# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero cognomen."—"Christian is my name, but Catholic my surname."—*St. Pacian, 4th Century.*

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### FATHER SOURIN, S. J.

**His Golden Jubilee.**

A Beautiful Poetic Tribute by Father Ryan, the "Poet Priest" of the South.

The following is the poem prepared by Father Ryan for the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Father Sourin, of Baltimore. It arrived too late for the celebration of the festivities, but was presented to him the next day:

To-day, fifty years at the altar,
Thou art, as of old, at thy post;
Tell us, oh chasubled soldier!
Art weary of watching the Host?
Fifty years, Christ's sacred sentry,
To-day thy feet faithful are found,
Where the cross on the altar is blessing
Thy heart in its sentinel-round.

The beautiful story of Thabor
Fifty years agone thrilled thy young heart;
When wearing white vestments of glory,
And up the "high mountains apart,"
In the first glowing grace of thy priesthood,
Thou didst climb to the summit alone,
While the Feast of Christ's Transfiguration
Was a sweet, outward sign of thy own.

Old Priest! on the slope to the summit,
Did float down and fall on thine ear
The strong words of weak-hearted Peter,
"O Lord, it is good to be here."
Thy heart was stronger than Peter's
And sweeter the tone of thy prayer,
'Twas Calvary thy young feet were climbing,
And, old, thou art still standing there.

For you as for Him on bright Thabor
Forever to stay were not hard;
But when Calvary girdles the altar
And garments the Eucharist's guard,
With sacrifice and with its shadows;
To keep them forever a feast,
Is the glory and grace of the human,
The Altar, the Cross and the Priest.

The Crucified's wardens and watchers
Like Him must be heart-sacrificed,
The Christ on the Crucifix lifeless
For guard needs a brave human Christ:
To guard Him three hours—what a glory!
With sacrifice-splendors aflame!
Three hours—and He died on His Calvary:
How long hast thou lived for His name?

"Half a century," cries out thy Crucifix,
Binding together thy beads;
His look, like thy life, lingers in it—
A light for men's souls in their needs.
Old Priest, is thy life not a Rosary?
Five decades and more have been said,
In thy heart the warm splendors of Thabor,
Beneath the white snows of thy head!

Fifty years lifting the Chalice:
Ah! 'tis Life in this death-darkened land.
Thy clasp may be weak, but the Christs,
Old Priest, that anointed thy hand
Is as fresh and as strong in its virtue
As in the five decades agone,
When thy young hands were touched with
its unction,
And thy vestments of white were put on.

Fifty years! every day passes
A part of one great endless feast
That moves round its orbit of Masses,
And hath not a West nor an East;
But everywhere hath it pure altars,
At each of its altars a priest,
To lift up a Host with a Chalice,
Till the story of grace shall have ceased.

Fifty years in the feast's orbit;
Nearly two thousand of days;
Fifty years priest in the Priesthood;
Fifty years lit with its rays;
Lit with them but to reflect them
When the Adorers' throngs pass
Out of thy life and its glory,
Shining each day from thy Mass.

Half of a century's service!
Wearing the Cassock of Black,
O'er thy camps and thy battles and triumphs,
Old Soldier of Jesus! look back
To the day when thou kissedst thy first altar,
In love with youth's fervor a thrill;
From the day when we meet and we greet thee,
So true to the old altar still.

Fifty long years! what if trials
Did oftentimes darken thy way;
They marked like the shadows on dials
The soul's brightest hours every day;
The sun in the height of his splendor,
By the mystical law of his light,
O'er his glories flings vestments of shadows;
And sinking, leaves stars to the night.

Old Priest! with the heart of a poet,
Thou hast written sweet stanzas for men,
Your life many-versed is a poem,
That puzzles the art of the pen;
The Crucifix wrote it and writes it,
A Scripture too deep for my ken;
A record of deeds more than sayings—
Only God reads it rightly—and then

My stanzas are just like the shadows
That follow the sun and his sheen,
To tell to the eyes that will read them
Where the purest of sunlight has been.
Thy life moves in mystical eclipse,
All-hidden from men and their sight,
We look, but we see but its surface,
But God sees the depth of its light.

Twenty-five years;—highest honors
Were thine—high-deserved in the world:
Dawned a day with a grace in it flashing
O'er thy heart, from a standard unfurled,
Whose folds bore the mystical motto:
"To the greater glory of God:"
And somehow there opened before thee
A way thou had'st never yet trod.

Twenty-five years, still a private
In files where the humblest and last
Stands higher in rank than the highest
Of those who are passing or passed.
Twenty-five years in the vanguard,
Whose name is the spell of their strength.
The light of the folds of whose standard
Lengthens along all the length

Of the March of the Crucified Jesus;
Loyola was wiser than most,
In claiming for him and his soldiers
The name of the Chief of the host:
His name and his motto and colors,
That shall never know a defeat,
Whose banner, when others are folded,
Shall never float over retreat.

To-day when the wind wafts the wavelets
To the gray altar steps of yon shore,
Each weaving an Alb, foam-embroidered
And kneeling like priests to adore
The God of the land, I will mingle
My prayers, Aged Priest, with the sea,
While God, for thy fifty years' priesthood,
Will hear thy prayers whispered for me.

Sea-Rest, Biloxi, Miss., August, 1882.

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What is to become of future generations, if Catholic young men will not practice their religion? Young ladies shun the company of those who are a disgrace to the faith of their fathers.

### CATHOLIC PRESS.

Catholic Review.

The extraordinary discussion now going on among New England divines, on the subject of divorce, is not at first sight reassuring. The Rev. Dr. Bacon emits, in one of their organs, a jeremiad on what he calls the "consecutive polygamy" of New England. Certainly most of the cases instanced by him are as monstrous and absurd as the evil dreams of an "unspeakable Turk." A number of cases are on record, where a man would obtain a divorce from his first wife, then from his second, in order to re-marry the first wife. It frequently happens that newly-married couples have the divorce papers in their houses: handy plan in an emergency, and almost sure to come in well some day. *Et cetera.* Surely this, on the face of it, supposing everything else to be fair, is a dangerous state for society to be in. Men who know the world, however, will not be hoodwinked by the frivolous causes alleged for the necessity of divorce. There is something back of them. What it is, is now an open secret.

We have no harsh feeling for these people who have abused us Catholics for the sin that they are sinning. No! From the bottom of our hearts we pity them. In every one of us are the same evil germs; only they may be developed, or they may be checked; but that thought is sufficient to stay the smiting hand. Gladly would we extend the hand of fellowship to any mortal, however debased, should he seek to mend his ways by entering that divine body he perhaps slandered once, but which he would now find to be both his comfort and support. Still such is the testimony, and such are the facts. The Puritans have abused us most falsely and maliciously of encouraging every form of vice, particularly adultery; and they have rung the changes on it so often that English literature is full of it, and it is as familiar to the infant student as his very alphabet. We submit these facts to any psychological philosopher. When a person dwells long on the thought of some fascinating sin, an unconquerable desire to act arises in his mind; he sins in thought, then in deed. Is not the adultery of the Puritans one of the results of their adulterous literature, just as the same kind of fruit is being gathered in France now from the same species of plant?

The non-Catholic world of to-day has to a large extent given up its old charge anent the "corruptions of Popery." No thanks are due to the American public for this change; only after walking through the fiery trials of suspicion has the Church been vindicated in their eyes. One portion of our people has, however, remained as peculiarly virulent against us as it was distinguished for being in the past. Of all our base calumniators and hate-inspired scandal-mongers, the Puritans have been the worst. Among them were cooked all those lying statistics, those hydra-headed monsters which grow two heads for every one that is crushed. Among them were fashioned all those false and deceiving books of infamy which have flooded the country, and spread from end to end of it a suspicion of us as vague as it was unjust. And now the time has come to examine into the characters of our accusers. Are they noble and upright men, strictly virtuous in all their dealings, as the tone of their invectives would lead one to infer? Or are they a set of pharisaical hypocrites, seeking to cover a multitude of sins by loudmouthed professions and nasty denunciations?

Archbishop Gibbons suggests these points in reference to the temperance crusade: "First—It cannot be denied that revolting crimes are daily perpetrated in the United States. Second—That too many of those crimes are committed by nominal members of the Church. Third—That the greatest number of them can be traced to intemperance in drink, which dethrones reason. While many persons question the wisdom of trying to legislate intemperance out of the country, no one can doubt the efficiency of the means which the Church and her ministers employ in eradicating this sin."

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Buffalo Union.

Not in poor Ireland alone, but in comparatively prosperous England and Scotland, is the Land League preaching of rights for the people producing a rejoicing harvest. The peoples are everywhere awakening. The nightmare of oppression under which the toiling masses have groaned so long is being fast flung aside, let us hope forever; and the gospel of God-given rights preached by the Church in the first Christian centuries when she espoused the cause of the Roman slave against his merciless master, is firing anew with fresh hope and courage the hearts of those long crushed.

We are glad to see that British "coercion," "Repression," "Curfew," and every other species of British tyranny, have not been able to crush the proud spirit of the people of Limerick. That city and county seem to be specially obnoxious to the British enemy; yet whilst the city of *Luimneach! um-ghlas* opens wide its civic arms in glad welcome to Michael Davitt, she spurns the patronizing gift of that vicious little tyrant, Clifford Lloyd. *Sic semper tyrannis!* May the Clifford Lloyds of this world be ever treated thus! The drippings of their favors would soil the honor of a *man*.

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London Universe.

We have been foremost and most vehement among Catholic exponents of the press to denounce the grotesque, profane and indecent burlesque of Divine worship indulged in by the members of the so-called Salvation Army. We take no credit for that. Their antics gave us an instinctive nausea. They were patronised by the Queen and aided by the Archbishop of Canterbury, but neither royal patronage (unsubstantiated by money), nor archiepiscopal artfulness, where there was money support but really no other, could transform the hideous into the beautiful or make us accept fog as sunshine. We felt that the Salvationists were humbugs—double-distilled, noisy, obtrusive, ignorant, conceited, lazy, selfish, specially-patented humbugs. They did good. Pshaw! There has hardly ever been an impostor who had not some good points in him, but is that a reason that he should be welcomed as a guide, and acclaimed as a leader? To-day, we have the pleasure of having the highest of sanctions to our antipathy to the charlatan-chiefs of religion run mad. Cardinal Manning has declared against them. On Sunday, his Eminence deprecated religious excitements, expressed his belief that Salvationism and blue Ribbonism led to unfortunate results, and warned the poor not to be led away by such frenzies, but to keep under the influence of the organization of their own Church.

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Boston Pilot.

