

The Catholic Record.

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

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A Song of a Heart.

Dear heart—I love you! all the day I wonder
If skies are rich with blue.
Or bending black with tempest and with thunder.
Dear heart, dear heart, o'er you!
Dear heart—I love you! when pale stars are
gleaming—
(Sad stars to me, and few!)
I wonder if God's level lights are streaming,
Dear heart, dear heart, o'er you!
Dear heart—if life had only one bright
blossom.
One rose to meet the dew—
I'd kiss it, climbing to your restful bosom.
And wear its thorns for you!

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD,
MARGIOTTA'S ADRIANO LEMMI.
Lemmi's Origin and Youth

Adriano Lemmi was born of Catholic parents at Leghorn, an important seaport of Tuscany, Italy, April 30, 1822. From early childhood he preferred the company of some bad little Jews, and was thus gradually led to immorality, and imbued with Jewish thoughts and principles and a hatred of Christianity, so that he was indeed the despair of his parents, who were good average Christians.

When Lemmi was growing up to manhood Mazzini's secret revolutionary agitations had already given considerable strength to the party of *Young Italy*, as the revolutionists called themselves. But our Lemmi does not appear to have had any relations with the *Young Italians* before 1849. Little of importance is related of him until the year 1843, when he resolved to leave his native city to go to Marseilles—for what purpose is still unknown. Arriving at Marseilles on December 29, 1843, he had 300 francs in cash and a forged letter of credit from the firm of Falconnet & Co., Naples. Within a week he had spent his ready money and began to borrow right and left and to obtain board and lodging on credit, representing himself as heir to a fortune of 20,000 francs annual income.

By chance he made the acquaintance of Dr. Grand Bouabagne, from whom he also borrowed considerable sums. On the 3rd of February, 1844, he visited Dr. Bouabagne's house. The doctor being absent, he complained to his wife of feeling ill. Mrs. Bouabagne went to prepare her friend a cordial. Lemmi employed his leisure examining the chest of drawers in the room, found and appropriated a purse containing 300 francs, in gold, and departed without taking leave from his kind hostess. The theft was soon discovered. Lemmi was caught with most of the stolen money and purse still in his possession. At the trial he confessed the crime and humbly begged for mercy, on account of his youth and regard for his good parents. He was sentenced to one year and one day of prison with hard labor, and five years' police surveillance afterward.

Now let us pause a moment. By fraud and bribery Lemmi was elected Supreme Chief of Freemasons and Luciferians, on Sept. 20, 1893. At the convention in Rome, just before that election Lemmi was publicly accused of this and other crimes. The photographed documents, duly authenticated by the proper authorities, were in the hands of all the delegates. Lemmi simply denied, and was elected, he having bribed his opponent with a huge sum of money not to stand as a candidate. Lemmi was, and is still, accused of the same crime in books and newspapers without number, in and out of Italy. The documents of the trial at Marseilles have been printed time and again. But Lemmi never had anything but a barefaced denial to give. Lately he got his brethren of the trowel in Rome to send a circular to all the Freemason lodges declaring their chief innocent of this Marseilles' crime. If he is really innocent why does he not prosecute the publishers of the books and papers who not only accuse him of the crime and connect him with the authenticated documents, but dare him from week to week to institute legal proceedings against them for libel and defamation? and that in a country where the tribunals are completely in the hands of Freemasons and Luciferians, from whom he, as their supreme chief, could command all the consideration and favors he might desire!

But let us follow Lemmi. Having served his term in the penitentiary of Marseilles he was set free, and immediately left for Constantinople. There he first worked in a Sicilian kitchen of the meanest kind; then he peddled pomades and perfumery for a Jew. A Jewish Rabbi of Polish origin who used to visit his pomade manufacturer took a liking to him, instructed him in the Jewish religion and circumcised him. Another Jew, Abraham Magglovo, initiated him in the secrets of the Cabala and of magic, in which he soon became an adept. His employer having died, Lemmi worked in a Turkish bath, and elsewhere. In 1848 he was initiated a Freemason by some English residents of the Turkish capital.

When Kossuth, the infamous Hungarian agitator, came to Constantinople, in 1849, Lemmi was engaged by him, first, as general domestic and later as secretary. In 1851 Kossuth took his secretary along to Cincinnati by way of Marseilles, Gibraltar, London and New York. At the news of Napoleon's coup d'etat of Dec. 2, 1851, Lemmi

left Cincinnati to join Ledru-Rollin and Mazzini, the notorious arch agitators, at London, England. And now our Jew Lemmi begins to play an important part in all the political conspiracies and assassinations of Italy and elsewhere.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART.

Sermon by Father O'Loane.

London Catholic News.

On Sunday morning at St. Anne's, Blackburn, the Rev. Father O'Loane celebrated Missa Cantata at 11 o'clock and also preached an impressive sermon to a large congregation. The Rev. gentlemen said they were still celebrating the beautiful month of the Sacred Heart, and would next usher in the month of July, consecrated to the adorable Blood of Jesus Christ. It was most edifying to see the great number of the faithful cluster round the simple altar of Jesus' Sacred Heart, decorated with flowers and candles, the pious offerings of His children. Truly edifying as it was to witness the varied manifestations of devotion and love during the month in regard to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, still we could never say we did much unless we dedicated our devotions to it. He (the preacher) would remind them to-day that the Heart of Jesus does not pass away with those months. They had ever the same sweet, ineffable, tender Heart of their dearest Lord here in their midst, in the Holy Eucharist, for had they not Jesus whole, entire—God and man—body and blood, soul and divinity, resting on their altars? Let them come to Him then, not only during the month of June, but at other times, for they could assure themselves that they had no better friend, no wiser counsellor, or benefactor, than their tender Father to have recourse to. Human hearts are incapable and powerless in themselves, to reveal to us, the loving thoughts which this beautiful mystery of the adorable Heart of Jesus, subjects to our minds. Did it not bring before them the intensity of the condescension of the God-Man ever present in their midst, in the Blessed Sacrament? Did they not see in this mystery, how God shrouds His deity in the small compass of the human body? It is this mystery of the incarnation of Our Divine Lord that makes Him one with ourselves—bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. It is this mystery, above all others, that draws us nearer to Him, and He nearer to us. It teaches us to regard Him with child-like love and tenderness, and to live for Him alone. In the Old Law God was the God of thunder—a God fearful to think upon. The Jews were not allowed ever to pronounce the name of God, but were to speak of Him, as "I am Who am." Whenever He made known His wishes to man it was amidst thunder and lightning. From being that terrible Almighty God of thunder and lightning, He has become a humble, tender God and Father; a fountain of love towards us, His fellow-men and creatures. He willed to become man, being one of our bone, flesh of our flesh, taking flesh from Mary's womb. We ought therefore to love the gentle, tender Heart of the Noble One, who was made one with us, His creatures. Was He not worthy of our admiration and love? The sweet, adorable Heart of Our Lord was always dwelling upon the altar. Humanity looks upon the heart as the symbol of love. Was not Jesus human? Did He not shed tears of blood for poor humanity—blood flowing from every pore in His Sacred Body, saturating His garments, and the earth upon which He knelt, out of love for men and sorrow for the sins of men. Why was all this? To make us love Him, to make us come nearer to Him, to make us feel at home with Him. It was in order to still further increase our love towards Our Blessed Saviour that He revealed His wishes to Blessed Margaret Mary. The Heart of Our Lord was all aflame with love for His creatures. "I came to cast fire upon the earth, and what will I but that it be kindled." Look at His own beautiful parable of the Prodigal Son. What an outburst of tender love, does the parable not display in the old man, representative of Himself, as he goes out to meet his long lost son, and embraces him and takes him back to his house, shedding tears of joy upon him! The old man makes no reproaches for the past, which we might have expected. Whenever, in our own way, we wish to return to His friendship, we only need to ask, and He will embrace us for time and eternity. If He loves us thus, like a human being, He wants our love in return. He is truly Man as well as truly God, and therefore had a heart throbbing with tender emotions, like unto ourselves. While He loves us, He wishes to be loved in return. He has no regard for the greatest acts of man, unless they really come from the heart. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." He loves even the greatest outcasts amongst us. And there was the command: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with thy whole soul." "Son, give Me thy heart." Our Lord complained of the ingratitude of the Jewish people after all He had done for them. They thanked Him in a way, but without

sincerity. "Ye honor Me with your lips, but your hearts are far from Me." The Heart of Jesus was ever with them in Holy Communion, and in the Holy Mass. He was ever present on the altar, night and day, that He might console them in their trials and sorrows. Knowing all this, it was a fact that many did not come to church for that consolation and blessing as they might. In Holy Communion and the Holy Mass they could best show their love and honor to the admirable Heart of Jesus Christ. The Rev. gentleman went on to describe the institution of the Blessed Sacrament at the Last Supper, being the fulfillment of the promise made to the Apostles, which Sacrament was ordained to comfort, sustain and strengthen them after He had departed from their visible sight and ascended into heaven. In that upper chamber in Jerusalem the great act was accomplished—the first Mass offered up. Jesus would leave them no more. Our faith revealed Him to us as He was on the night of the Passion. Here then was the first Mass offered, here was the first Communion given, here were the first priests made and empowered to do the very thing that Jesus Christ worked through His divinity—when He uttered the solemn words: "This is My Body." Do this in commemoration of Me." St. Paul clearly adds: "As often as you do these things you shall show the death of the Lord until He comes." Realizing as we did that He had given Himself to be our spiritual food and consolation—leaving Himself to us even to the consumption of the world, why should we feel sad, or lonely, or in solitude—forsaken by everybody, as it were, when we have Jesus, the Friend of all friends, on the altar to receive us whenever we please to approach Him? With what love ought we to assist at Holy Mass! And yet how many kept away from Mass and prevented their offspring from hearing Holy Mass! Again, how many there were who never came to Holy Communion or Benediction! They know that unless they partook of the Sacraments they could not enter heaven: "Unless you eat of the flesh of the Son of Man you shall not have life in you." The Rev. gentleman exhorted the congregation to frequent the sacraments often, and, if possible, pay daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament, where alone they could receive consolation in their trials and sufferings, and hope for their future trials and crosses; they should likewise be full of gratitude for the inestimable blessing of possessing the True Faith, and being in the bosom of the Catholic Church. Every other system of religion—whether it be Anglicanism, Wesleyanism, or any other ism—became, after a few years of existence, a complete chaos, and crumbled away into many other little sects; and why? Because there was no Blessed Sacrament, no altar, no lamp burning—the Incarnate God is not with them—they are not within the pale of the Catholic Church; they are not under the guidance of a shepherd—the Vicar of Christ. Through the justness of an English King, they had been separated from the Catholic Church, and hence had fallen away and were now carried about by every wind of doctrine. Those who had been fortunate to possess the Catholic faith ought therefore to love the Church, love the Blessed Sacrament, and have a tender devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. They must show their love by attending Holy Mass frequently, never missing Holy Mass on Sundays and holidays, and seeing that their children and others under their charge came to church and received the sacraments regularly. By fulfilling these obligations they would be happy in this world and secure eternal salvation in the next.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

General Intention For August.

THE TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

It has been said, and not without a show of reason, that the social problem might as well be termed the agricultural problem. The *Etudes Religieuses*, July, 1894, p. 387, puts it in this way: "The social problem is the begotten child of industrial progress, which has drained the rural districts to swell the population of great cities. Put a stop to the exodus from the farming lands; bring back to the fields those who have forsaken them; let the overflow of the city's population be poured out upon the country; let the factories and workshops give back to agriculture a fair quota of the hands they have taken from the plough, and the social problem will be, if not satisfactorily solved, at least wonderfully simplified."

In vain, unfortunately, have those whose position gives them authority in the matter denounced, as fraught with untold evil, this forsaking of country life; in vain do they call for a prompt reaction against this wayward migration towards the great centres of industry; for our farming lands threaten, all the same, to lie fallow, while the husbandman seeks out in preference a home in the crowded city. And how few are willing to be convinced that this infatuation for the bustle, the

comforts and the pleasures of city life, peculiar to our age, is at the same time its chastisement!

Our own pastors have time and again pointed out the calamitous results which are sure to follow. In France, Cardinal Bourrat, Bishop of Reims, in his Lenten Pastoral of 1895, has again sounded the note of warning.

The pride of families, eagerly seeking more brilliant positions for their children; the allurements of a life of ease, counted upon as certain in new surroundings were, alas! too often, are found but pleasures within more easy reach; the thirst for wealth, which feeds the feverish longing for fortunes easily made, but ending for the most part in disappointment, if not in ruin. These are some of the causes of the evil which the Bishop of Reims enumerates with all the feeling of the shepherd, for whom the sight of the lambs of his flock wandering away for ever is hard to bear.

There are in fact supernatural interests bound up in the agricultural problem, for this feeling from the pursuit of husbandry is not less ruinous to the morals and belief of the farming classes than it is to the fruitfulness of the soil.

The Cardinal, in considering the remedies for the evil, justly remarks that country life and the tilling of the soil is at one and the same time a civic duty and a duty of conscience, and that like all other duties it has its cares, its difficulties and its tedium. Wherefore it is necessary to have recourse to what alone can impose a duty, while it imparts strength to accomplish it, namely, the *Christian spirit*. This specific is not, however, to be used to the exclusion of all other remedies, but all others will be unavailing without it.

Our associates are invited to pray earnestly during this month, so as favorably to dispose, in behalf of such weighty interests, the Heart of Him Who Himself has told us that His Heavenly Father is the "Husbandman" in the field of souls. *Pater meus Agricola est.*

PRAYER.

O Jesus! through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation of all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular that an ample blessing may be poured forth upon the agricultural classes, enabling them to see that their eternal interests lie in the faithful accomplishment of the duty imposed upon them, and that this, united with Thy merits and strengthened by Thy grace, will alone bring peace and contentment to their homes. Amen.

AN ORANGE WHIRLWIND.

Provoked by the Letter of Bishop Gravel.

To the Editor of the *Globe*:

Sir—Among the late Cardinal Newman's sermons is one (Occasional Sermons, p. 148) in which that most eloquent controversialist complains that when the world "starts with hypothesis that we are hypocrites or tyrants, that we are unscrupulous, crafty and profane, it is easy to see how the very same actions which would exalt in its friends it will unhesitatingly condemn in the instance of the objects of its hatred and suspicion. When men live in their own world, in their own habits and ways of thought, as I have been describing, they contract not only a narrowness, but what may be called a one-sidedness of mind. They do not judge of us by the rules they apply to the conduct of themselves or each other, what they praise or allow in those they admire is an offence to them in us. Day by day, then, as it passes, furnishes, as a matter of course, a series of charges against us simply because it furnishes a succession of our sayings and doings. Whatever we do, whatever we do not, is a demonstration against us. Do we argue? men are surprised at our insolence and effrontery. Are we silent? we are underhand and deep. Do we appeal to the law? it is in order to evade it. Do we obey the Church? it is a sign of our disloyalty. Do we state our pretensions? we blaspheme. Do we conceal them? we are liars or hypocrites. Do we display the pomp of our ceremonial? our presumption has become intolerable. Do we put them aside and dress as others? we are ashamed of being seen and skulk about as conspirators. Did a Catholic priest cherish doubt of his faith, it would be an interesting and touching fact, suitable for public meetings. Does a Protestant minister, on the other hand, doubt of Protestant opinions, he is but dishonestly eating the bread of the establishment. Does a Protestant exclude Catholic books from his house, he is a good father and master. Does a Catholic do the same with Protestant tracts, he is afraid of the truth. The Catholic is insidious when the Protestant is prudent; the Protestant frank and honest when the Catholic is rash or profane."

AN ORANGE WHIRLWIND.

Perhaps the most striking example

of this one-sidedness that has ever occurred in Canada is to be found in the Orange whirlwind aroused by the "Gravel" incident. I say so because one-sidedness is there seen, not only in complete absence of proportion between fury and asserted fact, and in complete separation of asserted fact and real fact; but also in the assumption that which in "the Catholic is insidious" in the Protestant is prudent.

And, first, what is the relation of asserted fact to real fact? The asserted fact in Mr. Pringle's words is this: "The Privy Council was, in pursuance of that presentation, corruptly approached, and not only was a false statement of the case submitted but a threat was virtually made that the 'hearts' of the Papal subjects in Canada would be 'alienated' if the forthcoming legal decision failed to meet the views of the hierarchy."

The real fact is that Bishop Gravel in his report said as follows: "I am asked if the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda can usefully intervene to assist in the settlement of this important question. It is certain that the Sacred Congregation can contribute assistance of great value to the Bishops by giving them their support. But in what way can this Sacred Congregation accomplish this intervention? It might perhaps through the intervention of His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan represent, among other things, to the Colonial Minister that his predecessor, Lord Carnarvon, in his own name and in the name of Her Majesty the Queen, gave assurance to the Catholics of Manitoba that they should have their Separate schools, and that consequently the Crown is bound in honor to fulfill those solemn promises if it does not wish to alienate the hearts of the Catholics of Manitoba. An intimation of this nature might have a good effect in reference to the judgment which the Privy Council will render within a few months upon the question which the Canadian Government has submitted to it."

