

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XIV.

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God Knoweth Best.
Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned—
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.
And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.
And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame his loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.
And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friends,
And that, sometimes, the sabbal pain of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.
But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart—
Fine will reveal the calyx of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we shall say, "God knew the best!"

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Buffalo Union and Times.

The tremendous revulsion of popular feeling in England in favor of the Liberal party has impelled some of the Conservative leaders to urge upon Lord Salisbury the necessity of prolonging the present Parliament to its full constitutional limit of seven years. This unusual and almost unprecedented proposition is made in view of the fact that nearly every bye-election has resulted in an overwhelming Gladstonian victory, and the old hide-bound of the Tory party argue that any means of postponing the evil day of Liberal domination and Irish independence is not only justifiable but imperative. In only three or four instances has it occurred that a Parliament has lived out its full legal life; and so strong in England is the popular feeling that the last year should not be utilized, that a party taking advantage of mere statutory right in the matter would incur the odium of meanness and the charge of cowardice.

London Universe.

Mr. Jeremiah MacVeagh has delivered an excellent lecture on "The Capacity of Irishmen for Government" before the Belfast Young Ireland Society. This passage fetched us: A few weeks ago the Duke of Argyll in Manchester urged that because some Irish Kings were assassinated about ten centuries ago we are therefore unfit to be entrusted with self-government. But what about England? I find that no less than twenty-eight Saxon Kings were murdered, and that within the space of half a century four Northumbrian Kings were put to death and three relieved of their royal cares. Charles II. of France formed the rather sweeping opinion that the natives of the England of his time were "a perverse nation, murderers of their Lords, and worse than pagans." That monarch had probably a somewhat lively imagination; but when the Duke of Argyll plunges into Irish history to tell us about civil wars in this country he might not unprofitably tell us something about the rebellion in England of William's son Robert; the civil wars in England between Stephen and Matilda; the wars of the barons under King John, Henry III., and Edward II.; the murders of Edward II. and Richard II.; and the bloody feuds between the houses of York and Lancaster.

N. Y. Catholic Review.

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, who succeeded Henry Ward Beecher as pastor of Plymouth Church, is a Protestant in full bloom. He exercises "the right of private judgment" up to amperand. In the Church of the Covenant in this city, on a recent Sunday, he preached a sermon, in the course of which he said: "It used to be the belief," said Dr. Abbott, "that the Bible is a perfect book. I think that few hold this opinion now. They may think they hold it, but I do not believe that they do. . . . There is another danger besides scepticism. It is sham pretending to believe what we do not believe. Let us be honest with ourselves. I do not wish to shock any one, but I do wish to say that for my part I do not believe that the Bible is an infallible book. I believe that it is an inspired book, but not infallible. There is no such thing as infallibility. By infallibility we would mean that the book infallibly communicates to the man who reads the infallible thought of the man who writes. We cannot believe this. We have one infallible book—Euclid's geometry. The value of the Bible is not that it is infallible, but that it brings God nearer to the human heart. It is the divine in the book and not the infallible that makes it sacred. Therefore Euclid's geometry is more trustworthy than the Bible, according to Dr. Abbott, and there is no infallible teacher of God's truth anywhere. If

this is not tending to scepticism, what is it?

A despatch from Cambridge announces that "The Harvard *Crimson* has published an account of a futile effort to suppress the third Dudley lecture, which, according to the will, must have to do with 'exposing the idolatry of the Romish Church, its tyranny, usurpation, damnable baseness, fatal errors, abominable superstitions and other crying wickednesses in their high places.'" The despatch also stated that "Last May fifty-eight members of the Harvard faculty sent a letter to the President and fellows protesting against the sectarian character of such a lecture, and asking to have this one omitted, as being indecent and unjust. The petitioners thought it would be better to surrender the trust rather than continue such an offensive attack on Catholicism." The matter was carefully considered by the corporation, and two months ago it was decided to continue the lectures. This decision is based on the belief that the suppression of one of the four lectures provided for under the bequest of Chief Justice Dudley would be a breach of trust, which might amount to a termination of the whole trust." In a few weeks we may expect to hear that the result of "exposing the idolatry of the Romish Church, its tyranny, usurpation, damnable baseness, fatal errors, abominable superstitions, and other crying wickednesses in their high places," was that the fifty-eight members of the Harvard faculty who had the wisdom and manhood to protest against such an "indecent and unjust" lecture, had received the gift of the light of faith and were on the right road for the salvation of their souls. If this will be the result of the Dudley lecture, by all means let us have more of them.

Catholic Columbian.

It is reported that the Methodist body, which possesses no small share of worldly wealth in this country, proposes to establish an university at the National Capital and give it the title of the University of America. Of course, any religious denomination has the same right to open an university at Washington as the Catholic Church exercised when she founded the school there, a few years ago, over which Mgr. Keane so worthily presides. It is one thing to found an university in the National Capital, though, and quite another performance to give it a title which will be misleading and non-descriptive of the institution. And such a performance would be the calling by the Methodists of their intended school by the name of the University of America.

Boston Republic.

The objections which were raised by Rev. James F. Spalding against the government and policy of the Episcopal Church are troubling the consciences of many earnest souls in England. Like Dr. Spalding, they are flocking into the true fold, where immutable truths find their natural abiding place. Some of our English friends console themselves by imitating the services of the Catholic Church, while others deplore the evident decadence of religious unity and harmony in the Anglican communion. The English papers are filled with reports of disagreements between pastors and people, with accounts of schismatic movements and doleful wailings over the gloomy prospect. Rev. Hylton Stewart, who is settled at New Brighton, recently adopted the High Church fad and led with him a section of his flock. Another section, who thought the vicar had virtually gone over to Rome, set up a separate congregation and engaged Rev. Malcolm Forbes, a Montrose minister, to preach to them. Mr. Stewart called upon the bishop to denounce the flock of Mr. Forbes as heretics. The dissenters declare that his lordship and Mr. Stewart are the real schismatics, and so the quarrel proceeds. Both sides are, of course, right. Neither has any authority; neither has established principles or unerring guidance. One is just as far from the right as the other. Both are entitled to follow the essential rule of Protestantism which is individual judgment in matters of interpretation.

Baltimore Mirror.

There are always new "religions" starting among those outside the Catholic Church, and the strangest fact is that there are always a few poor deluded souls to take up these crazes and impostures, no matter how ridiculous. A man named Terry has been preaching a new religion for the last few weeks, in Kentucky. He claims that Christ came again to this earth in 1784, and is still here, and that the world will certainly come to an end in October, 1914. He bases this assumption on a mathematical calculation which he made from the Bible and says that by a close calculation he can figure the precise day and minute of the event. He has no name for his religion, but says the people have all along been living in the dark ages, and that only recently has God revealed the mysteries of the Bible and brought forth the true light and correct understanding of His Holy Word, and that the doctrine he is now preaching is the only true one. He has found a number of "converts" and they are about to build him a church. And so the various sects and denominations

multiply, and nothing seems too wild or crazy to obtain adherents.

THE PRIEST IN POLITICS.

To the Editor of the Catholic Record:

The following article, "The Priest in Politics," is taken from the January number of the *Welch Review* and is the product of the gifted pen that promises young statesman Sir Thos. H. Grattan Esmonde. Sir Thomas is well remembered by the people of Canada, and his exemplary life, while on a visit to the capital of the Dominion, was a source of profound satisfaction to its citizens. Notwithstanding that he was the recipient of addresses and deputations, and that he had to address a large audience on Saturday night on Home Rule, he nevertheless found time to prepare himself to receive the Blessed Sacrament at early Mass on Sunday morning. His example edified all who saw him and is an evidence that he has himself profited by the benign influence of the priesthood. In this country political life has come to be associated with boodling; and why? Because our politicians, in many instances, are not actuated by the spirit of religion. Let our Catholic statesmen attend more closely to their religious duties, and a healthier political atmosphere will soon prevail.

C. J.

THE PRIEST IN POLITICS.

It is asserted just now with more than customary vehemence that Home Rule means Rome Rule. Certain politicians on both sides of the Irish Sea object to the influence of the Irish priesthood in politics.

The objection is not a novel one. It is as old as English rule in Ireland. But it is used to day of set purpose, and with a view to the coming general election, to prejudice the case of Irish self-government.

This objection is invariably used whenever there is question of doing Ireland justice in any shape. But while we recognize that there is no more unworthy method in political controversy than these perpetual appeals to sectarian prejudice, we may also say with reference to them, that though heretofore they have been successful in delaying the concession of Irish demands, they have never ultimately succeeded in preventing it.

I am not, therefore, inclined to set much store by this worn-out election cry.

It may, however, be worth while, in deference to existing circumstances, to inquire into its value. Let us then examine the worth of the "No Popery" catchword in its application to the present situation in Ireland.

At the outset I would emphasize this point: It is to be noticed that the objectors to priestly influence in Irish politics are either those who have always resisted any and every influence in Irish political life which promoted the National interests; or those who, having latterly abandoned the National programme, are doing their best to suppress every influence which might carry that programme to fulfillment.

Both these classes of objectors have always been ready to land to the skies any Irish priest who has shown himself disposed to abet them in their projects. And this further point is worth considering, *viz.*, that Irish Protestants, as such, do not object to the influence of the Irish priesthood in Irish politics.

The great mass of Irish Protestants, who belong to neither of the political schools I have just named, do not object.

No social barrier of any sort stands between the pastor and his flock. He is one of themselves; sympathizing with a whole heart in their sorrows as in their joys; with them at life's beginning and at its close; the one guide, counselor and friend in whom they have absolute and unlimited confidence. His interests are theirs. His existence is his people's service. He is at their beck and call at any hour of the day or night. He will incur for them, without an after-thought, and in the everyday pursuit of his vocation, sacrifices, risks, privations which would sound incredible to anyone unacquainted with Ireland and the ways of Irish life.

These facts alone would sufficiently explain the influence which the Irish priest must exert among his flock. His influence comes to him as an individual. It also comes to him by the very reason of his sacred calling.

And this brings me to the second source of priestly influence in Ireland. It is to be found in the religious character of both priests and people.

That the Irish are a religious people requires no argument to demonstrate. Their religion, as their morality, is proverbial. Of the religious character of the Irish priesthood, I have only this to say: that, compared with the clergy of other countries, they have few equals, while there are none to surpass them either in the zeal, the disinterestedness, or the devotion with which they discharge their sacred duty.

Thirdly, among the sources of the influence wielded by the Irish priesthood I place with the late Mr. Thorold Rogers their steady devotion to the temporal interests of their people. Every movement that has ever been initiated for the social advancement of Ireland has ever found the Irish priesthood among its foremost champions and supporters.

This circumstance goes a long way in explanation of the hostility manifested towards the influence of the Irish clergy by those who have learned, to their cost, that the Irish priest is always to be found wherever he can advance the temporal welfare of his countrymen. The Irish priest has invariably proved himself a safe and steadfast guide in temporal matters, and if he has an influence among his parishioners in temporal matters it is because he deserves it.

But the mainspring of priestly influence in Irish politics consists in the patriotism of the Irish priesthood.

Had they no other claims upon us this one cannot fail to weigh with a grateful people like the Irish.

As a body the Irish priests have invariably been Irish patriots. Irish nationality and Irish faith have been banned conjointly. They have grown side by side. They have been knit together by the operation of persecution, and have become one. No human power can rend them asunder.

In olden days the Irish priesthood rallied the nation to the National standard, and sealed their patriotism with their blood. In our own time they have borne the brunt of Coercion acts; they have endured insult and contumely bravely and nobly for their people's sake; they have set an example for laymen to follow in upholding the movement for the recovery of our Irish Parliament. They have shown us the spirit of the O'Briens, the MacMahons, the Plunkets still lives under the cask of the humbled Irish curate, and as the result we find that the bonds which drew the proscribed Irish Papist to his Soggarth in days of old have not lost in tenacity even in the nineteenth century.

And yet we have gentlemen in England and in Ireland who find fault with the influence of Irish priests in Irish politics. The truth is that they know but little of the character and the record of the body of men whom they assail, and they know nothing of the people for whose political emancipation they profess so glib a devotion.

For myself, I hope the day may never come when our clergy will cease to exercise their fit and proper influence in politics, or find themselves in the state of their brethren in France, who have no influence in politics, because—to quote a great French writer—"They remembered only that they were priests and forgot they were Frenchmen."

Our Irish priests are Irishmen. We believe in them, we respect them in their two-fold character. They exert an influence in our politics; we welcome their influence, and should be loth to lose it. As Irishmen, our priests have equal civil rights with us. We cannot, nor would we, deny them those rights as fellow-citizens. And we have scant sympathy with those who would.

If the exercise of their civil rights by our priests is to be used as an argument against our National claims, the argument comes to this, that because Ireland is Catholic, Ireland must therefore be enslaved.

THOMAS H. GRATTON ESMONDE.

In the history of the world I know nothing so unwarranted and so seditious as the labour of the Irish priests has been from the dark days of the Penal Code to this last time, in which the Irish are beginning to believe that the eastern sea will bring them justice instead of oppression.—*Economic Interpretation of History, Second Edition, p. 81.*

PIUS IX. AND MASONRY.

Origin of a Report that His Holiness was a Member of that Society.

The Paris *Figaro* continues the discussion of M. Floquet's statement of Pius IX.'s connection with Masonry with a very interesting story. Mastai Ferretti became a priest at the age of twenty-seven years, in 1817. Shortly afterward he went to Chili in company with Monsignor Mussi, who, as nuncio, was sent on a diplomatic mission to that country. When Mastai returned to Rome he was made President of St. Michael's Hospital. At the age of thirty-two he became Archbishop of Spoleto. Certain it is as Archbishop of that town he could not very well become a member of an association proscribed by the Church. On several occasions the imputation was denied by Pius IX. himself, and nothing could be more opposed to the department of a Freemason than his conduct throughout life.

A single fact has given rise to all these false rumors which were circulated and have been even published in the Larousse dictionary, the chief asylum of all improbabilities; and that was that in the Mastai Ferretti family there were four brothers, and that one of the brothers of Pius IX. was an officer in the gendarmerie and a member of the Carbonari. He was dismissed from the service and banished on account of his connection with that society. But the Archbishop of Spoleto secured his pardon. This was not the first time that the Archbishop of Spoleto pleaded for the condemned members of secret societies.

One day his servant told him that a stranger, who refused to give his name, wanted to admit him. The bishop gave orders to admit him. The stranger was a careworn and haggard young man, very plainly dressed. "Do you remember, monsieur," said he, "when you were in Rome you used to say Mass in the Church of Santa Maria, in the Via Lata?"

"Yes," replied the Bishop. "A lady with two children," continued the stranger, "used to come every day to that church, and one of her little boys served you at the altar. It was Queen Hortense and her two sons, Charles and Louis."

"That is all perfectly true," said the Archbishop, "but what do you mean?"