Mr. Barnes, of Kentucky, is an evangelist by profession, but, unlike his rival in the business, Mr. Moody, of Massachusetts, he does not regard drunkenness as the unpardonable sin. At least we infer that he does not. In a recent exhortation he said: "A man can confess Jesus better when he is drunk than when he is sober, for he can just come and throw himself limber, like a rag, into the arms of Jesus. Suppose a man comes here limber drunk and confesses Christ, and then goes out and puts another quart of whiskey under his belt, and, going home, he falls off his horse and breaks his neck, that man will go straight to heaven, as sure as God is God; and, if he don't, I will be willing to go to hell for him.' This is comforting doctrine for the longitude of Kentucky; but further East Mr. Barnes would find less willing believers in the efficacy of repentance between drinks.

When Mr. Stephen Joseph Meany, who was arrested last week in Ireland, was leaving New York a few weeks ago, he was accompanied to the steamer by O'Donnovan Rossa. They were watched of course, by the English detectives who are on duty on every Atlantic steamboat. When Rossa had crossed the plank to come away he turned and handed a small package to Meany. "Here Stephen," he said; "this is the real dynamite. Take care of it." The detective grew pale, and instantly retired to write down the words. Last week when the news of his arrest came, a reporter interviewed Rossa. "What was in that package?" he asked; "was it really dynamite?" "Yes," says the fiendish blower-up of navies, pure dynamite—Hennessey's!"

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Freeman's Journal.

Mr. Gladstone declares that the bombardment of Alexandria was undertaken on "principle." "Principle" with Mr. Gladstone is a flexible word which covers a multitude of sins. "Coercion" and "repression" in Ireland were likewise matters of "principle." It is remarkable that Mr. Gladstone always appeals to "principle" when his other gods have deserted him. The Irish members have him by the throat and he pushes the Arrears Bill. But nobody that has watched Mr. Gladstone imagines that "principle" without Mr. Parnell and his colleagues would have done much for Ireland. If the Suez Canal were not so tempting, "principle" would not force the British troops to Egypt. Mr. Gladstone's cant is as sickening as Lord Beaconsfield's grand eloquence was; less respectable, because less hypocritical. There is very little "principle" in this Egyptian imbroglio. The only good thing that has come out of it is the resignation of M. de Freycinet, the French minister of foreign affairs. France's next move may be to shake off an infidel Republic which is as pretentious as it is impotent for any act except blasphemy and offences against the living God.

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### Convent of the Congregation de Notre Dame, Ottawa.

No news, perhaps, could sadden the hearts of the people of Ottawa more than the announcement that Mother St. Gabriel was about to be removed from their midst.

Fifteen years ago she was sent to Ottawa, to establish a branch of the Congregation de Notre Dame. The work was begun under difficulties, progressed steadily in spite of many crosses; and resulted finally in the magnificent educational establishment which is to-day the honor and pride of Ottawa. For the last 35 years the name of Mother St. Gabriel has not only been connected with the Congregation de Notre Dame, but is a household word in the best families, both Irish and French, of Lower Canada. Having occupied the position of Superioress of Villa Maria for several years, and having founded the St. Denis Academy in Montreal, she was selected to establish and govern the new convent in the capital of the Dominion. No one better adapted could have been chosen. The many friends of every rank, creed and nationality who, to-day, mourn her departure, prove how unlimited was her personal influence, and how much she was beloved by all. Mother St. Gabriel's new sphere of action will be the commencement of the most important of the houses of the Congregation de Notre Dame in the United States—that of Waterbury, Conn. She goes there accompanied by the grateful and fervent prayers of all with whom she came in contact, and who will not readily forget her always bright and happy smile, her kind word, and consoling sympathy.

### BAD BOYS' LITERATURE.

The American.

The mischievous reading matter furnished the boy of the period is not confined to the "Police" style of periodicals. There are many juvenile story-papers which have a certain respectability, and are admitted without question into multitudes of decent homes, that must and do have a very bad effect upon youthful readers. But we make no especial point upon them here, since the present object is to call attention to the distinctively immoral publications for boys.

The many periodicals of the more decent kind are objectionable, principally on account of their preponderance of flashy fiction, through which the youth imbibes extravagant and untrustworthy views of life, and by which, before he is ready to assume his share of the universal burden, he is so fevered and enfeebled as to be inadequate to the demands upon his strength. But what terms can be severe enough to characterize the out-and-out blackguard juvenile weeklies? We are here brought face to face with speculation so vile and shameless in its character, that it well might be considered an impossible thing, but for the evidences of its existence that we see everywhere about us. At present, New York city is the headquarters of this surpassingly mean way of making a living, all the chief Bad Boy papers emanating from there; but there is a singular variability in the business. Not long ago, there were flourishing concerns of the kind in Boston and Chicago. The career of individual enterprises seems short, but unscrupulous persons are ever found to make fresh ventures, and so the supply does not die out. The history of the Bad Boy sheet is something like this: either it is not "spicy" enough, and hence fails to make a paying business; or success at the start renders it more and more indifferent to cleanliness and legal restraint, until some fine day it finds itself in the clutches of the society for the suppression of vice; or it is in too great haste to reap the harvest of golden eggs, and inserts indecent advertisements, when the law also gets a grip on it; or better equipped and more unscrupulous concerns run it out. In one or the other of these ways, more of these flash papers have collapsed within five years than are now published, but in the nature of things complete relief is not from such causes to be expected. On the contrary, the papers constantly improve,—that is, they grow larger and "spicier," fuller of the peculiar matter which experience has shown the speculators that the Bad Boy approves.

There are before us copies of recent date of the three most considerable journals of the kind, and they may be taken as representative of the entire unsavory brood. We will look into them, with a view of indicating the kind of literary material that our thieves, counterfeiters and confidence men of the near future are enjoying. We take up first, what is said to be the principal paper of its class. Some newsmen allow it a circulation of 150,000 copies weekly,—all who have ever questioned place the figure at over 100,000; this paper is about seven years old. The next in importance, which has been issued for five years, has a circulation of 50,000 copies weekly. The third in the category is a year old, and circulates about 30,000 copies. In these three journals we have, on the best authority, a bona fide weekly sale of not far from 200,000 copies, and probably close upon 1,000,000 weekly readers. Smaller concerns certainly bring the weekly sale to 300,000 copies, and the number of weekly readers to 1,500,000. All of them issue, moreover, a weekly "Library," after the model of more pretentious publishing houses. Each flimsy pamphlet contains one of the "novels" lately running through the paper, and these pamphlets are sold, like the papers, at a uniform price of five cents. The newsmen were unable to give any figures relative to the Bad Boys' "Libraries," but the total sales it was everywhere agreed must be very considerable.

The copy of the principal sheet before us contains instalments of no less than eight serial "novels." The balance of its contents consists of two sketches, in which the characteristics of the main articles are preserved, some concert-saloon "poetry," and "answers to correspondents." The make-up of the papers is much alike, and this leading journal is, in no cursorily discoverable way, either better or worse than its contemporaries. The "Harry Hazels" and "Kitty Clydes" who make the staff of contributors might easily be a single individual, if we could suppose one brain capable of such enormous and endless repetitions of vicious slop. The novels, the poetry, the sketches, are all alike, and the spectacle of a boy or girl attempting to mentally digest the never-ceasing flow of exaggeration and vulgarity offered by even one of these papers, is a most incomprehensible thing. It is done, to be sure, by children of a larger growth, through the adult story-papers which are in no appreciable way better than these little sheets, but the stronger brain is at least better able to stand the pressure. We may append the titles of the novels in one of the three sheets, though it will not be necessary to follow the precedent thus set in the remainder of our remarks. The titles are these: "Columbia, or the Young Fireman of Glendale;" "Young Hickory, the Spy, or Man, Woman or Boy?"; "Bob Rollick, the Yankee Notion Drummer;" "The Moonshiner's Terror;" "Adrift in the Tree Tops;" "The Young Privateer." "Otholo, the Night Hawk"; "Green Mountain Jo, the Trapper." The second of the three, which bears the sub-title, "A Sparkling Journal for Young Gentlemen," contains chapters of seven novels with the melange above noted, while the third actually gives instalments of ten serial stories! Now observe: in every one of these tales a Bad Boy is the hero, and the height of every boy's desire is made to be: first to deceive his parents, and next to circumvent either the natural foes of "Young Gentlemen" (Red Indians and Grizzly Bears), or their unnatural enemies, the officers of justice! The secret of the success of this speculation is of course right here, in making boys the heroes of the fiction; boys kill the wild beasts and the wilder Indians, capture the desperadoes, learn the arts of Pocket-picking and burglary, become expert counterfeiters, study diligently to graduate as pirates and freebooters, and do all the other things usual among "Young Gentlemen." The effect of such a course of reading diligently persisted in should not, we venture to say, be a matter of any doubt. Where it fails of turning "Young Gentlemen" into irreclaimable blackguards and criminals, it must induce a moral atrophy and brain-softening fatal to after success in any walk of life.

The "answers to correspondents" will be found by students of the Bad Boys' papers, a very significant feature. Naturally, the lessons taught them crop out in the queries they are encouraged to address the editors, and we notice repeated requests for advice concerning the purchase of firearms and gambling materials, and for information regarding "sporting men" of all kinds. The speculators turn an "honest penny," also, by publishing "manuals" of various sorts, and the correspondent is thus made the constant vehicle of an advertisement. If he asks a question about champion oarsmen he is referred to the firm's exhaustive hand-book on the subject, price only ten cents; if he wants to know where to buy a good second hand revolver, he is admonished that in a small book about pistols and bowie knives, compiled in the especial interest of "Young Gentlemen," he can get all the desired information; if he asks, as many correspondents do, something about Guiteau, he is informed that the publishers issue a work describing "all the famous assassinations from the time of Julius Cæsar to the present day." The advice given is sometimes of a severely professional kind; thus we note this generous turn shown "Montana Kid": "The following is a good cure for face pimples: Dilute corrosive sublimate with oil of almonds and apply to the face occasionally." The "Young Gentleman" who should follow that advice too faithfully would speedily render himself an object of attention in society—even in that of the "Montana Kids."

Will any one be good enough to explain what the yield must be from this sort of tare-sowing, so extensively carried on?

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### THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

BY QUINCY.

Catholic Examiner.

As Utah is fast acquiring the requisite population to entitle the territory to admission as a State, the Mormon question has recently received a large share of public attention. Societies have been organized in different parts of the country with the object of arousing the people to the importance of having restrictions placed on the spread of the blasphemous and immoral tenets of the peculiar sect fathered by Joe Smith. Congress has at last taken a decided stand against them, and the Mormons are to be deprived of political rights, unless they abandon their polygamous ways.

As our readers may not be familiar with the origin and establishment of Mormonism, I will remind them that Joseph Smith claimed that when fifteen years of age there was a religious revival held in Manchester, N. Y., where he lived, and he then received "religious impressions." It was while praying in the woods one day that he had his first vision. It was three years and a half before he had another vision, when he received the communication relative to the "plates" on which the "Book of Mormon" was inscribed. Smith had quite a long interview with the angel on this occasion, and one of the first things the "angel" impressed on Joseph was the beauty of "celestial marriage."

