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The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—BALMEZ.

VOL. I.—No. 7.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

A criticism upon Mr. Charlton's visit to Washington by the member for East York brought forth in the Dominion Parliament a long defence. Mr. Charlton replied by saying that these charges of annexation against the Liberal party did the country a gross injustice, as it led the people of the United States to believe that Canada is ripe for annexation. For his own part there was nothing in his birth or life that prevented him being loyal to British institutions. Private business arising out of a vessel which he owned had taken him to Washington. While there he learned a good deal of the feeling of public men towards Canada. "I affirm without hesitation," said Mr. Charlton, "that we can get reciprocity from the Cleveland Administration upon fair and equitable terms." He read a resolution from the Hon. J. G. Carlisle of Kentucky, who is marked out as most likely to be Secretary of the Treasury under President Cleveland, which resolution urges the appointment of commissioners by Canada and the United States to consider trade relations, and to recommend the adoption of such legislation as would tend to promote the growth of trade and commerce between the two countries.

In the course of the debate which followed, Dr. Landerkin, member for South Grey, pointed out that Goldwin Smith and Edward Farrer, who were now annexationists, had been the great promoters of the National Policy.

The following day, Feb. 8, the report of the Conferences held at Halifax last fall between delegates of Canada and Newfoundland was laid before the House. The first item touched upon was the Bond-Blaine convention, in which the United States and Newfoundland were entering upon an agreement to the exclusion of the Dominion. A wider arrangement was suggested by Mr. Blaine; but none could be effected without discrimination against Great Britain and the leaving to the United States the fixing of a tariff for Canada. Sir John Thompson made the following suggestions: "(1) That Canada, as well as Newfoundland, should have the right to take part in such, or any, negotiations which would affect the interests of both countries. (2) That at the very least no convention should be concluded which both countries should not have the option of availing themselves."

The Commissioners for Newfoundland pointed out that in all previous treaties the interests of their colony had not been duly considered. For this reason they had entered into the Bond-Blaine convention, the terms of

which were not inimical to Canada. Sir William Whiteway urged the question whether, in the event of Canadian negotiations with the United States proving futile, Canada would persist in protesting against the Bond-Blaine convention. The answer was given that under existing circumstances it would but if it would apply to Canada then all opposition would cease. The following conclusion was arrived at.—"That her Majesty's government shall not be asked by Newfoundland to ratify the convention until a reasonable time shall have elapsed to give Canada a further opportunity to ascertain whether the United States will consent to put the fishery products of Canada and of Newfoundland on the same footing, or grant equivalent concessions to Canadian products. That there shall be equality between Canadian fisherman and vessels and no discrimination against imports from Canada, no duties to be imposed by Canada on Newfoundland fish, and that Canada will legislate to render Canadian fishermen liable for infractions of the bait act in Newfoundland."

In the English House of Commons the debate on the Address was hastened by the suspension of the midnight rule for the great Home Rule Bill so that in the early part of this week the deck would be entirely clear.

Mr. John T. Redmond, Parnellite member for Waterford city, moved an amendment declaring in favor of release of men now in prison for treason felony. He was supported in his motion by Mr. John J. Clancy, Parnellite. The Home Secretary, Mr. Asquith, answered that he had investigated the cases of the 14 prisoners in question, and denied that their crimes were political. "These prisoners were not like the men of 1848, who went into the open field to fight, but resembled rather men who in time of war poisoned wells. This mode of warfare on society he abhorred, and for the deeds of those following he could find no palliating phrases. Such men would receive no consideration and no indulgence from any British Government." Mr. Justin McCarthy expressed regret because the Home Secretary had spoken so uncompromisingly. The Nationalists felt bound to maintain the difference between personal and political acts in relation to their cause.

In the last two bye-elections the Gladstonians won Walsall, a borough in Staffordshire, from the Conservatives, and held their own at Halifax.

The Queen's speech was approved by the Commons on Saturday, the final draft for the Home Rule Bill made, and the programme definitely

arranged for Monday, when it was to be introduced in a speech of two hours by the Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

The bill in its final shape is regarded by the McCarthyites as so much better than the measure of 1886 that the defeat of the bill of that year seems to have been a blessing in disguise. The main point in which the new bill has been approved is in the contribution of Ireland to the Imperial Exchequer. Ireland will give little more than half of the money it was to have given by the terms of the 1886 measure. The bill will provide a probationary period, during which the police will be gradually transformed from a semi-military into a civil force, when they will be under the joint control of the Irish and Imperial Executives, though in effect the control will be practically Irish. The appointment of judges will be given to the Irish Executive, but the Irish Parliament can remove none of the existing judges without the consent of the Imperial Parliament. The appointments were made on that condition and it is fair that it should be observed. The prospects of both the Ministry and the bill are daily improving. The opinion is strong that unless some unforeseen event happens the Unionists will propose some kind of a compromise. The measure has been drafted so that this can be easily done.

The most interesting item from Rome is the address of his Eminence Cardinal Logue, on the occasion of receiving the Red Beretta. After thanking the Pontifical messengers he said:

"I stand here, not as an individual, but as the representative of a people, as the spokesman, for the time, of one of the oldest and most venerable churches of Christendom. It is only as such that I could venture to address this distinguished assembly, or to assume the honors which it has graciously pleased the Holy Father to confer upon me. No one knows better than I do how far I fall short of those personal qualities which should grace the aspirant to so exalted a dignity; but when I look back to the checkered history of my race, I find in its religious memories and traditions the source of that signal affection with which the Holy Father has ever regarded his Irish children; I find especially a reason far higher than any mere personal consideration why he has deigned to give to the See of St. Patrick, and through it to the Irish Church, this last and greatest pledge of his paternal benevolence, in raising a most unworthy successor of our glorious Apostle to the dignity of the Roman purple. The Church of Ireland lays claim to one special gift which has ever endeared her to the successors of St. Peter. In the fruitful seasons of her youth amid the glories of her prime, in the dark days of her sufferings, in the toleration and comparative peace of later times, there is one feature which has never deserted her, one leading spirit which has continued to animate her children, the spirit of unswerving loyalty to the Faith of Christ, of unswerving fidelity to the See of Peter. This spirit of simple faith and childlike obedience to the Vicar of Christ has been the chief source of her strength in the days of her triumph, her chief solace in her hour of trial, and at all times one of the brightest jewels in her crown. The motto delivered to her by St. Patrick has ever been her watchword in the past and continues to be her battle-cry in the present—

"Ut Christiani, ita et Romani sint"

"Well did the Roman Pontiffs of the past repay this earnest filial devotion. Not only has their voice been ever ready to direct, cheer and encourage, and their hand

extended to help the Catholics of Ireland in the hour of their greatest need; but when the worst came, the exiled sons of Ireland found refuge under the shadow of the Pontiff's throne, where they could live in security and end their days in peace. But in the long line of his illustrious predecessors it would be hard to find one who has shown greater paternal affection for our people, or taken a greater interest in their welfare than our present Holy Father. We can trust to his wise counsels in all our difficulties, we know that he sympathizes in all our just and legitimate aspirations. We can count on his blessing in all our efforts to improve our condition, temporal as well as spiritual, provided those higher interests be safeguarded, which must necessarily hold the first place in his estimation, and should certainly hold the first place in ours.

I feel, therefore, that in thanking him from my heart for the honor he has deigned to bestow on the See of St. Patrick, and through it, on Catholic Ireland, I can venture to speak in the name of all my Catholic fellow-countrymen. I feel, also, that I may speak in the name of that still larger section of Irish Catholics who were dispersed over many lands. They have carried with them into exile not only the love of their country, but the love of their Faith; by the firmness with which they have clung to it, the zeal with which they have extended its influence far and wide, the care with which they have cherished Irish Catholic traditions, especially the traditional devotion to the Vicar of Christ, they may well claim to have realized the proud boast. *Semper et ubique fideles.* Wherever Irish Catholics are to be found, the Holy Father can count upon children who sympathize in his sorrows, deprecate his wrongs, and are prepared, as far as in them lies, to aid him in his needs. I feel sure that they will regard the pledge of affection given to them in the person of one of the most undeserving of their countrymen, as a recognition of this devotion, and shall not fail to be animated by the sentiments of gratitude which I now feel so deeply."

Cardinal Logue has been appointed to the Sacred Congregations of the Propaganda, Laetana, Indulgences and Ceremonial; and has been assigned for his titular church Santa Maria della Pace.

Michael Logue was born in 1840 at Raphoe, episcopal city of the county of Donegal. After completing his studies at Maynooth he went to the Irish College at Paris, where he passed seven years as Professor of Dogmatic Theology. He was ordained priest in the chapel of the Lazarists in Paris, December, 1866. He returned to his native diocese in 1874, and took charge of a parish. This he gave up after only a year for the chair of dogmatic theology in Maynooth. In 1879 he was consecrated Bishop of Raphoe. This see he changed in 1887 to be coadjutor of Dr. McGettigan, Archbishop of Armagh, whom he succeeded in December of the same year.

Some of the sentences have been passed in the cases of the Panama Scandal. Ferdinand de Lesseps is sentenced to imprisonment for five years, and a fine of 3,000 francs; Charles de Lesseps also for five years, and a fine of 3,500 francs; Eiffel is imprisoned for two years, and is fined 20,000 francs. Comment is out of place when we reflect upon the advanced age of the great engineer, Ferdinand de Lesseps. What a brand upon a man who will never live to serve his term, perhaps never have intelligence enough to know it was given. But the condemned are the smaller offenders, while the big swindlers have escaped. The Government has shown its weakness, and the first bell has rung for its defeat.

PASTORAL OF LAST LENT

- or -

His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto.

(Continued.)

THE SACRAMENT OF MERCY.

The Sacrament of Penance is another wondrous manifestation of God's tender mercy and compassion for sinners, and it is a most powerful and efficacious means of salvation. Through this divine Sacrament the truly penitent are forgiven the most grievous sins, even though they were as red as scarlet in their enormity and as numerous as the grains of sands on the sea shore. "Whatever," said Christ to his ministers, "you shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." (Mathew xviii: 8.) And again, "As the Father hath sent Me I send you. Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." (St. John xx: 23.) As often as men sin, and however grievous and heinous and numerous their sins may be, so often they may apply to this sacred tribunal of mercy, and its pardoning power forgives always with a divine and perfect absolution. For all transgressions, for all post-baptismal sins whatsoever, for all the sad long catalogue of grievous transgressions that outrage God and ruin man there is but one condition of pardon required, and that is sincere sorrow and the firm resolve to sin no more, and then the absolution imparted is certain in its effects, is full and complete. "And now," as Cardinal Manning beautifully says, "this Sacrament of the love of Jesus to many is necessary, and to all is a fountain of grace. To those who after Baptism have fallen into mortal sin it is necessary. No other Sacrament of life remains to them; no other means of rising from the death of sin to the life of justice is ordained. They cannot raise themselves to life again. The charity of God has departed from them, and the Holy Ghost has withdrawn His habitual grace. The interior acts of their souls are dead. Their good actions have no power of merit. One act of mortal sin has destroyed all. One such sin in youth has cankered the root of a long life, or one such sin has shattered all the growth and fruit of the longest obedience. If they so die they are lost, and lost forever. To die out of the love of God is eternal death. Nor shall they be revived again except only by this second Sacrament of the dead. If they come with the sorrow of faith and hope, even though they have not charity, the compassion of Jesus will give them a full forgiveness and breathe into them the breath of life once more."

Let us then cherish a deep, abiding devotion for this Sacrament of the Divine Mercy, and let us approach it frequently with worthy dispositions, confident that if, in this respect, we sow in tears, we shall reap in joy. One of the worst efforts of the enemy of souls is to inspire sinners with aversion and fear of this sacred ordinance of salvation. The world hates it and condemns it because the world is the enemy of God's interests and is the friend and ally of Satan in the destruction of souls. But all who wish to be at the side of Jesus, all who value their immortal souls, all who seriously wish to work out their salvation, will make frequent use of this powerful means of grace, and will not fail through it to come with humble and contrite hearts to the Good Shepherd for mercy and pardon, to come to Him as Magdalen did for the remission of many sins, to come to him as the Prodigal to his father, for the recovery of their lost privileges and merits; for the receiving of their lost dignity as sons of God and co-heirs with Christ to the kingdom of eternal glory.

THE SACRAMENT OF LOVE.

Our Lord tells us that it is not on bread alone that man lives. Man is a compound being made up of soul and body united in one person; he is a child of eternity as well as of time. The human body is of the earth and must draw its sustenance from it. The immortal soul, made in the image of God, touches the immaterial world and as it were, reaches up to heaven, and from heaven must derive its nutriment. The food of the soul is the sovereign truth, and beauty and the Supreme good, in other words, is God himself—God in His pure essence and in the beatific vision will be the food of the soul in heaven during the eternal ages, God behind veils and symbols is its food during the days of its exile. But by what scheme, by what invention of Divine love can God become the food of the soul while yet imprisoned in the human body? How can the hungry soul lay hold of God and be united with Him? The answer to these questions is to be found in the institution of the Sacrament of Divine Love—the Blessed Eucharist. In and through this Sacrament our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ gives His body and blood, soul and divinity under the appearance of bread and wine, to be the food and nourishment of the soul. "I am," says Christ, "the living bread which came down from heaven, if any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever, and the bread that I will give is my flesh for the life of the world." (John vi: 52.) This holy Sacrament is the means by which the soul reaches God and is united to Him, soul to soul, and heart to heart. "Amen, I say to you, he that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood abideth in Me and I in him." (John vi: 57.) As Jesus Christ liveth of the life of His Eternal Father, so the soul partaking of this divine food liveth of the life of Jesus Christ, the King of Ages, immortal and impassible. "As the Father had sent me and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me the same also shall live by me." (John vi: 57.) As the branch of the living vine draws its sap and nourishment from it, and in due season produces flowers and fruits, so we, engrafted on the true vine, Jesus Christ, share His life and bring forth the fruits of virtue and holiness. The Blessed Eucharist is the tree of life which grows in the garden of God—His Church—whose fruits impart immortality to all who worthily eat thereof. Just as in the primeval paradise the body of unfallen Adam was, by a divine privilege, given immortality, so in the Church of God the bodies of all who worthily eat of the Blessed Eucharist are given the gage and pledge of immortal life. True, the bodies of worthy communicants shall die the death, and moulder away into dust and ashes in forgotten graves, but they bear within them the seeds of a glorious immortality, and on the Resurrection morning they will arise in power and honour and incorruptibility, shining with a special glory, and a special beauty of holiness: "He that eateth my flesh," saith the Lord, "and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up on the last day." (John vi: 55.) What an inestimable treasure we have in this adorable Sacrament! It is the mercy, and love, and compassion, and tenderness, and benignity, and kindness of Jesus Christ dwelling amongst us under sacramental veils. It is all the fulness of the Godhead dwelling corporally amongst us. It is our Emmanuel, our Incarnate God, whose desire is to be with the children of men, whose loving heart goes out to us in all the strength and power of His divine affections, in all the riches of His bounty, and all the boundless wealth of His goodness. It is the Good Shepherd that is there with His love for the lost sheep, it is the friend of publicans and sinners, it is the father of the prodigal, it is He who

proved His divine personality and mission not by stupendous miracles that would over-awe and terrify, but by the exercises of Almighty power in healing the ills that afflict humanity, in comforting the afflicted, consoling the sorrowful, in drying the tears of those who weep, in a word, in filling the earth with His mercies, and commissions and charities like the covering waters of the sea. "Go and tell John," said He, "what you have seen. The blind see, the lame walk, the deaf hear, the lepers are cleansed, the dead rise again, and to the poor the Gospel is preached." (Matthew xi: 45.) And this same merciful Redeemer, through this Sacrament of Love, daily exercises His gracious ministry in the plentiful bestowals of spiritual favours, graces and mercies that are but typified and adumbrated by the healings of bodily infirmities and diseases. From the tabernacle He sweetly invites all the weary toilers of the world, all heavily laden and care-burdened men, all whose hearts are heavy with sorrow, all whose spirits are faint with sore trials, all who are borne down by difficulties and disappointments, all for whom life is but one weary struggle, one vast sorrow and constant companionship with hardship and poverty, He invites all to come to Him and He will refresh them and uplift the burden of their sorrow, and dry their tears and cheer up the faint-hearted, and bring hope and light and joy into sad and darkened lives. "Come unto Me all you who are weary and heavy burdened and I will refresh you." (Matthew xi: 28.) During the past year countless multitudes visited the City of Treves to venerate the Holy Coat, the seamless garment once worn by the Incarnate God and made holy by contact with His adorable body. But in the Blessed Sacrament we have Jesus Himself, the fountain of all sanctity; and yet how few there are that visit Him in the prison tabernacle of His love! He stays on our altars during the long weary days and the silent vigils of the night, and yet we give Him no thought, we pay Him no visit, our hearts are cold and frozen towards Him. Where is our faith, where is our gratitude, where is our love? May we not well imagine our Blessed Lord complaining of us as He did of His people of old, "*Tota die expandi manus meas ad populum non credentem et contradicentem.*" The whole day long I reach out my hands in gracious invitation to a people that believeth not and contradicteth me." (Romans x: 21)

Dearly beloved brethren let us not continue to deserve this reproach from our Divine Saviour. Let us frequently visit the Blessed Sacrament. There our Divine Saviour sits on His mercy seat, to receive our petitions, to relieve our spiritual miseries, to console us in our sorrows, and help, encourage and sustain us in our trials. There he will quicken our faith, animate our hope and inflame our charity. There our hearts will warm and glow with the flames of Divine charity caught from the fire of love that burns in the heart of the Man God, and there our souls can commune with their Lord and their God who is their centre and their resting place. As the stag panteth after the fountains of water so should our souls pant after the living God who abides with us in the Blessed Sacrament. Those who are truly devout to this Sacrament of love are on the high road to heaven.