Inasmuch as there is not the slightest evidence that this suggestion was ever acted upon, how is it that Mr. Pringle dares to allege that the Privy Council was approached, corruptly or otherwise? If he says it was done because it was suggested, I pity him and his one-sidedness. And what was it that was suggested? That the Cardinal should approach the Judges? No, not a bit of it; but that he should represent so-and-so to the Colonial Minister, that is to say, to a political functionary. Is that such a desperately abominable thing that Mr. Pringle should become hysterical over it? And what was that political functionary to be asked to do? The Bishop does not say, but we may infer that the Colonial Minister was to be asked to inform the Judges of Lord Carnarvon's promise. There is a scheme, a "gigantic Jesuitical intrigue," to influence the Judges! What magnificent *finesse* and what surpassing craft! Great Britain's Colonial Minister is to be politely requested to become the principal actor in a corrupt approach to the Privy Council and the bearer of "a false statement of the case," whereby the law is to be perverted and the Judges suborned. No wonder that Mr. Pringle has come to the conclusion "that the other Christian Churches, as well as Protestant politicians, have always been outwitted or outgeneralled in state-craft by the Jesuits!" And yet the scheme was such a simple one; only to put a little salt upon the tail of the Colonial Minister—only to get a statesman of that standing to enter upon a "gigantic Jesuitical intrigue," and the thing was done. But then all great schemes are simple when they are explained, and this one, although perfectly easy, as everyone will see, in performance, could only have been conceived by the crafty mind of a Jesuit—unless, indeed, by a parson, or possibly an infant!

ACTION OF THE SYNOD.

I say "by a parson," for now let me relate to Mr. Pringle the facts of another case, and ask him what he thinks of them. The North-West Presbyterian Synod upon two occasions prior to the first Privy Council decision (July, 1892), passed vigorous resolutions containing their views upon the school question. These resolutions were sent to the Privy Council before their judgment was given. After the judgment had been given, and on the 22nd of November, in the same synod, the Rev. Dr. Bryce (a member of it) said that: "He knew that the action of the Presbyterian Synod, as representing the strongest religious body in the North-West, in declaring for national schools two years ago—'on two previous occasions'—is another report—and which was sent to the Privy Council, had an important effect in the matter of the decision which was given."

Where was the whirlwind when this announcement was made? There is no mere suggestion here of approach, but a completed scheme, one not merely conceived but carried to a successful conclusion: "He knew that the action of the Presbyterian synod . . . had an important effect in the matter of the decision which was given."

Now, I want to ask Mr. Pringle two questions: (1) Does he not think that, although in the Catholic Gravel it was

a most "insidious" thing to suggest that the Colonial Minister should be got to make improper representations to the Judges, yet that it was on the part of the Presbyterians a most prudent thing to give the Privy Council the benefit of their views? And (2) if, because of "this latest revelation," I am "to wash my hands of the whole business without any unnecessary delay and leave the Jesuitical work . . . to be done by the Jesuits," shall I not, if I take up the other side, have to furnish myself with posherd, instead of soap? A short answer in a steady, bass voice will much oblige.

JOHN S. EWART.

TEACHERS' CONVENTION.

BY THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH TEACHING IN THE LOOSE OF HAMILTON.

The annual general convention of the Sisters of St. Joseph held last week in St. Mary's school closed Friday afternoon with very satisfactory results, such as cannot fail to be highly beneficial to the sixty teachers who were present.

It was ably conducted by Mr. J. F. White, I. S. S., Mr. J. J. Tilley, Inspector of Model schools, and Mr. W. Prendergast. The last named was recently appointed inspector of Separate schools, as successor to the late Mr. Donavan, whose memory was not forgotten by those gentlemen in their opening remarks.

This convention was the most notable one which these teachers have yet held, owing to the visit of the Hon. Mr. Ross, Minister of Education. On Thursday afternoon he gave them a very eloquent and instructive lecture on the duties and responsibilities of their profession, alluding upon the necessity of their cultivating those qualities which alone can make school life pleasant to teachers and pupils. For over an hour his audience was held most deeply interested by the vigor and aptness of his address, whose points were well illustrated by incidents drawn from his early career as teacher and inspector.

Rev. Father Mahoney, of St. Mary's Cathedral, Messrs. A. O'Heir, F. Harris, and P. Arland, S. S. Trustees, were present and made short, but appropriate speeches. Mr. O'Heir spoke in behalf of the School Board, thanking the Minister of Education for the deep interest he takes in the welfare of separate schools.

It would be impossible to do justice to the work done by Mr. White and his colleagues, in this short account, but even a synopsis of it would doubtless be of interest. Rev. Father Mahoney opened the convention with appropriate remarks, after which Mr. Tilley began a series of lectures on the Theory of Education, illustrated by model lessons to a class of children. His explanations of Objective Teaching won the earnest attention of all present, and will be productive of the very best results in the future.

Mr. White gave an interesting lecture on "School Management," which furnished many practical suggestions. He also showed methods of teaching geography and composition to the different grades. His lesson in literature was particularly interesting and instructive, showing clearly his thorough knowledge of the best methods of treating this important subject. He directed the teachers to keep in view the principal aim in teaching it, to instill into the pupils a love for choice literature, to lead them to admire and imitate the good and beautiful in the best writers, and to direct pupils in their choice of reading.

Mr. White complimented the trustees on the steps they had taken to establish a Separate school library, to which the pupils have access, and thereby cultivate a taste for good literature.

Mr. Prendergast gave a lesson on Annularities and one on Mathematical Geography, to a senior class of girls, both of which showed his wide knowledge of the subjects, and his efficiency to impart it.

After Mr. White's final lecture on Friday afternoon, Mr. Prendergast addressed the teachers, and was followed by Rev. Father Mahoney, Messrs. Harris, Baby and Van Kavanagh. Mr. Tilley brought the proceedings to a close by words of encouragement to the teachers. So sincere and pathetic was his address that it made a deep impression on all present, and will not soon be forgotten. The Hamilton Separate school teachers rightly regard him as highly deserving of their esteem for his deep interest in the success of their work.

Throughout the convention there was but one cause of regret, namely, the absence of His Lordship Bishop Dowling, Mr. McEvoy and Rev. J. H. Coffey, Agnes' superintendent, who were in retreat. The fact that they had contributed largely to the success of previous conventions made their inability to attend this one more deeply felt.

The programme was interspersed with music by St. Joseph's choir, and at the close the national anthem was sung.

SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES.

The following are the names of the Separate school pupils who were successful in passing the entrance examination to the Collegiate Institute, together with the number of marks each obtained. Of the twenty-five who wrote only three failed to obtain the required number of marks—42. They are given in the order of merit:—Nellie Bricklin, 61; John Donegan, 60; Parnell Powers, 58; Austin Orendorf, 53; Agnes Smith, 53; Francis Dowan, 52; Charles Lee, 52; Frederick Burns, 51; Louis Masuret, 50; William Kelly, 50; Francis Vining, 45; Francis Hinch, 48; Frederick Durkin, 47; Thomas Powers, 47; Martin O'Meara, 47; Francis Ryan, 47; John Sheehy, 45; Frederick Donchue, 45; William Boyle, 45; Francis Hurley, 44; John Howe, 43, and William Nolan, 42.

School Trustee T. J. Murphy offered three prizes for competition among the Separate school children trying for the Collegiate Institute. They were for the three children whose names appeared nearest the top of the list, and the first—a gold medal—was won by Miss Nellie Bricklin. The second—a silver medal—was won by John Donegan, and the third—a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary—was won by Parnell Powers.

Alexandria, July 29, 1895. At the recent Entrance Examination seven pupils from the Separate school were successful. Each year a good percentage of the pupils are successful at the examination. Both pupils and teachers deserve great credit for their earnest work. The teachers in this school are the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and Mr. P. Lahey.

We regret very much to learn that Mr. Lahey has given up the profession and will resume his studies at the University this fall. He has made many friends while in Alexandria, and has proved himself an excellent teacher. We predict for him every success as a student.

The following are the names of the pupils who passed and the number of marks obtained by each: Henry O'Brien, 52; Alcide Laurin, 47; Fred Kemp, 41; Belle Kennedy, 40; Mary Catherine McCulloch, 39; Elizabeth Corbett, 42.

THE BUSINESS MAN'S LUNCH.

Hard Work and Indigestion go Hand in Hand.

Concentrated thought, continued in, robs the stomach of necessary blood, and this is also true of hard physical labor.

The application of common sense in the treatment of the stomach and the whole system brings to the busy man the full enjoyment of life and healthy digestion when he takes Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets to relieve a bilious stomach or after a too hearty meal, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to purify, enrich and vitalize the blood.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery which can be obtained at any drug store in the country.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & CHIMES

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PLUMBING WORK

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20 NURSING MOTHERS!

A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE; OR, WHO WAS GUILTY?

By Christi e Faber, Author of "Carroll O'Donoghue."

CHAPTER V.

Margaret's introduction to the Delmars was effected, and Mrs. Delmar, a very fashionable widow, expressed her delight to have the opportunity of introducing the beautiful girl to society.

For sensitive, suffering Margaret, even if she had not been on the rock of constant mental agony, she would have detested the worldliness, the want of heart, which to her was so apparent in the character of mother and daughter.

The son, Eugene, was a good natured, kindly-mannered young fellow, possessing more force of character than might be supposed by ordinary acquaintances, and he was the only one of his family whose life had anything higher in it than that which was in strict accordance with the maxims of the world.

Miss Delmar insisted on visiting Margaret frequently, and she exacted a punctual return of her visits.

The young man answered the appeal by giving to his cousin counsel which sounded to Miss Delmar only like graceful speeches, but to Margaret had a hidden and bitter meaning.

So those two lives of secret suffering went on, at every turn winding into darker and more dreary paths.

A strange clergyman appeared in the pulpit one Sunday—a man whose fiery eloquence appeared to touch every soul in the vast congregation.

Those of the congregation near her were too much absorbed in their own excited feelings to notice her emotion, and long after the preacher ceased,

and the last strain of the sacred music died away, she knelt there unconscious of everything but the tumult which that sermon had caused in her soul.

Hubert met her at the church steps, an expression of impatience on his lips because of her tardiness, but he checked it when he saw the traces of tears on her cheeks.

"Not that way, Hubert," she said, as he was about to take their usual route through a frequented thoroughfare, and she led him to one of the by-streets.

She wanted to tell him of the terrible struggle which the sermon had caused in her soul—she must tell him, in order to allay her dreadful pangs of conscience; otherwise, she felt, she would go mad in this war between her sense of duty and what she now deemed to be her sinful love for the criminal.

The sudden unexpected contact drew her attention to him. He turned when a little in advance, raised his hat, bowed to her, and hurried on.

Every word of the burning plea which she had intended to make to Hubert seemed to freeze within her heart, and she clutched his arm with both hands, white cheeks and lips blanched to death-like whiteness.

Forgetting that her cousin knew nothing of the circumstances in which she had been made acquainted with that mysterious name, she was conscious alone of the terror with which the unexpected presence of the strange gentleman inspired her.

A thousand hurried, frightened questions were on her lips; but at the very first she tried to ask, he said in that same whisper:

"He is going mad," Margaret thought, "and I shall go mad, too."

There was a fever in Margaret's veins when at last she ran up the marble steps—a fever that fiercely showed itself in her flaming cheeks and burning eyes, and Hubert's hand was so unsteady that it required three attempts before he could insert his key into the lock.

She told him hurriedly, in just such a whisper as he had used, adding how he had refused to listen when she attempted to tell him before.

"I did not dream of this," he answered. "I did not dream that I was tracked. But the card—let me see it quickly, Margaret!"

She watched him silently, but with eyes all cheeks as flaming as when she had entered the house. At last she broke forth with:

"Tell me, Hubert, what you know of it—what danger it forbodes to you?"

"Remember, there may be ears about us, and we must be very cautious now. You want to know what danger it forbodes to me. Oh, Margaret! there is this danger. When once *Roquelare* is on the track of a victim, when once *Roquelare* has a single clue to a criminal, track and clue are pursued for years, to the utmost parts of the earth, until the guilty one is brought to justice. It is the name of a secret society; its existence is known to few beside its own members. I learned of it at college, when a member of my class was tracked by its secret efforts to the very recreation room. He had committed a crime—not such as mine—years before, and thought that one alone knew his guilt until *Roquelare* began to track him. I have seen him start and shudder, and I have heard him mutter that word while perspiration, just such as covers me now, stood upon his face. He was arrested at

last, taken out, handcuffed, and from him in his prison cell I learned what I know of *Roquelare*. It has secret agents everywhere, and it always warns before it begins the work of hunting down. The card that you have received is the warning for me, for the agent knew that you would give it to me.

"All through this dreadful time my chief feeling of security came from the fact that *Roquelare* was not yet pursuing me; but now I am doomed. I know not the hour, nor the minute in which I may become a convicted felon, for Heaven and earth conspire to rob me of my guilty secret."

The struggle between duty and love had ceased for a time, and love was victorious—the miserable creature was her idol again, and every faculty of soul was employed in devising means by which to inspire him with renewed hope and courage.

"You are a coward," she said, still speaking in a whisper, but with a firmness of accent in strange contrast to his tremulous tones.

"A Berton to falter before imaginary evils! Should they track, even should they capture you, there can be no danger unless you through your own cowardice betray yourself. He is buried, and with him is buried your secret from the whole world save us two. No one else knows anything; there is no one to betray. For your mother's sake, for the sake of your name on which no stain has ever rested, be a man, Hubert—meet this thing with firmness, and all will be safe."

Her passionate words seemed to have the desired effect, for, though he continued to tremble, he replied:

"You are right. What towards crime makes of us! I who once feared nothing am an abject craven now. But I shall steel myself again, and live on until this torture has completed its work."

He shook himself as if he was freeing himself from the fears which yet clung to him, and, standing erect before Margaret, he continued:

"You see, I am becoming myself again, with a bitter irony in his tones—"and now, what is the name of the man who gave you the card?"

"I do not know; I suppose it was given in the papers, but I was too excited and bewildered to think of looking for it at the time. I only know that he was the gentleman who so strongly urged the examination of your mother."

"Ah! then his name is Berton. I remember distinctly every name which the papers gave in connection with that investigation, and particularly his; because he was so near to discovering an imposture—clue. Well, thus I dismiss my fears and put in my mind ready to fight out my existence to the last."

He tore the card to shreds, and flung the latter on the floor, ground them beneath his heel.

"There Margaret! fear not for me any more—the dinner bell, I believe. You will hardly have time to change your dress!"

She looked at him in silent astonishment, his tone and demeanor were so changed; his voice loud and firm, his manner fearless and even smiling.

"But he hanged the Mayor and all the Corporation for the delay," said the stranger.

"The I—mend them. Why did you wait for him when he came in?"

"A man to see his honor the Mayor," said Mike.

"Mr. Meade is not in. Try the ball alley."

"Faith, there's no need of it, for as sure as my name is Duggan here he's up the street from Garryowen," said Mike.

When the Mayor arrived Mike stood as straight as a poker, took his sword in his left hand and saluted with his right.

"A man to see your honor," he jerked out with military brevity.

"Yes, and on important business," said the stranger.

The Mayor bowed. "Come into the house, sir, if you please, and we will discuss your business," he said, very courteously.

They both entered the Mansion House, and Mike adjourned to "The Cat and Frying Pan" to test the freshness of the last half barrel of J. J. Murphy's which was broached on the premises.

The Mayor led the way to his parlor, asked the stranger to be seated, and ordered the girl to bring up a bottle of Jameson with glasses and hot water, for these were the days of genuine old Irish hospitality.

"Sir," said the stranger—"it is only three days since I landed in Waterford. Since then I have travelled without ceasing, and have within the past hour only arrived in Kilmallock. You may wonder who I have called on you, and not on the Lord President, who, I believe, is staying here at present. Well, the fact is my business is wholly of a private nature, and concerns only you. What this business is I will tell you in a few words."

"Go ahead," said the Mayor, placing the "materials" which the servant had just brought, on the table, and proceeding to concoct two glasses of whiskey hot and strong.

"I am a relation of yourself—how near it does not matter. In the course of my studies—for I am an astrologer and have studied under famous masters—I discovered that a relative of mine would fall in for immense wealth, if the conditions were made favorable. You are that relative. I can make the conditions favorable—deserve no praise. Blood is thicker than water."

"Take your drink," said the Mayor.

"I have learned from the stars that a man of commanding genius is to arise in England. He will overtop its nobles, and dethrone its king. At his word the most powerful potentates in the world will tremble. His smile will be contended for by emperors. His slightest—"

"Your drop is getting cold," said his honor, mixing a second glass for himself.

"This man," continued the stranger, "is now in an obscure and a humble position. In fact he is a cobbler in London—and sometimes feels the pinch of need. A favor to him now would never be forgotten. You can take opportunity by the hand and make it the servant of your desires—"

"Take your drink," interpolated the Mayor.

"Now the question is: will you do what is necessary? The expense can be but very little, and the results will be very great. I am no impostor coming with a plausible story to gain a reward by imposing on your credulity. I ask for nothing, having enough for my needs."

replaced the boot on his foot. In a few seconds afterward he left the hotel and crossed the street to the cobbler's booth. When he arrived there Cromwell was busily engaged in trying to pass the bristle of his wax-end through an awl hole from the inside to the outside of the boot, so that Master Meade had time to examine him closely.