As this part of the country did not seem very healthy for the propagation of the new revelation, Smith betook himself to Ohio, a state which has ever since been fruitful of sects and religious factions. Joseph gathered around him a few kindred spirits, though the work of conversion went on slowly. Many of the brethren fell away in disgust, and it is related that in 1832 some of the backsliders actually assisted in the tarring and feathering of Smith and another elder named Rigdon at the town of Hiram, O., the former being so roughly handled that he was left for dead.

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The first meeting of the "twelve apostles" was held in Kirtland, O., in 1835. They now marked out a more aggressive course, and made preparations for extensive foreign missionary work. They selected a promising field in the heart of England and on the Welsh border, where the densest ignorance prevailed, among the vassals of the aristocracy of London, who cared not for their degraded condition so long as the annual revenue was delivered from the great mines, iron works, and factories. Morality was here at its lowest ebb. Many of the women who had been used as pack mules trundling the carts in the mines, having long since to all outward appearances been unsexed, were fit subjects for the Mormon emissaries. Discontented, miserable, and ignorant, they listened to the revelations of the Prophet Joseph. In the manufacturing districts the missionaries were equally successful, and in four years the Mormon priests had baptized 6,000 converts. In 1841, 5,000 English, Scotch, and Welsh proselytes sailed for the United States, making the journey up the Mississippi from New Orleans. In another year their numbers in England had increased to 10,000. From 1840 to 1854 over 17,000 Mormons emigrated to this country, chiefly from Great Britain. Ever since the accessions from abroad have been steady. The elders who have been sent out have entered new fields, and many converts have been secured, especially in Norway and Sweden. Only a few weeks ago 709 arrived in one ship, deluded with the idea of a communal brotherhood, where industry is made religious and men are absolutely equal. Though "absolute equality" is taught, the falseness of that proposition was thoroughly exposed some years ago when the mystic symbolism and extraordinary prerogatives accorded to the upper hierarchy were exposed to the light of day.

Americans are impressionable and mercurial, and in the past fifty years have embraced many isms, which they honorably discarded on sober second thought; but to their credit be it said they have extended very little sympathy or support to the abominations of Joe Smith. The bulk of the "saints" have been, as you have seen, imported from that empire on whose domains the sun never sets, and in this century of grace the nineteenth, of whose civilization we boast so much.

The long career of the autocrat Brigham Young, which closed with his death a few years ago, demonstrated what mighty influence a bold, cunning, conscienceless man may sway over an ignorant, fanatical community. His power was as absolute as that of the King of Dahomey. He levied tribute like an Eastern potentate, and his people meekly paid it. He lived in comparative splendor with his numerous wives around him, while the poor dupes toiled and struggled to raise up a beautiful city on the sands of the American desert. The inside history of the Mormon leaders will never be developed, as the inner circles of elders and priests are bound by horrible oaths, and the fear of exposure reacting on themselves and revealing their dark deeds will be sure to keep their mouths sealed. Were it possible to expose the doings of these people on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, it would be shown that the Mountain Meadow massacre was only one of a long list of crimes that have gone unpunished.

Many good citizens, enraged at the impunity with which Mormon missionaries have been pushing their pernicious doctrines, not only into the territories adjoining Utah, but into States east of the Mississippi, have demanded that an army be sent into Mormondom to effectually wipe out the "saints." But we trust the machinery of the law will be found sufficiently powerful to peaceably accomplish the desired result.

Now that Congress has taken action in the premises, let us hope that the law—like so many other laws—will not become a dead letter, but that the territorial government, which is under Federal auspices, will enforce it to the letter. The enjoyment of religious liberty under our constitution does not imply unbridled license, and the sooner the Mormons—not to mention certain other "communities"—are made to understand the distinction the better. The fanatics have defied the government and the decent, self-respecting citizens of the country on all occasions when called to account. It is time they were taught a lesson.

Under the cloak of religion the elders and priests have imposed upon their ignorant followers a system which could only be tolerated by the most superstitious and degraded. Details would hardly be fit for publication in a respectable journal; suffice it to say that home as we understand it, so far as the polygamists are concerned, is truly a delusion and a snare. The women are commanded by their religion to be patient and humble, and are assured that in accordance with the degree of humility which they display in this world will be graded the proportion of bliss they are promised in the next. The poor fools seem to take comfort at the prospect, though I should say the prospect was rather uncertain. Our profoundest sympathy should go out to the unfortunate offspring of these people, and in order that the brand of illegitimacy may not be placed on the foreheads of those unborn, I trust the whole power of the government will be brought to crush out this monstrous vice.

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### LEAMINGTON.

A new Catholic church was opened in Leamington, Essex county, on Sunday last, the Rev. J. P. Molphy saying the first mass therein. The church was packed to suffocation principally by Protestants. The singing of the high mass was of a high order and rendered by the choir of the Maidstone Cross church. After the mass the Rev. Fr. O'Shea of Seaforth, preached an eloquent and stirring sermon upon the claims of the Catholic church to be the true church, and finished his discourse by an earnest appeal to the Catholics of the vicinity to live up to their light and privileges. At the commencement of the mass the Rev. Father Molphy welcomed the Protestants present, and said that he had no doubt but that the service would be wholly unintelligible to them, as they had not had any opportunity to understand anything about it. They were always welcome, but "when they went to Rome they must do as the Romans do," by conjoining to certain rules while inside the sacred edifice. The Catholics of Leamington are to be congratulated upon having such a popular and zealous pastor as the Rev. Father Molphy, who, by his manner, seems peculiarly adapted to deal with our Protestant brethren.

### Dead.

BY KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

I know the sting of Death, its victory,
Since one more dear than mine own life is dead;
And I can never more be comforted—
(Nay, nay; this semblance is not verity)—
Till God give back what Death has wrenched from me.
Yet ye would kill my hope! who was it said
"'There is no resurrection for such dead;'
What thou bemoan'st hath perished utterly!"
False seer! my dead shall live again, I know;
Those eyes—once O so kind—shall smile again,
The dear, dead hands that wrought but good to me
Hold mine in warm, close clasp, I can forego
Life's solace, and be patient with its pain
Till the new day dawn and the shadows flee.
—Boston Pilot.

Buffalo, April 22, 1882.

From the Catholic World.

## THE WRAITH OF THE ACHENSEE.

A TALE OF OLD MUNICH, IN TWO CHAPTERS.

(Founded on fact.)

### CHAPTER I.

In the meantime Heinrich, having roused himself from his reverie, went his steps homeward; and when he reached his little garret-room in Fingergasse he found Carl seated by the open window, gazing on the maiden's bust, which he had well nigh finished, and which looked strangely beautiful in the moonlight. "I have been admiring this lovely head," said Carl, "ever since you went away. I once fancied that it moved. How the moon does excite my imagination!" Then turning to Heinrich who stood in the moonbeams, "But, bless me! old fellow," he added, "what is the matter? Your cheek looks very red. Has the last wound got bleeding afresh? or have you been fighting another duel?" "Oh! it is nothing," answered Heinrich, waving his hand; "only an accident. I struck my face against something."

"Well, while I put a strip of plaster on the cut," pursued Carl in a sympathizing tone, "tell me if you saw anything new this evening in the shape of beauty—I mean any young woman who might serve as a model for our water-wraith. If you did, perhaps you will be willing to pull straws to see which of us should have her, eh?" "A model worthy of such a subject is not to be found in one evening," replied Heinrich. "But now, Carl, I must go to bed; and I do wish I could sleep till day after to-morrow." "Ha! ha! because to-morrow it will be my turn to wear the clothes," said Carl, laughing. "O Heinrich! when shall we be rich enough to have a suit of clothes apiece, and be able to go every day to our studios?"

"Poverty is a hateful thing," growled Heinrich.

"Ay, hateful," said Carl. "Nevertheless, poor as you and I are, we manage to keep tolerably jolly—eh?" "How I wish it were the day after to-morrow!" sighed Heinrich flinging himself on the couch."

"Well, I never knew you to be so impatient before," said Carl. "You will not even let me attend to your wound. What is the matter?"

"Good-night," answered Heinrich. "Good-night." And without another word his eyes closed and he slipped off into a pleasant dream about a pretty lass from the Zillerthal; and in the dream he heard Schwanthaler saying: "Heinrich, Heinrich, thou hast triumphed! The statue thou hast made is a work of high genius."

The following day poor Heinrich was obliged to remain immured in his sky parlor, patiently toiling at the model of a lady's hand—the delicate, slender hand of a young baroness who had died during her honeymoon. But he did not labor with his wonted zeal; his thoughts were constantly flying off to the "White Lamb."

When evening came round it was his friend Carl's turn to enjoy himself there among his comrades; and no sooner did Moida perceive Carl entering the beer-hall than she said to herself: "What a handsome fellow that is! But poor, too, like the kind youth whose acquaintance I made yesterday." Then Moida added, as Carl drew nearer: "And I declare! his jacket is patched on both elbows, and the green binding is partly torn off, just as on my friend's jacket."

We need not say that Carl was immediately struck by Moida's face and figure and when presently she approached and asked him what he wanted, Carl's heart fluttered and he looked at her a moment without answering. "I will take a schoppen of beer and some bread and cheese," he replied. Then as Moida tripped off Carl noticed a vicious-looking student leave his seat and follow after her.

"That fellow, whoever he is, has not got a good face," murmured Carl. "I hope that the poor girl will beware of him." In a few minutes Moida brought him what he had ordered, and as she sat the beer on the table Carl observed that she looked very pale and flurried. "Why, what ails you?" he said, little doubting but that the roue—whose name was Otto von Kessler—had been saying something coarse to her.

"A poor drudge like me must get used to having low, improper things whispered in her ear," answered Moida. "But if ever I get back to the dear spot where these flowers grew"—here she placed her finger on a bunch of edelweiss fastened to her waist—"I vow never to leave it again."