Let us frequently assist at the heavenly banquet of the Eucharist, that Christ has prepared for us, let us feed our hungry souls on this bread of life, let us slake our thirst at this fountain of our Saviour whose regenerating waters spring up into life everlasting. Let us frequently eat of this heavenly manna of which those who partake shall not taste death for ever. It is indeed a sad commentary on

man's indifference to his highest interests, on his criminal apathy and neglect in the affair of his eternal salvation, and on his base ingratitude to God for His innumerable mercies and boundless goodness and love in the institution of the Sacrament of His mercy and in that of His love, that our holy mother the Church has felt herself compelled to enjoin on her children the worthy reception of these two great Sacraments at least once in the year, and that under the most grievous penalties. In the fourth Council of Lateran the Church decrees as follows:

"The faithful of both sexes after they come to the use of discretion shall in all private faithfully confess all their sins at least once a year to their own pastors; and take care to fulfil to the best of their power the penance enjoined on them; receiving reverently at least at Easter the Sacrament of the Eucharist, unless, perhaps, by the council of their own pastors, for some reasonable cause, they judge it proper to abstain from it for a time; otherwise let them be kept out of the Church when living, and when they die let them be deprived of Christian burial."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Church of St. Prisca.

On the Aventine Hill, in a part of Rome now dreary and deserted looking, but which was the abode of the nobles two thousand years ago, stands the church of St. Prisca. Here dwelt a family which, however rich and powerful then, finds renown only because of two Jewish inmates of the household, Aquila and Priscilla. It was through these converts of St. Peter that St. Paul became an inmate of this house upon the Aventine, where both he and St. Peter celebrated Mass, and from whence he sent the message to the Corinthians when he wrote them: "Aquila and Priscilla, with whom I also lodge, and the church that is in their house, salute thee much in the Lord."

With whom I also lodge! How close and familiar these words seem to make the great Apostle! And now we, in the nineteenth century, may also enter into that house, preserved and consecrated as a Christian church. In the crypt is the old stone font in which tradition says St. Peter baptized, and the same tradition tells us that here St. Peter consecrated an altar. The altar in the crypt is dedicated to St. Peter, and the ancient font stands in a niche in the wall opposite.

Aquila and Priscilla, whose message of brotherly love St. Paul transmitted to the Corinthians, are titular patrons of this church with St. Prisca, and their relics lie under the altar. They were tent makers, and when they were banished from Rome, under Claudius, went to live in Corinth.

Of St. Prisca, who was a noble Roman lady, there is little known, except the brief and glorious, oft-repeated record that she suffered dreadful tortures for her faith till the sword released her. Her relics are also preserved in the venerable church on the Aventine bearing her name, and which gives title to a cardinal. The immemorial tradition held in Rome that this, as well as the house of Pudens, consecrated under the names of his daughters, Praxedes and Pudetiana, was the meeting-place of the Christians in the apostolic days, is confirmed by St. Paul's reference to "the church in their house;" and standing in this spot of holy and venerable memories we may fervently repeat: "I believe in the Communion of saints."—*Irish Catholic.*

Have You Asthma?

Dr. B. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., will mail a trial package of Schiffmann's Asthma Cure to any sufferer who sends his address and names this paper. Never fails to give instant relief in worst cases, insures comfortable sleep and cures where others fail.

The Old School Clock.

By John Boyle O'Reilly.

Old memories rush o'er my mind just now
Of faces and friends of the past;
Of that happy time when life's dream was all bright,
E'er the clear sky of youth was o'ercast.
Very dear are those memories,—they've clung round
my heart

And bravely withstood Time's rude shock,
But not one is more hallowed or dear to me now
Than the face of the old school clock.

'Twas a quaint old clock with a quaint old face,
And great iron weights and chain:
It stopped when it liked, an' I before it struck
It creaked as if 'twere in pain,
It had seen many years, and it seemed to say,
"I'm one of the real old stock."
To the youthful fry, who with reverence looked
On the face of the old school clock!

How many a time I labored to sketch
That yellow and blue-honored face,
With its basket of flowers, its figures and hands,
And the weights and the chains in their place!
How oft have I gazed with admiring eye,
As I sat on the wooden block,
And peeped and guessed at the wonderful things
That were in that old school clock.

What a terrible frown did the old clock wear
To the truant, who timidly cast
An anxious eye on those merciless hands,
That for him had been moving too fast!
But its frown soon changed, for it loved to smile
On the thoughtless, noisy flock,
And it creaked and whirled and struck with glee—
Did that genial, good-humored old clock.

Well, years had passed, and my mind was filled
With the world, its cares and ways,
When again I stood in that little school,
Where I passed my boyhood's days.
My old friend was gone! and there hung a thing
That my sorrow seemed to mock,
As I gazed with a tear and a softened heart
At a new-fashioned Yankee clock.

'Tis the way of the world: old friends pass away
And fresh faces arise in the stead;
Huz st! 'mid the din and hustle of life
We cherish fond thoughts of the dead,
Yes, dearly those memories cling round my heart,
And bravely withstand Time's rude shock;
But not one is more dear or more hallowed to me
Than the face of that old school clock.

A FAMOUS PICTURE.

Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper."

Near the western gate, the Porta Magenta, of Milan, is the old Dominican convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie, and upon the wall at one end of the refectory, covering a space twenty-eight feet long, is the remnant of the picture known as Leonardo da Vinci's "Cena," or "Cenacolo," or, more generally by English-speaking people, as the "Last Supper."

The Italian name comes from the Latin *cena*, the principal and latest meal of the Romans, corresponding to our late dinner, or the substantial supper of earlier days.

Although this subject was used by Italian Artists before Leonardo's time, including Giotto, and by Del Sarto, Ghirlandajo and Raffaello, among his contemporaries, and was appropriately employed in the decoration of conventual refectories, it was reserved for his composition to be universally accepted as the typical "Lord's Supper," and it has become the best known representation of this, if not of all religious subjects. If this seems questionable, let any educated person consider how completely his own conception of the scene is based upon that of the great Florentine artist.

But the most singular circumstance concerning Leonardo's masterpiece is, that though its fame has been growing through all the years since it was finished, it practically ceased to exist three centuries ago, and the fame of its original excellence maintained in the beginning by various early copies, and later by the engraving of Raffaello Sanzio Morghen and its reproductions, would seem to insure it a unique immortality. In its latest condition, to use an Eastern metaphor, it is but "the dream of a shadow," and the shadow is nothing more than the remains of successive so-called restorations. Not a brush mark of Leonardo can be verified to-day.

The exact history of the picture, involving the dates of its beginning and

completion, is open to question, the time during which it was in progress, as stated by various writers, varying from less than four to more than sixteen years. It was probably finished in 1497 to 1498, as a letter to Lodovico Sforza, the reigning Duke of Milan, the artist's patron, dated 1498, alludes to it as completed. Mrs. Heaton's estimate of less than four years is simply incredible, remembering Leonardo's apertious and dilatory habits, and the fact that he had single portraits in hand for years; considering also the scale of the picture, the number and size of the figures, and the difficulties of wall painting. Moreover, there are no indications that he had much assistance. Vasari's story of the impatience of the prior, and his statement concerning Leonardo's failure to satisfy himself as regards the Saviour's head and his conclusion not to finish it, point equally to prolonged labours, lasting probably ten years at the least.

Unfortunately for himself and probably for posterity, Leonardo was a born inventor and experimenter, and like many another artist, built what should have been his lasting monument upon quicksands. In the case of the Lord's Supper, dreading perhaps the continuous harassing labour and uncertainty of fresco painting, and always preferring oil, he determined to make use of it, and what was worse, to prepare his ground according to an improved theory of his own; saturating a plaster surface laid upon an altogether unsuitable stone wall with some resinous substance melted over or into it; afterwards priming with white lead and earthy colours.

The consequence may be gathered from occasional records which indicate the condition of the picture from time to time. Thus, according to one account, the refectory being flooded in 1500, the painting was first injured by dampness only two years after its completion. Yet, as Francis I. saw it in 1515 with such admiration that he sought for someone who would undertake the impossible feat of removing it to France, it could not have been seriously impaired.

But in 1540 it was declared to be half destroyed, and in 1584 we are told it was well-nigh ruined by dampness, by fading and smoke from the neighbouring kitchen. However, in 1642 mention is again made of its ruinous condition, indicating that former accounts must have exaggerated injuries which, after a century, had yet left something of the original painting.

Ten years later, the monks, had a door cut, the upper part of which destroyed the edge of the tablecloth, the Saviour's feet and the floor under the table, and led to the cracking and chipping off of adjacent surfaces.

In 1726 the brotherhood, either enlightened as to the general interest in their precarious treasure, or disliking its shabby appearance, employed one Belcchi, an artist unknown save in this infamous connection, to "restore" it, which he accomplished by concealing himself and his operations behind a screen and repainting everything but the bit of distant sky.

As if this were not enough, in 1778 a *protege* of the then Governor of Milan, named Mezza, was authorized to try his hand upon the group, leaving only three heads intact, which he was not allowed to touch, so disastrous was the result of his labours elsewhere in the picture. It is said he began by covering everything with a neutral tint by way of glaze.

Next came war in 1796, and Napoleon's troops, despite orders to the contrary, used the refectory as a stable, and the Apostles' heads served as marks for missiles. In 1800 excessive rains and defective drainage once more partly submerged the refectory. In 1807 Eugene de Beauharnois, Napoleon's stepson, then Viceroy of Italy, appealed to by Bossi, secretary of the

Milan Academy, gave orders that everything possible should be done to avert further damage, and Bossi himself drew a full size cartoon, which was executed in mosaic, copied the painting in oils and wrote a book concerning it, which last led to Goethe's well known critical essay.

Let it be added, that a final repainting by Barozzi was permitted as late as 1858, and it will be seen that what we call Leonardo's Last Supper is in effect a composite picture impressed upon the world's mental retina, the product of several different personalities, of whom the master is only the chief. An honourable place belongs to the earliest copyists, and to Raffaello Morghen, for whose superb engraving, begun in 1797, three hundred years after the completion of the original, a careful drawing was made by Matteina, who studied the available early copies of Leonardo's pupils, Oggione and Luini, one or more of the former being made shortly after the painting was finished. Leonardo's drawings for the heads of the Apostles, now in Russia, may also have been studied in this connection. In short, whatever may have been the peculiar characteristics of Leonardo's work in its integrity, it is quite beyond our power to judge of it, except through the eyes of successive copyists and "restorers," and when we read such words as these, in Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art*, to the effect that in 1848, or thereabouts, "The work of his hand is perishing—will soon have perished," we can not but smile, thinking that, for once, the quick Hibernian imagination has proved too strong for the conscientious critic. There can be no doubt, however, that the persistence of Leonardo's thought and spirit, notwithstanding the decay and fragmentary character of too much of his work, is the best evidence of its strong original power and charm.

The composition of the "Last Supper," as we now know it, is all Leonardo's, and the division of the company of the disciples into groups of three, each different and yet each in some sort repeating yet varying the emotions and gestures proper to all, has always been highly praised, and the sympathetic parallelism of outlines and the carefully equalized distribution and balance of masses are characteristic of the subtle intellectualism of the Renaissance. The same subject by contemporary hands nevertheless, too often shows a level line of heads above the monotonous plane of the table, the effect of which is far from agreeable.

The table furniture, the carefully creased cloth, and the trestles, we are told by Goethe, were closely copied from those used by the monks. The realism of our day would, doubtless, lead to one or more of the disciples being placed between the spectator and the table, to the detriment of eye-pleasure and the interruption of the apparent magnetic current of feeling which powerfully moves every figure. Yet it is this engrossing spectacle which prevents us from dwelling on the difficulty of seating in comfort eleven persons upon one side of the board and from considering over-critically the possibly too artificial scheme of grouping.

Ghirlandajo, though not with realistic intent, but to bring Judas near enough to the dish in front of Christ without giving him a place of honour, has seated him alone on the spectators' side of the table, but not to the benefit of the composition. As for Leonardo, whoever has seen the hasty but spirited sketch of the Windsor collection, an experiment with the same idea knows that it was not from lack of thought that he finally ranged his little company behind and at the end of the table.

The head of Jesus was naturally the vital centre of the picture, and, fortunately, the original pencil drawing in

the Brera Museum, at Milan, remains to show that whether Leonardo left it unfinished or not upon the wall he had a very definite conception of how he would have it. It has not the tranquil beauty of Oggione's head. Nor of Morghen's, but rather that of Him who has uttered those pathetic words: "He that dippeth his hand with Me in the dish, the same shall betray Me."

Next to Christ, on his right, is St. John, whose too womanly face and air of gentle reverie, as seen in the engravings, falls short of the commonly received ideal of the beloved disciple, Peter, behind Judas, urges John to interrogate Jesus, and grasps his bread-knife as if it were a sword. Judas, the purse-bearer, panic-struck, overtur the salt, thus symbolizing misfortune. Andrew raises both his hands in amazement, while James the Less lays his hand on Peter's shoulder, repeating, with a difference, the latter's energetic movement; and Bartholomew, at the end of the table, rises and leans earnestly forward. On the left of the Saviour, St. James, major, with extended arms, expresses horror, and Thomas holds up a fore-finger. Philip, with hands upon his breast, thus silently manifests his devotion. Matthew turns in the opposite direction, addressing Simon as if to say, "listen," but his hands are in harmony with the general movement, which is directed towards the Saviour. Jude, otherwise Thaddeus, sits next Matthew and is about to let one hand fall with emphasis upon the other. Finally, Simon, perplexed, with both hands held out before him, seems to exclaim, "What can this mean?"

We cannot know what was Leonardo's scheme of colour, but judging by his pictures which remains and by those of his school, including necessarily Oggione's copies, it was a quiet harmony of rich, dark colours, relieved by the lighter tunces of some of the figures, the gray tones of the tablecloth and the aerial hues of the distant hills and sky. It is hard to imagine even such a story as this better told, or with more dignity and directness.

The spirit of vulgar literalism which might have created a scene of melodramatic panic and which has, in some instances, as in Titian's *Cenacolo*, made use of domestic animals, servants, and commonplace accessories, are here altogether absent; and the severe simplicity of the architectural perspective and the sleeping landscape seen through the window, making as it were a luminous halo around the head of Christ, equally lend themselves to the serious purpose of the great artist; he who has been sometimes regarded as a magnificent failure, and appears most magnificent in this, the noblest of all his failures, which to day is not even a picture, but a tradition.—*W. H. Winstow in Arcadia.*

To all Athletes.

A member of the Liverpool, Eng., Harriers, Mr. William Pagan, writes as follows: "I believe St. Jacobs Oil to be the best thing ever used for curing and preventing soreness and swelling of the cords and muscles after severe exercise. Having used the Oil myself and knowing other members of the club who use no other remedy after their exercises and races. I have no hesitation in recommending it to all athletes."

A representative meeting was held in Sligo, on January 19th, to protest against the excessive railway rates imposed by the Midland Great Western and Great Northern lines. The Mayor, Mr. Thomas Scanlan, presided. Resolutions were passed condemning the action of the railway companies in imposing exorbitant rates on traders; and a committee was named to make inquiries as to the possibility of chartering steamers to convey goods from Dublin to Sligo.

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FATHER RYAN AT PETERBOROUGH.

The Catholic Church and Conscience.

A large congregation assembled in St. Peter's Cathedral on the evening of the 8th inst. to listen to a lecture by Rev. Father Ryan, of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, under the auspices of the Young Men's Catholic Association. The lecture was delivered in a clear and forcible manner, the lecturer being an eloquent speaker, and he received from the large congregation the closest attention.

The musical service, which preceded and followed the lecture, was excellently rendered and impressive. Labillotte's "Magnificat" was sung by the choir before the lecture and for the benediction "Ora Pro Me" was sung in good voice by Miss Annie Dunn, "O Salutaris" was rendered by Mr. McDonough and "Tantum Ergo" was sung by the choir.

Rev. Father Ryan, in opening, said he was glad to accept the invitation to deliver a lecture for the benefit of the Young Men's Catholic Association, for he took a great interest in these associations and considered them one of the social needs and great social powers of the time. Taking up his subject, "The Catholic Church and Freedom of Conscience," he said it was a difficult one because it was important and because it was a large subject. The Catholic Church was not the Catholic people, although it was a Church of and for the people and dear to their hearts. This was a democratic age, but the Church had not been afraid of emperors, kings and princes, and was not afraid of the people. It welcomed the age of the people. The Catholic people, press, princes, the priests, bishops or Pope, were not the Catholic Church. The Pope as a man, a statesman or writer, or in any individual capacity was not the Catholic Church. For persecutions, massacres or inquisitions the Church was not accountable; they were not done by it, but by princes, kings or courts, and none of these, or all of these together, was not the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church was the Church of Christ, of the living God, a

DIVINE CONCEPTION

coming down from the mind of the Father and out of the heart of Christ and perfected by the Holy Spirit. It was a divine organization—a divinely constituted and preserved society, as a guardian and interpreter of the revelation of God, and was destined by God to go on forever. Conscience, too, was divine creation. Its home was in the heart, it was a mirror of the majesty of God, a tablet of flesh on which was written God's law by God's own hand. It was there telling what was right and what was wrong. Conscience and the Church were creatures of God, and these, and including liberty, were one. The Church came down from God, not to oppose conscience, but to develop it. They were both the guide and controller of man and go on with liberty. Slavery and coercion came in when the power that controlled had not authority, but when it had authority and was just, good and from God there could be no slavery or coercion, but it was the largest freedom to submit. When man felt that he was subject to no created power but only to God, then was he in his royalty. So they saw that the Catholic church of its very nature was the defender of the real freedom and rights of conscience. They would take a few actions of the church in this regard as illustrations. It was said that the church sometimes coerced conscience, that it coerced converts. Why? Well, they had to begin as little children, to begin with the catechism. Unless they became as little children they could not enter the kingdom of Christ on earth. Was that coercion? It would be if it was the action of man, but not if coming

from God, for it was not coercion for any man to humble himself to God. When a convert came he was asked at the threshold if he wished to be a Catholic desired it with his whole heart and soul. There was his freedom; it made him respect his own liberty. Conscience could not be coerced because God had made it divinely free. The Catholic church did not want converts driven or coerced into her. Similarly when infants were brought to be baptized the church by its questions insisted on freedom. It was also said that the church was dogmatic. It was dogmatic and it must be, because it was divine and whatever was divine must be dogmatic—which was teaching the truth and being sure of it. Some said Catholics could not believe what they liked. There was the fallacy of the day, that liberty consisted in thinking and doing what they liked. Man was a rational creature and had a Creator, and was a subject with a rule of action given him. Man's liberty was to act according to reason. It was not to think or do as he liked, but as he ought, and his conscience told him that. Man had to believe someone and something and was free in his faith when he was not subject to error. Slavery of mind was subjection to error, which was followed by worse slavery, slavery of the heart. Reason told them they must have divine authority to believe in, for only it was infallible. Their separated brethren believed in a divine book, as a need of their intellectual nature. But were they sure of it? The lecturer referred to a recent meeting of clergymen in Toronto who met to discuss church union. They all believed in the same book, but, although honest and intelligent, they found it impossible to unite. If they believed the book they should unite, but each believed his own interpretation of it. Two men holding opposite views could not both be right, and the one that was believing an error was subject to a lie, and there was slavery. Here came in the Catholic church. God never intended the book to settle these differences. "As the Father sent me I send you, go and teach the nations." Here was the divine authority that guarded that book. They said to this divine authority, what is the meaning of the book? and were given authoritative interpretation. It was submitting the intellect to God, and He they knew was truth. There was the security of the Catholic church for freedom—no submission to man. But it was said they had a Pope and priests and submitted to them. They submitted to the Pope as the Vicar of Christ and only as such, and to the priests only as ministers of Christ. But in Ireland were not the priests coercing the people? There was one thing about Ireland, the priests knew the people and the people knew the priests. The love of the people for the priests, who showed them so much kindness, was the reason they were loyal to the priests. Then they were asked, had they not the confessional? Catholics went to confession because God commanded it. When Christ gave the power of remission of sins to the Apostles He gave the principle of confession, for without confession the power would be useless. Priests would not have invented the confessional, because they had to go to it themselves and hearing confessions was their hardest task. If God had not instituted it, no one would go to confession. Was that interfering with freedom? Confession was the unfolding of conscience, and when a man does that freely how can anyone say he is coerced? Never does he exercise his freedom with such excellent effect. Confession supposes contrition, honesty and sincerity, and could only be made by penitents. There was perfect freedom of conscience. It might also be asked if there was not slavery at the altar?

