Universe, Jan. 25.*

A SERIOUS BATTLE.

The political battle is over, but the battle with disease must be constantly and unceasingly waged else the grim reaper will come out victorious, and loved ones will be gathered to their long home. On all sides may be seen pale and listless girls who should be enjoying the health and glow of rosy youth. Everywhere we are met with women young in years, yet prematurely old, who suffer in silence almost untold agonies, the result of those ailments peculiar to the female system. To all such, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills come as a blessing. They restore wasted vitality, build up the nervous system, enrich the blood, and transform pale and sallow complexions into glowing, rosy cheeks that alone follow perfect health. In a word they are a certain cure for all these distressing complaints to which women are so peculiarly liable. A trial of these pills will convince the most sceptical of their wonderful merit. For suffering men Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are equally efficacious. For over-work, mental strain, loss of sleep, nervous debility, and all those diseases that lead to broken-down nervous systems, they are a specific, stimulating the brain, reinforcing the exhausted system, and restoring shattered vitality. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are nature's restorative and should be used by every weak and debilitated person. For sale by all dealers or sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box) by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Will those ignorant Catholic educators never cease deterring the tranquility of our loyal and Papal fanatics? Their latest "millionth mischief" in this line has been to instruct one of their pupils to capture, from three competitors, one of those rare distinctions in the United States Navy known as "Star Cadetships," of which there are only six for the whole country. The culprit in this case—Mr. Maurice Penney, educated at St. Augustine's school, Brompton, England—seems to have exceeded his instructions, for the result shows that his examination surpassed in brilliancy all those previously recorded.—*Catholic Home.*

In the eyes of the world I have now attained to fortune, fame—to that which men most strive for; but, my dear Breddin, God has shown me that all is vain except loving and serving Him.—*Amper.*

Have we no cause to fear? Are we quite sure we can do without this austere virtue of penance, with all its incommodious details and stern realities?—*Faber.*

rather than light. Truth was revelation from God, and the Catholic and Roman Church was the organ of God's truth. Every true revelation from God showed His greatness and His sanctity, and also the littleness and the wickedness of men. Further, the true revelation of God demanded of the heart of man a sacrifice. There was an intense native pride in the human heart, and men could not brook mortification. Men of the world never liked to talk about the personal God, because they did not want Him to come too near to them. They talked about the Deity as though that were a kind of cloud that made God more distant. He thought that the real

DEFINITION OF A PROTESTANT was that he was afraid of God being too near Him. There was amongst men a shrinking from God and revelation, and, therefore, there was a propensity to rebel against it. The third great disruptive force was men's aggressive self-assertion. What was that self-assertion? If God revealed the way of salvation and committed it to a certain body to teach it, it was a license for men to go against it. The Church forbade Heresies, but gave liberty of thought, and it always appeared to a man of the world that he was being coerced in his lawful rights by the Church. These were the three great disruptive forces over which the Church had had to triumph. These three elements of disruption and discord amongst men accounted for every single heretic the world had ever seen. He would prove that no human religion had succeeded in withstanding these disruptive forces except one. Let them look at the Greek Church. That had split; and he need not waste a sentence in pointing out THE DISRUPTION IN THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

If the Establishment were taken away where would the Anglican Church be? The sects which came from it were disrupted, split, and broken up; and about the Salvation Army—did they think it was going to remain united? Perhaps only next year it would be also split up, and the three elements in human nature which he had mentioned would be the cause of that split. No religion except one had been able to withstand these three great forces of disruption. What a wonderful thing it was that the Catholic and Roman Church had succeeded in binding in one unity all that immense variety of human passion

DURING THE LAST NINETEEN HUNDRED YEARS.

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MOONDYNE.

BOOK FOURTH. THE CONVICT SHIP.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

VIII.

FACE TO FACE.

The convict ship, with all sail set, before a strong quarter breeze, ploughed heavily round the South of England, and then spread her arms like a sea spirit as she swept majestically toward the deep southern seas.

No need to moralize afresh on the weird contrast between the tall ship, nobly and beautifully breasting the waves, and the hideous secret she bears within.

"Who, as she smiles in the silvery light, spreading her wings on the bosom of night, alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky, a phantom of beauty, could dream with a sigh,

That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin, And that souls that are smitten its bursting within."

In that hour, he was alone on the poop; Mr. Wylie had gone below. Draper, looking down through the glass roof of the dining room, saw that a bright light was burning in Sheridan's room. As he looked at the light, secretly and alone, a desperate hatred burned in his heart like poison.

The first few days of the voyage are inexpressibly horrible. The hundreds of pent up wretches are unused to the darkness of the ship, strange to their crowded quarters and to each other, depressed in spirits at their endless separation from home, sickened to death with the merciless pitch and roll of the vessel, alarmed at the dreadful thunder of the waves against their prison walls, and fearful of sudden engulfment, with the hatches barred. The scene is too hideous for a picture—too dreadful to be described in words.

Only those who have stood within the bars, and heard the din of devils and the appalling sounds of despair, blended in a diapason that made every hatch-mouth a vent of hell, can imagine the horrors of the hold of a convict ship.

About a week out from England, the *Hougoumont* was bowling down the Atlantic, and across the Bay of Biscay. The night was cold and dark, and the strong breeze held the ship steady, and every sail drawing.

Mr. Wylie and Sheridan, the latter of whom had come on deck for the first time since the vessel sailed, in warm great coats, walked the lee side of the poop; while the captain, also heavily wrapped, paced the weather side, glancing now and again at the sails, and taking an occasional look at the course.

"You have got over your sea sickness," Sheridan laughed.

"You forget that I am a sailor, Mr. Wylie," he said. "I had another reason for keeping dry."

Will Sheridan, for months past, had often been on the point of telling Mr. Wylie the whole story of his life, his love for Alice Walsley, and her terrible suffering for another's crime; but the moment still had gone by, and he had never broached the subject. He longed to speak his warm gratitude to the wise friend who had preserved Alice's reason and life in Millbank.

Mr. Wylie never dreamt that Sheridan and Alice Walsley had known each other. He did not know that on the deck at that moment stood Sheridan's deadliest enemy, within five yards of the man he hated, and who mortally hated him.

"I will tell him all now," were the words in Sheridan's mind; and he turned to Mr. Wylie, and took hold of his arm. They paused in their walk, and stood at the foot of the mizen mast.

At that moment, the captain went toward the wheel, and bent his head to look at the compass. The strong binnacle-light fell full upon his face, just as Will Sheridan stopped and laid his hand on Mr. Wylie's arm.

The face of the binnacle glared as straight before Sheridan. His eyes were arrested by it as by a spectre; his hand closed like a vice on the arm of his friend, "God Almighty!" The words rushed from his heart in a hissing whisper.

Mr. Wylie was astounded, but he could not even surmise the cause of Sheridan's tremendous excitement. He had seen the face of the captain as it remained for a moment in the strong light; but he did not connect this with his friend's emotion. He waited for Sheridan to speak.

Instead of speaking, Sheridan watched the dark figure of the captain as he passed from the wheel to the weather side of the poop, and paced slowly up and down. Then he drew a deep breath, tremulous with aroused passion.

"Who is that man?" he asked, in a low voice, after a long look.

"That is the captain," answered Mr. Wylie. "Let me introduce you, Captain Draper."

The captain walked toward them. Sheridan remained just as he had been standing.

"Captain Draper, let me introduce—" "Stay!" said Sheridan, laying his hand on Mr. Wylie's breast, "one moment."

He strode to the binnacle, seized the lamp, and returned with it in his hand. When he was within two feet of Draper, he threw the light full on his own face, sternly turned towards his enemy.

"Now!" he said, "now, introduce me!"

The sight of the terrible face struck Draper like a physical blow. His breath came in a short gasp, and he staggered back till he leaned against the mast. He never said a word.

Sheridan turned the glare of the lamp upon him for an instant, then snatched it rapidly away from the repulsive sight. At that moment, with the veil of darkness suddenly torn back, Draper's face was ghastly, and his attitude full of terror.

Will Sheridan replaced the lamp in the binnacle, and walked straight to his own room.

Mr. Wylie was profoundly astonished and puzzled at this scene. He remained on deck for an hour or more after Sheridan's abrupt departure; but he did not

speaking to Captain Draper, who paced his side of the poop in gloomy silence. It was an hour of fearful torture to Draper, for, like most scoundrels who are cowards, he suffered over and over again the agonies of shame and exposure which he knew he had earned. But, like this class, too, he always planned his conduct, even his words, beforehand. As soon as the appalling interview had passed, and he found himself unmolested, his adroit and subtle mind began weaving the warp and web of a devil's plot that should make him the winner in the contest now begun.

He looked at Wylie, who stood gazing out on the sea, and asked himself, "Does he know?" And he speedily ran over the signs, and concluded that Mr. Wylie knew nothing of the relations to Sheridan. He remembered that Wylie called him to be introduced to Sheridan, and he had noticed the surprised exclamation with which Wylie had observed Sheridan's extraordinary conduct.

The midnight slight bells sounded, and the mate came to relieve the captain from his watch; but Draper said he could not sleep, and would remain on deck an hour longer.

In that hour, he was alone on the poop; Mr. Wylie had gone below. Draper, looking down through the glass roof of the dining room, saw that a bright light was burning in Sheridan's room. As he looked at the light, secretly and alone, a desperate hatred burned in his heart like poison.

The years of his guilt were melted down into that one hour, and they took the form of a blighting curse. Could malediction have murdered Sheridan, he would have been withered to death by the baneful light of Draper's eyes.

But the hatred of a man so naturally evil as Draper is apt to turn into practical jealousy. The coward who hates is never at rest; he will either malign his enemy with foul words in secret, or he will dig a pit for his feet. It is only many men who can hate and hold their tongues.

As Draper paced the deck, towards the end of the hour, his tread actually became stealthy and furtive, as if he dreaded lest the nature of his thoughts might be read in the sound of his steps. Slowly and carefully he turned the circumstances over in his mind. Wylie certainly did not know of his relations with Sheridan. Sheridan himself had evidently been surprised at the meeting. Only one knew none else had any interest in knowing. That one must be silenced, or—be, Draper, must face disgrace. Once before, Sheridan had eluded his design; but this time—and, as he concluded his walk and plot together, he glared at the light in Will Sheridan's room, like a serpent in the outer darkness,—this time there would be no mistake or hesitation on his part.

IX.

HOW A PRISONER MIGHT BREAK A BAR. The days slipped into weeks as the *Hougoumont* sailed southward down the great commercial highway of the Atlantic. The mild airs of the warmer latitudes surprised and delighted those who had only known the moist climate of Britain. As the vessel sailed close to the island of Pico, one of the Azores, the deck was crowded with gazers on the unknown land.

It was the forenoon of a lovely day. The sun shone with radiant splendor on the soaring peak and purple cliffs of Pico. The island seemed to most of those on the ship like some legendary land of fairy lore. They had never seen any country but England, and they had never before heard even the name of this important-looking place.

On the bow of the convict ship, standing on the raised deck, which was the roof of the punishment cell or compartment, stood three men, looking up at Pico. These three, from the day of the ship's sailing, had been drawn together by inherent attraction; and now, among all the queer new friendships of the voyage, there was none stronger than theirs. And yet they were very dissimilar, inwardly and outwardly.

One was a tall man, solemn-faced and severe, dressed in sombre garments; the next was a small man, mild of face and manner, clad in old-fashioned sailor's blue; the third was a very black man, whose hair stood upright on his head when he removed his immense fur cap, and whose body from throat to feet was clothed in furs.

Strange it was, that this seemingly discordant trio, Mr. Haggitt, Officer Lodge, and Ngarra-ji, had developed a mutual attraction, each for the other, and, after a few weeks at sea, had spent almost their whole waking time in each other's company.

They did not converse much, if any. Ben Lodge did not quite understand Mr. Haggitt's solemn scriptural illustrations and heavy comments; Mr. Haggitt did not pay much heed to Ben Lodge's dreary tale of carriages in the business bombardment; and neither of them understood Ngarra-ji, nor did he comprehend a word they said.

Yet they passed day after day in each other's company, leaning over the vessel's side on sitting on the sunny verandah.

The presence of Officer Lodge on board needs explanation. Two days before the convict ship sailed, Mr. Wylie walked into the lock-up at Walton le Dale, followed by Ngarra-ji.

Officer Lodge met him with a mild, every-day air, and pointing with a black ward motion of the hand toward the cell, informed him that it was "empty."

"Have you any relatives or others depending on you?" asked Mr. Wylie, falling into the matter-of-fact simplicity of the little policeman.

"No, sir; no one as can't get along without me. I've lived here alone for fifteen years. I don't know a man, though, I'd trust in this office, sir; a deal of trust."

"What property do you own here?" asked Mr. Wylie.

"The donkey and water-cart is mine, though the village gave 'em to me. That's all the property."

"I need a careful man to oversee a settlement," said Mr. Wylie. "But he will have to go to Australia. He will be comfortably placed, much more so than you are here; and his engagement will be permanent. I came to offer the place to you—can you come?"

"Yes," said Officer Lodge, as quietly as if he were asked to walk down the street. "Do you want me to start now?"

"It is now noon; I will return to London on the 2 o'clock train. Meanwhile, I will walk through the village." Turning to Ngarra-ji, Mr. Wylie said in his own language, "You can remain here."

Wylie walked straight to the old home of Alice Walsley, and lingered a long time in and around the deserted and decaying cottage. There was a warm feeling in his heart, a new and happy growth, which was thrilled and strengthened as his eyes fell on objects that might once have been familiar to Alice Walsley.

As he left the place, to return to Officer Lodge, it seemed as dear to him as if he had known and loved it all his life. He turned towards it, as he walked down the road, and there was a quiet gladness in his face.

"She will leave it all behind," he murmured. "There shall be no picture of its wretchedness in her memory."

