

The Catholic Record.

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

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1892.

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VOLUME XIV.

Revenge.
Revenge is a naked sword—
It's neither hit nor guard,
Wouldst thou wield this brand of the Lord:
If thou grasp then firm and hard?
But the closer thy clutch of the blade,
The deadlier blow thou wouldst deal,
Deeper wound in thy hand it made—
It is thy blood reddens the steel.
And when thou hast dealt the blow—
When the blade from thy hand has down—
Instead of the heart of the foe
Thou mayst find it sheathed in thine own!

For Those in Peril on the Sea.
Beyond the bar the white sails dip,
Like gulls across the reach of sky;
But all in vain I wait one ship,
From out the fleet that hurries by.
O love! What unknown, tyrannous sea
Sets walls about thy tossing bark;
What wild winds drive thee back from me?
What stars fall in the ominous dark?
The home straits, sweet and strong, how far,
Far out at sea, for thee they seek!
Alone I watch the foaming bar,
And hide the fear I dare not speak.

O Thou! who rulest wind and wave,
To whom alike are seas and lands,
Be with him now to guard and save;
I can not stretch my empty hands;
Let still our need Thy tendance be
For those in peril on the sea!

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Pittsburg Catholic.
It is companionship that helps to form and mould character. The company of good men, sought and cultivated, makes the upright character. The company of the vile, depraved, and vicious gives the criminal, the shunned of society, the foul excrement the world is well rid of.

Boston Pilot.
The Earl of Denbigh, Rudolph William Basil Fielding, who died in London on March 10, was one of the prominent Englishmen who came into the Catholic Church on the high tide of the Tractarian movement. This reminiscence of him is opportune: "Perhaps the culminating moment of his Puseyism was a protest against the great gathering to be held in St. Martin's Hall, and the number of applicants for admission being in excess of the capacity of that edifice, Lord Fielding was told of as 'a safe man' to be the chairman of a supplementary meeting at Freemasons' Tavern. It was only a few months after his oration that the Catholic Church.

The testimony of fair-minded Protestants to the beneficent work of the Catholic Church is always interesting and suggestive. Here is something from a Methodist minister of Milwaukee, Wis. He said, using the word "Church" in the Protestant sense, of course: "The Church has a divine mission to children and young people. She must begin at the cradle, put in her best work before children are in their teens, or young people out of their teens, long before they are out in the world with the responsibilities of life upon them. In this respect I admire the theory, zeal and persistency of the Catholic Church. She begins with the infant. She rocks the cradle in every Catholic family, and has a right to do so. She sings her Masses in the ears of her children until their souls catch the spirit of them. She puts her creed into object lessons and through the eye indoctrinates the child. The children and youth are taught that to be out of the fold is to be eternally lost. I admire her for her fidelity to what she believes is a divinely-ordained. If she did less I could not respect her."

N. Y. Catholic Review.
Our liberal Protestant contemporary the *Christian Union* contains in its current issue some interesting reminiscences of the late Cardinal Manning. The following is about the best in the article: "For children the Cardinal's feeling was always tender. 'I like to go into the parks on Sundays,' he said to Mr. Waugh, 'to see the children and talk with them; and give them my blessing.' Then, with a pleased smile, he added: 'Nobody can say that I am proselytizing in that.' The same Protestant friend once regretted that a year's work for children had no larger result—'only seventy cases.' 'Only seventy cases!' he exclaimed. 'Small result! Think of seventy little children's tears dried, and seventy little children's pains stopped! I can never say that is nothing. It is glorious!' In a still more solemn voice, he continued: 'A child's needless tear is a blood-blot upon this earth.'"

Ave Maria.
We are indebted to a friend of the *Ave Maria* in England for the following extract from an unprinted discourse delivered many years ago by the late beloved Cardinal Manning in the Pro-Cathedral at Kensington. These striking reflections on the *Coffin* are timely, we think, and will cause every reader to recite that familiar prayer with a fuller understanding and with greater profit to his soul: "The *Coffin* bids us look upon God, and contemplate His character, and reflect how we have defaced His image within ourselves; it bids us cast ourselves at the feet of His Immaculate Mother, and see how unlike we are to her in purity of heart. Then we turn to the angels, who are inflamed with the love of God, prompt in their obedience to the divine will; how does this contrast with our coldness and carelessness? Next we look upon St. John Baptist, the man of penance, the saint of purity and austerity; let his life re-

buke ours. Afterward behold the Apostles Peter and Paul, who both fell—for the one denied, the other persecuted his Lord; their repentance, their subsequent zeal and devotion should be our example. Lastly, we behold the whole court of heaven, all the saints, greater and lesser in their present glory, illustrious or obscure during their life on earth; let these encourage and invite us to follow their example, to ask their intercession, to strive manfully after the happiness to which they have already attained."

Catholic Columbian.
Marriages in Lent are becoming more and more unfashionable in non-Catholic circles. After a while, our Protestant friends, having adopted Christmas, Lent, Easter, etc., will observe all the principal feasts and fasts of the Ecclesiastical Year.

The son of a printer is to be the next Bishop of Brooklyn. The Catholic Church is the most democratic of institutions. It is no respecter of persons. It honors merit wherever found. Its first leaders were fishermen, and, along through the centuries, it has taken men from the humblest walks of life to clothe them with its purple.

Pittsburg Catholic.
When your sprightly boy grows tired of school, neglects his studies at home, has an itch for the dime museum, and is over fond of being out at night, and is not amenable to kindly advice and discipline, just put him out to good hard work. And when his wages are received see they are brought home. You will find in nine cases out of ten, the starch will be taken out of him, and his wisdom teeth rapidly develop all for the better.

Look to the children and their surroundings. See who are their associates. It is not always the youth in purple and fine linen who make the best companions, although some foolish parents think these are the only requisites. The fatal poison which corrupts and kills may lurk here under the most pleasing forms. Youth is susceptible to influences more readily than mature age. On your children's companions and the hours they keep, much, very much, depends for their honorable future. How many parents neglect this duty by their blindness to appearances in dress and standing in society!

Boston Republic.
In copying the ceremonies and practices of the Catholic church our Anglican brethren pay us a great compliment. Imitation is the highest form of praise. Until quite recently it was not known that the Lenten fast had found a permanent abiding place in the upper circles of the English High Church. Such, however, is the fact. Fasting, which has been so contemptuously sneered at as idolatrous, paganism and Romish, is now practised universally by the Ritualists. The Protestant Bishop of Ely has issued a pastoral in which he exempts the Anglicans of the diocese from the obligation of the fast. Here is close imitation with a vengeance. The Bishop divided the adherents of his Church into three classes. One class, he called the Catholic Church (he called it the unreformed Church), another make such rules as suit themselves, while the third do not observe the fast at all. To all these he says you need not fast. It will probably occur to the ordinary reader that it was hardly worth the good Bishop's while to go to the trouble of imitating Rome by issuing a dispensation. An injunction to fast had apparently not been proclaimed, nor is it contained in the Creed, nor would it be binding upon the churchmen if it had been issued, according to his own showing. It was, therefore, a rather foolish proceeding to dispense by proclamation that which was not at all obligatory by canon or decree. And even should His Lordship of Ely proclaim a fast, the three classes of worshippers would not deviate from their previous course. One would follow the Roman practice; another would be a law unto itself, while the third would ignore the ordinance altogether. And all three would be in good standing as Protestants—as orthodox as the Bishop himself.

In the year of our Lord 493, on the 17th of March—which day is celebrated as his feast by the Catholic Church and by the Irish nation at home and in exile—St. Patrick departed this life in his favorite retreat of Saul in the county of Down, where his body was interred. "His obsequies," say the old annalists, "continued for twelve days, during which the light of innumerable tapers seemed to turn night into day, and the Bishops and priests of Ireland congregated on the occasion."

The family letters of General Sherman, published by his daughter in the *Cosmopolitan*, present a touching picture of that great commander sitting down amidst the horrors and fatigues of the Civil War to write words of tenderness and affection to his little daughter at home. In one letter to his little daughter he says: "Modesty is the most beautiful feature in a young girl, but should not degenerate into bashfulness. Think yourself as good as any, but never think yourself better than the poorest child of all."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN LONDON.

The 17th was duly honored in this city. The warmth of the affection held for the old land, and the sincerity of the veneration entertained for Ireland's patron saint, was never more evident in London than on Thursday last. Masses were celebrated at 7 and 8 o'clock, and a solemn High Mass at 10. His Lordship the Bishop of London occupied his accustomed place on the throne. The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. M. J. Tiernan, Rev. Fathers Kennedy and Nunan acting as deacon and subdeacon. The singing of the choir, under direction of the organist, Mrs. Cruickshanks, was excellent, and several appropriate airs were rendered on the organ.