Never did man so exercise freedom as when he bowed before the bread and wine and adored God really present. True, it seemed above reason, though not contrary to reason. It took the intellect and sense, and all bowed down to God. Then was man not only superior to all around him, but he was superior to himself, and having exercised in his freedom that sublime faith he gets as his reward his God at the altar. Only God was king of his conscience—that was the doctrine of the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church was the divinely constituted guardian of freedom of conscience, as it was of all freedom worth having. There was other freedom, as social freedom—freedom from ignorance, malice and prejudice, which permitted all to unite in harmony. Thank God, they saw more of it, because they saw more of each other. The more civil and social harmony they had the better. The Young Men's Association helped towards that end, and the lecturer eulogised and commended the association. Freedom, he said in conclusion, was ruling themselves here in the kingdom of heart and conscience under God and serving Him well, and his prayer was that they might be worthy to rule with and under Him in His kingdom above forever hereafter. —Peterborough Evening Review.

Right Rev. Dr. Howley.

The *Globe* of Monday says: The Right Rev. Dr. Howley, Bishop of St. George's, West Newfoundland, is in the city on a visit, and is a guest at St. Michael's palace on Church street. Last evening after the service at the cathedral, at which Dr. Howley delivered the discourse, a *Globe* representative called upon him and was very courteously received. During the course of the conversation the chief topic of interest touched upon was the question of federation with the Dominion of Canada. In this the bishop expressed his own belief that it would be the best thing for Newfoundland, and said that the element of the population opposed to it, and which prevented its consummation, was confined to St. John's and the district immediately surrounding that city. Even there, however, the feeling of hostility was weak compared to what it had been a few years ago. The opposition to it was sustained by politicians. That portion of the population which did not interfere in politics—and the bishop here intimated that it was the most respectable portion—were favorable to confederation. The business community, too, if at all opposed, were not violently opposed to the movement. Even in the legislature it had many adherents, and, though these were in the minority, they included perhaps most of the prominent men, among them being the leaders both of the government and of the opposition. However, the question could not now be brought up as a government measure without suffering defeat. The feeling in favor of federation was strongest just after the great fire at St. John's, when the generous sympathy shown by the people of the Dominion with the suffering citizens filled the islanders' breasts with a feeling of grateful emotion. Had the question been put to the issue then it would have won. The time, however, had now gone by, and while the calculating business views of the people were turning more and more in favor of Confederation, or at least becoming less and less opposed to it, that sentiment which was so strong after the fire had now waned. He instanced the change of view which had taken place in so many by a reference to the *Telegraph* newspaper of St. John's, which had for years been violently hostile, and which a short time ago became as ardent on the other side. Dr. Howley in leaving the subject said that the question of annexation of Newfoundland to the United States was absurd, as it would leave the island in a ridiculous position with regard to trade. She would cease to be an integral part of North America. Dr. Howley said that the people in St. John's were now as prosperous as ever. The insurance money which had been paid, the contributions and the amount of building had placed the people in comfort. One thousand buildings were now in course of erection. The bishop, speaking of St. George's, where he resides and which is on the west coast and 400 miles in a bee line from St. John's, said that a line of railway was being constructed between the two places. Of it 150 miles had already been built, and when it was completed they expected to get a new and perfected steamship service, making a round trip daily between Cape Ray and Sydney, Cape Breton. If this were accomplished it would put travellers from Europe much nearer the big Canadian cities in time than they now are. The trade with Canada, the bishop said, was increasing, but as yet the chief business was with the United States and

England. All their flour they bought from the United States and all their dry goods from England. Their cloth for garments was very much cheaper than in any place out of England.

Rev. Dr. Howley is a literary man of considerable distinction, having published a volume of poems and work on the ecclesiastical history of Newfoundland.

In his sermon at St. Michael's cathedral last evening he touched on the question of education. In speaking on this subject he gave the reasons why the Roman Catholic church stands out so strongly for religious education in the schools. The Roman Catholics regarded as primarily necessary a belief in the doctrines of Christianity. The position taken by some Protestants, he argued, that all that was necessary was morality, was a false one. Christianity meant much more than morality. Morality was common to all civilized peoples and ages. Christianity included morality, but the Christian by the command of Christ must do more than be honest, virtuous, truthful. He must believe in Christ or he would be condemned. This was the reason why children from their infancy should be taught the faith. They should be taught it, for otherwise how could they gain the knowledge of these things, and if they should be taught how could this portion of instruction be excluded from the schools? The general attitude of those beyond the pale of the Roman Catholic church was that people were not bound to believe; that there were many acceptable people who did not. The church would not judge those people, but it did not want its flock so brought up. It was contended that if the Roman Catholics wanted schools in which they taught their religion they should pay for them, and it might come to that. It was so in the United States and in Ireland, and it might probably have to be so in Manitoba.

Charity Sermon.

A charity sermon was delivered by Rev. Father Brennan, C.S.B., of Toronto, in St. Peter's Cathedral, London, on which occasion a very liberal collection was taken for the benefit of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. The Reverend lecturer said he regarded the invitation to come and beg for the Society in behalf of the poor of this city as one of the finest compliments that could be paid him. He had knowledge and experience of the large and generous charity of the congregation of St. Peter's, and felt confident in appealing to them. He pointed out that giving to the poor was a duty laid on every Christian by God, and that the command disobeyed, was a mortal sin; for no sin so grievous or mortal could cast us down from the high place of our aspirations after immortality, yet in Holy Writ were found many instances where men lost their salvation by refusing to give alms to the poor. After directing the attention of his hearers to the lessons taught in the parable of Dives and Lazarus, the reverend father dwelt on the grand opportunities which this new country offered to the poor man. Perhaps nowhere else in the world were the bounties and riches of nature poured forth with so free a hand, and the opportunities for independence, or even riches, so many to the poor man who would devote his energies to the task of getting wealth. There was always work to do, he believed, and no man with health and strength ought to be a beggar. But the words of our saviour are as true now as when they were first uttered—"The poor ye shall always have with you." He knew how hard it was for a poor laboring man to get along with four or five hungry children to provide for out of his daily pittance, and when sickness struck him down there was actual distress in his house. Then also, poor, insufficient and irregularly served food was a cause of disease, and often what was only a simple cold developed into consumption, and then the father and breadwinner was taken away. He could tell of some sad and heartbreaking experiences of this kind. We were all too ready with excuses for not giving. To a male applicant we say, "You ought to go to work; there is always work for the willing man." In other cases it is: "Oh, I have been deceived and defrauded too often." Fraud was the worst enemy of Christ—the thing that went nearer than anything else to severing the divine bond that connected rich and poor. Here the preacher related a couple of his own experiences, that caused a smile. In one case a poor widow was unable to pay for a coffin for her dead husband, and he accompanied some ladies of his congregation to her cabin. As they came away one of the ladies went back for her glove, and found the corpse sitting up and counting the money that was left to buy his coffin, and give him a decent burial. But the Society for which he pleaded was designed to prevent such frauds. It was a careful, prudent, and intelligent almoner of their bounty, and in the name of Him who went about doing good, he commended the Society to their consideration, and asked them to be generous.

There is no claim made for Ayer's Sarsaparilla which cannot be endorsed by scores of testimonials. This fact plainly proves that the blood is the source of most disorders and that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best of blood-purifiers. Try it this month.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Canada.

On March 19, the Catholics of Quebec will celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of the consecration of Cardinal Taschereau.

Recently in St. Charles' Church, Road, Rev. Father McCarthy united in holy wedlock Mr. Edward Laveque, of Washington, and Miss Maggie Lehane, daughter of the late Michael Lehane, of Tyendinaga.

Mr. James Hickey, of the Township of Kingston, was united in marriage to Miss Maggie Leahy, daughter of James Leahy, Esq., of Sydenham. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father McWilliams. Mr. James Rignoy and Miss Lilly Leahy assisted the happy couple in the interesting ceremony.

The Connolly Brothers, of Kingston, have succeeded in securing one of the greatest contracts given out in the United States in many years. They have been awarded a dredging contract at Philadelphia which will amount to \$5,000,000. The work must begin by April 1st and be finished in five years. There will be much land made by the work.

On the 7th Feb., Mr. Garret Fallon, an old and highly respected resident of Port Hope, Ont., after about a week's illness, died at his residence on Alexander street, at the ripe age of seventy-three. The funeral, which was large, respectable and imposing, took place at 2 o'clock on Sunday following, at St. Mary's cemetery, where his remains were interred. Mr. Fallon was a native of the parish of Killglass, county Roscommon, Ireland.

United States.

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, has been invited as the orator of the day at the centennial celebration of the St. Louis Cathedral.

The growth of the Church in New Jersey has been wonderful. There are now in that State 191 Catholic churches with a seating capacity of 99,290. The Catholics in New Jersey number, it is said, as many as all the other churches together.

A movement is being discussed in Church circles to erect a new \$300,000 hospital in Providence, R. I., and also a new nunnery to cost a considerable amount. Prominent members of the different congregations propose to contribute to the new structures.

The Sisters of Charity are building a mother house on a picturesque bluff at Dubuque, Ia. It will be the largest building in the State. Work was started in 1891 and it will take a year still for its completion. There will be 350 rooms besides the chapel. There are 502 windows and 400 doors in the structure.

Archbishop Feehan has been lying dangerously ill for the past two days or more. The trouble grew out of a severe cold. The crisis is now believed to have passed, the only danger feared being that arising from a relapse.

The new orphanage of the Gray Nuns on Granite street, Worcester, Mass., is ready for occupancy, and Sister Deschamp of Montreal, mother general of the order, came January 23d, to receive the house on behalf of the order. The local Sisters and their charges moved into their new home later in the week.

Recently Archbishop Ryan blessed and opened the house recently purchased by the Sisters of Mercy at 1628 N. Broad street. The sisters purpose to use this building as a home for respectable working girls, and thus supply what thoughtful Catholics have been praying for for many years. The inconvenience and in some instances the danger experienced by young women coming from a distance to seek employment in a large city are well known. Very often they know nobody in the city and do not know where to stay until they can procure a situation. Many too, after they find employment, have great difficulty in finding comfortable and respectable boarding house for the sum they can afford to pay. For young women so circumstanced the sisters will provide a home, accepting from those who are able to pay, a moderate sum for board and lodging and giving those who have no money congenial employment in the house until they can get work outside.

Indications are that Chicago will in the near future have two new churches. One is to be dedicated to the use of 2,000 negro people who, each Sunday, hold services in the basement of St. Mary's Church at Eldridge court and Michigan avenue. Archbishop Feehan has reappportioned the parish of St. Bonifacius. The latter congregation number over 9,000. The present structure which does duty as a place of worship is wholly inadequate to the comforts of the parishioners, and as a result the Archbishop has ordered that another be built at Chicago avenue and Carpenter street, where a site consisting of twenty lots has been purchased for \$90,000. The new structure will be of black stone, romantic in design, and as considerable ground is available, spaciousness will be a feature. Father Barzynski, who is pastor of the parish, stated that the fund which had been collected to defray the expense of the new church is now \$200,000. Ground will be broken in March. Father Tolton, the only colored priest in the United States was or-

dained by Pope Leo at Rome in 1884, and was assigned to Baltimore. He was removed to Chicago in 1889. Father Tolton says the Church will be ready for dedication before the end of the summer.

Address and Presentation.

The following address was presented to Rev. Father Brohman, P.P., Formosa, on the 23rd ult., by his parishioners. At the same time was presented a beautiful cutter worth \$35:

REV. AND DEAR FATHER—Permit us to express our deep feeling of love and esteem toward you, inasmuch as we are convinced that you are guided by the grace of God, because you have advanced the Formosa parish to a model one, and we have principally, next to God, to attribute to your good will, love and untiring zeal, that peace and harmony which reigns supreme all over the parish. In the Church you are a true spiritual father, who knows how to guide us after the will of God. Further, you are always caring after the secular welfare of each one as you assist with advice and deed; and thus the love of our neighbour is promoted. We have also to mention your punctuality, as you are always at the proper time in your place. Permit us, in addition, to remark that you have made many improvements in and about the church, and this without creating a debt, finally we can assure you that the love and esteem of the congregation towards you have essentially increased. Therefore we pray to the loving God that He may long spare you in good health, and that it may please his Lordship the Bishop to leave you as administrator in our midst for a long time.

In order to show our love and esteem toward you we pray that you may accept this small present.

On behalf of the congregation.

REPLY.

MY DEAR FRIENDS—I cannot possibly find words adequate to convey to you my deep and sincere gratitude for your kind present, and address concerning my brief and humble administration. Allow me to say that I find an entire different spirit pervading this large and compact mission of Formosa to what I first anticipated. The people are generous, kind and noble hearted, attached to their spiritual adviser, display a good will, and above all, give evident proof of an unshaken faith in the doctrines of their holy Church. These virtues, indeed, alleviate the burdens of a priest, facilitate the work he has to perform, relieve him of the heavy yoke he has to bear and encourage him with an increased and ardent zeal in the responsible discharge of his duty. May God reward you! May He shower down His choicest blessings and grace in heavenly abundance!

Permit me furthermore to add that the good will you have so visibly shown me today will not be ignored on my part. It is my only desire to see you happy and content, and in order to obtain this end I am prepared to sacrifice my heart and soul, yea, even my very life. Let us therefore continue to be charitable toward one another, and work together in harmony, peace and unity; then we may rest assured our good Father in Heaven, who sees our humble endeavors, will a thousand fold reward us.

The beautiful cutter with which you have so kindly presented me, shall be looked upon as a token of love and respect, and as a manifestation of your good and kind feelings toward me; and shall serve the purpose to attend and administer the last rites of the Church to your poor sick ones at home.

Book Notices.

The *Ave Maria*. Of all the Catholic weeklies the *Ave Maria* deserves special notice, not so much for the kind words expressed in the last number about the REGISTER, as for the respect in which we have long held it. It is what it claims to be, a Catholic magazine, whose best fruit is gathered when its yearly volumes come to adorn the shelves of our libraries. The selection of matter, the style of writing, the array of talent, the refinement of its spirit—all is of a tone which renders it enduring, and affords a supply of the most excellent reading for Catholic families.

The "Catholic Home Almanac for 1893." Almanacs of this generation are very different from their predecessors years ago, when they simply contained and told when farmers might sow their seeds, with a joke here and there for a footnote. They have now, however, become treasures of reliable information and volumes of agreeable reading. The "Catholic Home Almanac," issued by Benziger & Bro's, is no exception, containing this year interesting sketches of several of the honored dead who departed in 1892. Amongst other articles is a brief account of the venerable Margaret Bourgeoys, Foundress of the Congregation of Notre Dame, in Canada.

Beginning on Sunday next the 40 hours devotion will be observed by each of the churches successively.

Rev. Father Ryan delivered a temperance sermon to the League of the Holy Cross of St. Paul's Church last Sunday evening.

Death of Mr John J. McDonald.

Mr. John J. McDonald, the well-known railway contractor, died at the St. Lawrence hall in Montreal, on Sunday morning, after a long illness. Mr. McDonald, who was one of the most widely known contractors in the Dominion, was born on Feb. 17th, 1836, and was, therefore, nearly 57 years of age at the time of his death. He belonged to the well-known McDonald family, of Glengarry county, and was the son of John McDonald and Christie McDonald. The family removed from Glengarry when their son was quite young to Fitzroy harbour, on the Ottawa river, where the senior McDonald engaged in the lumbering business. In his younger days Mr. McDonald was for a short time in the grocery business, but he soon became interested in contracting, and proceeded from small beginnings to large undertakings. His first big contract was for section 5 of the Intercolonial railway, which was undertaken by a firm composed of Mr. McDonald and his uncle, Mr. Alex. McDonald. Mr. McDonald was the managing partner of the firm, and directed all the details of the work, which was completed in a very satisfactory manner. Mr. McDonald was also the managing partner in the firm of Manning, McDonald & Co., which secured the contract for the construction of section B of the Canadian Pacific railway, one of the most difficult sections of the road. He was also engaged in a number of minor contracts. After the completion of his work on the Canadian Pacific, Mr. McDonald, with a number of Western capitalists, undertook the construction of the Tomisacouta railway, of which some 118 miles are completed and in operation. Mr. McDonald was married twice, first to Miss O'Dea, by whom he had one son, Mr. Frank McDonald, who is pursuing his medical studies at Edinburgh University. His second wife was Miss Ryan, daughter of Mr. Roderick Ryan, lumber merchant, of Ottawa, who survives him. Mr. McDonald enjoyed good health until last Christmas, when he was suddenly stricken down by illness; and despite the best medical skill he continued to grow worse until he passed away at an early hour on Sunday morning. The cause of his death was Bright's disease, accompanied by heart failure. The remains will be taken on Monday morning to Ottawa, where the funeral will take place from the residence of deceased's brother-in-law, Mr. Rodger Ryan, at nine o'clock on Tuesday morning.

Card from Archbishop Cleary.