He passed to the court-house. Officer Lodge and Ngarra-ji were sitting in the office, silently looking at each other. At first, Officer Lodge had spoken to his companion; but Ngarra-ji had answered only by a grunt and unintelligible monosyllables. They then had subsided into perfect silence.

"Are you ready?" asked Mr. Wylie. "Yes, sir." "Come."

They went to the railway station, and took their seats for London. Officer Lodge and Ngarra-ji sat opposite each other, and continued their acquaintance in the same silent fashion, which had marked its beginning in the station house. They then had subsided into perfect silence.

As these three stood near the bow of the *Hougoumont*, looking up at the purple cliffs of Pico, there rose an extraordinary commotion on the deck, among the convicts.

That morning two men, the worst and most disorderly characters in the ship, had been locked up in the punishment crib. They had first been sentenced to work at oakum picking; but they sat within the bars, starting out at the crowd of convicts on deck, and singing and shouting. For this they had been again reported, and the officers had now come to take them out for further punishment.

The officers stood waiting for him who had the key of the barred door; and he was searching vainly in his pockets. After a while, it was evident that the key had been mislaid or lost. The officers could not open the barred door.

The two culprits within were the first to understand this, and they set up a howl of derision. They danced about in their den, cursing the officers and snapping their fingers at them through the bars.

At length a dreadful light struck one of the desperate wretches. His eye had fallen on the heap of loosely-picked oakum inside the bars. With a yell he seized an armful of the inflammable material and threw it far within the cage, against a heap of tarred rope ready for picking.

The officers stood outside, watching the fellow's action with alarm. When he had gathered all the oakum into a pile he drew from his pocket a lucifer match, and dashed it before the officers' eyes with a grin of triumph and a devil's meaning.

His brutal assault with the lucifer upon whom the meaning of the preparation, broke suddenly at sight of the match, gave a wild shout of delight and defiance.

"Damn you!" he cried, shaking his fist at the powerless warders, "you can't help yourselves. We'll set fire to the ship before your eyes!"

The dreadful threat struck terror into the convicts on deck, who began to huddle together like sheep, and covered his action from the eyes of the officers.

In another instant he sprang to his feet, holding a blazing rope of loosely twisted oakum. With a laugh that rang through the ship, he applied the torch to the pile of oakum, and the yellow flame licked up the ready material with fearful rapidity.

At sight of the flame, a cry of alarm rose from the huddled convicts, drowning the reports of the officers' pistols, who were shooting down the incendiaries.

It was too late. Had they used their pistols before the match was struck, they would have acted in time. To slaughter the wretches now was to insure the continuation of the fire. Were the prisoners left alone they might have become terrified at their own danger, and had quenched the blaze before it had seized the ship.

One of the officers placed the muzzle of his pistol to the ponderous lock of the cage, and fired. The bullet destroyed the lock, but did not force it. At that moment, with a cry of success, an officer dashed through the crowd and seized the key. He had found the key!

But it would not turn in the shattered wards. The bullet had wedged everything together, and the bolt had become a rivet.

By this time the flames had swept over the pile of tarred rope, and had fastened on the beams overhead. The pitch bubbled up between the seams of the deck, and dense volumes of smoke poured through the bars.

The alarm had spread to the convicts below, and an awful sound of affright arose from the hundreds of horrified hearts.

The officers dashed wildly to and fro. Some of the ship's crew had begun to work with axes on the roof of the cage, which was a heavily timbered deck. The fire began to roar with the dreadful sound that denotes the untamable power of approaching conflagration.

At that moment Mr. Wylie came forward, and with one glance took in the whole scene. Every one gave way for him as he strode to the cage. The convicts prayed him, "save us!" the ultimate appeal of terror-stricken men.

He stood an instant looking at the fire—saw the mortal danger. In ten minutes more no earthly power could subdue the flames.

"Shall we open the hatches, and let the convicts come on deck?" asked the pallid chief warder, the key in his hand.

"No!" shouted Wylie with such sudden force that the man staggered back in dismay.

Mr. Wylie looked at the lock, and saw its condition. He shook the bars with amazing force.

A gust of flame and smoke now rushed through the bars, and drove every one back, even Mr. Wylie. He roared forward again; then turned to the officers, who had retreated to the format, and called them to him. Not one moved—they were cowed.

Another instant and a tall man pushed through the crowd, and stood beside Wylie. It was Mr. Haggitt. Their eyes met for one instant. They understood each other.

"What do you want?" asked Haggitt, in a low, steady voice.

"The silk curtains from the dining-room—quick!" answered Mr. Wylie in the same tone.

Next moment Haggitt was clearing a lane for himself through and over the crowd. He disappeared toward the cabin. They knew he would return, and they kept the way open for him. In half a minute he flew back, in each hand a long red silk curtain, torn from the cabin window.

Mr. Wylie stood waiting for him, holding in his hand a heavy iron belaying-pin, which he had taken from the rail. He took one of the curtains, twisted it into a rope, and pushed one end through the bars. This end he brought out four bars off, and around these four bars he wound both curtains, one after the other.

When the curtains were entirely wound in this way, he inserted the two central bars, and began to turn it over and over like a lever. The first turn made the silken rope rigid; the second steeled it; the third called out all the muscular power of the man. But there was nothing gained.

Mr. Wylie turned, and looked toward Haggitt, who approached. Both men seized the iron lever, and pulled it down with all their force.

"This is a convict's trick," said Haggitt, as they paused for breath; but continued the tremendous leverage. There was a cry from the convicts; they saw the massive bars yielding—the two outer bars bending toward the centre under the terrific strain.

Once again the upper end of the lever was seized by both men, and with a united effort of strength pulled and pressed down. The next turn was easily made; the mighty bars had bent like lead in the centre and then broken, leaving two gaps wide enough to allow the entrance of a man.

When this was done Mr. Wylie and Mr. Haggitt fell back, while the officers and sailors dashed into the burning cage, smothering the flames with wet sails, and the vessel was saved.

The vessel was saved, and not one minute could have been spared. In the wild uproar that followed, each one giving vent to the pent-up excitement of the moment, Mr. Wylie, turning in the crowd, met the eyes of Haggitt, earnestly fixed on his face. He had often observed his watchfulness before; but there was another meaning in his eyes to-day.

Without a word, Mr. Wylie put out his hand, which Haggitt grimly seized.

"That's not right," said Haggitt; "you have saved all our lives."

Mr. Wylie negatively shook his head, with his usual grave smile, and was about to pass on. Mr. Haggitt slowly let go his hand, still looking at him with the same strange expression. They had parted a few paces when Haggitt strode after Mr. Wylie with a new impulse, and met his eyes with a face working in strong emotion, every pore red in his immense lips quivering with suppressed feeling.

"Forgive me!" he said; and without another word he dropped Mr. Wylie's hand, turned, and strode off to his room on the other side of the ship.

That night when the excitement had died, and the usual quiet had been restored, Mr. Wylie and Sheridan walked the poop for hours.

Mr. Wylie made no mention of Haggitt's strange conduct. Toward midnight they went to their rooms. The extraordinary events of the day had kept them from talking about Captain Draper, though the subject had been for days uppermost in both minds.

When Wylie entered his room his eyes fell on a letter, fixed endwise on his table to attract attention. It was addressed to himself. He opened it, and took out a photograph—the portrait of a convict in chains. There was no other enclosure.

On the back of it were written these words in Mr. Haggitt's handwriting, dated four years before:

"This is the only photograph of the man known as Moondyne. It was taken in Western Australia, just before his latest escape from Fremantle Prison. All other photographs of this prisoner have unaccountably disappeared from the prison books."

Mr. Wylie gazed a long time at the strange present. Then he laid it on the table, locked his door, and walked meditatively to and fro in his narrow room. At times he would stop and take the picture from the table, look at it with deep attention, while his lips moved as if he were addressing it.

At last he took the portrait, tore it to pieces, and, opening the window of his room, threw the pieces into the sea.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Mr. Henry Graham, Wingham, writes us: "For fifteen years I have suffered with indigestion, and during that time I could get nothing to give me relief, although I tried a great many different kinds of medicine recommended for that complaint. I now feel like a new man, and this wonderful change has been accomplished by the use of four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. To me it has been a valuable medicine."

In darkest gloom. Millions of men and women are in the dark gloom of disease. The way out is by using Burdock Blood Bitters, a tried and sure remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, scrofula, bad blood, and all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels, and blood.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM.

A CATHOLIC ENGLISHMAN'S VIEW OF ITS SCOPE.

Truly the word socialism is the *leit motif* of many respectable people who can boast of a snug account at their bankers. If to it, however, we prefix the qualifying adjective Christian their tepid enthusiasm undergoes considerable diminution. Let it be once for all understood that we are not socialists. Nor are we the apologists for much that is irregular and inadmissible in socialist propaganda; albeit we frankly acknowledge that a socialist is one whose arguments, at least some of them, are not easily disposed of by hand. Whilst we thus define the limits of our position we cannot attempt to disguise from ourselves that there is much in our social system utterly unsound, absolutely gagged; much that needs a thorough searching and probing; much through which the legislative scapel must pass if the disease is to be kept from spreading. The rottenness must be removed, be the process never so painful and difficult, if social life is to be saved and utter collapse avoided. This, however, must needs be done in a Christian-like manner. Society, or that portion of it which had been disordered, must be reorganized, if it is to be reconstructed at all on a solid Christian basis, all disregard being paid to Christian tenets and the laws of natural equity.

The constructive task has become necessary has long been patent to us, and events of recent occurrence have served to convince us all the more of its urgency. There is not one of our readers that does not scan the pages of some one or other of our dailies. Let them reflect for a moment, and endeavor to recall even a part of what has been recorded for the last three or four weeks. Thousands of our people are on the verge of starvation. Many of them have fallen on our highways, weary and emaciated to rise no more. The rigid forms of lifeless women are discovered in the recesses of our bridges. The cries of countless little ones, waiting for a crust, fall with painful cadence upon our ears.

Death is here and death is there. Health is busy everywhere. And what efforts have been made to relieve the sufferings of our starving poor? No work nor bread have they. Clemency like must they live, subsist on light and air.

Family is on their cheeks. The sick and depression stare in their eyes. Contempt and misery hang upon their neck.

This is not their friend, nor the world's friend is one side of the question. Turn we now to another.

Bedford dies and "ton" is flattered. When dead some days is leaks out he committed suicide. We have nothing to say in the management of the late noble man, whose remains, in accordance with his own expressed wishes, were prematurely reduced to ashes a few days since at Woking. He once entertained the Queen of Holland at his gorgeous mansion of Woburn Abbey. Her Majesty, possessing that rather epicure quality of inquisitiveness, would fain ask the Duke the amount of his yearly income. Regarding the imperial question in the light of a command, the Duke answered *soo voce*, "I must plead guilty, your Majesty, to more than £300,000 a year."

The Covent Garden Market property alone, where his tenants are literally done to death with the cold and the draughts, brought him in the respectable sum of £18,000 annually. Woburn Abbey, with its galleries of antique marble, and priceless painting, and its park of two thousand five hundred acres, dotted with innumerable pleasant, is one of the noblest mansions in the kingdom. Within a change from Bethnal Green to Woburn Park! The Duke, on felled with pleasure, knows not how to spend the twentieth part of his net annual income. He is well fed whilst countless thousands starve. Yet they are men as well as he; with human wants and human cravings. Did nature, we wonder, ever intend that the world's leisure and treasure should be so divided? That the many should be driven raving mad with the pang of hunger, whilst the few, fatted and revolved. Surely there must be something wrong something awry in the state of society which furnishes us with a contrast. The many, the multitudes, must not, shall not, starve. They must get work, or they must get bread. A stone will no longer be sufficient for them. Stress and poverty may, according to the immutable equity, give a man a claim to his neighbor's aid, and he becomes circumstances in which the goods of life become a common property. It may never come to that pass with us. Yet the present stolid indifference to the needs of the poor may entail a Nemesis of blood in the not far distant future—London Universe.

Misery vs. Comfort. Misery is one result of biliousness or liver complaint. Comfort is the first result of using Burdock Blood Bitters as a remedy. Cure is the final result always obtained. We back this with the strongest proof by testimonials from reliable Canadian people.

Nasal Balm has cured the worst cases of catarrh after all other remedies have failed. Give it a trial and be convinced that it will cure you. Sold by all dealers.

Should Be Loosened. A cough should be loosened at once and all irritation allayed. To do this nothing excels Haggard's Pectoral Balm. Obstante coughs yield at once to its expectorant, soothing and healing properties, which loosen phlegm and allay irritation. That tired feeling and dull, oppressive headache that so frequently accompany catarrh can be instantly removed by the use of Nasal Balm. Sold by all dealers.

AN INACTIVE or Torpid Liver must be aroused and all bad bile removed. Burdock Pills are best for old or young.

SOME VARIABLE or WORKS are: Fever, cholera, variable appetite, restlessness, weakness and convulsions. The unfailing remedy is Dr. Low's Worm Syrup.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Pissisewea, Juniper Berries, Mandrake, Dandelion, and other valuable vegetable remedies, every ingredient being strictly pure, and the best of its kind it is possible to buy. It is prepared by thoroughly competent pharmacists, in the most careful manner, by a peculiar Combination, Proportion and Process, giving it its curative power.

Peculiar To Itself

It will cure, when in the power of medicine, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Blood Poisoning, Cancerous and all other Humors, Malaria, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Catarrh, Rheumatism, and all difficulties with the Liver and Kidneys. It overcomes that Tired Feeling, Creates an Appetite, and gives good mental, nerve, bodily, and digestive strength. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any other.

100 Doses One Dollar

Each Palm Leaf or Head is from 3 to 5 feet long, and opens like a fan, a spread that forms an almost perfect circle. The beautifully-mellowed streaks of gold and green, ending in the lightly waving plumes, give them the appearance of rays of sunlight. Planted or woven in variously devised forms, they make adornments for the Altar or for the Catholic Home that at once attract the eye by their stimpie beauty."