Rev. Father Van Antwerp, of Detroit, was the preacher of the day. It would be correct to say that the sermon was appropriate to the occasion, but for many other reasons it was commendable. The rev. preacher did not confine himself to a relation of the great work performed by Patrick—his disappointments and hardships, his trials and sorrows, and his crown of joy at the close of a long life. All these events were sketched by a master hand, so true to life that the mind was carried back to the old days when paganism vanished from the land as a mist would depart before the bright sunshine of heaven. The charm of the sermon consisted in the relation of the lessons we should draw from Patrick's life and Patrick's work. While we claim to be Irishmen, and are proud of the title, do we in our lives reflect honor on that nation which has given the Church so many saints and the world so many heroes—which has in all ages produced men whose works will go down to posterity bringing blessings to mankind and shedding a halo of glory about the little isle that gave them birth. The true way to honor Ireland and Ireland's great saint was to lead blameless lives—living in conformity with the teachings of the Church of their forefathers.

In the evening a grand concert was given in the Opera House. The building was crowded in every part by a most appreciative audience. Many of the pieces were encored over and over again and good-naturedly responded to. The entertainment was under the direction of Mrs. Cruickshanks, organist of the Cathedral, assisted by Mr. Fred Evans. A large sum was realized, which will be devoted towards liquidating the debt on the Cathedral.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

Parish of Kinkora.
A week of extraordinary grace has just finished here. From March 6th till March 13th a mission for the parishioners of Kinkora and Logan was conducted in our parish by the Reverend Fathers and Kreitz and Dennis, two members of the Order of Mount Carmel, of Niagara Falls. The results of the mission here have been far beyond expectations. We are all very grateful to the Rev. Fathers and to our zealous pastor, Father O'Neill, to whose zealous foresight is due the visit of the Fathers to Kinkora. The discourses of which the Fathers, the eloquence of which was equalled only by their solidity, were listened to by a large congregation every day throughout the week. Masses were said at 7 a. m., 7:30 and 9 a. m., the latter followed by instructions, and in the evening at 7 p. m. the rosary followed by a sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Such was the daily programme of the mission. On Sunday evening Rev. Father Kreitz addressed the congregation in a touching and eloquent sermon in which he commended them for the mission and exhorted them to persevere in the good path upon which they had entered, always pushing forward to greater perfection, relying on the powerful grace of God. He then expressed his gratitude to our rev. pastor and the congregation for their good wishes, and after urging again in a few words the exhortations which he had made about perseverance bade all good-bye wishing that it would not be long before they would meet us again, trusting, however, that if that happiness were not granted to us upon this earth it would one day be afforded us forever in Heaven. Our rev. pastor, Father O'Neill, addressed the Fathers thanking them in the name of the congregation for their zealous work during the week and hoped that at no distant time in the future the Rev. Fathers would once more conduct another retreat at Kinkora. A sufficient indication of the success of the mission was that a great number approached the sacraments of penance and Holy Communion during the week. On Monday morning a Mass of Requiem was sung by Father Dennis for the deceased relatives of the parishioners after which Father Kreitz delivered a short discourse on the necessity of praying for the souls of the departed. He then gave his final blessing to all, after which crowds of the parishioners were seen thronging the sacristy to say a particular farewell to those who had benefited them so much during the week and receive a particular parting blessing from their hands. At the close of the mission the Papal Benediction of our Holy

Father the Pope was given to all present. It is to be hoped that the Carmelite Fathers will come again soon to Kinkora, and we not only pray that the mission may bear abundant fruits but that the beautiful discourses may long be remembered in the hearts of all.

MONSIGNOR MUNRO ON "PULPIT BUFFONERY."

The New Evangelicalist.
London Universe, Jan. 16.
The right Rev. Monsignor Munro, D. D., delivered a lecture on Monday night in the Trades Hall under the auspices of the newly-formed Scottish Catholic Truth Society and the Glasgow and West of Scotland Catholic Literary Association. There was a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen, amongst whom were noticed Mr. James Caldwell, M. P., and one or two Protestant ministers of note. Mr. James Brand, C. E., presided, and the Rev. Fathers Stewart and Leo, C. P., were on the platform. The lecture was an intellectual treat of the highest and rarest order, and was as witty and pointed as brilliant and effective. It has created a great sensation throughout the country.

At the outset, the Right Rev. Monsignor Munro said that the Catholic Church was aggressive, in a good sense; it was anxious to embrace all within its fold. Much had lately been said and written about indifference to religious ministrations and the decay of religious feeling in this city, and, indeed, throughout the country. The subject had been extensively discussed in the daily press; it had been anxiously considered in presbyteries; and commissions had been at work to ascertain the extent of the evil, to trace its causes, and to suggest remedies. The unsatisfactory attendance at the churches, and the indifference of vast masses of the population to any kind of religious teaching or ordinances, were facts admitted on all hands, and with reason; for in enlarged Glasgow, with its population of 777,000 souls, there appeared to be 500,000 who acknowledged no connection with any Church, and who, apparently, never entered a place of worship. Putting aside the Catholic population, which could be set down at 120,000, and who were not open to any sweeping charge of indifference, there remained within the new boundaries 650,000 non-Catholics,

WHO MIGHT BE CLASSED AS THE PROTESTANT POPULATION OF THE CITY. The church accommodation for that vast number provided only for some 120,000, leaving 530,000 unprovided for. Think of that state of things! Only 120,000 church-goers could be reckoned up by all the non-Catholic religious bodies of that great city—from the Established Church down through every grade of dissent to the Unitarian and New Jerusalem congregations. Yet at no time during this century had there been greater activity—aggressive activity—shown by the different Protestant sects to fill their churches and swell the numbers of their adherents. Assiduous house-to-house visitation by paid missionaries and Bible-women, medical missions, multitudes of voluntary workers, male and female; a foundry boys' religious society with a membership of 22,000, a boys' brigade with over 2,000, Sabbath school unions, and smaller societies attached to every congregation, showed a machinery which, by its extent, its perfect organization, and its ubiquitous activity, should be able to convert the entire community without calling in the aid of a nondescript theologico-musical combination from America (laughter). There were, besides, powerful auxiliary forces at work of a very substantial kind. Bibles and tracts were distributed weekly in tens of thousands. No class was left neglected by the Church agencies. Even the drunkard who had spent in his Saturday's debauch his family's Sunday food was freed from anxiety regarding the supplies for the day of rest by the provident generosity of one or other of the philanthropic agents at work. His weekly experience enabled him to depend with confidence on

FREE BREAKFAST, FREE DINNERS, free everything almost, by putting his children into communication with the Church recruiting service. From his experience of the working of the free meal scheme he would call it "The Habitual Drunkards' Reserve Fund" (laughter). Yet, despite that lavish expenditure of money and energy, the alarming fact remained that the people who were wanted would not come to the churches, which had to confess the failure of their devices for influencing the masses. The right rev. prelate went on to consider the suggestions made for reforming the Churches. Some would gladly see a dignified ritual introduced, with modest vestments, nor would they even object to a mild way with their old enemy—prelacy. The discouraging state of matters had called to the front a new race of reformers. Hopeless of restoring the influence of the pulpit by the old methods, they boldly aban-

doned the discredited teachings of the Confession of Faith and the once revered formulas WHICH WERE WONT TO STR TO ITS DEPTHS THE HEART OF COVENANTING SCOTLAND,

and adopt measures which, whether effective or not, could not possibly be reconciled with Christian practice or religious feeling. Were those methods to prove successful in filling the churches it certainly would bring no gain to religion. It would mean that in the Protestant world Christ crucified was out of date, and that He must now give place to more attractive divinities. He could only bring before them a few typical examples to illustrate the character of the men and their work. Let me introduce you to them—first to the sensational minister, who is EVER LOOKING OUT FOR STARTLING OCCURRENCES

which may form stirring subjects for the Sunday sermon, and furnish attractive titles for Saturday's posters. Years of practice have made him aware that the worn-out commonplaces of the Evangelical pulpit could no longer draw a respectable audience together. His stock of subjects is of infinite variety—just as miscellaneous as the contents of the accident, the criminal, and the variety columns of the papers are drawn from which his supplies are drawn. Nothing comes amiss to him. He can make a telling discourse on any event which may chance to have excited the interest of the public during the week; and then he can add as much to the pleasure, or the horror, of the subject by the skillfully worded advertisement in which the sermon is announced.