The following card has been issued by His Grace of Kingston:

His eminence, Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, has written to the Archbishop acknowledging the receipt of 22,950 francs, Peter's Pence, which he presented to our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII. in the name of the Archbishop, priests and faithful laity of the Archdiocese of Kingston. His eminence mentions that he had read for the Sovereign Pontiff the letter of our Archbishop forwarding the Peter's Pence, and assuring his Holiness of the loyalty and warm affection of all his spiritual children in this division of the Christian family. The list of contributions, especially those of the priests, to which his grace invited the Pope's particular attention, afforded ample evidence of their hearty and generous allegiance and filial devotion to the common father of all the faithful, and their readiness to maintain him in royal dignity and independence. In return, his Holiness expressed his heartfelt thanks for the rich New Year's gift, and for the generosity that prompted it. He instructed the Cardinal Prefect to convey to the Archbishop of Kingston and his "excellent priests" and people his praise and admiration of their zeal and filial devotion to his person; and in conclusion he sent his apostolical benediction "most lovingly" to us all.

Forester's Funeral.

The funeral of John J. Sylvas, a member of the Catholic Order of Foresters, took place on Wednesday last under the auspices of Sacred Heart Court 201. A large number of the order marched in regalia to the Sacred Heart Church, where a solemn service for the dead was celebrated by the Rev. P. Lamarche, Chaplain of the order. Mass being over a large number of the members accompanied the remains to St. Michael's Cemetery. This was the first death in Toronto of a member of the order since the first court was started here two years ago.

Concert.

A very interesting and entertaining programme was executed with great credit to themselves and their teachers by the pupils of the Sacred Heart School on Monday evening last in St. Paul's Hall. A crowded and appreciative audience encouraged the young and promising performers. The concert was for the benefit of the French Church. The Wand Drill by the Sacred Heart Cadets deserves special mention. The following is the programme: Sonne

Cloche Joyeuse by Full Chorus, Wand Drill by Sacred Heart Cadets, The Broken Doll by Dora Hall, Operetta by Little Ones, Dialogue—The Expected Visitors, Instrumental Duett by Rose David and Loretta Duffour, Violin Solo by Eugene Comaire, Fantomine, R-citation, "Boy's Rights" by Fred Barrill, Chorus, Dialogue—Anxious Enquirer by Loretta Duffour and B. Bastien, Gipsev Cantata.

St. Michael's Church Bazar.

At the bazar recently held for the benefit of the cathedral fund over \$2000 was realized, the different tables netting the following amounts: Fancy table, Miss Doran and Miss McLoughlin, \$770. Refreshment table, Miss Morrison and Mrs. Falconbridge, \$386. Fancy table, Mrs. Gallagher, Mrs. Lynch, Mrs. Donnelly, \$340. Candy table, Miss Moran and Miss Sullivan \$99; Miss Webber and Miss McCarron, \$41. Gold watch contest, Miss Nolan, \$146; Miss Hamilton, \$110. Sodality table, Miss Fahy, Miss O'Brien and Miss Armstrong, \$205.

The following were the prize-winners: Mrs. W. Falconbridge, Mrs. W O'Connor, Mrs. V. Phail, C. A. Burns, Mr. Roach, F. Beale, Miss Foy, Father McCann, Miss Lysaght, Miss A. Carey, Miss Celia Slatery, E. O'Keefe, James Bonnor, Mr. Brown, Harry Cooper, Father McInerney, Miss Sullivan, J. McCann, L. Dubois, W. J. Macklin, Mr. Reinhardt, Father Trayling, Hugh Kelly, Father Whitney, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Hernan, Joseph Bondiur, P. Clavey, J. Lamb, Maud Byrne, Miss Malone, J. W. Winters, Father Cruise, P. Winterberry, ticket 183, Father Rohleder, George Kiely, Mrs. O'Hara, Miss Nolan, Miss Hamilton.

Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Ass'n.

The Catholic Young Ladies' Literary association gave a very successful musical and dramatic entertainment in their hall on McCaul street on Monday evening, the 13th inst. Vocal solos were given by Miss C. Gamble, Miss K. O'Donoghue and Miss Kate Strong; reading by Miss McGregor, and an instrumental trio by the Misses Lundy, M. O'Donoghue and N. Herbert. These, with some very fine tableaux, constituted the first part of the programme. Part second—Instrumental solo by Miss Minnie Lawlor and Miss Kate Strong was followed by a comedietta entitled "Who shall win him?" in one act, in which the following was the cast:—Mr. Cyril Dashwood, Mr. A. Cottam, Mr. Prattleton Primrose, Mr. J. G. O'Donoghue, Squire Brushleigh, Mr. Wm. Barron; Rose Brushleigh, Miss Aggie Mooney; Sylvia, Minnotta and Musidora (Squire Brushleigh's neices), Miss Fanny Priggle, Miss Kate O'Donoghue and Miss Minnie Dickson; Arabella (a young lady fond of flirting), Miss Mollie O'Donoghue. This was the event of the evening. The audience were very appreciative and applauded every point. The young ladies must be congratulated on their very successful entertainment.

Irish National League.

The annual meeting of the Toronto Branch of the Irish National League was held in Richmond Hall on Friday evening last. The attendance was large, President Lynch having sent out a goodly number of invitations by circular. After commenting on the Home Rule Bill then on the eve of introduction into Parliament the election of officers took place, and resulted as follows. President, Bryan Lynch, Vice President, A. T. Hernon; Secretary, John L. Lee; Treasurer, James Byrne; Executive Committee, P. B. yle, W. O'Neill, M. J. Ryan, James Byrne, James Ryan, William Ryan, P. Clancy, J. D. Doherty, P. Kennedy, E. P. Green, J. Henshaw, T. P. O'Connor. The Board will meet again in the same hall, Richmond street West, on tomorrow (Friday) evening, and will continue active till the question of Home Rule is satisfactorily settled by the Imperial Parliament.

Samson, Kennedy & Co.

Amongst the wholesale dry goods firms throughout the Dominion, none are more widely or more favorably known than that of Samson, Kennedy & Co., whose place of business is at the corner of Scott and Colborne street, Toronto. Mr. Kennedy, senior, is a merchant of long, practical experience, and there are few who gauge so exactly the requirements of the trade. Hence his house is always supplied with goods in season and in immediate demand. There are times in the trade when special lines are a necessity; and now the feature is gent's furnishings. What the firm have to say on this head is well put in their advertisement, which appears in this issue of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, and to which we have pleasure in directing the attention of our readers.

Charity.

Next Sunday evening there will be grand musical vespers at St. Helen's Church, Brockton, with a sermon by the Rev. Father McBrady of St. Michael's College. The collection is for the benefit of the local Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

A CLEVER POLE.

How He Escaped a Cruel Death.

While Murat was in Madrid he was anxious to communicate with Junot in Portugal, but all the roads to Lisbon swarmed with guerrillas and with the troops composing Castanos' army.

He asked Krasinski, the commandant of the lancers, to find him a brave and intelligent young man. Two days afterward the commandant brought the prince, a young man of his corps, for whom he pledged his life. His name was Leckinski, and he was but 18 years old.

Murat was moved at seeing so young a man court so imminent a danger, for if he were detected his doom was sealed. Murat could not help remarking to the Pole the risk he was about to run. The youth smiled.

"Let your imperial highness give me my instructions," answered he respectfully, "and I will give a good account of the mission I have been honored with."

The young prince augured favorably from the young man's modest resolution. The Russian ambassador gave him his despatches; he put on a Russian uniform and set out for Portugal.

The first two days passed over quietly, but on the afternoon of the third Leckinski was surrounded by a body of Spaniards, who disarmed him and dragged him before their commanding officer. Luckily for the gallant youth it was Castanos himself.

Leckinski was aware that he was lost if he were discovered to be a Frenchman; consequently he determined on the instant not to let a single word of French escape him, and to speak but Russian and German, which he spoke with equal fluency. The cries of rage of his captors announced the fate which awaited him and which recalled the horrible murder of Gen. Rene, who had perished in the most dreadful tortures but a few weeks before as he was going to join Junot, were sufficient to freeze the very blood.

"Who are you?" said Castanos in French, which language he spoke perfectly well, having been educated in France.

Leckinski looked at the questioner, made a sign and answered in German, "I do not understand you."

Ostano spoke German, but he did not wish to appear personally in the matter and summoned one of the officers of his staff who went on with the examination. The young Pole answered in Russian or German, but never let a single syllable of French escape him. He might, however, easily have forgotten himself, surrounded as he was by a crowd eager for his blood, and who waited with savage impatience to have him declared guilty—that is, a Frenchman—to fall upon him and murder him.

But their fury was raised to a height, which the General himself could not control, by an incident which seemed to cut off the unhappy prisoner from every hope of escape. One of Castanos' aides de camp, one of the fanatically patriotic who were so numerous in this war, and who from the first had denounced Leckinski as a French spy, burst into the room, dragging with him a man wearing the brown jacket, tall hat and red plume of a Spanish peasant. The officer confronted him with the Pole and said:

"Look at this man, and then say if it is true that he is a German or a Russian. He is a spy, I swear by my soul."

The peasant meanwhile was eyeing the prisoner closely. Presently his dark eyes lighted up with the fire of hatred.

"Es Frances, he is a Frenchman!" exclaimed he, clapping his hands. And he stated that having been in Madrid a few weeks before he had been put in requisition to carry forage to the French barrack, and, said he, "I

recollect that this is the man who took my load of forage and gave me a receipt. I was near him an hour and recollect him. When we caught him I told my comrade this is the French officer I delivered my forage to."

This was correct. Castanos probably discovered the true state of the case, but he was a generous foe. He proposed to let him pursue his journey, for Leckinski still persisted he was a Russian, and could not be made to understand a word of French. But the moment he ventured a hint of the kind, a thousand threatening voices were raised against him and he saw that clemency was impossible.

"But," said he, "will you risk a quarrel with Russia, whose neutrality we are so anxiously asking for?"

"No," said the officer, "but let us try this man."

Leckinski understood all, for he was acquainted with Spanish. He was removed and thrown into a room worthy to have been one of the dungeons of the inquisition in its best days.

When the Spaniards took him prisoner he had eaten nothing since the previous evening, and when his dungeon door closed on him he had fasted for eighteen hours. No wonder, then, what with exhaustion, fatigue, anxiety and the agony of his dreadful situation, that the unhappy prisoner fell almost senseless on his hard couch. Night soon closed in and left him to realize in its gloom the full horror of his hopeless situation. He was brave of course, but to die at eighteen—'tis sudden. But youth and fatigue finally yielded to the approach of sleep and he was soon buried in profound slumber.

He had slept perhaps two hours when the door of his dungeon opened slowly and some one entered with cautious steps, hiding with his hand the light of a lamp. The visitor bent over the prisoner's couch, the hand that shaded the lamp touched him on the shoulder, and a sweet and silvery voice—a woman's voice—asked him, "Do you want to eat?"

The young Pole, awakened suddenly by the glare of the lamp, by the words and touch of the female, rose upon his couch and, with eyes only half opened, said in German, "What do you want?"

"Give the man something to eat at once," said Ostano, when he heard the result of the first experiment, and let him go. He is not a Frenchman. How could he have been so far master of himself. The thing is impossible."

But though Leckinski was supplied with food he was detained a prisoner. The next morning he was taken to a spot where he could see the mutilated corpse of a Frenchman, who had been cruelly massacred by the peasantry of Truxillo, and he was threatened with the same death. But the noble youth had promised not to fail and not a word, not an accent, not a gesture or look betrayed him.

Leckinski, when taken back to his prison, hailed it with a sort of joy. For twelve hours he had had nothing but gibbets and death in its most horrid forms before his eyes—exhibited to him by men with the looks and the passions of demons. He slept, however, after the harassing excitement of the day, and soundly, too, when in the midst of his deep and deathlike slumbers the door opened gently, some one drew near his couch, and the same voice whispered in his ear:

"Arise and come with me. We wish to save your life. Your horse is ready."

And the brave young man, hastily awakened by the words, "We wish to save your life; come," answered still in German, "What do you want?"

Ostano, when he heard of this experiment and its result, said the Russian was a noble young man; he saw the true state of the case.

The next morning, early four men came to take him before a sort of court martial, composed of officers of Ostano's staff. During the walk they ut-

tered the most horrible threats against him, but true to his determination he pretended not to understand them.

When he came before his judges he seemed to gather what was going on from the arrangements of the tribunal and not from what he heard said around him, and he asked in German where his interpreter was. He was sent for, and the examination commenced.

It turned at first upon the motive of his journey from Madrid to Lisbon. He answered by showing his despatches to Admiral Siniavin and his passport. In spite of the presence and the vehement assertions of the peasant, he persisted in the same story and did not contradict himself once.

"Ask him," said the presiding officer at last, "if he loves the Spaniards, as he is not a Frenchman?"

"Certainly," said Leckinski, "I like the Spanish nation, and I esteem it for its noble character. I wish our two nations were friends."

"Colonel," said the interpreter to the president, "the prisoner says that he hates us because we make war like banditti; that he despises us, and that his only regret is that he cannot unite the whole nation in one man, to end this odious war at a single blow."

While he was saying this, the eyes of the whole tribunal were attentively watching the slightest movement of the prisoner's countenance, in order to see what effect the interpreter's treachery would have upon him. But Leckinski had been expecting to be put to the test in some way, and was determined to baffle all their attempts.

"Gentlemen," said Ostano, "it seems to me that this young man cannot be suspected; the peasant must be deceived. The prisoner may pursue his journey, and when he reflects on the hazard of our position he will find the severity we have been obliged to use excusable."

Leckinski's arms and despatches were returned, he received a free pass, and thus this noble youth came victorious out of the severest trial that the human spirit could be put to.—Chicago Citizen.



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Three Doves.

By George Parsons.

Seaward, at morn, my doves flew free;
At eve they circled back to me.
The first was Faith; the second Hope;
The third—the whitest—Charity.

Above the plunging surge's play
Dream-like they hovered, day by day.
At last they turned, and bore to me
Green signs of peace through nightfall grey.

No shore forlorn, no loveliest land
Their gentle eyes had left unscanned,
'Mid hues of twilight-heliotrope
Or day-break fires by heaven-breath fanned.

Quick visions of celestial grace
Hither they walt, from earth's broad space,
Kind thoughts for all humanity
They shine with radiance from God's face.

Ah, since my heart they choose for home,
Why loose them—forth again to roam?
Yet look; they rise! With loftier scope
They wheel in flight towards Heavens pure dome.

Fly, messengers, that find no rest
Save in such toil as makes man blest!
Your home is God's immensity;
We hold you but at His behest.

The Oldest City in the World.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in the sands of the desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates; Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a centre of trade and travel, an island of verdure in a desert, "a predestinated capital" with martial and sacred associations extending through more than thirty centuries. It was "near Damascus" that Saul of Tarsus saw the "light from heaven above the brightness of the Sun;" the street which is called strait, in which it was said "he prayeth" still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago; there is still the sheik, the ass and the water-wheel; the merchants of the Euphrates and of the Mediterranean still "occupy" these "with the multitude of their waiters." The city which Mahomet surveyed from the neighboring height, and was afraid to enter, "because it is given to man to have but one paradise, and, for his part, he was resolved not to have it in this world," is to this day what Julian called "the eye of the east," "as it was in the east," of Isaiah "the head of Syria."

From Damascus came the damson, our blue plums, and delicious apricot of Portugal, called damasco; damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised upon smooth, bright ground, the damask rose, introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII.; the Damascus blade, so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried off the artists in Persia, and that beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with silver and gold, a kind of mosaic engraving and sculpture united—called Damaskeening—with which boxes and bureaus and swords and guns were ornamented. It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the streams from Lebanon, the "rivers of Damascus," the "river of gold," still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of "Syrian gardens."

Bronchitis Cured

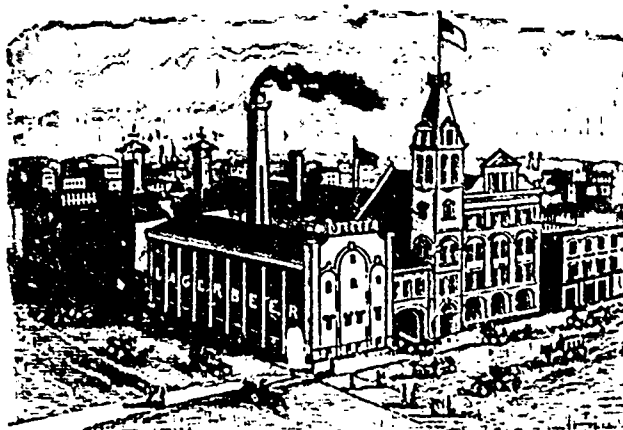
GENTLEMEN,—I suffered four or five years from bronchitis and a severe hacking cough, and could get nothing to do me any good. A friend told me to get Haggard's Pectoral Balsam, and I did so with good result. Two bottles cured me and I hardly know what a cold is now. ARTHUR BYRNE, Guolph.

The Rev. Father Crowley, C.C., Listowel, has been appointed successor of Father D. B. Harrington in the presidency of St. Michael's College.
Norcott, D.E. Roberts, Ardmore, Passage West, has passed the matriculation examination at the Royal (Dick's) Veterinary College, Edinburgh.

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When Louis IX. of France, the saintly king, was nineteen years of age, his mother chose for him, according to the custom of the time, a wife in the person of the Princess Margaret, daughter of the Count of Provence, a girl herself of but fifteen years. The marriage was celebrated with greatest rejoicings, and, as is not always the case in royal weddings, was to prove a holy and happy union.

Louis loved his girl-wife most tenderly, and she found in him the sum of her earthly desires and admiration. She was a girl educated with more care than most princesses of her time, but no record of extraordinary talents possessed by her has come down to us: her reputation is solely that of a devoted wife and mother, the worthy helpmate of a saint.

When the great Crusade was preached the king took the cross, and Margaret prepared to follow her husband to the Holy Land. She was at Damietta, which town the king had entrusted to her government, when St. Louis was taken prisoner at St. John d'Acre. Damietta was besieged by the Saracens, the king a prisoner, and Margaret was in an agony of terror, for this town was the king's last stronghold, and if it were lost not only would his last resource be cut off, but what would become of her if she fell into the hands of the infidel? There remained near her an old chevalier, nearly eighty years of age, and one day, when her hopes of holding out seemed vain, Margaret fell on her knees before him, praying him to grant her a request. The old knight swore to do so. Sir "Chevalier," said the queen, "by the faith you owe me, I conjure you to cut off my head if Damietta is taken by the Saracens."

