

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME 9.

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NICHOLAS WILSON & CO
136 Dundas Street,
Tailors and Gents' Furnishers.

**FINE AND
MEDIUM WOOLLENS
A SPECIALTY.**

INSPECTION INVITED.

**A VISIT TO AN IMPRISONED
PRIEST.**

Correspondence of United Ireland.

A visit to the imprisoned priest in Galway jail was not a bad preliminary to a visit to Woodford. Indeed, the meeting with his genial and high-souled young clergyman was something to rouse one's spirits from the depression into which they had been plunged. He was so serene and hopeful, although in durance vile, and had such a firm belief in his people. The fifty-six Woodford prisoners, too, cheerfully bearing the consequences of having made a famous stand for their homesteads, were a sign of the times that showed you the promising side of the shield, and prepared you for the gallant spirit which you were to discover later to be the prominent characteristics of the men of Woodford. A queer state of things, truly—a prisoner to whom the governor of the jail is as respectful as if he were his guest; whom the turnkeys who lock him up reverence; whom nobody in the world believes to be a disgrace to his cloth, fit only to wear the convict-gray, but a credit to the highest and holiest of professions. Father Fahy, brevity in hand, advances up a path in the custody of a warder, and, after a cordial greeting, we hold our chat in the governor's office (by special favor), the warder, of course, making a third party to the interview.

By a further act of special favor we were informed that the usual twenty minutes allowed a prisoner to see his friends would in our case be extended to half an hour. What a curious thing custom is! None of this seemed odd to me, though it was near five years since I had been inside of an Irish jail, and the interview had been spent in an atmosphere the most foreign in the world to this. The gold-laced chief warder seemed an old friend; the clanking bolts, the strip of prison garden under the tall gray wall, the whitewashed room, the half-furtive interview brought summarily to an end with a rattle of keys by the courteous but inexorable jailer, seemed experiences of every day that had been momentarily interrupted. So much for having been a constant visitor at half the jails in Ireland in those merry times when Foster was consul! Within the compass of our little half hour Father Fahy managed to tell me something about Woodford. All that he said I verified afterwards on the spot myself, and supplemented it with something further. He did not boast, what I, from my own observation, don't hesitate to declare, that wherever in Ireland is there a stronger, braver, more resolute, more resourceful, more alert, or altogether more effective national spirit than there is in Woodford.

All the world has heard of "Saunders' Fort," which it took four separate expeditions of the emergency army to capture. Twice were the invaders repulsed with loss. A third time they reconnoitred in force and retired. Finally they came with a thousand men advancing with lines of skirmishers from Portumna (the scouts of the garrison had amused themselves by spreading rumors of an extensive armed resistance); they brought scaling ladders, an army surgeon, and an ambulance train. Their advance was delayed for hours by felled trees and broken bridges. Saunders' Fort, flying its green flag from the chimney stack, greeted them, when they came, with boiling water, hives of bees, and such constitutional missiles as an ingenuity not quite Chinese could devise. It was taken in the end, of course, and fifty-six gallant fellows were marched off prisoners of war to Galway jail. But it cost the government £10,000, and the landlord has recovered no rent. Furthermore, on the six evicted farms the landlord has to keep up a staff of some eighteen or twenty hulking emergency men, who cost him on an average thirty-five shillings a week a piece. There were five on Saunders' farm, guarded by five policemen. Three of them were making believe to dig; two of them were fitting up a counter and a portable stove in the barn, which it is intended to make into a sort of general store for the supply of provisions and other necessities to the boycotters of the district. ("I don't associate with them," says one of the five policemen to me with dignity. "They had separate apartments and a separate mess, and I never exchange a word except on a matter of duty. They might come to tell us they were going down to the stream to draw water, and we'd escort them.") As for the men evicted, and the men imprisoned, in the words of an appeal that has been issued for a local subscription, "the example of the six will be followed, if needs be, by every tenant in Woodford, and hundreds have volunteered to replace the men now in Galway jail." The effect of Saunders' Fort upon the local landlords was instantaneous. On witnessing this sample of the earnestness of the people, several who had ejunctments pending capitulated without parley, accepting the reduction named by the tenants and demanding no law costs. I had not the least doubt that Woodford men will be as good as their word, if further sacrifices be needed. They feel they are in the forefront of the tenants' struggle, and with them lies the fate of their brothers throughout the country, and they are proud of their responsibility. But the most striking and significant thing about the whole business is the fact that all the action, and discipline, and the organization that have made

Woodford the Irishtown of 1886, are the result of purely local effort and local sentiment. The Woodfordians received no urging or suggestions from outside quarters.

It is needless to say that all the foregoing was not discussed with Father Fahy or our conscientious warder would have shut us up at an early stage. Father Fahy is of the opinion that many landlords will press for their full rents notwithstanding the Saunders' Fort lesson. The great hope of many is the extension of Lord Ashbourne's act hinted at by the government, and they think the higher they keep the rent, the higher will be the purchase figure when they come to sell. Even those who do give reductions do not like to give a clear receipt, but let the amount of the reduction be entered as arrears, so that the rent receipt may not be produced against them by and by as a confession under their own hand that their land had fallen in value.

Father Fahy has been released unconditionally from jail. It will be remembered that Father Fahy interceded with Agent Lewis, of the Clericard estates, in behalf of a number of tenants belonging to the priest's parish, in Woodford, and who were unable to pay their rents. Eviction was threatened and Father Fahy went to save them from being put into the roadway. Mr. Lewis treated the priest harshly, and as the latter left he said to Mr. Lewis:

"You are hard-hearted towards God's poor. May you repent of it."

Lewis at once had the priest arrested and charged him with threatening his life, even going so far as to declare that Father Fahy said he would have him murdered. The magistrate ordered him to give bail for good behaviour or go to jail. He refused to furnish bail, for the reason that it would be regarded as an admission that the charge against him was true. He was accordingly imprisoned.

The priest met with an ovation on his release.

THE IRISH ARCHBISHOP OF MELBOURNE.

London Universe, January 15.

On Sunday the Archbishop of Melbourne spoke his last words to a Galway audience, at least for a long time. His Grace attended at the rooms of the Young Ireland Society to be presented with an address. There was a large attendance, and on the arrival of His Grace there was loud applause.

Mr. Fords, president of the Young Ireland Society, read an address to His Grace.

His Grace, on rising to reply, was received with the greatest enthusiasm. He said: My stay in Galway has been prolonged longer than I intended or anticipated. In truth, as I had no doubt of the friendly feelings entertained for me by the devoted people of Galway or by any of the Galway associations, whether religious or political, I was anxious to leave without giving an opportunity for any further public expression of those feelings. But as I have received many addresses I was prompt in signifying my readiness to receive an address from the Galway Young Ireland Society (hear, hear). I am glad to observe that you recognize in my appointment to the See of Melbourne a fresh proof of the paternal

INTEREST THE HOLY FATHER HAS TAKEN IN IRELAND.

in her bishops, priests, and people from his accession to the chair of Peter (loud applause). No Irishman who has ever conversed with the Holy Father and who has witnessed the enthusiasm with which he speaks of the cause of Ireland could for a moment doubt the fulness of knowledge and the depth of feeling with which he refers to the *Insula sanctorum* (loud cheers). Efforts are made from time to time by English or anti-Irish authorities to misrepresent his views, but it is to be hoped that after the recently published many letter of His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin—(loud cheers for Dr. Walsh)—those who love to sow discord and to prophesy evil things will be, if not silenced, at least made to feel that truth will prevail (applause). It would be easy for me now, when I am retiring from the political conflict which in one form or another has been continued without cessation in Ireland since the Normans landed on our shores, to be vaillant in speech and loud in declamation—(applause)—but I have too much respect for you, and I have too much regard for my own character to go to-day one step beyond what I have repeated on various occasions.

WHILE I WAS BISHOP OF GALWAY. No one will deny the necessity or the utility of political organizations in a country situated as Ireland unfortunately has been for the last 700 years (loud applause). It is one of the incomprehensible truths of history, of the history of our connection with England, that a nation who is in her legislation for other dependencies conciliating in her policy, powerful in her vast resources, has never the wisdom or the prudence or the generosity to seek to conciliate Ireland. We know from bitter experience that it is only to the menace of angry agitation that any substantial concession has ever been made, and yet, it, there never were hearts more made to be loyal if our rulers would only recognize our rights and live with us on terms of equality and brotherhood. Your special aim is to restore to Ireland her legislative independence. In that aim I entirely sympathize with you. It is obvious that

UNTIL THE PORTALS OF OUR NATIONAL PARLIAMENT ARE AGAIN OPENED in College Green—(cheers)—there can be no peace, no union, no conciliation between the two countries; moreover, it is obvious that there will not be till there is a friendly feeling established between the different classes of our own countrymen. There is but one obstacle at present to

prevent this friendly feeling and common political action among all Irishmen except perhaps the rabid Orangemen of the North. That obstacle lies in the settlement of the land question. Gentlemen, I need not urge you while you are strong in the expression of your demands and resolute in your efforts to win back your national birthright, to discountenance any form of crime and to avoid every phase of disastrous disunion (cheers). You are no secret, illegal, or irreligious society—your aims are open and just. The means you will adopt will be sanctioned by God and blessed by His Church (applause). Victory is within view. Be just and fear not. Be tolerant and conciliatory—be strong but merciful. I leave you near the break of day (loud applause). I will, God willing, return in a few years to find the sun of Irish liberty mounting the morning sky, shedding light and heat, and peace and union and prosperity over a regenerated nation (loud and long-continued cheering.)

FATHER RYAN'S LECTURE.

"NEW FASHIONS AND OLD FOLLIES"—THE COURSE AT LOYOLA COLLEGE.

The winter course of lectures at Loyola College is especially attractive and interesting this season, and well deserves the ever increasing patronage and praise given by the most cultured society of Baltimore who attended the lectures.

The third lecture of the course was given in the college hall on Monday evening by the Rev. Father Ryan, S. J., pastor of St. Ignatius' Church. There was an excellent and representative audience, and the lecture was in every way worthy of the admirable winter course and of the appreciation it received from those present.

This lecture was so instructive and of such universal and practical application that we should wish to give it in full; but we have been able to secure only a short, yet, we think, a sufficiently correct synopsis. The subject was "New Fashions and Old Follies." After a few introductory and humorous remarks on some of the leading fashions of the day, the reverend lecturer said he would not dare to invade the realm of fashion over which the ladies ruled supreme, and especially so as he had heard that the ladies themselves intended to grapple the three great questions that now agitate the world of fashion, and had unanimously resolved to pull down or off the high crowned hats, to boycott high-heeled boots, and to vigorously sit down on the bustle.

But there are other fashions, the Rev. Father said, in which he claimed a right to speak—fashions that interest all, men and women, old and young, children and parents, teachers and pupils; fashions that exercise a perpetual and most potent influence on intellectual, moral, social and civil life and action; fashions that are being daily discussed in all our leading journals by our clearest thinkers and ablest writers, who see and know, as they read the signs of the times, that as these fashions are, so shall society be; that the present unrest and threatened social upheaval is mainly due to the latest literary, scientific, and religious fashions of the day. These are the fashions then of which he would speak, and he would endeavor to show that while they are a source of present danger, destruction, and ruin, they are after all only the renewal of very old follies.

Literary fashion is the dress of thought, scientific fashion is the dress of theory, and religious fashion is the dress of faith and worship, or the style of dress in all these three, according to two very good authorities, though of different schools—Cardinal Newman and Mr. Matthew Arnold. Literature is the best thought of the best minds and hearts expressed in the choicest, best, and most beautiful language. This is what literature essentially is; this is what it always should be; this is what, in the latest form and fashion, it most certainly is not. And not only is the latest literary fashion not the best thoughts of the best minds; its definition would seem to be the worst thoughts of the worst minds and hearts of the worst men and women.

The change seems severe; 'tis only too easy of proof, and first from the principles, the canons, the rules, and laws of this latest literary fashion. It seems to be a sort of fatal necessity that Paris should lead the fashion, so Paris gives three principles to rule the literary fashion of modern thought and modern times. These principles are: Teach men to do what they like, because they like it; to follow in all things the passions of their hearts; to satisfy the needs of the human breast—the *bete humaine*, as Zola puts it; and, all this, is attempted and only too successfully done by the latest literary fashion. Go into any great emporium of books in one of our large cities; take one of the news company's stores. See the books that are sent all over the country in millions. If not the covers, the very names are enough to show that these books are written to sell and to satisfy the passions of the *bete humaine*. It is a horrid thing to think of the mental and moral ruin these books spread around here. If fire, or famine, or fever, there would be a pity for those who should suffer; but because, though a thousand times worse than these, 'tis only the literary fashion of the day, the havoc that is done is scarcely thought of. The Christian's duty in the face of this danger, that has come perhaps farther than our doors, is first to defend his own. Christian parents would not permit men and women of evil fame and loose manners to come to their family parties. Why will they allow these same people the run of their house, admit them to private talks and walks with their children when they come in paper, cloth, or gilded covers? Baltimore Catholic society should do more than defend itself in this great battle for good. It should have the courage of its convictions, of its true Catholic culture. It should frown down these fashions, boycott bad books and bad papers, and let not custom, but their conscience, be the judge

of what is bad. But Catholic cultured Baltimore should know how to lead in the literary fashion, and show what true and good literature is. This can be done only by earnest work in the cause of sound, healthy, Catholic literature. It would be well for each to ask himself what he is really doing in this regard—how many Catholic papers and periodicals he takes? Does he take the *Dublin Review*, or the *Month*, or the *Catholic Quarterly*, or the *Catholic World*, or a Catholic weekly? All are well worth taking. Every Catholic family should have some. Can it ever happen that some Catholic families not only do not take any of these periodicals mentioned, but that their courage and zeal in this grand cause does not reach even our own excellent paper, the *Catholic Mirror*? This is plain, practical talk; it is best to be plain and practical in a question of such pressing importance. Our present Holy Father Leo XIII. is always ready to bless those who write and edit good books; he is also ready to bless those who buy and read them. The reverend lecturer next went on to show, with much eloquent reasoning and wealth of illustration and anecdote, that the new scientific fashions will not fit the facts as the dress of theory should, and that the latest religious fashions have no facts, have nothing, and no one to fit; that the noblest and truest thoughts are found clothed in the dress of *Dei*; that all the facts of man's nature, origin, and end are covered by the dress of divine philosophy, and that these, with the grand old ritual that surrounds an eternal reality, are to be had only from her who has all her fashions from Him who makes the clouds His garment and the rainbow His glory as He walks upon the wings of the wind!

Some choice and excellent music and singing were given by Mrs. Elder, Miss Rinn, and Miss Coffey, to all of whom the reverend lecturer paid a graceful compliment. The next lecture of this excellent course will be given on Monday, the 17th inst., by Mr. Austin J. O'Malley, S. J.

BEATIFICATION OF THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

London Universe, Jan. 15.

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has issued the following letter to the clergy of his diocese:

REV. AND DEAR FATHERS.—With great joy and thankfulness to Almighty God I am able to put in your hands the decree of the Holy See, dated on the Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury, our great martyr and patron, whereby, the fifty-four martyrs, who laid down their lives for the faith between 1535 and 1633, have been beatified. A feast with Mass and Office will be celebrated for the veneration of the faithful. The decree which I send you will be in English at all the Masses and services on Sunday next, and notice will be given that on the following Sunday a solemn act of thanksgiving to Almighty God, for this great consolation to the Church in England after the desolation of three hundred years, will be offered. The Most Holy Sacrament will be exposed from the High Mass till the evening Benediction, and the *Te Deum* will be said or sung after the High Mass and at the Benediction at eight. The Litany of the Saints also may be used at your discretion. In small churches and convent chapels these directions will be followed as far as possible.

We owe to the Divine head of the Church, for this act of love in glorifying our martyrs, a faithful imitation of their fidelity, their fervour, and their self-sacrifice for the faith, and as St. Stephen prayed for those who stoned him, we ought to pray that God will not lay the passion of His saints to the charge of this land and people.—Believe me, rev. and dear father, Yours affectionately in Jesus Christ, HENRY EDWARD, Cardinal Archbishop, Archbishop's House, Westminster, Octave day of St. Stephen, 1887.

FATHER CLARKE, S. J., ON THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

The solemn octave of the Epiphany has been observed with great splendour and devotion at St. Peter's Church, Hatton Garden. There has been High Mass each day and Vespers every evening, and during the octave, besides the fathers of the Pious Society of Missions, a Carmelite, Augustinian, Dominican, Passionist, Capuchin, and Servite have sung High Mass.

On Sunday Pontifical High Mass was sung by the Right Rev. Dr. Patterson, Bishop of Ely, and assistant clergy. The Rev. Father Crescitelli having read the letter from the Cardinal Archbishop and the decree of the Congregation of Sacred Rites confirming the honour given to the English Martyrs, the Rev. Father Clarke, S. J., said that Catholics in England were now able to rejoice in a privilege which this poor country had never before enjoyed since the days of the Reformation. The Holy Father had raised to the altars of the Church fifty-four of those who had laid down their lives for the faith. These fifty-four martyrs—whose names they had just heard read—had laid down their lives for the principle that we must obey God rather than man. That principle was for centuries a source of persecution to the Church. But at last there came a time when, at least in Europe, if there was not peace, there was a cessation of those cruelties. But the days grew evil again, and the so-called Reformation introduced fresh cruelties, and, as they knew, during the reign of Henry VIII. and of Queen Elizabeth hundreds of faithful Catholics were fined or put into prison and done to death because they would not acknowledge the King or Queen as head of the Catholic Church. This was what Henry VIII. asked, and what Sir Thomas More and Cardinal Fisher refused. If they had acknowledged that this headship of Christ's Mystical Body was vested in the civil Sovereign, they would not only have

been set free, but they would have been re-instated in glory and dignity. But they were faithful to the principle laid down by our Divine Master, and, as proved in their death, they were willing to endure any persecution rather than acknowledge the false principle that the things of this world were to be preferred before the things of God. And their example was followed by many holy priests and holy religious, and many holy women were to be counted among those who laid down their lives in those evil days. That spirit of persecution lived long, and it was to be found even in the present day, though in these days through God's mercy Catholics were not persecuted in England. Yet the Evil One was not inactive, and if they looked to France, or Germany, or Italy, they would not indeed find the cruel barbarities of former times, for the devil worked now a days in a more subtle way than formerly. His wiles were now employed to drive out the religious, and to impose laws by which the education of Christian children was made impossible. He was seeking to do in a more open manner what he had failed to do in a more open manner in the present day tyrants dare not have recourse to the rack or to the other instruments of torture of earlier times. If men were put to death for religion's sake, there would be a general outcry on the part of the whole civilized world, and so the Evil One went to work by seeking to rob the Church of her little children, and by banishing those whose crime it had been to bring them up in the fear and love of God. And this principle was not only the foundation and source of persecution of the Church, but it was also a source of her liberty. It was because the Catholic Church never admitted the superiority of the demands of the civil power or of the claims of human affection to the claims of God upon our allegiance that the Catholic Church was free. In England who was the slave, Sir Thomas More or Cardinal Fisher or Henry VIII? Was it not Henry VIII. who lived a slave to his own cruel lusts, and who stopped at neither murder nor adultery that he might indulge his passions and carry out his own wicked and unnatural purposes? Were they not free who rejoiced in the liberty of the Gospel, and who cared nothing for earthly honor so long as they obeyed God? And lastly, this liberty was the source of the greatness of the Catholic Church. All admired courage. Let them look in imagination to the Roman amphitheatre, and there they would see not only brave soldiers like St. Sebastian laying down their lives for the sake of Christ, but even women and little children submitting to every torture and enduring death rather than waver in their devotion to their Lord and Master. And thus they found that very seldom was there a martyrdom at which there were not heathen soldiers converted to the truth. They could not refuse their admiration to those who were willing to endure so much for the God they adored. The blood of martyrs was the seed of the Church, and that not only because God always blessed with some special benediction the soil, watered by those who had shed their blood in testimony of their devotion to Him, but because, even in the natural order, we could not help admiring those who laid down their lives for a principle. They might hope that in the present day the great event that they were going to celebrate next Sunday might be a source of a great movement in favour of the Catholic Church in this country. This raising of so many faithful and glorious English Catholics would not fail to attract the attention of those outside the Church. Even the godless newspapers allowed that there never had been so great or so noble a Chancellor of England as Sir Thomas More. The preacher concluded by exhorting his hearers to pray to the newly-beatified martyrs to intercede for this poor country, that she might be once more restored to the faith. He also reminded them though treated with great liberality Catholics still stood in great danger, and warned them to be ever on their guard lest they should lose one particle of that faith in defence of which those who had now been raised to the altar had laid down their lives.

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THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

From the English Catholic Directory for 1887, some interesting facts are gathered. Not long ago the Catholic body in England consisted of the families of a few nobles and baronets, a few county families, chiefly in the north and west, and a few thousands recruited mainly from Irish immigration. Since the date of Catholic emancipation there has been a steady increase in numbers and since 1850 there has been no longer any disguise as to the writings and prospects of the Catholic Church. In that year, England and Wales were mapped out into archdioceses and dioceses. In 1878 the same was done for Scotland. In England and Wales there are fifteen such dioceses, in Scotland, six. Half a century ago in England and Wales there were not more than 300 priests, with about sixty in Scotland. Now there are over 2,500 in all. The laity of course, have greatly increased, but not in the same proportion. There are forty Catholic peers, forty-eight baronets, and some sixteen members of the Queen's privy council in England and Ireland profess the same belief. Five Roman Catholic members sit for English constituencies. In regard to foreign parts it is stated that the archiepiscopal sees "of the Latin and Oriental Rite," amount to 172, and the bishops' sees, including those of suffragans, to 729 more. Including retired bishops and those who hold titular sees *in partibus* their total number is 1,187. The members of the Sacred College at Rome, when filled up, are seventy, but the numbers is seldom complete. At present there are six cardinal bishops, forty-five cardinal priests, and thirteen cardinal deacons. Among the last class figures the name of John Henry Newman, while the name of Manning stands six among the priests. The directory, which has reached its fiftieth annual

issue, is published under the auspices of Cardinal Manning.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A CARD.