THERE HAS BEEN AN INSTANTIOUS FIRE in the city, [steamship] has been wrecked and many lives lost, a chimney has been blown down and killed a passer-by—all this is capable of sensational treatment. Here are a few examples: "Lessons from Recent Disasters of the Steamship City of Paris," "Playing the Fool," "The Opening of the Edinburgh Exhibition," "A Noisy Devil," "Lessons from the Kirriemuir Divorce Case," "Auld Lang Syne," "A Short Bed and a Narrow Blanket" (laughter). Take another type of the Evangelical preacher who is determined to keep abreast of the times—I mean the funny minister. It has struck him that what fills the theatre and the music-hall is the funny element. Now, if fun can fill theatres and music halls, why not kirks? It is true there is no Scripture warrant for this method, but so little is Scripture or Scriptural authority regarded now as binding on either intellect or conscience that the funny minister thinks he may, in fairness, be allowed to be a law unto himself in such matters. Accordingly, he provides fun for the Sabbath, and asks the public to come to his church and patronize the entertainment which he has provided. Sometimes the fun is found in the subject of the sermon. Thus:

"LANDLADIES AND THEIR LOGGERS—WHAT THEY THINK OF EACH OTHER" (laughter). This opens up a field for infinite jest when the funny man is really up to his business. Sometimes it takes the form of a conundrum. Here are a few examples: "Why Temptations?" or "Who's the Gentleman?" Or this, very much to the purpose: "Why so Much Churchgoing?" Here is another form: "Cinders and Crumbs." The following seems a very promising bid for an audience: "Are the few who answer 'No' THE CLEVER MEN,

or the hundreds of millions who answer 'Yes' confounded idiots?" (laughter). The terms of this conundrum are assuredly unparliamentary, but no doubt they thus proved all the more efficient in filling Blythwood parish church on Sunday, March 29th, than any form of words contained within the boards of the Bible could have done with this type: "Familiar queries: 1. Who is your father?" It was well, perhaps, for the funny man that he chose his pulpit in which to explode this suggestive fire-work. Had he given out a conundrum of this sort in any gentleman's private house he would, I think, have been turned to the door for violating the decencies of common life (applause). But the new method is to be expected to cover any kind or number of sins. Some

PROFESSORS OF THE NEW METHOD deal exclusively in amatory subjects. For instance, "Proposing, Rejecting, Accepting." Again, "The Pleasures of Friendship and Love." On the 8th November last the Barrowfield Church adherents were to be edified by a sermon on "Somebody's Darling; or, the True Law of Love," and it had to be preached again on the following Sunday (laughter). Another sang his amatory ditty to the rollicking air, "A Humbugging Wife" (laughter). These types are all excelled by the music-hall type. This is the kind of preacher who relies in great measure on the accompanying "entertainment." Evidently Scotch Presbyterianism is on the down grade. Its churches turned into music-halls, its ministers advertising themselves as harlequins, and its Sabbaths given up to musical selections, to masquerades, and to magic-lantern exhibitions, give evidence of the extent and rapidity of its descent. Only one step more seems wanting—the attrac-

tion of a promenade and a beer bar. The distance from this consummation seems measurable (applause). One type remains. The Evangelical swash-buckler who seeks notoriety with must bluster and far greater ardor than honest men seek fame. In this connection he is quoted from the sermons of the Rev. John McNeill and the Rev. John Robertson, and concluded with a burst of eloquence on the Catholic Church.

Priest, Doctor and Lawyer.

Catholic priests who have charge of thinly settled and widely scattered rural parishes in Maine have need of all the Christian virtues, not to speak of great physical endurance and varied accomplishments. The Reverend Father who has charge of the church at Winterport, Me., has parishioners in half a dozen towns along the Penobscot River, who are remote from one another in the farming districts, and to them he must be, as occasion requires, not only a spiritual guide, but also a legal and medical adviser. During the epidemic of grip, now subsiding, he has travelled day and night over rough roads and through deep snow drifts visiting the sick. When a case was dangerous he despatched a messenger for the nearest physician; otherwise he prescribed and administered simple remedies, and always with the greatest success.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Catharine O'Donnell, London.
We regret very much to announce the death of this good lady at the age of seventy-six years. She had been a resident of London for many years and was most highly respected by a large circle of friends. In life she was a most fervent and devoted Catholic and before her death had the happiness of receiving all the sacred rites of the Church. Deceased was mother of Mrs. John Brougole, of this city. May her soul rest in peace!

Mrs. James P. Walsh.
On the 20th inst. Deborah Jane, beloved wife of James P. Walsh, departed this life at her home near Lonsdale, Ont. She was in her fifty-second year and unlamented by her death, when she was taken ill with a grippe, she had enjoyed the best of health. Her generous hospitality, kindly disposition and unostentatious charity endeared her to all who knew her. Her death was as happy as her life had been useful and she passed peacefully away fortified and consoled by the sacraments of our holy Church and surrounded by her sorrowing family and relatives. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, her remains were followed to their last resting place in the Catholic cemetery at Marysville by a large concourse of the parishioners desiring to show their respect for her memory and their esteem for the bereaved family and friends. May her soul rest in peace!

Mr. Henry Stafford, Almonte.
It was with profound regret that we read the death of the late Mr. Henry Stafford of Almonte was received by his large circle of friends and acquaintances in Western Ontario and the Niagara peninsula. The deceased was a man who had travelled much and seen the world, and had many warm friends and kind dispositions. He was a brother of the late Rev. Father Stafford, formerly of Pakenham, Ont., is a sister of Dr. Wm. Hanover, the well known physician who formerly practised in this city, and Mr. Stafford, barrister of Almonte, is the deceased's eldest son.

We take the appended notice concerning the late Mr. Stafford from the *Almonte Gazette*. The funeral of the late Mr. Henry Stafford took place from his late residence at Almonte on Friday morning, and although the day was one of the stormiest in the annals of the country, it was largely attended by all classes of citizens. The solemn service of Requiem High Mass was chanted in the St. Mary's Catholic church, where the deceased had resided for the occasion. The pall-bearers were Messrs. T. W. McDermott, Patrick Reilly, John Slatery, John Murphy, Wm. Kearney, Perth and Wm. Kehoe, governor of the county jail. The chief mourners were the deceased's three sons and four brothers. The subject of this sketch was born in Drummond county, Ontario, and received his early education in the common schools. He decided to enter into business, and took a commercial course at Niagara Falls, where he resided for some years. He was, however, suddenly called home by the illness of his father, the late Tobias Stafford, of Drummond county. The deceased finally decided to locate in Almonte, where for many years he was one of our most successful and enterprising citizens. Being of a retiring disposition, Mr. Stafford time and again finally declined all public honors. He was always foremost in one of its most generous contributors. The present handsome new structure owes much to his tact and judgment, having been one of the church committee's most active and zealous workers when it was in course of erection. The deceased also contributed to all the other churches in town, irrespective of religion. To the widow and orphan he was ever a faithful friend, ample proof of which was evinced by the expressions of sorrow over his death. After retiring from business he devoted himself to the appointment of license inspector for South Larnark, which office he had held for fourteen years, resigning two years ago on account of continued ill health. For the last couple of years he had lived retired, enjoying the comforts of his elegant home, and his beautiful grounds, which, by his untiring industry and thriftiness, he required means to erect. The final summons came on Wednesday of last week, and all that medical skill could do was of no avail. During his illness he was constantly attended by his spiritual adviser and warm personal friend, Very Rev. Canon Foley. His dying hours were soothed by the loving hands of his devoted wife and affectionate children, who have lost a kind husband, and a loving and generous father. Requiescat in pace!

There is nothing beautiful, sweet, or grand in life but in its mysteries. The sentiments which agitate us most strongly are enveloped in obscurity; modesty, virtuous love, sincere friendship, all have their secrets, with which the world must not be made acquainted. Hearts which love understand each other by a word; half of each is at all times open to the other. Innocence itself is but a holy ignorance and the most ineffable of mysteries. Infancy is happy only, because it as yet knows nothing; age is miserable, because it has nothing more to learn. Happily for it, when the mysteries of life are ending, those of death begin. —Chateaubriand.

In the intercourse of social life, it is by little acts of watchful kindness, recurring daily and hourly; it is by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks, that affection is won and preserved. He who neglects these trifles will rarely be loved.



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Death-like Weakness

overtook me. And I had intense pains from neuralgia in my head, back and limbs, which did not suffer nearly so much from catarrh, and find that as my strength increases the catarrh decreases. I am indeed a changed woman, and am very grateful to

Cured of Neuralgia

I gained in strength rapidly, and can take a two-mile walk without feeling tired. I do not suffer nearly so much from catarrh, and find that as my strength increases the catarrh decreases. I am indeed a changed woman, and am very grateful to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

for what it has done for me. It is my wish that this testimonial should be published in order that others suffering as I was may learn how to be benefited. Mrs. M. E. MERRICK, 57 Elm Street, Toronto, Ont.