"I intended to do so," replied the chevalier, looking, we may well believe, with admiration as well as respect on his young queen, who knew so well how to prefer death to such a fate as awaited her at the hands of the brutal enemy.

It was not many hours after this that a son was born to the queen, whom she called Tristram because of the sorrow into which he was born.

Margaret, by her courage preserved Damietta for the king, and it was through her that the ransom of Saint Louis was effected.

After the king's and queen's return to France Margaret devoted herself to religious duties, built convents and made pilgrimages, and made France her debtor by persuading the saint king to remain on the throne when he desired to become a monk, for a monarch such as he the country could not have easily replaced.

She outlived her husband and all of her eleven children but four years and died at the age of sixty-six in the convent of the Cordeliers de Sainte Claire, which she had herself founded.

It is interesting to learn that the great king, the Saint Louis whom France loves to honor, had for a mother and wife women whose strength and piety must have so increased his own; such a mother as Blanche of Castile, and for a wife Margaret of Provence.

STREET CAR ACCIDENT.—MR. THOMAS' Sabin, says: "My eleven year old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street Railway. We at once commenced bathing the foot with Dr. THOMAS' ECLERATIC OIL, when the discoloration and swelling was removed, and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency."

Lord Antrim has refused to grant any reduction of rents to his tenantry on the Glenmakeeran, Cushleake, Glensheak, and Fairhead portion of his estate.

On January 18th, in the action of William and Albert Hastings against Hugh Stewart and James Candon, of Boyle, to recover damages for alleged illegal seizure of the plant and type of the newspaper called the *Roscommon Press*, started last August in Boyle, and for putting the plaintiffs out of the newspaper premises, the jury found a verdict for the defendants.

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1893.

Calendar for the Week.

- Feb. 16—St. Gregory A., Pope and Confessor
 17—The Crown of Thorns of Our Lord.
 18—St. Raymond de Pennafore, Confessor.
 19—Sunday, First of Lent.
 20—St. Cyril of Alexandria, Bishop and Doctor.
 21—The Seven Founders of the Order Servites.
 22—Ember day, Chair of St. Peter at Antioch.

Rules for Lent in the Archdiocese.

1st. All days of Lent, Sundays excepted and fasting days.

2nd. By a special dispensation from the Holy See, meat is allowed on Sundays at every meal, and at one meal on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays except the Saturday of Ember Week and Holy Saturday.

3rd. The use of flesh and fish at the same time is not allowed in Lent.

The following persons are exempted from abstinence, viz. Children under seven years; and from fasting persons under twenty-one; and from either or both, those who, on account of ill health, advanced age, hard labor, or some other legitimate cause, cannot observe the law.

Lard may be used in preparing fasting food during the season of Lent, as also in all days of abstinence throughout the year, by those who cannot easily procure butter.

The season within which all who have attained the proper age are obliged to make the Paschal Communion commences on Ash Wednesday and terminates on Trinity Sunday.

Notice.

We would feel grateful to the pastors of various parishes if they would communicate any items of news which would be of interest to their people and the public in general.

Lent is near at hand, and there will be many religious exercises well worthy of notice. By calling our attention to the services in good time we shall do our utmost to keep our readers informed upon what is being done in the Churches, especially those of the Archdiocese.

Philosophical Talks.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

"Happy is he who knows all about causes," wrote the Roman poet. According to this, those who heard our first Talk should be happy, for that Talk was all about causes. It is good for even a philosophical talker to know what his hearers think of his talks. The protection of the editorial plural gives us the privilege of hearing what is said about us. A person of literary taste and philosophic turn who heard our first talk in print said: "What a charming little chat!" Another of our listeners—a man slow of speech and cautious in criticism—simply said: "Rather serious." We felt somewhat encouraged, for we wish to be charming and serious. St. Augustine says a good talker should do three things: "Please, convince and persuade"—*Placere, docere, et movere*. To please and persuade it is well to be charming. To convince it is necessary to be rather serious. We may as well acknowledge right here that the principal object of our Talks is to make our hearers think for we wish to make them happy and with

thought of head and heart there can be no true happiness.

The first great secret of happiness is, to know where to begin. Most people begin at the beginning. This is all wrong. Everyone should begin at the end. All right action begins at the end. Some, indeed, begin at the end, but at the wrong end. The end to begin at is the last end. There may be many intermediate ends, but there is only one last end, and all the other ends should lead up to 'his, and cannot go beyond it. The thought of this last end steadies the others and sets and keeps them in motion. This is why the last end is a cause, and why moral philosophy is the science of final cause. A man goes to an architect, gets a plan and secures a contractor, supplies bricks and mortar, and builds a house because he wants to have a home. The home is the last thing he gets, but it is the first thing he wants. It is the first in intention, though the last in attainment. And here we get at the second secret of happiness—the intention. The end and intention combine to give character to the action, and, as we shall see in another Talk, it is the action that makes the agent happy. But at present we are talking of ends and intentions only. The end is the final cause, the intention has the nature of the efficient cause. And this shows us how causes are connected with happiness.

There are things material and things spiritual; things temporal and things eternal; and so there are material and spiritual, temporal and eternal ends. But as the spiritual is nobler than the material, and the eternal more lasting than the temporal, it is easy to see that the material or temporal should not be the last end aimed at, even by a philosopher. The poet says:

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
 Rough hew them how we may."

But it is the invitation that seizes on these ends when they are shaped. There are three kinds of intentions: earthly intentions, heavenly intentions, and divine intentions. All these intentions may be good, but the philosopher, the wise man, looks to the best; and as a divinity doth shape our ends, the best intentions are divine.

The morning offering of the League of the Sacred Heart is a compendium of moral philosophy. Secular philosophy, like secular Education, looks to the earthly only; and what is called "modern morality" is satisfied with the material. The best intention Mr. Huxley can give us is, "a keen sense of the comfortable." And Mr. Herbert Spencer would tell us, that if we wish to be happy we must conform to our condition and adapt ourselves to our environment. They have reduced to a theory the cutting sarcasm of the witty Frenchwoman, who said of such philosophers, that the secret of their happiness is, a bad conscience and a good stomach. To be healthy, indeed, we must conform to the laws of hygiene; but to be happy we must conform to the higher laws of our rational and moral nature.

Though Pope's poetry is better than his philosophy, his philosophy is better than Mr. Huxley's, and one

good principle of the poet's philosophy is this:

"Honor and fame from no condition rise,
 Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

The part of every national creature is, to praise, reverence and serve his Creator, who is his first beginning and his last end. The way to be happy here, is to use wisely and well the means the creator has given us to attain our end, and to avoid the obstacles that stand in the way. *Sustine et abstine*—act and abstain—are the regulations for life that philosophy gives. The seed must die that the plant may live. Moral philosophy writes over the door of its hall of happiness the charming and rather serious word Mortification, and tells its guests in parting that the fast of the senses is the feast of the soul.

The Papal Jubilee.

The celebrations of the Holy Father's Golden Jubilee contain many lessons regarding not only the central figure, but also the character of the Church itself. No other institution than the Catholic Church can afford such a pedestal upon which a man's greatness may rest. Her saints, her doctors, her pontiffs have shed a light, not across their own generation, but across centuries. But few, even of the sons of the Church, stand forth upon their high foot-ground with such a halo of glory, after wearing the mitre for fifty years, as does Leo XIII. This century is great with great names. It was ushered in with Napoleon, bounding by leaps to the mastery of Europe. Its first quarter had just closed with O'Connell fighting the battle of an enslaved people. It has entered upon its last decade with such men as Manning and Newman, with the statesmanship of Gladstone. But high above them all rises a pale, attenuated form, stooped beneath the weight of three and eighty years. Joachim Vincent Raphael Louis Pecci is his name; but history and the world will know him better as Pope Leo XIII. That is the man of the century. Head of the great Catholic Church for the last fifteen years he has had the opportunity of displaying his remarkable powers of administrative government, intellectual talent and saintly virtue.

It is unnecessary to go over again and recount the works accomplished by this great man—how stubborn statesmen have yielded to his diplomacy, how episcopates have been established by him, how learning has been encouraged, democracy and labor taken under his protection. Unlike his predecessor, Pius VII., he has not been imprisoned; yet he has never been free. Unlike Pius IX., he never went into exile; yet he cannot feel at home in his own city. Without the aid of any temporal sovereign he stands alone to fight the battle of conscience, civilization and true freedom. His sceptre sways untold millions; and countless souls turn to him for life's guiding light of truth. Around him on Saturday next, the fiftieth anniversary of his consecration, people will collect by the tens of thousands. There were 40,000 at the celebration of his sacerdotal jubilee. "Here," writes Archbishop Walsh, describing that solemn scene, "were bishops,

priests and laymen gathered together from all parts of the world, speaking divers tongues, living under different civil governments, differing from each other in race, in manners, in habits of thought, in national prejudices and traditions, and yet all believing the same doctrines, all bending the knee in worship before the same altar, all submitting in humble obedience to the teaching and governing authority of the Vicar of Christ." That jubilee brought forth, as the Archbishop remarked, the universality of the Church and the undying vitality and indestructibility of the Papacy. "Every one present felt that he did not belong to a mere sect or national church, but that he was a child of that great universal Church, which, like the circling seas, infolds the world in its arms—the Church of all ages and nations—the bride of Christ and the mother of His children." Lastly, that jubilee taught the imperishable character of the Papacy, that "it is as strong, as vigorous and as fruitful as it ever has been in its long and glorious history, that it is still the greatest moral power in the world; that it still exercises as beneficent an influence over minds and hearts as it ever did in the past; that its power for good increases as the ages roll on, and that its vast empire has been steadily growing and extending its boundaries, until it has become coterminous with the confines of the earth."

What that celebration taught the present one teaches with renewed energy and earnestness. But the thoughtless and the worldly will never learn it. Parables are lost upon them; and as they rejected the life teachings of one infinitely greater than Leo XIII., so they will reject his life and the lessons it contains. The disciple is not above his Master, or the servant above his Lord.

The Priest in Politics.

The *Nineteenth Century Magazine* for the month of January, contains an article entitled "The Priest in Politics," which attracts considerable attention. It comes from the truthful and vigorous pen of Mr. Michael Davitt, M.P., and is all the more interesting as the author has been unseated for the County Meath, on account of trumped up cases of clerical interference in his behalf. Mr. Davitt, we are glad to announce, has achieved a glorious victory over the enemies of Ireland's peace and autonomy, by the election held last week in North East Cork, which placed him at the head of the Polls by a very large majority.

The charges to which Mr. Davitt replies in the *Nineteenth Century*, is that "Priests and Bishops have been unduly active in Irish Politics." Before entering on an explanation and defence of clerical interference in the politics of Ireland, Mr. Davitt quotes from English journals several instances of the undue, not to say immoral, influences employed at the late general elections in England, especially in the constituencies of Hexham, Walsall and Rochester. In the latter city especially, the petitioners complained of bribery by the wholesale in the debauchment

of whole districts by the political persuasion of "Scotch whiskeys, lemonade, cake and sandwiches for 1,000 people—free concerts with sandwiches and beer unlimited, conversaciones with refreshments, cakes and whiskey, costing \$500."

Political inducements of this nature caused the voiding of the late elections in London, Ont.—and were repeated *ad nauseam* afterwards in the *London Free Press*, as a stigma on the opposite party, because some Italians were treated to free concerts with "pigs' feet and beer thrown in." It is simply outrageous therefore and absurd to single out counties in Ireland as peculiarly amenable to objectionable or undue influences during the periodical excitement of general elections.

Mr. Michael Davitt proceeds to show that clerical intimidation, if at all made use of by Catholic priests or Bishops, which he denies, was notoriously practised by Presbyterian ministers, in Ulster, even on behalf of T. W. Russell, M. P., who, on all occasions, both in the House of Commons and on public platforms, is loud in his protestations against priestly dictation. Mr. Davitt says: "In the contest for South Tyrone a reverend Unionist declared to his congregation that the choice in the (then) coming election was one between Christ and the devil; Mr. T. W. Russell being, presumably, the God-like antithesis of Mr. Thomas A. Dickson, the Home Ruler. Presbyterian ministers act in booths as personation agents in almost every election in Ulster. They stand near the ballot-box, and closely scrutinize the voters as they deposit their votes. Inside and outside the polling booths they are the most watchful and most resourceful of Unionist workers, and yet we never hear a word of protest urged against the exercise of clerical influence of this political complexion by the British anti-Home Rule press."

The same anomaly may be witnessed in our enlightened Dominion—when the merest suspicion happens to alight on the name of some Catholic priest or Bishop in connection with any political agitation. But let the Rev. Dr. Wild fulminate his condemnation of any contemplated measure of law, and make use of his pulpit to stir up a political agitation; few will be found to attach to the cause or party he espouses the stigma of undue influence, or clerical intimidation. Rev. Dr. Douglas and his colleague in vituperation, Rev. Dr. Carman, may attack the very person of our Prime Minister and disperse the motives of his most sacred personal convictions; and thousands are found to applaud them, while the columns of the daily press, send broadcast over the land without note or comment the unfounded charges made in their unscrupulous and unchristian harangues.

But the chief sin of the clergy of Meath, continues Mr. Davitt, lay in the fact that they were not on the side of the coercionists. It was not their religion, but their politics that caused the outcry to be raised against them, which culminated in the unseating of the people's candidate. They might have exercised clerical intimidation to its fullest extent, if

they had but exercised it on the Tory or Unionist side. The *London Times* had only the warmest commendation for the Bishop who condemned Fenianism, or who censured the Plan of Campaign. Were a revolution to occur in Ireland to-morrow or next day, which Heaven forbid, the Tories and their organs would all cry out that the priests should exercise their powerful influence in aiding the Government to restore order. So that after all, it is not precisely the clerical influence that is complained of, but the manner of its application. Were the priests of Ireland to abandon their people in the midst of a political struggle, such as Ireland is just now engaged in, were they to stand aloof and leave their flocks an easy prey to the wolves so anxious to scatter and devour them, they would receive the plaudits of the whole Tory press, and in the eyes of Ireland's oppressors would be a very commendable clergy indeed. But thanks to God the Irish clergy are not of such base mould or contemptible make up. They are to a man, from the Cardinal Primate of Armagh to the humblest curate in the land, arm in arm, heart and soul, with the great majority of the Irish people at home and abroad, who look for the redemption of their country, in an unbroken phalanx, and a factionless united parliamentary vote.

Hamilton Board of Education.

In our issue of Jan. 26th we related the facts concerning the Separate School representative on the Hamilton Board of Education being refused an appointment on any of the standing Committees. Mr. Furlong was on the point of resigning, in fact had done so, but his resignation was not accepted by the Separate School Board. A third opportunity was therefore given the Board of Education to redeem its character, and remove a stain which could not but have a bad effect upon the young towards whom they were bound by office to set a good example. We were very glad to see that they availed themselves of the opportunity, and placed Mr. Furlong on the Building Committee. It did not, however, come to pass without a struggle. At a meeting of the Board on the first instant a committee was named to draft the standing committees of the year, viz: Internal Management, Building and Finance. In a short time they reported, with Mr. Furlong's name omitted from each and all. The breeze was immediately raised by Mr. Hugh Murray moving in amendment that Mr. Furlong be added to the Building Committee. Some feared the separation of the Collegiate Institute and Public School Boards, if the gentleman's name were placed on any of the committees. On the other hand, it was justly held to be illogical to keep him off, when the same subjects were dealt with by the Board, upon which he had a perfect right to sit, and to vote in all matters pertaining to the Collegiate Institute. After a good deal of discussion, in which one of the minority expressed his dislike for the Separate School system, a vote was taken, which stood 14 for Mr. Murray's amendment and 5 against it. Mr. Furlong thereupon thanked the Board for their kind view of the case, and assured them that he would be always

happy, to give his counsel on the Building Committee with reference to Collegiate affairs.

Thus terminated an episode which brought into greater relief the common sense of the majority, and the narrow minded bigotry of at least five Hamiltonians.

Pagan Virtue.

There are periods when men look outside for the perfection which they vainly seek within the system whose interests they should be the first to defend. It was so with that class of ancient Rome who brought from Greece that forbidden fruit which eventually corrupted a noble people. It was so with the men of the sixteenth century, who, even if they were sincere, thought by going out of the Church they would bring it back to its primitive simplicity. It is so with a large number of the educated class of our own time, who turn either to the classic pages of Greece and Rome, or to the secret volumes of stranger and more ancient religions, expecting to find therein the fulfilment of their hopes and the longings of the human soul. Religion's highest court is the only sanction which will sustain morals, as the pillar of truth is the only basis upon which a moral code can securely rest. All other systems—materialism, agnosticism, utilitarianism have either entirely subverted morality or given merely a partial solution to its many sided problem. And numbers to-day, instead of looking to Christianity, turn to Buddha and Theosophy in the vain hope that Eastern mysticism, aided by Western science, will save them amidst the moral storms of life. We may therefore, before proceeding quite so far as the homes and haunts of Indian universalism, find it interesting to examine the human ideal of classic Greece and Rome.

The moral doctrines of paganism present so strange a mixture of good and evil, that it is impossible to censure or praise them without many distinctions. A learned critic, Father Hogan, in the January number of the *American Catholic Quarterly*, regards St. Augustine's view as the most equitable, and as the one best supported by references in St. Paul's address to the Athenians, and his Epistle to the Romans. This great classical student and light of the Western Church discerns, amidst the general perversion, abiding elements of beauty and truth. Over the less favored children of paganism God's providence ever hung, preserving them from the lower depths of degradation, and affording them now and again glimpses of a higher and purer life. When, in the palmy days of Greece, art displayed its fairest creations, literature developed its noblest forms, and philosophy essayed its boldest flights, we feel the touch of unseen inspiration in the writings of Plato; and we recognize in Aristotle the framework upon which St. Thomas of Aquin feared not to build the exalted and exalting system of Christian ethics. Yet the highest expression of moral life and the brightest examples of pagan virtue are to be found, not in Greece, but in Rome. Here we have a people practising social and domestic

virtues by the mere traditions of their race and the dictates of their moral nature. When theories came to be studied the system which best suited the genius of the Romans was Stoicism, the philosophy of the Porch, which, in the earnest Seneca, the patient Epictetus, and the unselfish Marcus Aurelius, has left us noble types of antiquity and a literature breathing more the inspiration of a Solomon than the unassisted reflections of pagans. Most of all did the Phrygian Epictetus, slave and freedman, cast a glory upon Stoicism which it did not have before, and wield an influence upon men's thoughts in later times. He taught that the world could not be God, and he came to believe in One to whom suffering man might look for help and deliverance.