To the Mayor and Corporation of the town of Perth:—

GENTLEMEN,—I beg to offer you my grateful acknowledgments for the flattering compliment you have paid me in re-electing me on last Monday evening for the third time since my advent to Perth, as a Trustee for our Collegiate Institute and a representative at our Board of Education, not merely of the Roman Catholic body of whom I am the Pastor, but in a wider sense of the whole Town of Perth. You are my witnesses, gentlemen, that I canvassed none of you for your support in the premises, although I had been assured by one who professed to know all about it, that your present Council would not elect me, yet I have the proud satisfaction to-day of knowing that I had rightly diagnosed the true Liberal sentiment of my Protestant fellow citizens, when I determined of my own mere motion to leave the question of my return to or rejection from our Board of Education, entirely in your hands. Gentlemen again I thank you, and I will simply ask you to accept my past record at the Board of Education, as an index of what my future course shall be so long as I may have the honor of a seat at the Board.

Yours truly,
VERY REV. DEAN O'CONNOR,
Perth, Feb. 2nd, 1887.

CHARITY CONCERT.—Our London readers will please bear in mind the Concert to be held in Victoria Hall on Wednesday, 16th inst., in aid of the poor. We hope there will be a large audience on the occasion, in order that the Children of Mary will be enabled to help many deserving poor during the winter. Seats may be reserved at Nordheimers.

The Irish-American Singer.

Baltimore, Jan. 22.—Miss Ellen Scanlan, a young singer of great promise, is going from this city to Italy next week to pursue her musical studies. Cardinal Gibbons will pay her expenses, as the young girl is poor, her father being a laborer in the employ of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The Cardinal is an intense lover of music. One Sunday, about a month ago, Miss Scanlan, who sang in a small chapel in the southern part of the city, was induced by Father Graf, organist at the Cathedral, to sing the "O Salutaris Hostia" while the Cardinal was on his throne at vespers. "The girl had never sung in the great Cathedral before, and as she is very young and modest, she consented only after much solicitation. At the opening words of the solo her voice was so low and fluttering that it could not be heard beyond the organ loft. When she reached the "Uni trinoque Domino," however, her voice came forth in all its sweet freshness and the members of the Cathedral congregation, although accustomed to good singing, raised their eyes from their prayer-books in surprise, and hardly a single one of them could refrain from gazing up at the choir. Even Cardinal Gibbons, who has seldom been known to turn his eyes from the altar, faced the organ loft directly and did not turn his eyes from the young singer till the last notes. After the service, everybody was inquiring the name of the singer and praising her. Cardinal Gibbons found out the girl's name, the poverty of her family and the necessity which compelled her to work in a cigarette factory. The generous prelate then sent for her, and offered to pay her expenses in studying music in Italy. She consented, of course, and soon she will be among the students at the Florence Conservatory.

One Name Sufficient.

"Give your daughters but one name in baptism," cried out a thoughtful clergyman once, "and she ought to be perfectly content with that."

This brings us to speak of a custom coming only too much into vogue, of dropping the good, old-fashioned English terminations of female Christian names, and adopting the "ie" termination, in imitation probably of the French. Hence our Julie, Sallie, Caddie, Mattie, Pollie, Lucie, Mamie, Nellie, Katie, and most to be deplored of all, Marie.

This "Marie" is a corruption of Mary, the sweetest of all female names. It is derived from the Hebrew, and signifies "exalted." The Magnificat will show the great exaltation of Mary, the Blessed Virgin, who was mother of the Son of God made man. In all ages since her time the name Mary has been conceded to be the most exalted, and in pious Catholic families it is almost always preferred for a daughter.

Let the great name of Mary, therefore, continue to be preferred. It is not only endeared to us by religion; it has ever been a favorite name with the poets.

But we return to the "ie" movement. We hope our fair friends will be content with the actual plain, old-fashioned names given them at the sacred font. And let them not only eschew modern innovation, or rather affectation, in their names, but let them also learn to love the old, robust habits and trains of thought, taste and feeling prevalent in the days of their mothers and grandmothers. Let each be content with one name; and the best of all is the name of Mary.—*Catholic Columbian.*

P. M. K., ARTHUR.—Municipal Councils have no authority under the School Act to issue debentures for school purposes. All the borrowing powers applicable to Separate Schools are contained in section 59 of the Separate School Act of last session.

Don de A. N. C.

BEN HUR; OR, THE DAYS OF THE MESSIAH. BOOK FOURTH.

CHAPTER IX. CONTINUED.

"Oh yes, they will be of ample splendour. The prefect is rich, and could afford to lose his place; yet, as is the way with successful men, his love of riches is nowise diminished; and to gain a friend at court, if nothing more, he must make ado for the Consul Maxentius, who is coming hither to make final preparations for a campaign against the Parthians. The money there is in the preparations the citizens of Antioch know from experience; so they have had permission to join the prefect in the honours intended for the great man. A month ago heralds went to the four quarters to proclaim the opening of the Circus for the celebration. The name of the prefect would be of itself good guarantee of variety and magnificence, particularly throughout the East; but when to his promises Antioch joins hers, all the islands and the cities by the sea stand assured of the extraordinary, and will be here in person or by their most famous professionals. The fees offered are royal.

"And the Circus—I have heard it is second only to the Maximus." "At Rome, you mean. Well, ours seats two hundred thousand people, yours seats seventy-five thousand more; yours is of marble, so is ours; in arrangement they are exactly the same."

"Are the rules the same?" "Malluch smiled. "If Antioch dared be original, son of Arrtus, Rome would not be the mistress she is. The laws of the Circus Maximus govern except in one particular: there but four chariots may start at once, here all start without reference to number."

"That is the practice of the Greeks," said Ben-Hur. "Yes, Antioch is more Greek than Roman."

"So then, Malluch, I may choose my own chariot?" "Your own chariot and horses. There is no restriction upon either."

While replying, Malluch observed the thoughtful look on Ben-Hur's face give place to one of satisfaction. "One thing more now, O Malluch. When will the celebration be?"

"Ah! your pardon," the other answered. "To-morrow—and the next day," he said, counting aloud, "then, to speak in the Roman style, if the sea-gods be propitious, the consul arrives. Yes, the sixth day from this we have the games."

"The time is short, Malluch, but it is enough." The last words were spoken decisively. "By the prophets of our old Israel! I will take to the reins again. Stay! a condition; is there assurance that Messala will be a competitor?"

Malluch saw now the plan, and all its opportunities for the humiliation of the Roman; and he had not been true descendant of Jacob, with all his interest awakened, he had not rushed to a consideration of the chances. His voice actually trembled as he said, "Have you the practice?"

"Fear not, my friend. The winners in the Circus Maximus have held their crowns these three years at my will. Ask them—ask the best of them, and they will tell you so. In the last great games the emperor himself offered me his patronage if I would take his horses in hand and run them against the entries of the world."

"But you did not?" "Malluch spoke eagerly. "I—I am a Jew!" Ben-Hur seemed shrinking within himself as he spoke—"and, though I wear a Roman name, I dare not do professionally a thing to sully my father's name in the cloisters and courts of the Temple. In the palaestra I could indulge practice which, if followed into the Circus, would become an abomination; and if I take to the course here, Malluch, I swear it will not be for the prize or the winner's fee."

"Hold—swear not so!" cried Malluch. "The fee is ten thousand sesterterii—a fortune for life!"

"Not for me, though the prefect trebled it fifty times. Better than that, better than all the imperial revenues from the first year of the first Cæsar—I will make this race to humble my enemy. Vengeance is permitted by the law."

Malluch smiled and nodded as if saying, "Right, right—trust me a Jew to understand a Jew."

"The Messala will drive," he said directly. "He is committed to the race in many ways—by publication in the streets, and in the baths and theatres, the palace and barracks; and, to fix him past retreat, his name is on the tablets of every young spendthrift in Antioch."

"In wager, Malluch?" "Yes, in wager; and every day he comes ostentatiously to practice, as you saw him."

"Ah! and that is the chariot, and those the horses, with which he will make the race? Thank you, thank you, Malluch! You have served me well already. I am satisfied. Now be my guide to the Orchard of Palms, and give me introduction to Sheikh Ilderim the Generous."

"To-day. His horses may be engaged to-morrow."

"You like them, then?" "Ben-Hur answered with animation. "I saw them from the stand an instant only, for Messala then drove up, and I might not look at anything else; yet I recognized them as of the blood which is the wonder as well as the glory of the deserts. I never saw the kind before, except in the stables of Cæsar; but once seen, they are always to be known. To-morrow, upon meeting, I will know you, Malluch, though you do not so much as salute me; I will know you by your face, by your form, by your manner; and by the same signs I will know them, and with the same certainty. If all that is said of them be true, and I can bring their spirit under control of mine, I can—"

"Win the sesterterii!" said Malluch, laughing. "No," answered Ben-Hur as quickly. "I will do what better becomes a man born to the heritage of Jacob—I will humble mine enemy in a most public place. But," he added impatiently, "we are losing

time. How can we most quickly reach the tent of the sheik?"

Malluch took a moment for reflection. "It is best we go straight to the village, which is fortunately near by; if two swift camels are to be had for hire there, we will be on the road but an hour."

"Let us about it, then." "The village was an assemblage of palaces in beautiful gardens, interspersed with khans of princely sort. Dromedaries were happily secured, and upon them the journey to the famous Orchard of Palms was begun."

CHAPTER X. THE ORCHARD OF PALMS.

Beyond the village the country was undulating and cultivated; in fact, it was the garden-land of Antioch, with not a foot lost to labour. The steep faces of the hills were terraced; even the hedges were brighter of the trailing vines which, besides the lure of shade, offered passers-by sweet promises of wine to come, and grapes in clustered purple ripeness. Over melon-patches, and through apricot and fig tree groves, and groves of oranges and limes, the whitewashed houses of the farmers were seen; and everywhere Plenty, the smiling daughter of Peace, gave notice by her thousand signs that she was at home, making the generous traveller merry at heart, until he was even disposed to give Rome her dues. Occasionally, also, views were had of Taurus and Lebanon, between which, a separating line of silver, the Orontes placidly pursued its way.

In course of their journey the friends came to the river, which they followed with the windings of the road, now over bold bluffs, and then into vales, all alike allotted for country-seats; and if the land was in full foliage of oak and sycamore and myrtle, and bay and arbutus, and perfuming jasmine, the river was bright with slanted sunlight, which would have slept where it fell but for ships in endless procession, gliding with the current, tacking for the wind, or bounding under the impulse of oars—some coming, some going, and all suggestive of the sea, and distant peoples, and things coveted on account of their rarity. To the fancy there is nothing so winsome as a white sail seaward blown, unless it be a white sail homeward bound, its voyage happily done. And down the shore the friends went continuously till they came to a lake fed by back-water from the river, clear, deep, and without current. An old palm-tree dominated the angle of the inlet; turning to the left at the foot of the tree, Malluch clapped his hands and shouted:

"Look, look! The Orchard of Palms!" "The scene was nowhere else to be found unless in the favoured oases of Arabia or the Ptolemaean farms along the Nile; and to sustain a sensation new as it was delightful, Ben-Hur was admitted into a tract of land apparently without limit and level as a floor. All under foot was fresh grass, in Syria the rarest and most beautiful production of the soil; if he looked up, it was to see the sky palely blue through the groinery of countless date-bearers, very patriarchs of their kind, so numerous and old, and of such mighty girth, so tall, so serried, so wide of branch, each branch so perfect with fronds, plummy and wax-like and brilliant, they seemed enchanters enchanted. Here was the grass colouring the very atmosphere; there the lake, cool and clear, rippling but a few feet under the surface, and helping the trees to their long life in old age. Did the Grove of Daphne excel this one? And the palms, as if they knew Ben-Hur's thought, and would win him after a way of their own, seemed, as he passed under their arches, to stir and sprinkle him with dewy coolness."

The road wound in close parallelism with the shore of the lake, and when it carried the travellers down to the water's edge, there was always on that side a shining expanse limited not far off by the opposite shore, on which, as on this one, no tree but the palm was permitted.

"See that," said Malluch, pointing to a giant of the place. "Each ring upon its trunk marks a year of its life. Count them from root to branch, and if the sheik tells you the grove was planted before the Seleucids were heard of in Antioch, do not doubt him."

One may not look at a perfect palm-tree but that, with a subtlety all its own, it assumes a presence for itself, and makes a poet of the beholder. This is the explanation of the honours it has received, beginning with the artists of the first things, who could find no form in all the earth to serve them so well as a model for the pillars of their palaces and temples; and for the same reason Ben-Hur was moved to say:

"As I saw him at the stand to-day, good Malluch, Sheikh Ilderim appeared to be a very common man. The rabbin in Jerusalem would look down upon him, I fear, as a son of a dog of Edom. How came he in possession of the Orchard? And how has he been able to hold it against the greed of Roman governors?"

"If blood derives excellence from time, son of Arrtus, then is old Ilderim a man, though he be an uncircumcised Edomite," Malluch spoke warmly. "All his fathers before him were sheiks. One of them—I shall not say when he lived or did the good deed—once helped a king who was being hunted with swords. The story says he loaned him a thousand horsemen, who knew the paths of the wilderness and his hiding-places as shepherds know the scant hills they inhabit with their flocks; and they carried him here and there until the opportunity came, and then with their spears they slew the enemy, and set him upon his throne again. And the king, it is said, remembered the service, and brought the son of the Desert to this place, and bade him set up his tent and bring his family and his herds, for the lake and trees, and all the land from the river to the nearest mountains, were his and his children's for ever. And they have never been disturbed in the possession. The rulers succeeding have found it policy to keep good terms with the tribe, to whom the Lord has given increase of men and horses, and camels and riches, making them masters of many highways between cities; so that it is with them any time they please to say to commerce, 'Go in peace,' or 'Stop,' and what they say shall be done. Even the prefect in the citadel overlooking Antioch thinks it a happy day with him when Ilderim, surnamed the Generous on account of good deeds done to all manner of men, with his wives

and children, and his trains of camels and horses and his belongings of sheik, moving as our fathers Abraham and Jacob moved, comes up to exchange briefly his bitter wells for the pleasantness you see about us."

"How is it then?" said Ben-Hur, who had been listening unmindful of the slow gait of the dromedaries. "I saw the sheik tear his beard while he cursed himself that he had put trust in a Roman. Cæsar, had he heard him, might have said, 'I like not such a friend as this; put him away.'"

"It would be but shrewd judgment," Malluch replied, smiling. "Ilderim is not a lover of Rome; he has a grievance. Three years ago the Parthians rode across the road from Bozra to Damascus, and fell upon a caravan laden, among other things, with the incoming tax-returns of a district over that way. They slew every creature taken, which the censors in Rome could have forgiven if the imperial treasure had been spared and forwarded. The farmers of the taxes, being chargeable with the loss, complained to Cæsar, and Cæsar held Herod to payment, and Herod on his part seized property of Ilderim, whom he charged with treasonable neglect of duty. The sheik appealed to Cæsar, and Cæsar has made him such answer as might be looked for from the unwinking sphinx. The old man's heart has been aching sore ever since, and he nurses his wrath, and takes pleasure in its daily growth."

"He can do nothing, Malluch." "Well," said Malluch, "that involves another explanation, which I will give you, if we can draw nearer. But see!—the hospitality of the sheik begins early—the children are speaking to you."

The dromedaries stopped, and Ben-Hur took down upon some little girls of the Syrian peasant class, who were offering him their baskets filled with dates. The fruit was freshly gathered, and not to be refused; he stooped and took it, and as he did so a man in the tree by which they were halted cried, "Peace to you, and welcome!"

Their thanks said to the children, the friends moved on at such gait as the animals chose.

"You must know," Malluch continued, pausing now and then to dispose of a date, "that the merchant Simonides gives me his confidence, and sometimes flatters me by taking me into council; and as I attend him at his house, I have made acquaintance with many of his friends, who, knowing my footing with the host, talk to him freely in my presence. In that way I became somewhat intimate with Sheikh Ilderim."

For a moment Ben-Hur's attention wandered. Before his mind's eye there arose the image, pure, gentle and appealing, of Esther, the merchant's daughter. Her dark eyes bright with the peculiar Jewish lustre met his in modest gaze; he heard her step as when she approached him with the wine, and her voice as she tendered him the cup; and he acknowledged to himself again all the sympathy she manifested for him, and manifested so plainly that words were unnecessary, and so sweetly that words would have been but a detraction. The vision was exceedingly pleasant, but upon his turning to Malluch it flew away.

"A few weeks ago," said Malluch, continuing, "the old Arab called on Simonides, and found me present. I observed he seemed much moved about something, and, in deference, offered to withdraw, but he himself forbade me. 'As you are an Israelite,' he said, 'stay for I have a strange story to tell.' The emphasis on the word Israelite excited my curiosity. I remained, and this is in substance his story—I cut it short because we are drawing nigh the tent, and I leave the details to the good man himself. A good many years ago, three men called at Ilderim's tent out in the wilderness. They were all foreigners, a Hindoo, a Greek, and an Egyptian; and they had come on camels, the largest he had ever seen, and all white. He welcomed them, and gave them rest. Next morning they arose and prayed a prayer new to the sheik—a prayer addressed to God and His son—this with much mystery besides. After breaking fast with him, the Egyptian told who they were, and whence they had come. Each had seen a star, out of which a voice had bidden them go to Jerusalem and ask, 'Where is He that is born King of the Jews?' They obeyed. From Jerusalem they were led by a star to Bethlehem, where in a cave they found a child newly born, which they fell down and worshipped; and after worshipping it, and giving it costly presents, and bearing witness of what it was, they took to their camels, and fled without pause to the sheik, because if Herod—meaning him surnamed the Great—could lay hands upon them, he would certainly kill them. And, faithful to his habit, the sheik took care of them, and kept them concealed for a year, when they departed, leaving with him gifts of great value, and each going a separate way."

"It is, indeed, a most wonderful story," Ben-Hur exclaimed at its conclusion. "What did you say they were to ask at Jerusalem?"

"They were to ask, 'Where is He that is born King of the Jews?'" "Was that all?"

"There was more to the question, but I cannot recall it."

"And they found the Child?" "Yes, and worshipped Him."

"It is a miracle, Malluch." "Ilderim is a grave man, though excitable as all Arabs are. A lie on his tongue is impossible."

Malluch spoke positively. Thereupon the dromedaries were forgotten, and, quite as unmindful of their riders, they turned off the road to the growing grass.

"Has Ilderim nothing more of the three men?" asked Ben-Hur. "What became of them?"

"Ah, yes, that was the cause of his coming to Simonides the day of which I was speaking. Only the night before that day the Egyptian reappeared to him."

"Here at the door of the tent to which we are coming?" "How knew he the man?" "As you knew the horses to-day—by face and manner."

"By nothing else?" "He rode the same great white camel, and gave him the same name—Balthasar, the Egyptian."

"It is a wonder of the Lord's!" Ben-Hur spoke with excitement.

And Malluch, wondering, asked, "Why so?" "Balthasar, you said?" "Yes, Balthasar, the Egyptian."

"That was the name the old man gave us at the fountain to-day." "Then, at the reminder, Malluch became excited.

"It is true," he said; "and the camel was the same—and you saved the man's life." "And the woman," said Ben-Hur, like one speaking to himself—"the woman was his daughter."

He fell to thinking; and even the reader will say he was having a vision of the woman, and that it was more welcome than that of Esther, if only because it stayed longer with him; but no—

"Tell me again," he said presently. "Were the three to ask, 'Where is He that is to be King of the Jews?'"

"Not exactly. The words were born to be King of the Jews. Those were the words as the old sheik caught them first in the desert, and he has ever since been waiting the coming of the King; nor can any one shake his faith that He will come."

"How—as King?" "Yes, and bringing the doom of Rome so says the sheik."

Ben-Hur kept silent awhile, thinking and trying to control his feelings. "The old man is some of many millions," he said slowly—"one of many millions each with a wrong to avenge; and this strange faith, Malluch, is bread and wine to his hope; for who but Herod may be King of the Jews while Rome endures? But, following the story, did you hear what Simonides said to him?"

"If Ilderim is a grave man, Simonides is a wise one," Malluch replied. "I listened, and he said—'But hark! Some one comes overtaking us.'"

The noise grew louder, until presently they heard the rumble of wheels mixed with the beating of horse-hoofs—a moment later Sheikh Ilderim himself appeared on horseback, followed by a train, among which were the four wine-red Arabs drawing the chariot. The sheik's chin, in its muffling of long white beard, was drooped upon his breast. Our friends had not travelled him; but at sight of them, he raised his head, and spoke kindly.

"Peace to you!—Ah, my friend Malluch! Welcome! And tell me you are not going, but just come; that you have something for me from the good Simonides—may the Lord of his fathers keep him in life for many years to come! Ay, take up the straps, both of you, and follow me. I have bread and leben, or, if you prefer it, arrack, and the flesh of young kid. Come!"

They followed after him to the door of the tent, in which, when they were dismounted, he stood to receive them, holding a platter with three cups filled with creamy liquor just drawn from a great smoke stained skin bottle, pendant from the central post.

"Drink," he said heartily, "drink, for this is the fear-naught of the tent-men." They each took a cup, and drank till the foam remained.