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Lenten Thoughts.

Lenten days are days that bring us... Thoughts of Jesus Christ our Lord...

Lenten days are days that bring us... Thoughts of Jesus Christ our King...

Thoughts of Jesus, our Redeemer, treated as the son of man...

Lenten days bring thoughts of Jesus, as a fool, as a man in white...

Anna, Catharina, Placida, Herod, Wreathed, judging Christ the Lord!

SUPERSTITION.

SOME PIOUS PEOPLE DO SOME QUEER THINGS IN THE NAME OF RELIGION.

It is an old saying that where God has a Church the devil builds a chapel.

This proud spirit of lies, who is still envious of the honor shown to God...

And what does the wicked spirit try to do now? He leaves no stone unturned...

It is always a good and holy work to confess and communicate in honor of a saint...

Another general rule for detecting superstition in prayer and holy things...

This is one of the most impious superstitions, and can well be looked on as a compact with the devil...

"What is the devotion?" asked the priest.

"I must have a Mass said," answered the lady, "in honor of the Blessed Trinity."

"Very good, indeed," rejoined the priest, "the Holy Sacrifice is of infinite value; the most blessed Trinity is infinitely good and powerful; it would be a very good thing to have the Mass said very often; what is the secret of it?"

"Oh, because the Church has to be said under certain circumstances. In the Blessed Trinity we adore our true God in three distinct Persons; but three and one written in succession make thirty one; therefore the priest who says the Mass must be exactly thirty-one years old. Again, one and three written in succession make thirteen; therefore the Mass-server must be exactly thirteen years old."

"Very good; and is that all?"

"No, there must be three candles on the altar, and the Mass must begin exactly at nine o'clock; because three times three are nine; thus the hour, the priest, the Mass-server, and the candles on the altar all clearly signify the mystery of the Blessed Trinity."

"Oh," said the father laughing, "if that is the idea, I could suggest some thing much better. Here is a High Mass sung with deacon and sub-deacon, and let them all be thirty-one years old; then there will be three of them on the altar; besides that you might have nine choristers, who, like the Mass-server, are also thirty-one years old; and in addition you can have the bell rung three times for Mass, in that way the Blessed Trinity will be far more honored, and will doubtless be coming to restore your son's health. It is all nonsense, my good lady, and nothing but superstition. The special lights that your pious acquaintance has received are not from God, but from the spirit of lies. What, in the name of goodness, have the number, and those other circumstances to do with the Holy Mass? The Holy Sacrifice has the same value and efficacy, whether it is said at 7, or at 9 o'clock; whether the priest is forty-one or thirty-one years old; and whether there are three, four or two candles on the altar. Go away with your devotion; if you want to offend God by a grievous mortal sin, and to hurt your child by the help of the devil, then you can do as you say."

"Thus he dismissed the simple-minded lady.

The General Council of Trent once damned a custom of that kind, which was then in vogue amongst the people. It was a current belief that the souls in Purgatory could best be helped by seven Masses at which seven candles were to be lighted, and, moreover, seven were to be given to the poor seven times.

No Catholic doubts that the Mass is the real and holy sacrifice of our religion; in

which Jesus Christ, as the Eternal Priest, gave to His Heavenly Father His own Flesh and Blood, and thereby shows Him infinite honor; therefore nothing is more powerful in satisfying for the sins of the living and the dead, and blotting out the punishment due to them, than the holy Mass; but that power does not come from a certain number of Masses, but from the infinite value of the Sacrifice that is offered.

The following is a general rule by which you can see whether there is anything that savors of superstition in even the holiest practices of devotion:

Whenever there is an obligation to observe a certain time, and hour, a certain number, a certain posture in standing or sitting; for instance, a certain prayer or devotion, no matter how holy it is, must be said, or performed on a certain day at sunrise, at a certain altar, in a certain church, kneeling on a stone; the sign of the cross has to be made so many times, and so many times, place, number and manner be not strictly observed, the prayer, or devotion, will lose its efficacy; that is a manifest proof of a shameful superstition.

It is far different with the public devotions approved of by the Church; for instance the devotion of the nine Tuesdays in honor of St. Anthony of Padua, and that of the ten Fridays in honor of St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies; on which days it is the custom to confess and communicate, in order to receive the grace of God through the intercession and merits of those great saints. Still, if even in this case one were so to put his faith in a certain number or a certain day, that if he missed confession, or Communion on one of the nine or ten days, or if he did not confess on the Tuesday or Friday, he would think that his devotions were of no good; then he would be guilty of a superstitious error. They are most praiseworthy devotions, and are appointed for the good of the soul; but it would be superstitious to attach their merit and efficacy to certain days or a certain number of days.

It is always a good and holy work to confess and communicate in honor of a saint, provided it is done with proper preparation and devotion; and the oftener it is done the more pleasing it is to the saint; but a fixed number of Tuesdays or Fridays has nothing to do with it. The devotion to St. Francis Xavier is fixed to ten Fridays, for those who have the opportunity of practicing it, in memory of the ten years he labored for the conversion of the heathens in India. The Friday is chosen in preference to another day, on account of the tender love that St. Francis had for Jesus Crucified. Other wise confession and Communion on a Sunday, in honor of this saint, is just as meritorious as on a Friday.

Another general rule for detecting superstition in prayer and holy things, is, when an infallible power and efficacy is attributed to them. Thus, many carry about with them, and repeat daily the Gospel of St. John, with other holy words and many signs of the cross, in order to make themselves bullet proof.

This is one of the most impious superstitions, and can well be looked on as a compact with the devil. Recently, certain written and printed papers are frequently to be seen, which are called "Domestic Blessings and Prayer Books," they are even hung up openly in houses, and bound with real prayer books; and they contain certain strange characters, crosses, outlandish names of God and the angels, sacred words taken from the Scriptures, and even terrible exorcisms to be used against the devil.

In one of these books I recently saw the following words: "The dream of our Lady," "a letter from God," "a letter found in the sepulchre at Jerusalem," "the shield of the spirit," "a beautiful and well-authorized holy blessing to be used against all one's enemies by land and water," "a beautiful blessing to be used when one goes out, in which the day and night are to be named," etc. He who hangs this up in his house, or carries it about his person, and says the prayers contained therein daily, shall be free from accident by land and water, shall be safe from fire, and from sorcerers, witches, thieves and robbers; he shall not die by violence, nor shall he die an unhappy death; women who carry it about with them, shall be saved from the perils of child bed, etc. The Pope's name is too often printed in those books, and he is said to have approved of those prayers and blessings, and to have sent them to others; sometimes they bear the Bishop's name as a sign of approval, as well as the name of the town in which they were printed, the publisher who issued them, etc. Thus ignorant people are convinced that these prayers are holy, and of infallible efficacy. In those books is also to be found a superstitious promise, to the effect that he who says Our Father and Hall Mary daily seven times, and continues to say them until they have reached the number of drops of blood that our Lord shed during His scourging will certainly go to heaven. All this is a barefaced lie and a deceit of the devil, and such books and prayers deserve nothing better than to be burned as a mark of the contempt in which they should be held.

Of those who give such books and blessings to others, or advise them to get them, or who sell them, or what is still worse, publish them to the eternal ruin of thousands of souls, who in their simplicity believe in them, and trust their salvation to them, in order to put every one on his guard against them, we might justly use the words in which God complained to the Prophet Jeremias of similar superstitious people, and warned his own people against them:

"Therefore hearken not to your prophets and diviners, and dreamers, and sooth sayers, and sorcerers. For they prophesy lies to you: to remove you from your country, and cast you out, and to make you perish. For I have not sent them, saith the Lord: and they prophesy in my name falsely; to drive you out, and that you may perish."

The same I say in the name of the Lord to Christians. You must not listen to such advisers, nor believe in them; for they tell you nothing but lies, to keep you out of your heavenly country, and bring you to eternal ruin by means of the superstitious hope to which you intrust your salvation.

Hard and soft coars cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure; it is effectual every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

THE KNOW NOTHINGS OF 1854. Catholic Review.

The writer of the sketch says, in a letter, that, having recently had occasion to pass through Ellsworth, Maine, he learned many particulars of the unfortunate affair which took place there in "Know Nothing" times; and that although it may constitute an objection that those things are rather to be passed over than recalled, yet they have now become historical. Many other subjects, local and historical, abound in that State, most of them intimately connected with the progress of Catholicity.

Ellsworth, Me., January 15th.—No one who walks along the quiet streets of this pleasant little Maine city would ever dream that they once echoed to the tread of a savage mob, whose foot-steps were heard even across the Atlantic, and which found its protest only in the days of the French Revolution. No one, viewing these grand old elms waving in the autumn twilight, would believe the horrible tale they could tell, that they were witnesses of a deed, finished in act and awful in its consequences, which has not yet been paralleled in American history. And yet, it was along this same Main street, and was under these same cathedral branches, that the heroic Father Baptist was buried, riding in ignominy on a rail, that memorable and tempestuous night in 1854. The rotting ship yard down by the Union river, where the hideous coat of tar was applied, still remains a silent and protesting monument of that outrage.

The memory of these scenes are passing away from the minds of men; the veil of prejudice has been lifted, for the greater part from before the eyes of our countrymen, but we have only to lift another veil, that which divides the past and the present, and one short glance backward will suffice to show what violent feelings swayed the heart of puritanical New England thirty years ago. It is the ghost, the despairing spectre of this quenchless animosity that periodically appears in Boston. The saintly old man, Father Baptist, passed away in New York City some five years ago, and his departure was hardly chronicled in the course of events, for the public likes not to hear the errors of the past brought again to notice; it shrinks from avowing the opinions to which it once freely gave credence. Only those who loved him and suffered with him, and whose old age will soon bear away, hold his memory still undimmed. When we think of the life of that noble Jesuit, how he celebrated the Holy Sacrifice while yet his body shook with the terrible agony of the preceding night; with that patient he bore his sufferings for thirty long years, till reason faded and the mind weakened; how he ever bore with him the memory of that awful night, which even on his death-bed forced from him in torment and agony these pitiful words, "O! how they hurt me," when we have considered all this, we may well believe that the hero has not yet become an anomaly in these prosaic times. The years roll out, but here, on the scene of his work and martyrdom, memories comfort us on every side. There on Mt. Desert street is still the old cemetery, where rest in their quiet graves the bones of the sturdy patriots of early Catholic New England.

Under the humble walls of the little Catholic cemetery, in the heart of the city they lie, unknown and unnoticed. Daily they are being robbed and flung beside them. Thousands of throbbing hearts, where their's are at rest, forever.

Up in the eastern part of the city still stands the dark hue and antique dwelling where that pioneer priest offered Mass in those dark days, and whence he was dragged by the masked "Know Nothings." Scarce a stone's throw away are the tracks of the Soire Line R R. Probably not one in a thousand, of the countless pleasure-seekers who glided by to the whirl of fashion at Bar Harbor last summer knew that they were passing a spot so fraught with historical interest, and with much of never failing reproach to the American name, for this shameful deed will never be forgotten while the soil of Ellsworth blossoms to the spring, or blanches to the chill November wind.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons passed through this city on his journey from Bar Harbor last July, and the press teemed with accounts of his movements; everything he said half a mile from the place, which was the witness to so much sorrow and degradation to the Catholic priesthood, should be the line of triumphal march to its happier successors. Nothing can more conclusively show the tremendous change which public opinion has undergone during the last thirty years than the comparison of these two events, which look so near, in the light of history. The Catholic priest of 1854 was treated as a malefactor and subject to nameless indignities. The Catholic priest of 1890 passed through as a prince, and the enchainment lightning flashed his presence through the length and breadth of the land.

It is due to the lovers of poetic justice to remark that many of the participants in the outrage on Father Baptist have richly paid the penalty of their misdeeds. Many were known by name, but, on account of unsafe discrimination on the part of the local authorities, were not brought to justice, for some were men of high standing in society. One who was the leader in the escape, shortly after fell from the mast of a vessel and was dashed to pieces on the deck; another drowned himself some years ago, and a third was found hanging in his own stable.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly. But they grind exceedingly small."

C. M. C.

There is no Evaporation or Deterioration in strength about DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. The ingredients of this incomparable liniment are an throat and lung remedy are not volatile, but fixed, pure and imperishable. Pain, lameness and stiffness are relieved by it, and it may be used with equal benefit externally and internally.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

FATHER KNEIPP'S CURES.

SOME REMARKABLE CASES WHICH HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFULLY TREATED BY HIM.

A few months ago the Catholic News told of the wonderful cures performed by Father Knapp, priest of Worshofen, Bavaria. Persons whom eminent physicians have declared to be in the last stages of disease were brought to him, and by a simple method their health was restored. A writer in Blackwood's Magazine has just cited some remarkable cases.

"During the nine weeks, which at two different intervals I spent there last summer," he writes, "I took care to question many of the other patients about the cures effected, and certainly some which came under my notice were most striking. One was very evident, the great number of the patients who had assembled there had sought in vain for help from doctors, and many, as I know, came, having had their death warrant, so to say, signed. Far from being intimidated by such cases, the Pfarrer openly said he undertook those in preference to others; and if I were to describe all which came directly under my notice I could write pages. Here, in the town from which I write, a monk was dying in one of the convents, and the doctor, declaring his case hopeless, advised the Superior to send him home so that he might end his days among his own people. Instead of following his advice the Superior sent him to Worshofen, and he was entirely restored to health. On the same day on which I reached the village, a lad of ten or twelve years was brought there suffering from some complaint of the knee, which, as the doctor declared, rendered amputation necessary. Before I left, at the end of a month, I saw the same boy able to play about with the village archers, the healthy color in his cheeks contrasting vividly with the striking pallor they had borne on his arrival. One patient, a Baron S—, suffering from disease of the spinal marrow, and pronounced incurable, had to be wheeled in a bath chair when he arrived at Worshofen. The Pfarrer at once told him that at the end of a fortnight he would be on his feet again, and this actually came true.