He was a large-sized man, very poorly clad. His face could not be well seen, but its most prominent feature was a large red nose, at the end of which was a big pimple. His honor was thinking that it must have taken a power of gin to give the organ such a ruby hue, when the cobbler looked up.

"Good morning, master. Can I do anything for your worship?"

"Yes. I would be much obliged if you repaired my boot. It has, as you may see, a cut through the upper leather. I have no other boots by me and would be grateful if you did this job at once."

"Certainly, your worship. It shall be done in a short time," said Cromwell.

Master Meade then removed his boot and handed it to the cobbler, who in a very short time, repaired it neatly.

When the mayor had again placed the boot on his foot, he took a guinea from his purse and handed it to Cromwell.

"Your worship must wait till I procure the change as I've none by me," the cobbler said, taking the money.

When he left the mayor placed three guineas on the seat and returned to the hotel. In a few weeks he was again in Kilmallock.

When Cromwell returned with the change he found no one before him, and the guinea on his stool. It struck him at once that his visitor wished to do him a kind office, so he put the money in his pocket. With it he bought a small sock of leather and set up as a shoemaker. After awhile his trade grew to such proportions that he became one of the wealthiest merchants in London.

Some years later a great war broke out in England, which afterward spread to Scotland and Ireland. People have different views about the origin of these wars. Some say it was a tax on Scotch whiskey—the favorite of the Presbyterians—that caused the rising in England. Others will have it that the cause of the war was an endeavor on the part of the Independents—people were civilized enough even then to adopt that title without knowing what it meant—to convert the Pope. Be that as it may, it is certain that it became very lively in a short time.

Cromwell, the ex-cobbler, was one of the principal men against the Government. After a while he converted his bradawl into a sword, and rode at the head of a regiment of dragoons as colonel. Some persons state that he sold himself to the old enemy, but whether he did or not he became in a few years one of the most important men in England. When the fighting began in Ireland the Irish for a long time had the best of it. They took possession of every town that the English had formerly held except, Dublin, Kilmallock, as was natural, became their headquarters, and when the troops became too numerous there, they quartered on Bruff, Bruce, Athlea, Limerick, and other neighboring villages. Lord Castletown, the Irish General, lived in Sarfield's House, and never set out for far or fight without a body guard of the town militia. They never ran he declared until they were badly beaten. The English at home seeing how affairs were going sent over an army and they were defeated by the Irish with terrible slaughter. They then saw that Cromwell was the only man who had a chance of reducing the country, so they prepared an army of five hundred thousand men, put Cromwell at its head, and sent it to Ireland. The army landed in Dublin, and then marched to Drogheda, which was soon taken, and all the inhabitants massacred. After this Cromwell took Belfast, Galway, Tralee and other large towns, but he kept away from Kilmallock. After the capture of Drogheda he called a council of war to discuss the next move. Sir Charles Coote, Ireton, Ludlow, De Ginkles father, and others were present. "Gentlemen," said he, "we have been successful so far, and it remains for us to embark on the stiffest piece of work we have yet undertaken. I refer to the siege of Kilmallock. Till that is taken our work in Ireland cannot be said to be finished."

"If we can't take Kilmallock," said Ireton, "we may as well give up the ghost, for the people of that town will, a month after our departure, have retaken every town we have now in our hands."

"The sooner we begin the better," said Coote. "Death or glory. If we can't capture the place we can at least die before its walls."

Well, to make a long story short, the council decided to march on the town, and to take it by storm if possible.

About a week afterward, at 6 o'clock in the morning, Mike Duggan who was keeping ward at John's Gate, was roused by the sound of a heavy boot kicking at the postern. He went at once to the battlements to see who was making himself so obstreperous at that early hour, and saw beneath him a trooper with a dirty white handkerchief tied to the prongs of a hayfork.

"A tag of truce," said the trooper. "For what?" asked Mike. "To protect myself," said he. "What's your business?" enquired Mike. "I come in the name of his Highness, Oliver Cromwell, to summon this town."

"You'll have your trouble for your pains," said Mike.

"If you deliver the town at noon or before that time into his hands, your lives and property will be guaranteed by His Highness."

"If not?" asked Mike.

"A touch of Drogheda!" said the trooper. "Take the proposals to the governor of the town."

"A touch of Drogheda!" said Mike. "Do you know where you are standing?"

"I do," said the trooper, "and His Highness is encamped on the Hill of Kilmallock, and when he finished speaking he strode down the incline and across John Hennessy's bridge. Mike looked up and then saw thousands of thousands of soldiers encamped on the hill and over by Garrynoe to Knocksona. For the first time in his life he felt a little flustered, but he soon recovered himself. He called his wife and directed her to hold the fort till his return. Then he went to see the Mayor, for the governor was absent with my Lord Castlehaven's army. His Honor was in bed, and it was only after ten minutes of persistent knocking at the hall door that he put his head through the window.

"Cromwell is on the Hill, and has sent a summons to the town," said Mike.

The Mayor turned as white as his nightshirt. For a few moments he seemed lost in thought. "You must have the town bell rung to summon the Council," he said at last. Mike rang the bell himself, and in a few minutes all the women in the town were in the streets with tea-kettles in their hands, enquiring "what house was on fire?"

In these times fuel was very scarce in Kilmallock, and when a fire occurred it was always utilized for cooking food by the common people. Mike announced at once that Cromwell had summoned the town from the Hill, and that a meeting of the Town Council was to be held to consider the situation.

In an hour the Council was seated in the Council chamber of the Castle. His Honor, Michael Meade, sat at the upper end of a long deal table, and a gold chain around his neck and a silver mace before him. The aldermen and the town councillors were seated around the table. The Mayor called the meeting to order at once and informed them of the occasion of this assembly. Cromwell was on the Hill and had just summoned the town. If the town were surrendered to him by noon the lives and property of the inhabitants would be respected; if not, they should take the consequences. It was for them to consider in the absence of the governor, what was to be done.

"How many soldiers have we in the town?" asked Alderman Verdon.

"Michael Duggan and twelve others," answered the Town Clerk.

"The rest of the garrison is with my Lord Castlehaven in Cork."

"Would these men be sufficient to hold the town?" enquired the Alderman.

"They might," said the Mayor, "for a week or two, but what's the good? You'll have to surrender sooner or later, and the sooner the better, if we don't all wish to depart this life suddenly."

"I must protest against the use of such craven language," said Mike Duggan, who was guarding the door of the Council Chamber, and who was bursting with indignation, "it is rank treason. As an old inhabitant I say we should fight to the last gasp. Molly and I can defend John's Gate for a year against the whole army of Cromwell!"

"That would be too much to expect of yourself and Mrs. Duggan," remarked Alderman Grimes. "I fear there is nothing for it but to surrender. A defence of any kind would only enrage the besiegers, and we have only a poor prospect of holding out with a garrison composed of the thirteen men and Michael's wife."

"Oliver has no artillery, I'm certain," said another. "His movements are too hurried. We have a fair chance of holding out. Shall we then disgrace the Baalbec of Ireland by surrendering without a blow? Let us all die beneath its ruins but let us not talk of surrender."

"That's all very well, Alderman Higgins," remonstrated the mayor, "but some of us don't want to die just yet. I am surprised you do not see the foolishness of advocating defence in the face of a large army. If it could be done I would not be slow to support you now, but it can't."

And so the talk went on for hours. At length a short time before noon the Mayor and his party triumphed, and a surrender was decided on. It was determined that the Corporation plate and the Mayor's chain should be buried, so as that no improper temptation should be placed before the light-fingered gentry of the Cromwellian army.

It was just on the stroke of noon when the Mayor and three Aldermen, accompanied by Mike Duggan—much to his disgust—passed through John's Gate to wait on Cromwell with the keys of the town. As they passed through, they heard a cannon shot and saw the tower of the abbey falling. They at once made haste to the Cromwellian camp to prevent a bombardment of the town from taking place. When they got to Johnny Hennessy's bridge they saw a dozen cannons pointed at the town and the cannoneers with lighted matches in their hands.

"For God's sake, stop!" shouted the Mayor. "We are surrendering." Though the Mayor's voice was not heard on the Hill the cannons were not fired, for it was observed by the besiegers that some of the townsfolk were coming out. On their arrival at

the camp the deputation were at once escorted to the General's tent which was pitched in the old churchyard. Oliver was seated on a drum and his general officers on kettle drums of various sizes, according to the rank of the occupiers.

"You're late!" said Cromwell. "Not so, your highness," said the Mayor, drawing forth his watch, "it is but just noon by my watch."

"Watch me no watches," said Oliver passionately. "Ye come to surrender the town?"

"Yes, your highness."

"In the face of my protest," said Mike Duggan.

"Who's this fellow?" snarled Cromwell.

"One of the oldest natives of these parts and the Captain of John's Gate," said Mike stoutly.

"What force have ye in the town?"

"Twelve good men, my wife and I," said Mike.

Oliver burst out laughing and all his officers joined with him.

"Well," said he, "I forgive your impertinence and if you join my forces, I'll make you a captain."

"Then turning to the Mayor he asked: 'What caused all this delay?'"

"There was a dispute in the Council," said the Mayor.

"Aha!" cried Cromwell, "some of you are malignants!"

"There was a dispute in the Council," repeated the Mayor slowly.

"Some of the aldermen wished to invite you to their houses for dinner; some wished to have a public dinner; some wished—"

"Are you Mayor?" interrupted Oliver.

"Yes."

"Is your mutton good?"

"Limerick is the best in Ireland?"

"Is your whiskey good?"

"Best Jameson."

"Then I'll dine with you, and so will these gentlemen. You will, out of the town revenue, supply the camp with five hundred beeves and ten thousand quarter loaves. You will accept and maintain in Kilmallock a troop of horse. We ask no more. Be thankful. At 3 of the clock we shall enter the town. You may go."

At 3 o'clock Cromwell, his officers, and a troop of Chidley Cote's horse entered the town. The Mayor and corporation in their robes met them at John's Gate and escorted them to the Mansion House where a feast was provided on a grand scale. The troops then dismounted and in a short time were "indulging" in all the inns in town. The dinner was ready to be served when the Cromwellians entered the Mansion House, dining room. After a prayer of three hours' duration from Chidley Cote, they did justice to the meal. The whiskey and hot water then arrived and after a while the company became quite jolly. Cromwell himself was in the best humor and actually grew affectionate toward Master Meade.

"You are the best fellow I've seen since I've come to this benighted land," he said. "Kiss me."

The mayor did as required.

"D—n me, now that I think of it, I saw you before," continued His Highness.

"Yes, Your Highness."

"Why the d— did you not mention it before?"

"I did not remember it till you made the remark?"

"You saw me—"

"Near the Victoria Hotel in London some years ago."

Cromwell looked at him for a few seconds but said not another word. He drank more deeply, and at last became so drunk that he fell under the table while delivering a discourse on the doctrine of good works. His officers soon followed suit, and in a few hours all were sleeping the sleep of the just.

When they woke on the following morning, they all (including Master Meade) were astonished to find themselves bound hand and foot, with hay ropes, and Mike Duggan standing sentry over them with a blunderbuss.

The mayor demanded angrily the cause of this strange proceeding.

"I don't want the town surrendered," said Mike.

"But," burst out Cromwell, "my troops of horse will—"

"They are secure from all harm," said Mike.

"Do you mean to say, fellow, that you have tied up my troop of horse?"

"Every mother's son of them," said Mike.

Cromwell burst into a tremendous laugh. "Come, my good fellow," he said, "this is excellent fooling, but really I have no time for any more of it. Release us at once. We have business to do."

"Yes, on conditions."

"Well?"

"You will leave this town at once. We are too poor to entertain a troop of horse and can only entertain a dozen troopers. Your army will leave the Hill before noon."

"Very well," said Cromwell.

"Honor bright?" said Mike.

"Honor bright," said Cromwell.

Mike cut the hay ropes and in a few minutes more the officers were kicking up a most infernal row looking for brandy and soda. They drank so much that the Southern Mineral Water Co. had to take on extra hands for a week.

"You'll get it!" said Oliver. "The patent will be made out in a month."

As the troop of horse passed under John's Gate, Oliver once again told Mike Duggan that if he joined his army he'd make him an officer. Mike would not consent to this. Cromwell then offered to make him Lord President of Munster if he came over, but Mike was proof against all temptation, and so his highness departed.

In a short time the twelve troopers left by Cromwell in the town became affected by the atmosphere of the place and became more patriotic than the people themselves. They used to insist on walking through the streets at night singing "God Save Ireland," "O'Donnell Abu," "The Boys of Wexford," and such airs. At last it was found necessary to place them in the local hospital for inebriates. A few of them never returned to habits of sobriety and the great majority died in the Union.

The Mayor got his patent for the lands of Knockaney, and in the course of time became a member of the Irish peerage under the title of Lord Fitz-Willing, which title his descendants still hold. Mike Duggan lived and died a poor man, but it was his proud boast, and is still the boast of his family, that Oliver Cromwell never met a check in Ireland till he met it at the hands of Mike Duggan when he besieged Kilmallock.

A PLEA FOR CHRISTIAN FRATERNITY.

[Very Rev. James C. Byrne, President St. Thomas College, St. Paul, Minn., in the Independent.]

Nature and grace demand that Christians of all denominations forsake their prejudices and antipathies and come together in closer bonds of sympathy and love. Nature speaks to us in the workings of time, which softens the harshest sayings and mitigates the most grievous wrongs. It appeals to us in children, who feel far less the bitterness of their sires; in grandchildren, who do not feel it at all. There is, by the way, a certain literal meaning in the divine saying, "Except a man be born anew he cannot see the Kingdom of God." Again, nature appeals to us in the ever-widening horizon of our thoughts. The more we know of the present, the deeper our forecast into the future, the less we are concerned with the past and its wretched legacy of ill will. Above all, nature appeals to us in our reason by showing the utter groundlessness of harboring resentment.

Let us suppose that all the wrongs, which in years gone by were inflicted in the name or with the name of religion, were perpetrated without political intrigue, without popular misconception, without the blindness of passion or the motive of selfishness—which they were not—but that they were done from pure, albeit misguided, zeal of one denomination to uproot and exterminate another; still, there is no just reason for antipathy between the descendants of the rival factions. If with time the veil that was on men's hearts has been removed, surely the effects of that malefic covering likewise should be dissipated. The Apostles who, at one stage of their career, asked the Master to send down fire from heaven on unbelievers, having finally learned of whose spirit they were, became all things to all men. But with much more reason should we soften our resentment when we consider that our forefathers were often the dupes or the victims of political intrigue; that they, too, had their passions to subserve; that they had their pride gratified. There are many, very many things on the pages of history which Catholics regret; there are many things which, in their own day and circumstances, had a fighting chance for defence, but which now, amid other surroundings, would be indubitably indefensible. The denomination which regrets nothing of the past either must consider that its members were more superhuman than the Apostles, who had much to regret, or it took such a small part in the great theatre of the world that it was never tested by the ordeals of power and prosperity. These have ever been too much for men, as they were too great a trial for angels. Let us all grant that grave wrongs have been done, but let us leave their just retribution to the law divine. The vendetta in one form or another at one time almost universal, is now practised by a few half-barbarous tribes; the vendetta, in religion, likewise, must give way to the peaceful reign of the law of the Gospel. But it is not the real or imaginary wrongs of our own ancestors alone that religious rancor would have us requite on our brethren of to-day, but the real or imaginary wrongs also of everybody else's ancestors. English, Irish, German, French, Spanish, every history according to its interpretation, furnishes fuel for the fires of Catholic or non-Catholic antipathy. Yet, it is not folly for Americans, who are generally less impulsive than other peoples, who could fight bravely for a principle, and when that principle was vindicated clasp hands across the bloody chasm—is it not folly for Americans, I say, to take up the fratricidal strife of other nations, and make them a source of disunion and a cause of contentment?

We may certainly feel righteous indignation at wanton insult; we are justified in feeling keenly a profanation of that which we hold most sacred, even when the insult and the profanation happened long ago. But if the retri-ment must be given to passion, so as to accentuate a principle, let passion seek the right victim. As a sympathizer with downtrodden Ireland I may hate Cromwell; but how can I hate the author of the "Christian Year?" As

a sympathizer with the exiled Huguenots I may hate Louis XIV.; but how can I fail to admire the founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul? The men of a few centuries ago were in some respects semi-barbarians, tinged with the Christian faith; which do we wish to honor, their barbarism or their Christianity? Or let us say that they were men, victims of ignorance often, always subject to passion, who, nevertheless, were the channels of religion to us; which do we desire to emulate, their human frailty or their divine faith? Or they were martyrs; with a prayer on their lips for their persecutors they gave up their lives for their sacred convictions; shall we do them honor by hating the descendants of those for whom they prayed? If Christians would extend to Christians one-half the love they lavish on idolaters, they would be much more Christ-like. If a Chinaman asks for bread, we give him bread; if a Christian asks for bread, why do we give him a stone? But not only the wrongs of religion of all times and places move us, but we feel called upon to vindicate the fancied wrongs of science, of art and of liberty, as if these were not the overperpetrated and spoiled children of Christians in general.