"Enter now, in God's name." And when they were gone in, Malluch took the sheik aside, and spoke to him privately; after which he went to Ben-Hur and excused himself.

"I have told the sheik about you, and he will give you the trial of his horses in the morning. He is your friend. Having done for you all I can, you must do the rest, and let me return to Antioch. There is one there who has my promise to meet him to-night. I have no choice but to go. I will come back to-morrow prepared, if all goes well in the meantime, to stay with you until the games are over."

With blessings given and received, Malluch set out in return.

CHAPTER XI. MALLUCH'S REPORT.

What time the lower horn of a new moon touched the castellated piles on Mount Sulpius, and two-thirds of the people of Antioch were out on their households comforting themselves with the night breeze when it blew, and with fans when it failed, Simonides sat in the chair which had come to be a part of him, and from the terrace looked down over the river, and his ships a swing at their moorings. The wall at his back cast its shadow broadly over the water to the opposite shore. Above him the endless tramp upon the bridge went on. Esther was holding a plate for him containing his frugal supper—some wheaten cakes light as wafers, some honey, and a bowl of milk, into which he now and then dipped the wafers after dipping them into the honey.

"Malluch is a leggard to-night," he said, showing where his thoughts were. "Do you believe he will come?" Esther asked.

"Unless he has taken to the sea or the desert, and is yet following on, he will come."

Simonides spoke with quiet confidence. "He may write," she said. "Not so, Esther. He would have despatched a letter when he found he could not return, and told me so; because I have not received such a letter, I know he can come, and will."

"I hope so," she said very softly. Something in the utterance attracted his attention; it might have been the tone, it might have been the wish. The smallest bird cannot light upon the greatest tree without sending a shock to its most distant fibre; every mind is at times no less sensitive to the most trifling words.

"You wish him to come, Esther?" he asked. "Yes," she said, lifting her eyes to his. "Why? Can you tell me?" he persisted.

"Because"—she hesitated, then began again—"because the young man is"—The stop was full. "Our master. Is that the word?" "Yes."

"And you still think I should not suffer him to go away without telling him to come, if he chooses, and take us—and all we have—all, Esther—the goods, the shekels, the ships, the slaves, and the mighty credit, which is a mantle of cloth of gold and finest silver spun for me by the greatest of the angels of men—Success."

when it comes out from behind the clouds through which we at first see it darkly—never—not even the rack. I suppose it will be so with death. And by that philosophy the slavery to which we are going must afterwards become sweet. It pleases me even now to think what a favoured man our master is. The fortune cost him nothing—not an anxiety, not a drop of sweat, not so much as a thought; it attaches to him undreamed of, and in his youth. And, Esther, let me waste a little vanity with the reflection; he gets what he could not go into the market and buy with all the pelf in a sum—these, my child, my darling; thou blossom from the tomb of my lost Rachel!"

He drew her to him, and kissed her twice—once for herself, once for her mother.

"Say not so," she said, when his hand fell from her neck. "Let us think better of him; he knows what sorrow is, and will set us free."

"Ah, thy instincts are fine, Esther; and thou knowest I lean upon them in doubtful cases where good or bad is to be pronounced of a person standing before thee as he stood this morning. But—but—his voice rose and hardened—"these limbs upon which I cannot stand—this body drawn and beaten out of human shape—they are not all I bring him of myself. Oh no, no! I bring him a soul which has triumphed over torture and Roman malice keener than any torture—I bring him a mind which has eyes to see gold at a distance farther than the ships of Solomon sailed, and power to bring it to hand—ay, Esther, into my palm here for the fingers to grip and keep it take wings at some other's word—a mind skilled at scheming—"

he stopped and laughed—"Why, Esther, before the new moon which in the courts of the Temple on the Holy Hill they are this moment celebrating passes into its next quartering I could ring the world so as to startle even Cæsar; for know you, child, I have that faculty which is better than any one sense, better than a perfect body, better than courage and will, better than experience, ordinarily the best product of the longest lives—the faculty divinest of men, but which"—he stopped, and laughed again, not bitterly, but with real zest—"but which even the great do not sufficiently account, while with the herd it is a non-existent—the faculty of drawing men to my purpose and holding them faithfully to its achievement, by which, as against things to be done, I multiply myself into hundreds and thousands. So the captains of my ships plough the seas, and bring me honest returns; so Malluch follows the youth, our master, and will"—just then a footstep was heard upon the terrace—"Ha, Esther! I said I do not so? He is here—and we will have tidings. For thy sake, sweet child—my lily just budded—I pray the Lord God, who has not forgotten His wandering sheep of Israel, that they be good and comforting. Now we will know if he will let thee go with all thy beauty and me with all my faculties."

Malluch came to the chair. "Peace to you, good master," he said with a low obeisance—"and to you, Esther, most excellent of daughters."

He stood before them deferentially, and the attitude and the address left it difficult to define his relation to them; the one was that of a servant, the other indicated the familiar and friend. On the other side, Simonides, as was his habit in business, after answering the salutations went straight to the subject.

"What of the young man, Malluch?" "The events of the day were told quietly and in the simplest words, and until he was through there was no interruption; nor did the listener in the chair so much as move a hand during the narration; but for his eyes, wide open and bright, and an occasional long-drawn breath, he might have been accounted an effigy."

"Thank you, thank you, Malluch," he said heartily at the conclusion; "you have done well—no one could have done better. Now what say you of the young man's nationality?"

"He is an Israelite, good master, and of the tribe of Judah."

"You are positive?" "Very positive."

"He appears to have told you but little of his life."

"He has somewhere learned to be prudent. I might call him distrustful. He baffled all my attempts upon his confidence until we started from the Castilian fount going to the village of Daphne."

"A place of abomination! Why went he there?"

"I would say from curiosity, the first motive of the many who go; but, very strangely, he took no interest in the things he saw. Of the Temple, he merely asked if it were Grecian. Good master, the young man has a trouble of mind from which he would hide, and he went to the Grove, I think, as we go to sepulchres with our dead—went to bury it."

"That were well, if so," Simonides said in a low voice; then louder, "Malluch, the curse of the time is prodigality. The poor make themselves poorer as apes of the rich, and the merely rich carry themselves like princes. Saw you signs of the weakness in the youth? Did he display moneys—coin of Rome or Israel?"

"None, none, good master."

"Sparely, Malluch, where there are so many inducements to folly—so much, I mean, to eat and drink—surely he made you generous offer of some sort. His age, if nothing more, would warrant that much."

He neither ate nor drank in my company."

"In what he said or did, Malluch, could you in anywise detect his master-idea? You know they peep through cracks close enough to stop the wind."

"Give me to understand you," said Malluch in doubt.

"Well, you know we nor speak nor act, much less decide grave questions concerning ourselves, except we be driven by a motive. In that respect, what made you of him?"

"As to that, Master Simonides, I can answer with much assurance. He is devoted to finding his mother and sister—that first. Then he has a grievance against Rome; and as the Messala of whom I told you had something to do with the wrong, the great present object is to humiliate him. The meeting at the fountain furnished an opportunity, but it was put aside as not sufficiently public."

"The Messala is influential," said Simonides thoughtfully.

"Yes; but the next meeting will be in the Circus."

"Well—and then?" "The sun of Arrtus will win."

"How know you?" "Malluch smiled. "I am amused by what he says."

"Is that all?" "No; there is a much better sign—his spirit."

"Ay; but, Malluch, his idea of vengeance—what is its scope? Does he limit it to the few who did him the wrong, or does he take in the many? And more—is his feeling but the vagary of a sensitive boy, or has it the reasoning of suffering manhood to give it endurance? You know, Malluch, the vengeful thought that has root merely in the mind is but a dream of idler sort which one clear day will dissipate; while revenge the passion is a disease of the heart which climbs up, up to the brain, and feeds itself on both alike."

In this question, Simonides for the first time showed signs of feeling; he spoke with rapid utterance, and with clenched hands and the eagerness of a man illustrating the disease he described.

"Good, my master," Malluch replied, "one of my reasons for believing the young man a Jew is the intensity of his hate. It was plain to me he had himself under watch, as was natural, seeing how long he has lived in an atmosphere of Roman jealousy; yet I saw it blaze—once when he wanted to know Ilderim's feeling towards Rome, and again when I told him the story of the sheik and the wise man, and spoke of the question, 'Where is He that is born King of the Jews?'"

Simonides leaned forward quickly. "Ah, Malluch, his words—give me his words; let me judge the impression the mystery made upon him."

"He wanted to know the exact words. Were they to be born to be? It appeared he was struck by a seeming difference in the effect of the two phrases."

Simonides settled back into his pose of listening judge.

"Then," said Malluch, "I told him Ilderim's view of the mystery—that the King would come with the doom of Rome. The young man's blood rose over his cheeks and forehead, and he said earnestly, 'Who but a Herod can be king while Rome endures?'"

"Meaning what?" "That the empire must be destroyed before there could be another ruler."

Simonides gazed for a time at the ships and their shadows slowly swinging together in the river; when he looked up, it was to end the interview.

"Enough, Malluch," he said. "Get you to eat, and make ready to return to the Orchard of Palms; you must help the young man in his coming trial. Come to me in the morning. I will send a letter to Ilderim." Then in an undertone, as if to himself, he added, "I may attend the Circus myself."

When Malluch after the customary benediction given and received was gone, Simonides took a deep draught of milk, and seemed refreshed and easy of mind.

"Put the meal down," Esther, he said; "it is over."

She obeyed.

"Here now."

She resumed her place upon the arm of the chair close to him.

"God is good to me, very good," he said fervently. "His habit is to move in mystery, yet sometimes He reveals to us to think we see and understand Him. I am old, dear, and must go; but now, in this eleventh hour, when my hope was beginning to die, He sends me this one with a promise, and I am lifted up. I see the way to a great part in a circumstance itself so great that it shall be as a new birth to the whole world. And I see a reason for the gift of my great riches, and the end for which they were designed. Verily, my child, I take hold on life anew."

Esther nestled closer to him, as if to bring his thoughts from their far-flying.

"The King has been born," he continued, "imagining he was still speaking to her, and He must be near the half of common life. Balthasar says He was a Child on His mother's lap when he saw Him, and gave Him presents and worship; and Ilderim holds it was twenty-seven years ago last December when Balthasar and his companions came to his tent asking a hiding-place from Herod. Therefore the coming cannot now be long delayed. To-night—to-morrow it may be. Holy fathers of Israel, what happiness in the thought! I seem to hear the crash of the falling of old walls and the clamour of a universal change—ay, and for the uttermost joy of men the earth opens to take Rome in, and they look up and laugh and sing that she is not, while we are; then he laughed at himself. "Why, Esther, heard you ever the like? Surely I have on me the passion of a singer, the heat of blood and the thrill of Miriam and David. In my thoughts, which should be those of a plain worker in figures and facts, there is a confusion of cymbals clashing and harp-strings loud beaten, and the voices of a multitude standing around a new-risen throne. I will put the thinking by for the present; only, dear, when the King comes He will need money and men, for as He was a Child born of woman He will be but a man after all, bound to human ways as you and I are. And for the money He will have need of getters and keepers, and for the men leaders. There, there! See you not a broad road for my walking, and the running of the youth our master?—and at the end of it glory and revenge for us both?—and—"

he paused, struck with the selfishness of a scheme in which she had no part or good result, then added, kissing her, "And happiness for thy mother's child."

She sat still, saying nothing. Then he

tion: and again his eyes fell upon the river, where the shadows were more shadowy than ever, since the moon had sunk far down behind Sulpis, leaving the city to the ineffable stars. Shall we say it, reader? He was touched by a twinge of jealousy. If she should really love the young master! Oh no! That could not be; she was too young. But the idea had fast grip, and directly held him still and cold. She was sixteen. He knew it well. On the last natal day he had gone with her to the shipyard where there was a launch, and the yellow flag which the galley bore to its bridal with the waves had on it "Esther;" so they celebrated the day together. Yet the fact struck him now with the force of a surprise. There are realizations which come to us all painfully, mostly, however, such as pertain to ourselves; that we are growing old, for instance; and, more terrible, that we must die. Such a one crept into his heart, shadowy as the shadows, yet substantial enough to wring from him a sigh which was almost a groan. It was not sufficient that she should enter upon her young womanhood a servant, but she must carry to her master her affections, the truth and tenderness and delicacy of which he the father so well knew, because to this time they had all been his own undividedly. The fiend whose task it is to torture us with fears and bitter thoughts seldom does his work by halves. In the pang of the moment, the brave old man lost sight of his new scheme, and of the miraculous king its subject. By a mighty effort, however, he controlled himself, and asked calmly, "Not go into the Circus, Esther? Why, child?"

"It is not a place for a son of Israel, father."

"Rabbinical, rabbinical, Esther! Is that all?"

The tone of the inquiry was searching, and went to her heart, which began to beat loudly—so loudly she could not answer. A confusion new and strangely pleasant fell upon her.

"The young man is to have the fortune," he said, taking her hand, and speaking more tenderly; "he is to have the ships and the shekels—all, Esther, all. Yet I did not feel poor, for thou wert left me, and thy love so like the dead Rachel's. Tell me, is he to have that too?"

She bent over him, and laid her cheek against his head.

"Speak, Esther. I will be the stronger of the knowledge. In warning there is strength."

She sat up then, and spoke as if she were Truth's holy self.

"Comfort thee, father. I will never leave thee; though he take my love, I will be thy handmaid ever as now."

And, stooping, she kissed him.

"And more," she said, continuing; "he is comely in my sight, and the pleading of his voice drew me to him, and I shudder to think of him in danger. Yes, father, I would be more than glad to see him again. Still, the love that is unrequited cannot be perfect love, wherefore I will wait a time, remembering I am thy daughter and my mother's."

"A very blessing of the Lord art thou, Esther! A blessing to keep me rich, though all else be lost. And by His holy name and everlasting life, I swear thou shalt not suffer."

At his request, a little later, the servant came and rolled the chair into the room, where he sat for a time thinking of the coming of the king, while she went off and slept the sleep of the innocent.

TO BE CONTINUED.

An Atheist's Death.

By one of those singular coincidences which will happen despite the sneers of a skeptical world, Paul Bert was struck down with the fatal disease which ended his life on the very day that the French legislature sanctioned the expulsion of religion in the State schools! And thus death cheated him out of the longings of a lifetime of labor devoted to the intensest hatred of religion and all things pertaining thereto.

It seems from what the Paris Monde says that Paul Bert's career in Tonquin was not precisely as eminent as that described by M. de Freycinet when he announced Paul Bert's death to the French Chamber. The recent French Minister spoke of him in the Chamber as having "died in the field of honor, crushed by what he had sworn to endure to accomplish the glorious task he had undertaken." This was, according to his own declaration, the communication to the Tonquinese of all the benefits of modern civilization; what he has actually effected, says the Monde, is the introduction of the cultivation of opium and the farming out of the gaming tables. "The Chamber," declared M. de Freycinet, "loses" in him one of its eminent members, science an illustrious representative, France one of her most devoted children, and we, the Government, an estimable collaborator, in whom we had placed all our "confidence." M. Paul Bert was in reality a scientific doctor of wide celebrity as an experimenter, whose exploits in vivisection were not altogether above legitimate censure, but his vehement hostility to revealed religion drove him into the front ranks of political warfare, and made him more famous as a persecuting politician than even as a scientific investigator. Thus died Paul Bert one of the bitterest enemies of the Church in modern days. And, as he lies in the grave, the God he ignored and the Church he persecuted still continue to exist to triumph over every foe they may now or hereafter encounter.—Monitor.

If a well be poisoned, woe be to those who drink thereat. It is worse to poison the fountain of life, for one's self and for posterity. Often by carelessness, or misfortune, or inheritance, this has been done. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cleanses the blood, and restores health.

Mr. Henry Marshall, Reeve of Dunn, writes: "Some time ago I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery from Mr. Harrison, and I consider it the very best medicine extant for Dyspepsia." This medicine is making marvellous cures in Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, etc., in purifying the blood and restoring manhood to full vigor.

Joseph Rusan, Percy, writes: I was induced to try Dr. Thomas' Ecliptic Oil for a lameness which troubled me for three or four years, and found it the best article I ever tried. It has been a great blessing to me.

THE HOLY GRAYLE.

FROM THE GERMAN.
 "Here on the rushes will I sleep,
 And perchance there may come a vision true,
 Ere day create the world anew.
 Slowly Sir Launcelot's eyes grew dim,
 Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
 And into his soul the vision flew."
 —Lowell.

Sir Launcelot du Lac, without his peer of earthly, sinful man—had taken the Quest of the Holy Grail. One deadly sin gnawed at the heart of the flower of chivalry; but a mighty sorrow struggled with and subdued his remorse, and a holy hermit assailed him of his sin. With purified and strengthened heart, he won his way to a sight of that wondrous vessel, the object of so many knightly vows.

It stood on a table of silver veiled with red samite. A throng of angels stood about it.

One held a wax light, and another the holy cross.

A light like that of a thousand torches filled the house.

Sir Launcelot heard a voice cry, "Approach not!" but for very wonder and thankfulness he forgot the command. He pressed towards the Holy Grail with outstretched hands, and cried, "O most fair and sweet Lord! which are here within this holy vessel, for Thy pity show me something of that, I seek."

A breath, as from a fiery furnace, smote him sorely in the face. He fell to the ground, and lay for the space of four and twenty days seemingly dead to the eyes of all the people. But in that swoon marvels that no tongue can tell and no heart conceive, passed before his face.

The history of the wondrous vessel was, in a measure, made known to him. His purified eyes saw in the dim past a long line of patriarchs and prophets, who had been entrusted with this sacred charge almost from the beginning of time. The San Greal was revealed to his ardent gaze.

First, in the hands of white robed men, who met Noah as he went in, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives, with him into the ark, bearing with him the bones of Adam, great, great Progenito. Its origin and history were revealed to Noah, and that it was destined to be used in the most mysterious of rites.

Next, Abraham was standing before an altar on a hillock in the valley of Jehosaphat. His flocks were grazing around or drinking from the brook cedron; his camels and beasts of burden and servants in the distance. The patriarch, flushed with ecstasy, stood as it in awe and expectation. Majestic, white-winged Melchizedek came from Salem. His tall, slender frame was full of tempered majesty. He wore a garment of dazzling whiteness, confined by a girdle on which were embroidered characters of mystic import. His long hair was fair and glossy as silk, his beard white, short and pointed. His face shone with divine splendor. A holy calm seemed diffused in the air around him. He bore in his hands the holy vessel handed down from Noah. He placed it upon the altar, behind which rose three clouds of smoke, the one in the midst rose higher than the other two. On the altar lay the bones of Adam—long after buried beneath the great altar of Calvary—and both prayed God to fulfil the promise he had made to Adam of one day sending the great Deliverer who would bruise the serpent's head. The priest of the most high God then took bread and wine—emblems of the great Eucharistic Sacrifice—raised them toward Heaven, and blessed them, and gave thereof to Abraham and his servants, but tasted not thereof himself. They who ate of this bread and drank of this wine seemed strengthened and devoutly inspired thereby. And Melchizedek blessed Abraham, and said: "Blessed be Abraham by the most high God, who created heaven and earth."

And he renewed to him the promise that in him should all the families of the earth be blessed.

The San Greal seemed, in the vision, left with Abraham, as a pledge of that promise, and afterwards was carried down into Egypt by the children of Israel. Moses took it with him when he fled to the land of Midian, and was using it for mysterious oblation on Mount Horeb, when the Lord appeared to him in a flame of fire out of a burning bush. Sir Launcelot saw the vessel long after in the temple of Jerusalem among other precious objects of antiquity; its use and origin nearly forgotten. Only a few remembered its strange history, and felt, rather than knew, that it yet awaited its most glorious use. Its holy guardians had always watched over its safety with jealous care, until the abomination of desolation entered the holy place. But a divine eye seemed to watch over it. At the institution of the Mass, it was in the possession of a holy woman, since known as Veronica—her who took off her veil to wipe the dust and sweat and blood from the divine face of suffering Jesus, which was left thereon so miraculously imprinted. Veronica brought the vessel to the disciples of Jesus to be used at the Last Supper.

The Holy Grail, revealed to the astonished eyes of Sir Launcelot, was composed of two parts, the cup and the foot. The cup alone had been handed down from the times of the holy patriarchs. Its very form was wonderful and significant, and its composition mysterious. Jesus alone knew what it was. It was dark, compact, and, perhaps, of vegetable origin. It was covered and lined with gold, and on it were two handles. The foot of the chalice, added at a later period, was of virgin gold, wrought with the skill of a cunning workman. It was ornamented with a serpent and a bunch of grapes, and gleamed with precious stones.

The whole chalice rested on a silver tablet, surrounded by six smaller ones. These six cups had belonged to different patriarchs, who drank therefrom a strange liquor on certain solemn occasions. They were used by the holy apostles at the Last Supper, each cup serving for two persons. (These cups Sir Launcelot saw belonging afterward to different Christian churches, where they were held in great reverence.) The Holy Grail stood before our blessed Lord. . . . Let not sinful hand depict the vision of that unbloody sacrifice, so clearly revealed to the admiring eyes of Sir Launcelot, and so affectingly told in Holy Writ. . . .

The San Greal, fashioned with mysterious care for the most mysterious of

oblations, and handed down from remote antiquity by righteous men, to whom it was the pledge of a solemn covenant, was henceforth to be the object of the veneration of the Christian world.