"Naturally, however, as charity begins at home, I was most drawn to the whole thing by the marvellous effect it had upon myself. Not only was the root of the evil discovered, but the most distressing symptoms were removed; and I have every prospect of being entirely restored to health in the course of a few months—in fact, regenerated, as the Pfarrer calls it. To return to other cases, I will only name a few to show how very varied they are. Just before I came, a child of eleven had been brought there, all cased in an iron frame, with a distorted hip, and utterly unable to walk. This child has been under the treatment of one of the most celebrated surgeons in Germany, who had failed to cure it. From the first moment, the Pfarrer was certain of his success in the case. He is one of the most genial of men and thoroughly enjoys a little joke, so he laid a wager with a gentleman who was present when the child was brought, that in three weeks' time it would come on foot through the village to his house. Just as he had said, three weeks later the child actually walked through the village, accompanied by a crowd of people. I was not present at this case. Another cure which took place whilst I was there, was one of a man who had completely lost his voice, and who could only speak in a coarse whisper. He quite recovered it before I left."

GET TOGETHER.

From the positive statements of both factions of the Irish party, it is very evident that neither intend to yield in the slightest degree or make any concession whatsoever in the direction of harmony. All the prospects are that both will fight the battle to the death, and rain upon each other the blows that should be aimed at the common foe who is now rejecting that Irish discord is once more the strong support of English oppression.

English oppression is now going on in Ireland in far more significant than on the surface it appears. It means civil war. The hate will be carried into every county, every town, every village, every parish and almost every family. The anger and estrangement thus engendered, it will take years and years to efface. Shall this be the end of the heroic struggle for wrongs and triumphant conclusion so many years of labor, such generous outpouring of money, enthusiasm and love have been poured out, O God forbid! Get together, then, ye men of Ireland; close up your ranks and in the name of God and motherland end this scandalous and disastrous quarrel.—Buffalo Union

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Catholic Record.

London, Sat., March 21st, 1891.

EQUAL RIGHTERS AT THE LATE ELECTION.

Points.—They never prick their finger but they say, "There is some of the king's blood still." "How come that?" says he that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap. "I am the king's poor cousin, sir."

Prince Henry—Nay, they will be kin to us or they will fetch it from Japhet.

—Shakespeare

Very like to the king's poor cousin are the Equal Righters since the Dominion electors took place on the 5th inst. When they held their inauguration convention in Toronto in June, 1889, loud were their denunciations of all the political parties. Conservatives and Reformers, the Cabinet of the Dominion and that of Ontario were equally corrupt and venal, and "subservient to the power of Rome."

In fact Major Bond of Montreal declared, amid the applause of the parsons and lay who were the self-constituted "delegates" (save the mark) of "one hundred municipalities" of Ontario, that there is a select band of loyal Protestants in Quebec (the Orangemen of course) who would hold the fort there against all comers in the war of extermination which was to be carried on against Jesuitism, until their Ontario brethren would have time to make the bulleis which Mr. Dalton McCarthy was expected to furnish for the special benefit of the people of Quebec.

It was agreed, as a matter of course, that the existing Governments should be swept out of existence. "Sweep the board, sweep the board," frantically exclaimed the head minister, or superintendent of Methodism, in a series of letters which constituted the principal part of the campaign literature of the New Party; and even the party journals stood aghast at the belligerent attitude of this very "representative assemblage." It was admitted that "Ontario has spoken," undisturbedly, and every diabolical was thought to be impending over the country unless the mock "Equal Rights" petitions were acceded to.

The petitions were rejected. Themselves said that they were ignominiously and contemptuously rejected. This was not the case, but we may for the sake of argument grant that this was so. And what is the consequence? Have the politicians been swept out of existence? Have they gone on their knees to the Equal Righters begging to be admitted to their ranks? Far from it. There have been two general elections since, and notwithstanding the dire vengeance threatened against the two governments by these imitators of "Associat Pistol" oratory, both governments have been sustained, and the Equal Righters are absolutely nowhere.

In order to let themselves down easily, and to make it appear that Equal Rightism is a powerful organization, like the king's cousin aforesaid, they are now claiming relationship with politicians of every stripe; nay with the very men whom they while ago accused of the most gross venality.

Thus, L. H. Davidson, the Quebec President of the Association, telegraphs congratulations to J. K. Macdonald, the Toronto President, on result, though the latter is not quite so jubilant in his reply. The Mail of the 9th inst. also declares that "the Equal Rights association and its friends have every reason to feel jubilant over the results of the general election" of the 5th inst. This it attempts to prove elaborately by showing that the thirteen who voted for the disallowance of the Jesuit Estates Bill have been nearly all re-elected. Huntingdon and Muskoka are yet to be heard from, and it is very probable that one of these two seats will be lost to the thirteen. Then seven "or" eleven imaginary Equal Righters are added to the lot as the fruit of the past agitation, and the Mail complacently says:

"The expectation is, we believe, that the number of Equal Righters in the new House will be not less than twenty, and it may reach twenty-four."

This very brilliant expectation is the sole foundation for the Mail's jubilation—yet that journal is not even sure that there exists such an expectation. It only "believes" that such is the case! Surely these are bright prospects!

Unless it be wise to count chickens before they are hatched, one at least of the two seats which are only prospective may be left out. Then, as Mr. Charlton of North Oxford—notwithstanding the deep interest he took in the Equal Rights movement at first—formally withdrew from it as he discovered that Mr. Dalton McCarthy was manipulating the whole concern for his own purposes, the number twenty must be reduced to eighteen, and as the no-Popery movement began as far back as 1886, this will give the natural increase of Simon Pare no-Popery members at one per annum. At this rate it will take just eighty-eight years for the Equal Righters to obtain a majority in the House as at present constituted. We wish they may enjoy all the jubilation they may extract out of this cold comfort.

But this is not the way that parties grow which are founded on the bitterness of past ages. Orangism was rampant in Ontario, and in the descendant, and almost over Quebec besides, until the great victory for responsible Government was obtained in 1848. Since then the power of Orangism has been gradually broken, till it is now only one of the many factors which enter into the government of the country. The Equal Rights movement is merely a spasmodic attempt to resuscitate the long defunct party of Protestant Ascendancy. Similar attempts have been made from time to time, but all have failed, and the present movement is equally doomed. Indeed, there is no further proof needed that the abortive Equal Rights Party is dead than the persistency with which its adherents, and especially a Mail, tell the people that "it is not dead yet." One specimen of this curious pleading is to be found in the Mail of the 7th inst., under the heading: "The Thirteen, and How They Fared." If it were a living party it would not be needed to use so much logic of the kind we have quoted above to prove that there is still some life in it.

We have never pretended that there would be no constituencies in which an Equal Righter could be elected to Parliament. We know that there are some corners in Ontario where a no-Popery cry is sure to find sympathizers; but that it cannot any more carry Ontario was proved by the local elections of 1886 and 1890. Hard battles were fought in those years, and the principles of toleration were victorious. If the battle is again to be fought on similar issues, let it come.

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We may add that of the half a dozen who held aloft the standard of the Equal Righters outside of the thirteen, Messrs. Taylor and Grandy were routed by majorities of 250 in East Middlesex and 83 in East Durham, respectively, two of the most thoroughly Protestant constituencies of the Province. Of all the Equal Righters perhaps the most contemptible is the person who cut himself into the contest in East Middlesex. A political soldier of fortune, he had nothing whatever to recommend him to the electorate save an assumed hatred of Popery. He was thrown on the surface by the anti-Catholic wave, and now, when our Protestant friends have stopped postponing thought, he stinks to the bottom once more. Mr. Dily of Selkirk was made specially the object of Orange indignation because he had supported the allowance of the Jesuit Estates Act, with the result that he was elected with a majority not yet indicated; and Mr. Martin, late Attorney General of Manitoba, who was "expected" to be another no-Popery recruit, was beaten with the handsome majority of 470 against him.

Surely the Equal Righters have great cause for jubilation. They have to claim their kindred through Japhet to prove that they have the ghost of a party.

THE SANCTITY OF MARRIAGE.

A sermon was preached on the 1st inst. in the Cathedral of Baltimore by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons which has attracted considerable attention from the press, owing to the vital importance of the subject, the inviolability of the marriage contract.

The Cardinal explained the four distinctive characteristics of marriage which render it different from all other contracts. The first of these is its antiquity, as the first parents of the human race were the first contracting parties. "The garden of Eden," said His Eminence, "was the scene of the union. God Himself was the minister and the only witness to the marriage." Its second characteristic is its exclusiveness, as it admits of no third party to the agreement. Thirdly: It is the most sacred of contracts, because God Himself is its founder, and the Son of God has elevated it to the dignity of a solemn rite and a sacrament of His Church; and, fourthly, it is an irrevocable contract.

He proved from the words of Holy Scripture the inviolability of the marriage bond instituted in so sacred a manner, quoting the word of our Blessed Lord and the Apostles to the effect that it cannot be dissolved for any cause: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

The laxity of the marriage tie in the United States has been frequently spoken of with regret by thoughtful writers on

the subject. In fact official statistics show that in the twenty years, ending with the year 1886, three hundred and sixty thousand divorces were granted by the courts; and it is well known that every year the number is increasing to an alarming extent, far more rapidly than the population increases; and the pretence on which these divorces are obtained are frequently of the most trivial character.

His Eminence draws the following graphic picture of the evils which flow from the frequency of divorce: "Let the imagination picture to itself the number of homes made desolate by this destroying angel; the number of wives and husbands whose hearts are crushed, and whose spirits are broken; the number of children who are cast upon the world bereft of a father's protecting arm and of a mother's love, who dare not cling to one of their parents without arousing the jealousy and hatred of the other."

This sad state of affairs is much more prevalent in some States than in others, owing to the differences between the marriage laws. It is certain that people are better disposed to endure a condition of affairs which cannot be changed than one which may be dissolved. Thus, in Catholic countries, where divorce is impossible, the husband and wife manage to bear with each other's infirmities, because they know that their marriage cannot be dissolved; and even in Protestant countries, like Canada, where there is a possibility indeed to obtain a legal separation, but where there is great difficulty in so doing, it is but very seldom that serious troubles arise in families; but when the pretence of "incompatibility of temper," or even more serious matters are made a sufficient cause for separation, it is very easy for one party or the other to produce the trouble on which they desire to found their pretext.

In Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and Connecticut a few years ago it was the estimate that there was one divorce to nine Protestant marriages, and the proportion has certainly not diminished since. This fearful proportion of families broken up led a New Haven journal to say:

"If married people who have a notion to separate should find it more difficult than it is, many who now part would remain together and would probably live as good lives as if they lived alone or with some affinity. The strictness of the Catholic Church in regard to divorce goes to show this. Divorces are extremely rare among Catholics."

The writer perhaps was not aware that divorces are never permitted among Catholics; though his meaning was, more probably still, that in very rare cases some Catholics violate the laws of the Church by procuring the civil decree. He adds: "It is also noticeable that any change toward greater liberty of divorce increases the number of divorces. It has been so in our State and we are greatly disgraced by it."

The disgrace will certainly continue to exist until the Catholic law of inviolable marriage be made absolute.

COOKING THE FIGURES.

When we were children attending school our readers will recall to mind a favorite amusement whereby the smart boy of our school-mates was wont to astonish the lesser arithmeticians with his superior skill.

In something like this form the trick was usually played:

"Think of any number. Multiply by six. Add thirty six. Divide by three. Subtract double the number first thought of; your remainder is twelve."

This always created some astonishment in the school room; but we scarcely expected that a similar trick would be attempted seriously before the "Most potent, grave and reverend signiors," composing the Ontario Legislature, and that the Junior Conservative member for the Metropolis of Ontario should figure as the smart conjurer.

The Hon. C. F. Fraser, in the course of his speech in the House on the 11th inst., stated that "the popular vote in favor of the (Mowat) Government is now stronger than ever it was."

Mr. H. E. Clarke replied:

"The Attorney-General had gone on the public platform, and said that the popular majority by which the Government was sustained was something in the neighborhood of 15,000. That is untrue. . . . and instead of being supported by a popular majority the Opposition had a popular majority of the people of the country."

Mr. Clarke figures it out that the Government received 157,444 votes, whereas 158,902 were cast for the Opposition, thus being lost to a popular majority of 1,458 against the Government.

Figures are very truthful, when they are properly used, but when put on the wrong side of the balance sheet they are very deceitful, and the smart boy of the school may manipulate them so as to bring from them whatever result he thinks proper. Now in Mr. Clarke's case we find the smart boy at work. According as he finds it necessary for his purpose, he swells the figures of the Opposition with the votes given to the Equal Rights candidates and Independents. In the case of elections by acclamation, he once gives the majority of the year 1886, viz., in the case of Mr. Wood of North Hastings, but in the case of Mr. Mowat of North Oxford, he ignores the majority altogether. It is

true, he omits Mr. Meredith's majority also; but as the majorities in North Oxford exceeded Mr. Meredith's by 610, they cannot be looked upon as balancing each other.

Where the Conservatives opposed each other, he puts the whole vote to the credit of the Conservative opposition, whereas it is well understood that in such cases the Reform vote would generally be concentrated on the candidate who would be supposed to come nearest to the Reform policy.

On the other hand, when two Reformers opposed each other, as in Brockville and South Renfrew, he estimates the vote given to one as being for the Government, while that given to the other is for the Opposition, or is quietly set on one side as "scattering."

It is easy to see that such a method of computation is entirely worthless as a test of the popular preference.

We may add that for North Bruce and Hamilton, the figures of June 5th, which are used in Mr. Clarke's calculation, have been reversed within the last few days, so that without going outside of these two constituencies the whole majority which Mr. Clarke has figured out, has been wiped out within a few votes: though the majority is made out only by mixing in one *olla podrida* Conservatives, Equal Righters, Independents, and even Reformers, and by otherwise cooking the returns.