Let us grant that some Catholics persecuted Galileo, that some Protestants persecuted Kepler, that the knowledge of the solar system was delayed a few months until the bearings of the question were cleared up, what is this to the long delays for recognition which one school of science or of art has caused another? What is this to the relentless war waged between philosophers, scientists and artists? What new discovery, even down to our own times, has received immediate and universal recognition? Again, the deepest science is rererential, the highest art is chaste, and true liberty is law. By clinging overmuch to these ideals, at times Christians may have indiscreetly raised their hand against a lower representation of them; out it will always be a question whether they are to be censured therefor or not.

That unanimity which nature so forcibly suggests, grace through the indwelling of the Holy Spirit demands. God's Holy Spirit dwells in hearts which pour forth their burnings on the Protestant hymn, or thrill with emotion before the mysteries of the Catholic altar. Such hearts will ever tend to beat in unison, whatever clashing churchmen may say or do. When divisions come they are the ones who really suffer, and they will be the first to welcome the healing of the wounds by reunion. The history of Christianity is the history of great divisions caused by turbulent men, sometimes in the right, more frequently in the wrong, and of reunions worked out almost without the external aid of men through the cementing influence of the Holy Spirit. May the same Holy Spirit who makes us yearn to be united and at peace, point out the way and give us the courage to enter upon it!

COLLAPSE OF THE "OLD CATHOLICS."

The explicit definition of an article of faith has generally been the signal for the formation of a new sect or schism. During the Vatican Council reports were spread that the promulgation of the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility would rend the Church in twain. There was, indeed, a slight revolt, which recalled the line of the poet relative to the mountain in labor. A most ridiculous mouse was born, which, after nibbling for a few years at government cheese, has disappeared.

The Protestant cantons of Switzerland encouraged the "Old Catholics," as they were called. Churches were taken from the orthodox believers. A schismatic Bishop was consecrated. Dr. Dollinger and Pere Hyacinthe were hailed as true reformers. Dollinger is dead and the Pere and his American widow have vanished from the scene. The Geneva Protestants have restored the churches to the good Catholics and the schism is practically defunct.

It is the old story. "Any one on whom this rock falls shall be ground to powder." Never did the Catholic Church display her divine origin and power more clearly than in the promulgation of Papal infallibility. It was the gauntlet thrown down before an unbelieving age. Even some Catholics held their breath for a time, so masterful, so daring was the stroke. What a contrast did the ancient Church present to the vacillating and supplicating attitude of Protestantism! Alexander the Great cut the Gordian knot with one blow of his sword. The world was filled with apologies for Christianity, with refutations of rationalism, deism and skepticism, with compromises with all sorts of dangerous religious speculations. The Church of Christ rose amid the din and spoke one word. Not only is Jesus Christ the Son of the living God, but the Blessed Apostle who made the confession is confirmed in faith forever.

What self-styled Church dare make such an announcement? The splendid audacity is proof presumptive that the Roman Church is the infallible possessor of Christian truth. If the essence of the Church is to teach truth and the Church is infallible, it must possess infallibility.

Deep and sincere regret was felt at the time for the defection of Dr. Dollinger. He had done Catholic historical science real service, which yet remains. It was his misfortune to become or to be named the head of a sect; and Church history does not record an instance of the conversion of an heresiarch. Cardinal Newman used to

thank God that he never, formally at least, was the head of the Tractarian movement. That position was held by Dr. Pusey, who died outside the Church.

As for Pere Hyacinthe, no one ever took him seriously, probably not even the widow. He has issued his last will and testament, but we may look for a codicil. The Episcopalian adopted him, but he renounced fealty to them, and it was even rumored that he intended to return to the Catholic Church. The widow, however, appears to be the head of his Church, and his career is a luminous commentary upon the profound wisdom of the Elder Weller's maxim: "Samivel, beware of the vidders."

A Helper in our Needs.

"St. Anthony," says the Rev. Father William, O. S. F. C., in the *Franciscan Annals*, "is one of those of whom the Catholic world cannot afford to lose sight long without detriment to itself. His was a great, a strong, and with all an intensely winsome and fascinating character. He belongs to that class of saintly souls which includes such men as St. John Chrysostom, St. Ambrose, Savonarola (whose memory Dean Farrar has so recently maligned by his bigotry) and all those who in every critical period of the world's history, from the time of the Prophets till now, have dared to raise their voice in loud reproof of moral delinquency and injustice, even when seated in high places, and many of whom have gloriously died for daring so to do. Such men have been, and are, the greatest witness to God on earth, and evince the power and the possibility of the soul when upright, courageous and sincere.

Of late years the force and attractiveness of the character of St. Anthony seem to have been becoming more fully and widely appreciated than before. Devotion to him may now be said to be spreading daily and growing in fervor. It is, we think, a distinctly new feature of this growing devotion, and one peculiarly wholesome, that it is not principally as the gentle saint to whom was granted, like Simeon of old, to hold in his arms the Saviour King, that he is becoming nowadays esteemed; nor as the great wonder-worker that he undoubtedly was, but rather as the great Catholic reformer who raised his powerful hand against all forms of evil, "who turned the hearts of the fathers unto the children, and the incredulous to the wisdom of the just," and whose loud words of protest against wrong doing were ably sustained by a life of singular uprightness and rigid abnegation. It is the great man who boldly stepped forward in the middle of a period of transition, as marked and as momentous as that through which we ourselves are passing, but which had not the lights of historic experience we have—it is the great preacher who, in the midst of such a time, pointed out to men, with no faltering, uncertain hand, the rugged way to Heaven that we again contemplate and listen to again in spirit. The fact that we of to-day so vividly recognize in the counsels of perfection essential constituents of even our most familiar standards of Christian excellence and holiness is chiefly to be accounted for by St. Anthony, and men like him, acting in accordance with them so thoroughly and consistently in their own lives and preaching them so uncompromisingly in their words.

"Mamma, was that a sugar-plum you just gave me?" asked little Mabel. "No, dear, it was one of Dr. Ayer's Pills." "Please, may I have another?" "Not now, dear; one of those nice pills is all you need at present, because every dose is effective."

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The Catholic Record.

Published Weekly at 484 and 486 Richmond street, London, Ontario.

Price of subscription—\$2.00 per annum.

REV. GEORGE R. NOTTGRAVES, Author of "Mistakes of Modern Infidels."

London, Saturday, Aug. 3, 1895.

READING CIRCLES.

We are very glad to notice that Reading Circles are becoming more numerous in Canada, because, after the grace of God, nothing is more powerful in fashioning and ennobling the character than wholesome reading.

But our reading must be done methodically. Too often we are in the habit of skimming lightly over pages into which a man or woman has put his or her life blood.

The grand characters of the past live again within the Reading Circle. Their influence and its secret are studied and their words, which fell heedless but a few years ago upon our ears, ring with an earnestness and harmony of which we never dreamed, and we come to understand why "men hearken to them and always hear."

Cardinal Newman has described in a few sentences that will live forever in English literature the effect of the classic authors upon the mind:

"Passages which to a boy are but rhetorical commonplaces, neither better nor worse than a hundred others which any clever writer might supply—which he gets by heart and thinks very fine and imitates as he thinks successfully in his own flowing versification, at length come home to him when long years have passed and he has had experience of life; and they pierce him as if he had never before known them with their sad earnestness and vivid exactness. Then he comes to understand how it is that lines—the birth of some chance moraine or evening at an Ionian festival or among the Sabine hills—have lasted generation after generation for thousands of years with a power over the mind and a charm which the current literature of the day, with all its obvious advantages, is utterly unable to rival."

Under this code it was prohibited for Catholics to teach school at all, and if any disobeyed the cruel enactment, they were successively fined, banished, and for a third conviction put to death.

Of course, under the operation of such laws, a theological college was an impossibility, and priests had to be educated for their work in Douai, Rheims, Louvain or other institutions on the continent.

It might well be expected that the priests thus educated would entertain no loving heart for the nation which had compelled them to prepare themselves surreptitiously for their great work; and their people, too, would naturally be angered, as the facts were more and more brought to their attention. For this reason, as well as because the spirit of toleration was beginning to extend its influence, the existence of Maynooth college was at first tolerated, and the institution itself was many years afterwards subsidized by Government as a slight offset to the wholesale robbery by which the Catholic Church in Ireland had been deprived of all her property and revenues and the further spoliation which was still inflicted on a Catholic people by the collection of tithes for the support of an alien Church, and taxes for an alien educational system, teaching a religion which the people abominated and repudiated.

Fifty years ago the Maynooth Government grant was, to the extreme Protestants, like a red flag flouted in the face of an angry bull, and the question of discontinuing it was frequently agitated by a certain clique in the House of Commons; but no attention was paid by any Government to these complaints. It was continued even as a matter of policy. Some complaints of it were made, however, from a very opposite quarter. Some well-meaning Irishmen imagined that the Maynooth grant acted as a bribe to the priesthood, or at least to those priests who were educated in the institution, making them unpatriotic

of the masters the strength and enthusiasm that will keep them faithful to high ideals—to a contempt of the mean and sordid, to a love of their Catholicity that "strikes its roots into the historic past of man's noblest achievements and looks to the future with the serene confidence with which it looks to God."

THE CENTENARY OF MAYNOOTH.

The College of Maynooth, near Dublin, has just celebrated the centenary of its institution, and the event was in every respect one of the most interesting and imposing which have ever been witnessed in Ireland, whether from a religious or a social point of view.

The centenary was attended by Cardinal Vaughan, and many prelates of the English, American and Australian hierarchies, equally with that of Ireland. The rectors of the Irish College in Rome, and of the Propaganda, were also present, together with representatives from Salamanca, Louvain, and other Continental Universities.

When Maynooth College was established the penal laws against Catholics were somewhat relaxed in their operation, though not repealed until 1829, the year of Catholic Emancipation; and the Government tolerated its existence, not from any great desire that an opportunity should be given for the education of aspirants to the priesthood, but chiefly because it was discovered by that time that it was impossible to prevent priests from risking liberty and even life in order to administer to the spiritual wants of the people, and it was deemed better policy to allow them to be educated in the country, rather than that they should be compelled to seek in foreign countries the education necessary to enable them to fulfill their duties.

Very naturally, the British Government felt that it did not tend to strengthen the tie between Ireland and England, that Ireland should be entirely prohibited from educating her own clergy, as the fact that persecution was the obstacle to this could not but increase the animosity of the people towards the nation from which such persecution came.

The penal code under which Catholics suffered for three hundred years was as cruel as it was possible for human ingenuity to devise. It was never exceeded in Russia, and scarcely were the persecutions of Christians more barbarous under the Pagan Emperors of Rome than in the three kingdoms which boasted that they revelled in the advantages of civil and religious liberty, and in the light of an open Bible!

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toward Ireland; and so they demanded that it should be cancelled. Every dote of justice, however slight, on the part of rulers toward the ruled contributes to some extent toward lightening the bitterness felt by the oppressed, and in this sense there may have been some such general influence even in the small pittance which Maynooth received towards the softening of asperities, and creating a hope of redress for injuries; and in this respect the Maynooth grant may have operated too; but that it operated as a bribe cannot be asserted by any one who knows how patriotic to Ireland were the clergy educated within its walls. As the eloquent Bishop Clancy of Elphin said in his sermon delivered at the Centenary Mass:

"There is no exaggeration in stating that the soul of every political movement of the century (for Ireland's relief) have been the priests educated at Maynooth."

They were foremost in aiding to bring about Catholic Emancipation, the Disendowment and subsequent establishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland, and they were the mainstay of the Repeal and Home Rule agitators. They have also maintained Catholic rights to Catholic education, and have contributed toward securing them.

No one stood forth more courageously than the "Lion of the fold of Judah" known as John of Tuam, in infusing courage and hopefulness into the heart of the people in their struggles for justice, yet he was for years a member of the college staff. The Maynooth grant was in fact but an infinitesimal part of the debt due to Ireland on account of past confiscations; but it was willingly surrendered in 1870 in order to secure the greater boon of relief to the people from the incubus of a Church establishment forced on them against their will. Since 1870 the grant has not been received, but this fact has in no way affected the priesthood educated in the institution.

Historic Maynooth has been, and will undoubtedly continue to be, the garden from which will proceed the seeds of religion, knowledge and piety which the Irish people have borne over a large extent of the world and planted in many a soil.

An affectionate response was sent to the faculty of the College by Pope Leo XIII. on the occasion of the Centenary, in reply to their address of loyalty and veneration towards the Holy See and the Supreme Pontiff personally.

BRUTAL MOBS.

Among the Tory press of England it has always been the habit to represent the conduct of Irishmen as disorderly at political gatherings, and especially during election campaigns. It is unfortunately true that from time to time there have been disorders in some localities, especially in Belfast and Londonderry, where the Orangemen are accustomed to disport themselves at wrecking the houses and seeking the lives of their Catholic neighbors, but it is very unjust to throw the blame of these escapades on the Catholic people of Ireland, or to infer that they are unfit to govern themselves, as these papers are wont to do. If such inferences are to be drawn from these occurrences they should be confined to those on whom the guilt rests.

The recent elections have been very peaceable in Ireland, so much so that the press telegrams report that there is a striking contrast between them and the brutality exhibited by mobs in many English constituencies.

Some particulars of these have been given in the cablegrams: thus, at Mile End, after the declaration of the poll, a man rushed forward at Lord and Lady Mountmore as they were entering their carriage, and struck the lady in the face with his fist, knocking her down, exclaiming: "She's the one that did it." So great was the force of the blow that Lady Mountmore was unconscious for a considerable time.

In East Norfolk there was also a horribly disgraceful riot. H. Rider Haggard, the novelist and the defeated Conservative candidate, was roughly received in many places, being pelted with stones and mud. At Ludham his party was attacked by a mob of eight hundred persons, and Miss Hartcup, a member of the company, was cut on the head by a missile, so that she could not be moved from the hotel in which they took refuge.

At Walsingham Mr. Haggard received an ovation and made a speech in which he said that in all his travels he had not seen such dastardly conduct.

As Mr. Haggard has travelled a good deal among the wild tribes of darkest Africa, especially among the Zulus, the comparison is not very complimentary to the people of enlightened England.

We do not draw any inference from these election riots to the effect that the people of England are unfit for self-government, for it is well known that in every crowd composed of a large number of people there are some who have brutal instincts and are ready for any disorderly conduct. But neither should an inference of this kind be drawn in respect to the occasional rioting which sometimes occurs in Ireland, especially in times of great excitement. Ireland has always compared very well with England in this respect, and the worst outrages have always been among the Orangemen, who constitute the alien garrison of the nation.

GOES THE WRONG OX.

Governor Hastings of Pennsylvania has signed the absurd religious garb Bill passed by the Legislature of the State. It is an Apaiist measure, and its design was to prevent Catholic religious orders from being employed to teach the Public schools. There were only a couple of localities in which nuns were so employed, and from those they withdrew of their own accord, as they could not teach religion in them undisturbed.

The Parochial schools and other works which these good ladies have in charge are quite sufficient to occupy them, and they leave the Public schools without regret to lay Catholic lady teachers, who will ably fill their places. Thus the Catholics will not suffer from the law, though it was especially aimed at them.

The Lancaster *New Era*, one among the most influential Protestant newspapers of the State, thus gives utterance to the views of all liberal Protestants on the action of the Governor and Legislature in this matter:

"The religious garb bill has become law through Governor Hastings' approval. The Governor has given the people of Pennsylvania a good many surprises, but none greater than this one. It was believed to every unprejudiced man, would away the Governor to do the courageous, manly thing. It turns out to have been a false hope, and the only loophole the chief magistrate has to escape through for doing what he, no doubt, believed was a most questionable, act was that the Legislature wanted it, and he, therefore, thought they should have it. Did they not also ask for every other measure he has vetoed? Why did it not occur to him to make this same excuse for his vetoes in those cases? It was a weak surrender to the demands of bigotry, and as such will be regarded by the best people of the Commonwealth with sorrow and pity—sorrow for the deed itself and pity for the doer."

But there is an amusing side to the matter. Catholics only laugh at the bill, as it does not hurt them; but in the Quaker State there are hundreds of thousands of disciples of William Penn, and of Aumish, Dunkards, and Seventh Day Baptists, Protestant sects, part of whose religion it is that their members should wear a distinctive garb, and the law was made so stringent by these wise legislators that suddenly the young men and women of these sects find themselves in the dilemma that they can no longer earn their living as Public school teachers unless they practically deny their religion by donning the profane secular costume!

All these sects are now in arms against the members of the Legislature who have thus struck a most serious blow at their religious liberties; and the legislators are trying to excuse themselves for the folly by saying that was not what they intended. The question now is: Will they go straightway to Canossa?

The incident reminds us of the old story: Three wise men of Gotham went to sea in a bowl. If the bowl had been stronger, the story had been longer.

Very different from the folly and bigotry of Governor Hastings was the noble contempt shown for Apaiism by Mayor Strong of New York city, who recently appointed Mr. Ford, a Catholic, and the brother of the proprietor of the *Irish World* and *Freeman's Journal*, to be Water Commissioner, of the city.

Mayor Strong, by thus setting the A. P. A. at defiance, has shown what he thinks of the A. P. A. boast which was so prominently made by them that he was their nominee for the mayoralty and that they elected him. We commend these facts to the attention of the *Hamilton Spectator* which (unwittingly perhaps?) gave prominence to

the A. P. A. boasts, not merely as to New York, but also in regard to the result of the last election throughout the United States.

THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS.

The Pan-American Congress on Religion and Education assembled in Toronto on the 18th ult., in accordance with previous announcement, and continued in session till Tuesday, the 23rd.