But Stoicism failed, its paradoxes induced scepticism, its stern code yielded to the easy going system of Epicurus, but, like other schools of philosophy, it failed mostly for want of a motive. It had no power to stand over the graves of a morally buried multitude and clothe them again with the energy of a new and higher life. It could not go to bond or free, to Greek or barbarian, and say with Christianity that Christ was all in all. The noble teachings of their chosen leaders live in history, but so do the epitaphs upon the tombs of the dead. Nor did philosophical teaching benefit any except a favored few. In Christianity alone do we find the highest moral doctrines brought to the level of the humblest minds. As to the content of any of their systems we find them narrowed to a few of the duties imposed by human relations, or teaching most horrifying vices by the side of most elevated virtues. And though we may admire the dialogues of Plato, the teachings of Seneca, the rhythmical morals of Horace, it is vain that we extract the life-giving seed from the mass of chaff with which it is surrounded. How much is still missing to make a perfect law of life. Contrast the few lessons of paganism or any of its philosophical systems with the spiritual life of the Church and her whole doctrine of morals, and the astonishment will ever increase that men should look outside of Christianity for the teaching of conduct and the complete development of ethics. They do so because they do not know the Church, and they do not know the Church because they shut their eye to its light.

News from Queensland contains distressing accounts of floods, in which Brisbane and many of the provincial towns suffered severely. Villages were submerged, lives lost, and bridges swept away. In Brisbane the water was at one time 80 feet deep in the principal streets, while in the lower suburbs, it covered buildings 60 feet high. It is the greatest disaster in the history of the colony.

The *New York Herald* reports from South America that at Santa Fe 8,000 members of the Humboldt colony were under arms, threatening war against the wheat tax. Government troops, being sent, captured 200 of the rebels, who were conducted to the capitol. The Governor of the province delivered a homily and let them go.

Father John of Cronstadt.

One of the most interesting articles in the current magazines is that on Father John of Cronstadt, which a Russian lady contributes to *Lucifer* (December 15th). Father John is a Russian priest of great learning, but of still greater spiritual gifts. He is a natural clairvoyant, a gifted healer, and a philanthropist of the first order. Born of poor parents at Archangel sixty years since, he is now the most popular man in the Russian Empire. And his popularity is not without cause. He is a miracle worker to begin with, and a kind of Muscovite General Booth to end with.

Father John's healings are too numerous to be reported, but the moral and elevating influence he has exercised over different people would be still more difficult to record. Criminals, drunkards, men and women lost to every sense of goodness and spiritual life, have been raised from the mire and converted into honest, useful beings.

HIS PHILANTHROPY.

The whole population of Cronstadt has benefited by his presence. He has founded many useful institutions. The first, dating from 1874, was named, "House of Care and Help to the Poor," and was attached to the cathedral of St. Andrew.

Then he erected in Cronstadt, St. Petersburg, and twenty other towns in Russia, institutions which he named "Houses for love of Work."

In these places all who want to earn something by honest work are provided with employment. Cronstadt alone, which serves as a model for the other towns, possesses the following institutions:

A night refuge for three hundred men and women. It is a large four-storey house, where for about a half-penny (and, those who cannot afford to pay, gratuitously) people get a bed for the night, and in the morning bread and a can of tea.

A sewing school and workshop for girls, who, under the guidance of a teacher, learn to sew and to use the sewing machine, and at the same time are provided with paid work. Any woman out of work may find some there.

A school and workshop for book-binding, and another for bootmaking.

A soup kitchen, which provides wholesome food for six hundred people. A halfpenny obtains a meal for those who prefer to pay, and the quite destitute get it free. It is noteworthy that since Father John's action and influence the majority prefer to pay.

A refuge for old homeless women; The youngest is sixty-three, the oldest ninety-five years old.

A small hospital, with medicines, ambulances, surgery, etc. The doctors give voluntary services.

A large popular lecture hall. Every Sunday it is crowded by the lowest classes. A free library, with a large reading room, and a library where books are sold at cost price.

A model school, with three classes, for two hundred boys and one hundred and fifty girls, and free reading room and library for children.

Drawing school with good teachers, at 5s. per annum.

Orphanage for one hundred children.

A crèche and day refuge for children whose parents go out working.

Workshops for the old or weak. From three hundred to four hundred disabled men and women are occupied at easy, light work, and paid about one shilling per day. They get cheap meals, and, if they wish, a night's rest at the establishment.

Out-door relief, managed by a small committee. Several thousands of people are helped in different ways. Some receive money or clothes, others railway tickets to return to their homes. Cronstadt being a seaport, there are often people who come to

work during the summer and whose long journeys would take the greater part of their earnings.—*Review of Reviews.*

Fashion Notes.

Beautiful dresses are made of crepe and of silk and wool challie. Both these materials lend themselves excellently to the round waist, epaulette style of gown, which is second only to the Empire in its popularity for children's wear.

Bands of fancy galloons, ribbons and folds of black satin will be used in rows in the same way as fur on spring gowns. Small bows are dotted on at intervals sometimes. Where the material permits, ruffles of the dress goods may be used.

Long coats with high, full sleeves to admit the huge dress sleeves, are anticipated for spring. The leading characteristic of these coats, some of which, have already appeared on our streets is their flaring backs repeating in large, fluted folds the flare of the dress worn beneath them.

A new ruffle which reaches to the knees, like the old-fashioned Spanish flounce, is cut in a circular fashion somewhat after the manner of a bell skirt. The ruffle is quite full around the bottom and scant at the top, giving the fashionable flare of the season. It is usually put on with a heading of two or three narrow ruffles standing upright or with a band of fur.

One pretty dress for a child has the fullness held by an Alsation bow of velvet high in the back, and a rosette of velvet under a lace fall in front. The colors are a delicate green in the silk and a pear yellow in the velvet. The knot of the Alsation bow is shirred. A white and pink silk has pink ribbons girdling the gown, crossing in front and making two small rosettes at the edge of the neck.

The most striking midwinter novelty in skirts to be worn on the promenade is the genuine umbrella skirt. The skirt is composed of from six to nine pointed gores of even size. This makes a skirt that is quite full at the bottom, but is narrowed at the top, so that it fits hips smoothly with no apparent fullness, the gathers necessary to fit the skirt gracefully at the back being carefully concealed.

Black silks and satins are again very fashionable.

On the majority of the stylish costumes of the present appear the very broad revers, or falling collars, or shoulder-bretelles—wings, a man would be inclined to call them.

Misdirected Charity.

Misdirected charity passes by one-third of the worthy poor and bestows its alms upon an unworthy fraction.

It is not those who whine, and cringe, and stretch out hands for alms that need sympathy and help.

Chatterton dying in his garret is only one instance among ten thousand proud men and women who starve and die for something more nutritious than a crust.

It is not in the Bethesda inns and public soup kitchens that you will find the poverty-stricken ones who most deserve your aid and comfort. The public poor have hosts of helpers, but alas for the uncounted host who make no sign till

"Death pours out its cordial wine,
Slow dropped from misery's crushing press."
THEOPHILUS DEAN.

—*Catholic Columbian.*

Don't waste time, money, and health, trying every new medicine you may see advertised in the papers. If the cause of your trouble is in the blood, liver, stomach, or kidneys, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla at once, and be sure of a cure. Take no other.

The Rev. Jeremiah O'Toole, son of Mr. Anthony O'Toole, Louisburgh, and nephew of his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, was ordained priest at the Cathedral, Tuam, on Sunday, January 8.

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Death of Sister Mary Clare.

"A saint has passed away." Such has been the spoken and unspoken thought of many in Nenagh, as the sad tidings of Sister Mary Clare's death spread through the town. As she lived so she died, joyously and peacefully, and those to be mourned for are the bereaved ones left; not the saintly religious who put such a noble account to her credit during her life, and who has heard the solemn words, "come up higher." Ellen Asmolda Gleeson (in religion Sister Mary Clare), was the eldest daughter of our late respected townsman, Mr Gleeson of Ivy House, Nenagh. From her earliest infancy she displayed an unusual piety and love of God's works. Her virtues were many, but her special characteristics were charity and humility. The poor were always even in the world, her special care. Any articles of dress she could secure, were carried off in triumph to some of the surrounding poor, who were all more or less her pensioners. Later in life at the convent of the Sacred Heart, Roscrea, where she was a pupil for some years, she showed talents of high order, carrying off all honors, and endearing herself to nuns and children, by her amiability and unselfishness. In a very short time she received the cordon and medal of the Children of Mary. Truly did she prove herself Mary's child. Living in the world a hidden life of sanctity and sunshine, the sunshine of the household, and angel of the family—leaving an example of humility and meekness and piety that shall long be remembered. Her good works were made perfect "by leaving all thing to follow Him." On the 1st January, 1880 she began her religious life in the Convent of Mercy, Birr. On the 26th of September, 1882, she made the vows of her religious profession. In ten short years her hands were laden with fruits for heaven. Her virtues and works are the theme on every lip in the schools, workhouse, and among the sisterhood; and yet she counted herself the least of all. Tulla convent was the last field of her labors. A slight cold, caught in the schools, fell on her lungs, and in four weeks rapid consumption carried this pure soul to the God she so faithfully praised and served while on earth. The remains were taken from the Nenagh convent on Friday, followed by a large cortege of friends. The Office and High Mass were celebrated on Sat. at 11 o'clock, in Birr, the celebrant being Rev. J. Tuohy, P.P., Dunkerrin; deacon, Rev. D. Flannery, P.P., Ruan and Dysart; sub-deacon, Rev. P. Glynn, C.C., Birr. In the choir—Very Rev. Dr. Bulger, P.P., V.G., Birr; Very Dr. White, P.P., V.G., Nenagh; Rev. R. Kennedy, P. P., Lorrha; Rev. P. Meehan, P. P., Kilcolman Rev. Father Flynn, P.P., Kinnitty; Rev. Father McInerney, P.P., Shinrone; Rev. J. Kennedy, P. P., Terryglass; Rev. T. Phelan, P.P., Borrisokane; Rev. J. Murray, P.P., Eglis; Rev. Father Clancy, C.O., Lorrha; Rev. J. Gleeson, C.C., Templeberry, and Rev. W. Gleeson, S. J., Olongowes (brothers of deceased); Rev. Father Maguire, O.C., Borrisokane; Rev. M. B. Curry, O.O., Nenagh; Rev. J. Frost, O.O., Kinnitty; Rev. J. McKenna, O.O., Birr; Rev. M. O'Flanagan, C.O., Birr. Among the friends we noticed Mr. Michael Gleeson, solicitor and coroner, Nenagh; Mr. Joseph Gleeson, Mr. Hugh Delaney, Mrs. Gleeson and the Misses Gleeson, Mrs. Moloney, Miss Gleeson Kilcolman; Mrs. B. Gill and Master Gill, Miss Stephens, Miss Dillon, Mrs. Corcoran and Miss Corcoran. The wreaths were numerous, and most chaste in design.

[The deceased was niece of Rev. Dr. Flannery, St. Thomas.—ED. CATHOLIC REGISTER.]

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A Great Soul.
While on his retreat from Russia, one midnight bitterly cold, the Emperor started out. Darkness reigned around; and the snow like a shroud covered fields, trees and abandoned hovels. Vainly he scanned with his gaze the horizon—nothing appeared, he could divine nothing. A dull silence saddened his soul. The monotonous tread of the sentinels, the noise of the bivouacs, a dream rather than a reality, minute after minute recalled the fact that in this snow there lay an army. All slept. After a solitary meditation the Emperor, no longer able to resist the freezing north wind, felt disposed to return beneath the thatched roof which served as a palace. He had, however, con ended against the elements; but he, the conqueror of the world, was conquered. His thick coat buttoned close upon his breast, the large war cloak in which he was wrapped, were powerless, and the strongest man could only yield and await the dawn with resignation.

The old grenadiers of the guard, on sentry duty for an hour, marched quickly past in a religious silence. They were men whose bodies were bronzed by the sun of the Pyramids, and who despised suffering and death. However, they trembled with cold and could hardly shake the snow from their brow. From time to time the two sentinels stopped, and, as if by an instinctive movement, directed their eyes to the same point. It was a shapeless heap, a short distance away, a hamlet, or ruined walls; through the thick, heavy atmosphere they thought they perceived a faint glimmer shining like the flame of a lamp. The eyes of Napoleon followed the glances of the grenadiers. Surprised at first, the Emperor advanced a few steps, His head leaning upon his breast, he rose, his eyes shone with the brilliancy of joy, and his lips murmured. "There are then brave men."

The day before had been severe, and the morrow promised to be worse. Napoleon could not turn his gaze from this luminous point. Superstitious at this terrible hour of defeat, he thought he saw a star from heaven, that star which guides the ship-wrecked sailor over the storm. Napoleon hurriedly entered and gave an order. The officer accomplished his mission, and soon returned: "Sire," said he. "it is Colonel Drouot, who is working and praying God." At the first dawn of day Drouot was on horseback and fought till evening. Napoleon did not speak a word to him. This took place in the early part of December, 1812. The month following Drouot was named General and aide-de-camp of the Emperor. When he went to thank Napoleon for this advance and the honour done him, the Emperor said: "You are energetic, Drouot?" "Sire," replied Drouot. "I fear neither death nor poverty; I fear God alone. Therein lies all my strength."

O you, who have also contests to maintain, enemies to fight, passions to subdue, seek not strength but in God. He alone can guide you on the battlefield; He alone can give you victory.

"IT IS A GREAT PUBLIC BENEFIT."—These significant words were used in relation to DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested it, merits in his own case—having been cured by it of lameness of the knee, of three or four years standing. It never fails to remove soreness as well as lameness, and is an incomparable pulmonic and corrective.

Mr. George Parr, manager of the establishment of Messrs. Francis Craig & Sons, woollen-drapers, Ballymoney, met his death, on January 14th, by falling downstairs at the residence of Mrs. Doyle, Seymour street, in that town.

Miss Helen Walsh (in religion Sister Mary Gertrude), daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Walsh, Ballyrune, Grange, Ardmore, and sister of the late B. P. Walsh, C.C., Traamore, and Rev. N. Walsh, C.C., SS. Peter and Paul's, Clonmel, was recently professed by the Bishop of Waterford, at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, beautifully situated on the banks of the far-famed Avonmore.

SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

Patrick Rooney, son of the late Daniel Rooney, of Belfast, has been sworn in a Solicitor of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Ireland. Mr. Rooney intends practicing at 12 Westmoreland st., Dublin.

On January 14th Dr. Arthur Mussen, J. P., coroner for Carrickfergus, held an inquest touching the death of a child named George McAllister, who was found dead in bed on the previous morning. Dr. McAllister deposed that he had examined the body. The child appeared to be well cared for, and there were no marks of violence on the body. He believed that death resulted from natural causes, probably syncope. The jury returned a verdict accordingly.

Armagh.

On Sunday, January 22nd, a destructive fire took place on the premises of Mr. William Taylor, of Clanrulla, two miles from Lurgan. All the stacks of hay and corn in the farmyard were burned down, despite the efforts of Mr. Taylor and his helpers to extinguish the flames. In all it is stated that over forty stacks were consumed, the loss being estimated at over £2,000, which is said to be covered by insurance. But for the fact that the wind suddenly changed during the progress of the fire, there appeared every likelihood that Mr. Taylor's residence and out-offices would have also been destroyed. The cause of the fire is unknown.

Clare.

At Tomgraney Petty Sessions, on Jan. 25th, before Mr. Hodder, R. M., John Moloney, John Nugent, John Wyley Denis Doherty, John O'Callaghan and Patrick Moroney were charged at the suit of District Inspector Feeley with being concerned in the disturbances at Drumod, near Bodyke, on the 3d of January, on the property of Col. O'Callaghan, when the landlord brought to the estate two Emergency men from the Property Defence Association. The greatest interest was manifested in the proceedings. The parish priest, Rev. Father Murphy, was present part of the day. A large force of police was in attendance. The accused were returned for trial to the Clare Assizes, bail being accepted, themselves in £20 each and two sureties of £10 each.

Cork.

Mr. Pratt, the United States Consul at Cork, has been transferred to Dublin. At a meeting of the Cork Harbor Board on January 25th, a letter was read from Messrs Richardson, Spence & Co., intimating that the Inman steamers would cease to call at Cork Harbor after the 2d of March next.

On January 24th an eviction at the suit of Lord Middleton was carried out by the sheriff's representatives from Cork in the presence of a large number of people and police. The tenant evicted was a widow named Ellen Barry, living near Middleton, and the farm of which she was dispossessed comprised 39 acres. The amount of rent due to the landlord was £500, which was about five years' rent. No resistance was offered to the extermination, and the tenant, on signing a legal document, was let into possession as caretaker.

Derry.

On Sunday night, January 22d, while two gentlemen named James Thompson, cashier of the Coleraine Branch of the Northern Bank, and Edward McLaughlin, were driving home from Portrush to Coleraine, their car upset into the ditch and fell on top of Mr. Thompson, who was unfortunately suffocated before he could be released. The fatality is deeply regretted in the neighborhood, Mr. Thompson having been held in the highest esteem as a courteous and obliging official. His father, who resides in Belfast, is a managing director of the Northern Banking Company.

Donegal.

On January 23d a report reached Letterkenny, to the effect that the upper and under lofts of Mr. Russell's store at Milford, on which were stored about ninety tons of loose meal, had fallen in, killing six out of sixteen horses stable on the ground floor. A later report stated that one man had been taken out alive, but unconscious, and two others had been observed in the ruins, apparently dead, as they made no reply when called to. Vigorous efforts to reach them were being made, but with difficulty, owing to the obstructing broken timbers.

Down.

William Liddall, Esq., J. P., of Banogue House, Donaghony, Lurgan, has been sworn in as High Sheriff of the county of Down, and Mr. Hugh C. Kelly took the usual oath as Deputy Sheriff at the same time.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Mr. James Murray, of Ballynahinch, to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Down. In the year 1894, and for years previous, Mr. Murray, who then resided at Castlewellan, was President of the Land League branch in that town, and took an active part in organizing meetings. His landlord was Earl Annesley, by whom he was evicted. Mr. P. W. Russell, of Ballystrew House, Downpatrick, who was Secretary of the Downpatrick branch of

the Land League, has also been appointed a magistrate for Down.