By such a mode of computation almost any result which is desired can be deduced from figures. It is not difficult to estimate the real state of the case upon official returns; but such an estimate as that furnished by Mr. Clarke is absolutely worthless.

But Mr. Clarke's disquisitions on this subject are in vain. If it were intended that Parliament should be dependent on direct popular vote in all things, we would be governed on the principle of a plebiscite, or else each voter would be allowed a voice in the selection of all the ninety-two members who constitute the Legislature. Our system of Government is based upon the representation of localities as well as individuals. It may, therefore, sometimes happen that the popular majority may be at variance with the Parliamentary majority, but that is no reason why the machinery of Government should be stopped.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

The word Annunciation means the act of giving news, and it is applied to the good news given by the Angel Gabriel to the Blessed Virgin that she should conceive and give birth to the Son of God by the power and inspiration of the Holy Ghost. This message which the Angel gives from God the Father is accompanied by the marvellous Conception of our Lord Jesus Christ, or His Incarnation. In instituting this festival, the Church has in view, therefore, the double purpose of honoring Christ in His Incarnation, and the Blessed Virgin at the moment when she becomes truly the "Mother of God."

This feast is kept by the Greeks under the name *Evangelismos*, from the same root as *Evangelium*, applied to the Gospel, both words signifying etymologically "good news."

The antiquity of this feast is indubitable, for there are two sermons extant by St. Augustine upon it, wherein he speaks of it as an established feast, and as being the day when the Conception of our Divine Lord is believed to have taken place. As St. Augustine wrote towards the end of the fourth century and beginning of the fifth, dying A. D. 430, the antiquity of the feast is obvious; and it is mentioned also by Proculus, who lived at the same period with St. Augustine.

It is also mentioned in the sacramentary of Pope Gelasius I., which was used in Rome before A. D. 490, and St. John Chrysostom also has several sermons upon it at a still earlier date. We thus see that it was kept as a solemn festival in Europe, Asia and Africa. This fact establishes that it must already, have been a very ancient festival.

It is mentioned and ordered by the Council of Toledo in 656 to be kept with solemnity; but as the date of the feast occurred in Lent, the season of penance, the Council ordered its observance on the 18th of December, a time better suited for the solemn ceremonial of the Church. From this some persons have inferred that this is the first clear testimony to the early existence of the feast. But certainly its observance in the seventh century is no obstacle to its having been kept in the fourth. There is, indeed, every reason to believe that the festival is of Apostolic institution. We find it universal at a most ancient date, with no trace of its having been instituted by the Church at any period later than the Apostolic age, and there can be no doubt that the great importance of the mystery commemorated on this day would induce the Apostles to commemorate it annually as a testimony to the immense blessing conferred thereby on mankind. Hence, in accordance with the rule given by St. Augustine to judge of what is really Apostolic in origin, we may very reasonably infer that this is an Apostolic institution.

St. Augustine's rule is: "What the

whole Church holds, and what was not instituted by any Council, but was constantly received, is to be believed as coming from Apostolic tradition."

The mystery which is commemorated by this festival is described in the first chapter of St. Luke's Gospel. The Angel Gabriel was sent by God to Nazareth to a Virgin exposed to Joseph to address her by a mode of salutation never before given to human being: "Hail full of grace, the Lord is with thee: Blessed art thou among women."

The words "full of grace" or "full of the spirit of God," are, indeed, to be found in Holy Scripture applied to others besides the Blessed Virgin, but the Greek word employed by the Evangelist here is *kecharismenes*, which has a special force which is not found elsewhere, as it intimates "formed in grace," or, as St. Sophronius wrote: "Tuou hast found with God grace more resplendent than all others; thou hast found with God complete and perpetual grace which no one else received. No one else was made pure from the beginning" (*prokathartai*). Here the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin is clearly implied in the salutation of Mary.

The Angel then reveals to Mary the purpose of his mission:

"Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call His name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High."

The Holy Virgin is much surprised at the nature of the revelation which is made to her; and indeed the Incarnation of the Son of God, and the Redemption of mankind, are made to depend upon her consent to the wish of Almighty God. This consent she gives only when she is assured that the state of virginity which she had embraced shall remain intact. It is by a special miracle, by the power of the Holy Ghost, that she shall become the Mother of God Incarnate. It is only then that she gives her consent, saying:

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to thy word."

There can be no doubt that the Blessed Virgin was aware of the prophecy of Isaiah, which foretold that Christ should be born of a Virgin; but, taken by surprise, it is not to be wondered at that she did not apply to herself the words of the prophet at once.

The great mystery of the Annunciation, whereby the Blessed Virgin becomes "Mother of God," places her in the highest place among the saints of God, and fully justifies the high honor with which she is venerated by the Catholic Church, which addresses her as "Queen of Angels," and "Queen of all Saints." Protestants frequently object to the title "Mother of God" which we give to the Blessed Virgin. We will leave for a future article the full proof that this is properly her title, but we will here merely say that St. Elizabeth, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, gave to her a title which is equivalent:

"Whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?" (St. Luke I., 43.)

THE ITALIAN PREMIER.

Every despatch that has been cabled from Italy since our views on Signor Crispi were given helps to confirm us in the opinion we then advanced. It was our conviction that King Humbert's Ministerial Cabinet was well rid of Mazzini's disciple and co-partner in socialism and dynamite conspiracies. It was utterly impossible that any *modus vivendi* could ever be reached between the Sovereign Pontiff and the Italian Government while Crispi held the reins of power. His education, his personal character and all his antecedents were the very opposite of what is required for prudent State direction, or Christian government. A man with blunted conscience and utterly devoid of humane sentiment or fear of God can never be a true patriot. But when we consider such a being at all times the victim of degrading passions and forever, in his political actions, moved by considerations of hatred against the Vicar of Christ and of contempt for everything which ordinary Christian men hold sacred and venerable, it must strike every one that Crispi held too long for Italy's good the very responsible position of Prime Minister at Rome.

Last Friday's despatches describe a scene in the Roman Parliament (Chamber of Deputies) that throws a flood of light on the ill-starred and dangerous character of Signor Crispi:

"Signor Imbriani, who is a practical Catholic, having been grossly insulted by one of Crispi's adherents, exclaimed, 'Ye are the servants of Austria!' to which Crispi replied, 'No, not the servants, but the friends of Austria.' Imbriani repeated his remark with deliberation, hinting that Crispi and his friends, instead of studying the welfare and peace of their own country, were the slaves of Bismarck and the servants of Austria, which had oppressed Italy. To this Crispi retorted with a gross personal insult intended for Imbriani. The latter called upon Crispi to withdraw his remark. Crispi refused, saying, 'While I was Minister of State I was forced by my position to endure such as you; but now (he shouted in angry tones) 'I am no longer bound to

do so: in my pocket is a revolver. Beware!'"

It was at the school of Mazzini and Garibaldi that Crispi had learned the all-powerful influence of the hidden revolver, the lapis lazuli dagger and the destructive dynamite.

The despatches mention that a scene of indescribable confusion and excitement ensued in the House. What a contrast this conduct exhibits beside that of the actual Prime Minister, the Marquis Rudini! and what hopes may not all Catholics and well wishers of Christian progress and civilization indulge in on learning that the successor of Crispi is neither infidel, priest hating nor blood-thirsty! The first declarations of the new Minister were in favor of retrenchment in public expenditure, social economy and non-interference with the Church of God.

The latest news we have received is to the effect that the new Italian Minister, Marquis de Rudini, has made overtures to the Vatican, with a view to bringing about an *entente cordiale* (amicable relations) based on concessions made to Catholics.

The people who control the cable despatches are not expected to understand the difficulties that subsist between the Holy See and the Italian Government, and must be pardoned for making use of the term "concessions" when, no doubt, it should read restoration of privileges taken away or of properties sequestrated, or for compensating wholesale robberies committed by the former Government under the sacrilegious hands of Crispi and his vassal followers.

In the change that has taken place it is impossible for the ordinary observer not to see the finger of God made manifest. When the statesmen of any great nation undertake a reversal of policy making for peace with the Cauren and for public tranquility as well as for political morality it is evident that earnest supplications have been addressed to Him who controls all human affairs and that the nation at large has found grace with God. All men of faith will readily acknowledge that the additional prayers ordained by our present most glorious Pontiff, and offered to God at the end of every church service, have been heard in heaven, and are already producing the most desirable results.

As a still further proof of our contention, it may be observed that the Falk laws of Prussia have been repealed, and still further overtures of peace and perfect good-will on the part of the Prussian Government have been received at Rome. The latest news on this subject was cabled on last Friday. It appears that in Prussia, as in Ontario, there are fanatical howlers who can never hear of any concession or honest fair-play being given to their Catholic fellow-countrymen. When it is rumored in Berlin or Posen that Emperor William or Chancellor von Caprivi are in communication direct with the Vatican and that some new but long sought for concession is granted to Catholic conscience or to Christian education protests are made from the Protestant pulpit, and excitement runs high. The Hunters, the Johnstons and the Wilds of Fatherland exhaust their vocabularies of vituperation, and in their denunciations of the Man of Sin provoke agitations such as Canada witnessed not long ago. In fact, such and so great has been the furor created in Germany by the fanatical preachers, whose ravings resembled more the conduct of howling derisives than of Christian ministers, that the progress of the Emperor's just and peaceful administration was for a while blocked and impeded in its beneficent march. Now we are informed by no less a personage than the Chancellor of the Empire that "the delay in bringing forward measures to modify the provisions existing against religious bodies is due solely to Protestant excitement, which is now abating."

The Chancellor, von Caprivi, who sends this apology to Rome, terminates his letter with the comforting assurance that the abatement of the religious agitation will enable the German Government to fulfill its intentions of modifying the prohibition against Catholics.

The whole substance and character of these despatches furnish us with the information that Catholic emancipation, which was repealed immediately after the Franco-Prussian war, would have been restored long ago by Emperor William and liberty of Catholic worship proclaimed if his liberal designs were not frustrated by the bigotry and intolerance of the Wilds and Hunters of the Teutonic race.

When Bismarck's vaulting ambition projected a national Church, over which he could preside as Christ's Vicar, and thus equal the Russian Czar in wielding power over spirituals, his plans were destroyed and his projects of unlimited power balked by the firm attitude and noble stand of the priests and Bishops of Germany. Several Bishops were confined in dungeons; the religious bodies, such as Dominican preachers and Jesuit Fathers, were driven out of the country; colleges and flourishing univers-

ities in charge of the and the youth of to be educated by dinarian or Agnost of young socialists the natural result danger, and the by which the K in power, was on overwhelmed w appealed to t and to the Since then th recalled, and pri no priests to adm or to bury the supplied with d Catholic worship, however, are not there free access abused Jesuits of education b exertions and These disabilities the claims of the be faller met and education fully gov peror and his Gov anxious to satisfy loyal citizens, but clam of the preach We are delighte communication s on last Friday and intolerant c down, and that makers of German the demands of ju science, in modifi completely, the la under Bismarck a fearing and most the empire.

HOLY WEEK, which week of Lent, is that part of the Lent during which upon us to medi mysteries of Ch passion or suffe burial, and the Sacrament of the This sacred w Sunday, on which approached Jeru Two of these wra lags near the Mo Him an ass with them they would being seated up Jerusalem with done to fulfil the lxxii, Zach. ix, w "Tell ye the da thy King cometh sitting upon an a her that is used As it was the w the people of Jud to Jerusalem to celebrate the bondage of Egy multitude of Jer at this time, and known to them b had wrought am they heard that salem, a very gre to meet Him, sor garments in the strewed branches other trees in w abounded, thus honor in which o had by His mira their full satisfac as the Messiah s by the prophes, the time expect and ruler. M accompanying "Hosanna to is He that com Lord, Hosanna i The faith of manifest when "Who is this, Jesus, the pro Galilee." The Chief P foresaw their own nation of the a indignant, and the joy with which the city, never regarded Him that day they might entray H During the plainer than e vices, the tyran ris which at th tic of the Chief especially of other things, he "Wo to you hypocrites, ye wuted sepulchro indeed, appear w ardly you ar iniquity." It was not u enemies of Jesu putting their p on that day the Judas Iscariot Master for a su of silver. Th probably silver

ities in charge of the latter were closed up and the youth of the country compelled to be educated by teachers of Latitudinarian or Agnostic principles. A crop of young socialists and dynamiters was the natural result. The throne was in danger, and the conservative element, by which the Kaiser was maintained in power, was on the point of being overwhelmed when the Emperor appealed to the Catholic party and to the Pope for protection. Since then the Bishops have been recalled, and parishes (not for years had no priests to administer the sacraments or to bury the dead) have been amply supplied with well endowed ministers of Catholic worship. The Catholic colleges, however, are not yet opened, nor is there free access allowed the much-abused Jesuits to their own houses of education built by their own exertions and hard-earned thalers. These disabilities must be removed before the claims of the Catholic subjects can be fully met and their rights to Christian education fully guaranteed. So far the Emperor and his Government have been most anxious to satisfy the just demands of all loyal citizens, but the bigotry and fanaticism of the preachers stood in the way. We are delighted to learn from the communication addressed to the Pope on last Friday that the insane and intolerant agitation has quieted down, and that henceforth the liberal law-makers of Germany will be able to satisfy the demands of justice and their own conscience, in modifying, if not annulling completely, the laws of proscription passed under Bismarck against the most God-fearing and most law-abiding citizens of the empire.

HOLY WEEK.

Holy Week, which consists of the last week of Lent, is so called because it is that part of the penitential season of Lent during which the Church calls upon us to meditate upon the most holy mysteries of Christ's life on earth, His passion or sufferings, His death and burial, and the institution of the adorable Sacrament of the Eucharist.