The meeting was expected to bring a large number of visitors to the city, and in view of this many merchants subscribed liberally towards defraying its expenses. In this respect the reality fell below expectation, as the number of delegates in attendance numbered only about four hundred, and but few visitors were attracted to the city by the Congress.

At the opening meeting there was a fair audience of citizens, about seven hundred persons having assembled in the pavilion, to listen to the speeches, the principal object of the first meeting being to extend Toronto's welcome to the delegates. Mayor Kennedy, W. B. McMurrich, Q. C. and Rev. Dr. Sims tendered the welcome, the mayor reading an address, and the other two gentlemen making appropriate speeches.

A curious feature of Dr. Sims' speech was his dwelling upon his conviction that the congress demonstrated that common unity of religions is made possible because "right thinking conduces to right living, and deeds are of more importance than creeds."

We have no desire to belittle the importance of good deeds, of which the Apostle says that as the body without the spirit is dead, so also faith without good works is dead; but as there is a tendency nowadays to make little of the importance of faith in the dogmas of Christianity, we cannot give an unqualified approval to the expression of such a sentiment, when there is good reason to believe that its purpose is to encourage the belief that Christian faith is of no important at all.

The Holy Scripture tells us that "Without faith it is impossible to please God," and "He that believeth not shall be condemned." We do not dispute or ignore the fact that charity, which consists in love for God for his own sake, and love of our neighbor for God's sake, is pronounced to be the most enduring and highest of the virtues, but we cannot easily separate the flaunting of the superiority of deeds over creeds on such an occasion, from the suggestion nowadays, so frequently made, that all creeds are equal, and that no creed is as good as any; and we cannot but express our dissent from such a suggestion if it was meant by the reverend doctor, and somewhat similar to this appears to have been the meaning of the President of the Congress, the Rev. Dr. Samuel G. Smith, who very unnecessarily congratulated the convention because it was unauthorized by any ecclesiastical authority; it was, in fact, he stated, "a protest against ecclesiastical butting he-goats."

The Rev. Father Ryan of Toronto conveyed to the delegates the cordial welcome of his Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and assured Dr. Smith that "here he would find no he-goats to butt against."

There is much common ground between those of different creeds, Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, if we cultivate the spirit of universal charity and good-will which Christianity inculcates, but we must not be thereby led into a denial of the truths of Redemption and other Christian dogmas, while in search of a basis for Christian, or social, unity.

In the course of the Congress, the Rev. Morgan Wood, of Detroit, made an uncalculated-for attack upon the Catholic Church which made it necessary for Rev. Father F. B. Ryan to rebut his charges, for the most part indirectly, but sometimes by direct reference, and by saying after several of his climaxes "this is not quoting something said by Mr. Wood." He caused much amusement by acknowledging that he did not understand what Mr. Wood meant by "Centripetal and Concentric Christianity." He asked that some one should explain, but the phrase remained without future light being thrown upon it.

Father Ryan's subject was the "Organization of Charity in the Catholic Church." He dealt with it ably, and pointed out that there are on this American continent, at the present moment, 12,000 Catholic women who devote their lives toward the relieving of every form of human suffering—the deaf and dumb, the blind, the lame, the insane, the poor. "Go and see them," he said. "This is more than

organized energy and philanthropy. The Catholic Church is the grandest charity organization in the history of the world, past or present. These women are the nuns or Sisters, who do not talk about what they do. They have left the world and ask no reward. He also spoke of the 90,000 brothers of St. Vincent de Paul—laymen, not priests—but princes, noblemen, clerks, merchants, men of all classes, who are engaged in various occupations, yet apply themselves to caring for the poor, making no noise about it. "This," he said, "is the fruit of the old theology which the speaker from Detroit dynamited so vigorously this morning."

Father Ryan was earnestly and vigorously applauded by the audience, the great majority of whom were Protestants, and if nothing else were done by the Congress than to give him the opportunity to reply to Rev. Mr. Wood, the Pan American Congress was not held in vain.

On the last day of meeting the Rev. Dr. Conaty, of Rochester, read an able paper on Catholic Education, and what the Church has done for education, completely vindicating her from the attacks of those who accuse her of keeping the people in ignorance.

A BREEZY MEETING.

The Montreal presbytery had recently a stormy meeting at which the young ministers in charge of Presbyterian missions in the suburban districts of the city were charged by the Rev. Dr. Robt. Campbell with "trying to entice members of existing congregations to join their churches," that is to say, with attempting to steal the congregations of the city churches.

Dr. Campbell stigmatized this conduct as indecent and improper. These young ministers are in charge of the missions at Petit Cote and Maisonneuve, and they were in the habit of going about from house to house soliciting members of other Presbyterian churches to sever their connections with their old churches in order to join the mission churches. Members of his own congregation had been so solicited, and he desired that the presbytery should put a stop to such proceedings.

He explained that city pastors have great difficulty in maintaining their congregations, surrounded as they are by Catholics on one side, and by Anglicans, Baptists and Methodists on other sides. The Maisonneuve missionary especially, he added, apparently devotes his whole strength toward obtaining recruits for his church from existing congregations.

The facts revealed by Dr. Campbell explain any success which these mission churches may have attained. They are established for the purpose, especially, of propagating Presbyterianism among the Catholic French-Canadians, but in this respect they have failed of success, and are compelled to devote their energies to stealing away the congregations of other Presbyterian Churches in order to maintain themselves.

At the same meeting the Rev. Professor Scrimger, who a few years ago took so much pains to misrepresent the Jesuits as designing plotters, was accused by one of his brother ministers with plotting to get control of the records of old St. Gabriel church. He was told by the Rev. Mr. Crombie that the report of a committee of which Mr. Scrimger was chairman, was "ingenious" with this object in view. We presume that the ingenuity displayed was just what Rev. Mr. Scrimger would describe as "Jesuitism." It appears that his accusations against Jesuits have come home to roost.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WHEN the present session of Parliament is over some of our statesmen from whom much was expected will have a glorious future behind them.

INGERSOLLISM is directly responsible for another suicide recently committed in New York: another, we say, but how many are there in all walks of life of whom we do not hear, who having embraced the same unhappy gospel of despair and irresponsibility to any higher power, act upon Bob Ingersoll's principle that it is better to leave the world by one's own hand than to endure trouble. Such persons do not reflect that

Fear, guilt, despair and moonstruck frenzy rush in voluntary death. The wise, the brave, when the fierce storms of fortune round them roar, combat the billows with redoubled force."

That Col. Ingersoll's published letter maintaining the morality of suicide is responsible in the present instance is made clear by the following letter ad-

dressed by the suicide to the coroner : Being unable to bear life's miseries any longer, I determine to end my life, taking my dearly-beloved companion with me. Col. Ingersoll is right in his views and lectures, and, as to my opinion, is the most sensible man of the country. Our social system is wrong and unjust, and our laws, churches and priests are fakes. They all serve but one god, and his name is Mammon." SIGMUND SIGNEDLER.

We have much pleasure in printing in this issue an essay on "George Washington," of which Miss Maud Regan, of this city, is the author. The Boston Pilot offered a prize for the best paper on the subject named, and although there were several hundred competitors, Miss Regan's composition easily obtained first prize. She is a graduate of the Sacred Heart Convent in this city. Seldom in one so young, not having yet attained her eighteenth year, is found such remarkable, indeed we may say brilliant, talent, and it is more than probable that Miss Regan will in the near future win high distinction in the world of letters. The ladies of the Sacred Heart, as well as our own little city of London, have reason to be proud of her. She is a daughter of Daniel Regan, Esq., President of the Agricultural Savings and Loan Co.

The efforts of the Holy Father to bring about reunion of the Oriental Churches are bearing fruit, and there is every prospect that there will soon be an abundant harvest. In spite of the horrors of the Armenian atrocities, and opposition from high quarters among Orthodox Greeks, there is a strong movement in Asiatic Turkey toward the Church, and likewise among the Copts of Egypt. The regulations issued by Pope Leo for the preservation of the Eastern rites and privileges have given great satisfaction and have encouraged the movement. The Egyptian Copts have the Coptic liturgy, and though there are even now many in communion with the Holy See, the majority are Eutychians or Monophysites, with a Patriarch at Cairo who is called the Patriarch of Alexandria and Jerusalem. The people and many of the priests are well inclined to become united, as they see no good reason for keeping apart from the universal Church, for the sake of preserving an old heresy which is rejected by all the Christian world except themselves.

REPORTS from Hawarden are to the effect that the Hon. W. E. Gladstone is now devoting himself entirely to the study of the Fathers of the Church in their respective languages. We are glad to hear that in his old age and while his intellect is still vigorous he has given himself to this literature. It was thereby that the celebrated Oxford movement began under the leadership of the late Cardinal Newman, with the result, not only of the return of thousands to the true faith, but also in the spread of the spirit of toleration toward Catholics throughout England. We hope that when the Grand Old Man shall see that Primitive Christianity is to be found in the Catholic religion, and not in any form of Protestantism, he will return to the one fold of his ancestors. We cannot understand that after such study he can do otherwise than embrace the "Faith once delivered to the saints."

A curious mode of worship was introduced by the Salvation Army at Detroit on Saturday, July 20. A lecture was delivered by two "Captains" on the analysis and dissection of the devil's body, the parts being pride, whiskey, etc., immediately after which the lights were suddenly extinguished and the form of his satanic majesty was brought out, made of paper, and colored to suggest the analytic description. Red lights were thrown upon the stage to represent the fire of hell, and the horns, hoofs and tail were terrific in appearance. A red bonnet decorated with roses represented pride, while cards and liquor indicated ruin and destruction. The effigy was then set on fire, amid shrieks and yells which reminded the beholders of Milton's Pandemonium. Such is the mode of worship which private fancy in the nineteenth century has substituted for the divinely appointed sacraments of Christianity, and the perpetual sacrifice foretold by the prophets, which the same people regard as superstition. We fail to see the improvement.

The reappointment of Hon. M. B. Daly as Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia has, by its graceful recognition of sterling worth, occasioned much and favorable comment amongst all classes. He is beloved and respected by all and has proved during his tenure of office that he is eminently fitted to bear the honor and burden of high position. He has much tact and prudence, not indeed born of expediency, but flowing naturally from his warm and gentle heart Celtic heart. In a word, he is a gentleman without fear and without reproach.

Try to have, young men, an independent opinion on the questions of the day. A little study and thought will enable you to do this and will guard you against the tricks and schemes of the ordinary politician.

WHAT do the constituents of Emmanuel T. Essery think of him now? His foolish speech at London has certainly proved that he is utterly incapable of representing men who have any regard for charity or truth. We, however, were not surprised at his utterances. His impenetrable ignorance is proof against enlightenment and his ingrained selfishness is proof against justice for anyone except Essery & Co. He has wallowed so long in the mire of misrepresentation and calumny and has befouled things dear and sacred to his compatriots that it would be astonishing were he to cleanse himself and play for the nonce the role of a decent citizen. "He is not a dog," he says. We believe him; he is inferior to anything of the canine breed. He is a human jackal who flees the light and shrinks instinctively from all but his kind. "He took Sir John Carling by the throat," he says. Yes, but in a sneaking, skulking manner, as befits the character of the political assassin. To compare Essery to Sir John Carling is to compare a pitch torch to an electric light. His braggadocio will have no effect on the people who know him. The many utterances of an opponent will always have our respect and consideration, but the assertions of an individual whose stock-in-trade is vituperation and vilification will ever deserve our contempt. But Mr. Essery, like a certain sable gentleman we know of, has been always so from the beginning. The poet must have had him and his peers in view when he penned the following lines:

Beholding the pranks of Mr. Essery we cannot but think of the rugged saying of Shakespeare:

"Put a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil."

Man, weak man, plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven As make the angels weep.

the quaintly phrased rules of etiquette compiled by Washington when a mere boy early indications of the gracious manners founded on delicate consideration for the feelings and convenience of others, which throughout his life proclaimed him a gentleman of nature's own fashioning. Even the yellow time-discolored pages of his school exercise books bear silent witness to his character, testifying to the painstaking thoroughness manifested thus early in all his undertakings, which in after years established upon a solid basis and rendered of enduring advantage to the country his brilliant military and legislative successes.

In youth grave, thoughtful and scrupulously upright, self-respecting and, therefore, readily yielding respect and obedience to all lawful authority, the value of these qualities was enhanced by an early acquired habit of self-discipline, the guiding principle of a character which was as much loved in private as it was respected in public life.

Possessed of a naturally quick mind, ever eager in the acquisition of knowledge, he had likewise the faculty, rare in one so young, of selecting for special attention the studies destined to be of most value to him in his future undertakings. Guided by this faculty, he devoted himself with particular diligence to the acquisition of a thorough, practical knowledge of the science of land surveying, in which study his diligence was crowned with so much success that at an age when children are still in the schoolroom he was deemed competent to make surveys of the immense Fairfax estates. His early surveying expeditions were of immense benefit to him, confirming his habits of self-reliance, inuring him to the hardship and fatigue and giving him a practical knowledge of the country, helpful to him throughout the frontier war, and of inestimable value in the struggle with which his name is identified.

Washington gained his first experience of active service in the career in which he was to become so famous just when the mutual jealousies engendered by the rival claims of English and French to the rich lands which by force or intrigue they had wrested from the Indians, threatened to culminate in open hostilities. Before the actual outbreak of the war the English governor wished to make one more effort towards a peaceful adjustment of the differences by means of a letter of remonstrance addressed to the French commander. The task of conveying this missive to its destination was one fraught with much danger and responsibility. It involved a journey through an unknown country in the depth of winter, dependent for guidance upon the doubtful faith of Indians who saw in English and French alike spoilers eager for their land. It required in the messenger a constitution inured to fatigue, coolness, courage and sagacity sufficient to enable him to forestall the diplomatic French in obtaining the Indian alliance in the event of hostilities.

The choice of Washington as messenger in this important mission is a high testimony to the esteem which his talents had already commanded, an esteem greatly augmented by the skill and courage with which he acquitted himself of his arduous commission, and by the modesty with which he received the commendations of his chiefs and the praises and congratulations of the country at large. It were too tedious to follow in detail the varying fortunes of the Indian war, throughout the whole course of which Washington was distinguished alike by intrepidity in action and prudence in council. After Braddock's disastrous defeat the popular appreciation of his services found expression in the bestowal on him, unsolicited and in defiance of high influence at work against him, of the responsible post of commander-in-chief of the colonial forces. In this capacity his first care was to effect a much-needed reform in martial laws and army discipline, and, justly incensed at the ridiculous claims of crown appointed officers to supremacy over those holding commissions from the colonial governors, he succeeded in obtaining a permanent settlement of these questions of precedence entirely satisfactory to the colonial officers, and by which many evils were obviated. Though manifesting a proper sense of what was due to his rank, when time and occasion warranted in his intercourse with his soldiers he was ever affable and accessible, watchful of their interests, and setting an example eloquent for good of scrupulous exactitude in the performance of duty.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. First Prize and Compliments for an Essay, Bestowed on a London Girl.

A little while ago "Our Tender" inquired if the Boys and Girls intended to permit the prize for the Washington essay to go to a Canadian. Judging by the careful work prepared by some of them, they did not, but nevertheless to a Canadian it must go, and when they have read her essay her rivals will be the first to concede that Miss Maud Regan deserves it.

Here follows Miss Regan's paper: Perhaps all history offers no page upon which we so love to linger, no page more replete with romantic interest, than that which tells of the splendors of picturesque Virginia of old colonial days. Poets have delighted in singing the praises of this "Mother of States and undiminished men," tradition has busied itself with tales of the former extent and riches of estates since dwindled to insignificance till we have come to paint the glories of Virginia's past in brighter tints than the reality may have possessed.

A great novelist in pages as deathless as fame itself, has immortalized in fiction's realms names already immortal in their country's annals, till they are so familiar to us, these Virginians of the olden time, as though it were but yesterday they had wearied of life's bustle and turmoil and their loyal hearts found rest in quiet corners of the grass grown Virginia churchyards. But whether our fancy pictures them the courteous Southern gentleman, gracious of manner and warm of heart, dispensing the lavish hospitality which was their Virginian birthright, or whether we gaze upon them transformed by the stern exigencies of war into a race of heroes.

one noble figure stands out from among them all, pre-eminent alike in peace and war, upon whom our admiration centers as the greatest of Virginians.

Perhaps in no career more distinctly than in Washington's were the habits and inclinations of childhood prophetic of the pursuits and attainments of later years. We recognize in the youthful commander of the Lilliputian forces on the play-ground battle field the first dawning of that military spirit which subsequently prompted him to embrace the career in which he achieved such renown: in the child whose innate rectitude and sound judgment constituted him arbiter of all boyish disputes, the same qualities which in after life guided the deliberations and actuated the decisions of the brilliant statesman. Nor are there lacking in

them only as so many sources of wealth from which her great end appeared to be to extract the largest possible revenue. Quick to perceive this, the colonists were equally prompt to resent any infringement of their privileges, their indignation being especially excited by the burden of taxation laid upon them by a Government in which they were unrepresented, a proceeding as unjust as it was unconstitutional.