Only the pure in heart could guard it. Angels with loving reverence folded their wings around that contained most precious Blood. Its presence conferred a benediction on the land in which it was presented. Sir Launcelot saw afterward the hand that came from heaven right to the holy Grail and bore it away. But a comforting voice told him that it should re-appear on the earth, though for him the quest was ended. At the end of four and twenty days Sir Launcelot awoke. The vision had passed away, but the place was filled with the sweetest odors, as if of Paradise. Wondering thereat he cried: "I thank God of His infinite mercy for that I have seen, for it comforteth me." And he rose up and went to Camelot, where he found King Arthur and many of the Knights of the Round Table, to whom he related all that had befallen him.—Catholic World, Oct. 1868.

A TRUE PRIEST'S VIEW.

A LESSON FROM FATHER TOM BURKE, O. P.—WHAT THE GREAT IRISH PATRIOT THOUGHT THE DUTY OF AN ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK WHEN FALSE DOCTRINES WOULD BE TAUGHT IN HIS DIOCESE.

From Father Burke's Lectures in the New York Academy of Music.

"Now, my friends, I ask you to consider with me one or two serious thoughts, with which I shall conclude. What is taught us by all this? First of all, I ask you to reflect upon the singular historical fact that the victory of Ireland—this great victory—was not the triumph of the sword. Ireland did not strike a blow to demolish the Protestant Church in Ireland. She held her hands in peace, and the people maintained a quiet, modest, dignified silence. But, under that silence there was a determination to wipe away that old and blood stained grievance; even though they were to work for a thousand years, it had to be done. The determination of principle was there. That principle was a divine one—the principle of Catholic faith—coming from heaven, not from the earth. God has said in heaven: 'The victory that conquers the world, and shall conquer it, is faith.' How dear, then, to us should be the preservation of that principle! What strength it is to every man to have some high and glorious principle by which to regulate his social life, his civil life, and his political life! What more glorious record can be put upon any man's tomb than that, when it is with truth said: 'Here lies one that never denied or played false to his principle.' Secondly, my friends, reflect upon the significant fact of which this history of Ireland tells you and me, namely, that, in order to succeed in any enterprise, rational or otherwise, the people must be united.

"UNION IS STRENGTH." Where union is, there is the element of success, because there is the presence of might and strength. God is omnipotent—God is essentially One; therefore He is omnipotent. The Catholic Church has fought the world for nearly two thousand years, and she has always come out victorious; and why? Because the Catholic Church is one—one in faith, ONE IN OBEDIENCE, ONE IN JURISDICTION, and one in devotion to God. One, because He who created her prayed to the Father, and said: 'Oh, Father, let them be one, even as Thou and I are One.' To preserve that unity, the Catholic Church has been obliged to cut off individuals and nations. One day a powerful king contradicted her teaching; she excommunicated him and tells him to go his way—to find his own way to heaven if he can. Another day it is a whole nation, as is the case of England, that says:

"WE WILL DEPART AND LEAVE YOU; we don't believe this that you call your doctrine." She says, "You are excommunicated. Go out from me. You have no communion with me. Go and find your own way to your doom." To-day it is Bismarck telling a bishop that he must not excommunicate a priest for this or that heresy. A priest in Germany denies the Catholic faith in a public church, and a bishop excommunicates him—tells him to go about his business. He says: 'I will not lay a wet finger upon you; but you must go. I won't keep you.' Tell me, my friends, if I, here to-night (God between us and harm!)—if I denied any one of the Catholic truths; if I denied the Divinity, or the Real Presence of Christ; if I denied that the Blessed Virgin Mary was the Mother of God; if I denied that the Church of God, or the head of the Church, was infallible—wouldn't you be very greatly surprised to see me upon the altar next Sunday, or in the pulpit preaching? The first thing you would say would be:

"OH, THE POOR ARCHBISHOP! he must have lost his head; for here is that fellow—that heretic here again. What is the matter? Of course, if I were to speak thus here now, I would not be two hours in my convent to-night until I would get a letter from the Archbishop of New York saying: 'My friend you are no longer a Catholic, nor a teacher of Catholic doctrine, I suspect you. Go your way, my man.' This is precisely what the German Bishop did. What did Bismarck do? He said: 'My Lord Bishop, you have no business to suspend or excommunicate a priest without my leave! BISMARCK IS CERTAINLY NOT A CATHOLIC."

Nobody knows of what religion the fellow is. Now, imagine for a moment to yourself Governor Hoffman or President Grant writing to the Archbishop of New York, and saying to him: 'My Lord Bishop, I will put you in jail for suspending or excommunicating Father Tom Burke because he denies the infallibility of the Pope.' That is the state of affairs now in Germany. This has been going on for two years. And the Catholic Church has just cut them off, the same as Horace Greeley would lop off a rotten branch at Chappaqua. Right and left off they go. And why? because all things must be sacrificed in order that the great Church of the Living God may preserve the unity of her faith, and the unity of her doctrine and her strength. She is one, therefore she is strong. We are two hundred millions of Catholics all

the world over. Whenever a question of faith arises touching the Catholic doctrine of the Church, that moment the minds of all the two hundred millions, that feel, see, and think after their own fashion upon every other subject—upon that there is but one thought—and that one thought the faith of the Church. That is the secret of her strength and unity. So it is with nations. Ireland was divided on the great question—on the great test of her nationality, Ireland failed. Ireland united on the glorious question of her religious freedom; and Ireland triumphed with the magnificent triumph which is the wonder of our age. What was the secret that united her? It was her Catholic faith—the Catholic faith that told her that faith is the substance of things to be hoped for. Why did the nation—in the deepest midnight hour of sorrow and persecution—why did she never despair? Why does she not despair to-day? Because she has the faith that is the substance of things to be hoped for. Because, where the true faith is—where the Catholic faith binds the people together—there is the breath, the living breath of the undying God. And until God abandons those who are faithful to Him—which He will never do—that nation may go on through centuries of suffering and sorrow, but, eventually, the sun of divine favor will burst upon her gloriously—coming from God, resting upon her faithful brows—and will surround her with its light; for God, who is never outdone by His creatures in generosity, will remember her, will crown her with all honor and glory, and will set yet upon the brows of this native land—this motherland of mine—the crown of religious and civil freedom, of honor and glory, which will be in the time to come, what the diadem of ancient Ireland was in ages past—the wonder of the world, and the glory of mankind."

TEN DINNERS FOR FRIDAY.

BILL OF FARE (FRIDAY).
 Soup Margre.
 Omelette.
 Coddish, with Oyster Sauce.
 Spinach, White Potatoes, Boiled Celery, Apple Custard, Black Coffee.

RECIPE.
 SOUP MARGRE.
 Four carrots, two leeks, one turnip, two large potatoes, and a handful of dried peas. Put together in a soup pot with four quarts of cold water; boil four hours, pass through a sieve; add a piece of butter, pepper and salt, and a little more water. Boil for half an hour, and serve, adding a little boiled rice or sliced potato.

OMELETTE.
 Break three eggs—increase the number as needed—into a basin, add a spoonful of cream, and a little piece of butter, pepper and salt. Take two ounces of butter in an omelette pan, and, while it is melting, whip the eggs thoroughly; when the butter begins to splutter, pour the eggs in and stir. As it becomes firm, roll the omelette, let it brown on one side, and serve.

CODDISH.
 In boiling coddish it should simmer rather than boil. Ten minutes is allowed to every pound of fish, and it must be taken out immediately when done.

OYSTER SAUCE.
 One pint oysters; half a lemon; two tablespoonfuls of butter; one teaspoonful of flour; one teaspoonful of cream or milk; cayenne and nutmeg. Stew the oysters in their own liquor five minutes and add milk. When this boils, strain the liquor, and return to the saucepan. Thicken with the flour when you have wet it with cold water, stir well in; put in the butter, next the cayenne (if you like it), boil one minute; squeeze in the lemon juice, shake it around well, and pour out.

SPINACH.
 Cook spinach in its own juices; it requires little water, it must be washed thoroughly and have the stalks picked off. Put a half-peck into a dry saucepan, sprinkle with a dessert spoonful of salt. This will draw out the juices. Let it boil for ten minutes, after it has begun to cook. Then put it in a colander to drain, and chop it very finely or pass it through a coarse sieve. For the sauce, put a tablespoonful of cream and an ounce of butter into a saucepan; as it boils, stir the spinach into it. After this, keep it hot without boiling, sprinkle with cayenne pepper, garnish with points of lemon or hard boiled eggs cut in rings. If you prefer poached eggs on spinach, fill a small pan with boiling water, pour into this a tablespoonful of lemon juice; break four eggs on a plate, one at a time, and slip it into the boiling water. The lemon juice sets the egg in shape. Wait till one egg is quite set before you put in another. Cook each about three minutes.

CELERY (BOILED).
 Wash one bunch of celery thoroughly, and let it lie in cold water for half an hour. Cut in small pieces and boil in salted water for thirty minutes. Drain through a colander. After this, put back into the saucepan, add a tablespoonful of butter and a cup of milk in which a table spoonful of flour has been dissolved. Let it boil five minutes. Before serving, sprinkle with black pepper.

BOILED POTATOES.
 Wash thoroughly and put them into boiling water, with a little salt. Boil thirty minutes. Afterwards drain and send to table in their jackets.

APPLE CUSTARD.
 Take a pint of grated apple-tart, three eggs and a half-pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, half a teaspoonful of milk, the juice and grated rind of a small lemon. Mix the sugar and butter together, beat in the eggs and the milk. Then put in the lemon. This makes two pies. Bake in a single crust.

BLACK COFFEE.
 Java and Mocha. Pour boiling water on the coffee. Cover the coffee-pot at once and set aside for a few minutes. Do not let the coffee boil. Serve in small cups.

Children Starving to Death
 On account of their inability to digest food, will find a most marvellous food and remedy in Scott's Emulsion. Very palatable and easily digested. Dr. S. W. COHEN of Waco, Texas, says: "I have used your Emulsion in Infants wasting. It not only restores wasted tissues, but gives strength, and increases the appetite."

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
 A GOOD TONIC.
 Dr. R. WILLIAMS, Le Roy, N. Y., says: "It is a good general tonic and worthy of trial."

DR. NEWMAN.

The Independent gives the following outline of the life of England's great cardinal:

Dr. Newman is a familiar figure. The largeness of his mind and the elevation of his character have so impressed Protestant Christendom that his conversion to Rome was almost forgiven. However great the loss to the English Church—and not a few consider it that of the greatest man who has been within her fold during the present century—it was felt that he had parted with neither his ability nor his high-minded honesty in making the change; and those who ventured upon controversy with him (as Canon Kingsley) did not fare well.

He was born in London, February 21, 1801, and religiously trained in a school from which his father reaction in one direction was not more marked than that of his brother Francis W. in another. Educated at Ealing and at Trinity College, Oxford, he graduated 1820, and became Fellow of Oriel 1822, and tutor there 1826-8. Ordained deacon 1824 and priest 1825, he was from 1828 to 1843 vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, where his preaching mightily attracted and influenced the students. During these years his intimacy with Pusey, Keble, R. H. Froude had the weightiest effect on religious thought and life in England. Here began the "Oxford movement" which so largely revolutionized the British Church, and the results of which are still so widely seen and felt. Its positions were set forth in the famous "Tracts for the Times," of which Newman wrote twenty-four, including No. 90, February, 1841. The outcry over this put an end to the series, and cleared the author's way to his destined spiritual home. He retired to Littlemore, where he held a chaplaincy; in 1843 he resigned his preferments, and on October 8, 1845, submitted to the Church of Rome, not leaving Oxford finally till February 28, 1846. Here was no rash haste, but all due deliberation. The haven had been working in his mind for many years. In June, 1853, he had written:

"O that thy creed were sound!
 For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome!"

These earlier mental movements may be traced in "Lyra Apostolica," and the history of his struggles is given not only in "Apologia pro Vita sua," 1864, but with some emotional fullness in a work professedly fictitious rather than autobiographic, "Loss and Gain, or the Story of a Convert," 1848.

After visiting Rome in the flesh, he became, in 1848, Father Superior in the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, in Birmingham, which he founded at the order of Pius IX.; in 1854, rector of the new university in Dublin; and in May, 1859, he started a school at Edgbaston, a suburb of Birmingham, where he has ever since remained. See a sketch in the Century Magazine for June, 1882. He was made cardinal in 1879.

THE FARCE OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

Pittsburg Catholic.

A writer in the North American Review, enlarging on Cardinal Newman's famous saying, summing up the controversy between Catholicism and Protestantism, and embodied in the phrase—Rome or Reason—writes thus of Protestantism:

"When a great system of theology arrives at that stage of decadence where it feels called upon to apologize for its crudities and explain away its inconsistencies, it is far past the meridian line, and it does not require a prophet to foretell its future. That the Protestant Church has arrived at this stage, no careful observer can doubt. The intellect of this church has embarked on a sea of apologies, while the body of the faithful have re-embarked for Rome. It has been well said that for the Christian religion there can be no permanent abiding place between Rome and reason, and the history of the past century, as well as the present attitude of the churches, renders this pregnant alliteration luminous. The farce of 'private judgment,' which may judge only far enough to become protest, has been played to its last act."

Of the present drift of Protestantism this same writer says:

"That a number of Protestant clergymen have of late years deeded their congregations bodily to Rome, is plainly indicated by mass, the rigid observance of holy week, candles, confession, the establishment of sisterhoods, the creation of monks, and other similar manifestations that have ceased to arouse even comment in the Protestant churches, so common have they become. Even the Presbyterians go into retreat for a part of Lent, while second, or even full mourning, is not uncommonly worn during that interesting season, by many of the more seriously mentally afflicted Protestants whose pastors have presented them at Rome. All this would have cost pastor and people dear some years ago, and their expulsion from any and all Protestant communion would have been a question of days only. But since the development of the theory of evolution, the fight has become so real and constant that, to prevent a panic, Westminster has surrendered fully to Rome, and she has taken a large number of her adopted and step children with her. It is true that a few of them are still coquetting with science and flirting with progress before their engagement with the Pope is finally announced; but it is only a question of time, and the next alarming scientific discovery or agnostic revival, then apologies will cease, and Rome will receive her own."

No doubt there has been a great change going on, but we question whether Westminster will surrender to Rome as early as this writer in the North American Review imagines.

We hope the writer's last prognostication will prove true, that finally "Rome will receive her own;" that the erring children will come back to the one fold of the one shepherd, the ark of safety, without which there is danger of eternal shipwreck.

MOZART'S PRAYER.
 Many years ago, in the town of Salzburg, Austria, two little children lived in a cot covered with vines, near a pleasant river. They both loved music, and when only six years old Fredricka could play well on a harpsichord. But from her little brother such strains of melody would resound through the humble cottage as were never before heard from so young a child. Their father was a teacher of music, and his own children were his best pupils.

There came times so hard that these children had scarcely enough to eat; but they loved each other, and were happy in the simple enjoyments that fell to their lot.

As they were sitting in the shadow of a tree the boy said, thoughtfully: "Sister, what a beautiful place this would be to pray!"

Fredricka asked, wonderfully: "What should we pray for?"

"Why, for papa and mamma," replied her brother. "You see how sad they look. Poor mamma hardly ever smiles now, and I know it must be because she has not bread enough for us. Let us pray God to help us."

"Yes," said Fredricka, "we will."

So these two sweet children knelt down and prayed, asking the Heavenly Father to bless their parents, and make them a help to them.

"But how can we help papa and mamma?" asked Fredricka.

"Why, don't you know?" replied Wolfgang. "My soul is full of music; and by and by I shall play before great people, and they will give me plenty of money, and I will give it to our parents, and we'll live in a fine house and be happy."

At this a loud laugh astonished the boy who did not know any one was near them. Turning he saw a fine gentleman who had just come from the woods.

The stranger made inquiries, which the little girl answered, telling him, "Wolfgang means to be a great musician; he thinks he can earn money, so that we shall no longer be poor."

"He may do that when he has learned to play well enough," replied the stranger. Fredericka answered: "He is only six years old, but plays beautifully, and can compose pieces."

"That cannot be," replied the gentleman.

"Come to see us," said the little boy, "and I will play for you."

"I will go this evening," answered the stranger.

The children went home and told their story to their parents, who seemed much pleased and astonished.

Soon a loud knock was heard, and on opening the door the little family were surprised to see men bringing in baskets of richly-cooked food in variety and abundance. They had an ample feast that evening. Thus God answered the children's prayer.

Soon after, while Wolfgang was playing a sonata, which he had composed, the stranger entered and stood astonished at the wondrous melody. The father recognized in his guest Francis I., Emperor of Austria.

Not long afterwards the family were invited by the Emperor to Vienna, where Wolfgang astonished the Royal family by his wonderful powers. From that time the father and his children gave concerts in many cities of Germany and France.

At the age of fifteen years Wolfgang was acknowledged by all eminent composers as a master.

Mozart was a good Catholic as well as a great musician. The simple trust in God which he had learned in childhood never forsook him. In a letter to his father he says:

"I never lose sight of God. I acknowledge His power and dread His wrath, but at the same time I love to admire His goodness and mercy to His creatures. He will never abandon His servant. By the fulfillment of His will, mine is satisfied."
 —Catholic Telegraph.

The Moon's Influence
 Upon the weather is accepted by some as real, by others it is disputed. The moon never attracts corns from the tender, aching spot. Patnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes the most painful corns in three days. This great remedy makes no sore spots, doesn't go fooling around a man's foot, but gets to business at once, and effects a cure. Don't be imposed upon by substitutes and imitations. Get "Patnam's," and no other.

A TRINITY OF EVILS. Biliousness, Constipation and Dyspepsia usually exist together. By disciplining the liver and toning the stomach simultaneously, they can be eradicated. The promptitude and thoroughness with which Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and great blood purifier removes this trinity of physical evils is a fact widely appreciated throughout Canada.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Care will do it. Try it and be convinced.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

BY CARLOTTA PERRY.

If I am weak and you are strong,
 Why then, why then,
 To you the braver deeds belong,
 And so, again,
 If you have gifts and I have none,
 If I have shade and you have sun,
 'Tis yours with freer hand to give,
 'Tis yours with truer grace to live,
 Than I, who giftless, sunless, stand,
 With barren life and hand.

We do not ask the little brook
 To turn the wheel;
 Unto the larger stream we look,
 The strength of steel.
 We do not ask from sliken bands,
 Nor heart of oak in willow wands;
 We do not ask the wren to go
 Up to the heights the eagles know;
 Nor yet expect the lark's clear note
 From out the dove's dumb throat.

'Tis wisdom's law, the perfect code,
 By love inspired;
 Of him on whom much is bestowed
 Is much required.
 The tuncful throat is tid to sing,
 The oak must reign the forest's king;
 The rushing stream the wheel must move,
 The beaten steel its strength must prove.
 'Tis given unto the eagle's eyes
 To face the midday skies.

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Catholic Record. LONDON, SATURDAY FEB. 12, 1887. THE MOTHER OF GOD.

Among the titles by which Catholics delight in addressing the Blessed Virgin Mary, there is none better expressing her high dignity and prerogatives, than which is applied to her in the "Hail Mary, Mother of God." Who can measure the glory and dignity implied by such a title? Who can conceive the grandeur of the prerogatives enjoyed by her who bears it? To do this we should have a complete understanding of God's own infinite attributes; of Him "who only hath immortality and inhabiteth light inaccessible, whom no man hath seen nor can see, to whom be honor and empire everlasting."

To be Mother of God implies not only that she loves God and is loved by Him, but also that she possesses power with God, and exercises a wonderful influence in His kingdom. It implies that God reverences her and in many ways conforms Himself to her will, for "He that feareth the Lord honoreth his parents and will serve them as his masters that brought them into the world." (Eccles. iii, 7.) Hence it is carefully stated of our Blessed Lord that when he was twelve years of age "Jesus was subject to Mary and Joseph." (St. Luke ii, 51).

It is therefore Christ-like to honor the Blessed Virgin, and if we fail in so doing we cannot be called followers of our Divine Model, for He Himself requires us to serve Him by imitating Him. "I am the light of the world. He that followeth Me walketh not in darkness, but shall have the light of life." (St. John viii, 12). Reverence for the Blessed Virgin Mary, is, therefore, one of the marks characterizing the true Christian, and it is of true Christians that she speaks in her prophetic canticle: "For behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For He that is mighty hath done great things for me; and holy is His name." (St. Luke, i, 48, 49).

Modern heretics, however, seem to be animated with a demoniacal spirit of hatred against her whom Jesus loved, revered and obeyed: and thus they desire to rob her of her most glorious title. They say that the Virgin Mary gave not birth to the divinity of Christ, but only to His humanity, and that therefore she may indeed be called the mother of Christ, or the mother of Jesus, but that she is not Mother of God, and that by ascribing to her this title, Catholics are guilty of idolatry, by virtually attributing divinity to the mother.

All those heretics, ancient or modern, who deny the hypostatic or personal union of the divine and human natures in Christ, deny also, as a natural consequence, the divine maternity of Mary, though on very different grounds. The Arians of old, and similarly the Socinians or Unitarians of to-day, deny that Christ is God. Necessarily they refuse to honor His Mother as Mother of God. The Manicheans, Marcionites, and other ancient sects maintained that the Son of God did not assume flesh in reality, but only in appearance. They also could not give to Mary her glorious title; but the Catholic Church, constantly adhering to the Apostolic doctrine and tradition never failed to give due honor to her whom God had so highly honored. In the year 428 the Catholic doctrine was attacked by Nestorius, Patriarch of Constantinople. He maintained that Mary should not be called Mother of God, but Mother of Christ. To make this distinction hold good he pretended that in Christ there are two distinct persons, God and Man, and that God was in Christ as in a temple, or somewhat as he manifested himself in Moses and the prophets, not by personal or hypostatic union. It is sufficiently clear that by this doctrine the mystery of the Incarnation was undermined, and the divine plan of Redemption completely subverted. If in Christ there are two distinct persons, his acts by which our Redemption was accomplished, and especially the offering of himself on the cross for the Redemption of mankind, were not the acts of God but of mere man. They were, therefore, not of sufficient value and efficacy to atone for sin and to purchase our salvation. (The same inference,

therefore, which St. Paul draws from the denial of Christ's Resurrection may be drawn from the Nestorian fallacy.