Dublin.

The Passionist Fathers, of Mount Argus Monastery, Dublin, are collecting materials for a life of the late Father Charles.

After many delays the statue of Father Mathew was, on Jan. 25th, safely erected on its pedestal in Upper O'Connell street, Dublin, in presence of the sculptor, Miss Mary Redmond, and the Committee's architect, Mr. C. J. McCarthy. The statue will be publicly unveiled in a few days by the Lord Mayor of Dublin.

On Saturday night, Jan. 21st, a melancholy occurrence took place in the Church of St. Peter's, Phibsborough. A young woman named Mary Caffrey entered the confessional of the Rev. Father Jones, and was seen by the Rev. gentleman to suddenly fall back. He immediately had the woman conveyed to the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, where, on examination by the resident physician, it was found that life was extinct. The deceased had died of heart disease.

Kerry.

John McGillicuddy, Esq., of Aghadoo House, Killarney, has been appointed High Sheriff of the county Kerry.

A fatal accident happened to a young man named William Whelan, of Ballycoory, on the night of January 18th. He was returning home from Lisowel cattle fair, and had occasion to leave the public road to go into the house of a man from whom he had bought some seed the same day. The night being very dark, and a bad passage leading to the house, it appears he missed his way, and fell into a bog-hole, in which there was some 2½ or 3 feet of water. His friends became alarmed at his long absence, and went to search for him the next day. They found him lying dead just inside the fence, his head resting against the bank, and his body half immersed in the water.

Kilkenny.

Mr. Richard Duggan, Kilkenny, has been sworn in as a Justice of the Peace for the city of Kilkenny. Mr. M. M. Murphy, solicitor, Kilkenny, has been appointed a Notary Public for the county and city of Kilkenny.

Mr. Patrick Morrissey, J.P., T.C., of Dean street, Kilkenny, has been sworn in as High Sheriff of the city of Kilkenny; and Mr. Aleck J. McCreery, of John street House, has been sworn in as Under-Sheriff for 1893. Col. S. Butler, Kilmurray House, has been sworn in High Sheriff for the county for 1893 and Mr. J. McCreery, John street House, as Under Sheriff.

Limerick.

Mr. John J. White, Nantenant, Ballingrane, has been appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Limerick.

Mr. William Leahy, Sessional Crown Solicitor, has been appointed Crown Solicitor for the county and city of Limerick in room of Mr. William Roche, who recently resigned after a lengthened service. The appointment of Mr. Leahy is in accordance with a recent arrangement of the Government, amalgamating, in case of a vacancy, the Crown Solicitorship with the office of Sessional Crown Solicitor.

Louth.

On January 22d, a large and representative labor meeting was held at Knockbridge, near Dundalk. Resolutions calling attention to the grievances under which laborers exist were passed, and speeches were delivered by Messrs. T. D. Sullivan, M.P.; Michael Austin, M.P.; and William Field, M.P.

Mayo.

Mr. James Faulkner has given a reduction of a full half year's rent to his tenants on the Pheasant Hill property.

The Tuam and Claremorris line of railway is fast approaching completion. An engine and tender traversed the line from end to end on January 9th.

Rev. J. O'Toole (nephew of the Archbishop of Tuam), who was ordained at Tuam College on the 6th of January, said his first Mass, on Sunday, January 15th, and also gave Benediction to a large congregation, in Louisburgh, of which parish he was a native.

Monaghan.

On January 18th, in the Land Commission Court, Dublin, before Justice Bowley and Commissioner Fitzgerald, Q.C., the case of the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly against Lord Rossmore was called. The Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly sought to have a fair rent fixed on a holding which he holds from Lord Rossmore near the town of Monaghan. Lord Rossmore resisted the application, contending that the holding was a town-park. At the hearing before the Sub-Commission the Court decided that Dr. Donnelly's residence was not within the town or suburbs of Monaghan, and proceeded to fix a fair rent. On an appeal the Chief Commissioners, who personally inspected the place, unanimously agreed with the Sub-Commission and confirmed their decision. Subsequently, an application by Lord Rossmore for an appeal or a case stated to the Court of Appeal in Ireland was refused.

Roscommon.

On Saturday night, January 21st, a fire broke out in the Convent of Mercy, in Boyle. It was discovered by a servant of the institution in the turf house, and owing to the timely and vigorous exertions of the police

and inhabitants of the neighborhood it was not allowed to do very serious injury. It is not known how the fire occurred.

Sligo.

With much regret we record this week, the death of Mr. Thomas J. Kilgallen, High street, Sligo. The deceased young gentleman was second son of the late Mr. Thaddeus Kilgallen, and his family is one of the oldest and most respected in Sligo.

On the morning of January 23, an old man named Carroll residing in Ballsodare, was found dead in his bed. Deceased was about 65 years of age, and had lived by himself, being unmarried. He was a shoemaker by trade, and up to a couple of days before his death was engaged at his work. His death was due to natural decay.

On January 25th, Mr. J. B. Powell, coroner, held an inquest on the body of a man named Thomas McDaniel, a blacksmith, aged 60 years, who was burned to death at his residence, Bridge street, Sligo. Deceased was found lying on the floor of his room, with his head in the grate, terribly burned. The jury returned a verdict of death from shock and collapse.

Tipperary.

On January 19th, there died at Ballinderry, five miles from Borriskane, a man named Connor Ryan, who was probably the oldest man in Ireland, having reached the advanced age 113 years. He was in possession of all his faculties up to his death, and could give a stirring account of his experience in '98. He built the house in which he lived, five years ago, and received no assistance in the drawing of the material. The roof was put up for him, at which he assisted and gave directions. He put thatch on the roof several times since then, the last time nine months ago, receiving no assistance except in changing the ladder on the roof. He worked at basket-making until three months before his death. His age is authenticated, as a Rev. gentleman who lived in the parish got a copy of his baptism from the parish of Curreeny, in which he was born.

Tyrone.

William Edwards, of Crivelough, Caledon; and Joseph McVey, Caledon, have been sworn in as magistrates for Tyrone.

A man named Samuel Donnell, brother of Mr. James Donnell, merchant, and son of the late Mr. Samuel Donnell, who was a leading merchant in Strabane, committed suicide on January 25th.

Waterford.

Died on the 21st of January, Mrs. Elizabeth Molyneux, of Grange, Tramore, the last survivor of the family of the late Dr. Thomas Hearn, of Waterford, in the 74th year of her age. At the High Mass and Office celebrated in the Church of the Holy Cross, Tramore, on January 23rd, the Rev. R. Mockler, C. C., was the celebrant; Rev. J. Lennon, C. C., deacon; Rev. T. Burke, C. C., sub-deacon. The following priests were in the choir: Rev. P. McCarthy, P. P., Tramore; Rev. T. Dowley, P. P., Dunhill; Rev. M. Flynn, P. P., Killea; Rev. William Browns, Adm., St. John's; Rev. M. Power, C. C., Passage; Rev. M. Walsh, C. C., Tramore.

Wexford.

Mr. A. Ennis Belvidere has been sworn in as a magistrate for the county of Wexford.

The tenants on the Colclough estate, at Tintern, have recently been informed that the creditors and the judge of the Court had consented to allow the usual abatement of 5s. in the pound on the rent due.

A marriage is arranged, and will take place this month, between Charles William Arthur Hervey, only son of Charles John Vigors Hervey, of Killiane Castle, Wexford, and Mrs. Webster, daughter of the late Sir Edmund Harrison, C. B.

John Kinsella, of High street, Wexford, was, on the evening of January 20th, cleaning the windows of the County Courthouse, when he broke a pane of glass, which severely cut his wrist. He was treated at the County Infirmary, but not detained.

On January 22d, a youth named Patrick Fowler, aged 17 years, who resides at Talbot street, Wexford, was admitted to the County Infirmary, also suffering from a sprained ankle. It appears that Fowler was climbing a ditch and stumbled, falling heavily to the ground.

The directors of the Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford Railway Company, at their last meeting, resolved to recommend the payment of a dividend on the ordinary stock, at the rate of one per cent. per annum for the half year ending the 31st December 1892, carrying to next account £8,000, subject to audit.

Wicklow.

Capt. Henry Segrave, J. P., of Kiltimon, Newtownmountkennedy, has been sworn in as High Sheriff of Wicklow for 1893; and at the same time Mr. Edward E. Davidson, Bray, was re-sworn as Sub-Sheriff of the county. The High Sheriff has appointed Mr. John Harvey Hogan, solicitor, 61 Dawson street, Dublin, as his returning officer.

A largely attended meeting of the tenants on the Earl of Carysfort's Arklow estate, was held on January 19th, at Delahunt's Hotel, Arklow. The meeting was convened by circular signed by Messrs. James Murray and Cyril Russell. The meeting had under consideration the question of the great depression in agriculture generally, and the

reduction in price of stock and farm produce, and it was decided to approach the landlord with a view to obtaining an abatement in the current rents. The meeting was confined to the agricultural tenants on the property the town tenants not being invited or represented.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friend; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from vicid phlegm.

Mr. George Parsons Lathrop is engaged on a work, the title of which is to be "Annals of the Visitation Order in the United States." It will be published during the present year.

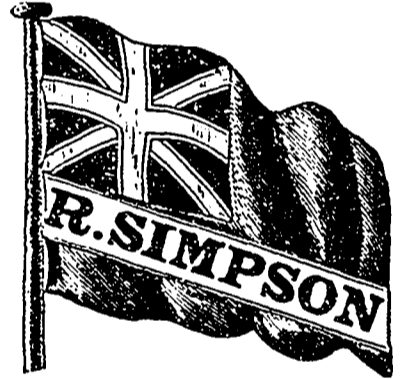
BURDOCK

Regulates the Stomach,
Liver and Bowels, unlocks
the Secretions, Purifies the
Blood and removes all im-
purities from a Pimple to
the worst Scrofulous Sore.

BLOOD

→ CURES ←
DYSPEPSIA. BILIOUSNESS.
CONSTIPATION. HEADACHE.
SALT RHEUM. SCROFULA.
HEART BURN. SOUR STOMACH.
DIZZINESS. DROPSY.
RHEUMATISM. SKIN DISEASES

BITTERS



South-West Corner Yonge and Queen.

Tokens
of appreciation

COME to us of the care we
give to ladies' underwear.
We might be careless and in-
different of many matters of
detail in underwear that seem-
ingly give others no concern,
but our motto is Excelsior.
Only the best will satisfy us.
Of cotton underwear we talk.

Night Dresses, tucks and lace, 40c.
Night Dresses, tucks insertion, cambric frill, 55c.
Night Dresses, Mother Hubbard, trimmed, tucks,
embroidery, 75c.
Chemises, trimmed, lace, 20c.
Chemises, trimmed, insertion, cambric frill, 25c,
35c.
Drawers, 20c, 25c, 35c.
Corset Covers, 2 for 25c.
Corset Covers, trimmed and lace, 18c.
Corset Covers, high neck, trimmed, cambric
frill, 25c.
Housemaid's Caps, muslin, 12c, 20c.

Shoppers are buying because they buy cheap—
because the opportunity is here to save money. A
good time to buy blankets and bedding cheap.

White Wool Blankets, \$1.50, \$2 pair.
White Wool Blankets, \$2.75, \$3.25, \$3.75 pair.
Blankets, fine, \$3, \$3.50 pair.
Extra Super Blankets, \$4, \$4.50.
Saxony Blankets, \$3.60.
Grey Blankets, \$2.25 pair.
Comforters, 65, 75, 90c, \$1.
Comforters, special line, \$1.75.
Flower Down Comforters, \$4.50, \$5.
Honeycomb Quilts, 65, 85c, \$1.
Alhambra Quilts, 75, 90c, \$1.
Brighton Quilts, soft finish, \$1.50.
Patent Satin Finish Quilts, \$1.65, \$2, \$2.50.

R. SIMPSON,

8. W. corner Yonge and Entrance Yonge st.
Queen streets, Toronto. Entrance Queen st.
TORONTO.
Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge street, 1 and 3 Queen
street West.

Condolence.

The following resolution of Condolence was passed at the last meeting of No. 4 Division, A. O. H.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in his infinite wisdom to remove by the hand of death the Father of our Bros. P.M. T. and M. Kennedy, also the wife of Thomas Burns.

Be it resolved that the members of this Division tender their heartfelt sympathy to the above named Brothers and families in the loss they have sustained.

Be it further resolved that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to THE CATHOLIC REGISTER for publication.

JOHN FOLKY. Seco. Div, No. 4, A.O.H.

Sad Accident.

A shocking accident took place on the Cote des Neiges, Montreal, on Saturday night about 10 o'clock. Miss June May Crawford, accompanied by an escort, had spent the evening at the Park Toboggan slide, and on the way back was sliding down the hill when the toboggan became unmanageable and collided with a lamppost.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, February 15, 1893.

Table of market prices for various commodities including Wheat, Barley, Oats, Peas, Dressed hogs, Chickens, Butter, Eggs, Beets, Turnips, Cabbage, Celery, Onions, Lettuce, Apples, Hay, and Straw.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, Feb. 14 - There were to-day about 25 loads, which were sold out before noon. Several loads were bought for Montreal, but values there just now are not such as to keep the trade sufficiently in touch with the Western cattle market.

CATTLE - Prices ranged all the way from 3 to 4 1/2c per pound, with 3 1/2 to 3 3/4c as about the average for good stuff. Some loads were sold at 4c, and a few selected cattle brought 4 1/2c.

MILKERS - A few came in which were sold at average prices according to quality; a few good milkers are wanted.

SHEEP AND LAMBS - About 130 were received; lambs are firm at unchanged prices; good green-fed lambs will bring from \$5 to \$5.10, and occasionally \$5.55 each.

CALVES - About a dozen calves were here, mostly very common, but they all sold, and a steady demand exists for calves of a really good grade, for which high prices can be obtained.

HOGS - All the 250 hogs sent in sold early at firm previous prices; any kind of hogs will sell just now, as the demand continues brisk.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of February, 1893, mails close and are due as follows:

Table showing mail closing and due times for various locations including G.T.R. East, O. and Q. Railway, G.T.R. West, N. and N.W., P.G. and B., Midland, C.V.R., G.W.R., U.S.N.Y., and U.S. West States.

English mails close on Mondays and Saturdays at 10 P.M., and on Thursdays at 7.15 and 10 P.M. The following are the dates of English mails for February: 2, 4, 6, 9, 11, 13, 16, 18, 20, 23, 25, 27.

N.B. - There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Saving Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such branch post office.

T. C. PATTERSON, P.M.



A Happy Orphan.

St. JOHN'S ASYLUM, KENTON, N.Y., Oct. 9, 1893. In our orphan asylum here there is a 15-year-old child that had been suffering for years from nervousness to such an extent that she oftentimes on the night got up, and with fear depicted on every feature and in a delirious condition, would seek protection among the older people from an imaginary pursuer and could only with great difficulty be again put to bed.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. From patients also get the medicine free.

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5 Large size. \$1.75. 4 Bottles for \$9.

- Church Pews -

SCHOOL FURNITURE

The Bennett Furnishing Co., of London Ont. make a specialty of manufacturing the latest designs in Church and School Furniture. The Catholic clergy of Canada are respectfully invited to send for catalogue and prices before awarding contracts.

We have for years past been favoured with contracts from members of the clergy in other parts of Ontario, in all cases the most entire satisfaction having been expressed in regard to quality of work, lowness of price, and quickness of execution.

BENNETT FURNISHING CO London Ont., Canada

SEASON OF

LENT AND HOLY WEEK.

Table listing various Lenten and Holy Week items such as Meditations for the Holy Season of Lent, Passing Thoughts for Lent and Holy Week, Lenten Mission, Lenten Sermons by Sebala, History of the Passion, Hilde - Life of Jesus, The Dolorous Passion, The School of Jesus Crucified, Spirit of St. Alphonsus de Liguori, Hints for Spending Profitably the Time of Lent, Prayers to Obtain Graces Through the Merits of the Precious Blood, Pious Practices of St. Ignatius, The Voice of God, Love of Our Lord, Hope and Consolation in the Cross, The Precious Blood, Paper, Workings of the Divine Will, Hell Open to Christians, Hell Hour; or, Intimate Union with Jesus in His Agony in the Garden, The Sacred Passion of Jesus Christ, Considerations on the Passion of Jesus Christ, Sermons for Lent, By Segneri, Lenten Conferences, 2 vols., Sufferings of Jesus Christ, The Easy Way to God, Union with Our Lord, Elevation of the Soul, Small edition, Large, Following of Christ, 20, 22, 30, 40, 45, 50, 75, 100, 125, 150, Works of St. Alphonsus de Liguori, 18 vols., cloth, each.

Any of the above Books will be sent free by Post, on receipt of price.

D. & J. SADLER,

No. 123 Church street, Toronto, Ont. | No. 1669 Notre Dame st. Montreal, P.Q.

J. SUTCLIFFE & SONS.

182-184 DRY GOODS, YONGE ST. 123 CLOTHING, KING ST. E.

A Clear, Clean Bona Fide reduction Sale to reduce our Clothing Stock before moving to Yonge and Queen streets from 123 King street east. FOR TWO WEEKS YOU CAN SECURE CLOTHING BARGAINS. Our plain statement of last week brought a crowd of buyers. We want more this week. The prices will and must bring them. How about Clothes in made-to-measure department? Suits and Trousers yet unmade. Leave your measure. Pants to measure were \$4.50 to \$6, now \$3.50; Suits to measure were \$16 to \$19, now \$13.50.



Most Powerful Blood Purifier Nature's True Physical Disinfectant "The Blood is the Life" Purify it with Nature's Forces Has No Equal as a Germ Destroyer

How Many Different Diseases Are Known

\$200 IN CASH PRIZES To those sending in the largest list of "Names of Diseases;" all doctors and druggists, or those connected with these professions, being barred from competing.

CONDITIONS FOR COMPETITION. - All those so competing must enclose 9 cents in postage stamps, for which we agree to register their names as competitors; to acknowledge receipt of list and mail them our treatises upon "Ozone Specific."

Ozone Specific Co. Canada Life Building TORONTO, ONT.