"I am Louis, your former altar boy, and I have come to ask you for protection." And here the future Emperor told the future Pope that he was a member of the Sercognani, who attempted to march upon Rome to break down the temporal power of the Pope. They were beaten by the troops, and Louis Napoleon, a fugitive, begged the Archbishop to save him in the name of his mother. The great heart of the Archbishop was equal to all the most difficult circumstances. Louis Napoleon was concealed in the Archbishop's palace. Furthermore, the Archbishop went to Rome and pleaded the cause of the fugitive so well that when he returned to Spoleto he was able to give him a safe conduct, and sent him to the frontier, after presenting him with 1200 francs for his travelling expenses, for Napoleon at that time was penniless.

This anecdote was told by Pope Pius IX. himself to a few of his intimates. One of them told it to the writer in the *Figaro* and this is the first time that it ever appeared in print. It is also said that as long as Napoleon remained in power he never forgot the generosity of Pius IX., and was faithful to his benefactor to the very limits of Orsini. He remembered Spoleto, and at the same time recollected his reception among the Carbonari. His political contradictions are explained by his desire to serve Pius IX. and Mazzini at the same time—that is to say, in the language of the *Figaro* "to serve God and the devil."

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Rev. Father Anderledy, the Jesuit General who was yesterday announced to be dying at Rome, is dead.

Mission work among the Aborigines of Western Australia is being blessed with success, under the administration of Bishop Salvado and his Benedictine monks.

Rev. Father F. Calzia, S. J., of San Jose, Cal., lately had his parishioners sign a paper pledging themselves not to enter a saloon from Saturday afternoon until Monday.

The Benedictine Noviciate in Brazil, which has been closed for a number of years by order of the Government, is about to be re-opened. A General Chapter of the Order in Brazil was recently held at Rio Janeiro.

The approaching beatification of the venerable Louise de Marillac, foundress of the Sisters of Charity, has been announced by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris.

Mr. William Bernard McCaee, who died in Dublin recently, was probably the oldest Catholic journalist in the world. Born in 1801, he began work as a reporter in 1824, and reported many of O'Connell's most famous speeches, even before the Clare election. He was attached to the London press from 1835 to 1840. He was at one

time a regular contributor to the *Dublin Review*.

Father Doherty, the director of the Mission for Homeless Boys, at Staten Island, N. Y., has taken practical measures to help supply America's navy and merchant marine with American sailors. He has purchased a large yacht and will use it as a training ship for those of the boys of the mission who are fit for life at sea.

The Duchess Eugenie Litta Bolognina, of Milan, lately sold her magnificent jewels, miniatures, fans and laces for six hundred thousand dollars, and has begun the erection of a children's hospital in the suburbs of Milan with the money. She is tired of fashionable life and intends to fill a subordinate office in the convalescent ward of her hospital.

The widow of the late Matt H. Carpenter, U. S. Senator, has recently become a Catholic. Seven or eight years ago her daughter Lillian also became a Catholic, and not long since her son, Paul D. Carpenter, and his wife took the same step, so that now there is little surprise manifested at the determination of the mother to seek salvation in the Church.

Lord Connamara, in an interesting letter to the *Liverpool Standard* recently, expresses the opinion that the riots in China have been caused by the teachings of the "literati" and the influence of the "Kaliao-hwei" secret society. He bears testimony to the excellent work done by the Catholic nuns in China. At Ichang, he says, the Rev. Mother and the Sisters spend their lives in school and hospital, and members of poor Chinese mothers bring their children to the convent, imploring the nuns to take them. This is the case not only at Ichang, but at all the places in China where the Sisters are carrying on their charitable labors.

CARDINAL GIBBONS PROTESTS.

He Joins in Prayer for the Downfall of the Lottery.

The following letter for Cardinal Gibbons to Gen. George D. Johnston was made public yesterday:

Cardinal's Residence, Baltimore, Jan. 11, 1892.

MY DEAR SIR—In reference to our conversation this morning, and preceding from all political aspects of the case, I wish to express to you the hope that the efforts of those who, like yourself, are opposing the renewal of the Louisiana Lottery charter will result in the suppression of the evil that now rests on the fair State of Louisiana.

I heartily commend every movement in favor of public morality, virtue and honesty, and it seems to me that the question, Shall the Louisiana lottery continue under the law's protection its scandalous business? is pre-eminently one of morality and virtue. The practical working of the company tends to enrich the few at the expense and misery of the many, to tempt the poor and those who can as little afford it to squander their earnings—the only support of dependent mothers, wives and children—in the vain delusive Tantalus-like hope of one day becoming possessors of a winning number. And oftentimes it is not unknown that the fever of gambling has impelled many to theft and dishonesty for the means of another venture, of purchasing another ticket.

A business whose plain, manifest, inevitable result and influence on the people is such, is, indeed, an enemy to the honesty and peace of any community, to the happiness and comfort of home, and to individual thrift and enterprise, and it is the duty of every upright citizen and earnest Christian to aid in its dethronement or suppression.

Christian charity and natural philanthropy alike dictate that we remove from the unwise pitfalls of destruction and withdraw the innocent and weak from temptation. Those bent on suicide should be restrained. The burning fagot should be snatched from the child's hand. That the Louisiana Lottery, as it is presented to us, prove a snare and a delusion to thousands, and is destructive of peace of mind and energy of action, so necessary to pursue honorable careers and to properly acquire one's self of life's duties, we cannot doubt. The daily operations of the scheme make the point clear.

Worthy, then, of praise and commendation are they who strive to quicken the public conscience and to array public sentiment against the continuance of the evil, who speak and labor in behalf of their fellow-men by removing from their midst a dire enemy to their manhood, their homes and their prosperity.

Were the evil confined solely to the State of Louisiana I should refrain from giving expression to my sentiments, but since, like a giant tree, it has extended and spread its branches over the entire land and embraced in the area of its operations Maryland and the District of Columbia, with which I am connected, I could not but raise my voice in protest and in prayer that our faithful people might help forward the good work of putting an end to its ravages. I am, with much respect, yours faithfully in Christ,

J. CARD. GIBBONS.

To GEN. GEORGE D. JOHNSTON.

Dyspepsia

Few people have suffered more severely from dyspepsia than Mr. E. A. McMahon, a well known grocer of Staunton, Va. He says: "Before 1878 I was in excellent health, weighing over 200 pounds. In that year an ailment developed into acute dyspepsia, and soon I was reduced to 152 pounds, suffering burning pain in the stomach, palpitation of the heart, nausea, and indigestion. I could not sleep, lost all heart in my work, had fits of melancholia, and for days at a time I would have welcomed death. I became morose, sullen and irritable, and for eight years my life was a burden. I tried many physicians and many remedies. One day a weakman employed by me suggested that I take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It had cured his wife of the same complaint. I did so, and before taking the whole of a bottle I began to feel like a new man. The terrible pains to which I had been subjected ceased, the palpitation of the heart subsided, my stomach became easier, nausea disappeared, and my entire system began to tone up. With returning strength came activity of mind and body. Before the fifth bottle was taken I had regained my former weight and natural condition. I am today well and I ascribe it to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

Intense Suffering

8 Years

Hood's Sarsaparilla

100 Doses One Dollar

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I've Heard Some People Say.

That friendship's but a fable, That human hearts are cold, And that the lock of Love is turned But by a key of gold.

That all this grizzling human race Is born to sin and sorrow; That light of heart to-day but means A heavy heart to-morrow.

That all is grim vexation And vanity below; That life's a game of hazard, Our years a span of woe.

But this is how I found it, I have more friends than foes; More sun than shadow tints my path, I have more joys than woes.

It clouds obscure my path to-day, I know the sun will follow; So smilingly I wait to catch The glory of the morrow.

The world is as we view it, Our days are gold or gray, And life is what we make it, Whatever people say.

LILY LASS.

By JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY, M. P.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"THE PIKES IN GOOD REPAIR."

In the grey light of early morning a little village, some six or seven Irish miles from the city of this story, began to present a scene of unusual animation.

From all parts of the surrounding country men began to make their appearance by ones and twos, and in parties of larger number. Men of the peasant class mostly, covered up in huge frieze coats, not only to protect them against the air, which even in these days of early summer was chill in the hours of dawn, but also, as it would appear, for the purpose of concealing certain mysteries and bulky objects not usually part of the peasant's implements.

These men, as they gradually began to accumulate in the narrow little street which formed the principal artery of human existence in the hamlet, exchanged with each other certain words of greeting symbolic of association, and, satisfied with each other's brotherhood, organized themselves into larger bodies, as drops of water run together to form a shining pool.

By the time that the morning had lived two or three hours the whole village was densely crowded with these strange invaders.

Conspicuous amongst this mass of men were half a dozen young men, who moved lithely and thither in all directions, giving orders, exchanging greetings, and with no inconsiderable degree of military skill and precision arranging the somewhat disordered mob of humanity into distinct and well-organized groups.

At the door of one of the cabins a young man sat and superintended the distribution of a quantity of weapons which were brought out for him from the interior, weapons of all sorts and kinds, and of various degrees of usefulness, from the latest form of rifle created in Transatlantic factories to pike heads that had been hammered on the model of weapons that had served in the Wicklow hills in 1803.

Revolvers and swords there were too, in considerable quantity, and where the more regular implements of warfare ran short, axes and even scythes were pressed into requisition in order to make some one of that vast crowd who were eagerly clamoring for arms better fitted to be a fighting animal.

The man who was distributing the weapons was Brian Fermanagh. The other young men were gradually getting the crowd into shape, who were apportioning off those men who had been already armed, or who had brought arms with them, into separate squads, and here and there putting a few of the less taught through some hasty measures of drill, were members of the Confederate Association, colleagues and companions of Fermanagh, devoted adherents and admirers of MacMurrough.

As the morning slowly wore on, the process of distributing arms, of drilling, and of organizing went on rapidly. The village itself was, under the directions of one of the Confederates, aided by a picked squad of men with picks and shovels, put into a condition to resist an attack; which showed that a considerable knowledge of military strategy was not wanting in the ranks of the Young Irishmen.

By the time that the early sunlight rays over the world the process of organizing was almost complete, though still man after man and detachment after detachment continued to pour into the village as to a common centre from all the hills around.

About 9 o'clock, just as Fermanagh was distributing the contents of the last batch of weapons that had been brought up and laid before him from the interior of the cabin, a shout was heard from the distance, where a vedette had been placed to give warning of any approach.

The shout, which seemed a joyous one, was promptly and loudly taken up. Brian Fermanagh sprang to his feet, and in another moment the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard, and through the crowd, parting to left and right with shouts of wild enthusiasm, MacMurrough, followed by Cormac, rode down the little street, and, leaping off his horse, grasped his friend by the hand.

It was a scene of the most passionate enthusiasm. The two leaders standing

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there with clasped hands, with the pure sunlight on their pale young faces and the soft summer air stirring the dark locks of the one and the yellow hair of the other; the little knot of men of like age who stood by, the companions of their cause, the colleagues of their counsel; and all about and around thronging the open space of the hamlet the eager Celtic faces of the men who rallied there obedient to a summons to strike, undisciplined and ill-armed, a blow for freedom.

The sunlight shining on that mass of men and weapons now glanced upon another object, on which the eyes of all were turned. A great pole had been erected close by the cabin where Fermanagh had been distributing the weapons. Now, in perfect silence, and while every head was reverentially uncovered, a green flag was slowly hoisted to the summit of the staff, and flung out to the free air the folds on which the uncrowned golden harp caught the gleaming sunshine proudly.

For some seconds the silence was preserved, as if that wild, passionate assemblage found itself awed into stillness by the sight of some sacred relic. Then there broke from numbers of throats cheers and shouts so tumultuous that their echoes rolled far down the valley and into the hollows of the encircling hills, startling the wild birds in the woods and stirring the hearts of men far away with wonder.

It sounded strangely in the ears of a company of horsemen who were riding in the direction of the city, and who heard it ring out upon the morning breeze while they were yet more than a mile away from the village which lay between them and the city to which their course was directed.

The cosmopolitan sun which had lingered so caressingly upon the green banners and the gleaming weapons of the Young Irishmen glanced through the thick foliage with as kindly a glow upon the scarlet coats of these riders, and glinted brightly from their shining sabres.

The crimson-coated riders were part of a cavalry regiment that had been summoned from a distant town to reinforce the garrison of the southern city.

In those summer months of 1848, when insurrection was in the air, and when authority, uncertain as to the actual magnitude of the danger with which it had to deal, was taking all manner of precautions and making all kinds of military movements in order to be able to strike at rebellion wherever it might raise its armed hand, the incessant movement of troops in all parts of the country from one place to another was one of the features of the time.

So the red pageant horse and foot was no unfamiliar sight on Irish roads and highways, and this body of cavalry aroused no wonder, but only a fierce sense of wrong in the villages through which it flashed and clattered on that July morning as it rode towards the distant city.

The officer in command was riding quietly at the head of his men, conversing with another officer, when that wild cry which greeted the hoisting of the Irish standard in the village ahead rang out and startled their horses, making them rear and plunge for a moment in wild confusion.

Captain Amber looked at his companion inquiring. He knew that the Government expected rebellion; he knew that the Young Ireland party talked and thought rebellion; but he had himself disbelieved in it, and laughed at it. He had regarded the orders which were now sending him to the city as a wearisome and harassing piece of unnecessary precaution against an imaginary danger, and he had been chafing at the worry of the change to his companion.

There was something in that ringing shout, however, which seemed to impress him ominously, for after a few whispered words with the other officers, he gave the order to trot, and in another moment the whole body of men were moving with accelerated rapidity in the direction of the village.

In the village itself by this time the military was known and prepared for. The green flag had not been floating many moments, the cry of joy which had greeted it had barely died away, when a scout came rushing in breathless to tell MacMurrough that a body of soldiers were coming down upon them, were at that moment little more than a mile away.

The consultation of the Young Irishmen upon this unexpected tidings was brief; their decision prompt.

CHAPTER XXV. GREEN AND RED.

When Captain Amber at the head of his men reached the village, he found the entrance skilfully barricaded by a pile of felled tree-trunks, behind which gleamed a level line of rifles.

Between the barricade and the armed men stood Brian Fermanagh, with his crossed hands resting on the hilt of his sword.

As Captain Amber came close to the barricade he gave the word to halt, and the cavalry closed up behind him, a shining mass of steel and scarlet.

For a moment the two forces surveyed each other silently, then Fermanagh, in a loud, clear voice, asked the officer what he wanted.

Captain Amber replied gravely that he wanted to pass through the village on his way to the city beyond.

Prevention is Better

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"Then," said Fermanagh, "if you are allowed a free passage, will you give me your word of honour that you will pass through peacefully and make no attempt against us?"

Fermanagh had thought at first that this attachment of cavalry was sent on purpose against them, probably with the intention of securing the persons of the rebel leaders. After a consultation with MacMurrough, they had agreed not to risk the shock of an encounter unnecessarily.