"If Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching vain and your faith is also vain. Your faith is vain, for you are yet in your sins." (1. Cor. xv, 14, 17). The Catholic doctrine on this subject is plainly set forth in the Athanasian creed, received by Protestants as well as Catholics as an epitome of true Catholic faith. According to this creed Christ is "both God and man, yet he is not two but one Christ: One not by the conversion of the God-head into flesh, but by the taking of the manhood unto God: One altogether, not by confusion of substance, but by unity of person. For as the reasonable soul and the flesh is one man, so God and man is one Christ."

Protestants of the present day, however, while admitting that Christ is truly one person, God and Man, adopt the Nestorian error which denies to His mother the title "Mother of God," and the Nestorian reasoning is adopted in order to give some plea for this denial. Whatever consistency Nestorius might have boasted for accepting the logical consequences of his doctrine, there is none in the modern Protestant theory which acknowledges that the union of divine and human natures in one person makes the acts of Christ divine, while it confines to his humanity his act of becoming the Son of Mary. As the Athanasian creed declares, the union of God and Man in one person, Christ, is as the union of soul and body to form one man. The relationship between a parent and her children regards their persons, and not the mere elements which go to constitute the persons. Hence a parent is father or mother of the person who is his or her son, and not merely of the inert body which is a comparatively insignificant constituent part of the person. The same is to be said of our blessed Lord. His mother is mother of the person Christ, God and man. His Godhead is his ruling nature, and the person Christ is therefore truly God, and the Mother of Christ is Mother of God.

This doctrine, so consonant with right reason, is likewise the teaching of Holy Writ. When the Angel Gabriel announced to the Blessed Virgin that she should have a Son Jesus, he added: "He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High, and the Holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God."

Jesus Christ as Son of God is God, and this God, the Son of God the Father, is declared in the same breath to be the Son of Mary. (Luke i, 32-35.) His Mother is, therefore, necessarily Mother of God. As such she is addressed by her cousin St. Elizabeth a short time after: "Whence is this to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?" When St. Elizabeth spoke thus she was "filled with the Holy Ghost, that is to say, she was inspired by the Holy Ghost to call her cousin Mary "Mother of my Lord," a name perfectly equivalent to "Mother of God." Many other passages of Sacred Scripture might be here cited in proof of this same doctrine, as all those in which Christ is called the "Son of God" or the "Son of Man," proving that as the same person Christ is Man and God, his mother is truly Mother of God. It will, however, suffice to quote the following, wherein God's birth from Mary is clearly stated:

"Of whom (God) is Christ according to the flesh, who is over all things, God blessed for ever." Rom. ix, 5.

"When the fulness of time was come, God sent his Son, made of a woman." Gal. iv, 4.

In the Apostles' Creed we find the same doctrine. We are bound to express our belief in "Jesus Christ his only Son, Our Lord, who was . . . born of the Virgin Mary." The Athanasian Creed already quoted conveys the same, and in the Nicene Creed which was prepared by the Fathers of the Council of Nice specially to assert the divinity of Christ in unmistakable language, his birth from Mary is set forth with equal clearness.

"And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, born of the Father before all ages, God of God; Light of Light; true God of true God, etc., was incarnate by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary."

The Council of Ephesus was specially convened for the purpose of condemning the errors of Nestorius, and these were the only subjects dealt with. At this Council a letter of St. Cyril was approved anatomizing these errors, the first chapter of which says: "Whoever denies that Emmanuel, (God with us,) is truly God, and that therefore the Holy Virgin is mother of God, let him be anathema. Similarly the third Council of Constantinople decrees in canon 6: "If any one shall say that the glorious, ever-Virgin Mary is wrongfully, and not truly Mother of God, let him be anathema."

Origen, St. Dionysius of Alexandria, St. Athanasius, Basil, and Gregory Nazianzen, all expressly style the Blessed Virgin Theotokos, Mother of God, while many other ancient Fathers of the Church state the doctrine in equivalent terms, teaching that the Son of God, once begotten of the Father, was born of the Virgin Mary by another mode of generation,

The universal teaching of the Church in the early ages is by all these witnesses fully attested: and even the unanimity with which the Council of Ephesus condemned the nascent errors of Nestorius proves that the divine maternity of Mary was no new doctrine, suddenly sprung upon Christianity. It was the novelty of error which shocked the piety of the guardians of truth and led them at once to pronounce in favor of that truth which had been handed down from the Apostles, and which was believed throughout the Christian world. Thus even John of Antioch, a friend of Nestorius, in a letter exhorts the latter to cease attacking a title which was used by so many fathers of the Church. He adds, "None of the doctors of the church have rejected this title, and illustrious doctors have used it, and those who have not done so have not condemned those who do."

Theodoret, also a friend of Nestorius, says: "The most ancient teachers of the Catholic Faith have held, from Apostolic tradition, that the Mother of our Lord is to be commemorated and honored Mother of God."

From St. Cyril we learn that Julian the Apostate made it a reproach to Christians that "you cease not to call Mary Mother of God." This proves not only the antiquity, but also the universality of the practice.

In becoming the Mother of God, the Blessed Virgin becomes the mother of mankind. Well, therefore, may we with confidence recite the earnest prayer addressed to her in the Angelical Salutation: "Holy Mary Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

CANADA'S CRISIS.

The relations between Canada and the United States should, in the interest of both countries, but especially of the former, be of the friendliest character. That these relations are not now and have not been for many years of that character we are not permitted even to doubt, and that Canada has been the sufferer by the absence of friendliness neither is there any room for controversy. The Mail, dealing with the fisheries' question, well says:

"It is no use blinking at the fact that Canada is at a grave disadvantage in this controversy. On one hand, the Americans of the Ingalls and Riddleberger stamp refuse us a fair hearing simply because we are British; on the other hand, our Government must abide by the terms which the imperial authorities may be driven to accept in their own interest, wholly irrespective of the merits of our case. We suffer from American prejudice against England and from England's unwillingness and inability to make our case her own, and betwixt the two it will be a miracle if we are not shorn. The Foreign Office will make a show of protecting our rights, but the capital consideration with Lord Salisbury will be not the justice of our cause so much as the necessity for maintaining cordial relations with the United States. It may be taken for granted then, that whatever form the settlement with the United States may take we are sure to get a little the worst of the bargain."

The American people are in thorough earnest on the fisheries' difficulty, but alas for us poor colonials, we cannot be in earnest if we would, because our interests in the matter are of no concern, Britain having the maintenance or the withholding of our claims in her own hands. We can expect in this connection nothing but what has ever happened in the past. Colonial interests will be made subservient to British interests. America is in no temper to bear with threats or bullying from England, nor is the latter in a position to indulge very freely in either. The memory of the Trent difficulty and of the menaces then indulged in by the British press and government is still alive in the heart of the American nation. Take for instance that calm and judicious journal, the American dealing with Senator Ingalls' speech and how little of consolation it affords the peace-loving Canadian or the empty-headed Colonial who imagines that all the world and especially America has the same reverential fear of John Bull that fills his own little soul. Said the American of Jan. 28th:

"The energetic language of Mr. Ingalls, in the course of the Senate debate on Monday, particularly attracted the attention of the London newspapers, which decided, without distinction of party or personality, that the Senator from Kansas is a low and shameful person. Upon the whole, this cannot be considered altogether matter for surprise, as he is reported to have said, among other pointed things, that 'Great Britain has always been a ruffian, a coward and a bully among nations, insolent to the weak, tyrannical to the feeble, cringing and obsequious to the strong, and that its history for centuries has been a record of crimes against the human race.' It is a sad thing, of course, when unselfish and tender-hearted England is obliged to hear such talk as this from a member of the American Senate. But suppose, as they declare it a libel, he were to summon as witness the Hindoos, the Chinese, the Egyptians, the Zulus, the Boers, and even the Irish? And that very possibly is what he means to do. There will be a large attendance at the trial."

Some few Canadians and Englishmen rely on the unmistakable friendship of the Cleveland cabinet for England to

bear out their expectations that America will not press her claims on the fisheries question. The cabinet has, indeed, gone very far to demonstrate its friendliness to Britain, borne with a great deal of humiliation to prove that it dreads war even for national honor's sake, done many extraordinary things for the executive of a nation of sixty millions of men, to cultivate an international friendship that can bring under existing circumstances neither honor nor prestige to America. But the Cabinet, in its eagerness to meet British wishes and cultivate British friendship, does not voice the sentiment of the great democratic party to whose votes it owes its very being. The Boston Pilot, an advocate and enlightened exponent of democratic opinion, thus warns the administration on this very point:

Secretary Bayard seems determined in his foolish obstinacy to sink the Administration and the Democratic party. An "inspired" despatch from Washington last Tuesday says that the Administration does not approve of the Edmunds Bill and that Mr. Bayard is quietly continuing his negotiations with the British Government, no doubt with a view to consummating his beloved reciprocity project in defiance of public opinion and the unanimous voice of Congress. The concluding sentence of the despatch shows how the Secretary's sympathies lie:—"In recommending compensation for the alleged injuries inflicted on the British sailors recently seized outside the three miles off the coast of Alaska, the Secretary of State will simply be doing what he wishes Great Britain to do to us."

American fishermen need hope for no redress as long as Mr. Bayard occupies a position where he can thwart their desires. But how long is this pro-English official to display his indifference to American rights and his zeal for English interests?

Canada then has nothing to expect from Secretary Bayard's influence in her favor or from the pro-British element in the Cabinet. Her duty to herself, as we conceive it, is quite plain. Let her demand, and her demand must be complied with, the right of making her own commercial treaties. This right conceded by Britain, our duty towards the United States is clear—the cultivation of the closest commercial relations with a people with whom we have so much in common—law, language and blood.

SUCCESSFUL IRISHMEN.

It is pleasing to note that Irishmen and their descendants continue to play an important part in the public affairs of Canada. In the Province of Quebec not a few distinguished statesmen have shed lustre on the name of the dear old land of their fathers, amongst others a Drummond, a Daly, an Alley and a McGee. In the cabinet just formed by the Hon. Mr. Mercier to rule over the destinies of Quebec two of the most important portfolios have fallen to men of Irish origin. The new Commissioner of Public Works is the Hon. James McShane of Montreal, and the new Treasurer the Hon. Joseph Shehyn of Quebec. In the Montreal Herald of the 21st, we find interesting sketches of both gentlemen:

The Hon. James McShane is well-known to all men who have taken an interest in public affairs for the last twenty years. The active interest he has always manifested in civic and Provincial affairs has made "James McShane, junior," as popular as any man ever was among his fellow-citizens, and his popularity has steadily increased from the day he first became known. The "People's Jimmy" and the "representative of St. Ann's Ward" are household words here. He is the son of the late James McShane and Ellen Quinn, who came from the County Armagh, Ireland, and who lived in this city for nearly fifty years. His father carried on business as cattle dealer, packer and exporter of meats to England, during many years, as did also the subject of this sketch. The Hon. Mr. McShane was born in St. Joseph street, Montreal, in 1834, and is now in his 53rd year. He was educated by the late Daniel Mahoney and at the College of Montreal. In 1863 he married Elizabeth Jane Donaghy, of Montreal, who died 20th June, 1867. On 8th January, 1868, he married Miss Josephine Kathleen Miron, of Plattsburg, N. Y. The Hon. Jas. McShane was the pioneer of the cattle trade between Canada and England, which has now assumed such large proportions. He has represented St. Ann's ward in the City Council for nearly 18 years. He was first returned to the Legislative Assembly at the general elections of 1878 for Montreal West, and was re-elected by a substantial majority over Mr. C. J. Doherty in 1881. At the last general election in October, 1886, he again defeated Mr. C. J. Doherty and Mr. Keys, the labor candidate in Montreal Centre, by a large majority. He has been a straight out and Liberal and has always stood by his party. In his political life he has always voted for legislation tending to retrenchment and economy, and is well known as a staunch friend of the working classes. James McShane, the poor man's friend, is a watchword in Montreal.

The Hon. Joseph Shehyn, Treasurer in the new administration, is one of the foremost business men of the Quebec district. He is a member of the wholesale dry goods firm of McCall, Shehyn & Co., and is one of Quebec's wealthiest citizens. His residence opposite the Parliament buildings is the finest in the city and his hospitality is proverbial. He is the President of the Quebec Board of Trade and a member of the Quebec Harbor Commission. He is of Irish and French Canadian parentage and was born in Quebec in 1829. He was educated at the Seminary of Quebec, and in August,

1858, married Delle Marie Zoe Virginie Verret, eldest daughter of Mr. Ambroise Verret, of Quebec. He was first returned to the Legislature for Quebec East in 1875, the constituency which he still represents. In the last three general elections, in 1878, 1881 and 1886, he was returned by acclamation. It is admitted on all sides that there is not a better qualified man in the Legislature for the post of treasurer.

A STARTLING DECLARATION.

The N. Y. World, of Jan. 23th, conveys its readers the startling announcement that at the annual meeting of the Baptist City Mission Association held the previous evening in that city the "Rev. R. S. MacArthur reviewed the causes of need for such a mission and vigorously arraigned the liquor traffic system. Referring to the McGlynn matter, he remarked that while he was not in sympathy with that gentleman's political opinions, he considered it high time that inquiry should be made whether a subject of the King of Italy, as was the Pope, should be allowed to crack a whip over the head of a citizen of the United States to prevent the free expression of honest convictions."

Mr. McArthur meant to be impressive and of course to demolish the Pope at one stroke. The thought, nay, the conviction forces itself on us that Mr. McArthur, who is so anxious to have the Pope mind his business, has yet to learn himself a lesson in that useful but too often forgotten art, Dr. McGlynn's citizenship of the United States is not at all in question at Rome. The question before the Holy See is whether or not Dr. McGlynn, a priest of the church of which the Pope is the infallible head, has taught and held doctrines contrary to Catholic teaching. We doubt if even a latitudinarian sect such as that to which Mr. McArthur belongs would permit one of its preachers—even an American citizen—to hold what would appear on the face of these socialistic theories without enquiry into the orthodoxy of the preacher. As a matter of fact the clergy of none of the sects enjoy the same freedom and independence that belong to the Catholic priesthood. The church is no cruel task master, holding the rod in terrorem over her ministers, but a tender mother keeping her children in loyalty, fidelity and duty by the prudent, patient, and loving exercise of her authority, the authority of her Divine Spouse, whose burden is light and whose yoke is sweet.

THE WEAKNESS OF THE SECTS.

The Chicago Tribune has very little respect for the Christianizing powers of the Protestant sects. In its issue of January 23rd, it thus dealt with one of Talmage's boastful utterances:—

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage has been indulging in some statistical flights. In one of his recent sermons he says: "The capture of this round planet for Christ is not so much of a job as you might imagine when the church takes off its coat and rolls up its sleeves, as it will." The reverend gentleman figures it out in this way: "There are one and a half billions of people in the world, and there are 450,000,000 so-called Christians, leaving 1,050,000,000 to be Christianized, or less than three persons for each Christian." These figures look well on the paper, but they will hardly bear mathematical treatment. For instance, of the 450,000,000 alleged Christians there are several tens of millions who unquestionably are not Christians in any proper sense. Again, instead of one Christian being able to capture three Jews, Mohammedans, Buddhists, Confucians, and heathen, these statistics show that it takes about fifty Christians to get one Jew, Mohammedan, Buddhist, or Confucian, and it is difficult then to hold them, even with the newly-discovered hope of a second probation; and lastly, the Christians who are engaged in the work are not capturing Christians so much as they are capturing heathen. If there were really 450,000,000 Christians, and if they all zealously pulled together, they would quickly reduce the ranks of heathendom; but on the present line of operations the odds are too heavy to expect it, notwithstanding Brother Talmage's generous offer to capture 10,000 Jews, Mohammedans, or Buddhists himself.

The writer of this paragraph is one of the many hundreds of American journalists and men of letters who have naught but contempt for the Christianity of the sects, the only Christianity known to them. They see the utter failure of these loud and noisy bodies of religionists, at home, just where, had they any real living moral power, they should be influential for good. They see crime, poverty, wretchedness and vice in their multiform shapes daily inflicting greater and greater evils upon society, and the sects powerless to relieve a humanity wearied and exhausted from sufferings. How, they ask themselves, can religious systems, so weak and inefficient in coping with evils right at hand in our own country, be expected to meet and overcome the Jew, the Ishamite, the Buddhist or the Confucian elsewhere? The fact is that the sects by introducing confusion and contradiction into the work of evangelizing the pagan have inflicted irreparable injury on the progress of that work. In many places the so-called "missionaries" of the sects

are more solicitous in spreading falsehoods concerning Catholic teaching and practice than in laying the foundations of an enduring Christianity. The sects are powerless in their attempted conflict with paganism. They have not in fact that divine energy that comes from the indwelling of the Spirit of Truth.

THE FISHERIES AND HOME RULE.

Just at this moment there is a very marked feeling of irritation towards Canada manifested in the United States. The latter country has, in fact, been unfriendly to this, ever since the late civil war, when a good deal of sympathy was in Canada unnecessarily manifested for the Southern secessionists. We remember that during the war, at its most critical period, numbers of Orange volunteers were foolishly sent, by the Canadian government of the day, to various border towns, to irritate, annoy and insult the American people. We know of one American town on our frontier that was visited by these volunteers, who, in the absence of the men fighting for the Union in far off fields, dared to insult American women and attempt outrage on the American flag. No Canadians but Orangemen would act in this way, and we consider it unfair that the American people should hold us all responsible for the acts of these few ruffianly individuals. The incident we refer to ought, however, to show our government that it is not from the Orange lodges that our volunteers should be drawn. Americans remember the foolhardy conduct of our government at that time with great bitterness, and one of the first consequences of our unfriendliness to the American republic, in its great struggle for existence, was the revocation or abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, under which Canada had acquired such prosperity. The next was the purchase of Alaska as a sort of Northern watch-tower to guard our far Northern and Western coasts, and deprive us forever of commercial supremacy in that distant but wealthy region; the next was the treaty of Washington in 1871, which deprived us of exclusive ownership of our great water highway—the St. Lawrence; and the next will in all likelihood be a treaty robbing us of our fisheries. Canada is a sufferer in her relations and dealings with the United States because of her colonial position and her lack of power to make her own commercial treaties; because, too, of her being a dependency of Great Britain, that has refused Home Rule and justice to Ireland, from which country fourteen millions of Americans are sprung; because, again, she joined hands with the mother country in aiding and comforting the domestic enemies of the American republic during the civil war of 1861-5, and thereby gave lasting offence to the whole American people of every origin.

We do not at all, we may here say, subscribe to the American view of the fishery question. We hold, on the contrary, with the Montreal Gazette, that "The United States Senate has had to resort to coercive measures to compel Canada to surrender her rights guaranteed by the treaty of 1880. The premises upon which this is based are warranted neither by the spirit nor letter of the treaty of 1818, nor by the action of the Canadian Government in relation to American fishery vessels. It is true that there has been denied to American fishing vessels the commercial privileges extended to other vessels in Canadian ports, that is to say, the privilege to land cargo, purchase supplies, etc.; but that exclusion is no more as straining of the treaty governing the rights of Canada than is the prohibition of fishing within three miles of the shore. The attitude of the Dominion Government is not a novel one. It has been consistently maintained for nearly 70 years past, except during the operation of the reciprocity treaty of 1854, and the Washington treaty of 1871. There are two aspects to this question which the Congress of the United States is apparently determined not to consider, namely, the limitation of the exclusion policy of Canada to fishing vessels, and the desire of Canada to reach a settlement of the difficulty by means of arbitration."

But the fact of Canada's having the preponderance of the argument on her side will help her not at all in the final settlement of the difficulty. It is with Great Britain and not with Canada that America will deal in the adjustment of the trouble, and in Great Britain the vast, the overwhelming majority of Americans see their bitter enemy. The fourteen millions of Irishmen in the Union who contribute so much of the brain power that exalts American statesmanship and strengthens American journalism, want no friendliness with Britain so long as the latter continues the oppressor of Ireland. Then there are forty millions of other Americans, who know naught of England but that she is the perpetual enemy of American freedom. The sentiments of this latter class were spoken clearly and rather too openly and offensively, if you will, in the American Senate

on the 24th of January last by Senator Ingall of Kansas. This legislator cannot be accused of any desire of pandering to Irish feeling or Irish prejudice. Kansas is a state where the Irish are numerically and politically weak. It is a thoroughly Yankee commonwealth, more so even than the Massachusetts of the present day.