"Well, by St. Ulrich!" exclaimed Carl, with flaming eyes, "if you have been insulted, go fetch me yonder swords hanging on the wall." "For Heaven's sake, sir," said Moida, "do not engage in a duel on my account; for if you do I will lose my situation here before I have earned half enough to carry me back to my native valley." "So you come from the Tyrol, the dear land of edelweiss and virtuous maidens?" pursued Carl, with difficulty smothering the rage he felt against Otto von Kessler. "Yes, and my home is in the Zillerthal," answered Moida. "Have you ever been there?" "Indeed I have. Why, I may almost say that I have visited every nook and corner of the Tyrol." "Then you have probably been to my dear home," continued Moida. "How I wish that I had never left it!" "Well, thus far no evil has befallen you," said Carl, "and, by heaven! no evil shall." Then making her a sign to come closer, and dropping his voice, "Tell me," he added, "did you ever sit as a model?" Before the girl could reply somebody called out, "Beer!" and off she went to the upper end of the hall, where a couple of students were knocking their empty glasses on the table. "Humph," murmured Carl, as he watched her, "my good friend Heinrich has a true eye for beauty; yet how came he to miss this fresh young mountain daisy? Of all the lassies in Munich not one would make such a fine model for his water-wraith. What a magnificent figure she has! She stands as straight as an arrow and her step as nimble as a chamois." Presently Carl's eyes—and they were deep-set, fiery eyes, as unlike as possible to the blue, pensive eyes of Heinrich—flashed, and he sprang up from his seat; for Otto Von Kessler had risen from his and was following Moida out of the room. "By St. Ulrich!" exclaimed Carl inwardly, "I will take her part no matter how low her station may be." "Begone!" cried Moida, just as Carl overtook Von Kessler, who had insolently placed his hand on her shoulder. "I will not go to your studio; I will have nothing to do with you. Begone!" "This young woman is under my protection, so take this for your pains," said Carl, tapping the roue's cheek with two fingers of his right hand. This gentle blow caused Von Kessler's face to flash crimson, and for a moment he could not speak. Presently, after drawing a deep breath, "Ho! ho!" he exclaimed, "here is Don Quixote come to life." "Oh! you may sneer, you may call me Don Quixote," said Carl, "but unless you apologise to this young woman—" Von Kessler did not wait for Carl to finish his sentence. Back he rushed into the beer-hall, where he took down the two swords which were hanging very near the door; and so quickly did he do it, and so full of smoke was the room, that nobody observed his movements.

It did not take long for them to reach a good spot for the duel; and poor Moida, who utterly forgot her duties to the beer-drinkers, kept pulling Carl by the sleeve, vainly imploring him not to fight, and she was almost ready to sink to the earth when Carl and Von Kessler crossed swords. The fighting-ground was within a few feet of the cold, swift-flowing Isar. Down through the branches of a willow-tree the moonbeams shimmered, the city was half a mile away; it was just the place for a deadly fray, and just the hour too. "Stand back!" shouted Carl to Moida. "Stand back or you will get hurt." Nor did he speak a moment too soon; the blade of his weapon flew within an inch of her uplifted arm, then down it came upon Von Kessler's forehead, which instantly became dyed with blood. The wound, however, was not a serious one. Nevertheless the red stream trickled into Von Kessler's eyes and so blinded him that he was unable to continue the combat; whereupon he groaned not so much with pain as with rage, and Moida's name was coupled with Carl's in the direful oath of revenge which Von Kessler swore. But the girl did not hear it, for she had sunk in a swoon at the foot of the willow. "Here, take my hand and I will assist you to get home," said the ever-generous Carl. "No! I ask no help. I will find my way home alone," answered the other savagely, and pressing his handkerchief to his brow. And so saying Von Kessler tottered away.

"Which one is wounded? Who are you? Oh! tell me who are you?" murmured Moida, presently opening her eyes and not relishing the icy water which was being sprinkled over her face. "I am your friend and I have not received even a scratch," said Carl, who was kneeling by her side. "Oh! God be thanked. But the other one—the bad student—is he killed?" continued Moida in a stronger tone. "Killed! No, indeed. Still I have chastised him pretty well for having affronted you." "O brave, noble youth!" pursued the girl in accents of deep emotion. "The world will laugh at you for taking my part, but the good God will reward you." Then, as Carl assisted her to rise, "And I will tell every maiden in the Zillerthal about my champion," she added affectionately bringing Carl's hand to her lips. "Well, I beg you not to leave Munich immediately," said Carl, who in all his life before had never experienced such a thrill of delight as he felt at this moment. "Remain here a few weeks and grant me one boon—a boon which may be the means of winning me fame and fortune." "Oh! trust me, kind sir, to do anything in the world to serve you," answered Moida. "Do give me a chance to prove my gratitude."

"Well, come, then, to my studio in the big building next to St. Michael's Church, day after to-morrow, and let me make an image of your lovely self in pure white marble." "Yes, yes, indeed I will—I—" But here Moida abruptly checked her tongue; then bowing her head, "No, no, Impossible! Impossible!" she murmured. "But you first said yes, and now I will hold you to your word," continued Carl, "Why, what is there to fear? I am a sculptor. No harm will come to you from being my model; and, believe me, the statue which I shall make will be as chaste as it will be beautiful." Then, after a pause, he added: "But if I do not have you I must get somebody else. But no, no. Either yourself or nobody shall be the model for my water-wraith."

Still Moida shook her head and begged him to release her from her rash, half-uttered promise. "I really cannot. Anything but that—anything but that," she said. "Well, well," went on Carl, shrugging his shoulders, "I am not able to force you to sit as a model, nor would I if I could. But at least you might visit my studio. Come day after to-morrow and have a chat with me there."

To this Moida consented. Then together they walked back to the town, Carl hoping that when the girl became better acquainted with him she would consent to be the original of the weird and beautiful statue which already, in his mind's eye, he saw standing on the rock in the Achensee.

Of course not a word concerning Moida did Carl breathe to Heinrich when he got home. Nor did Heinrich breathe a word to him about the girl. Each friend thought to himself: "I have found a perfect gem of a model; one, too, who is as virtuous as she is beautiful."

On the morrow, at the appointed hour, Moida bent her steps to the venerable building where Heinrich's studio was. And as she drew near to it her heart beat quicker. "For who knows," she murmured, "who knows but that I may meet my other friend, the valiant Carl, and he may ask whither am I going."

Presently, turning aside from the busy street, Moida entered at St. Michael's Church, where, kneeling before the high altar, she offered thanks to God for having sent her in her utter loneliness two such protectors as Heinrich and Carl.

The girl's prayer was short but fervent. Then, as she withdrew from the sacred edifice she said to herself: "I will not let my soul be troubled any more by vague alarms. The Holy Virgin will intercede in my behalf. Nay, has she not done so already? It is, doubtless, thanks to her intercession that Heinrich and Carl have been sent to guard me against the evil-minded student."

A few minutes later Moida found herself within the walls of the Art Academy and she began to ascend the dark, winding stone staircase, so often trodden in days of yore by prayerful monks. But she had not climbed half-way to the second landing when she heard footsteps behind her. "Mein Gott! It may be Carl," exclaimed Moida inwardly. "What shall I say if he asks me what am I doing here?" But no, it was not Carl Schelling who was so rapidly overtaking her. It was somebody with his head wrapped in a blood-stained bandage, and face as white as the face of a ghost. Moida, of course, expected that Otto Von Kessler would address her—for it was he. But not a syllable did he utter; only a malignant gleam shot out of his eyes, and the terrified girl would much rather have had him speak than stare at her in this singular manner. And as Von Kessler stared Moida wished with all her heart that Carl might appear or Heinrich; there was still a long distance to mount—up the fifth story she had to go. How much higher would this awe-inspiring being dog her steps? Presently by a strong effort of will, Moida averted her eyes from Von Kessler's, then continued her way; up, up she went. One, two, three, almost four stories she mounted, the other always close behind; when of a sudden, just at a shadowy spot where there was no window near, the footsteps ceased. Timidly she glanced over her shoulder. Von Kessler was not to be seen. "How strangely he vanished!" thought Moida wiping the cold drops from her brow. "Every time I meet him he fills me more and more with alarm." Then, as she was wondering what had become of him, she heard footsteps again; they seemed to be going up and down and all around her. But she could distinguish nobody, nor did anybody touch her.

"Why, my dear girl, are you ill this morning?" said Heinrich, when presently Moida arrived at his studio. How cold your hand is! It is like ice." "No, sir, I am not ill. Already I feel quite myself again," replied the girl, as a stream of sunshine fell upon her.

"But if this is a very cheerful, sunny room," she added, becoming sullenly grave again, "the long, long stairs reaching up to it are most unpleasant. They are so ghostly." "Well, they are said to be haunted," replied Heinrich. "But I don't believe in ghosts. Do you?"

"Haunted!" exclaimed Moida, opening wide her big black eyes. Then turning to the door, which she had left ajar, she hurriedly closed it; and even after the latch had fallen she pressed hard against the door to make sure that it was well shut. "Yes, some people say they are haunted," went on Heinrich, "and I have an intimate friend who believes it is true. This is the only point whereon he and I differ. But we are not all born alike, and my friend is by nature very superstitious; so much so that above the door of his studio—for he is an artist like myself—hangs a big wooden crucifix to keep evil spirits aloof." "I wonder who your intimate friend may be?" thought Moida, carefully running her eye over Heinrich's well-worn suit, which looked so very like the shabby suit worn by the gallant Carl. Then, seizing a moment when Heinrich's face was averted, she drew out a pair of scissors and deftly clipped off a tiny bit of the green binding of his jacket.

"Now, dear girl," said Heinrich presently, "if you will sit down on yonder chair I shall begin my work." "I am ready," answered Moida. "My head is at your service. But before you plunge your fingers into your lump of clay let me restore to you your handkerchief. You remember that I promised to wash it nice and clean." And you have done so. A thousand thanks!" said Heinrich. "I was half afraid you had forgotten it."

"Well I hope your poor face does not pain you to-day?" continued Moida. "Does it?" Will the wound soon be healed?"

"It will—it will," replied Heinrich. "The little slap you gave me has made it heal all the quicker." Moida smiled, then sat down in the chair.

It was a pleasant hour she and Heinrich spent together, a very pleasant hour. The girl had never been in a studio before, and the young sculptor answered good-naturedly the many questions she put to him. Only once did he hint that he might make better progress if she were to be more still and talked less. But more than once Heinrich sighed and wished that she had not restricted him to simply making a model of her head. "But patience," he said inwardly; "patience! I have her all to myself. She is to be nobody else's model. By and by she may be pursuaded to wear the chaste drapery which Schwanthaler will lend me. The most scrupulous maiden could not object to it; and then what a peerless statue I shall make of her!"

When the girl had been with him a little over an hour Heinrich washed the clay off his hands and said: "Moida I have made a good beginning and thank you ever so much. Are you tired?" "Not in the least," answered Moida. Then as she stood with her hand on the latch, about to depart, Heinrich asked if she would meet him at four o'clock for a stroll in the English Garden—the name of the beautiful park in Munich. To this Moida said yes. Then she added: "But now may I ask you to be kind enough to escort me down as far as the first landing-place?" "Right willingly," said Heinrich, smiling. "Perhaps you fear to meet an apparition. Really, you and my intimate friend are quite alike in this respect."

"Well, I do not think it was a ghost I saw. And yet—and yet—" Here Moida hesitated. Whereupon Heinrich exclaimed: "Pray tell me about it. What did you see? I knew you were frightened when you first entered my studio." "Otto von Kessler followed me up several flights," replied Moida—"followed me until I came to a spot where there was very little light. There he vanished. Yet I could hear footsteps passing and repassing me; nor was it so dark but that I should have seen him. Was it not exceedingly strange?"

"Humph!" ejaculated Heinrich. "Well, if that fellow plays another practical joke on you I'll put an end to his joking. By St. Ulrich I will."

On their way down to the street they did not see or hear anybody, and in a few minutes they parted company, Heinrich saying: "Do not forget—four o'clock."