Captain Amber reflected a moment over Fermanagh's request. His position was awkward. He had known nothing of the intended rising. He had no instructions to deal with any rising. His duty was only to reach the city as rapidly as possible. Under these conditions it seemed to him that the best thing he could do was to accede to Fermanagh's request. He saw that if he refused it would be by no means an easy thing to force his way through the village. The barricade was skilfully constructed. The number of men behind it was considerable and determined. The attempt might end in the destruction of the force under his command, and must inevitably cause prolonged fighting and much bloodshed before it could be decided either way.

After a few moments' reflection, therefore, he announced to Fermanagh that he accepted his conditions.

Fermanagh gave the necessary orders, and in a few minutes a number of eager hands had removed the ponderous barricade, and allowed admittance for the soldiers.

Captain Amber gave the word to advance, and rode slowly into the village, followed by his men.

Each side of the street was lined by the armed peasantry; and it was a curious sight to see the cavalry in their shining accoutrements moving slowly down the narrow line between these two walls of armed rebellion.

As they passed by the great staff from which the green flag was floating, Captain Amber glanced up at the insurrectionary standard, and first frowned and then smiled. He glanced at MacMurrough, who was standing beneath it with his arms folded, watching the strange pageant go by.

MacMurrough glanced back at him, and Amber ordered a halt. Sharply the men came to a stand-still with a rattle and clank of their accoutrements.

An angry murmur ran through the armed crowds on either side, and for a moment they seemed to be about to close in upon the soldiers. But MacMurrough raised his hand and advanced a little, for he saw that the English captain wished to speak with him.

Amber leaned to a pike with his horse, and, addressing MacMurrough, said, "Am I right in supposing that you are the leader of these men?"

"I am their leader," answered MacMurrough, looking fixedly at him.

"For a few moments their gaze continued, then Captain Amber drew himself up again.

"We shall meet again, sir," he said.

"I hope so," answered MacMurrough, drawing back.

Amber gave the order to advance, and the soldiers filed slowly through the streets of the village, and out to the road beyond; and then Amber gave the order to gallop, and in a few moments they were out of sight.

Fermanagh came up to MacMurrough. "They will spread the alarm, and be upon us again soon enough. We have no time to lose!"

CHAPTER XXVI. REBELLION'S FRONT.

Mountmarvel and Lillias Geraldine walking on the terrace after breakfast saw in the distance, on the road beneath them, a little crowd of cavalry flash like a crimson comet and disappear in their dust in the direction of the city.

Lillias admired the picturesque effect of the fleeting vision; but Mountmarvel looked after the departing cavalry with a sombre face.

Something had happened, or was going to happen, to make them gallop at such a day, he thought to himself, and the thought, coupled with the knowledge of MacMurrough's escape, set his fancy working unceasingly.

But he took good care to express none of his uneasiness to Lillias, and they walked up and down the terrace for some time talking together.

Mr. Geraldine was inside poring eagerly over the masses of Oriental manuscripts which the care of the late Mountmarvel had accumulated, and which the present lord had left to lie in helpless confusion, from which the enthusiastic Orientalist was now delightfully endeavoring to extract them.

Mountmarvel had taken Lillias Geraldine all over the grounds that surrounded Mountmarvel Castle. He had shown her his horses and his dogs, and the portraits of the ancestral Mountmarvels, including, of course, in their number another portrait of that face with which Lillias had already been made familiar, and whose living likeness was by her side—the face of the Mountmarvel whom the MacMurrough of the last century had killed in the duel.

Now they had come back to the terrace, and were walking up and down waiting till Mr. Geraldine would consent to leave his treasure-trove for a while and come for a ride.

Lord Mountmarvel was a pleasant companion. He was an amusing talker, and he was exceedingly eager to please Lillias, and so he talked his

Mrs. G. M. Young, 1 Sully Street, Grove Street, Liverpool, Eng., writes that the contents of one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured her of lumbago after she had given up all hopes of ever being better.

best, and succeeded in both amusing and pleasing her.

He saw clearly enough that she had a sentimental interest in all that concerned Ireland; and he carefully avoided giving her any offence by alluding in insulting or contemptuous terms to those figures in the history of Ireland who were, he knew, heroes in her eyes.

But he told her one or two stories about dead and gone Mountmarvels, and he talked well enough about his neighbours, and he told her a good deal about life in Dublin and in London, of which she knew comparatively little, and succeeded in making himself agreeable.

He was attempting to drift slightly from the conversational into the sentimental vein, and was thinking of hazarding some remarks upon the comparative emptiness and loneliness of his life, when their talk was interrupted in a somewhat strange and startling manner.

From out of one of the wooded copses which lay below the terrace some eight or ten men suddenly burst, and sped rapidly up the decline towards the Castle doors.

Mountmarvel stopped in the middle of a sentence, stiffened into silence by surprise.

The men who were making so eagerly to him were, as he saw at once, constabulary. They were carrying rifles in their hands, and were running at full speed, evidently flying from some unseen danger.

"What is the matter?" asked Lillias, startled by the unexpected sight and by the sudden change in Mountmarvel's face.

"I don't know," he answered, stifling something like an oath; and in another moment the fugitives were before him, breathless upon the terrace.

"What is the matter?" Mountmarvel asked.

One of the constabulary answered him—"My lord!" he gasped, "the country is up, the rebels have just attacked the police barracks yonder, he jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the village some few miles away. There has been a scuffle, some of them were shot, and we have been obliged to fly for our lives. They are coming here, my lord, to look for arms. Get in at once, and shut your doors, there is not a moment to lose."

Mountmarvel saw in a second that the danger was serious. Mountmarvel Castle was famous for its collection of arms and armour, and Mountmarvel perceived readily enough that the exaggerated rumours which floated about the country side as to the quantity and nature of these weapons would naturally attract the attention of any body of rebels seeking arms.

In another moment he had hurried Lillias inside the castle, and summoned his servants, set to work at once, aided by the constabulary, to resist the threatened attack.

Mr. Geraldine, disturbed by the noise and tumult from his peaceful studies, emerged from the study in surprise, to find Mountmarvel's household putting up shutters everywhere, and barricading doors, to find Mountmarvel distributing rifles and revolvers among his servants, and the wide hall in possession of a body of armed constabulary, who were looking carefully to the loading of their weapons, and making loop-holes in the shutters of the lower windows.

Lillias was standing by herself in a corner, her hands clasped, her face set and pale. As soon as she saw Mr. Geraldine she sprang to his side.

"What is the matter?" said Mr. Geraldine. But before she had time to answer Mountmarvel interposed.

"Some of these scoundrels have broken out at last, and are coming here to search for weapons. I think we shall give them a warm reception," he said, as he glanced around upon the preparations for defence and on the armed men about him, who did not, however, express in their faces any pleasurable anticipations of the coming conflict.

Mr. Geraldine gazed at his host in surprise.

"Why, this is most exciting," he said. "Do you mean to tell me that we really are about to be besieged? If so, I must lend you a hand. Give me a gun or something, I used to be familiar enough with weapons once, and an still not altogether useless."

He reached out his hand for the revolver Mountmarvel handed him. As he took it Lillias caught him by the arm.

"Edward," she whispered, almost fiercely, "you will not fight against these men? They are our countrymen! They are fighting for their freedom! Remember that you are a Geraldine!"

Mr. Geraldine shrugged his shoulders.

"I am guest here," he answered, in a voice as low as hers. "I cannot stand by idle and unarmed and see my host in danger. I know nothing about rebels!"

At this moment their colloquy, carried out in a tone of voice inaudible to all about them, was interrupted by a loud voice outside—the noise of shouting and trampling of many feet.

"Here they are," said one of the constabulary.

Mr. Geraldine put Lillias gently by. She sank on a chair, and he hurried to Mountmarvel's side.

Mountmarvel turned round to him; he had been looking through a loop-hole.

At this season of the year the effects of catarrh and cold in the head are most likely to be felt, and danger to life and health will result if not promptly treated. For this purpose there is no remedy equals Nasal Balm. It is prompt in giving relief and never fails to cure. Beware of imitations and substitutes. Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a bottle.

"Look there!" he said; "there's a pleasant sight to see on one's lawn." He pointed to the loop-hole, and Mr. Geraldine, bending forward, looked through it at the strange scene outside.

CHAPTER XXVII. PREPARING FOR SIEGE.

Outside, where the soft, green lawn sloped from the thickly wooded plantation to the gentle elevation on which the terrace stretched, stood a motley crowd of men, variously and curiously armed. Over their heads floated a green banner, and in front of their roughly formed ranks some half-dozen men, who appeared to be leaders, were standing together in apparent consultation.

The effect, to Mr. Geraldine's unconcerned and impartial mind, was pleasing enough. The background of the thick, dark pine trees, the view of the distant hills and winding river far away, the soft grassy platform and the warm summer sky, all served to compose a very admirable natural theatre for the picturesque body of armed men who were now drawn up in menacing attitude in front of Mountmarvel Castle.

Mr. Geraldine had always an eye for the picturesque. In circumstances of danger—and he had been in many dangerous places in his time—he could never shake himself free from the habit of regarding the whole matter more from the point of view of an unconcerned though interested observer than as a direct participator in its possible peril.

At the present moment he might have been more inclined to appreciate the danger because it menaced less himself than the host beneath whose roof he was staying, and beneath whose roof, also, so gorgeously a collection of Oriental MSS. was gathered together.

A faint pang shot through Mr. Geraldine's heart as he thought of the risks to which these priceless documents might be exposed in case of any serious attack upon the Castle.

But the pang was a transient one, and passed rapidly away, leaving Mr. Geraldine merely the interested spectator of what promised to be a highly dramatic episode.

"A fine-looking set of men," he whispered to Mountmarvel, who was standing next to him. "A fine-looking set of men, but sadly armed."

"Confound them!" was Mountmarvel's brief ejaculation in answer to Mr. Geraldine, who, hardly heeding them, went on—

"They remind me a little," he said, "of a group of Arabs who once attacked our caravan not far from Aleppo. Of course, I don't mean that the men are like Arabs; but the general effect, the curious and eccentric display of weapons, the rough grouping, this odd moment of pause before action, all these—"

Here Mr. Geraldine stopped short in his somewhat untimely reminiscences, and said in a changed tone of voice, "I think they are sending an envoy towards us."

From the group of young men who stood in front of the armed crowd one indeed did now detach himself, and came forward very leisurely up the gentle incline towards the terrace.

Mountmarvel lifted the rifle that lay beside him, put it to his shoulder, and was about to take aim.

Mr. Geraldine caught his hand and stayed him.

"The laws of war, my dear sir," he said; "the laws of war. The man is an envoy, he is coming alone—the bearer of terms. We must conduct this campaign, if campaign it be, on regular principles."

Mountmarvel glanced up half angrily at Mr. Geraldine. But there was something in the elder man's grave, determined manner which seemed to impress the younger. With a shrug of his shoulders he laid the rifle down, and awaited the coming of the hostile envoy in silence.

The young man meanwhile advanced leisurely up the inclination till he came to the terrace, when he paused before the doorway of the Castle.

In the course of his quiet advance he had keenly noted all the surroundings of the situation, all the strengths and weaknesses of Mountmarvel Castle for sustaining a rapid and even hurried attack.

Brian Fermanagh, for it was he, often in later days described to me this strange siege, until I seemed almost self-acquainted with the topography of Mountmarvel as if I had been by his side on that July morning.

Mountmarvel rose in a thickly wooded elevation, through which the wide carriage-road twisted like a serpent from the plain up to a certain point some few hundred yards from the Castle. Here the hill slightly flattened, and stretched in a gentle acclivity of grassy lawn from the outskirts away up to the wide, long terrace which ran in front of the Mountmarvel Castle. The carriage-road coming up to the end of the terrace cut across the green lawn, dividing it into two unequal portions.

The place was evidently a difficult one to carry by assault. The ascent, although a slight one, would be a grave difficulty under a well-maintained fire from persons inside the Castle. I remember Brian assuring me once in one of our charges up the earthworks of one of the Southern cities that the thing did not seem to him half so difficult or half so dangerous as the attempt on Mountmarvel Castle.

When Fermanagh came opposite the doorway he paused, and, looking steadily at the blank mask of shuttered

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London, Saturday, January 30, 1892.

"TOUCH NOT! TASTE NOT! HANDLE NOT!"

The festival season during which the Church, zealous for the welfare of her children, calls to our minds so many mysteries of religion which are calculated to increase our fervor in the service of God, is unfortunately very often made an occasion of dissipation quite alien to the spirit in which the new year upon which we have just entered should be begun.

A vice by which the holy festival time is much profaned, and perverted from the purpose for which it is instituted, is the pernicious habit of intemperance. Habitual drunkenness is by all regarded with horror, but those who are on the very brink of becoming habitual drunkards flatter themselves that they are perfectly safe from any such danger. They look with contempt upon the degraded sots who makes his home an abode of wretchedness by his infatuated devotion to drink, who prefers to spend in the tavern his hardly acquired earnings while justice to his family demands that they should be laid out in making home comfortable, and in clothing and furnishing the necessities of life to his neglected wife and children.

There is no self-respecting young man who looks upon the bloated and pimply face of the confirmed drunkard, who does not say to himself, "I certainly will never bring myself down to such a state of degradation as this: and if I imagined for a moment that I were in danger of falling so low, I would make any sacrifice to preserve myself from going into the filthy pit."

There is no one who deliberately becomes a drunkard. There is no young man who says to himself, when he takes a glass of liquor with his companions: "I now bear a good character, and I have a comfortable home, a loving and virtuous wife, and bright and intelligent children who give promise to be hereafter ornaments to society, and a consolation to their father and mother; and I know that by taking the few glasses of liquor which I will drink with my companions to-night, I shall create in myself an appetite which hereafter I shall not be able to overcome, and so I shall become just like those brutalized beings whom I have pitied or despised as incurable drunkards. I know that this will be the result of to-night's frolic, still I will take the fatal step which will lead to ruin, which will destroy my character forever, which will reduce my family to rags and beggary, and bring myself at last to a drunkard's grave. Knowing these consequences, I choose deliberately the road to ruin."

Is there a single drunkard who has ever reasoned thus? Surely not! Yet we are all aware that every drunkard has been developed from among those who have thought themselves too firm to reach such a state of degradation. There is an attraction in alcoholic drinks which leads moderate drinkers by degrees to use them more and more frequently, when once they have accustomed themselves to use them at all, until, before they are aware of the change in their disposition, they become infatuated, and they have a craving for drink which they cannot overcome. They feel a want for it, and they must have it from time to time, even though they are not yet absolutely drunkards. But the end is near. They have reached the stage when they cannot resist the temptation which leads them on, and they will soon be engulfed in the slough which is at the foot of the slope which they have been descending slowly at first, but afterwards with increasing rapidity until they cannot escape the ruin which awaits them.