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The New Man a Rossmere.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

I think I will ride into Shadyridge this morning to meet the boat and hear what the rivers are doing above," said Squire Thorn after their home-coming. "I suppose I will have to stand treat to every fool I meet to-day."

"Why?" Mrs. Thorn asked, with languid interest in what she presumed must be a curious local custom.

"Because every fool will congratulate me on my marriage, and I'll have to stand treat for every congratulation," he said, showing a set of very yellow teeth in what was meant for a pleasant smile.

"Oh! And does custom demand that you should take something every time you stand treat? If it does, it is to be hoped that the number of congratulations you receive this morning will be very limited."

"I never knew a Thorn yet to lose his head on a slight provocation, Mrs. Thorn. I hope you'll not find it lonely. I'm not likely to be back before three o'clock. That packet's pesky uncertainty in her time of getting here. Reckon you'd better make old Lucy stay and keep you company—she's better 'n nothing."

The squire gave this advice as he took his cowhide whip down from the rack in the hall, and used it as an impatient clothes-brush across the dusty crown of the soft black felt hat he wore on Sundays.

"Thank you. I don't think I shall be reduced to that extremity."

"Just as you please. Maybe best not. She might cut up rough about being kept from meetin'. Lucy's come on religion since she's been free to sit up as she pleases. Maybe I'll find a letter for you out yonder," he called back from the horse rack, a moment later, where he stood tightening the saddle-girth about old Whitey.

"Not likely," his wife made answer, thinking bitterly that the headless boy for whose sake she has gone into this dreary exile had never been any too attentive about such matters, and there was no one else in all the wide world to write to her.

She watched her husband shamble slowly out of sight on old Whitey, and sent after him a silent aspiration that the boat would achieve a triumph of tardiness on this particular occasion. She folded her arms, and paced slowly from end to end of the long gallery. The prospect of a whole undisturbed morning to herself was enjoyable in the extreme. The heavy morning dew lay in silvery patches on the bright green grass, where the shadows of the big trees protected it from the sun's rays. Beyond the trees, with only the public road and a narrow, sloping strip of bank intervening between its waters and the yard fence, lay the same lake which, in its horse-shoe curve, embraced Tievina, Rossmere, and half a dozen other plantations. Deep, broad, placid, and blue, it was a majestic feature in an otherwise homely landscape. A faint wind ruffled its blue waters to-day, and sent them swish-swishing with a peaceful murmur against the sandy banks. A freedman, dressed in the shabby gentility which is his nearest approach to the white man's elegance, would wander slowly along the road every now and then, his lazily moving mule shuffling up little clouds of dust from each hoof, as he ambled in the direction the squire had gone, or in the opposite one toward the barklike structure that the squire had erected for a meeting-house for his people. This meeting-house was one of the squire's few concessions to the spirit of the times. In the frenzy for religious exercises that was one of the most violent ebullitions of the first days of freedom, the plantation that held out the greatest inducements to this line was the one that was surest of plenty of "hands." The squire speculated in religion to the extent of building this meeting-house and resigning all control of it to his people. It had proven an excellent investment, for, notwithstanding the inferiority of his cabins and the hardness of his "contracts," the squire never lacked for laborers. But on this day the men, with their boorish attempts at elegance, and women, with their tawdry ribbons and conical efforts of style, flitted by Mrs. Thorn without attracting a glance, though one and all had themselves in kindly readiness to return any civility the tall, stately lady of Thorndale might cast toward them as they passed her line of vision.

All the discordant sights and sounds of plantation life were in abeyance for the time being. The mules would not take their dinner in full view of her bedroom windows to-day; they were turned out of sight and sound in the lower pasture to pick up as they might the dinner they could not earn by honest toil on the Sunday. Their pensioners, the hogs, had wandered away in search of a substitute for their sodaloty about, with an air of having suspended business temporarily, and when the roosters crowed it was with a decorous brevity and in an apologetic minor tone suitable to the solemn stillness that pervaded all things. The big bell rope was wound about its post; the hideous clangor of its brazen clapper would not smite the peaceful air of that Sabbath morning. The five responsive hounds had all followed the squire out to the landing, trotting

close to old Whitey's heels with down-dropped heads and lolling tongues. There was not a living thing within the precincts of the house but Agnes and the large yellow cat that followed her up and down, rubbing its sleek sides against her dress in mute expression of sympathy for her loneliness, until, disgusted at her lack of appreciation, he sprang lightly on to the broad rail of the banisters, stretched himself luxuriously, and blinked lazily in the warm sunshine. The serenity of the morning met with Dick's entire approval. He only wished the mistress to whom he was sincerely attached would take things more restfully—bask, as it were, as he was content to do. He purred ecstatically when Mrs. Thorn would halt long enough to pass a caressing hand leisurely down his glossy back. A mocking-bird alighted in the locust tree near the gallery; then, emboldened by the universal hush, hopped intrepidly down upon the banisters. Dick eyed him malevolently. Startled and offended, the spunky little songster gave a shrill "cheep" and flew out of sight. A bright-plumaged woodpecker winged its way from the gatepost to the worm-eaten shingle roof of the house, and the sound of his reckless Sabbath-breaking came loud and clear through the unceasing space overhead. Uncle Mose, a wooden-legged veteran of the Civil War, who was living on county scrip and in hopes of lousy money from "gum-mout," was contentedly outraging the religious sense of the neighborhood by fishing for "ghyar fish" from the stern of his leaky skiff, that swayed gently to and fro on the softly heaving bosom of the lake; the chair that kept it within prescribed limits clanking monotonously against the stake in the bank. A myriad of white gulls were skimming midway between the blue sky above and the blue waters beneath. Occasionally one would dart with swift energy waterward, and dive into the rumpled, glittering depths of the lake, to return almost instantaneously with a fish, and skim the air close over Uncle Mose's tattered hat-brim, as if to taunt him with the unsuccess of his patient, clumsy human efforts. A red-and-white spotted cow had waded far out into the lake, and stood body deep, placidly munching the tender shoots of a button-willow that rested its green arms upon the water. Agnes was conscious of wishing that this soundless serenity might last forever. She wondered if it was her duty to turn away from this pleasant picture of still life and immerse herself in the ugly sitting-habit voted in favor of the lessons for Sunday in the Book of Common Prayer; inclination declared the hour a psalm within itself. She could read her lessons later in the day, when the sun grew hotter, and the silvery patches of the dew had been scorched up, and the sandy banks of the lake would show dry and hot, and—her husband should have come back charged with commonplace gossip from the landing. So she walked on, with idly clasped hands, thanking God for this peaceful solitude, which at one time of her life she would have shuddered at, as at total annihilation.

Presently a fresh object of interest glided into the landscape. It was a sail boat; a large, trim, freshly painted affair, with gleaming white sails, and gay pennon fluttering at the masthead. Its tiller was evidently handled by an expert. She looked at it with some such feeling as stirred in Robinson Crusoe's breast at first sight of Friday's footprints in the sand. It looked entirely too civilized for its surroundings; was altogether out of keeping with anything Mr. Thorn had so far come in contact with. She stepped into the hall, and took down the old spy-glass that lay on top of the row of wooden pegs that did duty for a hat-rack. She brought it out and telescoped the unfamiliar object. Yes; it was unmistakably a sail-boat of the most approved central-board pattern. Quite a costly possession, no doubt. Two men were in it. She was certain she had never seen the one whose broad shoulders and massive head the spy-glass gave distinctly for her inspection. The other one was hidden, from his knees up, by the outstretched sail. She closed the glass with a snap, and returned it to its place on the wooden pegs.

"But I the lonely life makes one curious over the veriest trifle. The idea of my wasting conjuncture over two strange men in a passing sail-boat! It is getting time I was indoors feeding my famished brains."

For all that, she stood still, noting how softly the green hull of the sail-boat and its gleaming white canvas harmonized with the blue and silver of sky and lake. It was skimming over the water with the grace of the gulls that fluttered and hovered amazedly about its tall mast and pretty bright pennon. She seated herself on the front steps to watch it until it should be hidden by the thick growth of willows that lined the lake bank on the upper edge of Thorndale. The wind had stiffened, and the boat was making excellent headway. Suddenly it tacked, and, to Mrs. Thorn's unspeakable surprise, was evidently heading straight for the rickety skiff where Uncle Mose sat swinging his one good leg over the gunwale, allowing his pole and line to look out for themselves, as he too gazed admiringly at the gay

craft bearing down upon him. When within speaking distance the helmsman leaned forward and said something to the old fisherman. Uncle Mose doffed his ragged straw hat to listen, and made some answer, and pointed toward the spot where Mrs. Thorn sat watching them with growing interest. In another second the green hull of the sail-boat grated against the sandy bank, and the two men stepped ashore. They stamped on the ground to bring their trousers' legs into position, gave a downward pull to their vests and an upward jerk in the region of their cravats, raised their hats for a furtive adjustment of tumbled hair, and strode briskly toward the watcher on the gallery.