Mr. Ingalls: "I understood the Senator to say that England had always been a ruffian, a coward, and a bully among the nations of the earth, insolent to the weak, tyrannical to the feeble, and cringing and obsequious to the strong. Her history for centuries has been a record of crimes against the human race—in Ireland, in Scotland, in Wales, against the Roman Catholics, against the Boers of South Africa, against the Hindus and the Chinese. Wherever there has been a feeble, a weak, a helpless nation, Great Britain has been there for the purpose of rapacity, and plunder, and conquest. England bears no good will to this country. The memory of two defeats rankles, I dare say, in the breasts of Englishmen. When I say that Great Britain is not friendly to this country, I mean that the ruling classes are unfriendly to this country. Her course has been always one of wrong, insolence, and outrage. England cheated the South with false hopes of recognition, and injured the North by violations of neutrality. Her course in the treaty of Washington was actuated solely by a fear of the consequences to that country in the next war in which she might be engaged if she permitted the principle which she established to stand unopposed. I believe that there is no special reciprocity of good will on the part of America towards England. There are few Americans who do not regret Waterloo. There are few Americans who do not recognize the fact that the course of England towards this country has been one of insolence and suspicion and outrage from the beginning of our National existence. If I read this transaction aright, there is no purpose on the part of Great Britain to secure a peaceful solution, a pacific interpretation of the doubtful provisions of the treaty of 1813, but rather a deliberate purpose so far to foment the irritation and discontent between Canada and the United States as to prevent that pacification in the immediate future which would be inevitable if both people were left to the operation of the natural laws of trade and society. I see very plainly what the purpose of Great Britain has been in the matter. She desires to render it impossible for free, friendly reciprocal relations, political or otherwise, to exist between Canada and the United States. Therefore, I was glad to hear of the interpretation placed on the proposed legislation by the Senator from Maine (Mr. Frye), that so far as he is concerned it is to be a declaration to Great Britain, recognizing her agency and her power in the matter, that she will persist further at her peril."

Language of this character is not calculated to bring about a peaceful settlement of an international difficulty. But language of this kind—used in what we must consider the most able and statesmanlike legislative body in the world, for such the American Senate assuredly is—denotes the existence of feelings of bitterness and hostility towards Britain at once intense and widespread. The existence of such a feeling is indeed regrettable, but upon whom rests the blame? Upon Great Britain. Let England do justice by Ireland, let her grant that long ill-used land Home Rule, and a great part of American bitterness will disappear. Let her, then, mind her own business, in all matters concerning America, and the rest of that bitterness will vanish. Let, in every case, Canada at once assert her rights to the making of her own commercial treaties, let her set herself right in the Home Rule and other questions in which the American masses feel a deep interest, and she will recover the lost friendship of a land against whose hostility she cannot prosper or endure.

PROF. G. SMITH AGAIN DOWNED.

Mr. Matthew Ryan, a very able man, and remarkably clever writer, has favored the public with a review of some of Prof. G. Smith's slanders on the Irish. Mr. Ryan is altogether too many for the bilious and bigoted anti-Irish Englishman. His triumph is another instance of the superiority of truth over falsehood, of justice over prejudice. Mr. Ryan in the course of his crushing rejoinder deals out blow after blow upon his antagonist. Take for instance the following:

"The Irishman whether in the British Empire or the American Republic is true to his obligations of citizenship, while nowhere can it be said of an Irish community that 'the higher class is materialized, the middle class vulgarized and the lower class brutalized,' the description recently given of England's population by Matthew Arnold. Every measure of reform affecting either or all of the three kingdoms has found undivided support in Celtic Ireland. The Reform bill of 1832 was carried by the Irish vote in the House of Commons, England thus receiving early and abundant return for the Act of 1829, which admitted Catholics to Parliament. The emancipation of the West Indian negro was secured by the same support, O'Connell sternly refusing to treat with the slave holders or their numerous English agents in Parliament. In the English Colonies Irish residents have never been surpassed as a loyal and industrious people."

Mr. Ryan deserves the hearty grati-

tude of all classes of Canadians for his complete exposure and crushing denunciation of the pedantic sower of discord—Mr. G. Smith.

CHEERING SIGNS.

The Irish Nationalist party has every cause for hope and none for dejection in the signs of the times. Mr. Labouchere's speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet in Dublin is one of those utterances that attract and receive very close attention. Time there was, and not long ago, when British Parliamentarians avoided Ireland as they would a pest house, when in the eyes of the British majority, in the Imperial Commons, Irish public opinion was not worth taking into account. But that time has passed away. The British democracy see in Ireland's cause much in which they can sympathize, and in Ireland's claim a great deal in which they can concur. Mr. Labouchere spoke words of golden wisdom and priceless truth when he said in Ireland's metropolis:

"The name of those for whom I have to reply is legion, and you are probably aware that Great Britain alone, Wales or Scotland, or the greater part of the North of England, which intellectually and politically, and industrially, is the superior to the South of England, has a majority of Home Rulers. Indeed, had it not been for London and the adjacent metropolitan counties there would have been a majority for Home Rule at the present moment. But, my Lord Mayor, you have not confined yourself in your toast to Great Britain—you have spoken of all British friends, and in that you have included that Great Britain beyond the seas. Look to any of our great Colonies, whether in Australia, Africa or America, and you will find there that it is not right to say there is a majority of Home Rulers. All are Home Rulers—with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Goldwin Smith."

Mr. Chamberlain's ridiculous proposition—ridiculous because of its inherent absurdity and of the insincerity of its author—received from the caustic editor of Truth a lively hit off:—"You ought to assent to no sham Parliament (cheers). You do not want a sham Parliament, which is nothing but a vestry or Local Government Board with the high-sounding name of Parliament. You must insist that, arrange it as they will, be the details what they will, you will not abate one jot of the powers which were granted to you by Mr. Gladstone's bill."

Another hopeful sign is the result of the Donegal election. It follows in becoming order the defeat of Mr. Goschen in Liverpool, and emphasizes Ulster's attachment to the Nationalist party. Mr. McNeil, the candidate of the Irish Home Rule party, and Mr. Parnell's own choice for the succession to the late Mr. Kelly, received 4,604 votes against 933 cast for Munster, his Liberal Unionist opponent. At the general election of 1886 the vote stood: for Mr. Kelly, Nationalist, 4,905, for Mr. Foster, Conservative, 1,399. In 1885 the poll stood 5,055 for Kelly and 1,379 for Foster. These figures show that while the Nationalist majority of 3,676 in 1885 had in 1886 decreased to 3,506, it has in 1887 risen to 3,771. This is truly a sign and a cheering sign of the times.

VANITY VANQUISHED.

National vanity is in its own way as despicable and offensive as individual vanity. Italy has for some years, instead of consolidating her strength by a sound domestic policy and making honorable terms with the Ruler and Head of the Catholic Church, been striving to force her way to recognition as a first class power. She has dreamt of a great afro-Italian empire, and by paying a little too much attention to this dream involved herself in trouble with France and excited the ridicule of the world by vain menaces and empty manifestations of naval and military prowess. When England decided on the occupation of Egypt, Italy fumed and fretted to take a hand in the quarrel. The opportunity came. When the El Mahdi threatened to sweep European civilization and supremacy from the land of the Pharaohs, an Italian expedition to the Soudan was projected. No one in Europe raised the slightest objection to the enterprise. It was felt that if Italian blood had to be shed it might as well flow in the deserts of Egypt as elsewhere in Africa's burning wastes. The expedition went: for months nothing has been heard of it. Now at length it turns up routed, crushed, overwhelmed, as the following item of news, dated Paris, Feb. 3rd, will satisfy our readers: "The Republique Francaise publishes a despatch from Suez which states that in the battles between the Abyssinians and Italians near Massowah, the Abyssinians captured all the guns possessed by the Italians. Of the 480 Italians who were engaged in the fights not more than fifty escaped. The Italians have evacuated all their advanced positions and the Abyssinians have already attacked and carried the first line of Italian entrenchments around Massowah. The latter success, it is stated, was achieved by the Abyssinians on Jan. 27, the day after the destruction of the Italian forces in the field, and the latest intelligence indicated that it was doubtful whether the Italians would be able to hold out at Massowah until the arrival of reinforcements."

The publication of this intelligence,

really laughable after the vain pretensions and empty boasts of the peninsular statesmen, has of course made the Savoyard kingdom the laughing stock of Europe. Hence chagrin, mortification, bitterness, haste and bad council on the part of the Italian Ministry. Of what else is the following an index:

Rome, Feb. 3.—The Chamber of Deputies to-day discussed a bill submitted by the Government for a credit of 5,000,000 francs for the sending of reinforcements to the Italian garrison at Massowah. Deputies Musi and Casta, members of the extreme Left, opposed the policy of the Government and urged the recall of the troops from the Soudan. Signor Spaventa, a member of the Right, moved to vote the credit without delay and inquire into the conduct of the Ministers afterwards. The general discussion was closed and an excited debate on the clauses of the bill followed; the extremists demanding that the Ministry resign. The House then adjourned. The Ministry is confident that the credit will be voted by a large majority.

Italy at its best is not destined to be a conquering power abroad. Her true course is to build, upon solid bases at home, the superstructure of domestic strength and prosperity. She has too long neglected her internal development and domestic tranquility in the pursuit of shadows that can only lead her into humiliations such as the affair at Massowah. Peace with the Papacy should be Italy's first aim. Such a peace, honorable to both sovereign parties, is quite practicable, and must be reached if the peninsula is ever to attain real unity and true prosperity.

MR. PARNELL'S ILLNESS.

We have very distressing news concerning Mr. Parnell's health. The honorable gentleman has long been suffering from some illness incidental to his life of profound anxiety and grave responsibility. His friends are now justly alarmed at his condition and insist upon his temporary retirement from Parliamentary duty. That they are justified in their apprehensions the following cablegram will prove: "The character of Mr. Parnell's illness has up to the present moment been kept a profound secret. He was first taken with bronchitis. This was last autumn after the adjournment of Parliament. His mother came over from America about that time, and it was given out that the two had gone to the south of France to spend the winter. It now appears Mr. Parnell did not leave Great Britain, but that he and his mother have been staying in Ireland since last autumn. His associates have been trying to persuade him to give up temporarily his Parliamentary work and to go to the South of France. His consent was finally obtained. He had begun to make preparations for the journey, but as he is feeling somewhat the better he has for the present abandoned the idea of getting away. His illness being of a chronic form, or liable at any rate to fall into a chronic form, and of serious character, a few of the principal associates of Mr. Parnell have not only begun to feel deep concern about him personally, but also about the leadership of the party in case he should become unable to perform the duties of that office."

Precious as is the life of Mr. Gladstone to the cause of Ireland and the empire, Mr. Parnell's is still more closely identified with Irish liberty and British permanency. Upon his life depend mighty issues. All men of truth and peace will pray that God may long spare him to bring about the success and enjoy the fruition of the policy with which his name is inseparably linked.

A CRYING INJUSTICE.

We call the attention, at the request of many readers, lay and clerical, of the new government of Quebec to the crying injustice done the people of the Ottawa district for five long years by the so-called promoters of the Gatineau Valley Road. One of the most pernicious and demoralizing customs that have grown up in our legislative system is that of granting charters for railway and other enterprises to men of straw merely because they happen to have some political influence at command. The Gatineau Valley Railway charter is an instance in point. The country proposed to be opened to railway communication by this projected road is one of the richest in the Dominion. Safe is it to say that had the enterprise been undertaken by the men of means and of moral worth of the road had, at least as far as the first 100 miles is concerned, been now completed. To the grievous misfortune of the people of the Gatineau, and to the grave loss of the Dominion at large, the charter for the construction of the road was by Parliament vested in men of a somewhat different character, as the petition now being signed throughout the County of Ottawa by men of every class, creed, party, and condition clearly manifests. That petition, addressed to the Lieut. Governor and Legislature of Quebec, amongst other things says: "That in the hands of Messrs. Machin-

ish & Co. the construction of the Gatineau railway has been a mere delusion, as five years have now elapsed without anything practical having been done. Promises have been lavishly made by Mr. Mackintosh to your petitioners that he would faithfully fulfil his obligations, every one of which has been broken."

That the delay in the construction of the Gatineau Valley railway has been detrimental to the best interests of your petitioners, and as we have no confidence whatever in the board of directors as at present constituted, composed, as it is, of men who have no interest whatever in the Gatineau Valley, and who have necessarily no incentive to push the work vigorously forward, other than the motive which generally prompts avaricious speculators in making capital for themselves while the best interests of the country are being sacrificed,

Your petitioners therefore earnestly pray that the application asked for by the Ottawa and Gatineau Valley Railway company be not granted unless the said company deposit, as a guarantee of good faith, the sum of fifty thousand dollars (50,000) in the hands of the government, that the work of construction shall be commenced not later than the first day of May next coming, and that it be pushed vigorously forward to completion within a reasonable time.

The new government of Quebec cannot better inaugurate its administrative career than by doing the supreme act of justice demanded by the signatories of this petition—most of them their political adversaries. We hope that the government will go further and revoke the orders in council making money and law grants to the road, until its construction falls into the hands of honest men.

A TELLING FACT.

The subjoined paragraph taken from the Toronto Globe speaks volumes in itself:

The Minister of Education in the last report calls attention to the fact that the decline in school population since 1876 amounts to 30,963. Credit is given for every name on the school register. There was at the last report 40,761 children who attend school less than 20 days during the year. While we have so many less children attending school, we have 900 more teachers than we had ten years ago. There is an increase of expenditure of \$274,406 since 1876. The Minister of Education calls public attention to these facts, and adds, "That the taxpayer who is rated without his consent for school purposes for the public good has a right to expect that those for whose education he is compelled to provide should be obliged to attend school during the time required by the School Act."

If the figures of school attendance here given are correct, and no reason that we are acquainted with can be alleged to dispute their correctness, the population of Ontario must have suffered seriously since 1876. True, there has been a very large emigration from this Province to the North-West, but not large enough of itself to account for this remarkable falling off. We fear that no fair minded man can any longer deny that the population of all our Provinces, Ontario not excepted, is being depleted to the immense benefit of our American neighbors. There are, in fact, thousands of Canadians in all the great centres of the American West and North-West. These thousands attract others and the consequence to us is of a character truly lamentable. Our unfortunate trade relations with the United States is one of the causes, but not the sole cause, of the steady movement of our people towards the republican states south and west of the Dominion. The whole question is one that demands inquiry and remedial legislation.

A MARYLAND BRIDE.

FARRELL—COFFAY.

The marriage of Joseph E. Farrell, Esq., a prominent member of the Cleveland bar, and Miss Agnes M. Coffay, was solemnized at St. Ignatius Church on the afternoon of Thursday, Jan. 20, at four o'clock, by Rev. T. A. Smith, S. J. The bride, a charming brunette, entered the church on the arm of her father to the sweet strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march, and was met at the altar by the groom and his father; there were no other attendants. The bride was prettily attired in a satin mauve dress of the shade known as ashes of roses, studded with iridescent pendants, and bonnet to match, trimmed with pink tips. She carried a bouquet of Marechal Neil roses, and wore diamond ornaments. The bride commanded universal admiration, both for her modest and becoming demeanor, and the beauty and perfect arrangement of her costume. A reception followed the ceremony at the bride's residence, No. 40 West Eager street, where hearty congratulations were tendered the happy couple. The wedding repast was a model of elegance, and it was enjoyed by many guests. Among the more costly presents was a pair of diamond bracelets and pin, the gift of the groom; from the mother, a diamond pin to each, and a check presented by the father. The groom's parents gave the happy couple an entire silver service, besides many others from relatives and friends. Among the many present were: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Coffay, Mr. and Mrs. Farrell, and the Misses Farrell, of Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. James Maurice, of Philadelphia; Miss Boyle, of New York, and Congressman Foran, of Cleveland, beside many friends of Baltimore. After the reception the bride and groom embarked on the train for Washington, thence for an extended tour South and West. Their future home will be Cleveland, O., where the groom is associated with the well-known law firm of Foran & Farrell.—Baltimorean, Jan. 29.

We heartily wish the accomplished bride and her talented husband every-thing of good—peace, content, long life,

and all blessings that God bestows on His most favored children. With the benedictions of Holy Church, and the prayers of a host of friends, our young couple begin their arduous journey through life as auspiciously as the most sanguine could desire. That they deserve continued happiness is the conviction of all who know them, and that peace and joy unbroken will ever be theirs the firm hope and the belief of the friends and the well wishes with them in person or in spirit at the foot of the altar on that day which to them must ever be of blessed memory—January 20, 1887.—Ed. RECORD

CONSIGNED TO THE TOMB.

THE REMAINS OF REV. FATHER BENNETT LAID AT REST.

The College of Ottawa and its hundreds of inmates never assumed a more lonely appearance than this morning. The flags hung at half mast from the main spires and the entrances were heavily draped in mourning. The priests and professors might be seen at an early hour this morning passing hurriedly through the building with bowed heads in the performance of their daily duties. Shortly before the casket was closed the students were marched in solemn procession past, each taking a last look at the remains of their dead teacher. At nine o'clock the faculty appeared, and a few minutes later the remains were borne from the reception hall by six of the students, viz.:—Messrs. O'Farrell, Phelan, McDonald, Kennedy, O'Malley and Foley. The interior of St. Joseph's church was draped in mourning, and the catafalque which was surrounded by illuminated tapers was placed at the entrance of the sanctuary upon which rested the casket containing the mortal remains of the distinguished priest and scholar. His Grace Archbishop Duhamel officiated, and was assisted by Rev. Father Cauvin, of Hull, Rev. Father Duracher, of Montreal, and several others.

Rev. Father Dawson preached the funeral oration. He analyzed the life of Rev. Father Bennett from his childhood and said he had distinguished himself as a minister and servant of God, and notwithstanding his eminent qualities and cardinal virtues he was the most humble of men. In conclusion he said the name of Father Bennett would live in tradition when monuments would have crumbled into dust. The funeral procession marched away in the following order: The hearse, the college faculty in carriages, the ecclesiastics from the scholasticate, the theological class of the college, the junior students and the senior students of the college. His remains were interred near the grave of the late Rev. Dr. Tabaret in the Oblate cemetery near Archville.—Ottawa Free Press, February 3.

Reported for the Catholic Record.

FATHER DAWSON'S SERMON. In servis suis consolabitur Deus. (2 Mac. 7, 9.)

Wonderful dispensation! Pany man gives consolation to the God of Heaven, the finite to the infinite Being! And how? By the power of virtue. If the sin of man could afflict and give pain to God, and in such a degree as to cause Him to repent of having created man, why should not man's virtue, on the other hand, afford consolation and joy? That it does so we are distinctly assured. God is consoled by His servants. In servis suis consolabitur Deus. In this we cannot but admire the condescension of Him who is eternal, infinite and self-sufficing: For what is man that God should be mindful of him, or the son of man that He should visit him? These words of the Psalmist inspire the excellent virtue of humility and teach the creature to approach with reverence the presence of his Creator. Nevertheless, man, created as he is, in the image of God, possesses a high place in the scale of creation and is capable of greater things than he himself, in his present state, can possibly conceive. What wonderful things are we not taught in the sacred writings concerning the powers of those Heavenly Spirits,—the angels of God! Man, although under different conditions of existence, is scarcely at all inferior to them. Speaking by inspiration, the Psalmist declares that they are constituted only a little less than the angels and crowned with glory and honor. If such beings, by the abuse of their high privilege of free will, could offend and give pain, it is equally conceivable that, by a rational use of their freedom, they could give pleasure and consolation. Need we hesitate then to say that God is consoled by his servants. In servis suis consolabitur Deus.

That our departed brother was one of those chosen servants of God who give consolation and make heaven rejoice, we shall see and understand by casting a glance at the chief circumstances of his life. Come of a family of good standing in a part of Scotland the inhabitants of which had never swerved from the faith of their forefathers, he was trained from his earliest days in habits of piety. Hence the desire which he conceived of serving God in the Christian priesthood. In order to qualify himself for the high vocation to which he aspired, he repaired to Rome, where, at the Scotch and Roman Colleges, he followed a course of ecclesiastical study. When the time for ordination came he returned to his native land, and devoted himself as a "Missionary Apostolic" to the labors of the Scotch Mission. Nothing could surpass the zeal and industry with which he applied to his sacred duties. No toil was too great for him, no danger even could stay his steps. He was most assiduous in visiting the sick, and firmly relying on the protecting power that called him to the exercise of heroic charity, he remained unmoved by the fear of infection or contagion. Knowing well that the greatest knowledge is necessary for the discharge of the duties of the priesthood, he employed a considerable portion of his time in study. He had the works of the most learned theologians always at hand, particularly those of that very eminent theologian and doctor of the church, St. Liguori, and he frequently consulted them. Not satisfied with his reading, and not always meeting with

clear solutions of the difficult questions which occurred in the exercise of his duties, he often had recourse to the Bishop, Vicar Apostolic of the district. It is well known that very trying cases were met with which could not fail to disturb the serenity of his pious and meditative mind.

Whilst he joyed to behold the Church of his country and his forefathers rising from its ruins, and so long as he was its minister felt it to be incumbent on him to labor in its cause, the time had at length come, he believed, when it became for him a paramount duty to obey the will of Heaven, which, he was persuaded, called him to lead a contemplative life. But, what was to be done? There was no refuge in his country for a hermit. He must, therefore, join some pious society of religious. It will, at first, appear extraordinary that the Congregation of Oblates should have been his choice. For, it is not a purely contemplative society. To prayer and contemplation it adds the most useful pious labors. It applies to the noble task of forming the minds of youth and engages in the sublime work of Christian missions, thus combining the contemplation of Mary with the more humble, but highly meritorious labors of Holy Martha. What then could have attracted a man of Father Bennett's meditative habits to this community? It was its devotion to blessed Mary, the Mother of our Lord.

Whilst glorifying with the most loving and profoundest adoration our Divine Lord they honored with a truly filial and affectionate veneration His holy mother. Such pious sentiments found their echo in the mind of our departed Brother, and he felt assured that he would find a congenial home in the bosom of the Oblate Congregation. There, every member was a child of Mary, and Father Bennett had not and could not have had any higher aspiration. None but the unbelieving can doubt the excellence of such a state of mind. Did not our Lord himself appoint that the blessed Mary should be a mother to the "beloved disciple" John, as representing all who should, like him, believe in all ages? And did he not charge the disciple to be, unto her, her Son? Oh! but John was specially privileged. No doubt he was. But why? Because he was a true disciple. And must we not all be true disciples? It is essential to salvation that we should be so. Hence may we not, without presumption, aspire to be, like the beloved disciple, the children of Mary?