We do not exaggerate the danger to which young men are exposed who once begin to drink in so-called moderation. Fully fifty per cent. of the moderate drinkers become inveterate tipplers, and most of the others are saved from this ending either because

they die before they reach it, or because they perceive their danger before it is too late, and by a heroic resolution of which but few are capable, they turn from the path by which they find themselves rapidly descending towards ruin and misery. Why, then, should not our young men now resolve to avoid the danger by becoming total abstainers? We hope that all who read this article will at once form the resolution to follow our advice and adopt this course.

Alcohol is not a food. It gives no nourishment to the human system. It is not fit to be used as a beverage. Some physicians say it may in very rare cases be used as a medicine. Most physicians assert that there are other medicines less dangerous, which are always available when alcohol might possibly be of some benefit. But whatever may be the truth on this point, it is certain that as a beverage it is always injurious. Medicines are not used as beverages, and any one who would use them in this way would be looked upon as demented. They are used in small quantities, as good physicians prescribe them. Why then should alcoholic drinks be used habitually? Those who think that they require them from time to time are in great danger, from which they can escape only by heroically resolving to abandon their use at once.

What we have said applies to pure alcoholic drinks. But it is a fact that it is a difficult thing to procure them in purity. For the most part vile compounds made of deleterious drugs are made up to be sold as whiskey, brandy, rum, wine, beer, etc.—vile drugs which sometimes have a small proportion of spirits mixed with them to flavor them, but which are as often mere imitations which have nothing in them which is good, except the water which is used for the purpose of holding the drugs in solution.

Among the drugs thus used it is well known that the following are commonly employed:

Honey, sugar, molasses, liquorice, salt, water: these will not hurt, but there are others which will ruin the healthiest constitution, and bring on the most destructive diseases. Such are opium, aloe, tobacco, gentian, alum, saltpetre, nutgalls, jalap, copperas, ammonia, potash, soda, morate, foxglove, nux vomica, henbane, strontia, strychnine, prussiate of potash, lime, quassia, etc.

Those who frequent the taverns must inevitably gulp down these noxious things, which are so copiously used that analysts have frequently found in a single bottle poison enough to kill two men.

These facts are well authenticated, and those who would shun the danger must avoid the saloon.

THE MEXICAN REBELLION.

Unfortunate Mexico is once more plunged into the horrors of civil war. The tyrannical rule of President Diaz has brought about this sad condition of affairs, and though it has been reported from time to time that the rebellion was suppressed, the latest intelligence from the seat of war is to the effect that the magnitude of the rising is increasing gradually but surely.

The events in South America which preceded the Mexican revolt have given confidence to the insurgents that the people when once aroused against an oppressive yoke, even though sustained by a standing army and navy, have good hopes of success, and General Garza, who is leading the insurgents in the present instance, is receiving assurances of substantial aid from many provinces; and even many Texans who are favorable to his cause are crossing the United States frontier to enrol themselves under his standard.

The Garza party have established their headquarters near the United States border, and the United States press on this account take special interest in the movement, which is usually spoken of in condemnation, because it is a "rebellion." But it should not be forgotten that the rule of Diaz has been intolerably harsh and unjust. He has ruled more after the style of a King John than after that of the President of a modern Republic.

In an interview which General Garza recently accorded to a correspondent of the New York Times, the General said:

"There has been a growing discontent at the misrule of Mexico. President Diaz is Mexico. He is the Government sole and entire. The slightest opposition to his will on the part of any Minister or other official is followed by instant dismissal and disgrace. He does not seem to care for the good of the people or the country so long as he may gratify his own

interests and vanity. During the time he has occupied the chair of President he has grown immensely wealthy. He owns thousands of acres of land, has millions of dollars laid up not only in Mexico but in the vaults of Europe, and there is hardly a big corporation or monopoly in Mexico that he does not own stock in. In fact, the price of a monopoly in Mexico is a block in the enterprise made out in either Diaz's name or that of his lieutenant. There is a system of religious persecution in Mexico which has gained him the cordial hatred of every good churchman and priest. The revolution which is now in progress is of greater moment than it is given credit for."

General Garza's picture of Diaz's proceedings is not at all overdrawn. The country is ruled, not for its good, but for the profit of the clique which has deprived the people of their dearest rights, and has persecuted the Church. It is no wonder that the indignation is so great as to have found expression in insurrection.

It has been stated that the Mexican clergy have taken side with Garza, and one telegram says that three hundred priests have been incarcerated for speaking against the government of Diaz. From other sources we know that troops were sent to Puebla to the monasteries of Carmen, St. Dominic and St. Augustine, to drag the priests from the altars to prison, twenty-six being thus violently captured while Mass was actually being celebrated. To the credit of the people it must be said that while this act of despotism was being perpetrated, the whole population turned out and made an attempt to rescue them; but the soldiers fired upon them, killing many men, women and children, and the attempt at a rescue was unsuccessful.

We do not give credit to the statement, which was evidently made for the purpose of cloaking these acts of tyranny, to the effect that the clergy, and especially the Bishop of Monterey, the Right Rev. Monseigneur Montes de Oca, is furnishing Garza with the money to enable him to carry on his insurrection, yet the tyranny of Diaz toward the Church would justify the clergy in endeavoring to aid a movement to deliver the country from its atheistic rulers. Diaz himself rules by virtue of a successful rebellion. Why should not those over whom he exercises the authority of a despot overthrow him by similar means?

War is always a fearful misfortune; and of the different kinds of warfare which may be waged, civil war, which sets brother against brother and father against son, is the most to be dreaded. Yet there are occasions when it becomes justifiable, and even a duty, to take up arms against a tyrant. It is the doctrine of Cardinal Bellarmine that "society should be a perfect commonwealth (Respublica) and should have the power of self-preservation, and consequently of chastising disturbers of the peace." The power of political rulers comes indeed from God, from whom all authority is derived, but according to nearly all theologians it comes to individual rulers through the people, and it must be exercised for the good of the people. Rebellion against the constituted authorities is not generally lawful, for every soul "must be subject to the higher powers; for there is no power but from God, and those that are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God. And they that resist purchase to themselves damnation." (Rom. xiii, 1, 2.)

But the civil authorities should rule according to the principles of reason and justice. It was the saying of Louis XIV. of France "I am the State." But this is not the doctrine of Catholic theologians. St. Thomas says: "The kingdom is not made for the king, but the king for the kingdom. God has appointed kings to rule and govern and to secure to every one the possession of his rights. If kings, turning things to their own profit, should act otherwise, they are no longer kings, but tyrants." We hold, therefore, that the tyranny of Diaz deserves to be overthrown. It has been carried on to a degree which is insupportable. If the barons who wrested Magna Charta from King John were justified, surely the Mexican insurgents who are struggling for personal liberty have justice equally on their side.

There was a renewal of the trouble between the mob and Salvation Army at Eastbourne, England, on the 25th. The police were powerless to protect the members of the Army from the onslaught of the mob, and a number of "Salvation lasses" were thrown down and trampled upon by their assailants. Many were severely injured. It is not a little astonishing that the members of this organization have experienced the most violent opposi-

tion in Protestant countries which make a boast of their liberality in the matter of religious freedom.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

The same battle which has been going on in the United States and Canada between the advocates of godless education and those who maintain the necessity of religious teaching in the schools has been waged for years in Germany with varying success. The Catholics, of course, were consistently in favor of religious teaching there, just as they have always been in our own hemisphere, but the non-Catholic population held very discordant views.

Protestantism in Germany is, as elsewhere, very much split up between various sects, but there are two generic names by which Protestants are known, according as their tendency is towards Rationalism or Orthodoxy, and they are called Latitudinarian or Orthodox according to the character of their religious belief.

The Latitudinarians are as a rule in favor of purely secular education, as the tendency of such a system is calculated to diminish faith in the distinctive mysteries of religion, while the Orthodox Protestants recognize the necessity of a distinct religious teaching, as the basis of education, and as the only means whereby good Christian morals can be successfully taught.

For the most part, the members of the German State Church, which is Lutheran-Calvinistic, or a compromise between the two great divisions of European Protestantism which follow most closely the opinions respectively of Luther and Calvin, are favorable to the teaching of religion. They form the nucleus of the Orthodox party, and even when they emigrate to America these retain their preference for distinctively religious schools. It is, in fact, true that there are 160,000 German Lutheran children attending distinctively Lutheran schools in the United States, which, if we regard the difference of population, is almost a proportionately large percentage as that of the Catholic children who attend Catholic parochial schools.

It will be remembered that at the last elections for the Wisconsin Legislature the school question was the main issue. The Bennett Law, which had been passed by the Republicans, was intended by its promoters to destroy the system of parochial schools. It was aimed especially against Catholics, but the Lutherans of the State, who are a very powerful body, were equalled attacked by it, and the result of the elections was that a legislature was returned to power pledged to abolish the obnoxious law. This result was achieved by the Lutherans abandoning the Republican party in a body, on account of their hostile attitude on the school question.

In Germany the Latitudinarians have hitherto been able to make their views prevail to some extent in the school system; but between the increasing influence exercised by Catholics, and the more religious tone which has been given to German Protestantism by the Emperor William since Bismarck was deposed from the Chancellorship of the Empire, the orthodox views have become more prevalent and exercise a more powerful influence; and at this moment the Landtag has before it a bill introduced by Minister Seidlitz which recognizes to the fullest extent the principle of religious instruction in the schools. This measure is represented by the irreligious party as establishing excessive clerical control; but it will be supported by the Centre or Catholic party, and by the Lutherans, and there is said to be a strong probability that it will pass with a good majority. The "Orthodox" or "Evangelical" Protestants will support it with enthusiasm, as well as the Catholics, and the *Kruse Zeitung* says that Protestants and Catholics welcome it as the best bill they could wish for.

It is stated by the press which opposes this Bill of Herr Seidlitz that it is a concession to the Catholic clerical party, in return for the support which it affords to the present Government, and no doubt the loyalty of German Catholics to the throne has been an important factor in influencing the Emperor and the Conservatives who support the Government, to be more favorably inclined to Catholics than they have been in former years, so that at the present time there is a complete change in the policy of the Government towards Catholics. With the exception of the single law which excludes Jesuits from Germany, all the penal laws introduced by Bismarck

have been repealed, and Catholics now enjoy complete religious liberty. It is acknowledged by the Emperor William that the Catholic Church is his most powerful auxiliary in the task of preventing the spread of Socialistic or Communistic ideas, and the cordial relations existing between him and Pope Leo XIII. have arisen out of this knowledge. It is a natural consequence of this improved state of affairs that the penal laws, which sprung from a misconception of the tendency of Catholic doctrines, should be repealed, and we have little doubt that soon the last vestige of those laws which disgrace the statute books of the Empire will be blotted out.

But the new educational law is by no means intended as a special boon to Catholics. Catholics are pleased with it because it recognizes a principle for which they have always consistently contended. But the measure is equally demanded by the religious Protestant sentiment of the Empire. The case in Germany is very similar to the situation existing in our own Dominion. We had the spectacle in Manitoba of an almost unanimous support given by the Protestants of that Province to a godless, or, if the term be preferred, to a purely secular school system; but the Church of England has now come forward to acknowledge that it was in error, and that very Church which a short time ago was battling to impose upon Catholics the false principle that the name of God should be abolished from the school room, is now engaged in the law Courts in maintaining parental rights against the arbitrary action of the Winnipeg City Council and the Greenway administration.

It is a misrepresentation to say that the cause of religious education is merely the cause of the Catholic Church, whether in Manitoba, or Ontario, or Germany. It is the cause of Christianity as against Infidelity. The right of parents to decide whether their children shall be educated in religion and morality is the issue presented, and it is but common justice that the matter should be decided in favor of parental rights, whether the issue be debated in America or Europe. The sad effects of education without religion are so evident in France and Italy that he who runs may read. We have no doubt that the lesson taught by these facts has been learned by Germans, and this is one of the causes of the reaction which has taken place there, the immediate result of which is the introduction of Herr Seidlitz Education Bill.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BISHOP OMAHOBY, of Toronto, has been for some time very ill. We hope and pray the life of this good and noble Bishop may be spared yet many years to work in his holy calling.

GENERAL satisfaction is expressed at the selection of Mr. J. C. Patterson, of Windsor, as Secretary of State. This gentleman has always been recognized as a statesman possessing qualities of the very highest order. He brings to the Cabinet a rectitude of character which will tend to strengthen that body in the confidence of the people.

THE *Irish American Weekly* is the name of a new publication issued in Lincoln, Nebraska, of which Mr. John P. Sutton is the editor. It is a very creditable publication indeed, both as regards style and matter. The presence of Mr. Sutton in the editorial chair will be a guarantee that the cause of Ireland will have a powerful champion in the *Irish American Weekly*.

THE bound numbers of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for 1891 make a charming little volume. The matter has been prepared with the utmost care. We feel assured the good Fathers of the Society of Jesus will, as they deserve, be amply rewarded in the publication of this most valuable work—not, indeed, from a monetary point of view alone, but also in the reflection that it is a productive of incalculable good amongst the Catholic people. Orders may be sent to Rev. J. J. Connolly, S. J., St. Mary's College, Montreal.

AN extraordinary letter appeared in the *Free Press*, of this city, on the 21st inst.—extraordinary in that it is the production of a Methodist minister's son—extraordinary also because it is seldom that we are treated to such hard facts and candid reasoning from that particular quarter of the world of the sects. The writer's object is to castigate those busybodies constituting the ministerial association, for their untiring interference in matters belonging solely to other people. At the last meeting of that irresponsible

and irrepressible parliament it was decided to petition the city council to have hotels closed at 10 o'clock, and it is also the intention to fix the times and places of meetings of the different societies so that they will not conflict with the church meetings.

The letter of Methodist "Minister's Son" is very severe. He says the members of that church are governed by a reign of terror which crushes out their true manhood and womanhood. This is a fierce arraignment, but true as it is fierce, for almost every day we witness exhibitions of a Pinkertonism on the part of some of the preachers which is fast bringing their order into disrepute. They are endeavoring, by a system of espionage, and by the aid of magistrate's warrants and policeman's batons, to bring about a condition of social conduct which they consider perfection. As expounders of the gospel they realize their weakness, and are lustily calling for the patrol wagon to come to their assistance.

The Toronto *Mail* was organized, we were told years ago, by gentlemen, and published by gentlemen for gentlemen. How it has fallen from its lofty pedestal! Last week it contained an article dated as coming from London, England, but evidently written in the *Mail* sanctum, speaking of the late Cardinal Manning in a manner that must have made the average Protestant blush for shame. As the drunkard, we are told, invariably loses self-respect, so, too, the bigot, when speaking of those who differ from him in matters theological, becomes dead to a sense of manly feeling and candor. The *Hamilton Spectator* editor, we regret to say, copied the discreditable production from the *Mail*.