It were too long to review in detail the various measures by which smoldering discontent was fanned into open rebellion, to describe the spirited resistance which greeted each new exaction from the time when the general discontent was whispered around the family hearth till the day when it found eloquent expression in the glowing periods of Patrick Henry before the legislative body of Virginia, the great stronghold of loyalty. Our concern with the causes and events of the Revolution are chiefly as they affect the character and fortunes of Washington, and serve as a background against which his signal talents stand out in bold relief.

We cannot but admire when, after more than a century's lapse, we review the proceedings of Washington and the other "Fathers of the Revolution" the justice and moderation which marked their deliberations and the unimpassioned nature of their decisions. It was a tribute to Washington's worth that he should be acknowledged, on the authority of Patrick Henry himself, to be in point of practical information and sound judgment the greatest man in that assemblage of great men. As long as there was hope of a peaceful redress of grievances Washington's voice was loud in the cause of moderation, his humane nature causing him to shrink from plunging the nation into a bloody struggle of which no one could see the end.

Yet when the conviction was forced upon the nation that the only hope of obtaining redress of their wrongs lay at the sword's point, it was to the gallant Virginian that it confidently turned as leader of its undisciplined forces, and he it was who taught the mother country by sad experience the fallaciousness of hope grounded on Gage's statement, that "the Americans would be lion only while the English were lambs."

The varying fortunes of the Revolution, the reverses, the successes and ultimate triumph of American arms, are subjects too familiar to require further comment, but while we realize in a general way that the glorious issue of the struggle was due to the indomitable zeal and unselfish devotedness of Washington, we do not, perhaps, sufficiently appreciate the enormous difficulties with which he had to contend during the achievement of his great work. From the moment when, refusing all remuneration save that reward which attends the performance of duty, he accepted the command of the colonies' undisciplined armies, till the day which amid the acclamations of the whole nation he resigned his commission, upon him alone devolved the entire responsibility of the campaign. The newly formed congress was inexperienced in meeting the exigencies of war, either in the raising of forces adequate for the country's protection or in the proper maintenance of existing armies. The period for which the soldiers were enlisted was short, and when the term of service was over they would often return in bands to the homes whose safety was endangered by their absence. New armies would replace the old, the weary work of disciplining recruits would recommence, and all this within musket shot of the English encampments and in daily danger of attack. The country, wearied of the inactivity of the forces, would clamor for some decisive stroke, and firebrand patriots following from their comfortable homes the fortunes of the commander-in-chief, and show wherein he might better have improved his opportunities. Never was Washington more truly great than when, unmoved by jibe and censure, refusing to justify his conduct by exposing the weakness of the forces he preserved the inactivity necessary to the safety of the country. His conduct throughout this ordeal displays courage of a higher order than mere physical bravery, for, as Irving says, "To dare is often the impulse of selfish ambition or bare-brained valor, to forbear is at times the proof of real greatness."

Perhaps that which most wounded Washington in this connection were the censures of a few of his generals, who should certainly have realized the impracticability of anything like a decisive engagement in the existing state of affairs. He was himself to far removed above all petty feelings to realize that jealousy, often the one ignominious element in otherwise fine natures, was the source of these criticisms, the object of which was his removal from the command. The project of superseding Washington met with no favor at the hands of the people, who were too sensible of his value, too confident in the ultimate success of any cause with which he was identified, to risk its safety by the loss of his services. It is a striking tribute to Washington's magnanimity that, after the disastrous failure of the Carolina campaign, one of the most active members of the cabal against the commander-in-chief should throw himself upon the clemency and implore the intercession of the very man whom he had endeavored to be little and supplant.

Throughout Washington's entire military and diplomatic career, unselfishness was the keynote of his conduct, his one object was the public good, an

object to whose attainment he sacrificed every personal consideration. Other generals have distinguished themselves on the field, have won renown by one daring exploit. Washington purchased deathless fame by eight long years of struggle, by showing an equal front to failure and success, neither dismayed by the one nor unduly elated by the other. He purchased it by toilsome marches under summer's sun and winter's snow, by perilling his life in many scarce remembered encounters where hundreds of the "nameless brave" paid in their life blood the purchase money of a nation's freedom. It is his, by right of the privations of Valley Forge as well as of the victory of Yorktown. When we consider all these titles to immortality, and remember that with undisciplined forces, often scantily fed and poorly clad, and strong only in the "right which makes might," he set at defiance the experienced generals and forces of the old world, we do not hesitate to rank him among the greatest generals of ancient or modern times. Moderate in success as he was constant under reverses, no sooner were the fortunes of the war decided, than he advocated an immediate cessation of hostilities, believing that "as the sword was the last resort in defense of the country's liberties, it should be the first thing laid aside established."

With his touching farewell to his troops so eminently characteristic of their mutual relations, Washington believed that he had taken a last leave of the duties and responsibilities of public life. The country, through his means, was free and prosperous, and occupied an honorable position among the nations. Yet, while fully sensible of these advantages, Washington was also keenly alive to the dangers which threatened her at the outset of her national career. War had made sad havoc in her finances; symptoms were not lacking that since the cessation of the danger against which the different States had made common cause, a spirit of disunion might creep in, and the different States might forget in jealousy guarding their separate interests that the welfare of each depended upon the prosperity of the whole. The country also recognized her peril, and to him who had been strong in her defense against external dangers she appealed as her protector against the scarcely less serious danger which menaced her from within. None better than he could "harmonize the jarring passions of the new confederacy," because none better than he could set the example of sacrificing individual interest to the common weal. Diffident of his own judgment, he only undertook the task of guiding the nation's first steps, after having appointed able coadjutors eminently qualified for the position they occupied, and by whose judicious advice Washington was influenced in all matters of importance. It was with great reluctance that he abandoned the quiet home life at Mount Vernon, to which through all these years he had looked forward as the reward of his labors, and amid universal rejoicing assumed the highest dignity within his country's gift.

We can picture him the central figure of all the fetes and pageants which celebrated the birth of the nation's freedom, as unspoiled by adulation as he had been formerly unmoved by censure. No man could be better qualified by nature to adorn the highest station. The fine manners which are "the mantles of fine minds" were his in an eminent degree. Gracious and kindly toward all with whom he came in contact, his chivalrous nature made him particularly affable toward those whom shyness or the novelty of their surroundings rendered diffident and embarrassed. Courteously with the old time grace, and with an innate power of commanding respect, never was the dignity of the country safer than in the keeping of the first President. Still, though Washington was the popular hero, generally loved and admired, all his measures as President were no more exempt from criticism than were his proceedings as commander-in-chief. One of the causes of discontent during his administration was the neutral policy which Washington deemed expedient that the country should sustain throughout the French Revolution—a policy which, remembering the services of the French armies in their time of need, the people believed to savor of ingratitude. The judgment of posterity ratifies the expediency of this conduct, while it admires the sagacity of Washington, who, heedless of popular opinion, refused to plunge the country, when it most needed to husband its forces, into a struggle where its assistance, while of little benefit to France, would serve to draw upon itself the animosity of the other powers.

By sound judgment, firmness and rare disinterestedness, Washington assured and augmented during the eight years of his presidency the advantages which he had gained during his eight years in command of the armies, and having established the Government, at first experimental, upon a solid basis, and assisted in the framing of a wise constitution, left the country, as he himself stated, in a condition of national prosperity seldom equaled, never surpassed.

To-day when we look upon the result of his herculean labors, when we see his country occupying one of the proudest positions among the powers of the world, while before her lies a future still more brilliant; when we dwell upon the untiring zeal and unselfishness of him to whom she owes her very life; when we see his memory cherished and revered by those who reap the fruits of

his labors, and his name forever glorious among those of earth's heroes, we behold the fulfillment of the prophetic utterance once addressed to him by the President of Congress, for "the fame of his virtues and achievements has not terminated with active service or with life itself; it shall continue to animate remotest ages." MAUD REGAN.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

Last Sunday, 21st inst., the Cemetery at Barrie was blessed by the Very Rev. Dean Egan. He was assisted by the choir and acolytes of St. Mary's church, led by Professor O'Mara. A large congregation had assembled at 4 o'clock, the time appointed to witness the solemn and impressive ceremony. The blessing being concluded, the Dean ascended a mound under the lofty cross, from thence delivered a discourse, in which he explained that the blessing of a cemetery was one of those functions reserved to Bishops, but which Bishops can delegate to priests. In the present case, His Grace the Archbishop had delegated to him the necessary faculties. Then he went on to speak on blessings in general, the principles on which they rest, what they teach us, their antiquity and their effects. Speaking in particular of the blessing of a cemetery, he enlarged on the sentiments which the ceremony is calculated to inspire, saying that religion, which so often blesses, man, which blesses his fields, his meadows, his cattle, his food, his house, his children, in fact, everything that he uses, teaches him that he is holy, since everything around him must be holy in order to be in contact with him. Religion also blesses and consecrates the place of his burial so as to remind him that death does not divest him of his holiness, and that he continues worthy of respect even in the dust of the grave. The word cemetery, he said, means a dormitory. It was Christianity that first gave this name to a place where the deceased rest. It is full of philosophy. In the eyes of the Church, God's death is only a sleep, the place in which they rest is only a dormitory. Now sleep necessarily supposes an awakening. Henceforth who can think of a cemetery without expressing a sentiment most conducive to the good and most terrible to the wicked, the dogma of the last resurrection?

The ceremony and discourse, of which this is but a brief and imperfect sketch, concluded, the large concourse of people, deeply impressed and edified—Northern Advance, July 25.

TEACHERS' CONVENTION.

A correspondent of the London Advertiser, referring to the recent convention held by the Sisters of St. Joseph, at Mount Hope, has the following flattering reference to their mode of teaching:

"Hearing that the Sisters of St. Joseph in charge of the Separate schools in this city, and also those engaged in teaching the Separate schools in the neighboring towns, were assembled in a conference at Mount Hope, your correspondent called upon the Sisters to learn something respecting the proceedings of their Teachers' Institute, thinking it might be of interest to your readers, now that so much is being said and written regarding the Separate schools. He was informed that the work, this time, was continued for nearly two weeks, the exercise of five hours a day being conducted and the lectures given by Mr. W. Scott, B. A., of the Toronto Normal School, and Mr. J. F. White, B. A., Inspector of Separate schools. The art of questioning, school management, arithmetic, literature, etc., formed the topics of the lectures and discussions.

"After the first week Mr. White, to the regret of the Sisters, was called away by other engagements. His lectures were characterized by the Sisters as eminently practical and interesting. The Sisters were enthusiastic in their praise of Mr. Scott's lectures and methods. Your correspondent concluded, from their accounts, that Mr. Scott is a real live, up-to-date teacher, who knows where he speaks, and puts his subject in a clear, forcible, logical way.

"The reverend chairman of the Separate School Board and members of the Board, cause of education who were present from time to time while the work of the Institute proceeded, noted with satisfaction that the methods used in teaching the various subjects by Mr. Scott and Mr. White were eminently practical and interesting. The Sisters in charge of the various schools. From what he has seen and heard concerning their work as teachers, your correspondent is convinced that the Sisters of St. Joseph are quite abreast of the times."

NEW BOOKS.

Another book from the pen of Mrs. Sadlier and her daughters—one, too, that will be specially interesting to the members of the League of the Sacred Heart—entitled "Stories of the Promises and the Prayers." It is a real pleasure to know that these stories, which appeared from time to time in the Canadian Messenger, can now be had in book form. Publishers: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal.

"The Convent Girl's Prayers: A Complete Manual of Devotions for Church, School and Home." This unique prayer-book is mainly intended for Catholic school girls, but is admirably suited to the wants of many other classes. It is put up in a volume of convenient size, containing about seven hundred pages, and is artistically printed on fine paper. (Sadlier, Montreal.)

"The Iroquois and the Jesuits" by Rev. Thomas Donohoe, D. D., cannot fail to become a general favorite with the reading public. It is a story of the labors of Catholic missionaries among the Indians, telling, in terse and elegant language, how "The Catholic missionaries bore the light of the gospel to the Iroquois, who then dwelt in their forest homes, where the only memorials of their former habitation still linger in the names they have given to the rivers and lakes."

A History of the University of Notre Dame—1842-95. Royal 8vo. Price, postpaid, \$1.15. Address the University, Notre Dame, Ind.

Like an echo of the Golden Jubilee that filled, a short month ago, the public eye, comes the "Jubilee History of the University of Notre Dame." It is, what it purports to be, the story of the first fifty years in the life of the great Catholic college of the West, whose growth has been so marvellous, and whose influence is felt from ocean to ocean—and beyond the sea, for students flock to it from every land. Here are written down—and by a sympathetic pen, for Chief Justice Howard of the Supreme Court of Indiana, an Alumnus and for many years, one of Notre Dame's Faculty—the lives of Father Sorin, the Founder of the University, of Father Grainger and of Gabriel who were his earliest associates in his chosen life work, of Fathers Dillon and Lemoine and Corby and Walsh, who nursed the infant college to maturity and saw it a great University. There are pictures, too, half-tones of the buildings and of the men who created them. Doubly interesting to every one who has worn Notre Dame's Gold and Blue, it is hardly less so to every Catholic in the country for the University's history is the history of the Church in America, one with it and inseparable from it. From the printer's point of view, the book is beautiful, for the broad margins and clear print are delightful to the eye, and the binding—blue cloth with gold stamping—is worthy of the book.

of the various measures by which smoldering discontent was fanned into open rebellion, to describe the spirited resistance which greeted each new exaction from the time when the general discontent was whispered around the family hearth till the day when it found eloquent expression in the glowing periods of Patrick Henry before the legislative body of Virginia, the great stronghold of loyalty. Our concern with the causes and events of the Revolution are chiefly as they affect the character and fortunes of Washington, and serve as a background against which his signal talents stand out in bold relief.

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Throughout Washington's entire military and diplomatic career, unselfishness was the keynote of his conduct, his one object was the public good, an

object to whose attainment he sacrificed every personal consideration. Other generals have distinguished themselves on the field, have won renown by one daring exploit. Washington purchased deathless fame by eight long years of struggle, by showing an equal front to failure and success, neither dismayed by the one nor unduly elated by the other. He purchased it by toilsome marches under summer's sun and winter's snow, by perilling his life in many scarce remembered encounters where hundreds of the "nameless brave" paid in their life blood the purchase money of a nation's freedom. It is his, by right of the privations of Valley Forge as well as of the victory of Yorktown. When we consider all these titles to immortality, and remember that with undisciplined forces, often scantily fed and poorly clad, and strong only in the "right which makes might," he set at defiance the experienced generals and forces of the old world, we do not hesitate to rank him among the greatest generals of ancient or modern times. Moderate in success as he was constant under reverses, no sooner were the fortunes of the war decided, than he advocated an immediate cessation of hostilities, believing that "as the sword was the last resort in defense of the country's liberties, it should be the first thing laid aside established."

With his touching farewell to his troops so eminently characteristic of their mutual relations, Washington believed that he had taken a last leave of the duties and responsibilities of public life. The country, through his means, was free and prosperous, and occupied an honorable position among the nations. Yet, while fully sensible of these advantages, Washington was also keenly alive to the dangers which threatened her at the outset of her national career. War had made sad havoc in her finances; symptoms were not lacking that since the cessation of the danger against which the different States had made common cause, a spirit of disunion might creep in, and the different States might forget in jealousy guarding their separate interests that the welfare of each depended upon the prosperity of the whole. The country also recognized her peril, and to him who had been strong in her defense against external dangers she appealed as her protector against the scarcely less serious danger which menaced her from within. None better than he could "harmonize the jarring passions of the new confederacy," because none better than he could set the example of sacrificing individual interest to the common weal. Diffident of his own judgment, he only undertook the task of guiding the nation's first steps, after having appointed able coadjutors eminently qualified for the position they occupied, and by whose judicious advice Washington was influenced in all matters of importance. It was with great reluctance that he abandoned the quiet home life at Mount Vernon, to which through all these years he had looked forward as the reward of his labors, and amid universal rejoicing assumed the highest dignity within his country's gift.

We can picture him the central figure of all the fetes and pageants which celebrated the birth of the nation's freedom, as unspoiled by adulation as he had been formerly unmoved by censure. No man could be better qualified by nature to adorn the highest station. The fine manners which are "the mantles of fine minds" were his in an eminent degree. Gracious and kindly toward all with whom he came in contact, his chivalrous nature made him particularly affable toward those whom shyness or the novelty of their surroundings rendered diffident and embarrassed. Courteously with the old time grace, and with an innate power of commanding respect, never was the dignity of the country safer than in the keeping of the first President. Still, though Washington was the popular hero, generally loved and admired, all his measures as President were no more exempt from criticism than were his proceedings as commander-in-chief. One of the causes of discontent during his administration was the neutral policy which Washington deemed expedient that the country should sustain throughout the French Revolution—a policy which, remembering the services of the French armies in their time of need, the people believed to savor of ingratitude. The judgment of posterity ratifies the expediency of this conduct, while it admires the sagacity of Washington, who, heedless of popular opinion, refused to plunge the country, when it most needed to husband its forces, into a struggle where its assistance, while of little benefit to France, would serve to draw upon itself the animosity of the other powers.