In the Oblate congregation our departed Brother, from obedience and a spirit of self-denial at first, learned to combine with his habits of study and contemplation, the active duties in which the community so cheerfully engages. In due course, this twofold life became to him a pleasure and a source of happiness. His familiarity with ancient and modern literature induced the authorities of the society to appoint him a teacher of youth. In this capacity he was most assiduous in imparting solid instruction to the children committed to his care. In the discharge of this duty he was greatly aided by his love for children. For in this respect he followed faithfully the example of our blessed Lord, who would have little children come to him, declaring that of such is the kingdom of heaven. What to so many is a tedious task, was to him a pleasing exercise; and this he manifested by his good temper and invariable cheerfulness, whilst his amenity of manner and serene piety endeared him to his pupils and to all the brethren. As it was devotion to the blessed Mary that attracted him to the society, so did he continue to grow in this devotion and became an example to all around him. The members of the community if interrogated at this moment, would all bear witness to his increasing devotion, and at the same time his piety towards our Divine Lord. If anything were wanting to show how affectionately devoted he was to the service of the most holy Mary, it would be found in the pains he took to compose a work in her honor, a work which, may we hope, will, in due course, be produced for general edification.

Father Bennett was rich in the possession of ancient and modern learning, whilst few surpassed or were even equal to him in Theological knowledge. His fine taste was also a subject of general admiration. Possessing, as he did, so many splendid gifts and qualities, it is no slight proof of his self-denial that he sought retirement and confined himself to the cloister. But why, says the man of the world, should such a fine talent be so confined, and so much light concealed under a bushel? Would not the world have been the better for the public exercise of Father Bennett's abilities? And what honor and fortune might not he himself have acquired? So speaks the world; and in the case of some men of great acquisitions, such a line of conduct is not only praiseworthy but a duty. It cannot be forgot, however, that every man has a special vocation; and there is every proof that our departed Brother was called to a life of retirement, partly contemplative and partly active. The admiration and praise of good men, even, was to him of no moment. It was of no importance, in his estimation, that he should figure in the histories of men of literature and science. He was content that his record should be where, as we all hope and believe, his reward now is. His name, although not to be found in the ambitious annals which mankind so studiously preserve as monuments of national glory, is written where, may we hope, ours, my dear brethren, will also be, IN THE BOOK OF LIFE.

A KIND WORD FROM QUEBEC.

Thos. Coffey, Esq., London. DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find two (2) dollars being for one year's subscription to the CATHOLIC RECORD. I took it last summer from your agent for three months, giving him particular orders to have it stopped when the time expired, but, since reading it I have changed my mind, as I admire the stand you take, both on political and religious questions in Ontario and in Quebec. I also think that if your platform is adhered to by Irish Catholics all over the Dominion, it will be to our benefit and to the benefit of Canadians in general. J. C. KANE.

The Editor County of Brant.

EVENING CHANT.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Strew before the Lady's picture—
Roses—flushing like the sky,
Where the lingering western cloudlets
Watch the lingering daylight die.

Violets steeped in dreamy odors,
Humble as the Mother mild,
Blue as were her eyes when watching
O'er her sleeping child.

Strew white Lillies, pure and spotless,
Bending on their stalks of green,
Bending down with tender ply—
Like our Holy Queen.

Let the flowers spend their fragrance
On our Lady's own dear shrine,
While we claim her gracious helping
Near her Son Divine.

Strew before our Lady's picture
Gentle flowers, fair and sweet;
Hope and Fear, and Joy and Sorrow,
Place, too, at her feet.

Hark! the Angelus is ringing—
Ringing through the fading light,
In the heart of every blossom
Leave a prayer to-night.

All night long will Mary listen,
While our pleadings fond and deep,
On their scented breath are rising
For us—while we sleep.

Scarcely through the starry silence
Shall one trembling petal stir,
While they breathe their own sweet fragrance
And our prayer—to her.

Peace to every heart that loves her!
All her children shall be blessed;
While she prays and watches for us,
We will trust and rest.

NEWS FROM IRELAND.

Dublin.

A dinner was given by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M. P., on January 11th, in the fine Round Room of the Mansion House. It was what may be called a representative dinner, for while the classes usually invited to the Mansion House were present in full force, the Lord Mayor had very thoughtfully invited the Mayors of the various provincial towns, as well as representatives of many trades' bodies in Dublin, to take part in the proceedings. Unusual interest attached to it, too, from the presence of two English M. P's, the witty Mr. Henry Labouchere, and another very able and eloquent Radical, Mr. Conybeare. Mr. Conybeare, who had been going over the country and noting what is going on, showed in his speech that he was profoundly moved by the horrors of landlord rule and profoundly struck by the difference between the administration of the law here and in his own country.

Mr. Labouchere's speech was witty and quite in keeping with his well-known Home Rule views. Mr. D. B. Sullivan, B. L., spoke ably in favor of "The Legal Defenders of Irish Patriotism," and a number of other toasts which were given and responded to showed that eloquence is as yet no waning gift in Ireland. There were fully seven hundred guests at the tables, and the gallery after dinner was filled with ladies. Many prominent Conservatives were among the guests, but none of them took any exception to the sentiment of the various speakers.

A meeting of the Protestant Home Rulers, held in Dublin, on January 10th, affords ground for deep gratification as a cheering symptom of the times. The gathering was the largest and most influential of any yet held in connection with the Association, and the speeches throughout had the true ring of earnestness and honesty. Among the speakers were Mr. T. W. Rolleston, Mr. Alfred Webb, Professor Galbraith, and Mr. T. A. Dickson, J. P., who formally announced his conversion to the full Home Rule programme.

Kildare.

The tenants on the estate of Lord Mayo, in Kildare, have offered to pay their rents, on getting a reduction of 20 per cent, on the present gale. The tenants, with the exception of four or five, met in Kil, and forwarded a memorial, in which they asked 25 per cent. reduction. The landlord replied, offering 10 to 15 per cent. to some of the tenants. On Jan. 9th the tenants met again, and modified their offer to an all round reduction of 20 per cent. To this application no reply has been received. The tenants are determined not to go to the rent office, if their reasonable proposal be not favorably entertained at headquarters. The tenants have a good case. The property of Lord Mayo is highly rented, even rack-rented, in greater part. The tenants, have always been harshly, illiberally, and arbitrarily dealt with.

Wexford.

A fearful accident occurred, on Jan. 8th, at Ballyroe, about three miles outside of New Ross, on the new line of railway in course of construction between Palace East and New Ross, by which two men named Luke Kehoe and Michael Murphy, and a boy named John Scully, lost their lives. It appears that the dynamite which is used for blasting purposes was damp, and the men, who were employed by night, were drying it at a fire in preparation for use. By some accident or mismanagement the dynamite got too near the fire and exploded, killing Kehoe and Scully instantly, and injuring Murphy to such an extent, that he died on his way to the New Ross Workhouse. When Kehoe's body was found, it was discovered that one of his legs was torn off. The limb was found after some hours in a cutting nearly 100 yards from where the accident took place. The arms and legs of the man Murphy, was also blown from his body. The accidents on this line, including the present fatality, have brought the number of deaths to twelve within the last two years.

Longford.

Lord Greville who holds property in and around the town of Granard, from which he derived a rental of about £12,000, is at present engaged in a bitter controversy with some of his tenants over the paltry sum of four guineas.

Louth.

On Jan. 11th, the Rev. Eugene Sheehy lectured in Dundalk, for the purpose of obtaining assistance for the evicted tenants on the estate of Captain Gibbons, Co. Limerick. Father Sheehy received a most enthusiastic welcome, and was presented with addresses from the following bodies: The Dundalk Town Commissioners, Board of Guardians, Harbor Commissioners, Young Ireland Society, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald Irish National Foresters.

On Jan. 5th, the parishioners and friends

of the Rev. E. Finn, C. C., Carlingford, assembled at the parochial residence, and presented him with a purse of over 150 sovereigns as a token of the esteem and affection in which he is held among them. Father Finn, who has been in a rather delicate state of health for some time past, is about to leave for a few weeks for the purpose of recruiting again.

Cork.

The tenantry of Mr. J. W. B. Creagh in the Donoghmore district have come to a resolution to adopt the plan against rack-renting. The tenantry sought an abatement in their rents of 30 per cent. from the landlord, and the reply came in a sheaf of writs from the landlords solicitor. The tenantry, notwithstanding police vigilance and the efforts made to counteract their determination, have accumulated the rents in a common defence fund, and the landlord has been already fore-stalled, the cattle and effects of the tenants having been disposed of at the local markets.

The landlord of the Kingston estate, on Jan. 12, took initial steps towards defeating the rent movement of the tenants. A large number of tenantry, principally traders holding farms on the estate of the most leading farms, as well as those who took a conspicuous part in the movement, have been served with writs. The tenants look on this movement of the landlords as preliminary to the general service, if it should succeed, in compelling these served to depart from the combination, and thus break the union. Active steps are being taken for the defence.

Kerry.

Father Frederick Eccles died in Killarney, on Jan. 12. The deceased was ill for a week and died from typhoid fever. He was ordained a priest in 1868. In 1873 he joined the Franciscan Order in Manchester. During the four years he was in Killarney he has been on missions to most of the dioceses in the South of Ireland.

Tipperary.

Mr. Arthur Fitzmaurice, J. P., agent to the Earl of Clonmel, attended on Jan. 11, at Hearn's Hotel, Clonmel, for the purpose of receiving rent. The great majority of the tenants came in during the day and paid their rents. They were allowed 20 per cent. on the year's rent ending March and May last, which was the abatement originally offered, and similar in amount to that given last year.

Clare.

On Jan. 8th, the tenants on the Shanahan estate of Mr. Scott, who lodged their rent in the hands of trustees on New Year's Day, disposed of their cattle, leaving nothing for the Sheriff to seize. The determined stand made by all the tenants on the estate mentioned, is the chief topic throughout the district, and their action has been greatly stimulated by the number of congratulatory letters and telegrams which they received. Mr. Michael Conroy, the assistant agent, receiving a letter ordering him to give up his position and take his stand with the other tenants. Two notices were found posted in Shanahan, threatening him with serious punishment if he failed to resign his position. Another notice couched in the same terms was posted on the door of his dwelling-house.

The erection of a house at Ballycastle for Patrick Slattery, was made the occasion of an imposing demonstration, on Jan. 11. The foundation stone was laid by the O'Donnellan Blake Forster, J. P., Ballykeale House, Kilmarauna. The work was undertaken by the Lisdoonvarna League, of which Slattery is a member. The Kilfenora, Kilsahanny, Killisnave, Curran, Ennistymon, Murrough, Ballyvaughan, and Giennamanagh League were largely represented. Father Campbell, under whose supervision the house was erected, delivered an appropriate address when the building had been completed. He was escorted in the evening to the parochial house by a huge procession, accompanied by several bands. The building was styled "Hut No. 1."

On Jan. 10, District Inspector McDonald, in charge of fifty men, proceeded to Trenchew, Newmarket-on-Fergus, to assist the sheriff in the eviction of one F. Casey, on the estate of Mr. Singleton. Previous to their arrival the members of the local Gaelic club took possession of the tenant's house and built up the doors and windows. The property is in court for the past five years, during which period the tenant was not asked for rent. Previous to 1886 the rent was £147. When asked for the full rent, viz., £734, he was unable to pay it, but if a fair reduction was made he would pay. The landlord seemed inclined to come to a settlement but for the agent, and some time since Casey's cattle, sheep, horses, and a car, were sold by the sheriff at Ennis, and bought for £40, the balance, £586 remaining due. To realize that amount an eviction was attempted on January 10th. On the approach of the evicting party a mounted messenger was despatched, and the chapel bells were set a ringing and horns blowing from the hill-tops. In a short time the house was barricaded and defended by 200 men. The sheriff and agent seeing the state of affairs, the former suggested a settlement. Casey said he was willing, and would meet his landlord half way. The agent said he would not reduce a penny. Casey, pointing to his house, said, "Then go and take it." This seemed to have the desired effect on the agent, who was disappointed at the bold and defiant challenge of the tenant, and ultimately offered to take £300 as a settlement of £680, together with £60 costs, in full settlement of all claims up to September, 1885, and for the year's rent up to September, 1886, viz., £175—he agreed to take £90, and gave on that a reduction of 25 per cent., which settlement was agreed to by both parties.

Limerick.

The Bishop has made the following changes:—Rev. P. Brennan, C. C., Bihir, King's County, to be P. P., Carrigaholt, vice Rev. M. O'Donoghue, deceased; Rev. J. McNamara, C. C., Clare Castle, to be C. C., Bihir; Rev. P. O'Meara, Castleconnell, to Lorrha; Rev. J. Gleeson, Lorrha, to Templedeery; Rev. J. Daly, Dunkerrin, to Toomavara; Rev. J. Linnahan, Toomavara, to Ballinacally; Rev. J. McKenna, Ballinacally, to Coalmeen; Rev. Thomas Kelly, Coalmeen, to Doora; Rev. P. Hogan, Doora, to Kilmessy; Rev. J. Costigan, Kilmessy, to Clare Castle; Rev. J. Maguire, Finkle, to Dunkerron.

Waterford.

The Bishop of Waterford and Lismore has made the following appointments and transfers: Rev. Nicholas Power, P. P., of Gammon-field and Kilsash, transferred to the pastoral charge of Dunmore and Passage; Rev. P. Spratt, late C. O., Tramore, to the pastoral charge of Gammonfield and Kilsash, to be C. C., Cahir; Rev. E. Duiphy, Cahir, to Tramore; Rev. J. Power, Clonea, to Cahir; Rev. J. Doran, Cahir, to Clonea.

On Jan. 20 the Sub sheriff, Mr. J. T. Hudson, with a number of bailiffs, and a force of about fifty police, under G. E. Dagg, D. L., proceeded to Cahernaligine for the purpose of evicting John Mulcahy and his family. The estate on which the holding is situate belongs to Huntington minors, and is at present in Chancery, so that little hope was entertained of a settlement being effected. On the Sheriff making the usual demand for possession, the tenant's family, numbering thirteen persons, came out of the house and took refuge in the house of a neighboring farmer. Immediately after the bailiffs had completed the clearance of Mulcahy's house they proceeded to the estate bailiff John Baldwin, and seized the cattle for debt, to the intense amusement of the people. Mulcahy's rent was £94, while his valuation was £64.

Fermanagh.

A great National meeting was called to take place on Jan. 10, at Rosslea, County Fermanagh. The Orange landlord faction worked up Sir Michael Hicks-Beach to proclaim the meeting. In the neighborhood of Rosslea, on what are known as the College land, a number of evictions are to be carried out at the instance of the landlord, Mr. John Madden, Aughlin House. Mr. Madden, it appears, is only a middle landlord, the head landlords being the Board of Trinity College, from whom he holds the lands on lease. The land is of an extremely poor character, and utterly unable to produce the rents. The Government made this a plea for the suppression of the intended meeting, alleging that it would be a menace to the sheriff. Two hundred police were drafted into Clones from Louth, Monaghan, Fermanagh and Armagh.

Donegal.

On Jan. 7, Mr. John S. McCay, Sub-Sheriff, accompanied by his assistant bailiff, passed through this town, and reached the Blown Rock, Glen Swilly, at such an early hour as to have been almost unobserved. It was soon discovered that, owing to threats of eviction and in accordance with notice, the tenants had come to give up possession of their farms to the sheriff on condition of being reinstated as caretakers for six months. The tenants made the legal surrender, and were readmitted on signing a six months' caretaker's agreement.

Derry.

On January 9th, there was a rather sensational visit to Derry in the person of a gang of convicts,—the Belfast rioter, sentenced at Omagh—on the way to the county prison. The convicts were conveyed in busses and vans supplied by the Imperial Hotel. Some of them kept shouting, and others sang "Rule Britannia!"

At Enlinton, some miles from Derry, on January 9th, Mr. Pinkerton, M. P., delivered an address on the present position of political parties. A Presbyterian farmer presided, and the agricultural interests, irrespective of creed, were well represented. The lecture was delivered under the auspices of the National League of the district, Mr. Pinkerton delivered a lengthened address, and referred to the Land Purchase Act, and warned his hearers not to be foolish enough to pay too high a price. He remarked that it was singular that the proclamation of the Plan of Campaign and the application of the Londonderry tenants for a reduction of rent occurred about the same time. Mr. John Dillon, M. P., was announced to be present, but was unable to attend.

Bow.

Intelligence has been received that the Holy See has confirmed the nomination of the Very Rev. Dr. McGivern, P. P., Drumgath, to the Coadjutor Bishopric of Dromore. The Very Rev. gentleman is a native of Anacleone, where he was born in 1829, and his career has been confined entirely to the diocese of Dromore. His appointment is received with great satisfaction throughout the diocese.

Galway.

A meeting of the parish priests of the united dioceses of Galway, Kilmacduagh, and Kilmorona was held, on January 11th, at Athenry, to elect a Vicar Capitular, pending the appointment of a successor to Dr. Carr, now Archbishop of Melbourne, His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, and Metropolitan of the diocese of Galway, presided. There were twenty parish priests present, and the selection fell upon Very Rev. Father Power, of Lisdoonvarna.

On Jan. 11, the tenants on the estate of Captain P. J. Conan, J. P., assembled to a man at his residence, Eyecourt, county Galway, to request an abatement of 40 per cent. After a good deal of reasoning on the present depression of the times, he generously, as is his wont, consented to grant an abatement of 35 per cent., and intimated his design of making same known to his agent at once. It is only justice to add that since he became owner of his estate in the county he had always acted as considerably and generously as his relations with his tenants admit, a fact which was transparently evident by the hearty round of cheers accorded him on granting their request.

Mayo.

On January 12, Mr. Carew, M. P., attended at Swinford for the purpose of interviewing the tenants on the property of Mr. Roger Macarick, and ascertain what line of action they would take. A telegram was received by Mr. Macarick's under agent, who held a rent office in town, authorizing him to give the tenants an abatement of 20 per cent. under certain conditions. The tenants refused to accept the abatement, and agreed to adopt the "Plan of Campaign" against rack-rents.

Roscommon.

The meanest trick the Government have tried was the prosecution of Mr. Jasper Tully, in Sligo. It was a device worthy of the shifty and prevaricating Agassiz.

General to direct a Whiteboy prosecution against an obnoxious journalist and his mother for reports published in his news paper in common with our own—in common with a hundred others through the length and breadth of the land. The manner of the prosecution was worthy of its character. First a jury was packed exclusively Protestant in the hope that defending counsel would be again driven from court by the outrage, and the traverser abandoned to the tender mercies of the selected jury, the virulent Crown prosecutors, and the Constitutional Judge who assisted them from the bench. The sole evidence against the accused was an admission which on the face of it was the most astounding and disgraceful document ever produced in a court of justice.

GOD'S LOVE FOR MAN.

Dr. Faber.

What a wonder it is that God should love men. Intrinsicly, what is there in them to love? If we compare our own natural gifts with those of an angel, how miserable we appear. If we consider how much more faithfully the beasts answer the ends of their creation than we do, of what shall we be proud? Moreover, God has tried men over and over again, and they have always failed Him, and failed Him with every circumstance of unnamable selfishness which can be conceived. There was, first of all, Paradise and the Fall. Every one knows what came of it. God was matched against an apple, and the apple carried it. The flood was an awful judgment, but many went along with it. Yet we soon find the knowledge of God almost confined to one family and one line of patriarchs. Then came the Jews. Job's patience is literally a picture of God's long suffering with his people. He rewarded, and they despised Him. He punished, and they hardened their hearts. He sent them His Son, and they crucified Him; and the Romans had to go and take away their place and nation, and to burn up their city and temple. Then here is the world since the crucifixion. To look at it you would say that our dearest Lord's passion had been a simple failure, so little is the face of the world, or the tone of the world, or the ways of the world changed. The results of the Gospel on the world seem to be, first, a tinge of universal romance in its history; and secondly, a great number of new works brought into its various languages to express phenomena and genius of the Incarnation. Can anybody say that much else has come of it, looking at the world at large? Then here are we, Christians, a most unsatisfactory sight indeed. How do we treat our sacraments? How many of us are serving our crucified Lord generously and out of love? Verily, God's love of man is simply a wonder. Yet how He must love them, seeing that, He became not an angel for angels, but He did become a man for men. There is no other account of the matter than the Scripture account of it. It is simply one of the mysteries of the character of God, as the Eternal Wisdom says of Himself: I was set up from eternity, and of old before the earth was made. The depths were not as yet, and I was conceived; neither had the fountains of water yet sprung out. The mountains, with their huge bulk, had not as yet been established. Before the hills I was brought forth. He had not yet made the earth, nor the rivers, nor the poles of the world. When he prepared the heavens, I was present; when with a certain law and compass, He inclosed the depths, when He established the sky above, and poised the fountains of the waters, when He balanced the foundations of the earth, I was with Him, forming all things, and was delighted every day, playing before Him at all times, playing in the world, and my delights were to be with the children of men.

Saved from the Wreck.

If the delicate organization of woman gets out of order, prompt application of remedial agents is required to save it from total wreck. In all such cases, whether to assist nature in the discharge of her functions, or to repair damages caused by diseases of special organs, there is no remedy so mild, and yet so effective, as Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," prepared at the World's Dispensary at Buffalo, N. Y., and administered for many years to thousands of patients with the happiest results.