ANOTHER Hamilton paper, the *Times*, lately said of Sir John Thompson:

"When the Liberals of Canada want a certificate of loyalty they will not apply for it to a man who, like Sir John Thompson, changed his politics from Liberal to Conservative, and changed his religion from Methodist to Roman Catholic, for a consideration, because one cannot help suspecting that the same man would quickly cease to be a Monarchist and become a Republican if the consideration were large enough."

No, no, friend *Times*! Sir John Thompson's motives in becoming a Catholic were not of the dollar and cent order. True, indeed, it is that the change took place for a "consideration," but it was the same "consideration" as that which led Cardinals Manning and Newman into the true fold.

In another column we publish a very able letter from the pen of Mr. Francis Cleary, of Windsor, one of the leading Catholic laymen of Ontario. It treats of an attempt which has been made in that town to impose injustice and hardship on the Catholic community, and the religious establishments connected with the Church, by the imposition of a municipal tax from which they have been heretofore exempt and from which the law of the land expressly states they should be free.

The movement has a parallel in the transactions of a clique of bigots in this city who attempted a like exploit a few years ago, carried on in a manner which betokened the possession of the anti-Catholic rabbies in an alarming stage. The Mayor, a man who added no grandeur or dignity to the chair, and one with whom nature had been exceedingly parsimonious in dealing out loveable qualities, adopted every contrivance that narrowness and bigotry could prompt, to tax and in many other ways inflict disabilities and annoyances on the religious communities of London. But this misfit has been sent to obscurity, and an era of peace and good will has, we hope, now firmly set in.

We are pleased to note that the press of Windsor, unlike the press of London, which at the time of the anti-Catholic movement was too faint-hearted to utter a word of reproach, has come boldly to the rescue of those upon whom injustice was attempted to be inflicted. The *Windsor Review* of the 8th of January said:

"Who can tell where this intolerance may end? We believe the cardinal features of the society's obligations are, the exclusion of Catholics from public office, the refusal to trade with or hire a Catholic to work or to assist them in any way. In a community situated as is Windsor, aside from its uncharitableness, this is a very dangerous propaganda."

It seems that the movement was initiated by a society styling itself the "Sons of America," or, as

some call it, "the Sons of England." The name is used, we understand, one way or the other to suit the different conditions existing on each side of the river. In many places beside Windsor has this organization been powerful in mischief, and it is to be hoped that shortly it will be broken into fragments by a healthy public opinion. The members need not be astonished if prosecution breeds opposition, and opposition, too, which will convince them that Canada at least is not the country into which may be introduced the racial hatreds of other days in other lands. In this battle for business, distinction and prosperity the Catholic people will have on their side, we feel convinced, that large class of honest and upright Protestants who like to see fair play between man and man, and who are animated by a sincere desire to promote the best interests of the Dominion.

It is as plain as the noonday sun that the Tory Government of England is tottering to its fall. By far the greatest victory yet recorded for Gladstone and Home Rule is that which took place in the Rosendale division of Lancashire on Saturday last. At the last election the Tories had a majority of 1460, while the present contest has given the Liberals a majority of 1225. Uncle Salisbury and nephew Balfour and all who follow in their footsteps have been stricken with consternation, for the evidence is plain that there is a general election to take place to-morrow they would be relegated to the cold shades of Opposition. Since the last general election the Gladstonians have gained 22 seats by the by-elections, showing the great reaction which has taken place. The prospect for Ireland is indeed bright, and we hope the men at home will close up their ranks without delay, thus showing the English masses that they are a unit in their support of the Grand Old Man. Nothing would give the Irish in America greater pleasure now than to know that Mr. Redmond and his few followers had joined the McCarthys. They would thus push forward the movement for the permanent regeneration of the old land.

The New York Times, referring to the letter of Cardinal Gibbons concerning the Louisiana Lottery, which we print elsewhere in this issue, says: "The emphatic letter of Cardinal Gibbons in condemnation of the Louisiana Lottery is directed especially against the institution as a corrupter of morals and a promoter of the misery of the poor. It has both a patriotic and a moral motive, and it reveals, in its crisp, energetic sentences, the earnestness of a true heart. He raises his voice against the evil because, like a giant tree, it casts a long shadow over the land, and its roots are in the very heart of the Republic. He brands it as the dire enemy of manhood, of homes, and of prosperity, and he raises his voice in protest and in prayer that faithful Catholics will help him to root it out, and to its ravages. We do not know what stand the Roman Catholic clergy of Louisiana are taking with respect to the moral conflict in that State, but the power of the moral influence of this eminent prelate ought to be widely influential among Christian people of every name."

GRADUALLY but surely are our separated brethren recognizing the wisdom of the Catholic Church in the all-important matter of educating the youth. At a recent diocesan conference the Episcopal Bishop of Manchester, England, has this to say of secular education: "My friends, there is no disguising the fact that a purely secular education in the common schools means a rising generation of unbelievers." The system has been tried and found sadly wanting, from a Christian point of view, and we are pleased to note that even at this late date a voice of warning has been raised by some of the Protestant clergy.

A GREAT VICTORY.
An election was held on the 23rd to fill the Parliamentary vacancy in the Rosendale division, caused by the recent elevation to the peerage of Lord Hartington. The result was the election of the Gladstonian candidate, and almost complete reversal of the vote cast at the previous election. The voting was announced as follows: Madden, 6,065; Brooks, 4,841. In the preceding election the vote was Lord Hartington, 5,399; Mr. Newbigger (Home Rule), 3,949. The result was not announced there until midnight. A crowd numbering fully 10,000 persons waited patiently about the building in which the vote was being counted from the time the polling was ended. The interest in the contest was most intense, and much speculation was indulged in as to the result of the balloting. When the figures were at length footed up and it was learned which of the candidates had been chosen the news was conveyed to the anxious crowd. The announcement that Mr. Madden was elected was greeted with the most uproarious cheering by his delighted supporters, and when the extent of the Liberal victory was learned a scene of wildest enthusiasm ensued. The Catholic commenting on the election, refers to the extreme moderation of Mr. Madden's Home Rule views, and says: "Rosendale supported a man who declines to pledge himself to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule until he has seen it, the country generally shares these doubts more than necessary the dissolution of Parliament or stand in the way of a Parliament with Mr. Gladstone as leader dependent for who was Rosendale, Messrs. Madden and Davitt." All sorts of apologies and excuses will now be the order of the day by the Tory side, but it is very evident their doom is sealed.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

ARCHBISHOP WALSH IN ORANGEVILLE.

HIS LECTURE ON "WHAT CATHOLICS DO NOT BELIEVE" ELUQUENT AND BRIGHTLY EFFORT.

Dufferin Post, January 21.
On Sunday, January 19, Archbishop Walsh paid his first official visit to Orangeville, and the hearty reception which he met must have been highly gratifying to him. His Grace arrived on the Saturday evening train from Toronto, and on the following morning, Father McPhillips, the parish priest, until the following Monday evening. On Sunday morning grand High Mass was celebrated in St. Peter's church, and at the end of the service an address of welcome to His Grace was presented by the congregation. The address was read in a clear and sonorous voice by Mr. P. J. Bench. It was as follows:

To His Grace Most Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto:
May I please Your Grace—we, the Catholics of Orangeville, beg to extend your Grace on this the occasion of your first official visit to this parish, and to extend you our warmest welcome. When we consider the ease to which we were being deprived of the services of the late able and distinguished Archbishop, we are glad that the Holy Pontiff might see fit to appoint as his successor one who would be able to follow in his illustrious footsteps and carry on the good work; and we can assure your Grace that the news of your selection for the high and important office was received with delight and thankfulness. The eminent services which your Grace had rendered in consolidating and building up another diocese were known to us all, and we felt sure that with you as the head of the Church in Ontario its future progress would be assured. We beg, therefore, to take advantage of this, the first opportunity offered, to salute your Grace on your new position, and to earnestly pray that this archdiocese may long be spared the services of your Grace's extended experience, wise counsel and fatherly guidance and government. Your Grace is probably aware that the Catholics of Orangeville are few in number, but we can assure you that between here and the various other villages and hamlets of the town there exist the most cordial and harmonious relations. Permit me to compliment the season and to most respectfully ask your apostolic benediction. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, P. J. Bench, Wm. Fogarty, Jno. Bench, Owen Garvey and John Longway.

His Grace expressed his warmest thanks for the beautiful sentiments of the address, and then delivered an able and vigorous discourse. In the evening there were grand musical Vespers, the choir consisting of six voices from Toronto. These consisted of a choir were: Misses Fijjano (organist), Nell Walsh, Polly Sheehan, Kate Clark, and Messrs. E. A. Anglin and J. Ward. At the conclusion of the Vespers the Archbishop delivered the most eloquent and powerful lecture that has ever been listened to in this town. The church was crowded to the doors, the majority of those present being Protestants, and the lecture, which lasted about three quarters of an hour, riveted the closest attention to the very end.

The subject of the lecture was "What Catholics do not believe." His Grace began by saying that it was recorded in the book of Daniel that in a certain city a man was one day being led through the streets to execution, having been sentenced to death for unchastity. While she was being hurried to the place of execution a young man ran along the streets and cried with a loud voice: "Are ye so foolish, ye children of Israel, that without examination or knowledge of the truth, you have condemned a daughter of Israel? Return to judgment, for they have borne false witness against her." His Grace said that a similar state of things was witnessed to-day. A great historic church, a church two thousand years old, that had withstood the vicissitudes of twenty centuries, that had seen empires and dynasties swept away, was being condemned on the evidence of her enemies, and the testimony of false witnesses. The Catholic Roman Church had received the words of truth from the lips of Christ Himself. Her apostles had walked with the Saviour through Judea, and their successors were today teaching the same truths taught by the Nazarene. That Church had civilized and Christianized the world; her monasteries, her universities and great cathedrals bore the amplest testimony to her zeal in the cause of learning and religion; and in the history of every civilized country in the world would be found the narrative of the piety, the heroism and the grandeur of her doctrine. Between the sixth and the ninth centuries hordes of barbaric tribes, Goths, Visi-Goths and Vandals, swept like a tornado from northern Europe, bringing ruin and devastation wherever they came. The grandest monuments and works of art—the glorious productions of civilization—were ruthlessly destroyed by these uncivilized tribes; and it seemed as if ruin and desolation were to be the permanent lot of the Church of God, however, the Catholic Roman Church—that Church that was traversed and baraged to-day—defied the destructive and ravaging march of the barbaric and heathen hordes from the north, and stood stately and triumphant in the midst of the death and decay around her, like one of those monuments that the traveller so often beholds towering majestically above the surrounding ruins. Whatever, His Grace continued, we had of the beautiful classics of ancient Greece and Rome we owe to the preserving hand of the Catholic Church. This great historic Church was maligned and vilified, was not given a hearing in court, was condemned on false testimony, and well might he exclaim, "Are ye so foolish that in this nineteenth century ye condemn a great historic Church without examination? Return to judgment, for they have borne false witness against her." The teachings of the Church were misrepresented, and Protestants were told that Catholics held beliefs which they abhorred and hated. He did not mean to say that this misrepresentation on the part of the Protestants was deliberate, but that many of them, no doubt, honestly believed what they were told by the enemies of the Church, or learned from literature which was adverse to her. She was condemned on false testimony, and men and women, otherwise virtuous and honest, rendered their verdict without hearing the Church's side at all. It was impossible for him, in the brief space of a short lecture, to touch upon all the matters in which the Church was misrepresented, in which she was held up as entertaining doctrines which she abhorred, but he would refer to a few. Catholics were told that they placed the Blessed Virgin above our Divine Saviour; that they rendered her, a creature, more honor and adoration than to the Son of God. This was not true. Man's redemption came through the Incarnation and the sacrifice of the cross alone, and through the merits of Christ only could man be saved. He was the only man other than in heaven or on earth by whose eternal portals of heaven could be opened to fallen humanity. Why ever pray for the Catholic Church concluded with the words, "Through Jesus Christ, our Lord" There was an infinite space between Christ and the Blessed Virgin—the space that separated between the finite and infinite. The Catholic Church taught that the Blessed Virgin was the most perfect creature that ever came from the hand of God. Catholics, however, believed in the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and this belief was reasonable and natural. She was the mother of God, and they believed that she was all perfect and pure, was all powerful in interceding with her Son for the necessities of erring mankind. His Grace illustrated this part of his lecture by pointing out the course which a person in this world would pursue in order to affect his purpose. If he wanted a favor from one high in office was he not likely to solicit the intercession of some one who had influence with the party with whom he desired to succeed? If he was told to go straight to

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD.

In not many parts of Ontario has Catholic education, as imparted in our Separate schools, received such a noticeable and gratifying impetus as has of late years been given to it in the portions of this Archdiocese over which I have travelled, through the zeal of the Catholic clergy and the commendable co-operation of the Laity, augmented, if not superinduced by the bigoted and anti-Christian efforts of the worse than fanatical Mercenaries and McCarthys, who were defamed by the slogan of "Equal Rights," having been raised for the purpose of at least damaging what they were powerless to destroy, has long ceased to arouse even a dying echo, save occasionally in the masonry columns of the Toronto Mail.

About a year ago the erection of a capacious and very handsome school house in the suburbs of Kingston, in Hastings county, where no Separate school formerly existed, was completed. Fortune favored the trustees and ratepayers very highly in the selection of Miss Rose Duffy, of Montreal, as teacher. It was very gratifying to notice the appreciation of her painstaking and successful efforts to promote the advancement of the pupils, which prevailed throughout the academic year. There are ninety-five names on the school register, and the average daily attendance is very large. Miss Duffy also gives her very valuable services throughout the academic year, in the magnificent church which was erected a few years ago on a finely chosen site on an eminence overlooking the whole village.

The pastor of this church and also of St. John's Island, between which and Tweed's Stock Lake intervenes, is the Rev. F. Fleming, who is a young, vigorous and highly popular priest, very exhortative and eloquent in the pulpit, and who has a very thorough acquaintance of his sacerdotal duties, and eminently qualified in every manner to bear the onerous charge of the two churches and congregations over which he has been appointed pastor. Soon after my arrival in the parish I learned with deep regret that the esteemed pastor of the parish, Rev. C. J. Duffy, was suffering from a severe attack of grippe, and was unable to attend to his duties. I was very anxious in the minds of his parishioners, who have become deeply attached to him in the short time of about one year during which he has been in charge of the parish, and was able to relate that he is in a fair way towards recovery from the attack of that insidious and widespread malady.

PROSPECTS OF UNION.