This sacred week begins with Palm Sunday, on which day our Blessed Lord approached Jerusalem with His disciples. Two of these were sent by Him to a village near the Mount of Olives to bring to Him an ass with its colt which He told them they would find there, and Jesus being seated upon the ass proceeded to Jerusalem with His company. This was done to fulfil the prophecies of Isaiah lxi, Zach. ix, wherein it was foretold: "Tell ye the daughter of Sion, Behold thy King cometh to thee, meek and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of her that is used to the yoke."

As it was the week of the Passch, when the people of Judaea were obliged to come to Jerusalem to offer sacrifice to God and to celebrate their delivery from the bondage of Egypt, there was a great multitude of Jews in and about the city at this time, and as the fame of Jesus was known to them by the many miracles He had wrought among them in public, when they heard that He was coming to Jerusalem, a very great multitude came forth to meet Him, some of whom spread their garments in the way, while others strewed branches of palm, olive, and other trees in which the Mount of Olives abounded, thus signifying the great honor in which our Lord was held, as He had by His miraculous works proved to their full satisfaction His divine mission as the Messiah who had been promised by the prophets, and whom they were at the time expecting to be their deliverer and ruler. Meanwhile the multitude accompanying Jesus cried out aloud, "Hosanna to the Son of David, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord, Hosanna in the highest."

The faith of the multitude was made manifest in answer to the enquiry "Who is this," they cried out "This is Jesus, the prophet from Nazareth of Galilee."

The Chief Priests and Scribes, who foresaw their own downfall in the recognition of the authority of Jesus, were indignant, and rebuked Jesus because of the joy with which He was welcomed to the city, nevertheless they feared to lay hands upon Him, because the multitude regarded Him as a prophet, and from that day they laid plans whereby they might entrap Him.

During the interim our Lord was plainer than ever in denouncing the vices, the tyranny, avarice, and hypocrisy which at the time were characteristic of the Chief Priests and Scribes, and especially of the Pharisees. Among other things, he told them:

"Who to you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, because you are like to whitened sepulchres. . . You outwardly, indeed, appear to men just; but inwardly you are full of hypocrisy and iniquity."

It was not until Wednesday that the enemies of Jesus discovered a means of putting their plans into execution, and on that day they succeeded in inducing Judas Iscariot to promise to betray his Master for a sum of money, thirty pieces of silver. These pieces of silver were probably silver shekels, and the whole

value of the thirty pieces paid to Judas would be about \$15.20.

On Thursday evening, at the paschal supper, our Lord instituted the Holy Eucharist as a sacrament and a sacrifice, that His children might have to the end of time a precious food for the nourishment of their souls, and a most acceptable sacrifice to offer perpetually to Almighty God as a propitiation for our sins and for all the purposes for which He offered Himself on Mount Calvary.

Jesus took this occasion to reproach kindly, yet keenly, His betrayer, and thus afforded Judas an opportunity for penance which he did not take, but going forth to complete the arrangements for his treason; on Friday by a traitorous kiss he made known his Master to the Pharisees who were prepared to seize Him in the garden of Gethsemane.

By means of false accusations of blasphemy and treason against Christ, supported by false witnesses, the Chief Priests and other enemies of our Lord procured from Pilate, the Roman Governor, permission to proceed against them as they thought proper, and when Pilate hypocritically washed his hands to free himself from the guilt of the "blood of this just man," the Jewish people exclaimed, "His blood be upon us and upon our children;" and Jesus was led to His crucifixion, which lasted from noon till 3 o'clock on Friday afternoon. He was then placed in the sepulchre, where His body remained until He rose triumphantly from the dead by His own power on Easter Sunday morning.

The death of Jesus is celebrated by the Church in sorrow, that we may be impressed with the necessity of true sorrow for the sins we have committed, which are the only cause of grief which can be given to Almighty God. We should grieve for our sins because they separate us from God, and because they require so great a price to be paid for their expiation, as that the Son of God should offer Himself as a sacrifice on the Cross before we could be redeemed.

We call the day of our Lord's suffering Good Friday, not because of His suffering, but because the sufferings He endured redeemed us from the power of the devil, and because He manifested on that day His unlimited goodness and mercy to us in our desolate condition.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY CELEBRATION

It must have been gratifying to the heart of every Irishman at home and abroad to read the cheering despatches cabled on Wednesday morning last from every point of the English speaking world. In no centre of population, no matter how insignificant or how far remote, where the English language is spoken or the British flag flies, was the name of St. Patrick forgotten or the memories of the old land which he blessed and enriched left untold or unused. Irishmen may fall in many things and may disagree and quarrel where other nationalities would unite as one man, but all unite in honoring the Apostle whose zeal and whose virtues, as his teachings, brought Heaven's light to Erin's shore and the knowledge of the Crucified to our fathers seated in darkness and the shadow of death.

The recurrence of St. Patrick's joyous festival is ever hailed with delight by the children of Erin, whether they be still enjoying the softening breezes that, laden with odour of brine from the ocean, floats down from her heathery hills and stirs her enchanted lakes, or whether they be far away in distant climes, maintaining the prestige of Irish valor and England's supremacy on sea or land, or yet gracing with their racy eloquence the legislative halls of young nationalities or growing empires. Everywhere an Irishman is found—his fellow-exiles in distant lands, or under his native roof-tree—the country that gave him birth, for which his fathers fought and bled, is honored and lauded to the skies as the fairest land that God ever blessed. Her history is told to his children, her ancient glories are recounted, her sagas, her heroes, her poets and her saintly scholars are mentioned with honorable pride, and their virtues and heroic deeds rehearsed and extolled. In this manner are the most hallowed traditions preserved intact through the ages, and thus have the lessons and teachings of Ireland's great Apostle become familiar to succeeding generations.

The faith of the Irish race to-day is the same holy faith whose knowledge and whose maxims were deeply implanted in Ireland's heart full fourteen hundred years ago. Through good and ill report, in the golden age of her history as in the days of penal persecution, when she bled at every pore, has Ireland proved true to her heavenly trust. That faith which the Apostle tells us "overcometh the world" she has always guarded as a priceless treasure of which neither the blandishments of power nor the menace or torture of the tyrant could ever despoil her.

Let us venture a hope and a prayer that as the God of all mercies, the Heavenly Rewarder, has crowned with eternal glory

the sons and daughters of Erin who a thousands times sacrificed earthly goods and life for His sake, so He may in His infinite wisdom soon crown with victory and glorious independence the martyred nation whose consecrated sons are on this day invoking the name of St. Patrick from ten thousand altars and offering up with accented hands and chastened hearts the Unspiced Lamb for the sins of the world and the redemption of Ireland.

DEATH OF A GREAT CATHOLIC STATESMAN.

We regret to learn of the death of Herr Windthorst on Saturday last in Berlin. Dr. Windthorst was the leader and founder of the Catholic party in the Reichstag, and in that capacity was the chief instrument in bringing about the reversal of the anti Catholic policy which was inaugurated by Bismarck. The Dr. has passed away just in the moment of complete victory, when it has been announced that the last remnant of the penal laws is to be repealed, and the last grievance which Catholics had against the Government to be redressed. At midnight, a few hours before he died, evidently imagining that he was in the Reichstag, he delivered in a loud voice and with impassioned manner, an address in favor of the abolition of the law excluding the Jesuits from Germany. These were his last words. Previously he had only been able to speak in whispers.

The President of the Reichstag, Herr Levetsov, announced the death to that body. He extolled Herr Windthorst's acumen, unceasing activity, adroitness and potent personal influence on all sides of the House. Herr Levetsov said that he had always attached weight to the words of Dr. Windthorst. His personal amiability had endeared him to his intimate friends and pleased everybody who came in contact with him. Herr Levetsov closed his eloquent eulogy by declaring that exactly anyone would be so missed in the Reichstag as Dr. Windthorst. May he rest in peace.

MONTH OF ST. JOSEPH.

MARCH IS SPECIALLY CONSECRATED TO THE FATHER OF OUR LORD.

Whenever you desire any grace or favor from heaven go to St. Joseph and ask him for it. He can and will obtain for you anything at all, provided it is not injurious to your soul's salvation. In your devotion to him, you will not doubt be greatly encouraged by the words of St. Theresa. "I do not," she says, "remember ever to have asked anything of God by him which I did not obtain. I never knew any one who by invoking him did not advance exceedingly in virtue, for he assists in a wonderful manner all who address themselves to him."

But it is not alone in asking favors of St. Joseph that our devotion to him had its great soul; it should appear especially in our constant endeavor to imitate the virtues that were rooted in his great soul. His love of Jesus and Mary should, in the first place, be a perpetual, unceasing incentive to our spiritual ambitions. The presence with him was like a torrent of joy inundating his soul with those indescribable pleasures that are known only to the friends of God, and their simple words falling on his ear had the effect of the most charming music. The very thought of them filled his mind by day and formed the pleasing subject of his dreams by night. His own soul did not seem to belong to him. It appeared to have disentangled itself from its natural restraints and to have embedded itself in the beloved existence of Jesus and Mary. No labor was hard, nothing was difficult, nothing disagreeable, when it was done for them. With the greatest willingness and joy would he have undergone the most crushing torments and most cruel death if by these means he could increase in the slightest degree the intense love he bore them.

Also, what a difference between St. Joseph and ourselves in this matter of the love of Jesus and Mary! We think a great deal of worldly comforts, of money, of pleasures and of honors, but Jesus and Mary we think very little of. Eathelism never inspires us to an act which would please them. On the contrary, when solicited or urged to do something of the kind, each of us goes to confession or communion, or to give of our substance to the poor or to the orphans, repugnance is immediately pictured on our faces. If asked to be the cause of love, our conduct does not certainly indicate any regard for Jesus and Mary. But no matter what the past may have been, the future, I trust, will prove that the example and the prayers of St. Joseph shall have changed our hearts and inspired us with more worthy sentiments towards our Saviour and His Blessed Mother.

Let each and every one of us resolve, that from this day forward we will take the great St. Joseph for our patron and guide. Let us think of him frequently, and try to please him, not only by offering to him the homage of some daily prayer, but especially by copying in our life the virtues for which he was remarkable. In all our troubles and in all our wants, let us go to him, as we would to a good, kind father, who would be delighted to see us and feel most happy in satisfying all our wishes.

Among the many favors that we may ask of him, there is one that we must ever insist upon with extraordinary fervor, and that is the grace of a happy death. We must try to die like St. Joseph. When his hour had arrived Jesus and Mary were at his bedside. Their presence and their words consoled and cheered him, so that instead of dying in an agony of pain and of sorrow, his soul went forth into the hands of his Father in an ecstasy of joy.

New Book—Counsels of St. Angela to her Sisters in Religion. By an Ursuline. Price 25 cents. Benziger Brothers, New York.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY NOTES.

BISHOP KEANE REVIEWS EDWIN ARNOLD'S "LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

The course of public lectures for March was opened on Wednesday p. m., 4.45 inst., by the Rt. Rev. Rector of the University, in a review of the famous poem, "The Light of the World." The audience was the largest and most select that ever assembled here on a similar occasion, filling even the standing room of the public lecture hall. The "Review" was an intellectual treat, and so interesting as to hold the large audience, through an hour and three quarters, in wrapt attention. We subjoin a brief synopsis: The first half of the discourse was chiefly composed of readings from every part of the work, placing in a clear light the admirable summary of the Gospel made by the author, and the exquisite poetical beauty with which he has clothed it.

In the second half of the discourse the errors were pointed out which detract from the perfection of the work. The first of these concerns the nature of God. As might be expected from his intellectual antecedents, Mr. Arnold undertook his work with a mind imbued with the Buddhist notion of God. This was shown to be incorrect. In the first place, by the reason which disprove ananthem in general, and secondly, by the working out of the ideas of Mr. Arnold himself, who, in the latter part of his work, comes to recognize that God is love. But love is inseparable from knowledge, and love and knowledge necessarily imply a personal God. The second error is in regard to the Jewish and Jewish religion. Mr. Arnold supposed that the God of Christianity is entirely different from the God of Judaism. It was shown that the difference is not in God, but in the conditions of humanity. God is always love; but as the earth in winter, being deflected from the rays of the sun, receives them imperfectly, and is plunged in cold, though the sun is always equally warm, so humanity receives more or less of God's love, but God is ever the self same. It was shown that the esages of the Old Law appreciated even then that God is love, and Christ declares that He Himself is the gift of Jehovah, who so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son.

The third class of errors have reference to Christ Himself, and they spring from erroneous notions concerning God, in the earlier part of his work. Mr. Arnold was prone to deny that Christ is truly God and co equal in power with the Father; later, he says that it is God "by eminence of manhood." It was shown that not even on Christian ground could he thus be explained, for this consists not of manhood reaching up and touching God, but of Divinity stilling and lifting manhood to itself. Still more true was this of the sonship of Christ, in whom the fulness of the Godhead dwells corporally, who was "the Word made flesh, and dwelling among us," and who of Himself, "I am the Way and the Truth and the Life." Before Abraham was made, I am; I am the beginning who speak with you; and who, at the end of his career says: "Now glorify Me, O Father! with that glory which I had with Thee before the world was made." He is not a Son of God, but the only begotten Son of God. In the latter part of Mr. Arnold's work, the truth works itself out by the mere force of the facts which he is relating, demonstrating how truly Tertullian said that "the heart of man is entirely Christian."

A fourth confusion of ideas was indicated in the author's teaching concerning faith. It was shown that just as pantheism confuses God and man so the mistaken Christian teaching of the author's childhood led him to confuse faith, hope and charity. These are united, but not confounded. Faith is the homage of the intellect; hope of the heart, and charity of the will. Knowledge in the intellect is the beginning; then the heart leaps forward, and the will cleaves devotedly, and thus, faith worketh by charity. Faith would be dead without works; it would be the "mere belief," at which he justly sneers. But the best of all work and of all life is conviction; therefore is Christ "the light who leads men in the light of life." But human convictions always occasion questions, and are assailed by doubts. Hence the need of a teaching authority, established by Christ. Without that authority human questioning would have no answer, and human intellect could only grope in darkness, and in darkness find death. The Church is declared by Christ to be the light of the world because it leads men through light to life.