Mrs. Thorn was opposed on principle to running at sight of unexpected callers. She would have preferred receiving these first visitors to Thorndale since her advent in more state than was compatible with her lowly position on the front steps; but if Squire Thorn's unconventional was characteristic of this neighborhood, these Sunday sailors were not likely to prove hypercritical.

They came toward her with the brisk straightforwardness of men with a definite object in view. She watched them advancing along the broken and uneven brick wall. One of them she was quite sure she had never seen before. The other one she certainly had hoped never to see again.

The two men were Major Denny and his guest, Mr. Craycraft.

"Mrs. Thorn, I presume?" the major said, in that frankly cordial voice of his which put to immediate flight all preconceived intention of stiffness or reserve on the part of others. "I am Squire Denny, of Rossmere."

Agnes arose to her stately height and asked her visitors in with grave courtesy, including them both in one bow.

"Thanks! no. We are scarcely entitled to the courtesy of an invitation to center. We—Mr. Craycraft," slightly indicating his younger brother, upon whose handsome flushed face Mrs. Thorn's gaze rested long enough for her to say, "I believe I have met Mr. Craycraft"—"are taking the rounds of the lake this morning as messengers of evil. The report from the upper rivers are of the most alarming character, and the urgent necessity for strengthening the levee which protects the bed of the lake is staring us in the face. I had hoped to find Squire Thorn at home. My bad news came through the medium of a Memphis paper I got off the Grand Tower, that landed with some grandstands for me last night. Will you please say to the squire that Mr. Southmead suggests my house as the most convenient one for a meeting of all interested to-morrow, and I hope he will join with us? It will require systematized labor and extreme vigilance to secure ourselves."

"I shall certainly deliver your message," she cried, looking over Craycraft's head with a steady determination to ignore him. Then she asked with low interest: "Do the people here live in this condition of chronic apprehension? I hear of little else but fears of an overflow and memories of disaster."

"One cannot help wondering why anyone should continue to reside in a country where nothing is sure."

"Save death and taxes," the major responded, lightly. "The majority of them, I take it, remain because they are powerless to get away, and because they would be helplessly adrift in the world out of the cotton-field, which is the only branch of industry they understand."

Agnes caught the pronoun them, which seemed to bespeak the major as with these helpless toilers of the soil, but not of them.

"You are not a native Arkansian, I gather?"

"No. But I am already attached to the soil, and will be to the people as soon as they will allow me."

"Allow you?" Mrs. Thorn's delicate eyebrows described an arch of surprise.

"Allow me. You must know, my dear madam, that I am a Yankee and a republican."

Agnes did know that the new man at Rossmere came in frequently for the most bitter denunciation by her husband. Her flushed face betrayed her knowledge.

"The good people of this section have to take me in broken doses. Now, I doubt very much if the squire would not have accepted me and my ill news as the two ingredients of a very unpalatable dose."

A faint smile stirred the firm outlines of his hearer's lips.

"But I am cultivating a spirit of patience. At present some of my neighbors see only the cloven foot." The roguish smile which accompanied these words divulged which of any sound of complaint.

"Do you not find it very lonely here?" he asked, looking with kindly sympathy into the earnest eyes that were fastened on his face. "And yet it is a pretty spot."

"One cannot conceive of the isolation of such lives until one leads them," she said, in a slow, uncomplaining way. "One comes to appreciate labor as a benign institution. Yes, it is a pretty situation."

"And yet there are some charming people in the neighborhood. The Tievina ladies—you will like them. It is their intention to call, I know. The

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ant you will find conservative in the extreme. The nice is large-minded and more liberal. She will suit you best, I imagine."

"I think we shall not meet," said Mrs. Thorn, caudally. "Some sort of feud exists between the Southmeads and the Thorns. I have heard Mr. Thorn speak of it. One learns to be very independent of one's kind in this sort of life."

"It is not well that one should, though, do you think?"

The major rose from the step where he had seated himself after refusing a second invitation into the house. It was quite the custom of the country to make seats of the gallery steps when the weather permitted. He gazed a second abstractedly into the crown of his hat. There was something in the dreary isolation of this woman—young, intelligent, and refined—that touched his quick sympathies. Presently he said, abruptly:

"I wish I were so situated that I could assist in making your reception to a strange neighborhood less chilling. I, as a man, have suffered from the same chill. It must be doubly hard on a woman."

"Brides of a few months' standing are rarely sympathized with on the score of loneliness, major. You do not compliment the squire."

This rude rejoinder came from Mantion, who laughed maliciously and ground his heel into the brick-dust of the walk. Mr. Thorn's glance passed over him icily, and she said to Squire Thorn, with vague comprehensiveness:

"You are very good, no doubt. I shall get used to every thing some day."

Major Denny heard only a piece of clumsy impudence in his brother's remarks. He blushed for the unacknowledged tie between them. The exquisite self-possession of the squire's wife was beyond criticism. She bowed in impartial politeness as they turned away from the door. They had reached the gate when Craycraft turned suddenly and came back for the buckskin gauntlets he had left upon the lower step.

"Pardon me," he said, rising from his stooping posture with crimson cheeks; "I am a clumsy boor! One thing I must make you understand: I did not know you were married or living here when I came to this neighborhood."

She was rigidly silent.

"You do not believe me; I swear it to you."

"I think your friend is impatient. She fixed her eyes absently on the sail-boat, into which the major had sprung and was adjusting the cordage. The man below her laughed merrily.

"Non-recognition is your cue, is it."

"I have no cue. My dead past has buried his dead. You never knew Squire Thorn's wife. She has known you but a few moments. I am glad, however, that you came back alone. I want to ask you one question. Where is your wife?"

"Dead!"

The man raised his hat and held it reverently aloft as he uttered the solemn monosyllable.

"Dead!" Agnes repeated the word huskily. "Poor Emmie!"

"Happy Em! Released from suffering and from me!"

He turned and walked quickly back to the boat where his brother was already seated.

Agnes sat motionless until the willows hid them from her sight. Then she turned from the warm sunlight, and the blue sky and lake, and the grace of the skimming gulls, and went indoors to read and to pray.

TO BE CONTINUED.

How to Master a Book.

In reading a book so as to retain a knowledge of its contents, we should first reduce the memory problem to its lowest terms—we should minimize as much as possible the work to be done, by discarding all that is familiar, all that we already know. To this end we should make a careful abstract of what is new to us in each chapter as we proceed, using as few words as possible, and those chosen from the text. Making a clear abstract of a book does more good than half a dozen ordinary perusals, as it quickens the intellectual energies by arousing and holding the attention. In reviewing the subject, refer to your abstract, not to the book. When you become expert in making abstracts, you may gradually dispense with written ones, as you find your memory growing stronger.

As to the method of memorizing these abstracts, the best way to proceed is as follows: You first associate or connect the title of the first chapter; then the title of the chapters to each other; and then in each chapter the leading idea or proposition to the chapter; the second leading idea to the first; facts and illustrations to the principles to which they belong; and so on to the end of the book. The numbers of ideas that should be selected from each chapter will depend on the nature of the subject, the degree of sequence or relationship between the parts, and the completeness with which it is desired to be remembered. When you have finished the whole book and wish to test your knowledge of it, contents, turn to the index and see whether you can give a clear account of all the subjects or facts referred to within.

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A REMARKABLE ARTICLE.

Catholic Columbian.

One of the most influential Protestant papers in this country is the Christian Union. It was founded by Henry Ward Beecher. It was, later, edited by Dr. Lyman Abbott, his successor as pastor of Plymouth Church.

In its issue of March 5 it has a notable leader on "The Roman Catholic Church," which opens with the sentence: "The crusade of the polemical Protestants in this country against the Roman Catholic Church is saved from being a crime only by being a folly."

Further on it says: "What would the polemical Protestants do? Have they ever seriously reflected what would be the condition of the United States if their warfare were to succeed, if the Roman Catholic Church were to be uprooted, and every Roman Catholic church were razed to the ground, and every Roman Catholic priest exiled? There are, in round numbers, ten millions of people in the United States whose spiritual sympathies are Roman Catholic. The Roman Catholic Church furnishes those people with all the religious instruction and inspiration which they receive. If they did not attend Mass they would exercise no religious reverence; if they had no Father confessor they would receive no moral instruction; if they had no priests their marriages would be civil contracts contracted before Justices of the Peace, and their dying beds would be unvisited by the consolations and the hopes of the Gospel."