Another effort has been made to reconcile the two opposing factions of the Irish Nationalists. William O'Brien, apparently of opinion that the recent Parnellite victories have widened the breach between them and their opponents, has proposed to John C. Redmond, in which he proposes that the existing differences be submitted to arbitration. Mr. O'Brien even offers to retire from public life, and to devote himself to the study of a course would tend to secure the end in view. The Irish Catholic has stated that the leading Parnellites are willing to cease the present feuds, and to unite in a common effort for Home Rule, on the condition that fourteen or fifteen seats shall be set apart for the members of Parliament who do not submit to the Parnellite policies, but the latter's opponents were slow to accept a more conciliatory frame of mind, and had adopted a better tone, which gave hopes of success of the movement in future.

A Letter from the Late Cardinal Simoni.

One of the last letters written by the late Cardinal Simoni addressed in Hamilton on the 14th, addressed to His Lordship the Right Rev. Thomas Joseph Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton, acknowledging with thanks the receipt of a generous contribution from the bishop and his flock in aid of the mission for the abolition of African slavery. The Cardinal adds that the Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. takes a heartfelt interest in the good work of the emancipation of the African slaves, and concludes by sending his kindest regards to the Bishop, and his blessing and that of the Holy Father to all who have aided in the good work. —Hamilton Times, Jan. 23.

DEATH OF FATHER MCCARTHY.

Corwall Freeholder, January 15.

On Sunday morning, 9th inst., the countless friends of Father McCarthy, of Williams-town, throughout this Eastern district, where he was universally known, received a painful shock when the telegraph wires flashed the news abroad that he had died shortly after midnight. It was known that he was slightly indisposed, but no fears were entertained of a fatal termination.

The previous Sunday, although suffering from an attack of influenza, he insisted against the advice of those around him, on celebrating Mass for his congregation. Later in the week symptoms of pneumonia appeared, by noon, Friday, the disease had developed rapidly, but he continued in a state of consciousness till within half an hour of his death, which occurred at 5 o'clock on Sunday. Fathers Corbett and Fitzpatrick were summoned to his bedside, and by 8 o'clock administered him the sacraments of the dying. He expressed himself as contented, and resigned to die, saying that he had no desire that his life should be prolonged; that this world had not been for him a bed of roses. To one of the priests, who recalled to him the mercy of God, he said, "I have full confidence in the infinite mercy of God, who knows the miseries of the clay we are made of." He also expressed his confidence in the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, saying, "I have preached devotion to her during my life, and she will not abandon me in this trying moment." After which he continued in a state of unconsciousness till within half an hour of his death.

Rev. Isaac John McCarthy was born in the city of Halifax, N. S., on the 13th day of October, 1845. When he was yet very young his parents moved to Kingston. His father, John McCarthy, was quarter-master of the forces. His mother, a distinguished type of womanhood, was soon elected President of an association established for the relief of the poor. By her zeal, energy and womanly tact she made the society what it came to be, a powerful instrument for good among the poor. Soon an epidemic made its appearance, and she lost her only child, a young orphan—both parents dying within twenty-four hours of each other.

From early youth he manifested signs of devotion to the priesthood. Entering Regiopolis College, he studied with great success the liberal sciences, and at the age of sixteen years had completed his class of rhetoric. He then proceeded to the Seminary of Quebec, where he studied philosophy and theology with marked distinction. He was ordained priest by Dr. Horan on 20th of June, 1868. His first appointment was to St. Mary's, Williams-town, Glengarry. He was raised to the rank of a newly-formed and scarcely organized parish. As may be easily understood he found much for his hand to do. Soon, under his skillful and zealous administration, the parish assumed a complete transformation. Catholic practices of devotion, not yet introduced into the Eastern section, sprang up and took vigorous root. Among other societies he established the Society of the Holy Family, and his instrumentalities, Williams-town was the first parish in the diocese, after Kingston, to enjoy the blessings of the Forty Hours. This devotion, so dear to every Catholic heart, soon became a source from which grace flowed abundantly, not only to every corner of his own parish, but also throughout the neighboring districts. But the crowning glory of his early life, Williams-town was the establishment of the convent for the education of the young women. Its beginnings were humble indeed. He purchased a dilapidated hotel, and had it refitted, and then he had a resort for persons addicted to cursing and obscene language, was transformed and became the abode of Our Blessed Lord, where prayers ascended to heaven in a constant stream. An incident worth relating took place on Friday afternoon during that time of painful anxiety, when he lay unconscious. The Sisters with devotion to his bedside in the chapel of the convent, which owed its establishment to his untiring labors and prayerful solicitude, to implore the God of justice to deal mercifully with him.

CHURCH OF OUR LADY, GUELPH.

There was a large congregation, in which people of all denominations were represented, at the Church of Our Lady on Sunday evening last, when the Rev. Father Kenny, in his own able manner, delivered an impressive sermon, founded upon the events which have occurred within the past few days in the history of the world, as narrated by the reaper. He opened his remarks by stating that on the 14th day of January, 1892, a day which will be memorable in the annals of English history, a sermon had been preached, so powerful and impressive, so far-reaching in its effects that all the world had felt its force. On that day the "stern reaper" had struck a blow at the foot of the mountain of error, and the Prince of the Royal house was cut off in the very flower of his manhood, an event which all the English-speaking world must regard as a great calamity. It would seem the rev. speaker said, as if the reaper Death might have been satisfied with this rich harvest as the result of one day's operations. But no, it must needs carry its sickle sickle, and good works, Cardinal Manning. The speaker said that with the death of Cardinal Manning an era had closed in the history of Catholicism in England. He compared the state of Catholicity at the time the Cardinal entered the Church with that of the present day, and made special reference to the efforts to secure the Catholic education of children. On Sunday evening, Feb. 14, Father Kenny will explain why a man such as the deceased Cardinal, who had nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by becoming a Catholic, took that step.

IN PRESS.

The success of Mr. Griffith's translation of the Abbe Fouard's "Life of Jesus" has encouraged the translator to undertake another volume of the author's series on the origin of the Church. "St. Peter and the First Years of Christianity" is in the printer's hands and will be published shortly by Longmans, Green & Co.

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As some have asked if this is really the Original Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, we are able to state that we have learned direct from the publishers that this is the very work complete, on which about 40 of the best years of the author's life were so wisely and so judiciously expended. The entire vocabulary of about 100,000 words, including the correct spelling, derivation and definition of same, and is the regular standard size, containing about 300,000 square inches of printed surface, and is bound in cloth.

A whole library in itself. The regular selling price of Webster's Dictionary has heretofore been \$12.00. N. B.—Dictionaries will be delivered free of cost in the Express Office in London. All orders must be accompanied with the cash. If the book is not entirely satisfactory to the purchaser it may be returned at our expense, the distance to be not more than 20 miles from London.

I am well pleased with Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. I find it a most valuable work. JOHN A. WYSE, Chatham, Ont.

Address, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, LONDON, ONT.

MARRIED.—A quiet but very pretty wedding took place in the Church of Our Lady of Oak Lake, Manitoba, son of Mr. W. H. Laidley, of Guelph township, was united in marriage to Miss Maggie, third daughter of respected farmer, Mr. John Murphy, of Mt. Tara. The bride was very becomingly attired, and both she and her sister, Miss Nellie, who acted in the capacity of bridesmaid, looked very charming. The groom was supported by Mr. J. R. Carey, of Northcote, Minn. The marriage was solemnized by Rev. Father Plante, S. J., at a special Mass which was celebrated at 5 o'clock, and the young couple left on the 5:30 train for their home. Miss Murphy was one of the most popular young ladies in the congregation of the Church of Our Lady, formerly in every good work in connection with the church, and a faithful and valuable member of the Sodality of the Children of Mary for some years. She will be much missed by many friends in this city, who wish her every happiness and prosperity in her new home. —Guelph Herald, Jan. 25.

Indigestion

It is not only a distressing complaint, of itself, but by causing the blood to become depraved and the system enfeebled, is the parent of innumerable maladies. That Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best cure for Indigestion, even when complicated with Liver Complaint, is proved by the following testimony from Mrs. Joseph Lake, of Brockway Centre, Mich.:—
"Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and came near ending my existence. For two or three years I suffered untold agony, was reduced almost to a skeleton, and hardly had strength to drag myself about. All kinds of food disagreed with me, and the most delicate could be digested at all. Within the time mentioned several physicians treated me without giving relief. Nothing that I could do improved my condition. My appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, my strength increasing day by day, and before a few months of faithful attention to your directions, I found myself a well woman, able to attend to all household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life."

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As some have asked if this is really the Original Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, we are able to state that we have learned direct from the publishers that this is the very work complete, on which about 40 of the best years of the author's life were so wisely and so judiciously expended. The entire vocabulary of about 100,000 words, including the correct spelling, derivation and definition of same, and is the regular standard size, containing about 300,000 square inches of printed surface, and is bound in cloth.

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Address, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, LONDON, ONT.

SECTS, SECTARIAN MINISTERS, AND THE QUESTION OF HONESTY.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Personally, I may say that (waiving all question as to inculpable error or heterodoxy, of which God alone will judge) I have much regard for the clergy of all denominations who do not make themselves odious by their fanaticism, malevolence, or palpable dishonesty. The larger portion, however, I believe to be well-meaning men, having at heart the objects and interests of religion, and of their profession, in respect to which their zeal is certainly very apparent. As a class, therefore, I esteem them, though holding them to be wholly unentitled to be regarded as ministers "of God," whether authorized as ministers of the various non-Catholic Churches or not. I so hold, for the reason (among other reasons) that it is clearly repugnant to a rational conception of the attributes of Him who is Perfect Wisdom and Truth to suppose that He has instituted a system which not simply excuses, but practically invites and involves contradictory results, where the objective reality, i. e., the Divine Idea in Revelation, is real only in its one designed sense. On the ministerial question, the Rev. Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, seems to me to recognize his true position in the clerical world as one simply of Christian manhood, holding apparently a view of apostolical or ministerial succession, which (even were their claim to mere "orders" admitted) must be pronounced to be hardly less applicable to what a Congregationalist preacher in England recently called "the arrogant historical Episcopate." The preacher referred to was alluding, of course, to the English Bishops—an "historical Episcopate" originating as a new organization and State establishment in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and deriving jurisdiction from her, through Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, who, in fact, acknowledged holding "the said Archbishopric of Canterbury, and the possessions of the same, entirely, as well the spiritualities as the temporalities thereof, only of the Queen's Majesty and Crown Royal."

"Go preach the Gospel," said Dr. Talmage a short time ago, to his audience at Chautauqua: "You say you are not licensed: 'You say you are not licensed this morning, I license you. Go preach the Gospel—preach it in the Sabbath schools—in the prayer meetings—in the highways—in the hedges.'" "Preaching the Gospel devolves upon all," says another, Dr. Parker (of Toronto conference). These views, however, cannot be said to be very novel, though we are told by the Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., of the 23rd street Baptist church, New York, that it was the late Rev. Ward Beecher of Brooklyn, who "gave America a free pulpit," for (as he explains), "He stood up upon his manhood for his charter as a minister, etc." But, on the other hand, it may obviously be objected, that without taking exception to liberty of speech between man and man, and raising no question as to the latitude to be avowed for fair expositions and arguments of men with each other, or for the benefit of their hearers, in regard to religious questions; still, as between man and his Maker, it is certain that no "right" can possibly exist in any human being to mutilate the Word, by passing off a few picked phrases, or chosen doctrines, as if, literally, comprehending the entire gospel of God, unconditioned by Revelation as a whole, or by the facts accompanying it. Take, for example, the following excerpt from the Rev. Dr. Talmage: "You say, 'there are so many things I have to believe, and so many things in the shape of a creed that I have to adopt, that I am kept back.' No, no! you need believe but two things, namely, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and that you are one of them." Dr. Talmage, I must admit, makes, at times, some very instructive and wise observations, but as to the sentiment here expressed, which is defective in point of strict accuracy, let it suffice to answer in the words of Jeremiah xxiii., 28: "The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath My word, let him speak My word faithfully."

Now that ministers of the Churches are beginning to realize the futility of the old reform platform, by which it was thought practicable, upon non-Catholic principles, to preserve intact some cherished doctrines or remnants of Revelation, as understood by the new lights; the absurdity, too, of supposing it possible to harmonize Church authority with the asserted supremacy of private judgment being likewise now acknowledged by thinking men, it may be asked, what development are we next to look for after revision of the beliefs of non-Catholic Churches has been accomplished? Clearly, it seems to me, that as the root principle of sectarianism is not at all consistent with development of a unitive and harmonious character; but, on the contrary, is forever giving rise to further diversities, disintegrations and denials, thus continuously effecting a more and more complex heterogeneity of beliefs, it is difficult to see how results differing essentially from those heretofore obtained can be expected from it in the future. It appears to me, therefore, considering the facts of the case, and having in view the circumstances of those who cannot be reached by arguments from reason confirming Catholic principles, that it would certainly be a desideratum to inaugurate some method of arousing the lethargic multitude to a sense of their individual responsibilities, under their professed rule of faith; and so hasten the final issue, while in the meantime rescuing souls from sectarian domination. What the good people really require is to be recalled to the fact that they do not at all fulfil their obligations by cultivating the emotional side of religion or indulging in mere sentiment, whilst relegating to others their personal duty of rational investigation, thus abdication, as it were, their manhood, and submitting to be swayed and controlled by the beliefs, in beliefs, unbeliefs and imaginations of ministers, whose principles debar them from claiming for themselves, or and who, though assuming the role of protecting grace or authority to teach; and who, though assuming the imposing name of ministers "of God," are in reality simply and solely ministers "of man"—specialists, of course, I would say, in the interests of the organizations to which they respectively belong, but possessing merely their own or other purely human calling and authority. Even as specialists, moreover, it appears to me that (aside from Christian doctrines and morals not distinctively Protestant, but, on the contrary, borrowed originally from the Catholic Church or Catholic divines; and now, for the time being, forming part of the credenda or teaching of sectarian bodies) the instrumentality of the ministers, as instructors, cannot be said to be of any special importance, so far as Christian faith is concerned, if it be assumed that it is not at all the notions and glosses of the preacher but the identical "Word" itself as addressed to the individual soul which conditions "faith" properly so called. Be this as it may, however, it is at least certain that since what is false can be no subject of supernatural revelation, neither can it be an object of divine faith.

The Rev. Dr. Chas. Hodge, Professor at Princeton, in his Systematic Theology, Vol. 1, p. 183, says: "The Bible is a plain book. It is intelligible by the people. And they have the right, and are bound to read and interpret it for themselves." And certainly if the Bible, as interpreted by private judgment, be the divine rule of faith, individual duty in regard to it must be obvious enough. What, however, in this case, the "people" have to do, is, as Hodge remarks, "to interpret for themselves," and not, by dereliction of duty, and a degrading surrender of intellect, rest upon the interpretations of ministers, whose incompetency as reliable guides for others is virtually, if not formally, admitted by themselves.