By sound judgment, firmness and rare disinterestedness, Washington assured and augmented during the eight years of his presidency the advantages which he had gained during his eight years in command of the armies, and having established the Government, at first experimental, upon a solid basis, and assisted in the framing of a wise constitution, left the country, as he himself stated, in a condition of national prosperity seldom equaled, never surpassed.

object to whose attainment he sacrificed every personal consideration. Other generals have distinguished themselves on the field, have won renown by one daring exploit. Washington purchased deathless fame by eight long years of struggle, by showing an equal front to failure and success, neither dismayed by the one nor unduly elated by the other. He purchased it by toilsome marches under summer's sun and winter's snow, by perilling his life in many scarce remembered encounters where hundreds of the "nameless brave" paid in their life blood the purchase money of a nation's freedom. It is his, by right of the privations of Valley Forge as well as of the victory of Yorktown. When we consider all these titles to immortality, and remember that with undisciplined forces, often scantily fed and poorly clad, and strong only in the "right which makes might," he set at defiance the experienced generals and forces of the old world, we do not hesitate to rank him among the greatest generals of ancient or modern times. Moderate in success as he was constant under reverses, no sooner were the fortunes of the war decided, than he advocated an immediate cessation of hostilities, believing that "as the sword was the last resort in defense of the country's liberties, it should be the first thing laid aside established."

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

Last Sunday, 21st inst., the Cemetery at Barrie was blessed by the Very Rev. Dean Egan. He was assisted by the choir and acolytes of St. Mary's church, led by Professor O'Mara. A large congregation had assembled at 4 o'clock, the time appointed to witness the solemn and impressive ceremony. The blessing being concluded, the Dean ascended a mound under the lofty cross, from thence delivered a discourse, in which he explained that the blessing of a cemetery was one of those functions reserved to Bishops, but which Bishops can delegate to priests. In the present case, His Grace the Archbishop had delegated to him the necessary faculties. Then he went on to speak on blessings in general, the principles on which they rest, what they teach us, their antiquity and their effects. Speaking in particular of the blessing of a cemetery, he enlarged on the sentiments which the ceremony is calculated to inspire, saying that religion, which so often blesses, man, which blesses his fields, his meadows, his cattle, his food, his house, his children, in fact, everything that he uses, teaches him that he is holy, since everything around him must be holy in order to be in contact with him. Religion also blesses and consecrates the place of his burial so as to remind him that death does not divest him of his holiness, and that he continues worthy of respect even in the dust of the grave. The word cemetery, he said, means a dormitory. It was Christianity that first gave this name to a place where the deceased rest. It is full of philosophy. In the eyes of the Church, God's death is only a sleep, the place in which they rest is only a dormitory. Now sleep necessarily supposes an awakening. Henceforth who can think of a cemetery without expressing a sentiment most conducive to the good and most terrible to the wicked, the dogma of the last resurrection?

The ceremony and discourse, of which this is but a brief and imperfect sketch, concluded, the large concourse of people, deeply impressed and edified—Northern Advance, July 25.

TEACHERS' CONVENTION.

A correspondent of the London Advertiser, referring to the recent convention held by the Sisters of St. Joseph, at Mount Hope, has the following flattering reference to their mode of teaching:

"Hearing that the Sisters of St. Joseph in charge of the Separate schools in this city, and also those engaged in teaching the Separate schools in the neighboring towns, were assembled in a conference at Mount Hope, your correspondent called upon the Sisters to learn something respecting the proceedings of their Teachers' Institute, thinking it might be of interest to your readers, now that so much is being said and written regarding the Separate schools. He was informed that the work, this time, was continued for nearly two weeks, the exercise of five hours a day being conducted and the lectures given by Mr. W. Scott, B. A., of the Toronto Normal School, and Mr. J. F. White, B. A., Inspector of Separate schools. The art of questioning, school management, arithmetic, literature, etc., formed the topics of the lectures and discussions.

"After the first week Mr. White, to the regret of the Sisters, was called away by other engagements. His lectures were characterized by the Sisters as eminently practical and interesting. The Sisters were enthusiastic in their praise of Mr. Scott's lectures and methods. Your correspondent concluded, from their accounts, that Mr. Scott is a real live, up-to-date teacher, who knows where he speaks, and puts his subject in a clear, forcible, logical way.

"The reverend chairman of the Separate School Board and members of the Board, cause of education who were present from time to time while the work of the Institute proceeded, noted with satisfaction that the methods used in teaching the various subjects by Mr. Scott and Mr. White were eminently practical and interesting. The Sisters in charge of the various schools. From what he has seen and heard concerning their work as teachers, your correspondent is convinced that the Sisters of St. Joseph are quite abreast of the times."

NEW BOOKS.

Another book from the pen of Mrs. Sadlier and her daughters—one, too, that will be specially interesting to the members of the League of the Sacred Heart—entitled "Stories of the Promises and the Prayers." It is a real pleasure to know that these stories, which appeared from time to time in the Canadian Messenger, can now be had in book form. Publishers: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal.

"The Convent Girl's Prayers: A Complete Manual of Devotions for Church, School and Home." This unique prayer-book is mainly intended for Catholic school girls, but is admirably suited to the wants of many other classes. It is put up in a volume of convenient size, containing about seven hundred pages, and is artistically printed on fine paper. (Sadlier, Montreal.)

"The Iroquois and the Jesuits" by Rev. Thomas Donohoe, D. D., cannot fail to become a general favorite with the reading public. It is a story of the labors of Catholic missionaries among the Indians, telling, in terse and elegant language, how "The Catholic missionaries bore the light of the gospel to the Iroquois, who then dwelt in their forest homes, where the only memorials of their former habitation still linger in the names they have given to the rivers and lakes."

A History of the University of Notre Dame—1842-95. Royal 8vo. Price, postpaid, \$1.15. Address the University, Notre Dame, Ind.

The Song I Never Sing.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.
A melody so faint and fine.
Musically sweet and clear.

Sometimes when brooding o'er the years
My lavish youth has thrown away.
When all the glowing past appears
But as a mirage that my tears
Have crumbled to decay.

CATHOLIC HIGHER EDUCATION IN ONTARIO.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

I purpose to speak in this paper of Catholic Higher Education in Ontario.
By higher education I would be understood to mean such academic courses of study as are pursued in the Catholic colleges and convents of this Province.

Aside from the fact that Christ is truth and none other, this contention may be disposed of by the question: Do Confucianism, Buddhism and Mahometanism yield as high a conception of moral life as the teachings of Christianity? We will let the moral status of China, Japan and Turkey answer this.

The history of Catholic higher education in Ontario is a history of sacrifice and struggle—a history of humble beginnings, gathering new strength in the decades, expanding in the amplitude of added resources, developing with the generous bestowal of years.

Now as to the means of sustaining Catholic colleges. Would you believe it that not a single bequest worth speaking of, not a single endowment worth recording, has ever been made to a Catholic college in Ontario? How, then, have they grown? It was not the Catholic laity that ever did anything for them; they grew through the self-sacrifice of their founders, the Oblates, the Basilians and Resurrectionists.

Everywhere we go. We find some one who has been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and people on all hands are testifying their gratitude for what it has done for them and their friends.

AN IRONWORKER'S PEN.

It Indites a Strong Denunciation of Ingersoll and His Methods.

One of the toilers in a great Pittsburgh iron works has taken the fragile pen in his horny hand to further squash the Ingersoll bubble.
What he writes is of interest not only because it is well written, but because the writer has ventured into a field for which he has had no training. He signs himself "Den Catley," and by way of introduction remarks:

"Born in obscurity in a small coal mining village in England and raised from fourteen years of age in the plutonic atmosphere of a coal mine, and all my life amid the ring of anvil and sledge and with the sweat of toil and labor for support of my family of twelve boys and nine girls, I confess with humble consciousness my own weakness in urging an intellectual combat with Robert Ingersoll; yet I am fully convinced that his attacks on the Bible are neither based on a calm and dispassionate examination of the book, nor are they fair and honest deductions from the general text, nor will they bear the light of equitable and impartial criticism.

Continuing, the writer says: "What has Mr. Ingersoll done to benefit humanity? What tendency has his lecture on the Bible to benefit the human race? To mitigate the sum of human woe? or increase the happiness of the human family? In searching for these traits of character we are confronted with a combination of wit, sarcasm, falsehood and plagiarism and the most unpardonable denunciation of men whose lives are spotless and pure when in contrast with his own—strong proof, to my mind at least, of lack of reason, philanthropy, philosophy, scholarly attainments and gentlemanly deportment.

"His disgusting flippancy and coarse invective when talking of Jehovah—a name held in sacred reverence by millions of the loftiest minds and most profound intellects that ever adorned the ages—pronounced him an unscrupulous demagogue of the first water. His bold and insidious utterances are demonstrative proof of the rottenness of his premises, his insincerity and untruthfulness. Such vituperation and bald blasphemy becomes not one who, under the guise of friendship, seeks to mold all men's hearts and minds into one universal, harmonious fellowship of humanity, sympathy and love. Much rather does it betray the debility of his cause and the sordid wretchedness and poverty of his own mind. Seeking for fruit, finding but leaves."

"What material does he furnish on which to build a foundation for the life of our young men? What does his lecture contain to inspire them with ambition, to cheer them with hope to imbue them with courage, to inculcate a deep toned moral character and animate them with pure sentiments and noble resolves? Where is the example laid down that if followed would make their lives famous for good and their death a cause for a nation's tears? Echo answers what? We therefore ask again: What is there in this lecture on the Bible or in the example of his life? What is there of hope for the destitute, cheer for the downtrodden or help for the fallen? Where does it inculcate philanthropy, foster intelligence, promote education, encourage industry, frugality, sobriety, morality, purity, or offer any inducement thereto? To what star of hope does he point the toiling millions, whose life is little less than a funeral dirge to the grave? What does he offer to stimulate enterprise, incite courage under difficulty, cheer under adversity, animation to the indolent or reason to the perplexed? Where is the magician's wand that indites courage, perseverance and resolve into the heart of the discouraged laborer, the struggling mechanic, the depressed merchant or the bankrupt manufacturer? Where shall we look for a flag which unfurls to herald the dawn of a new era, to paint the breeze from the spire of religion and painting that gild the dome of refuge and labor of fallen Magdalens and hungry outcasts? What has he done? What did he do in this city of our own? This loving husband, kind father, this large-hearted, deeply sympathetic man, full of tenderness and compassion; suffering with his cheeks with tears, clouds his brow with sorrow and fills his soul with grief. And yet we pursue his steps and ask: What did he do? What noble principle of benevolence did he exhibit which prompts men to pity the oppressed and fallen, and inspire a desire to relieve the neglected and outcast sons and daughters of poverty? Did he do this? Let us see. In the midst of indifference and apathy, surrounded by suffering, with a halting, debauchery, and the haunts of crime, what said he to rescue the fallen from the hideous depths that yawn beneath their feet? What said he to wrest the baneful spirit of rum that is blighting brain and tongue and life and home, of some, doubtless, of his listeners? What shadow did he lift from the sable path of shame and prostitution? What hope did he offer the choking sob of despair? What gave he to the famishing plea of orphanage, or what sunlight did he throw across the path of childhood, suffering and misfortune of more than sable blackness or plutonic gloom? Did he help the woman widowed, cheer the last hours of tortering age or close in sweet repose the bloodless lips of cold and silent pilgrimage? "Christians are cruel and unmerciful," says Mr. Ingersoll. Yet amid this dark catalogue of human woe and appalling misery, surrounded by this seething chalice of crime and wickedness, he could laugh and joke and be merry; he could defile the name of Jehovah and beilittle the Christ of Calvary. The only hope of millions of the human race who believe in Him and whose hope, too, is well founded, so far as Mr. Ingersoll has done or said anything to dispel it, and yet he would tear this hope from their hearts, obliterate its hallowed influence from their lives and extinguish the only star on the dark brow of life that guides the immortal wanderer 'to that world without a tear.' "His dictum is not enough without he has something to offer in its stead. Polycarp, the martyr, said: 'We Christians are not accustomed to change from better to worse, but from bad to better.' And what has Mr. Ingersoll offered in place of 'that world without a tear'? The phantom chance and cheerless gloom of unconsciousness, the doctrines of eternal sleep and the silent Sadoceism of the rationalist believer is not enough for the insatiate longings of the spirit within us."

"The second, an extract from an Alumni poem, is equally good: 'With the myrtle and vine, the express we And the wreath that we weave is approved; In the spring that we sing, there's a tribute we bring To the name of the one whom we loved.' "His descriptions are especially good, and mark the writer not only as a man of broad travel, but one also of keen observation and appreciation. The following is from the opening stanza of 'A Ramble in the Wood' and is dedicated to Brother Alick A. Gagnier, S. J.:

"Recall you the night that we went for a ramble, Over pasture and meadow, by hillcock and By the rough stony fence, where the raspberry Invites us to scratches, tho' the fruit is so good?" "We predict for Dr. Foran's poems popular appreciation and wide reading."

They do not Despair. An utter loss of hope is not characteristic of a consumptive, though no other form of disease is so fatal, unless its progress is arrested by use of Scott's Emulsion, which is Cod Liver Oil made as palatable as cream.

After the grace of God flowing to us through the channels of prayer and the sacraments, I know no greater solace in time of affliction than the soothing pages of a good book.—Brother Azarias. A ship whose hold imperceptibly fills with water is more in danger of sinking than if exposed to a fearful tempest.—St. Gregory the Great, O. S. B. THE MOST remarkable cures on record have been accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is unequalled for all Blood Diseases.

WILD FLOWERS.

Oh, beautiful blossoms, pure and sweet, Azilem with dew from the country ways. To me, at work in a city street, You bring fair visions of bygone days— Glad day, when I hid in the midst of green To watch spring's delicate buds unfold; And all the riches I cared to glean Were daisy silver and buttercup gold.

"The true you come of a lowly race, Nursed by the sunshine, fed by the showers; And yet you are heirs to a manifold grace— Which I fail to find in my hot-house flowers; And you breathe on me with your honeyed lips, Till in thought I stand on the wind-swept hills. Where the brown bees hum o'er the ferny dips, Or ring faint peals on the heather bells. I close my eyes on the crowded street, I shut my ears to the city's roar, And am out in the open with flying feet— Off, off to your emerald haunts once more! But the harsh wheels grate on the stones below. And a sparrow chirps at the murky pane, And my bright dream fades in an overflow Of passionate longing and tender pain."

SOME CANADIAN SONGS.

The Catholic Columbian, of Columbus, Ohio, has the following generous appreciation of "Poems and Lyrics:—"

"A new volume of poetry has made its appearance under the title, 'Poem and Lyrics.' It is from the pen of Dr. J. K. Foran, L. L. B., the author of 'The Spirit of the Age,' Irish Canadian Representatives, and other well known works, and is published by D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal. The tasteful dress of the book is fully warranted by the excellence of its contents. The poet has touched a wide variety of topics and seems equally at home with them all. The style is smooth throughout and the figures are never forced. The following lines from 'Sunrise at Chelsea' describes in true poetry a familiar picture:—"

"In fine, the skies, in a grand surprise, Blazed forth in the flush of morn, And the fiery flood on the hill and wood Proclaimed that a day was born."

"The 'Irish Peasant's Home' is as musical as its theme demands, and yet throughout it runs the little thread of pathos that we expect to find there too. Its closing stanza is a good specimen of its general tone:—"

"Ours is an island home, Happy and fair; Ours is a highland home, None to compare; Hid though the scene may be, Humble the lot, Yet we are fond and free: Peace to our cot!"

"While Dr. Foran's harp has many strings, and there is music in them all, yet he seems at his best in his memorial and descriptive verses. The following stanzas would seem to witness that, the first of which is taken from his tribute to Denis Florence McCarthy and is worthy of the Irish bard it commemorates:—"

"Not once nor twice, but a thousand times, Did his song my soul inspire, And Erin's sons, in the distant climes, Have loved the notes and the rhythmic rhymes Of McCarthy's silver lyre."

"The second, an extract from an Alumni poem, is equally good:—"

"With the myrtle and vine, the express we And the wreath that we weave is approved; In the spring that we sing, there's a tribute we bring To the name of the one whom we loved."

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A LIFE SAVED.

BY TAKING AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"Several years ago, I caught a severe cold, attended with a terrible cough that allowed me no rest, either day or night. The doctors pronounced my case hopeless. A friend, learning of my trouble, sent me a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. By the time I had used the whole bottle, I was completely cured, and I believe it saved my life. W. H. WARD, 5 Quincy Ave., Lowell, Mass."

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Dr. J. K. Foran.

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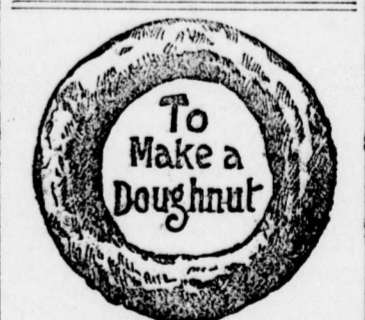
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To Make a Doughnut.

"Take a hole and put some dough around it, then fry in lard."

This simple recipe has brought thousands to grief, just because of the frying in lard, which we all know hinders digestion. In all recipes where you have used lard, try

Cottolene

the new vegetable shortening and you will be surprised at the delightful and healthful results. It is without unpleasant odor, unpleasant flavor or unpleasant results. With COTTOLENE in your kitchen, the young, the delicate and the dyspeptic can all enjoy the regular family bill of fare.

Cottolene is sold in 3 and 5 pound tins, by all grocers.