Confederation Life

NEW INSURANCE, 1892 (WRITTEN), \$3,670,000

Insurance at Risk, \$22,565,000

POLICIES issued on all approved and well tried plans are Non-Forfeitable, Indisputable and Free practically from all conditions and restrictions as to residence, travel and occupation AFTER TWO YEARS

Mr. Francis Fitzmaurice, solicitor, Dunmanway, has been appointed solicitor for minor in all cases for the West Riding of the county of Cork. It is stated that Sir Robert Hamilton, who has come home from Tasmania to help Mr. Gladstone with the Home Rule Bill, is likely to be the Ministerial candidate for one of the vacant seats in Parliament, outside of Ireland.

RAMONA.

A Story.

By HELEN JACKSON.

CHAPTER V. (CONTINUED.)

On one of the posts of the shed short projecting slats were nailed, like half-rounds of a ladder. Lightly as a rope-walker Felipe ran up these, to the roof, and took his stand there, ready to take the fleeces and pack them in the bag as fast as they should be tossed up from below. Luigo, with a big leathern wallet fastened in front of him, filled with five-cent pieces, took his stand in the centre of the shed. The thirty shearers, running into the nearest pen, dragged each his sheep into the shed, in the twinkling of an eye had the creature between his knees, helpless, immovable, and the sharp sound of the shears set in. The sheep-shearing had begun. No rest now. Not a second's silence from the bleating, baaing, opening and shutting, clicking, sharpening of shears, flying of fleeces through the air to the roof, pressing and stamping them down in the bales; not a second's intermission, except the hour of rest at noon, from sunrise till sunset, till the whole eight thousand of the Senora Moreno's sheep were shorn. It was a dramatic spectacle. As soon as a sheep was shorn the shearer ran with the fleece in his hand to Luigo, throw it down on a table, received his five-cent piece, dropped it in his pocket, ran to the pen, dragged out another sheep, and in less than five minutes was back again with a second fleece. The shorn sheep, released, bounded off into another pen, where, light in the head no doubt from being three to five pounds lighter on their legs, they trotted round bewilderedly for a moment, then flung up their heels and capered for joy.

It was warm work. The dust from the fleeces and the trampling feet filled the air. As the sun rose higher in the sky the sweat poured off the men's faces; and Felipe, standing without shelter on the roof, found out very soon that he had by no means yet got back his full strength since the fever. Long before noon, except for sheer pride, and for the recollection of Juan Canito's speech, he would have come down and yielded his place to the old man. But he was resolved not to give up, and he worked on, though his face was purple and his head throbbing. After the bag of fleeces was half full, the packer stands in it jumping with his full weight on the wool, as he throws in the fleeces, to compress them as much as possible. When Felipe began to do this, he found that he had indeed overrated his strength. As the first cloud of the sickening dust came up, enveloping his head, choking his breath, he turned suddenly ill, and, calling faintly, "Juan, I am ill," sank helpless down in the wool. He had fainted. At Juan Canito's scream of dismay, a great hubbub and outcry arose; all saw instantly what had happened. Felipe's head was hanging limp over the edge of the bag Juan in vain endeavouring to get sufficient foothold by the side to lift him. One after another the men rushed up the ladder, until they were all standing, a helpless excited crowd, on the roof, one proposing one thing, one another. Only Luigo had had the presence of mind to run to the house for help. The Senora was away from home. She had gone with Father Salvierderra to a friend's house, a half day's journey off. But Ramona was there. Snatching all she could think of in way of restoratives she came flying back with Luigo, followed by every servant of the establishment, all talking, groaning, gesticulating, suggesting, wringing their hands—as disheartening a Babel as ever made bad matters worse.

Reaching the shed, Ramona looked up to the roof bewildered. "Where is he?" she cried. The next instant she saw his head, held in Juan Canito's arms, just above the edge of the wool-bag. She groaned, "Oh, how will he ever be lifted out!"

"I will lift him, Senora, cried Alessandro, coming to the front. "I am very strong. Do not be afraid; I will bring him safe down." And swinging himself down the ladder, he ran swiftly to the camp, and returned, bringing in his hands blankets. Springing quickly to the roof again, he knotted the blankets firmly together, and tying them at the middle around his waist, threw the ends to his men, telling them to hold him firm. He spoke in the Indian tongue as he was hurriedly doing this, and Ramona did not at first understand his plan. But when she saw the Indians move a little back from the edge of the roof, holding the blankets firm grasped, while Alessandro stepped out on one of the narrow cross-beams from which the bag swung, she saw what he meant to do. She held her breath. Felipe was a slender man; Alessandro was much heavier, and many inches taller. Still, could any man carry such a burden safely on that narrow beam! Ramona looked away, and shut her eyes, through the silence which followed. It was only a few moments; but it seemed an eternity before a glad murmur of voices told her that it was done, and, looking up, she saw Felipe lying on the roof, unconscious, his face white, his eyes shut. At this sight, all the servants broke out afresh, weeping and wailing, "He is dead! He is dead!"

Ramona stood motionless, her eyes fixed on Felipe's face. She, too, believed him dead; but her thought was of the Senora.

"He is not dead," cried Juan Canito, who had thrust his hand under Felipe's shirt. "He is not dead. It is only a faint."

At this the first tears rolled down Ramona's face. She looked piteously at the ladder up and down which she had seen Alessandro run as if it were an easy indoor staircase. "If I could only get up there!" she said, looking from one to another. "I think I can;" and she put one foot on the lower round.

"Holy Virgin!" cried Juan Can, seeing her movement. "Senorita! Senorita! do not attempt it. It is not too easy for a man. You will break your neck. He is fast coming to his senses."

Alessandro caught the words. Spite of all the confusion and terror of the scene his heart heard the word, "Senorita." Ramona was not the wife of Felipe, or of any man. Yet Alessandro recollected that he had addressed her as Senora, and she did not seem surprised. Coming to the front of the group, he said, bending forward, "Senorita!" There must have been something in the tone which made Ramona start. The simple word could not have done it. "Senorita," said Alessandro "it will be nothing to bring Senor Felipe down the ladder. He is, in my arms, no more than one of the lambs yonder. I will bring him down as soon as he is recovered. He is better here till then. He will very soon be himself again. It was only the heat." Seeing that the expression of anxious distress did not grow less on Ramona's face, he continued, in a tone still more earnest, "Will not the Senorita trust me to bring him safe down?"

Ramona smiled faintly through her tears. "Yes," she said, "I will trust you. You are Alessandro, are you not?"

"Yes, Senorita," he answered, greatly surprised, "I am Alessandro."

CHAPTER VI.

A bad beginning did not make a good ending of the Senora Moreno's sheep-shearing this year. One as superstitiously prejudiced against Roman

Catholic rule as she was in favour of it, would have found, in the way things fell out, ample reason for a belief that the Senora was being punished for having let all the affairs of her place come to a standstill to await the coming of an old monk. But the pious Senora, looking at the other side of the shield, was filled with gratitude that, since all this ill luck was to befall her, she had the good Father Salvierderra at her side to give her comfort and counsel.

It was not yet quite noon of the first day, when Felipe fainted and fell in the wool; and it was only a little past noon of the third, when Juan Canito, who, not without some secret exultation, had taken Senor Felipe's place at the packing, fell from the cross-beam to the ground, and broke his right leg—a bad break near the knee; and Juan Canito's bones were much too old for fresh knitting. He would never again be able to do more than hobble about on crutches, dragging along the useless leg. It was a cruel blow to the old man. He could not be resigned to it. He lost faith in his saints, and privately indulged in blasphemous beratings and reproaches of them, which would have filled the Senora with terror had she known that such blasphemies were being committed under her roof.

"So many times as I have crossed that plank in my day!" cried Juan; "only the fiends themselves could have made me trip; and there was that whole box of candles I paid for with my own money last month, and burned to St Francis in the chapel for this very sheep-shearing! He may sit in the dark, for all me, to the end of time! He is no saint at all! What are they for, if not to keep us from harm when we pray to them? I'll pray no more. I believe the Americans are right who laugh at us." From morning till night, and nearly from night till morning, for the leg ached so he slept little, poor Juan groaned and grumbled and swore, and swore and grumbled and groaned. Taking care of him was enough, Margarita said, to wear out the patience of the Madonna herself. There was no pleasing him whatever you did, and his tongue was never still a minute. For her part she believed that it must be as he said, that the fiends had pushed him off the plank, and that the saints had had their reasons for leaving him to his fate. A coldness and suspicion gradually grew up in the minds of all the servants towards him. His own reckless language, combined with Margarita's reports, gave the superstitious fair ground for believing that something had gone mysteriously wrong, and that the Devil was in a fair way to get his soul, which was very hard for the old man, in addition to all the rest he had to bear. The only alleviation he had for his torments, was in having his fellow-servants, men and women, drop in, sit by his pallet, and chat with him, telling him all that was going on; and when by degrees they dropped off, coming more and more seldom, and one by one leaving off coming altogether, it was the one drop that overflowed his cup of misery; and he turned his face to the wall, left off grumbling, and spoke only when he must.

This phase frightened Margarita even more than the first. Now, she thought; surely the dumb terror and remorse of one who belongs to the Devil had seized him, and her hands trembled as she went through the needful ministrations for him each day. Three months, at least, the doctor, who had come from Ventura to set the leg, had said he must lie still in bed and be thus tended. "Three months!" sighed Margarita. "If I be not dead or gone crazy myself before the end of that be come!"

The Senora was too busy with Felipe to pay any attention or to give thought to Juan. Felipe's fainting had been the symptom and beginning of a fierce relapse of the fever, and he was lying in

his bed, tossing and raving in delirium always about the wool.

"Throw them faster, faster! That's a good fleece; five pounds more; a round ton in those bales. Juan! Alessandro! Captain!—Jesus, how this sun burns my head!"

Several times he had called "Alessandro" so earnestly, that Father Salvierderra advised bringing Alessandro into the room, to see if by any chance there might have been something in his mind that he wished to say to him. But when Alessandro stood by the bedside, Felipe gazed at him vacantly, as he did at all the others, still repeating, however, "Alessandro! Alessandro!"

"I think perhaps he wants Alessandro to play on his violin," sobbed out Ramona. "He was telling me how beautifully Alessandro played, and said he would have him up on the veranda in the evening to play to us."

"We might try it," said Father Salvierderra. "Have you your violin here, Alessandro?"

"Alas, no, Father," replied Alessandro, "I did not bring it."

"Perhaps it would do him good if you were to sing, then," said Ramona. "He was speaking of your voice also."

"Oh try, try!" said the Senora, turning to Alessandro. "Sing something low and soft."

Alessandro walked from the bed to the open window, and after thinking for a moment, began a slow strain from one end of the masses.

At the first note, Felipe became suddenly quiet, evidently listening. An expression of pleasure, spread over his feverish face. He turned his head to one side, put his hand under his cheek and closed his eyes. The three watching him looked at each other in astonishment.

"It is a miracle," said Father Salvierderra. "He will sleep."

"It was what he wanted!" whispered Ramona.

The Senora spoke not, but buried her face in the bedclothes for a second; then lifting it, she gazed at Alessandro as if she were praying to a saint. He, too, saw the change in Felipe, and sang lower, till the notes sounded as if they came from afar; lower and lower, slower; finally they ceased, as if they died away lost in distance. As they ceased, Felipe opened his eyes.

"Oh, go on, go on!" the Senora implored in a whisper shrill with anxiety. "Do not stop!"

Alessandro repeated the strain, slow, solemn; his voice trembled; the air in the room seemed stifling, spite of the open windows; he felt something like terror as he saw Felipe evidently sinking to sleep by reason of the notes of his voice. There had been nothing in Alessandro's healthy outdoor experience to enable him to understand such phenomenon. Felipe breathed more and more slowly, softly, regularly; soon he was in a deep sleep. The singing stopped; Felipe did not stir.

"Oan I go?" whispered Alessandra.

"No, no!" replied the Senora impatiently. "He may wake any minute."

Alessandro looked troubled, but bowed his head submissively, and remained standing by the window. Father Salvierderra was kneeling on one side of the bed, the Senora at the other, Ramona at the foot—all praying; the silence was so great that the slight sounds of the rosary beads slipping against each other seemed loud. In a niche in the wall, at the head of the bed, stood a statue of the Madonna, on the other side a picture of Santa Barbara. Candles were burning before each. The long wicks smouldered and died down, sputtering, then flared up again as the ends fell into the melted wax. The Senora's eyes were fixed on the Madonna. The Father's were closed. Ramona gazed at Felipe with tears streaming down her face as she mechanically told her beads.

"She is his betrothed, no doubt," thought Alessandro. "The saints will

not let him die," and Alessandro also prayed. But the oppression of the scene was too much for him. Lying his hand on the low window-sill he vaulted over it, saying to Ramona, who turned her head at the sound, "I will not go away, Senorita. I will be close under the window, if he awakes."

Once in the open air he drew a long breath and gazed bewilderedly about him, like one just recovering consciousness after a faint. Then he threw himself on the ground under the window, and lay looking up into the sky. Capitan came up, and with a low whine stretched himself out at full length by his side. The dog knew as well as any other one of the house that danger and anguish were there.

One hour passed, two, three; still no sound from Felipe's room. Alessandro rose, and looked in at the window. The Father and the Senora had not changed their attitudes; their lips were yet moving in prayer. But Ramona had yielded to her fatigue; slipped from her knees in a sitting posture, with her head leaning against the post of the bedstead, and fallen asleep. Her face was swollen and discolored by weeping, and heavy circles under her eyes told how tired she was. For three days and nights she had scarcely rested, so constant were the demands on her. Between Felipe's illness and Juan Can's, there was not a moment without something to be done, or some perplexing question to be settled; and above all, and through all, the terrible sorrow. Ramona was broken down with grief at the thought of Felipe's death. She had never known till she saw him lying there delirious, and as she in her inexperience thought, dying, how her whole life was entwined with his. But now, at the very thought of what it would be to live without him, her heart sickened. "When he is buried, I will ask Father Salvierderra to take me away. I never can live here alone," she said to herself, never for a moment perceiving that the word "alone" was a strange one to come into her mind in the connection. The thought of the Senora did not enter into her imaginations of the future which so smote her with terror. In the Senora's presence Ramona always felt herself alone.

Alessandro stood at the window, his arms folded, leaning on the sill, his eyes fixed on Ramona's face and form. To any other than a lover's eyes she had not looked beautiful now; but to Alessandro she looked more beautiful than the picture of Santa Barbara on the wall beyond. With a lover's instinct he knew the thought which had written such lines on her face in the last three days. "It will kill her if he dies," he thought, "if these three days have made her look like that." And Alessandro threw himself on the ground again, his face down. He did not know whether it were an hour or a day that he had lain there, when he heard Father Salvierderra's voice speaking his name. He sprang up, to see the old monk standing in the window, tears running down his cheeks. "God be praised," he said, "the Senor Felipe will get well. A sweat has broken out on his skin; he still sleeps, but when he wakes he will be in his right mind. The strength of the fever is broken. But, Alessandro, we know not how to spare you. Can you not let the men go without you, and remain here? The Senora would like you remain in Juan Can's place till he is about. She will give you the same wages he had. Would it not be a good thing for you, Alessandro? You cannot be sure of earning so much as that for the next three months, can you?"

While the Father was speaking, a tumult had been going on in Alessandro's breast. He did not know by name any of the impulses which were warring there, tearing him in twain, as it were, by their pulling in opposite directions; one saying "Stay!" and

the other saying "Go!" He would not have known what any one meant who had said to him, "It is danger to stay; it is safety to fly." All the same he felt as if he could do neither.

There is another shearing yet, Father," he began, "at the Ortega's ranch. I had promised to go to them as soon as I had finished here, and they have been wroth enough with us for the delay already. It will not do to break the promise, Father."

Father Salvierderra's face fell. "No, my son, certainly not," he said; "but could no one else take your place with the band?"

Hearing these words, Ramona came to the window, and leaning out, whispered, "Are you talking about Alessandro's staying? Let me come and talk to him. He must not go." And running swiftly through the hall, across the veranda, and down the steps, she stood by Alessandro's side in a moment. Looking up in his face pleadingly, she said: "We can't let you go, Alessandro. The Senora will pay wages to some other to go in your place with the shearers. We want you to stay here in Juan Can's place till he is well. Don't say you can't stay! Felipe may need you to sing again, and what would we do then? Can't you stay?"

"Yes, I can stay, Senorita," answered Alessandro gravely. "I will stay so long as you need me."

"Oh, thank you, Alessandro!" Ramona cried. "You are good to stay. The Senora will see that it is no loss to you;" and she flew back to the house.

"It is not for the wages, Senorita," Alessandro began; but Ramona was gone. She did not hear him, and he turned away with a sense of humiliation. "I don't want the Senorita to think that it was the money kept me," he said, turning to Father Salvierderra. "I would not leave the band for money; it is to help, because they are in trouble, Father."

"Yes, yes, son. I understand that," replied the monk, who had known Alessandro since he was a little fellow playing in the corridors of San Luis Rey, the pet of all the Brothers there. "That is quite right of you, and the Senora will not be insensible of it. It is not for such things that money can pay. They are indeed in great trouble now, and only the two women in the house; and I must soon be going on my way North again."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A WONDERFUL CURE — Mr. David Smith, Coe Hill, Ont., writes: "For the benefit of others I wish to say a few words about Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. About a year ago I took a very severe cough, had a virulent sore on my lips, was bad with dyspepsia, constipation and general debility. I tried almost every conceivable remedy, outwardly and inwardly, to cure the sore, but all to no purpose. I had often thought of trying Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, so I got a bottle, and when I had used about one-half the bottle showed evident signs of healing. By the time the bottle was done it had about disappeared and my general health was improving fast. I was always of a very bilious habit, and had used quinine and lemon juice with very little effect. But since using three bottles of the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY the biliousness is entirely gone and my general health is excellent. I am 60 years old. Parties using it should continue it for some time after they think they are cured. It is by far the best health restorer I know."

On January 12th Mr. Pat Leary, merchant, John street, Wexford, was returning from the market in Enniscombe, when he fell out of his car and the vehicle passed over his body, breaking his neck and one of his legs. When help arrived, shortly afterwards, it was found that life was extinct. Mr. Leary was a fine young man, unmarried and about 28 years of age.

Make no Mistake.

Make no mistake when buying a remedy for dyspepsia, headache, constipation or bad blood, be sure to get the kind that cures, Burdock Blood Bitters. "It is an excellent remedy for headache."—*C. Blackett Robinson, Pub. Canada Presbyterian.*

On the 3d of January, Hannah, daughter of Mr. J. Sponcor, merchant, 39 John st., Waterford, was received into the Presentation Order at the Convent in Lismore.

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