Recognizing, then, individually, their personal obligations in this connection, the result of the "people's" inquiries would, no doubt, in many cases be enlightenment to the fact that sectarian Churches, being of purely human institution, must, as Churches "of God," be held to be sheer nullities, though, as associations or State establishments, more or less Christian, ranking as to authority with the Salvation Army, or Bible, Tract, Temperance, or Young Men's Christian societies, composed, for the most part, of very worthy people, they naturally, of course, as agencies for the promotion of religious sentiment or feeling, enlist much consideration and sympathy. Having advanced so far in their investigations, and reading the conclusion indicated (for which, indeed, it seems to me, any reasoning man must find that a priori considerations abundantly suffice, there should not, I think, be much difficulty in realizing the further fact that unsectarian Churches have not, heretofore, failed to develop congenial unrealities in respect both to their doctrines and practice. This assertion might easily be substantiated by illustration; but, waiving consideration of the point here, I merely, as bearing upon it, add a suggestion to interested investigators, of the desirability of adopting a "motto," preliminary to their personal enquiries, viz: "Hold fast that which is true and good; but search out untruths and shams."

Regarding the questions of sincerity and of inculpable errors or defects in matters of belief, upon which, as involving personal considerations beyond human ken and judgment, it is not possible to pronounce definitely—we, nevertheless, should not lose sight of some related points, which at times seem to be overlooked by a class of divines who argue as if simple "honesty" as to beliefs and disbeliefs places the heterodoxy on the same level with the orthodoxy, so far as necessary beliefs are concerned. Here, however, it appears to be assumed not merely that a minimum of religious beliefs may suffice for the extremely ignorant, or persons having no knowledge whatever of distinctively Christian doctrine, but that it should also suffice for all Christians who profess to be guided by either Bible or Church. As bearing upon these points, however, there are some considerations which should not be overlooked. In the first place to adopt, and partially paraphrase, some observations of the late Archbishop Kenrick, when Bishop of Philadelphia, it is clear that "though sincerity, like ignorance, may extenuate, and sometimes excuse, what is wrongfully done, it is no passport to beatitude." Nevertheless, the grace purchased by the death of Christ may be bestowed by Divine mercy even on those who have never heard the saving name. Yet as the reception of the Word is obligatory on those to whom it is authoritatively promulgated, and as faith necessarily implies assent to the whole

revelation of God, written or unwritten, the question obviously arises whether faith can possibly exist in cases where the evidences having been sufficiently "presented to challenge investigation and move assent, the authority of the Church and her doctrines are nevertheless positively rejected." The Bishop responds to this question in the negative, expressing, at the same time, his inability to offer a more favorable opinion, even where a pious disposition is cherished, and some of the chief Christian mysteries accepted, while, prejudices interfering, other Christian mysteries or doctrines are "positively rejected." For faith, the reception of all revealed truth, is certainly incompatible with the rejection of any one revealed doctrine, authoritatively delivered. To suppose otherwise is to make God's gracious operations "clash with His institutions." I need not here remark upon the question of what might, in a sense, be called the quasi-sacramental character of the Word, as authoritatively promulgated. But when speaking of faith it will, of course, be understood that "faith" is meant, not mere "opinion," which latter, though not in the order of grace, really seems to be the guiding light of most non-Catholics, who apparently have no higher conception of matters of faith than as religious "opinions," which, as such, can neither be of general nor of permanent obligation.

But again, on the point of honesty, there are some special considerations to be noticed. For instance, can it suffice to believe that hap-hazard Protestant opinions (I speak of distinctively Protestant opinions, apart from the doctrinal and moral teaching borrowed from the Catholic Church), traditionally inherited from "reformers," or derived from other unauthorized and notoriously one-sided malcontents (as the word Protestant sufficiently implies), to absolve the enquirer from the personal duty and honesty of rational investigation? Is a false conscience an impossibility? (Proverbs xvi., 25.) Is it not a well-known fact, that, with rare exceptions, sectarian ministers display an extreme aversion to the perusal of Catholic publications? Is it often we find them fairly representing Catholic doctrine? Is it often, and not rather remarkably seldom, that they give evidence of having seriously and dispassionately investigated for themselves Catholic principles, in Catholic authors? And is it mainly, or consistent, or honest, for professed free enquirers to accept as final the statements of prejudiced, bigoted and fanatical opponents of Catholicity? Frankly, I may say, as to my own personal experience, after thirty years multifarious reading of religious controversies, sermons, expositions and essays, that, contrasting Catholic writers with their opponents, I have found the former almost universally to be, at all times, incomparably the more temperate, considerate, generous, charitable, unprejudiced and fair. Their antagonists, on the contrary (though of late years really scholarly men show much improvement), I have, with few exceptions, found illiberal, intemperate, uncharitable, bigoted, fanatical, or unfair to say nothing of their mere mistakes, or of the very imperfect knowledge they almost uniformly exhibit on Catholic topics.

But, furthermore, the question emerges, as to the moral responsibility of persons of intelligence, culture, discernment, and capacity for research, to whom the Word has been graciously proposed from time to time in one way or another. How far honesty or sincerity, in such cases, will serve to cover inconsiderateness and negligence I do not here enquire, though it is to be feared that in some instances the words of St. Paul may not be inapplicable: "If our Gospel be hidden, it is hidden to those who perish; in whom the God of this world hath blinded the minds of unbelievers, that the light of the Gospel of the glory of Christ should not shine unto them." After, however, considering all points bearing upon the question of the honesty or dishonesty of individual Christians, who "certify concerning the faith," (and I must confess that in my judgment very much more can be said in favor of the lay people of the sects than for their ministerial instructors, who in reality are practically both Church and Bible to probably ninety-nine per cent of their lay followers,) the fact remains that salvation is by grace "through faith," which is "the gift of God," and "not of words." (Eph. ii. 8, 9.)

A HAPPY HINT.—We don't believe in keeping a good thing when we hear of it, and for this reason take special pleasure in recommending those suffering with Piles in any form, blind, bleeding, protruding, etc., to get a bottle of the best and safest remedy in the world, the use of which cuts short a vast deal of suffering and inconvenience. Send 25 cents to the Wholesale and Retail Druggists, Baltimore, Md., or ask your druggist to order for you.

Mrs. H. Hall, Navarino, N. Y., writes: "For years I have been troubled with Liver Complaint. The doctors said my liver was hardened and enlarged. I was troubled with dizziness, pain in my shoulder, constipation, and gradually losing flesh all the time. I was under the care of three physicians, but did not get any relief. A friend sent me a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and the benefit I have received from it is far beyond my expectation. I feel better now than I have done for years."

FATHER SHERMAN.

The Immense Audience Carried Away By His Eloquence.

Father Thomas Ewing Sherman's fame as an accomplished orator had evidently preceded him, for when he stepped into the pulpit at St. Francis Xavier's Church in West 10th street, New York, to preach his first sermon in New York city, the seats and aisles were filled from the chancel to the outer door.

Several thousand persons were turned away from the church, because it was not big enough to hold them. It was so uncomfortable inside on account of the heat and crowd, that several women fainted and had to be carried out during the sermon.

Father Sherman does not look unlike his illustrious father, Gen. Sherman, and he showed in the vigorous attack which he made upon the arguments used by infidels and agnostics to support their belief, much of the same determined spirit that Gen. Sherman exhibited on his march to the sea. Father Sherman is tall and slender, and the lines of his pale face are clear cut and refined.

A WONDERFUL VOICE.—He speaks rapidly and his gestures are few but forcible. His manner of speaking is very easy and he has a voice so clear and penetrating that the softest tone could be distinctly heard in every part of the building, and as it became louder in the impassioned parts of the discourse, it seemed to roll through the structure like a note of the big organ in the choir gallery.

The audience was at times spell-bound by his flights of eloquence and appeals to men and women to live aright. Father Sherman felt the sympathy of his hearers, who in turn had been deeply touched by his wonderful personal magnetism and presence, and the priests who heard the sermon say he was never more eloquent.

The discourse, which was a plea in favor of the Bible against the attacks of Rationalism, was founded on the last book of St. John, Chapter xxii., verse 24, which reads as follows: "This is that disciple who gives the testimony of these and hath written of these; and we know that his testimony is true."

A DEFENSE OF ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL.—He said in part: "The Gospel of St. John is the foundation of the Universal Church. It stands as a splendid historic monument, and the assaults of time only strengthen it. Our faith to be a pleasure and lasting must be reasonable and founded on argument, and the best argument in the world is the four books of St. John.

"St. John's Gospel is the last account of the life of Christ and it is the best. It is intended to supply the gaps and make up what is deficient in the other histories of Christ's life. Rationalists fire the hot shot of criticism at the Gospel of St. John, but they do not have the slightest effect upon the argument of St. John, and his story and doctrine only shine the brighter in the work of adverse opinions.

look at the book itself. Jerusalem was totally destroyed in the latter part of the first century. Not one stone was left standing on another, but the writer of St. John's Gospel certainly was there before the destruction and knew all about it.

Reason for Believing in the Church.—As in the material creation, one eye discovers beauty in the tree, the flower or the plant different from those observed by another eye guided by a different intelligence, so the mind of each man, viewing the Church which God has made, will look at it according to the peculiarity of his own mind and see the truth with greater or less force, but nevertheless with sufficient reason to avoid a mistake, and hence each man may give a different reason why he believes in the Catholic Church. But the first reason is: The grace of God, the light of the Holy Ghost, for without it no man can receive the gift of faith. This grace is obtained by prayer, which is the universal means of salvation. As God is prior to Satan, as good is prior to falsehood, so is the Church of God prior to all these that are not of God. Hence we are most reasonable in adhering to that Church which is universal in time, for this everlasting existence proves its Divine origin.—Bishop Brondee.

Drunkenness.—Here is the doctrine of the Catholic Church on the subject of drunkenness. It is so clear and in such accord with common sense that it requires no explanation. A simple statement will suffice: 1. "Whoever drinks deliberately to such an extent as to lose his reason commits a mortal sin." 2. "Whoever knows, by past experience, that when drunk he is accustomed to blasphemous or improper language, or to injure others about him, besides the sin of drunkenness, is guilty of those other crimes committed during the state of intoxication." 3. "Whoever does not adopt the proper means for the correction of this vicious habit of drunkenness remains in a continual state of sin." 4. "Whoever entices and urges another to excess in drinking, whom he forces will be intoxicated, commits a mortal sin." 5. "Any seller of liquor who continues to supply to any individual that he knows will become intoxicated therewith, commits a mortal sin, because he deliberately co-operates in the grievous sin of another." 6. "Whoever is guilty of excess in drinking, though not to intoxication, in such a way as to cause distress to his family by squandering that which is needed for their support, commits a mortal sin against charity and justice. In like manner, who ever thus renders himself unable to pay his lawful debts, although he may not drink to intoxication, commits a mortal sin."—Rev. Patrick O'Brien, C. T. A. News.

C. C. Jacobs, N. Y., says: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cured a bad case of piles of 8 years' standing, having tried almost every known remedy." Besides two Buffalo Physicians, "without relief," but the Oil cured him; he thinks it cannot be recommended too highly.

SIX YEARS' SUFFERING.—DEAR SIR:—I was troubled for six years with erysipelas, and two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters entirely cured me. I keep B. B. constantly in the house and think it an effectual cure for all diseases caused by bad blood.

MRS. M. DOWSETT, Portland, Ont. A Prompt Result.—DEAR SIR:—Two years ago I was very ill with jaundice and tried many medicines which did me no good until I was advised to try B. B., when, after using half a bottle, I was effectually cured.

CHARLOTTE MORTON, Elphinstone, Man. VICTORIA CARBOLIC SALVE is a great aid to internal medicine in the treatment of sore throats, sores, ulcers and abscesses of all kinds.

"German Syrup" For Throat and Lungs Hemorrhage.—"I have been ill for about five years, have had the best medical advice, and I took the first dose in some doubt. This result was no further hemorrhage till next day, when I had a slight attack which stopped almost immediately. By the third day all trace of blood had disappeared and I had recovered much strength. The fourth day I sat up in bed and ate my dinner, the first solid food for two months. Since that time I have gradually gotten better and am now able to move about the house. My death was daily expected and my recovery has been a great surprise to my friends and the doctor. There can be no doubt about the effect of German Syrup, as I had an attack just previous to its use. The only relief was after the first dose." J. R. LOUGHHEAD, Adelaide—Australia.

OUT OF HARM'S WAY



There's no cause for fear here. The fence is high and the chain is strong, and a sense of safety and satisfaction comes over the woman, something like that which comes to her when she uses "Sunlight" Soap, and sees how it does away with hard work and turns toil into ease. Then she is safe in the knowledge that this Soap cannot harm the tenderest skin or finest fabric. For purity it has no equal. Try it.

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OUR BO There is a garden in a flowers began plant. The oak was flowers, the stand alone, t fruit. But a up its head a golden sunsh The king stooped to kiss you so bright others are sad "I thought you put me h bright as I co best I could, pansy." Boys and G just where G A F The follow simple metho man to count apt to take th When M. Minister of t visit one day sending up h the great u discussion ar Suddenly handed the M ing it he at voice, and as manner. Fuzzled a and the mar produced up east a furth his astonish was simply without a su More puzzl man, after leave, and p servant, to for he hims the Interior. "You hav to the Minist had a most paper, with What did it "Sir," he is the expl you to keep compromise very libe himself is a has orderd in the rais in the plac a show and take i him that h ter of him, self. Just and imm instruction "Tom, t less boy I e upset gray the spoils you need up for you and replac which Tom sage throu "I'd say if you had Tom as a sh door to join for him "Sister, Won't you Nellie, con slate. "You n to underst that," Ma the slate in hand. "Fuss with have any "Never "O, yo pose I can and very able man puzzling where her "Maria stop at peaches, before he "No, member, minded al pettishly, go and o "You her motto age to wa when Tom "No, i go," he executed It was Marian walk, she cool off. A gree dropped in house, ar tatively a "It's t good a h have suc isn't it? "Yes, chestnut such a p in, fan brimmed "Yet is sharp, a velvet and the where th place th think of "Wh est.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Pansy. There is a fable told about a king's garden in which all the trees and flowers began to fret and make complaint.

A Poet Answered. The following anecdote shows the simple method used by a French statesman to control his temper, which was apt to take the bit in its mouth:

When M. de Persigny was French Minister of the Interior, he received a visit one day from a friend who, on sending up his name, was shown into the great man's sanctum. A warm discussion arose between them.

Suddenly a servant entered and handed the Minister a note. On opening it he at once changed his tone of voice, and assumed a quiet and urbane manner.

Puzzled at the contents of the note, and the marked effect it had suddenly produced upon the Minister, his friend cast a furtive glance at it, when, to his astonishment, he perceived that it was simply a plain sheet of paper, without a scratch upon it!

More puzzled than ever, the gentleman, after a few minutes, took his leave, and proceeded to interrogate the servant, to whom he was well known for he himself had been a Minister of the Interior.

"You have," said he, "just handed to the Minister a note, folded up, which had a most extraordinary effect upon him. Now, it was a plain sheet of paper, with nothing written upon it. What did it mean?"