Punctual almost to a minute Moida and Heinrich met at the trysting-place in the park. It was the spot where Dollinger's Walk begins. For here it was that this world-renowned church historian often came to enjoy an afternoon stroll; and to this day this shady, retired pathway keeps the name of Dollinger's Walk.

A short distance to the left ran a little stream, murmuring on its way to the Isar, while on either side stood large trees, whose branches, meeting overhead, formed a leafy arch well-nigh impenetrable to the sunshine. Nowhere else in this lovely pleasure-ground were the thrushes and goldfinches so fond of building their nests, and even at high noon you might hear a nightingale warbling here.

But although Moida set out in excellent spirits—for with such a gay companion as Heinrich how could she help but be gay too?—nevertheless ere long a great shadow fell upon her.

"Why, liebes Kind, we must go further than this; we must not stop here," spoke the sculptor, seeing Moida come to an abrupt pause where the thick hazel-bushes almost met in front of them. "Did you see him?" said Moida in low, tremulous accents. "Did you see him?" Wherever I go he haunts my footsteps."

"See whom? Do you mean Otto von Kessler?" inquired Heinrich, contracting his brow. "Yes. He glided swiftly across the path a moment ago, and disappeared yonder where that lily is." "Indeed! Well, I was looking up at a squirrel; 'tis how I did not see him. But what if he is hovering about us? What harm can he do you? Why, it is childish to tremble so."

"Well, yes, I am a coward in some things," answered Moida; "and Otto von Kessler has succeeded in making me afraid of him. I must have recourse to prayer." "You pray a good deal, I fancy," said Heinrich. "Well, you can pray and I can fight. Ay, I will teach Von Kessler a needful lesson—see if I don't."

"O Heinrich! I beseech you not to engage in a duel," exclaimed Moida. "It is a sin to fight a duel. But now let us retrace our steps. I feel that I could not enjoy our walk any further." "Are you in earnest?" said Heinrich, looking at her with surprise. "You will not trust to my protection? Well, well, then we shall go back."

And so saying, they returned to the entrance of the park. But, ere they separated Moida made Heinrich solemnly promise that he would not challenge Von Kessler. Then as soon as she found herself alone she bent her steps to St. Peter's Church.

The student who had inspired Moida with so much dread did not show himself at the "White Lamb" this evening, at which she greatly rejoiced, and with all her heart wished that he might never come again. But Heinrich was in his accustomed place, making merry with all his friends, all of whom admired Moida ever so much, albeit they thought she was a trifle too shy. "She smiles on us," spoke one, "but she never goes any further." "She has driven Otto Von Kessler well-nigh mad," spoke another student, "for she is the only girl of her class who has stood proof against his honeyed words and his gold; for Von Kessler is rich as well as a count."

"Well, Moida comes from the Tyrol," put in Heinrich, "and her soul is white as the edelweiss which blooms on her native hills.

At this a faint smile played on the lips of Heinrich's comrades, but they did not say anything.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## CATHOLIC INDIANS IN SIBERIA.

The following incident in the diary of the late Lieut. Danenhower will prove interesting to Catholics:

"After the sinking of the vessel we landed, as you know, on the Siberian coast. After proceeding some distance inland we met some of the native Indians, whom we found to our surprise to be Catholics. After eating they crossed themselves, shook hands and said, "Prsheel Bah." They also showed us their crosses, which they kissed, and I was very glad to have in my possession a certain talisman (the Lieutenant meant a miraculous medal of the Blessed Virgin) which has been sent me by a Catholic friend in San Francisco with the message that it had been blessed by a priest, and I would be sure to be safe if I wore it. I did not have much faith in this, however, but when I showed it to the natives they kissed it devoutly. It was the only article in the possession of the party, indeed, that indicated to the natives that we were Christians. You can imagine our feelings at meeting these people, for they were the first strangers whom we had seen for more than two years, and I never before felt so thankful to missionaries as I did on that day at finding that we were among Christian natives."

Mr. W. A. Wing, Westport, writes. "I wish to inform you of the wonderful results which followed the use of Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. A cough of six months' standing had reduced me to such an extent that I was unable to work. I tried many remedies without effect; at last I used this Emulsion, and before three bottles were used I am glad to say I was restored to perfect health.

Mr. H. McCaw, Custom House, Toronto, writes: "My wife was troubled with Dyspepsia and Rheumatism for a long time; she tried many different medicines, but did not get any relief until she used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. She has taken two bottles of it, and now finds herself in better health than she has been for years." Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St.

## NEW MEXICO.

### Refutation of an old Calumny.

A. L. Morrison writes as follows to the editor of the New Mexico:

SANTA FE, July 9th, 1882.

In your issue of this morning in the article headed, "Unneeded Favors," there appears the following language taken from the "Report of the New West Education Commission:"

"There is no demand that the teachers (New Mexico) shall have proven qualifications, intellectual or moral; no requirement that school training shall be in English—it being now largely in the Spanish tongue. Spanish Papal ideas, combined with the former isolation of the territory, have shut out the public school, prevented the training of teachers, and kept the mass of the people stationary while the world has advanced, enveloped in the darkness of the sixteenth century, while the full light of the nineteenth shines everywhere. There are many pagans in New Mexico, and a large number whose religion is paganized Christianity." And much more to the same purpose. Of course where there is no demand for moral and intellectual teachers, it would very naturally follow that none possess those qualifications.

MOST EXCELLENT TEACHERS.

Let us see how much truth there is in this wild assertion. Outside the public-school system we have splendid schools conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, the Christian Brothers, the Sisters of Charity and the Sisters of Loretto. Will the ardent missionary of the New West Education Commission have the hardihood to assert that the above devoted teachers are destitute of moral and intellectual training? Their pure, simple and blameless lives give the strongest negative to the first charge, and the advancement of their pupils in all the branches of secular education sufficiently disproves the second.

I have no hesitation in saying that in no part of the country can be found the superiors, morally or intellectually, of the above teachers of New Mexico.

HOW THEY HAVE TO PREPARE FOR THEIR DUTIES AS TEACHERS.

Can the above Commission point to any class of teachers who are compelled to undergo a more rigid, severe and continuous course of scholastic training than the Jesuits, the Brothers, or the Sisters of Charity, or of Loretto. From their early years they are selected to teach the young; that is to be their vocation, not for a few months or years, but during their entire lives. They leave father, mother and all the delights and endearments of home, all the delights and ambitions of the world to devote themselves with single-hearted devotion to their chosen vocation, and it is only after long years of severe and ceaseless study and careful training that they are considered sufficiently qualified to enter on their work which can only end with death.

THE SPANISH AND ENGLISH LANGUAGES.

But "there is no requirement that school training shall be in English, it being now largely in the Spanish tongue." It is hardly necessary to say that in all the above schools the pupils are taught the English tongue. But presuming it were not so, who can blame the children of Spain for clinging with fond fidelity to that grand old language which their fathers spoke in the Iberian peninsula long before the English tongue began to assume any of the strength and elegance which it possesses to-day. The language of Lopez de Vega, Cervantes, Peter Martyr, Las Cases, Mendoza, Xemenes, Calderon, Columbus and Manrique was not doomed to die either among the vineyards and olive groves of old Spain or here in the Sierras of New Mexico. It will not be forgotten that it was to the great Cardinal Ximenes and to the Spanish tongue that the world is indebted for the Complutensian Polyglot Bible, one of the wonders of the literary world.

HOW THE POLYGLOT BIBLE WAS COMPOSED.

This most learned work was commenced in 1502 and concluded in 1517, thus occupying the space of fifteen years before its completion. The most profound linguists of the day were gathered from all parts of the earth and supported in a most munificent manner by the Cardinal; fabulous prices were paid for ancient manuscripts; agents were dispatched to search the libraries of Europe for anything which would elucidate or illustrate the sacred text. The following are the names of the men to whom this gigantic work was entrusted: Antonia de Lerijo, Demetrius Ducae, of Crete; Lopez de Yuniga, Munez de Guzman, Alfonzo of Alcala, Paul Coronell, of Segovia, and Alfonzo de Zamorce. The last three were learned Jews, and Zamorce was especially appointed to compose a grammar and Hebrew dictionary for the Polyglot.

A TRIBUTE TO SPANISH LITERATURE.

As I have said, these men, directed by Ximenes himself, devoted fifteen years to the great work, which contained translations in Hebrew, Chaldaic, Greek and Latin, and cost an aggregate sum of $100,000, all of which was paid from the private income of the Cardinal. Just four months before his death the last sheets were presented to him and in holy joy he exclaimed, "I give Thee thanks, oh! most high God, that thou hast brought to the long-wished-for end this work which I undertook." Let me give you a short extract from Ticknor's history of Spanish literature. Speaking of an old chronicle, he says: "As we close it up we should not forget that the whole series extended over full two hundred and fifty years, from the time of Alfonso the Wise to the accession of Charles the Fifth, and covering the new world as well as the old, is unrivaled in variety, in richness, and in picturesque and poetical elements. In truth, the chronicles of no other nation can be compared with them. Indeed, wherever we go under their leading, whether we go to the court of Tamerlane or that of St. Ferdinand, we find the heroic elements of the national genius gathered around us, and this vast, rich mass of chronicles, containing such a body of antiquities, traditions and tables as has been offered up to no other people, we are constantly discovering not only the materials from which were drawn a multitude of old Spanish ballads, plays and romances, but a mine which has been unceasingly wrought by all the rest of Europe for similar purposes, and still remains unexhausted."

THE "PAGAN AND PAGANIZED CHRISTIANS" OF NEW MEXICO.

As every scholar must be acquainted with "The Chronicles of the Cid," the Spanish ballads, and the ever welcome, ever glorious Don Quixote, I merely mention them to justify your indignant denial of the assumption, that the descendants of the Spaniards are destitute of culture and refinement. I suppose the writers of the above would have us believe that ignorance of the English tongue is synonymous with barbarism. But the most slanderous assertion made is that many of the Mexicans are pagans, and very many of them are paganized Christians. This, of course, means nothing but a charge of paganism against the Catholic Church, and is beneath any man's contempt. Why, sir, in this "pagan" city of Santa Fe the Sabbath day is better observed than in any town in New England. Peace, order, obedience to the law, general harmony, good feeling and hospitality to strangers, are the marked characteristics of the place. Drunkenness is almost unknown amongst us here, and law-breakers in general give us a very wide berth. Let these male and female Jellebys attend to the crime, the misery, the destitution and the communism which are breaking in angry surges around their own doors, and let the pagans and paganized Christians of New Mexico alone, to attend to their own concerns, as they neither seek nor desire their assistance. But if they must use the surplus benevolence, with which they seem to be so heavily freighted, on objects which might repay their industry, let them turn their Apostolic zeal on the Youngers, the Jameses, the Billy the Kids, and Handy Andys of the east, convert those pagans and keep them from troubling our peaceful citizens, and great will be their reward.