Mr. Arnold's inner heart appreciates all this, but his intelligence has been led astray by a false philosophy; hence we feel, all through the book, that his heart is struggling for peace, and knows not how to fully find it. In conclusion, he said: "We may well be glad that the book has been written. It will be a useful antidote to the notion which the influence of Edwin Arnold and of Max Muller has hitherto largely patronized—the Buddhism is better than Christianity. The minds thus led astray are brought back to see in the book Buddha prostrate at the feet of Christ, acknowledging His divine superiority. We rejoice that, in an age given to frivolous writing, a book like this calls to serious thought; that in an age when skepticism speaks so loudly, this exquisite homage should be paid to religion and to its Divine Head; that in an age of conflicting creeds and strife of controversy, when souls are sick of dissenior and crave for union, this eloquent voice reminds them that union is not to be found in revisions and readjustments of creeds, formulas, liturgies, and other externals, but in earnest turning to Christ. He is, and in whole-hearted acceptance of and loyalty to the fulness of grace and fulness of truth which He has bestowed on the world."

Prince Jerome Bonaparte is at the point of death in Rome. Cardinals Bonaparte and Merilliod are unceasing in their efforts to prepare him for eternity, but according to one report he rejects their ministrations. Another despatch states that Cardinal Merilliod administered to him the last rites of the Church.

WANDERINGS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN MIND.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Those who have felt an interest in the movement going on among the Presbyterians in the United States, whether as furnishing fresh illustrations of the wanderings of even cultured minds, or more particularly, of the failure of the cardinal principle of the Reformation, will remember that in the summer of last year the General Assembly of the American Presbyterian Church, after discussing the question of "doctrinal revision," postponed their final determination thereupon for another year, appointing meanwhile a committee to report to the next Assembly upon such points as had then, and previously, occupied the attention of the various Presbyteries. Very much to the satisfaction, seemingly, of both sides, or rather of all sides, it appears to have been resolved by the Assembly of 1890 that any further statements of the Church, as to the doctrines of the Westminster Confession, should take the form of an additional chapter, declaring "God's love for all men, and not the elect only."

We are now told that the committee alluded to have completed their labors, and that the course resolved upon, for recommendation to the General Assembly, involves some amendments in the wording of the Confession itself, as well as an addition of "two new chapters—well of the work of the Holy Spirit, to follow chap. viii, of Christ the Mediator, the other of the universal offer of the Gospel, to follow chap. ix, of Free-will"—which additions, it is said, will meet most of the suggestions made by different Presbyteries. But on the other hand, we are at the same time told that these alterations and additions have "in no way impaired the integrity of the system of the doctrines so long held by the Church."

All this seems, at present, somewhat perplexing, and its remains therefore to be seen what the General Assembly may make of it, and how meet the proposed changes. In the meantime, it cannot surely be a matter of surprise if doubts are expressed as to the consistency of the suggested procedure, or why it should be thought necessary or advisable for a Church, admitting its liability to err, to shrink from acknowledgment of errors in its Confession, and persist in retaining its repulsive doctrines intact, with a vain attempt to conciliate objectors by the introduction of incongruous propositions. It must certainly be allowed to be difficult to understand how it is possible, by a declaration of "God's love for all men, and not the elect only," to neutralize such affirmations of the Presbyterian form as the following: (1) "By the decree of God some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others fore-ordained unto everlasting death." (2) "Withholding mercy," according to His will, He was pleased "to pass by and ordain" the non-elect "to dishonor and wrath, for their sin, and to the praise of His glorious justice." (3) The non-elect, "who they never so diligently to frame their lives according to the light of nature, and the law, of that religion they do profess," cannot be "saved." (4) That none of them are "redeemed by Christ, etc." (5) That they are "utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good." (6) That "all ability of will to any spiritual good," in them, is "wholly lost." (7) "That God from all eternity did . . . ordain whatsoever came to pass, upon all supposed conditions, yet hath He not decreed anything because He foresaw it as future, or as that which would come to pass upon such conditions."

It is to be supposed that the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States will consent to proposed palpable contradictions rather than entirely eradicate the revolting teaching of the old Confession? True, indeed, it is that the Confession is declared to contain "God's unaltered truth and verity, founded upon His written word"—"The only true Christian faith and religion, pleasing God and bringing salvation to men." But as this assertion is simply an authoritative statement of a number of admittedly fallible individuals, or of an admittedly fallible Church, it should not, surely, be any obstacle to the admission of "new light" teaching the Gospel, and that new light as to the Gospel is now claimed as a reality seems evident from the expressed opinions of ministers of the Presbyterian Church. Thus, the Rev. Dr. Paxton, of Princeton, has remarked that "a man who could preach some of the articles of our faith would not be a contemporary of the nineteenth century; he must have walked out of the seventeenth century." And the Rev. Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn: "It is impossible," he observes, "that people who lived hundreds of years ago, should fashion an appropriate creed for our times; . . . you might as well have the world go back and stick to what Balaam's Falsity knew about steaming engines." Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, too, of New York: "No creed," he says, "can suffice for all time (a remark which, in a certain sense, may pass); but, he adds, though "valid for the day it is written," it is "not valid for the day after, unless the students of God have in the meantime been taking a recess." "The Holy Spirit," he continues, "is in the world, not to reveal us to old truth, but to guide us into new truth." Dr. Clark, however, of New York, going a step farther, declares that "absolute revision" of the Confession is required by "the spirit of the age."

Here I may be permitted to observe that it is somewhat remarkable, and worthy of note, that the new light is not claimed to shine forth from the pages of Holy Writ. Nor can it, I think, consistently be affirmed to be an effluence or influence of the Holy Spirit, since Calvinism itself, in its most resolute form—and indeed the Westminster Confession as a whole—are both asserted, by Presbyterians, to have had the same holy origin. Hence, however gratifying we find the effect to be, it becomes a question, whether we can be far astray in interpreting ministerial utterances literally, and concluding the new light, or movement of the "spirit," to be really nothing more nor less than the spirit of "the times"; in other words, simply popular feeling—a view which possibly

may explain the fact that the old platform of "the faith once delivered to the saints" has apparently had its day, and fallen into desuetude, as too antiquated for many modern minds among the acts.

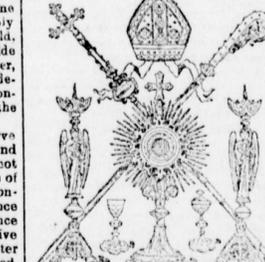
But, as to these or other problems, we must not anticipate the action of the future General Assembly, or of those who may take part in it. Let it for the present suffice here to have given your readers a few points as to the views and feelings of some of those who are primarily interested, and whose opinions the General Assembly will be called upon to meet at the appointed time. I will simply add to the quotations already given a few more culled from speeches delivered on various occasions, and for the most part in New York Presbyteries, during the year now past.

The Rev. Dr. Wolfe, for instance, "believed the Westminster Confession was in substantial harmony with the creeds of Christendom." The Rev. Mr. Sprawle considered it "a monument to the piety, scholarship, wisdom and purity of a noble band of men. It is as clear a statement of Bible teaching as can be made." The Rev. Dr. Birch was against the revisionists. The Rev. Mr. Ding declared himself against revision. His position was that "if they needed a creed let them have it; and if they needed a hell let them have it." The Rev. Dr. Chaudo said he "was not ashamed to be known as a conservative, and loyal Presbyterian. Predestination, reprobation and perdition were the deep things of the Almighty." The Rev. J. J. Lampe said: "It is all nonsense to talk of the love of God to sinners until they have seen their sin, and have owned themselves guilty in the sight of God. Sins are tumbling into perdition because of the sentimental preaching of the love of God." The Rev. Dr. Hall having, in the character of peacemaker, suggested a qualification, in the form of a foot note to the Confession, was answered by Rev. D. Van Dyke that his proposed remedy was "about as adequate to the occasion as a bread pudding would be to stop a leak in a sinking ship." The Rev. Dr. Scull said that "the cause of truth and honesty imperatively demands an elimination" of the obnoxious features. The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst said: "The centre of gravity in the Confession does not coincide with the centre of gravity of the Christian scriptures; that is not saying there is anything in the third chapter which is not true." The Rev. S. G. Law said: "He came from a distance, was an old Presbyterian, and, being a Christian, was in favor of revision." The Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke was in favor of "the elimination of the doctrine of reprobation." The Rev. G. S. Payson said: "It was time the Confession were revised. Students should not be compelled to acknowledge that it contradicts their teaching." The Rev. Dr. Vincent said: "The Confession does not give the brethren the ghost of a chance." "Was Calvin the law for us? Was it unto Calvin that we were baptized?" The Rev. Mr. Harlan said: "There are many exorcisences in the Confession. There are stumbling blocks in it to ministers and elders and all." The Rev. Dr. Bestler said: "I have no great love for the Confession as it now stands." "I knew a man about fourteen years ago who passed some of the darkest and bitterest hours of his life over that Confession of Faith as it now stands." The Rev. Secretary Hoadly said he had "preached to audiences who would not have stayed to listen if he had preached what it was now sought to excuse." Rev. Dr. Hastings said: "It was something awful—that Christ passes by any man, when Christ tested death for every man." The Rev. Dr. Clark said: "Revision is demanded by the spirit of the age. No longer is heard the phrase 'true as preaching,' but, 'just as,' 'true as steel,' and 'like a boiler.'" OBSERVER.



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N. Y. Catholic Review. SHORT SERMONS FOR BUSY PEOPLE.

Preached in St. Patrick's Cathedral, N. Y. PRAYER.

The prayer of the Pharisee and of the Publican—St. Luke, xviii 9-14—For the Fourth Sunday of Lent.

Lent is a time when we ought to give special consideration to prayer, since the exercises of repentance and self denial to which we are called by the voice of God in this season, to be profitable, must be directed by prayer. It does not diminish the importance of prayer as a subject of Christian thought, that everyone who makes an avowal of religious obligation is familiar, in some degree, with it. Prayer is the soul of religion, and human life without religion is essentially a failure. Prayer, therefore, is a thing of permanent and paramount interest. It behooves us therefore to make up our minds as to the place of prayer in Christian life, and to see if we cannot ascertain the causes of our want of success in it.

To begin with, our reason has a good deal to say to us concerning the claims of prayer. And in this way:

Prayer is a raising up of the mind and heart to God to worship His supreme uncreated excellence, to return Him sincere thanks as the Author and Giver of all the good things we have, and to make a petition to Him for all the help necessary for our future welfare of both body and soul.

If there were nothing but our native reason to teach us that this exercise is a necessary duty no other instructor would be needed.

The first utterance of reason as well as of revelation is that God made the heavens and the earth and all things in them. Man therefore is not the author of his own existence. Never mind that class of men who have invaded inflexible sections of the brute creation in the vain hope of finding their ancestors: there is not a spot of justice in the world would accept the evidence on which those self-degrading people rest their claim to be descended from the gorilla. People who have difficulty in locating their progenitors will be more successful as well as more rational if they keep nearer home in the search for them.

There is only one architect worthy of such a noble work as man, that architect is the self-existing, all perfect God.

And just as man could not have come into existence of himself, so neither could he for one instant continue to exist himself. Truly does Holy Writ declare: "How can anything endure if Thou wouldst not? or be preserved if not called by Thee?" But if Thou turn away Thy face they shall be troubled; Thou shalt take away their breath, and they shall fall and shall return to their dust." (Ps. ciii, 29). God, who preserves life to us, must also concur in our operations. In a word, such a thing as independence does not find a place in created life. God alone is independent.

Now what can be more conformable to that reason which demonstrates to us our total dependence upon God than that we should humbly bow to the mighty being who built up and sustains our very life. Not alone is it conformable to reason that we should do so but reason demands it as a duty which cannot without injustice be ignored.

There is the first item of prayer, viz: adoring the supreme excellence of the Creator and Redeemer.

There is another truth which native intelligence proclaims to us—that God is the author and giver of all the goods we enjoy.

We have often had repeated to us the words of the Apostle: "What have you that you have not received, and having received why boast ye as if you had earned it?" but we do not appear to have fully brought home their meaning or we should not be so vain about the things we possess and the things we have done.

The poorest enjoy blessings and gifts which deserve to be highly prized—life, time, intelligence, moral freedom, the power to choose our own lot, to decide our own eternal destinies. With these man is rich. These are the things that constitute man's glory, not silk and broad cloth, and iron guarded mansions; and these blessings are the portion of every man.

Who was it that gave us these gifts? From the plenty of God's house they have come to us. And our nature, intelligence and sense of justice call on us to thank God for them. Therefore the second item of prayer—thanksgiving for His favors—is a duty imposed by natural instinct.

And for the future. Who will be bold enough to make his calculations without reckoning with God's will? If the first principle of religion has taken practical hold on our mind we must feel deeply that our lot is to be shaped by God's will that our projects, not approved by Him, count for very little indeed. Truly does God say: "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it. Unless the Lord keep the city, he watcheth in vain that keepeth it."

But the dependence on God deepens and becomes, if possible, more absolute when we come to deal with the supernatural mission given to each human being to be accomplished successfully at his peril. The attainment of heaven is beyond our natural capabilities, and demands a special assistance from a source outside and superior to ourselves. This special assistance we call grace. And grace is a free gift of God, given according to His own good pleasure. But without it we cannot think a thought conducive to our salvation. To dispose ourselves for receiving this help from God we must acknowledge the need of it, and we must ask it.

Therefore this third item in the exercise of prayer, viz: making petition to God for the necessities for soul and body, is demanded by our reason. Let us add to those reasons a few of the positive enactments of the New Testament.

Our Lord says: "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation." "We ought always to pray and not to faint."

and a positive divine command, and since God has made such liberal promises to the practice of prayer, how is it that we find it at times so hard to pray, and that when we do pray our prayers go apparently unheard?