"Can a Protestant campaigner furnish for those ten millions of worshippers a substitute for the Church which he desires to destroy? Can he get the attendants on Mass into his meeting house? After he has abolished the Confessional, will those who attended it come to his preaching? When the Pater Noster is silenced, will the voice of extempore prayer be heard in its place? The polemical Protestant cannot get his chambermaid or his gardener in to family prayers, and does not often even try. The Roman Catholics are in our households; some of them in relations of intimacy with our children. Yet we rarely attempt to pass over the intellectual gulf which separates us from them, and we still more rarely succeed. Not infrequently their conscientious devotion shames our spiritual carelessness, and we are forced to acknowledge that they can impart to us of the spirit of self-sacrifice."

"It is, however, as a political organization that the polemical Protestant attacks the Roman Catholic Church. He figures out that immigration and the natural increase of population will, in another century, hand this country over to Roman Catholic control. He even imagines the Pope transferring his residence from Rome to Baltimore or St. Louis. He warns us of the undying hostility of the hierarchy to the Public School and to free institutions. He is always able to cite respectable Roman Catholic authorities in defence of religious persecution. . . . His story does not justify these fears. . . . The real dangers which threaten American society are not from imperialism in either Church or State. They are from anarchy; from contempt of authority and impatience at control; from demagogues flattering democracy, enthroning its passions and dethroning its conscience; from greed and appetite, vast and uncontrolled; from the tax of thousands of saloons, not from the Churches—of any denomination."

"The polemical Protestant inveighs against the control exercised by the priesthood. Has he ever considered what would happen to this country, especially in our great cities, were there no such control? What dangers would ensue were that control weakened any faster than a power of self-control is developed to take its place. The abolition of the Roman Catholic priesthood in any one of our great cities would be almost as perilous to public peace and order as the abolition of the police. We are inclined to think that we could dispense with the priesthood. The Church is a great conservator of social law. No other Church is its peer as a public guardian, because no other Church has so won the respect—sometimes the fear—of those who, but for the wholesome restraints of religion, would threaten the integrity of society."

"We have omitted some passages that have a taint of the old leaven in them, but the article, as a whole, is a tribute to the conservative power of the Catholic Church and an indictment of the fanatics who would like to destroy it."

"That was a gay old company that we belonged to, Joe, away back in '88, when you and I ran with the machine. Do you remember that big fire in the Hotel Row, one freezing night when fifteen people were pulled out of their burning rooms and came down the ladder in their night-clothes; and how 'Dick' Greene brought down two 'kids' at once—one in his arms, the other slung to his back? Poor 'Dick'! He got the catarrh dreadfully, from so much exposure, and suffered from it five years or more. We thought once he was going in consumption, sure. But, finally, he heard of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and tried it, and it cured him up as sound as a flint. I told you, Joe, that catarrh remedy is a great thing. It saved as good a man as he and as brave a fireman as ever trod shoe leather."

"Some symptoms of worms are—Fever, colic, variable appetite, restlessness, weakness and convulsions. The unfailing remedy is Dr. Low's Worm Syrup. Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria."

FATHER LAMBERT TIGATES INGE.

THE INFIDEL PUT SEVERE COURSE.

WIT, SACRAMENT AND RIDICULE'S PROPOSITIONS: A LOGICAL MICROSCOPIC IS NOT BEARING UPON CHRISTIANITY—A RACIAL

New York, Feb. 27.—Father Lambert Tigates Inge, editor of the Catholic Columbian, has just published a remarkable article in the issue of March 5, in which he takes issue with the polemical Protestants in this country against the Roman Catholic Church. The article is a masterpiece of logic and reasoning, and is a most interesting and valuable contribution to the discussion of the subject. It is a pity that it is not more widely read, as it would do much to dispel the many misconceptions and prejudices which exist in the minds of many Protestants regarding the Roman Catholic Church. The article is a most excellent example of the power of the press in the hands of a man of letters and a man of God.

"What an idea! It is not to be wondered at that you should have such an idea. You must not be too sure of your own strength. You must not be too sure of your own wisdom. You must not be too sure of your own power. You must not be too sure of your own rightness. You must not be too sure of your own justice. You must not be too sure of your own goodness. You must not be too sure of your own holiness. You must not be too sure of your own righteousness. You must not be too sure of your own piety. You must not be too sure of your own virtue. You must not be too sure of your own merit. You must not be too sure of your own worth. You must not be too sure of your own value. You must not be too sure of your own importance. You must not be too sure of your own greatness. You must not be too sure of your own glory. You must not be too sure of your own honor. You must not be too sure of your own fame. You must not be too sure of your own power. You must not be too sure of your own influence. You must not be too sure of your own authority. You must not be too sure of your own dominion. You must not be too sure of your own sovereignty. You must not be too sure of your own empire. You must not be too sure of your own kingdom. You must not be too sure of your own reign. You must not be too sure of your own rule. You must not be too sure of your own law. You must not be too sure of your own order. You must not be too sure of your own discipline. You must not be too sure of your own obedience. You must not be too sure of your own submission. You must not be too sure of your own respect. You must not be too sure of your own reverence. You must not be too sure of your own awe. You must not be too sure of your own fear. You must not be too sure of your own dread. You must not be too sure of your own terror. You must not be too sure of your own horror. You must not be too sure of your own shock. You must not be too sure of your own dismay. You must not be too sure of your own consternation. You must not be too sure of your own confusion. You must not be too sure of your own embarrassment. You must not be too sure of your own mortification. You must not be too sure of your own humiliation. You must not be too sure of your own degradation. You must not be too sure of your own debasement. You must not be too sure of your own dishonour. You must not be too sure of your own disgrace. You must not be too sure of your own shame. You must not be too sure of your own reproach. You must not be too sure of your own scorn. You must not be too sure of your own derision. You must not be too sure of your own mockery. You must not be too sure of your own ridicule. You must not be too sure of your own contempt. You must not be too sure of your own disdain. You must not be too sure of your own scorn. You must not be too sure of your own derision. You must not be too sure of your own mockery. You must not be too sure of your own ridicule. You must not be too sure of your own contempt. You must not be too sure of your own disdain. You must not be too sure of your own scorn. You must not be too sure of your own derision. You must not be too sure of your own mockery. You must not be too sure of your own ridicule. You must not be too sure of your own contempt. You must not be too sure of your own disdain. You must not be too sure of your own scorn. You must not be too sure of your own derision. You must not be too sure of your own mockery. You must not be too sure of your own ridicule. You must not be too sure of your own

FATHER LAMBERT AGAIN CAETIGATES INGERSOLL.

THE INFIDEL PUT THROUGH A SEVERE COURSE OF LOGIC.

WIT, SARCASTIC AND RIDICULE—INGERSOLL'S PROPOSITIONS EXAMINED WITH LOGICAL MICROSCOPE—PERSECUTION IS NOT BECAUSE OF FAITH IN SPIRIT OF CHRISTIANITY—A BOLD LETTER.

New York, Feb. 27.—Father Lambert, the famous Catholic editor, whose razor-edged reply to Col. Ingersoll has made an edgy sensation, renews his attack in the Evening Telegram on the arguments of the infidel leader as follows:—

Ingersoll: "It is not necessary to believe in God to be saved, but would probably have had but little persecution."

Lambert: "You have been here to make suggestions? But it would have been better if you had been a little earlier, that you could have seen the Creator of the world, the perfect wisdom and perfect goodness, the perfect wisdom and perfect goodness, the perfect wisdom and perfect goodness..."

Lambert: "Your catalogue of new commandments is very incomplete. There are many ways of doing things left out. Did you imagine that you were the only one who had not been here?"

Lambert: "The statement italicized by me raises a question of fact. When you say you were either ignorant or deceived, Christ, or you made it with intent to deceive, there is no middle ground."

Lambert: "Without the truths taught by Christianity there is and can be no morality. Take away the origin of moral obligation and morality is removed with it."

Lambert: "Take away the truths taught by Christianity and you have no morality left, because the reason of its being is taken away."

Lambert: "Take away the truths taught by Christianity and you have no morality left, because the reason of its being is taken away."

where place the responsibility? Taking a leaf from Ingersoll's logic, we proceed thus: "The United States Government is a creature of the Constitution and of something else. Now, as the Constitution and legislation did not murder these victims, it must have been this something else that did it. This something else is the Government. Therefore the Government of the United States committed all the murders that have been committed since its establishment."