## THE CONSEQUENCE OF PROTESTANT DENIAL OF THE SACRAMENTAL CHARACTER OF MATRIMONY.

A Massachusetts minister makes a very significant contribution to the discussion which is now going on in New England regarding the freedom of divorce. It is generally supposed and generally argued that the great increase of divorces there is due simply to the multiplication of the causes for which they can be legally obtained; and divorces are more numerous, it is claimed, because it is so easy to get them for other reasons than that laid down by the Saviour.

The Rev. Sylvanus Hayward, of Globe Village, in Massachusetts, however, says that the frequency of divorce is only a symptom, and not a disease. And what is the disease? This is how he describes it:—

"Plain language is best. The cause of increasing divorces is the increase of adultery. I claim no extensive acquaintance with statistics. Human nature, studied in a small hamlet, gives an insight to the character of the whole race. Within my remembrance divorces have increased tenfold, perhaps more. But of all the divorces granted within the narrow circle of my personal observation, only one could fail to be justified on the highest possible grounds. And there is no reason to suppose this observation is peculiar or exceptional. The increase of divorces is simply the just and proper result of the increase of adultery."

That is, divorces increase in number, not because of the laws, but because of the prevailing immorality. There is a growing disregard for the obligations of the marriage tie. Such is the testimony of a minister who lives in a Massachusetts village, settled not by foreigners, but by people of the old Puritan stock. What the laws do, according to him, is merely to enable people who are seeking divorce to obtain it on minor grounds, by the agreement of parties, so as to avoid the scandal of proving the true cause, which is adultery. Court records are notoriously fallacious in this matter, he says, and he justly contends that the law "should require the adultery to be proved and recorded in all its foulness."

It is this clergyman's opinion, therefore, that it is useless to expect any real reform until the morals of the communities are improved. The true reformers will be those who will set about curing the disease which stimulates divorces, not those who are arguing against the evils of the freedom of divorce allowed by the laws. The great and pressing duty of the clergy is to inculcate the sanctity of the marriage relation and to be brave enough to lash the prevailing immorality. Comparatively speaking, as he says, it requires little boldness or skill to preach against the frequency of divorce. And yet that is about all the New England clergy, from the Rev. Dr. Bacon down, have so far done. "But to preach against the underlying foulness of which divorce is only the slight indication, demands fearless intrepidity and consummate wisdom."

It is true, then, that what the Rev. Dr. Bacon called the polygamy of New England is due rather to the spread of moral corruption in its society and to the decline of respect for the marriage relation than to the divorce laws against which he wages war? Very likely the Rev. Mr. Hayward is right.—N. Y. Sun, July 31st.

**If you are Ruined**

in health from any cause, especially from the use of any of the thousand nostrums that promise so largely, with long fictitious testimonials, have no fear. Resort to Hop Bitters at once, and in a short time you will have the most robust and blooming health.

STINGING irritation, inflamation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1 per bottle.

Scrofula is a depraved condition of the system often hereditary, and characterised by indolent tumours, glandular affections, bad blood and a low condition of vitality that tends towards consumption, which is really Scrofula of the Lungs. Burdock Blood Bitters cure Scrofulous diseases from a pimple to an Abscess, by purifying the blood, correcting the secretions and giving a healthy tone to each organ.

The indications of the approaching season seem to threaten an unusual amount of the various forms of bowel complaints. Our readers would do well to supply themselves with some reliable remedy like Doctor Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, as a safeguard against sudden attacks of Cholera Morbus, Colic, Dysentery, &c., that unless promptly treated are often suddenly fatal.

### An Ancient Toast.

It was a grand day in the old chivalric time, the wine circling around the board in a noble hall, and the sculptured walls rang with sentiment and song. The lady of each knightly heart was pledged by name, and many a syllable significant of loveliness had been uttered until it came St. Leon's turn, when lifting the sparkling cup on high:

"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep carven on the human heart,
Till memory is dead.

"To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have passed,
So holy 'tis and true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fiery flashing eye;
And Stanley said, "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of the most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "My mother!"

### THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL.

On the occasion of the blessing of a bell, at Emly, the Archbishop of Cashel delivered the following address on the political situation :—

My dear friends of Emly and its neighbourhood, this is the third public visit that I have paid you within the last couple of years in connection with the rise and progress of your new church. Each of those visits may be said to represent a distinct and noteworthy epoch in the history of the good and much-needed work which for some time past the people of this parish have had on hands. I visited you, in the first instance, to lay the foundation stone of the very admirable structure beside which we now stand, and of which we are all so heartily and so justly proud (hear, hear). About three months ago, and, indeed, quite casually, I paid you another visit, when I had the honour and gratification of crowning this same noble edifice with the sacred symbol of the cross ; and I am here to-day to perform the ceremony which you have just witnessed of blessing a bell for you and elevating it to the post of usefulness that has been prepared for it high up in your newly-built steeple (hear). Both my former visits were significant in more ways than one, notably by reason of the great gathering of people from near and far who came here to meet me, of the wonderful enthusiasm they displayed, and the unmistakable proofs given by them of true Irish goodness and generosity (cheers). On each of those occasions I delivered a short address. There is no need to repeat for you now what was then said. But I may observe that when two years ago, or thereabouts, on a bright and beautiful May day, I stood here in the midst of at least ten thousand of my fellow-countrymen, while reminding them of the ancient glories of this hallowed spot, I bade them be of good cheer as to the future, and referring to the great ecclesiastical work which they had undertaken, I ventured, moreover, to predict that, as regards artistic finish and completeness, as well as the faith and fervour of those who were to worship therein, this, the second temple of Emly, would be in no respect inferior to the first (loud cheers). That prediction has to some extent, at least, been already fulfilled; for to-day it is our privilege to look with pride and admiration on this, your second temple, all but completed—a temple large and lofty, exquisitely designed, and executed, even as to its minutest detail, in the highest style that modern art is acquainted with; a temple also that, as you know, has cost a very considerable sum of money, every penny of which was contributed by the noble-hearted priests and people whom I am delighted to see around me once again to-day (hear, hear). When visiting you a second time, on a more recent occasion, amongst other things, I remember to have said, beholding as I then did the sacred sign of man's redemption placed on high over the roof of your church, and the green flag of our country waving its honored folds beside it, that I was charmed to see this beautiful and suggestive blending of Ireland's much-loved and venerated standard—the green banner that has never yet been sullied, and the Cross, that can know nothing of defeat (enthusiastic cheers). To-day I desire to repeat the same sentiment, and to add that notwithstanding the cry now so frequently, and as I think so needlessly, raised of the Church in danger, I am, as ever, and now even more than ever, a firm and unwavering believer in the lasting fidelity of our people to the dual cause of creed and country, being indeed thoroughly convinced that, should they swerve at any time from their allegiance or falter in their attachment to either or both, the sad event will be caused by the weakening of that bond of love which has united, and still continues to unite, the Irish priest to his Irish flock—a bond which, thank God, is nowhere stronger, less assailable, or more conspicuous than amongst the priests and people of the diocese of Cashel and Emly (cheers). Nor is this, my third visit to you, without its own plain, peculiar, and impressive significance. I have come here to-day, as has been already observed, to place a newly-blessed bell in the tower of your new church, whence it is designed to call you to prayer for many a long year to come; to tell, moreover, of nuptial benediction imparted and of the marriage feast; to sound the funeral knell of departing brethren when the souls shall have gone forward to their last account, besides awakening on this and the surrounding plains the echoes of Christian progress and civilisation that have slept here undisturbed since the days of Cromwell the cruel and the accursed (groans). And now, were I so minded, and did I not deem it preferable to speak of something more practical and to the point, I might descant for you at considerable length, and with a great but vain display of curious knowledge, on the origin, multifarious uses, primitive shape, and gradual development of bells, whether erected in church steeple or baronial castle, or set up for the various domestic and other purposes to which in process of time they have been applied. This would be indeed, under certain circumstances, a most inviting theme to dwell upon ; but as it is, dismissing entirely from my view all such silly, or at least unprofitable speculations, I shall rather ask you to consider with me for a moment our actual condition and future prospects as a struggling people—that is to say, what gains, if any, we have made during the last three years, and how best we may secure and even augment them (hear, hear). Here, then, in the rough is substantially what we have gained. First and foremost, up to three years ago it was generally believed by the great mass of our people that an Irish agriculturist was a mere rent-making machine, and that it was his bounden duty to work contentedly in that way, for a minimum recompense, day and night, without ceasing. Every sane and unprejudiced individual you now meet with is fully convinced that the industrious husbandman has a first call on the fruits of the land he tills, and that while a fair rent should be paid when possible to the owner of the soil as a capitalist, the cultivator of it and his family should be decently supported out of it as well (loud cheers). Secondly, up to three years ago in Ireland the landlord and his agent, irrespective altogether of their character for either justice or mercy, were fawned upon and flattered, and almost worshipped, externally at least, by the miserable serfs whom they fed on and despised (hear, hear). To-day the good and just landlord is respected, as he ought to be, whilst the tyrant, though still dreaded, is at the same time defied. Thirdly, up to three years ago in Ireland a farm from which an industrious tenant had been evicted for the non-payment of excessive rent would not be twenty-four hours vacant when scores of fools would be found to compete ruinously with each other for its possession. To-day no one would think of touching it (enthusiastic cheers). Fourthly, up to three years ago in Ireland few there were who took a practical interest in the condition of our agricultural labourers. They worked from six o'clock in the morning till six o'clock in the afternoon, and for wages which in other countries they might earn in a few hours. They lived in cabins scarcely fit for savage men, were fed miserably, and clad in rags (hear) To-day, though for the most part fed and housed quite as wretchedly as ever, they are attracting a good deal of attention to their just complaints; and if the tenant-farmers here present, and those elsewhere whom my words may reach and possibly influence, would but take a friendly advice from me, they would from motives of policy as well as of gratitude, look without delay to the sad case of their labourers, and strive to improve their condition as far as it is possible for them in reason to do so (cheers). Fifthly, up to three years ago in Ireland agitation was at a discount. The people were without heart. They had been more than once betrayed by so-called leaders in whom they put their trust. Fine speeches were made for them and fine promises given them ; but the orator very often sold himself for pay or preferment, soon after swearing that he would die rather than do so, and the promises made were left, for the most part, unfulfilled. But the trumpet of our resurrection was sounded at last (cheers). It had pleased Providence to spread famine like a pall over the land. Men were awakened by it to a sense of their mean and mendicant condition ; and the cry went forth, and was wafted by priests and people from shore to shore, that Ireland was made for the Irish, and that, now or never, we should assert our rights, not alone to live, but to thrive as well, in our native land (continued cheers). Our brethren in America and at the Antipodes took up the echoes of our expressed resolve, swelled the chorus of our complaint, and thus gave the whole civilized world the sad and sickening story of Ireland's wretchedness and wrongs. Our rulers paused, pondered gravely, at length, on passing Irish events, gauged their significance aright, and as usual, struck by the justice of our claims, and still more by the strength and stability of our organization, introduced remedial measures of a substantial character into the House of Commons, and passed them successfully into law (loud cheers). Thereupon, landlords trembled throughout the length and breadth of the land, and rack rents received a staggering, if not a death-blow in Ireland. Moreover, we have a phalanx now representing us in the British House of Commons that cannot be bribed or intimidated, and as we mean soon, please God, to pay our members, we shall add largely, ere long, to the numerical and effective strength of the advanced party in Parliament. On the whole, then, we have been victorious (cheers). The righteousness of our cause has been all but universally recognised; rents have been reduced from 20 to 25 per cent all round, even by Government commissioners; further substantial ameliorations cannot be much longer withheld; and so the sun of Ireland's prosperity may be said to have begun to shine out at last, after a long and dreary night of desolation and darkness. Thus it is as to the past. But what of the future? Are we able and willing to hold our own; and, in fact, are we resolved to do so, whether against Kavanagh's confiscation scheme or the coercive legislation of Mr. Gladstone? (Cries of "We are, we are.") Will the landlord league, like Aaron's rod, eat up the people's league, and will the threats of fine and imprisonment with which the air is now full frighten or corrupt us? (Cries of "Never," and loud cheers.) On that score I have no apprehensions. But, my dear friends, in this connection you have heard it said, and truthfully said, that force is no remedy. I take leave to add most emphatically, as a warning to you, that crime, in like manner, is no remedy. It is my firm conviction that you have no enemy to dread at this moment but yourselves. Crime and outrage on the part of any section of our people are the only things that I am now afraid of. I dread crime—first, because it is sinful, and because I believe that sin, as a rule, is punished even in this life. I dread crime, secondly, because it will give us a bad name where we desire to be well thought of, estranging from our cause the sympathies of all good and highminded men, besides bringing direct disgrace on our religion and country (hear, hear). I dread it, thirdly, because of the sufferings and sorrow which it is sure to entail, not upon its victims alone, but upon its agents and abettors as well (cheers). Be just, and fear not. That is my motto. Let it be yours also. Violate no law, whether human or divine. Avail yourselves, by all means, of every constitutional agency still within your reach to assert your inalienable right to live and thrive in Ireland. Bear ill will to nobody. Tolerate all : but, in these troubled times, repose trust only in a few (loud cheers). All the coercive laws that can be framed will not succeed, I fear, in inducing our people to love and make free with, however they may pray for and forgive, those who have injured and insulted them, or sided with their reputed enemies. Be this as it may, no law can oblige you to bid for an evicted vacant farm, or to pay an amount of rent which you have been notoriously unable to make. In all these respects, then, be cautious and resolute, but above all, be reasonable (great cheering). Now, as in the past, whatever you do in the way of agitation, let it be done, or spoken, in the open light of day. Stick to the old country for weal or woe. Don't think of emigrating if you can at all help it. Ireland is the fittest place for Irishmen to live in. Hold on to the original lines of the national organisation. (Cries of "We will.") Strive to secure your land in fee, or for the fair letting value. Have nothing to do with theories however plausible or attractive. Avoid angry collision of any kind with the constituted authorities ; submit quietly to what you cannot control ; be prepared to make reasonable sacrifices for public weal; put your trust in God above you, and rest assured withal of the full and final triumph of right and justice. (Enthusiastic cheers.) And now, what have I to say to you, or what return can I make for the beautiful but too flattering address and the large presentation of money with which you have honoured, if not enriched me? For the address I am, of course, deeply and sincerely thankful. The money I hand over at once, and in presence of witnesses, to our worthy and energetic pastor to be employed by him towards the liquidation of the debt which still hangs heavily on your new church. Though considerable, I could wish that the sum on my hands were ten times as great as it is. How I long for one moment's possession of an enchanter's wand to be able to transmute into gold everything I touched, so as thus to free the good and generous people of Emly from any further demands on their necessarily slender and precarious resources. But, as it is not given me to serve them in so far, I shall do the next best thing I can, that is to pray for and bless them, and that I shall presently do with all the warmth and earnestness of my heart. Meanwhile I recommend their cause in this matter to the charitable consideration of all who may be able to assist them; and bespeak, moreover, for the good and faithful priests who have brought this great work to its present advanced stage of completeness, the practical sympathy of their brethren in the priesthood, whether in Cashel, or Emly, or elsewhere. In conclusion I wish you all assembled here an abundance of God's choicest graces, together with health, and happiness, and prosperity.