James Cullen, Pool's Island, N. F., writes: I have been watching the progress of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil since its introduction to this place, and with much pleasure state that my anticipations of its success have been fully realized, it having cured me of bronchitis and soreness of nose; while not a few of my 'rheumatic neighbors' (one old lady in particular) pronounce it to be the best article of its kind that has ever been brought before the public. Your medicine does not require any longer a sponsor, but if you wish me to act as such, I shall be only too happy to have my name connected with your prosperous child.

He Shook It.

"I was subject to ague for two or three seasons, which nothing would eradicate until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters, since which time, four years, I have had no return of the disease." W. J. Jordan, Strange, Ont.

A Cure for Drunkenness. The Cure of drunkenness is a task with which the regular practitioner has been unable to cope. Nine-tenths of mankind look upon drunkenness as a social vice, which a man may overcome by force of will. Drunkenness is a bad habit, we all admit, in the moderate drinker. In the confirmed drunkard it becomes a disease of the nervous system. The medical treatment of this disease consists in the employment of remedies that act directly upon these portions of the nervous system which, when diseased, cause insanity, dementia, and the drinking habit. Remedies must be employed that will cure the appetite, for strong drink, steady the trembling hand, revive the lagging spirit, balance the mind, etc. The nervous system of the drunkard often follows a sudden breaking off from the use of alcoholic drinks. Labou's medicines may be given in tea or coffee, without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Those of our readers who are interested in this subject, should send their address for Labou's Treatise, in book form, on drunkenness, opium, morphine and kindred habits, which will be mailed free to any address, when stamps is enclosed for postage. Address, M. V. Labou, 47 Wellington street east, Toronto, Ont. Mention this paper.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR No More Bald Heads.

Restores the color, gloss, and youthful freshness of the hair; stimulates a rich and luxuriant growth; thoroughly cleanses the scalp; prevents dandruff and humors; and is the most cleanly and effective preparation for the hair ever offered to the public. Rev. J. W. Davenport, Illinois Bend, Texas, writes: "Ayer's Hair Vigor, used in my family for several years, has no equal as a dressing, nor for preventing the hair from falling out or turning prematurely gray. It ranks among the first luxuries of our house." Miss Kate Rose, Ingersoll, Ontario, writes: "While

To produce a new growth of hair on bald heads, in the case of persons advanced in years, is not always possible. When the glands are decayed and gone, no stimulant can restore them; but, when they are only inactive, from the need of some excitant, the application of Ayer's Hair Vigor will renew their vitality, and a new growth will result. L. V. Templeton, Newbern, N. C., writes: "After a protracted illness, with fever, my hair all came out, leaving me entirely bald. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and, before I had used all its contents, a thick growth of hair, nearly two inches long, covered my head." L. D. McJunkin, Perryville, Md., writes: "Baldness is hereditary in my family. Five years ago the hair on the top of my head was becoming weak and thin. I procured Ayer's Hair Vigor, the application of which invigorated the hair roots, and sent out a new growth of young hair. To-day my hair is as thick and vigorous as ever. I still use the Vigor occasionally to keep my scalp in a healthy condition."

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HAIR VIGOR.

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THE BLESSED IRISH MOTHER.

Brothers, who toll with pencil or pen. With chisel or brush, for the praise of men. Do you ever consider twilight's close. When you sit in your darkened studios. Do you ever consider, how, once for all, That other and deeper night must fall, When Earth and the things thereof shall be Lost, like a dream, in Eternity?

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

How to be Happy.

Once upon a time there was a king who had a little son whom he loved very much, so he took a great deal of pains to make him happy. But, for all this, the young prince wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have.

Kindness to the Poor Rewarded.

The son of a poor widow was on his way to the University of Oxford. His mother, by a great effort, had raised sufficient money to enable him to finish his studies. When he was within two stages of Oxford, the young man found that he had lost the banknote that his mother had given him.

Never Swear.

From the Catholic Intelligencer. 1. It is mean. A boy of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as swear. 2. It is vulgar—altogether too low for a decent boy.

AN ODISIOUS "JOK."

A gossip, writing from abroad, says: The Duke of Argyll, whose writing and speeches and correct life have given him a considerable reputation in America, where they are considered apart from his personality, is in London universally regarded as an odious little prig, whose conceit impels him to lecture and harangue everybody and their shortcomings, and whose smallness and selfishness only prevent his doing the things which he condemns in others.

A Happy Home.

In a happy home there will be no fault-finding, overbearing spirit; there will be no peevishness or fretfulness. Unkindness will not dwell in the heart or be found on the tongue. Oh, the tears, the sighs, the wasting of life and health and strength, and of all that is most to be desired in a happy home, occasioned merely by unkind words!

Gold Mines

are very uncertain property; for every paying mine a hundred exist that do not pay. But if you write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, you will receive, free, full particulars about their new business, and learn how some have made over \$50 in a single day at it.

A Fair Proposition.

There could be no offer more fair than that of the proprietor of Hagar's Yellow Oil, who has long offered to refund every cent expended for that remedy if it fails to give satisfaction on fair trial for rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat and all painful complaints.

The Best Taken.

"I had dyspepsia for a long time. Was entirely cured by two bottles Burdock Blood Bitters. The best medicine for regulating and invigorating the system I had ever taken. P. P. Tanner, Neeshing P. O., Ont.

Joyful News.

It is certainly glad tidings to the poor invalid to be informed of a remedy that will give prompt and sure relief in case of painful suffering. Such a remedy is Hagar's Yellow Oil, adapted for internal and external use in all aches, pains, lameness and soreness. It cures rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, croup and all inflammatory pains.

THE FARMER'S NINE DAUGHTERS.

A good farmer had nine daughters and one son. Every Sunday this large family went to Holy Communion. During the week all were engaged in tilling the fields and caring for the cattle, in sewing and household duties, and so on.

For many years the father had not been able to go to the church except on Sundays, and even this he did with difficulty. To reach it a creek, not very deep but wide had to be crossed over.

"What's the matter children?" he asked. "Why, father, the water ran over the stones during the night. It has gone down now, but it left them covered with ice, and we were afraid of an accident if we crossed. That is why we came back."

"Go back then; for if you really go to Mass for His sake, He will protect you. The Holy Sacrifice is well worth the trouble you may have to put up with in order to have the honor of assisting at it."

The nine girls, no less pious than their father, retraced their steps and passed through the icy water barefoot. This, in our day, is equal to St. Germaine, the poor shepherd girl of old, who was wont to wade a stream in order to go and adore Jesus in the church.

Another time these girls, poor as they were, had saved their earnings—cent by cent—a small sum of money to buy a statue of St. Joseph for their church. On the 15th of March two of them went to place the statue over the tabernacle.

"I fear, children, you did not buy this statue solely for God, and now he is punishing your self-love. But, whatever may be God's motive for sending you this mortification, I forbid you to ask any questions, under any pretext or from any one whomsoever, that may lead to the discovery of the author of this wicked deed. Once more if you had acted for God alone, this would not have happened."

Two months later, a little girl in the neighborhood, who had doubtless heard some one speaking of the occurrence in her presence, came and with a mysterious air said: "I know who it was broke St. Joseph."

The generous woman quickly replied: "And we do not want to know him. Go home instantly and take care not to repeat what you've heard; else you'll answer for it to me."

These brave girls, who had nothing for their support but the labor of their hands, and of whom seven are still living, have been able by curtailing expenses to strict necessity, to furnish their church with a carpet, candlesticks, ciborium, monstrance, and all that is needed for the worthy adornment of the house of God. What an example for our promoters of the Sacred Heart!—Messenger of Sacred Heart.

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, and Hay Fever

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness, and hay fever, are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home.

"In the spring of '83 I was nearly dead, as everybody around my neighborhood knows. My trouble was caused by obstinate constipation. One bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters cured me entirely." This statement is made by Walter Stinson, of Gorrle, Ont.

"One bottle of Hagar's Pectoral Balsam cured me of a sore throat and loss of voice. One trial relieved me when all other medicine failed," says Miss J. McLeod, Belfountain, Ont.

"DESTROY THE WORMS or they will destroy the children. Use Freeman's Worm Powders, they expel all kinds of worms."

FOR NETTLE RASH, Itching Piles, Ringworm Eruptions, and all skin diseases, see Prof. Low's Sulphur Soap.

NATIONAL PILLS purify the Blood, regulate Stomach, Liver and Bowels.



For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and overworked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women.

Credit Paroissial, 1694 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

C. B. LANCTOT, IMPORTER OF CHURCH BRONZES, Gold and Silver Plated Ware, Says: Merinos, Ecclesiastical Vestments, Etc.

Manufacturer of St. Joseph, Oil Paintings, Stations of the Cross, Flags and all kinds of Society Banners.

Burdock Blood Bitters. WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE.

HEAL THYSELF! Do not expend hundreds of dollars for advertised patent medicines at a dollar a bottle, and denude your system with nauseous slops that poison the blood, but purchase the Great and Standard Medical Work, entitled SELF-PRESERVATION.

WANTED A RELIABLE, ENERGETIC CATHOLIC, to take orders in own and surrounding parishes. Good pay to industrious person. References required. BROTHERS, 36 and 38 Barclay street, New York.

McShane Bell Foundry. Finest Grade of Bells, Chimes and Pails for Churches, Colleges, Towns, Crooks, etc.

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY. Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc.

ELLIMAN'S. FOR SPRAINS, CURBS, AND SPLINTS WHEN FORMING. FOR OVER-REACHES, CHAPPED HEELS, WIND BRUISES, ETC.

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION. FOR SPRAINS, CURBS, AND SPLINTS WHEN FORMING. FOR OVER-REACHES, CHAPPED HEELS, WIND BRUISES, ETC.

ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION. RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SPRAINS, BRUISES, STIFFNESS, SORE THROAT, COLIC, CHEST COLIC, ETC.

ELLIMAN, SON & CO. SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

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OBJECTS OF THE NEW YORK CATHOLIC AGENCY.

The object of this Agency is to supply at the regular dealers' prices, any kind of goods imported or manufactured in the United States.

The advantages and conveniences of this Agency are many, a few of which are: 1. It is situated in the heart of the wholesale trade of the metropolis, and has completed such arrangements with the leading manufacturers and importers as enable it to wholesale rates, and at the lowest prices.

THOMAS D. EGAN, Catholic Agency, 42 Barclay St., New York, N.Y.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS. Illustrative Sample Free.

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MINNESOTA. Cheap Homes on Long Time and Liberal Terms. The Stevens County Abstract and Real Estate Agency has One Million Acres of Best Farming Lands, Best Dairy Land and Best Wood Land in Western and Central Minnesota that are to be found in the world.

GET THE BEST. Books that Agents Can Sell and Every Catholic Family Should Have.

THE PUBLISHERS DESIRE TO CALL attention to the following list of Books made expressly for canvassing purposes and to sell on the instalment plan.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, ONT.—The Studies embrace the Classical and Commercial Courses. Terms (including all ordinary expenses), \$25 money, \$50 per annum. For full particulars apply to Rev. DENIS O'CONNOR, President.

DR. WOODRUFF, NO. 185 QUEEN'S Avenue, third door east Post Office, special attention given to diseases of the eyes, ear, nose and throat. Office hours—12 to 3:30 in the afternoon.

HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALM CURES COUGHS COLDS BRONCHITIS, ETC.

BANK OF LONDON IN CANADA. CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED \$1,000,000 CAPITAL PAID UP 200,000 RESERVE FUND 50,000

THE LONDON MUTUAL. The only Mutual Fire Insurance Company licensed by the Government of Canada. Head offices, 428 Richmond street.

TO THE CLERGY

The Clergy of Western Ontario will, we feel assured, be glad to learn that WILSON BROS., General Grocers, of London, have now in stock a large quantity of Sicilian Wine, whose purity and genuineness for Sacramental use is attested by a certificate signed by the Rector and Prefect of Studies of the Diocesan Seminary of Marsala.

WILLIAM HINTON, UNDERTAKER, ETC. From London, England. The only house in the city having a Children's Mourning Carriage, First-class Hearse for hire, 212 St. James Street, London, Ontario.

CELEBRATED THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER. Is a PURE FRUIT ACID POWDER, It contains neither alum, lime, nor ammonia, and may be used by the most delicate constitutions with perfect safety.

WILL CURE DYSPEPSIA, ASTHMA, Catarrh and all Spinal and Nervous Diseases. Recommended by physicians for Rheumatism, Paralysis, Lungs and Kidney Complaints. Perfectly safe and reliable.

Wicks for Sanctuary Lamps. F. MEAGER'S EIGHT-DAY WICKS. F. Meager's Lamp, burns a candle with out interference. Post free, \$1 a box, which lasts a year. Dollar notes are accepted.

ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART. CONDUCTED BY THE LADIES OF THE SACRED HEART, LONDON, ONT. Locality unrivalled for healthfulness offering peculiar advantages to pupils even of delicate constitutions.

CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF LAKE HURON, Sarnia, Ont.—This Institution offers every advantage to young ladies who wish to receive a solid, useful and refined education.

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URSULINE ACADEMY, CHATILLON, ONT.—Under the care of the Ursuline Ladies. This Institution is pleasantly situated on the Great Western Railway 50 miles from Detroit.

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FRANCIS BOURK, M. D., PHYSICIAN. Surgeon, etc. Office and residence, 205 Wellington Street, London, Ontario.

CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.—The regular meetings of London Branch No. 4 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, will be held on the first and third Thursday of every month, at the hour of 8 o'clock, in our rooms, Castle Hill, Richmond Block, Richmond St. Members are requested to attend punctually.

THE LONDON MUTUAL. The only Mutual Fire Insurance Company licensed by the Government of Canada. Head offices, 428 Richmond street.

NEW SUITINGS.

TO ORDER
All Wool Tweed Suits \$14
All Wool Tweed Suits \$15
All Wool Tweed Pants \$4
All Wool Tweed Pants \$4.50
Fall Dress Suits a Specialty.

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393 Richmond St.

C. M. B. A.

OFFICIAL.

Assessments 1 and 2 of 1887 are issued to pay the beneficiaries of eleven deceased members, four of whom died in 1886.

In 1886 there were 119 deaths in our C. M. B. A. ranks, of which 108 were in the United States and 11 in Canada.

Branches that have not already done so, are hereby notified to comply, without further delay, with our constitutional regulations pertaining to "Appointment and duties of Medical Examiners."

All branches are aware that the per capita tax (fifty cents for each member in good standing, Dec. 31st, was due Jan. 1st. This money is much needed by both Grand and Supreme Councils to discharge obligations against the general fund.

SAMUEL R. BROWN, Grand Secretary.

BRANCH NO. 35, GODERICH.

Spiritual Adviser—Rev. B. J. Watters. Past Chancellor—E. O'Dea. President—C. L. McIntosh. First Vice President—John A. Doyle.

BRANCH NO. 40, NEW HAMBURG.

Spiritual Ad—Rev. Joseph Schweitzer. Past Chancellor—Joseph D. Hoff. President—Timothy Murphy.

More Jury Packing.

(By Cable to the Tribune.)

Dublin, Jan. 25.—By an infamous trick the Crown has changed the venue of the "Plan of Campaign" prosecutions from the City of Dublin to the County of Dublin.

Mr. Chamberlain's speech amounts to this, that he is struggling between an anxiety to work himself back into the Liberal fold and the overflowing bitterness that has put him in his present isolated position.

T. P. GILL, M. P.

A DISTINGUISHED PRIEST.

In Spain, Ireland has ever found a true friend and faithful ally in her National exigencies—a home for her exiled scholars and a fair field for Celtic genius.

the country of their adoption, as will appear from the following. Many of your readers will be delighted to know that a signal tribute has been recently paid to a worthy priest and Irishman.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Catholic Columbian.

For years a great moral nuisance has been permitted—we refer to the theatrical posters which are spread over brick walls and fences in city and town.

The greatest enemies of the Catholic Church are Catholics. The genius of this great country will never, perhaps, admit of the persecution of the Church.

The Order of St. Benedict, which has left in marks—large and plain—on the history of Europe, has contributed in no small measure to the spiritual glories of England.

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The Order of St. Benedict, which has left in marks—large and plain—on the history of Europe, has contributed in no small measure to the spiritual glories of England.

"I can't find time to pray," is a not un-frequent exclamation of some really good people. They of course mean that they do not always find the time for certain stated prayers at certain stated hours.

The Catholic Church is not a foe to labor; on the contrary, it is labor's best and truest friend. It would defend labor from the assaults made upon its honor and integrity by its pretended leaders and friends.

Congress has appropriated \$11,000 for a Catholic church, school-house and priest's residence at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY.

After High Mass in the Church of Our Lady on Sunday, a very interesting and gratifying event transpired. Rev. Father Doherty, S. J., the pastor, explained that a movement had been set on foot by several gentlemen in the congregation to provide means for the completion of the church.

Mr. McElderry, Ald. Coffee, Messrs. Doyle, Keough, Harris, Jno. Murphy, Mount Tara, and others then spoke. They explained the movement which had been so prominently inaugurated, and exhorted the members of the congregation, one and all, to aid as far as their means would allow in furthering their efforts.

During the past two years about \$20,000 have been expended on the new building, or the uncompleted part of it. For that sum forty-seven feet of stone work have been built. To finish the stone work, except the towers, and make the interior fit for worship, it will require \$30,000.

Grand Drawing at Carleton Place.

The drawing or the twenty special prizes in connection with the R. C. bazaar occurred Tuesday evening in the Opera Hall in the presence of a large and eager crowd.

"Bell" Organs at the Colonial.

Patronized by ROYALTY. In musical instruments, certainly Messrs. W. Bell & Co., of Guelph, Ont., have reason to be proud of their distinguished position.

The Music Trades Journal, says:—"That Messrs. Bell & Co., are now doing a very flourishing business, which ought certainly to be a result of the excellent and handsome exhibit at the Collieries, and it is gratifying to note that the judges at the Exhibition have expressed their opinion as to the excellence of their instruments."

O'BRIEN & KEOUGH, GUELPH.

During a recent visit to the Royal City the writer had the pleasure of visiting the extensive furniture establishment of Messrs. O'Brien & Keough, Wyndham Street.

JOHN J. DALY & CO., GUELPH. Those of our readers who desire to buy or sell farms or any other real estate would do well to correspond with Messrs. John J. Daly & Co., of Guelph.

Mistakes of Modern Infidels. The "Mistakes of Modern Infidels," by Rev. George R. Northgraves, Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada, has been already reviewed in our columns.

NOTICE.

Persons holding tickets for the Bazaar in aid of the Colored Catholic school, Windsor, and the Pelee Island chapel, are kindly requested to make their returns by the 15th inst., as the drawing of the prizes takes place on the 19th.

Minnie Hank Buys a Knabe Piano. Messrs. William Knabe & Co. are in receipt of the following substantial tribute to the merits of their instruments from the celebrated prima donna.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods of every description, suitable for Fall and Winter wear. Selling cheap at J. J. GIBBONS, 199 Dundas St.

For the best photos made in the city go to EBY BROS., 280 Dundas street. Examine our stock of frames and paraportons, the latest styles and finest assortment in the city.

GLADSTONE, PARNELL and THE IRISH STRUGGLE.—Wanted, the right man to introduce this work. Must be recommended. Apply at once.—J. S. ROBERTSON & BROS 110 Dundas street, London.

DIED. At Collingwood, on Friday, January 25th, 1877, Minnie, second daughter of Mr. Patrick Boyle, in her 22nd year. R. I. P.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the adulterated low test sort.

ORGANIST WANTED. A FIRST-CLASS ORGANIST REQUIRED to take charge of organ and conduct choir of St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, Ont. Good salary given.

A BIG OFFER. To introduce them, we will give away 1,000 copies of our "Marvellous Memory Discovery" free of charge.

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F. C. FLANNERY'S BANKRUPT STOCK STORE

I WILL SELL LESS THAN COST

For the next two weeks the balance of B. Lloyd & Co's stock, in order to make room or big shipment of goods on the way.

NOTE THE FOLLOWING GOODS AND PRICES:

All wool, black and colored cashmeres, 25c.; fancy dress goods, 5, 10, 12, 15, and 20c., worth double the money; grey flannels, table linens, napkins, grey and white cottons, ticks, denims, shirts and drawers, towels, towelling, shirtings, blankets, cotton bags, etc.

213 TALBOT STREET, WEST, ST. THOMAS.

PURE BEESWAX CANDLES. CHURCH USE. WHITE, YELLOW OR FINELY DECORATED. ALL SIZES

Our Candles are for sale by all dealers, and their superior quality gives them the lead over all others. Send for testimonials and prices.

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PEARL PEN & PENCIL STAMP, WITH NAME AND ADDRESS. OUR LATEST INVENTION. THE "PEARL" PEN & PENCIL STAMP.

RUPTURE. Have you heard of the astounding reduction for DR. J. A. SHERMAN'S Famous Home Treatment, the only known guarantee comfort and cure without operation.

TENDERS. SEALED tenders will be received at the office of the Water Commissioners on or before TUESDAY, FEB. 15, for the supply of the following material:

SEEDS. RENNIE'S SEEDS ARE THE BEST. Illustrated Catalogue for 1887. Containing description and prices of the choicest FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS.

NEEDS TESTED. REBEL. CATALOGUES FREE. THE FINEST IN CANADA. SEND FOR IT. IT WILL PAY YOU. Address: STEELE BROS & CO., TORONTO, ONT.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE. BERLIN, ONT.

THIS INSTITUTION, SITUATED IN the best and healthiest part of Ontario, and conducted by the Resurrectionist Fathers, offers in its Commercial, Classical and Philosophical Courses excellent facilities to students preparing themselves for Business or for the higher Professional Studies in Universities and Seminaries.

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HAND SLEIGHS, Clipper Coasters, TOBOGGANS AT BOTTOM PRICES.

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