Lambert: "We have now got down to the last element of the analysis, and must conclude that men and women committed the murders. I have left babies and sucklings out of the analysis, as they are not murderers..."

Lambert: "Surely there must be a cause for all this carnage and mourning. Some great crime must have been committed somewhere—some time. In this Rama of lamentation stands the Christian Church, a weeping Rachel, pointing with her hand to Eden and to the Man and his disobedience, of which Earth felt the wound and Nature from her seat, sighing through all her works, gave signs of we that was lost."

Lambert: "Human nature has been held up to contempt and scorn, all our desires and passions denounced as wicked and filthy."

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ing such a doctrine call himself a free-thinker. Hereafter when you speak of free thought, you mean only what you mean when you speak in a Pickwickian sense, or that you do not mean what you say. Having thus made free thought an impossibility, you have done your duty as a free-thinker."

Lambert: "It is not that you are a free-thinker, but that you are a free-thinker in the sense of a free-thinker, that is, in the sense of a free-thinker, that is, in the sense of a free-thinker..."

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Lindsay, who suggests this line of thought, "the thought of the Creator and the Creator of all things gives a complete unity to the universe, which Pagan thought never reached and gave the basis for the uniformity of nature which science demands. If we as long as Christianity could force this thought of unity and uniformity of nature on the human intelligence, for a while it would be the whole world of man's intellect and work it was vain to look for advances in science."

Lindsay: "It is in this way that science, art and philosophy, letters and learning are indebted to Christianity, and among the rest of which Christianity has always given."

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Rheumatism, REAL PALMS

BEING due to the presence of uric acid in the blood, is most effectively cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Be sure you get Ayer's and no other, and take it till the poisonous acid is thoroughly expelled from the system. We challenge attention to this testimony:—

"About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to walk only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months, and am pleased to state that it has effected a complete cure. I have since had no return of the disease."—Mrs. R. Irving Dodge, 110 West 125th st., New York.

"One year ago I was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism, being confined to my house six months. I came out of the sickness very much debilitated, with no appetite, and my system disordered in every way. I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve at once, gaining in strength and soon recovering my usual health. I cannot say too much in praise of this well-known medicine."—Mrs. L. A. Stark, Nashua, N. H.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

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A Terrible Lottery. Margaret Duncan was an Irish girl who married and went to Philadelphia many years ago. She determined to revisit her native place in Ireland. On her return she took passage in a slow sailing craft for home. The captain and crew turned pirates, pillaged the passengers, and then abandoned them and the vessel to their fate, leaving them without food. Terrible storms arose, the ship drifted helplessly on the ocean and starvation stared them in the face. The passengers held a meeting, and it was resolved that one of their number must die in three days to furnish food for the others might live. A lottery of life was held with paper slips. Before this awful drawing each passenger signed a paper stating that he or she had taken the chance willingly and without compulsion.

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Cheap Money to Loan. Having received a considerable sum for investment, we are in a position to loan at low rates to those applying at once.

Bargains. Men's Underwear & Socks. Men's Fine Order Clothing. PETHICK & McDONALD, 383 Richmond Street.

REAL PALMS

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"This is the testimony of a well known Catholic Doctor."

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

THE HAPPINESS OF TRUE Penance. Rejoice Jerusalem. (Detroit of the Mass for the Day.) This is called "Lactare, or rejoicing Sunday."

It may surprise you, dear brethren, to be told that this is a day of rejoicing; you will be amazed, no doubt, that in the midst of the rigorous Lenten fast, when men should bewail their sins and do penance for them, and sounds of mirth and joy are hushed, the Church should bid us rejoice. Yet thus she does to-day. Her children rejoice, would have them forget for the moment penance and turn their hearts to thoughts of gladness, that, by so doing, she may teach them that the rigors of this season, the self-denial and curbing of the flesh she imposes on us, is undergone that we may realize more fully the spirit of her teaching—that we may, in truth, preserve, or get back if we have lost it, that interior joy, that spiritual jubilation which is the portion of every one who serves Christ as he should be served.

Our religion is one of joy, because we are Christ's and He is ours; and what more can we ask, or what greater can be bestowed upon us, than the having of Christ—Christ, at once perfect man and true God; Christ, whose life is the model of our lives, whose grace is the source of all joy; Christ, to have whom is to have a brother, and, at the same time, the eternal and, the God by whose word were made all things that are, who knows no limit to His power, who has in Himself all perfections that man can desire or conceive of; a brother, a man like ourselves, with a human heart like our own, with affections like those of other men; a brother burning with tender love for us, knowing our weaknesses, knowing our wants and ready to succor us; a man who was Himself tempted, who has Himself suffered the miseries of this life, who, in a word, was made like to us in all save sin. This is whom we have when we have Christ, and should we not rejoice at having such a one?

We should and do rejoice; our hearts are always full of gladness when we are in God's grace, and Christ is ours and we are his; and this is what the Church wishes for all her children—the friendship and the love of God. She ever has Christ herself, and so is never sad; though she may mourn with Him suffering, still there is joy behind all her sorrow.

If she puts on sombre garments, if she calls man to penance, if she fasts and covers her head with ashes, she is still glad in the depths of her heart. She is calling you and me to share the gladness, to get it back if we have lost it by mortal sin; she is bidding you and me to keep that gladness by chastising our bodies; she is warning us that we may lose God's grace, as, alas! too many before us have lost it, unless we are vigilant.

Dear brethren, listen to the Church's voice to-day; come, all of you, come and share her joy. If you are not in God's grace do not let another day go by without making your peace with God. Oh! how much you are losing, and for what? For some trifling satisfaction which cannot bring true happiness; some mean gratification of your lower nature; for sin you are letting slip by the offer of God's friendship and the joy of a good conscience. Do you want to die as you are living? If you do not, repent of your sins to-day; before you leave this church promise God that you will sin no more; that you will be in fact what you are in name—a Christian.

Five Millions of Them Unbaptized. The impression prevails generally among Catholics that the negroes of the South are Christians of some sort—Methodists, Baptists, or the like. But the truth is that nearly five millions of them are not Christians at all. All the Protestant sects claim an aggregate of less than two millions; and the Catholic Church has less than two hundred thousand. All the rest still cling to the pagan superstitions they brought with them from Africa, mixed up with some scraps and shreds of Christianity gathered from their surroundings. It is safe to assert that five millions of them have never been baptized.

Whatever else we may say of the negroes we must admit that they have a great fund of natural religion and piety. We must also admit, to our shame, that if a greater number of them are not Catholics, it is not their fault, but ours.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Little Joe. When Little Joe appeared on the streets of New York two years ago, he was small and slight, with great brown eyes and pinched lips that always wore a smile. Where he came from nobody knew and few cared. His parents, he said, were dead, and he had no friends. It was a hard life. Up at four o'clock in the morning, after sleeping in a dry goods box or in an alley, he worked steadily till late at night. He was misused at first. Big boys stole his papers or crowded him out of a warm place at night, but he never complained. The tears would well up in his eyes, but were quickly brushed away and a new start bravely made. Such conduct won him friends, and after a little time no other boy dared to play tricks upon Little Joe. His friends he remembered and his enemies he forgave. Some days he had especially good luck. Kind-hearted people pitied the little fellow, and bought papers whether they wanted them or not. But he was too generous to save money enough even for a night's lodging. Every boy who got "stuck" knew he was sure to get enough to buy a supper as long as Joe had a penny. But the hard work and exposure began to tell on his weak constitution. He kept growing thinner and thinner till there was scarcely an ounce of flesh on his little body. The skin on his face was drawn closer and closer, but the pleasant look never faded away.

He was uncomplaining to the last. A few weeks ago he awoke one morning after working hard selling "extras" to find himself too weak to move. He tried his best to get upon his feet, but it was a vain attempt. The vital force was gone.

"Where is Little Joe?" was the universal inquiry. Finally he was found in a secluded corner, and a good-natured hackman was persuaded to take him to the hospital at Flatbush, where he said he once lived. Every day one of the boys went to see him. On Saturday a newsboy who had abused him at first, and learned to love him afterwards, found him sitting up in his cot, his blue-veined hand stretched out upon the coverlet.

"I was afraid you wasn't coming," Jerry, the said, with some difficulty, "and I wanted to see you once more so much. I guess it will be the last time, Jerry, for I feel awful weak to-day. Now, Jerry, when I die I want you to be good for my sake. Tell the boys—"

But his message was never completed. Little Joe was dead. His sleep was calm and beautiful. The trouble and anxiety on his wan face had disappeared. But the expression was still there. Even in death he smiled.