Ascertain the causes of the Pharisee's failure when he went into the Temple to pray and you shall be pretty sure to find the reason for your own want of success. The Pharisee professed faith in God, and made avowal of certain services on which God had a claim. But to his mind, to be religious was to lead a peaceable life, to be kind and courteous to others, to take a just share in supporting the public burdens. Having discharged his duty by society, he felt that there was little more for him to trouble himself about. And so he came into God's house ostensibly to pray, but in reality to pay a compliment to the Almighty. He recounts his good works, pronounces his own praises, and thanks God that he is not like the rest of God's creatures. But in spite of all this excellence and self-praise, God assures us that this Pharisee and his prayers were rejected.

Our Lord, in putting before us this type, is not speaking of any person in particular. He just gives a specimen of the worldly minded man who makes a pretense of religion. Of such men the world has been full from Our Lord's day to now. And it is because we have allowed the spirit of self-esteem, of worldliness and of superficial spirituality to dominate us that our prayers are not fruitful.

If we were conscious, like the contrite publican, of our sinfulness, that all our good qualities are God's, that without God's grace we can do nothing, then our prayers, grounded on humility, would please the clouds and move God to mercy and bounty.

PURITY OF CHRISTIAN MORALS.

Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

We should fail to reach the source of the prevalent fecundity of faith and to indicate a remedy, if we did not go to the heart. Out of the heart go forth not only the evil thoughts and desires that defile the conscience, but also the clouds that darken the mind. It imparts to the mind its own likeness and disparts it from the mind with low and grovelling pursuits. It fills the mind with thoughts of frivolous and sensual objects. It draws down the attention, fixes and absorbs it in the satisfaction of its desires, thus blinding the mind to all considerations that require exertion, purity and elevation above the things of sense. The loss of faith is the result as well as the punishment of sensual indulgence. The Apostle of the Gentiles, describing the nations of pagan antiquity in the height of their civilization, says that "knowing God" with the light of natural reason "they did not glorify Him or give Him thanks, but became vain in their thoughts, and their foolish hearts were darkened."

A similar darkening process is going on amongst modern nations that were once remarkable for the fervor and brightness of their faith. The world is lapsing back into a paganism not the less degrading and terrible in its consequences because the more refined. Paganism is but the defilement of self and the passions of the heart—what St. Augustine called the "love of self unto the contempt of God."

The ancients worshipped all the corrupt passions of the heart in idols of their imagination and handwork; modern paganism, more subtle and refined, dispenses with the block of wood and stone, and worships self without intermediary in Nature. Naturalism is the religion of the day. Nature, and more particularly human nature, is the idol—not human nature elevated and defined by grace and sanctified by an ideal nature purified by imagination and sentiment from all that is gross and vile, but a realistic nature in which every passion wears a crown, every instinct has its right of play, every emotion its expression and liberty of action. This is the only god recognized by the philosophy and the science of the age in its pet theory of evolution; this is the god which gives inspiration to the literature and the art, and is exhibited on the stage of the French School, from which the world takes its fashions. Its object is to portray and idealize in realistic colors what the modern French man with cynical frankness calls "the human beast."

This religion of naturalism has also its church and hierarchy and organization in the Lodge. Free Masonry, adapting itself to the ideas and prejudices of nations, is presented to the eyes of England and English speaking countries as an institution of benevolence and fraternalization; but in the Catholic countries of Europe and South America, where it has succeeded in enslaving the masses, it shows itself in true colors, in literature and art, in the press, on the stage, in legislation, all animated with one purpose, rallying to a single cry, carrying out vigorously a simple plan: Destroy the Church of Jesus Christ by corrupting the hearts of her children. First dispose the youth of her corruption by imparting to it a mere pagan education without faith or religion, and then subject it to all the influence of an impure press.

It were, however, an illusion to suppose that this naturalism is confined to a few nations. The world's atmosphere is infected with it. It is taught from Sunday fairs, in books of science, dealt out from railway stalls, placarded on the street walls and public thoroughfares. It is exhibited in shop windows and in theatrical representations. A paralytic secular press reeks with it. Whilst it devotes one column to the detailed narration and vivid description of crimes which the inspired Apostle tells us should not be so much as mentioned among Christians, it will deplore in another the growth of lawlessness, and censure the negligence of officials in repressing it, ignoring the fact that the very crimes it stigmatizes could not infrequently be traced to its own disclosures and descriptions.

The punishment, too, of modern paganism is similar to that of the ancient. "Thinking themselves wise, they became fools. Therefore God gave them up to the desires of their hearts, and they changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature rather than the Creator." This perversion and blinding of the mind, proceeding from the corruption of the heart, is the most dreadful of God's punishments. It is the beginning on earth of that eternal reprobation consisting in hell

endured not once or twice but a thousand times over in the intensity of its pains and torture.

If we seek a remedy we shall find it to be the same as that applied to ancient paganism—Jesus Christ yesterday, to day and the same forever. He came upon earth to lift man from the degradation of paganism in all its forms. He began by the heart, setting before it the example of the highest sanctity. The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us that we might see in human form and habit the splendor of infinite holiness. "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Christ Jesus." He is still with us in His Holy Church, from which He desires to shine in the hearts of all by the teaching of His heavenly doctrine, by the infusion of His grace through the sacraments, by the devotion which has for its object to draw the hearts of all men close to His Sacred Heart, that they may be enlightened and warmed with His love. It is especially in the worthy reception of the Holy Eucharist that Christ shines in the heart, and the heart is drawn close to the Heart of Jesus. It is the aim of the Holy League to draw hearts to the Heart of Jesus through prayer and the frequentation of the sacraments. If it will succeed this year, consecrated to the Patron of Youth, in drawing the youth of all lands to the more frequent use of the sacraments, how powerfully will it contribute to the future sanctity of Christian morals!

Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary I offer Thee the prayers, work and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart.

If for them in particular to save Thy children from the corruption of the world, ever growing more covetous, wilful and impure. Heart of Jesus, may we fly from all that is against Thy love. Amen.

TO THE SACRED HEART.

On Sacred Heart!

Which mortal's e'er hath known, or e'er shall know

Heart which hath borne all care,

Carried all sorrow that on man can press:

Oh! 'twere a thing of frame and tortur'd spirit breathing!

Against inhuman outrage vainly pleading!

Each secret dark, each innermost recess,

All to Thy sight laid bare.

Who shall Thy passions ever discern?

Oh Sacred Heart!

Thy love for man hath to the altar bound

Thine,

To explore the very sin that wouldst Thee—

For thine own wrongs to die!

That thou of suffering's chain might'st pain

From the dread vision of Thy Moral Pain

Outward before Thee, thou did'st not shrink!

With fear's intensest agony to shrink!

In trembling agony to shrink!

Of Thy dread chastisements shrink!

Oh Sacred Heart!

Stated with insult, mock'd, revild, despis'd!

But of all scorn by man or devil's devis'd!

What saves Thy Holy Heart?

Restrained or yet restrains angelic swords,

As each vile worm, unawed by fear or shame?

Profound Thy Truth, Thy Venerable Name!

The world's politeness with his poisonous words!

My cap'st thou them fill!

As they have filled my Lords!

—E. G.

A LANTEN THOUGHT.

"To show a heart grief-rent;

To starve thy sin;

Not to die;

And that to keep thy Lent."

Asy'st thou old Herick it is surely a desirable thing to starve one's sin; and none the less to keep an eye upon the bin, lest it overflow with luxuries innocent enough at other times, but out of place at this season.

But there are those who, for one reason or another—ill health, it may be, or hard labor—can not fast. What can they do? They can pray, and accept when the most grating toll prevents, visit the poor. A daily visit to the poor, with such aims left behind as may be needed, is a great help in the struggle after the higher life. So do not neglect the alms there are to be done, unhappily, to whom a loaf of bread means life, and the lack of it death.

And, then, there are destitute people whom we forget or ignore: the poor who have set themselves apart from human kind by unlovely traits of character; the poor (with much money) who, for their own faults, are forsaken; the afflicted who sympathize though not alms; or the old, whom the young pass by in the search for pleasure. To visit these persons is to visit the poor—the poorest poor on all God's beautiful earth.

Each one who reads this can without doubt call to mind some deaf old person, to whom a half hour's chat would be a boon long remembered; some one with failing sight, who could live for months upon the memory of a poem or a sermon read aloud; some one so utterly abandoned that the briefest call would be an unaccustomed pleasure. Here is Lenten work, and with it will come its own reward. The duty will be transformed to a pleasure, and the habit thus acquired bring a new source of delight into lives which are comparatively useless because the good we fail to do does not seem close enough to hand. It is at hand if we would see it. Often it is the rich who are in God's sight the very poor; often it is the highest charity to have patience with "small and sordid souls." It is easy to give alms; it is hard, at first, to give help of another kind. Let us while doing one not forget to do the other.

"I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again." Some other way, some more glorious way, God grant; but not this way, in this same relation to our fellow-creatures. This Lent will never come again, and much of it has already passed.—Ave Maria.

And is it not a real penance for us to stop and think before we speak or act? It is, indeed, as each one of us can say for himself, a real penance. We all dread restraint so much. We are constantly on the alert lest someone or something curtail that freedom of speech and action we claim as our birthright. And are we wise in all this? Which is the more beautiful tree in all the orchard—that which has been carefully pruned and trained in the manner of its growing, or that which has been allowed to grow as it would without

the pruning knife or stake? And which plant bears the prettier blossoms—that which has been improved through the gardener's care, and that which has wildly sprung up here and there by the roadside? Those who know full well whereof they speak tell us the tree or plant that has not known the pruning knife is a thing at once unsightly and unfruitful.

Just as much it is with us, dear children! In the time of our growing, when our little characters are being formed, we must daily train ourselves to discipline and self denial, else we grow up to become a being unsightly and wanting in the fruits of virtue.

Let us then to the work! Prune and straighten and strengthen whenever and wherever we find the need, ever remembering that we are growing plants in the sunshine of God's love.—A Priest of the Mission.

ST. ANTHONY WORKS HIS CONVERSION.

A Protestant gentleman was once travelling through Italy. Like the majority of his co-religionists, he ridiculed the veneration shown to St. Anthony of Padua, and laughed at his miracles. A visit to the sanctuaries of Rome and the principal places of interest in the Peninsula only served to increase his contempt and derision. During his stay in Padua, he visited the church dedicated to St. Anthony. The walls inside are covered with votive offerings, and afford a striking testimony of the piety and gratitude of the people. The stranger looked on these votive offerings, read their inscriptions with eager curiosity.

Suddenly he felt his heart moved, and an interior voice called out to him: "Renounce your errors and become a Catholic." But he resisted the grace given him, and set out to Milan, with the intention of diverting his mind from the unwelcome thought. All in vain; for the interior voice sounded in his heart and rang in his ears day and night. The impression it made on his mind could not be effaced. Impelled by grace, he returned to Padua, publicly abjured his errors in the church dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua, and solemnly embraced the Catholic faith.

He subsequently published a book in Venice, wherein he relates the history of his conversion, and gives a brief exposition of the principal proofs of the truth of the Catholic Church. He thanked God for the remainder of his life for the great grace vouchsafed him through the blessed St. Anthony of Padua.

POWER AND STRENGTH OF CHARITY.

Once there was a little piece of iron, which looked very frail, but was really very strong. One after another had tried to break it, and failed.

"I'll master it," said the ax; and his blows fell heavily on the iron.

But every blow made his edge more blunt, until he ceased to strike.

"Leave it to me," said the saw, and with his relentless teeth worked backward and forward on its surface until they were all worn down; and broken, he fell aside.

"Ha, ha!" said the hammer, "I knew you wouldn't succeed. I'll show you the way."

But at the first fierce blow off flew his head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked the soft, small flame.

They all deplored the flame; but he curled gently around the iron, embraced it, and never left it until it melted under its treacherable influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution and the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil on their adversaries; but there is a power stronger than any of these: hard indeed is the heart that can resist love.—Ave Maria.

PRACTICE HEROIC VIRTUES.

It seems to me that some writers are disposed to lay under a cloud the amiable and tender qualities of Mary and of holy Christian women without dwelling sufficiently on the strong and robust points of their character. The Holy Scripture in one place pronounces a lengthened eulogy on woman. What does the Holy Ghost especially admire in her? Not her sweet and amiable temper or her gentle disposition, though these are possessed those qualities, for no woman is perfect without them. No; he admires her valor, courage, fortitude, and the sturdy virtues of self-reliance. He does not say: "Who shall find a gentle woman?" but rather: "Who shall find a valiant woman?" As things brought from afar and from the uttermost coasts of the price of her." It is only heroic virtues practised in an heroic degree, that the Church canonizes.—Cardinal Gibbon.

SPARING THE ROD.

The parent who flies to the rod to correct every trifling fault or misdemeanor, says the Ladies Home Journal will have no influence with her children when they are too old to be governed by force. A child should never be struck in anger. A box on the ear may rupture the membrane that forms the drum, and cause permanent deafness. A heavy blow may do mischief that years of repentance cannot undo. Punishment is for discipline, not for revenge. It is to teach the child to avoid evil and do right. It never should be a vent for the angry passions of the mother. Love, patience and firmness are the instruments she must use to mould her child's character. Punishment is a means to an end; let her pray for grace to use it wisely.



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HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER.

The room is in disorder. The mother stands upset, and the mischief to pay: And Johnny is screaming and howling as he is able.

For nothing goes right when mamma's away.

What a scene of discomfort and confusion home would be if mamma did not return. If your wife is slowly breaking down, from a combination of domestic cares and female disorders, make it your first business to restore her health. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is without a peer as a remedy for feeble and debilitated women, and is the only medicine for the class of maladies known as female diseases which is sold under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction, in every case, or the money will be refunded. It is a positive cure for the most complicated cases. It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, and a soothing and strengthening nerve, imparting tone and vigor to the whole system.

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