Made only by The N. K. Fairbank Company, Wellington and Ann Sts., MONTREAL.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Ninth Sunday after Pentecost.

RICHES ARE GOD'S.

Brethren, a rich man is entitled to the ownership of his wealth. Every civilized nation rightfully guarantees to each of its citizens the possession and use of lawfully acquired property. But let us ask a question: Why is it that the evident, the irresistible providence of God makes some men rich and many men poor? Why is it God's will that there should be such a painful inequality of the goods of this world? Why are some men ready to perish of want, and others overflowing with superfluities? It is true to say, and ought often be said, that a good government will hinder the rich from getting richer, and the poor from growing poorer. But nobody except a dreamer will hope for a state of things in which there shall be neither rich nor poor. Why, then, does God permit this? A solution of this difficulty is found when we ask, What says the Christian religion of the relation of the needy and the affluent? Just this: As long as the poor man lacks the necessities of life he holds a mortgage on the rich man's superfluities. So that, for example, the taxes paid for support of public charities are due by virtue of divine, natural right to the community's poor. What does Cardinal Manning say? "Even good and generous people do not know or remember that such a natural right, with its correlative natural obligation, exists. They pay their poor-rate, as they think, as a tax or out of pure benevolence and gratuitous charity. This habit of mind rests on a denial of the rights and obligations of nature, and generates an essentially erroneous, and even immoral, habit of mind. To combat this perversion of morals and to recall people, if possible, to a higher sense of duty, I affirm that the foundation of our poor-law is the natural right of the poor to work or to bread." And this is the plain teaching of the Gospel.

So much for the principle. We only wish to apply it against the rich man's extravagance, reminding him that by the law of God the poor have a claim upon what he wastes. Be it remembered, brethren, that the rich man is only the steward of the Lord. Let him live fairly up to his state of life. But let him beware of reckless expense, princely state in a republic, the aping of lords and nabobs where such conditions of life are plainly antagonistic to the providence of God. Let the wives and daughters of the rich bear in mind that every penny they spend has somewhere back, on its journey to their delicate hands, been stained with the painful sweat of the poor. Cardinal Manning quotes St. Ambrose: "It is the bread of the famishing that you keep back, and the clothing of the naked that you put by"; that is to say, your wasteful extravagance hinders you from that charity which the fact of superfluity makes an obligation.

Brethren, hear so many words that may sound harsh, listen to a few that are pleasant. Thank God that our rich Catholic people are so often exceedingly charitable, and that they so often present to their fellow-citizens the good example of wealth combined with simplicity of life and manners! And how often do we find men and women whose wealth would, as the world goes, put them at ease and luxury, devoting not only their money but their time and their personal attention to the noblest works of charity! Still, where there is wealth we know that there is a tendency to luxury, to sloth, to selfishness of the most extreme type, and not only to forgetfulness but utter contempt for the poor of Christ. Against these tendencies it has been our purpose to protest in giving you this sermon.

"My remedy is a very simple one," said the good housekeeper, "and I learned it years ago from my grandmother, when I used to watch her putting bunches of lavender flowers around to keep the flies away. My method is simpler. I buy 5 cents' worth of oil of lavender at the drug store and mix it with the same quantity of water. Then I put it in a common glass atomizer and spray it around the rooms wherever flies are apt to congregate, especially in the dining room, where I sprinkle it plentifully over the table linen. The odor is especially disagreeable to flies, and they will never venture in its neighborhood, though to most people it has a peculiarly fresh and grateful smell." "I shall certainly give it a trial," said the other woman.—Philadelphia Press.

What causes bad dreams is a question that has never been satisfactorily answered; but, in nine cases out of ten, frightful dreams are the result of imperfect digestion, which a few doses of Ayer's Sarsaparilla will effectually remedy. Don't delay—try it to day.

Chronic Derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Blood, are speedily removed by the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of Farnese's Vegetable Pills. These Pills act specifically on the deranged organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. In this lies the great secret of the popularity of Farnese's Vegetable Pills.

Always on Hand.—Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland, P. O., writes: "My son is months old, had a bad cold that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Golden Rules.

Here are five words of advice for boys and girls that deserve to be written in letters of gold: Do nothing you would not like God to see. Say nothing you would not like God to hear. Write nothing you would not like God to read. Read nothing of which you would not like God to say, "Show it to Me." Go no place where you would not like God to find you.

Who Was Dead?

A worthy clergyman of the Church of Scotland having gone to a distant part of the country as one of a deputation on some important business, found it necessary to spend a few days in D—. Two of his brethren there, having become aware of his intention to remain over the Sabbath requested him to preach for them on that day. He agreed to do so, but, unfortunately, having taken only one sermon in his pocket, was obliged to preach from the same text in both pulpits. The text was, "Now, Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever," etc. In the evening he addressed a meeting in a Mission chapel in the suburbs from the same words. The next morning on his going out it happened that the bell of one of the churches for some cause or other, was being rung. He inquired of a passer-by the reason of this, remarking, "It sounds as if it were tolling for some one dead." "That may be," said the townsman, recognizing the preacher, whom he had involuntarily heard three times the previous day, "for I heard yesterday three times that Peter's wife's mother was sick of a fever. It's no unlikely she may have died through the night."

Figures Are Funny Things.

Figures are funny things. They may be manipulated in a most mysterious and marvelous manner, so as to entirely deceive the uninitiated; but when we get at the naked truth we find them very simple. Of course, we do not refer to ladies' figures, but to common or garden numerals. Strange tricks may be played with figures—again we refer to numerals—as amusing and perplexing as with those time honored and indispensable conjuror's confederates—packs of playing cards. In most of these the figure nine is the most important factor. There are some peculiarities about this little bullet-headed gentleman which are really startling. He has a phoenix-like power of raising himself from his ashes.

Smother him as you like, multiply him by any group of his fellow figures, until his identity is completely lost, and he will bob up again, if not in shape, at least in spirit—nay, substance—as the sum of the result obtained by the process of multiplication. Thus—twice 9 are 18; add the 1 and the 8 together and you get 9. So for example, 17 nines are 153, which, added together, make 9, or 133 nines makes 1,242, thus he pops up again in different form, but the same self-assertive little chap. The only exception is when applied to 11 or multiples of 11, when the little joker comes in pairs, as witness the following—33 nines giving 297, etc.—Pearson's Weekly.

Do You Know Peter?

I know a little boy, whose name we will say is Peter Parsons; but the boys call him Peter Puttoff, because he has such a way of putting off both business and pleasure.

He can learn his lessons well, but he is almost always at the bottom of his class, because he has put off learning his task from one hour to another until it is too late. He can walk or run as fast as any boy in town, but if he is sent on an errand, the errand never gets done in season because he puts off starting from one minute to another, and for the same reason he is always late at school, because he can never be made to see that it is drawing near to 9 o'clock.

If letters are given to him to post they never get in time for the mail; and if he is to go away by the boat or train, the whole family has to exert itself to hurry Peter out of the house, lest he defer starting until the hour is past. He delays in his play as in his work. He puts off reading the library-book until it is time to send it back; he waits to join the game until it is too late, and generally comes up a little behind hand for everything, from Monday morning till Saturday night, and then begins the next by being too late for Church and Sunday-school. Peter is quite conscious of his own fault and means to reform some time; but he puts off the date of the reformation so constantly, that manhood and old age will probably overtake this boy and find him still only too worthy of the name of Peter Puttoff.

Good for Evil.

A prominent lawyer relates to a correspondent of the New York Sun that many years ago, while he was Attorney General of Missouri, he happened to be in Governor Steward's office when a convict was brought in from the penitentiary to receive a pardon at the Governor's hands. The convict was a "steamboat man," a large powerful fellow, with the rough manners of his class.

The Governor looked at the man, and seemed strangely affected, scrutinizing him long and closely. Then he signed the document which restored him to liberty, but before handing it to him he said: "You will commit some other crime,

I fear, and soon be back in the penitentiary."

The man protested solemnly that such a thing should never happen. The Governor looked doubtful, and after a few moments said:

"You will go back on the river and be a mate again, I suppose?"

The man said yes, that was his intention.

"Well, I want you to promise me one thing," continued the Governor. "I want you to pledge me your word that when you are mate again you will never take a billet of wood and drive a poor sick boy out of his bunk to help you load your boat on a stormy night."

The man answered that he never would, but seemed surprised, and inquired why the Governor requested such a pledge.

"Because," answered Governor Steward, "some day that boy may become governor, and you may want him to pardon you for some crime."

"One black, stormy night many years ago, you stopped your boat on the Mississippi River to take on a load of wood. There was a boy on board working his passage from New Orleans to St. Louis, but he was very sick of a fever, and was lying in his bunk. You had men enough to do the work, but you went to that boy with a sick of wood in your hand, drove him on deck with blows and curses, and kept him toiling like a slave till the load was completed."

"I was that boy. Here is your pardon. Never again be guilty of so brutal an act."

The prisoner took the pardon, covered his face, and went away.

WON'T MARRY DRINKERS.

Young Women's Anti-Liquor Crusade in Danbury, Conn.

"And we do furthermore agree not to marry any man who uses beers, wines, or malt or spirituous liquors, nor to keep company with any such man, and we pledge ourselves to use our best endeavors in influencing all our men acquaintances to abstain from intoxicating drinks of any and all kinds."—Constitution of the St. Peter's Ladies' Temperance Society, Danbury, Conn.

This is the condition of affairs in Danbury. Wine on one side, the women on the other, and several hundred thirsty young men standing between the two in piteous uncertainty, which way to turn. One the one hand are the long lists of cooling drinks, and it is very hot and thirsty weather; on the other hand are the young women with all their charms, and Danbury young women are very charming. What is a poor Danbury youth to do?

THE ANTI DRINK CRUSADE.

All the young male population of the city have been asking themselves this question with passionate emphasis since the crusade began, just two weeks ago. The Rev. Henry J. Lynch started it at a meeting of the Children of Mary, held at St. Peter's Church, of which he is one of the pastors. For years Father Lynch has been an ardent temperance advocate and a fighter for the no liquor principle in the local liquor question.

An idea had been lying dormant in Father Lynch's mind for some time when he got up to speak at the meeting of the Children of Mary, and while he was speaking on the subject of the liquor traffic it took practical form. These are the words that began the movement:

"Do you, young women, realize the influence that you could wield for good in this matter? Do you know that it is in your power to turn the wavering scales to the right? Is there one among you who does not know some poor woman whose life has been ruined by her marriage to a man of whom liquor has made a beast? Would any of you then wish to court such a fate? Make the men understand that if they desire your good opinion and your companionship, they must give up liquor. You can make them do it, unless I woefully misunderstand human nature."

THE NEW SOCIETY.

Immediately after his speech the girls got together and began to discuss ways and means for carrying out the plan outlined to them. An organization was decided upon, to be called the St. Peter's Ladies' Temperance Society, a committee was appointed to draft a constitution. As soon as the news of the inception of the movement spread, appropriations for membership poured in from all sides, and the second meeting was attended by three hundred young women. It was here that the constitution was discussed and decided upon. Meantime the society was receiving encouraging messages. One from the Women's Christian Temperance Union was read, and great applause followed. It said:

"Let the good work go on. We greet our Sisters in the noble cause of temperance."

Another message was from the neighboring town of Bethel, and it told of the admiration which the Roman Catholic young women of that place felt towards the organized anti-liquor girls of Danbury. Furthermore, the Bethel women said they would be proud to enroll themselves in the organization. About one hundred names in Bethel will be added to the roll, and with the new acquisitions in Danbury the society will then muster about five hundred strong.

On Sunday last the Rosary society of St. Peter's church approved of the movement. They are all married

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BEST FOR WASH DAY USE SURPRISE SOAP BEST FOR EVERY DAY.

women. Father Lynch hopes to have one thousand workers before the summer is over.

The new movement has struck the young men of Danbury squarely amidsthips. They don't know what to think of it, which doesn't prevent them from thinking of it very hard.

WHAT THE YOUNG MEN THINK.

A reporter met a young man who had devoted considerable brain wear to the question chiefly because of his interest in a certain member of the new society. This youth is a member of a number of organizations in Danbury, not including the Sons of Temperance.

"It's too tough to stand," he said. "Any other weather it might go, but not this kind. I tell you it's been a fearful strain. This place has always been a free and easy sort of town until this wrinkle came up. If you wanted a drink, why, you went and got it. Now it's as much as a man's life is worth. Why, there's Jim—well, I won't mention any names, but a friend of mine—just because he met one of the St. Peter's girls coming out of a saloon the other day—I mean he was coming out of the saloon and not she—he got the cold shake, and she wouldn't go to a show with him the next night. And that's only one case out of many. Why, every time I speak to a girl now I feel as if she was prospecting for my breath, and it makes me nervous. Next thing you know they'll be making the rounds of the saloons with snap shot cameras, ruining reputations every time they press the button."

THE GIRL'S OPINION.

When the reporter went forth to interview the members of the St. Peter's Ladies' Temperance Society he found them ready enough to tell about their organization, but unwilling to be quoted by name. All were enthusiastic over the temperance work that they have laid out for themselves.

"And would you be willing to put yourself on record as promising not to marry any man who touches liquor?" asked the reporter.

"Well," said a girl smiling, "not if I were alone in it, of course, because then mean people would say, 'Why don't she wait until she gets asked before declining?' But where there are so many of us they can't say that, and there is no lack of asking either. I know three, four, five engagements that are—I guess I'd better not tell that after all. But you can be sure of one thing. We are in earnest about this, and we will stick to our colors. If the young men like drink better than they do us, let them stick to the saloons. I guess we can stand it just as long as they can."

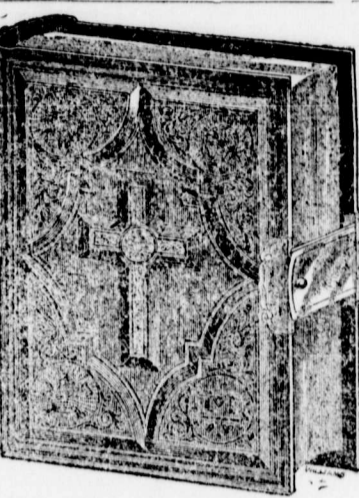
A Protestant Mother's Advice.

A Protestant mother, whose daughter is being educated in a convent, writes as follows to the St. Paul Globe to the effect which the teaching of the Sisters has had on the young girl: "I have found her constant and faithful in the belief that in God is an infallible remedy for all evil, and prayer a relief from all grief and dismay. She reads the prayer book every evening, sometimes that of the Catholic, sometimes that of the Episcopal Church, though I think she finds the former more in touch with her mind and heart—it saying more things she wants to say, but finds no words to utter. I did not discover in her any trace of hypocrisy. She is cheerful, and I have been unable to find that her instructors taught her anything but the highest ideals, not only in respect to her own future, but in regard to filial devotion, for we are both satisfied that she came out loving father and mother as much as when she left in September, though anxious to take another year's course in the academy, which if means meet ends, will be given her.

Conversions.

Cardinal Vaughan has recently received into the Church two Anglican clergymen, the Rev. J. Stansfield, rector of Downham, and the Rev. J. Rawper Le Toly, curate of Christ Church, Beckenham. Another English convert is Mr. Bernard Harrison, the oldest son of Mr. Frederic Harrison, the leader of the English Postivists. The Rev. Nelson Ayres, a prominent Episcopal minister of New Orleans, has resigned his charge, and announced his intention of entering the Catholic Church. Writes Mr. Ayres:

"Educated in a Protestant denomination bitterly prejudiced against everything Catholic, my study of the Scriptures and of history early drove me to the Episcopal Church, under the conviction that she was at least a living branch of that Church of God which He purchased with His own precious blood. I have believed and taught that her ministers were real priests, her sacraments actual channels of divine grace, and her teachings the utterances of the Holy Ghost. For more than twenty-three years I have exercised her ministry in this persuasion, though for the last twenty of them with growing doubts, hard to suppress and distressing to entertain. "Had I regarded more the actual facts of the world and less the theories of the narrow school in the Church with



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I cannot speak. But I am convinced that the nearer the good Protestant gets to the Benedictine Sisters the more she will admire and love them, at the expense of much of her old dislike of the Catholic Church itself, which, I am told, is rapidly becoming liberalized according to English and American ideas.

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which I have been more or less identified I should not have been so long in doubt, for the Church of God is a city set on a hill, that cannot be hid. It is this Church that teaches God's truth with a voice of certainty and authority; it is this Church that claims for, and has in, its Sacraments all that the Lord Jesus promised; it is this Church that makes it her business, as her Lord did, to take away the sins of the world. I dare not longer withhold my obedience from the Holy Catholic Church." So the great work of "reunion by absorption" goes steadily on.—Boston Pilot.

Now see that your blood is pure. Good health follows the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla which is the one great blood purifier.

Cuticura SOAP MAKES SOFT WHITE HANDS

My Baby

was a living skeleton; the doctor said he was dying of Marasmus and Indigestion. At 13 months he weighed only seven pounds. Nothing strengthened or fattened him. I began using Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites, feeding it to him and rubbing it into his body. He began to fatten and is now a beautiful dimpled boy. The Emulsion seemed to supply the one thing needful.

Mrs. KENYON WILLIAMS, May 21, 1894. Cave Springs, Ga. Similar letters from other mothers. Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute. Scott & Bowne, Belleville, 50c. and \$1.