It was sad news that Jerry bore back to his friends on that day. They had feared that the end was near and were waiting for him with anxious hearts. When they saw his tear-stained face they knew that Little Joe was dead. Not a word was said; they felt as if they were in the presence of death itself. Their hearts were too full to speak.

That night one hundred boys met in front of the City Hall. They felt that they must express their sense of loss in some way, but how they did not know. Finally, in accordance with the suggestion of one of the larger boys, they passed a resolution which read as follows: "Resolved. That we all liked Little Joe, who was the best newsboy in New York. Everybody is sorry he has died."

A collection was taken up to send delegates to the funeral, and the same hackman who bore Little Joe to the hospital again kindly offered the use of his carriage. The burial took place the next day. On the coffin was a plate purchased by the boys, whose language was expressive from its very simplicity. This was the inscription: LITTLE JOE. Aged 14. The Best Newsboy in New York. We all liked him. Each boy sent a flower to be placed on the coffin of his friend. This is not a fancy sketch. Every word of the above story is true.—Selected.

that he was controlled by strong emotion. He stood for a minute looking down the line at the table, as if studying the thoughts of every man present. Then he began in a quiet tone, saying that when this toast was assigned to him he was puzzled to know why he should be selected above all others to speak of Irish courage in the Union Army.

"He had said as much to his wife, but, as he said it, there came to his mind an incident of his army life that made the whole matter clear to him. Then he proceeded to relate the story of his experience at the turning-point of one of the fiercest battles of the war. In the midst of a hand-to-hand contest, where everything depended on every man doing his best, he received a blow that sent him headlong to the ground. When he regained consciousness he realized that a terrific struggle was being fought to the death above him.

"The first objects to catch the eye were two sturdy legs in blue—the legs of someone standing astride of him. The owner of the legs seemed to be bending this way and that to shield the prostrate officer from blows that were falling on his own devoted head. The fight was over the flag, which was torn into fragments as the men struck and cut each other in the fury of their wild excitement, but, happen what might, the one man standing astride the captain never moved his feet. The captain did not know who this stout defender was until, in answer to a demand to surrender, there came in Irish brogue, 'To Halifax with you!'"

He realized then that Pat McBride was fighting against odds for the flag and his captain. He realized, too, as blood came dropping down in his face, that Pat was sorely wounded. He knew this when in a few minutes he was dragged out from the heap of wounded and saw Pat fall down from loss of blood. They found wadded into Pat's blouse that part of the flag containing the stars, and Pat's only remark as they strove to receive him was, "Be gorra, I saved the stars, alas, that he could never see again."

"This was in brief the story, but it was told by a man who felt every word, and was told so dramatically that at its close nearly every man at the table was standing on his feet. As the speaker went on to pay his respects to the man who had saved his life, and pictured him as the ideal of soldierly courage and loyalty, the blind man opposite stood like one entranced, and as the speaker closed, he plunged across the table, reckless of glass and china, and with a howl of exultation threw his arms about his old captain.

"The scene that followed was simply indescribable. The story called out all the noisy demonstrativeness of the Irish nature. The speaker was overwhelmed with congratulations and thanks. Listening to what was said, to other stories that this one called out, I understood why an officer of England and accidents had been selected to speak of the courage and spirit of the man of Irish descent in the Union Army.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

What to do this Lent.

There are divers ways in which we can practice mortification—observing silence, controlling curiosity, abstaining from lawful amusements, from unnecessary indulgence of appetite. These must be the modes in which, exceptionally this year, we are to mortify ourselves. We say exceptionally, for owing to the prevalence of the disease which has been so general, and we may say so fatal, and is moreover so widespread, our Holy Father, the Pope, has again given power to the Bishops to dispense with fasting and abstinence.—Bishop Chatard.

Gladstone Visits a French Church.

Mr. Gladstone's affability has made a deep impression on the French. He met the Bishop of Carcassone at the railway station there the other day, saluted him deferentially and expressed his admiration of the church in the old town, adding, "I am glad not to have died without visiting it, but I am sorry to think there is little chance of my revisiting it." The Bishop, like a true-born Frenchman, was not outdone in politeness. In happy language he gave utterance to his delight at meeting the aged statesman, and to the hope that God would prolong his life to a far greater age for the good and glory of his country.

A. B. Des Rochers, Arthabaska, P. Q., writes: "Thirteen years ago I was seized with a severe attack of rheumatism in the head, from which I nearly constantly suffered, until after having used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for nine days, bathing the head, &c., when I was completely cured, and have only used half a bottle."

FOR NETTLE RASH, Summer Heat and General Toilet purposes, use Low's Sulphur Soap.

Patrick Sarsfield and Robert Emmet.

London Universe. Statues to two distinguished and patriotic Irishmen are to be erected in Ireland—the one very soon, and the other at it is to be hoped, no distant date.

Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, well deserves to be commemorated by all who honor bravery, combined with the most devoted fidelity to a sinking cause. In all history, ancient or modern, there has never appeared a nobler hero than Sarsfield. At the memorable Battle of the Boyne he fought against the Dutch invader with indomitable courage. At Aughrim he would have won the day were it not for the vanity of the gallant St. Ruth, who was killed without having communicated to Sarsfield the plan of action. At Limerick, which historic city will ever be identified with his fame, he gained immortal laurels, and proved that, even in defeat a brave and honorable soldier may be a great man. His daring exploits in the glorious defence of Limerick are among the brightest chapters in the military history of Ireland, while his refusal to take advantage of the arrival of the French auxiliaries after he had signed the (too soon violated) treaty is a splendid memento of his stainless honor. It will soon be two centuries since Limerick fell, after a noble struggle, and it is more than full time that the statue of the chief of her brave defenders should be raised by the nation for whose liberty he fought. His last recorded words prove how deeply he loved his native country, for, though some seem to doubt that he uttered, when mortally wounded on Landon's plain, the memorable words, "Oh, that this blood was shed for Ireland!" there is no reason to doubt their authenticity. It is admitted that he died in a few days at an adjoining village, of fever caused by the wound. It is well that the Irish people should honor the memory of one who snarves with Brian and Owen Roe O'Neill so much of Ireland's military fame:

"Hurrah! for the men who kept Limerick's wall, Hurrah! for old Sarsfield, the bravest of all!" Robert Emmet, too, is about to be similarly honored. It was seventy-six years lately since on the 20th Sept. 1803, that enthusiastic patriot gave up his young life for Ireland. He expressed the hope that honors should not be paid to him till better times arrived. Better, far better, times have come. Creed now makes no man the serf of another. There is no disobedience to Emmet's last injunctions in now paying homage to those virtues which have extorted the admiration, even of the enemies of the land for which Emmet died. No man ever more closely attracted the love of those around him than the young martyr of 1803. "Were I," says Moore (who knew Emmet well), "to number the men among all I have ever known who appeared to me to combine in the greatest degree pure moral worth with intellectual power, I should, amongst the highest of the few, place Robert Emmet." This is high praise, but it is not more than, by universal testimony, was well deserved.

Emmet was not wise—that is, of course, admitted—but Ireland will honor him as one who loved her and died for her freedom.

"The night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps, Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps; And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls, Shall none keep his memory green in our souls."

It Leads the Leaders.

The foremost medicine of the day, Burdock Blood Purifiers, is a purely vegetable compound possessing perfect regulating powers over all the organs of the system and controlling their secretions. It so purifies the blood that it cures all blood humors and diseases from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore, and this combined with its unrivalled regulating and purifying influence on the secretions of the liver, kidneys, bowels and skin, render it unequalled as a cure for all diseases of the skin. From one to two bottles will cure boils, pimples, blotches, nettle rash, scurf, tetter, and all the simple forms of skin disease. From two to four bottles will cure salt rheum or eczema, shingles, erysipelas, ulcers, abscesses, running sores, and all skin eruptions. It is noticeable that sufferers from skin diseases are nearly always aggravated by intolerable itching, but this quickly subsides on the removal of the disease by B. B. B. Passing on to graver yet prevalent diseases such as scrofulous swellings, humors and scrofula, we have undoubted proof that from three to six bottles used internally and by outward application (diluted if the skin is broken) to the affected parts, will effect a cure. The great mission of B. B. B. is to regulate the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood, to correct acidity and wrong action of the stomach and to open the sluice-ways of the system to carry off clogged and impure secretions, allowing nature thus to aid recovery and remove without fail bad blood, liver complaint, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, rheumatism, and every species of disease arising from disorder of the liver, kidneys, bowels, stomach and blood.

We guarantee every bottle of B. B. B. Should any person be dissatisfied after using the first bottle we will refund the money on application, personally or by letter. We will also be glad to send testimonials and information proving the effects of B. B. B. in the above named diseases on application to T. MILBURN & Co. Toronto, Ont.

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