"Sir," replied the servant, "here is the explanation, which I must beg you to keep secret, for I do not wish to compromise myself. My master is very liable to lose his temper. As he himself is aware of his weakness, he has ordered me, each time that his voice is raised sufficiently to be audible in the ante-room, without delay to place a sheet of paper in an envelope and take it to him. That reminds him that his temper is getting the better of him, and he at once calms himself. Just now I heard his voice rising, and immediately carried out my instructions."

A Prickly Preacher. "Tom, Tom! You are the most careless boy I ever knew. Now you have upset grandmother's work-basket and the spoons have run everywhere. No, you needn't come back. I'll pick it up for you!" and Marian gathered up and replaced the contents of the basket, which Tom had upset in his hasty passage through the room.

"I'd say you were a brick Marian, if you hadn't scolded so!" exclaimed Tom as he rushed through the front door to join some boys who were waiting for him to go fishing.

"Sister, I can't get this sum right. Won't you help me?" asked little Nellie, coming into the room with her slate.

"You must be dreadfully stupid not to understand such a simple thing as that," Marian answered, as she took the slate impatiently out of the child's hand. "Now if I have to stop and fuss with your old arithmetic, I shan't have any time to practice!"

"Never mind," said Nellie, meekly. "O, you needn't go away. I suppose I can spare the time somehow, and very clearly, though in a disagreeable manner, Marian explained the puzzling example, so Nellie found out where her mistake had been.

"Marian," called her mother from the kitchen. "I am afraid Tom forgot to stop at the grocery's and order the peaches. Did you remind him again before he went?"

"No, I thought he ought to remember for once without being reminded all the time," Marian answered, pettishly. "I suppose I have got to go and order them."

"You need not if you are busy," her mother answered. "I can manage to wait for them till this afternoon, when Tom comes home."

"A little friend of mine, who has the kindest heart possible. She is always ready to do a kindness for any one, and she never refuses to grant a favor, but she always is so ungracious about her kind deeds, and says so many sharp, irritating things that one is tempted to forget the warm heart underneath and remember only the prickly burr. If she would only do her kind deeds in a kindly way they would be doubly appreciated."

Marian blushed. "I suppose you mean me, grandfather," she said, after a little pause. "I didn't think it mattered much if I did grumble a little, as long as I always do what I am asked."

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

Sad Career of Him who Might be Named Ireland's Edgar Allan Poe.

ONE OF THE SWEETEST POETS OF THE CENTURY - IN LIFE HE KNEW NAUGHT BUT MISERY - HIS MISFORTUNES LARGELY DUE TO HIS FATHER - HIS CAREER AS A CLERK - DEPOSED IN LOVE - HIS WRITINGS AND LITERARY WORK.

Mary J. O'nehan in the Chicago Evening Post. In Glasnevin cemetery, where Ireland has gathered to her bosom some of her bravest, her most gifted sons, is a grave unmarked by stone or slab, one that is dear to the hearts of Irishmen the world over - the grave of James Clarence Mangan.

Many a tear has fallen on it, many a prayer been murmured over it since that summer dire and terrible in Irish history, when the wasted body of Clarence Mangan was laid in the dust. Those restless, wild blue eyes were closed at last in a sleep untroubled by dreams, that heart tumultuous and breaking was at last forever stilled. Here the sternest will may relent, the severest soften to pity. He who in life knew naught but misery and wretchedness and despair surely in death deserves only our kindness and our commiseration. The uniformly woeful career of Mangan has been often and sadly told. Mitchell told it in '59 in a brief introduction to a volume of his poems - told it as his friend and helper might well tell it; with tenderness, with pity and with sorrow.

James Clarence Mangan, like Moore, was the son of a grocer, and was born in Fishamble street, Dublin, May 1, 1803. His father, he tells us in the fragment of an autobiography found after his death, treated him and his brothers and sister "as a huntsman would treat refractory hounds."

"We often boasted," says Mangan, "that we would run into a mouse hole to shun him." Indeed, the poet attributed ALL HIS MISFORTUNES to his father. He was an improvident man, let the little business he had slip through his fingers, and then gave himself up to listlessness and despair. We need not wonder that poverty soon gave place to actual want in the Mangan household. Reared in an atmosphere of curses and intemperance, of cruelty, infidelity and blasphemy, it is not surprising that Clarence Mangan was a trembling, a stunted and uncanny child. What little school education he got was acquired at a small "Popish seminary" in Derby square. His schooling lasted until he was thirteen. Then for seven years he labored as a scrivener's clerk and contrived out of the miserable pittance he received to help support that wretched household. "I was taken from my books, obliged to relinquish my solitary rambles and musings and compelled for the miserable pittance of a few shillings weekly to herd with the coarsest of associates."

One of his biographers alludes to a gap in his life, of which there is no record - into which he entered a bright-haired youth and emerged a withered and stricken man." Possibly it is the period of which Mangan writes: "My physical and moral torments, my endurance from cold, heat, hunger and fatigue, and that isolation of mind which was, perhaps, worse than all, in the end flung me into a fever and I was transmitted to a hospital." He left the hospital "old in soul, though young in years." It was, doubtless, among the evil associates of the scrivener's office that Mangan first fell a victim to the demon of drink - that demon in whose clutches he was all his life to struggle and to whose power he was finally to succumb. The worse and the better self! What strange bedfellows they make! Indeed, IT SEEMED FATED that no human misery should be alien to him. It was probably before his complete downfall that Mangan went through that other great branch in the curriculum of his education. He fell in love (as what Irishman does not?) and he was deceived. The fair Frances was false. She captured his heart, toyed a while with it, then coolly flung it back to him and "whistled him down the wind." Those beautiful lines purporting to be a ballad from

Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls. The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 16, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$5; 3rd, \$3; 4th, \$1; 5th to 10th, a Handmade Book; and a pretty picture to those who send not less than 12 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, 18 Scott St., Toronto, not later than 25th of each month, and marked "Competition," also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winners' names will be published in The Toronto Mail on first Saturday in each month.

D. H. CUNNINGHAM, importer of Diamonds, Watches and Jewellery. Manufacturing and Fine Watch Repairing. 77 Yonge Street, second door North of King, Toronto.

Ruochoert were surely wasted upon her:

"I saw her once - one little while and then no more. 'Twas paradise on earth awhile and then no more. Ah! what avails my vigils pale, my magic lore? She shone before my eyes awhile and then no more. The shallop of my peace is wrecked on beauty's shore. Near hope's fair isle it rode awhile and then no more. I saw her once, one little while, and then no more. Earth looked like heaven a little while, and then no more. Her presence thrilled and lighted to its inner core. My desert breast a little while and then no more."

Thanks to the efforts of Dr. Todd and to one or two other friends, Mangan obtained employment in the magnificent library of Trinity College, of which Dr. Todd was the librarian. He was set to work making an improved catalogue of the books - a labor for which his varied and polyglot studies eminently fitted him. Here Mangan acquired or perfected his wild and miscellaneous stock of learning. He was fluent in the German, French, and Spanish tongues, but his knowledge of Persian, Coptic and other oriental languages seemed to have been purely visionary. Many of his poems he sent in as translations. When asked why he gave credit to others for what was his own - attributed to Hafiz lines that were entirely original - he answered pathetically: "HAFIZ PAID BETTER THAN MANGAN."

Whether through diffidence or through patriotism (patriotism in Ireland always includes hatred of everything English) he never contributed a line to an English newspaper or periodical. His poems appeared in the Dublin Penny Journal and the Dublin University Magazine. In 1842 the Nation was started and for five years Mangan was a weekly contributor to its columns. When Mitchell left the Nation in '47 Mangan followed him and attached himself to the fortunes of the new mouthpiece, the United Irishman.

Regular employment, that sure steader of genius, did little to steady the genius of Mangan. At times he would disappear entirely, be lost for weeks and months, none knowing whither he had gone; then he would re-appear as suddenly as he had vanished, only more wretched, more haggard and more forlorn. The one fatal weakness reduced him almost to the verge of insanity.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was his staunch friend and loyal helper, and to him Mangan often appealed in his direst extremity. Witness the following letter: "MY DEAR DUFFY: I am utterly prostrated. I am in a state of absolute desolation of spirit. For the pity of God come to me. I have ten words to say to you. I implore you come. Do not suffer me to believe that I am abandoned by God and man. I cannot stir out - cannot look any one in the face. Regard this as my last request and comply with it as if you suppose me dying. I am hardly able to hold the pen, but I will not, and dare not, take any stimulants to enable me to do so. Too long and fatally already have I been playing that game with my shattered nerves. Enough. God bless you. Oh, come! "Ever yours, J. M."

The letter is followed by a series of solemn promises made "in the name of God Almighty," chief of which is the pledge to live soberly, abstemiously and regularly. Needless to say the promises were again broken. He was living at this time in A MISERABLE BACK ROOM destitute of every comfort, a porter bottle doing duty for a candlestick and a blanketless pallet for a bed and a writing table, his only companion a sick brother who added to his anxieties, his only hope that life was not endless, that death was surely coming for them both. Death came at last and Mangan answered willing to his call. Broken in health and spirits he had, in '47, obtained admission to St. Vincent's Hospital, but left there in a fit of frenzy, the doctors having refused him stimulants. For two years life dragged on its miserable course, till at length one morning in June, 1849, the news spread about that Mangan was dying, a victim to that terrible epidemic, cholera, then raging in Ireland.

From the sheds at Kilmainham he had been moved to the Meath Hospital, where, on June 20, he breathed his last. His death was as peaceful as his life had been troubled. He had always been a sincere Catholic at heart, though often careless and indifferent in practice. When told that he could not recover he said playfully to a friend who had sat by his bedside, "I feel that I am going. I know that I must go 'unhanselled' and 'unanelled,' but you must not let me go unshriven and unanointed." He received the last sacraments of the Church, and with the words "O Mary, Queen of Mercy," upon his lips, Erin's Edgar Poe passed away. So vanished that gentle spirit of whom it was said: "No one wish of his heart was ever fulfilled, no aspiration satisfied; he passionately loved all sights and sounds of nature, yet his

hard fate held him chained in the dreariest haunts of a crowded city all his life; he pined to sit under the shade of tropic trees or to sweep the great desert on a barb from Alexandria; yet he never left Ireland; never, perhaps, penetrated farther into the country than the hills of Wicklow."

LOWELL'S LAST GOOD TALK.

The following paragraphs, which we clip from the London Weekly Register, will probably prove more interesting to American than to English readers. We are glad to discover that an American so highly eulogized by the Protestant press of this country admitted the justice of Catholic claims to religious education. The Register quotes from Mr. Raymond Blathwayte, who thinks that he was the last Englishman with whom Lowell had a good talk:

"Cardinal Manning," said Lowell, "is a perpetual puzzle to me. An English gentleman, an Italian Cardinal, a prince and a courtier, a Radical Reformer - there is a curious mixture - and yet one of the most winning of men." He was much interested in my telling him of some conversations I had with the Cardinal. "I asked His Eminence once," I said, "if he was not now and again conscious of the old leaven of Protestantism." And Mr. Lowell laughed heartily when I told him that the Cardinal smiled and laid his hand on my knee, and said, "Do you know that that is a very home question indeed?" "I quite believe it," remarked Mr. Lowell. "I can distinctly trace Puritan influence here in America in Roman Catholics."

"Lowell was evidently pleased when I told him that only a few days previously the Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York, Dr. Corrigan, had been regretting to me that the old spirit of Puritanism was dying out in America. "Did he, indeed?" was the poet's reply. "That is very interesting and a very noble remark for him to make. But the decay of our Puritanism is only in creed; its influence amongst all classes is strong and healthy still. Referring to the Roman Catholics, it is essential to remember that we influence Rome quite as much as she influences us; it is perhaps a delicate political matter for me to discuss, but I must say that I think their demands as to the religious education of their children are not only natural, but reasonable."

No one who knows or knows of the excellent Archbishop of New York will misunderstand the sense in which he spoke. The Puritans were a narrow-minded, selfish, fanatical race; but they had sterling virtues, which it is much to be regretted their descendants do not generally emulate. - Ace Maria.

Not Luck But Work.

"Twenty clerks in a store, twenty hands in a printing office, twenty apprentices in a ship yard, twenty young men in a town, all want to get on in the world, and expect to do so," says an old merchant.

"One of the clerks will become partner, and make a fortune; one of the compositors will own a newspaper, and become an influential citizen; one of the apprentices will become a master builder; one of the villagers will get a handsome farm, and live like a patriarch - but which one is the lucky individual? Luck! There is no luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the rule of three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who devotes his leisure to the acquisition of knowledge; who gains friends by deserving them, and who saves his spare money. There are some ways to fortune shorter than this dusty old highway, but the staunch men of the community, the men who achieve something really worth having - good fortune, good name and serene old age - all go in this road."

Mr. H. B. McKinnon, painter, Mount Albert, says: "Last summer my system got impregnated with the lead and turpentine used in painting; my body was covered with scarlet spots as large as a 25 cent piece, and I was in such a state that I could scarcely walk. I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and at once commenced taking it in large doses, and before one-half the bottle was used there was not a spot to be seen, and I never felt better in my life."

Coming Events. Coming events are foreshadowed by a hacking cough, night sweats, pain in the chest, etc. Arrest its progress at once by taking Hagar's Pectoral Balsam, which never fails to cure coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness, etc., and even in confirmed consumption affords great relief.

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Advertisement for 'SURPRISE' soap, featuring an illustration of a woman and a box of soap. Text includes 'WOMAN' and 'SOAP'.

Advertisement for EPPS'S COCOA, BREAKFAST. Text describes the product as 'GRATEFUL-COMFORTING' and lists 'JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists London, England.'

Advertisement for THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY, AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE. Includes a list of prizes and ticket information.

Advertisement for JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF, The Great Strength-giver. Text describes it as 'The most perfect form of Concentrated Nourishment.'

Advertisement for HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT. Text describes the pills as 'Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.'

Advertisement for MASS WINE, WILSON BROTHERS. Text describes the wine as 'Have just received a direct importation of the choicest and purest Mass Wine.'

Advertisement for ECKERMANN & WILL, The Candle Manufacturers, SYRACUSE, N. Y. Text describes their products as 'Church Candles' and 'ALTAIR BRAND, PURISSIMA BRAND.'

Advertisement for Cheap Money to Loan. Text describes the service as 'Having received a considerable sum for investment, we are in a position to loan at low rates to those applying at once.'

Advertisement for WILSON & RANAHAN GROCERS. Text describes their location at 265 Dundas St. and lists various goods like 'NEW TEA', 'NEW COFFEES', and 'SUGARS'.

Advertisement for ALWAYS TRUE. RHEUMATISM - COL. DAVID WYLLIE. ST. JACOBS OIL. NEURALGIA. Text includes a testimonial and the slogan 'IT IS THE BEST.'