His Grace then concluded amid the most deafening cheers, which were again and again renewed.

The proceedings then terminated.

### Hoaxing the Police.

On Tuesday evening a gentleman, who stated that he was a retired constabulary officer, called at Store Street police station and informed the inspector on duty that he had reason to believe a quantity of arms were being secretly removed from premises in a neighboring street. As a result of this communication a constable went to Talbot Place, where his attention was directed to a cart, apparently laden with manure, which was leaving the premises of a dairyman. The constable's informant, whose suspicions were aroused by the apparent difficulty with which the horse yoked to the cart succeeded in moving the vehicle, surmised that at the bottom of the load would be found something heavier than the manure, which, in his opinion, was merely placed upon the top to conceal the real nature of the freight. The cart was by the constable's directions turned again into the yard of the dairyman, who, however, indignantly denied that there was any foundation for the charge, or any reason for interfering with his business. The constable, however, insisted that it was his duty to inquire into the matter, and required that the cart should be emptied. This, however, the owner refused to do, saying that if they were bent on making fools of themselves they should do so without any assistance on his part, and he accordingly ordered his men not to lend any help. The cart was then brought to Store Street station and a couple of police-recruits set to work to turn out the manure. The gentleman who gave the information to the police watched the proceedings with great interest for a while, but as the heap upon the barrack-yard increased without revealing the hidden arsenal his confidence began to evaporate, and finally, when the bottom of the cart was exposed to view and no arms had been discovered, he quietly took his departure, leaving the recruits to shovel back the manure, which they did in no very good temper with their share in the transaction.—N. Y. Tablet.

### A Power in the House of Parliament.

Conspicuous among the influential men of the Dominion is Mr. J. H. Metcalf, Member of Parliament from the city of Kingston. Commencing life as a school teacher, he has steadfastly worked his way upward to the honored position in business and politics he now holds. Coming to a personal matter we would mention that Mr. Metcalf was formerly subject to extreme soreness of the chest, for which, as he himself says "I could find no remedy but St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy." In the following letter Mr. Metcalf gives evidence of his appreciation. "I take great pleasure in stating that I used St. Jacobs Oil for extreme soreness of the chest, and found it to be an excellent remedy. I would not be without it for ten times its selling price, as a family remedy it certainly has no equal."

PEOPLE WHO RESIDE OR SOJOURN in regions of country where fever and ague and bilious remittent fever are prevalent, should be particularly careful to regulate digestion, the liver and the bowels, before the approach of the season for the periodic malady. The timely use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is a valuable safeguard against the malarial scourge. It is acknowledged to be the best blood purifier in the market. Sold by Harkness and Co. Druggists, Dundas St.

### WITH THE MONKS OF CHARNWOOD FOREST.

From the London Society.

No portion of the monastery is excluded from our inspection. The distinguishing characteristic of the place is its austere simplicity. Even in the church itself the eye is captivated with nothing externally attractive. Pass we into the refectory and note its studied opposition to everything calculated to indulge luxurious taste. The religion is one of poverty and praise, prayer and penance. Witness its refectory, with its coltiled floor, its bare deal tables, and the meagre yellow-ware utensils, wooden trenches and spoons. There is, mark you, given to each brother the indulgence of a napkin, accompanying which is the name of him who uses it, painted in white on a small black wooden tablet. The secular name is left behind when the brother enters the house, and he adopts the name of a saint, such as Ignatius, Bernard, Robert, Stephen, etc. There are at present fifty-nine members of the order in the house. They are presided over by the Abbot, (Brother Bartholomew) mitred by the Pope. The monastic habit of white with black scapular belongs to the choir religious ; the brown frock distinguishes the lay members. The brothers take precedence at the table according to the date of their admission into the abbey. The Abbot presides at the head of the table. He is supported by the Prior and sub-Prior. In winter two meals are indulged in a day; in summer only one is taken. Breakfast consists of bread and milk; dinner is of an emphatic vegetarian character. It is a solemn *table d'hote*, this monastic meal. There is nothing to please the worldly eye or ear. There are no appetizing odors, no flowers, no glass, no silver, no quid, nor quiddity. The cheerful explosion of champagne would sound like a profanity. The exhilaration of dining is exchanged for a stern, rigorous, oppressive silence. Enter we the refectory in the midst of the monastic meal. It has just begun. Each brother has his "portion," a strange *olla podrida* of milk boiled with onions, cabbage, turnips, rice, etc., flanked with dry bread. A rollicking repast! Conversation is forbidden. The diners seem to be unaware of each other's presence. It might be their last meal. Here surely is that "brilliant flash of silence" for which Thomas Carlyle yearned. There is a look of resigned meekness on each face, a tender melancholy, a subdued sadness, that makes the intrusive visitor vaguely ponder as to the past careers of these contemplative, gray-bearded, gloomy men, who have thus taken themselves from the busy world and its great opportunities. The only sound heard as the meal progresses is the voice of the brother deputed to read aloud the Bible. He stands in a pulpit in the middle of the room. It is a dolorous dinner, and so I tell Brother Ignatius afterward. He is a fine, facetious old gentleman, who will never see 76 again. Fifty-one years he has spent in the priesthood, and thirty-four in the monastic life. Of the twenty-four hours in the day, six hours are spent in the open air in farming operations, seven hours are devoted to religious duties, and eleven hours are divided between sleeping, reading, and meals. The religious duties include services seven times each day. The monks rise at two o'clock in the morning for matins—at one on Sundays and minor festivals, and at midnight in Lent and on the occasion of special observances. At five o'clock the peal rings for prime, followed by tierce at fifteen minutes past seven o'clock; sext comes at eleven, then nones, vespers at five in the afternoon, and compline at seven in the evening, while work and prayer are practically combined in the fields; for when one of the brethren out of doors hears the bell chiming from the church, reminding him of the devotions taking place before the altar, he repeats a prayer set apart for recitation under such circumstances.

### DEATH OF REV. FATHER COOKE, O. M. I.

We regret to announce the sudden death of the Rev. Father Robert Cooke, O. M. I., recently, at the Presbytery attached to the Church of the English Martyrs, Tower Hill, London. For fifteen years he was Provincial of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate in Ireland, England, and Scotland. He may be said to have been the founder, too, of most of the missions of his Order in these countries, altogether helping to build no less than ten churches. Father Cooke, who belonged to an old Waterford family, began his career in Ireland as an Oblate missionary in 1856, and from that time up almost to the day of his death he continued to labor most zealously and successfully amongst his people. In every town and city—from Cork to Belfast, from Galway to Dublin—he has worked with an untiring energy that seemed all but miraculous. In late years, though still giving occasional Missions, and sacerdotal and other retreats in Ireland, he busied himself chiefly in the important work confided to him as Superior of the mission in Tower Hill, London. Here he had built a beautiful church. In the midst of the arduous duties of his missionary life, Father Cooke found time to indulge a little his literary tastes. He gave to the public some time ago a book entitled Pictures of Youthful Holiness, which had a very large circulation. This was followed by Catholic Memories of the Tower of London, and the Life of Cardinal Fisher. A larger and a more enduring work, however, than any of these he had been engaged on up to within a few days of his death. It was Sketches of the Life of Mgr. de Muzenod, the founder of the Oblate Congregation. Only two or three days ago the second volume of the Sketches was published, and almost before its circulation had begun its distinguished author was no more. Father Cooke belonged to the same Congregation as the Oblate Fathers of Lowell, Mass. May he rest in peace!

"GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" (Trademark registered) is not only a sovereign remedy for consumption, but also for consumptive night-sweats, bronchitis, coughs, spitting of blood, weak lungs, shortness of breath, and kindred affections of the throat and chest. By druggists.

### THE TRAPPISTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

#### How They are Turning a Desert into an Eden.

The Eastern Province Herald, a Cape paper, gives the following description of a visit to Dunbrody Abbey, the Trappist House established by Bishop Richards, Vicar-Apostolic of the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony, in the neighborhood of Port Elizabeth :

The Zuurberg and the Winterhock mountain look upon Dunbrody, which is situated between these, in the valley of the Sunday's River, six miles from Bluecliffe station on the Midland Railway, and eighteen miles from Coerney on the North-Eastern line. We go from Port Elizabeth by the 7.15 A. M. train, and reach Bluecliffe between 9. and 10 o'clock. There it is we first come in contact with the Brothers who await our arrival with a primitive-looking but very useful waggon made by themselves, in which is the luggage, and those gentlemen who have no horses, are transported to the monastery. The road is tolerably good, winding through hills and bush until we come to a great amphitheatre, bounded by the Zuurberg mountains. Perched on comparatively high ground, above the Sunday's River, are the temporary buildings of Dunbrody. We drive down over a steep road into the valley, and then *de profundis*, climb upward and reach our destination. Let it be understood that the cottages, old farm houses, chapel, etc., form, in a building point of view, the grub or chrysalis form of the institution. Money is in course of being collected, plans have been prepared, a site chosen, and a good monastery of stone will shortly be commenced. Then each monk will have his separate cell—now they have to sleep in a dormitory like a barrack-room. Then there will be a handsome church as well as a house of reception for visitors, and the various building requirements of the Cistercian Order can be fully complied with.

Let us take a walk with the Sub-Prior and a monk who speaks English fluently, by whom in the most courteous manner the fullest explanations are given. The chapel is a very plain corrugated iron building with an earthen floor. Inside the sanctuary are deal desks on which the great tomes of ritual are placed from which the choir monks sing day and night the praises of God. The altar is of wood, with one stone step in front. Everything is as simple and plain as possible. Immediately adjoining the chapel is the refectory, where huge jugs of water, vegetables cooked with oil, mealie porridge and milk, form the food of the community. They never eat meat. It was proved clearly to us during our visit that vegetables may be very healthy and strong—moreover, it was also established that human beings can be both silent and cheerful. . . . . There are several workshops. Here a saddler is busily engaged, there a tailor, and in another place a currier. Agriculture, however, is the specialty, and we must, therefore, descend in the fields and see what progress is made. At one point we admire a windmill set up to grind corn, and further up the White River are exceedingly pleased to notice a never failing spring, running on like the brook "forever." At this excellent position a pulsometer pump has been erected, and the supply thus obtained is practically inexhaustible. Now we look upon excellent deep alluvial soil, which, with the aid of water, will grow "anything" in superabundance. The mealie crop is a splendid one, the potatoes are excellent, "blue corn" is shooting up healthy, and a large tract of oat hay has been sown. The work of clearing the bush is going on steadily, and there need be no difficulty in placing hundreds of acres of good, well irrigated land under culture. Viticulture has been commenced and the day may yet come when Cistercian wine from Dunbrody Abbey will obtain a good reputation and fetch a good price. A great deal has been already done which is not at once appreciated. For instance, the fencing is extensive, and extends for miles, while the clearing of bush and taking up troublesome roots and stumps has been really hard work. If to labor is to pray, then the Trappists have indeed made the open fields a frequent oratory, their chapel is small, but their principal church is unsurpassable. Its walls are the everlasting mountains, and its roof the canopy of heaven. The farm comprises 4,000 morgen, or 10,000 acres, and is well situated on the Sundays and White River, so as to secure means of irrigation in those droughts which nature gives to South Africa in lieu of the frozen winters of the North.

You have trouble—your feelings are injured, your husband is unkind, your wife frets, your home is not pleasant, your friends do not treat you fairly, and things in general move unpleasantly. Well, what of it? Keep it to yourself. A smoldering fire can be found and extinguished ; but when the coals are scattered who can pick them up? Bury your sorrow. The place for sad and distrusting things is under the ground. A cut finger is never benefited by pulling off the plaster and exposing it under somebody's eye. Tie it up and let it alone. It will get well sooner than you can cure it. Charity covereth a multitude of sins. Things thus covered are often covered without a scar; but once published and confided to meddling friends there is no end to the trouble that they may cause. Keep it to yourself. Troubles may be transient, and when a sorrow is healed and passed, what a comfort it is to say, "No one ever knew it until the trouble was all over!"

***"Facts speak plainer than words." Proof:—"The Doctor told me to take a blue pill, but I didn't, for I had already been poisoned twice by mercury. The druggist told me to try Kidney-Wort, and I did. It was just the thing for my biliousness and constipation, and now I am as well as ever."—A. P. Sanford. Sold in both dry and liquid form.

Mr. Peter Vermett, Hochelaga, P. Q., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil cured me of Rheumatism after I tried many medicines to no purpose. It is a good medicine." Just think of it—you can relieve the twinges of rheumatism, or the most painful attack of neuralgia—you can check a cough, and heal bruised or broken skin, with a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, costing only 25 cents.

### MASS IN A BOAT.

Toward the close of the last century the people of the monarchy of France rebelled against their king, a good and amiable ruler, who was styled Louis the Sixteenth, and after treating him with much indignity, they put him to death. The leaders in this rebellion, and indeed all who took part in it, were wicked and cruel men, who sought not only to overthrow the Government, but also to destroy the Christian religion. They put to death the bishops and priests, destroyed the churches and religious houses, and either killed the inmates or drove them into exile. They even carried their wickedness so far as to abolish the Sunday and make every fourteenth day a day of rest. The most gloomy part of this period is called the Reign of Terror. During this unhappy time no man had any certainty of his life, not even for an hour. All who remained faithful to their king or their religion, were looked upon as enemies to those who had usurped the Government, and were hunted down like wild beasts. During this terrible time the poor people put all their confidence in God, and sought consolation in religion.

The sight of a priest filled them with joy, and to have the happiness to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was one of the greatest of blessings. Though it was death for a priest to appear in public, still many of these good and devoted men remained with their flocks. They would lay concealed during the day, and at night come forth and meet the people in some secluded spot, in a deep wood or cave, and there hear their confessions ; and after midnight say Mass for them and give them Holy Communion. But in many places it was not even possible to do this, so closely were they watched by the spies of the Government. But when driven from the land they would take refuge on the ocean, and even there find means to celebrate the holy mysteries. In the year 1793, the venerable Cure (for such the priest is called in France) of a village on the coast of Bretagne, finding it unsafe any longer to remain on land, took refuge in a boat and sailed a long way out into the ocean. He was attended by several devoted fishermen, who understand well how to manage vessels on the water. The people soon learned where he had retired to, and when night came on and everything was quiet, they got in their boats and went to visit him. Here he would instruct and console them, and after midnight he would have an altar erected in his boat and say Mass for them, and often impart to them the Holy Sacraments. And then receiving his blessing, the people would return before day to the shore. It happened on one of these occasions, that just as the good Cure had finished the holy Sacrifice, he, with his flock, was surprised by the enemy in a sloop-of-war, which had been attracted to the spot by the torches carried by the persons in the boats. The sloop approaching nearer, fired upon the boats. The Cure immediately turned toward the people, and extending his hands, gave them his blessing. In another instant a second fire from the sloop sent a ball into the midst of the little fleet, and it struck the boat in which the Cure was standing, near the altar, on which he had just offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The people forgot their own danger, and thought only of the priest. They gathered around his little bark, determined to defend him at the risk of their lives. And seeing the sloop had but few persons on board, and being well armed themselves, they resolved to attack it. One of them giving the signal, they returned the fire and then hastened to board the sloop. The enemy seeing it, immediately hoisted their sails and made their escape. The people in the boats then returned to the Cure, and having again received his blessing, departed for the shore.—Catholic Sentinel.

### A ROMANCE OF CASTLE GARDEN.

Castle Garden, the leading place of all immigrants at New York, is among other things a great employment bureau. A farmer from Germantown, Pa., came Wednesday to Castle Garden in search of a young married couple to take into his service. His name was Amos Miller, and he was of a jolly and benevolent temperament. He was willing to give $25 a month and board to a man and his wife who would accompany him to his home. Unfortunately there happened at the time to be no couples at the Garden who were desirous of obtaining such a situation as he offered. Not to be discouraged, however, he set about finding two single young persons of opposite sex who might not be averse to uniting their lives and their luck. He first accosted a number of men who looked like honest, amiable fellows, and among them discovered one whose fancy was taken by the picture which he held up to him of a cosy, rustic home and a good natured young wife to keep it, all to be acquired by a single and very simple transaction. This negotiation settled, he sought for a damsel to match the willing swain, and it was not long before he succeeded in obtaining from such a one her shy consent to change her social condition. He immediately brought the future husband and wife together in spite of their sudden confusion and assumed reluctance. Once presented to each other, they found no difficulty whatever in making an acquaintance, through the medium of their native tongue, the German. She was Rosina Haeffner, 19 years of age, and he was Adam Horner, 25. The Rev. Mr. Berkemeier was summoned, and in the employment office he united them by the time-honored tie that man is solemnly forbidden to sunder. A matron and an officer attached to the Department of Emigration served as bridesmaid and best man. The couple embraced with hearty satisfaction, and went away leaving smiling faces behind them.

#### Restored from a Decline.

NORTH GREECE, N. Y. April 25, 1880.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y. *Dear Sir*—I feel it my duty to write and thank you for what your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription" have done for my daughter. It is now five weeks since she began their use. She is more fleshy, has more color in her face, no headache, and is in other ways greatly improved. Yours truly,

MRS. MARCELLA MYERS.

**The Catholic Record**

Published every Friday morning at 486 Richmond Street.

THOS. COFFEY,
Publisher and Proprietor.

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LETTER FROM HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH.

London, Ont., May 23, 1879.

DEAR MR. COFFEY,—As you have become proprietor and publisher of the CATHOLIC RECORD, I deem it my duty to announce to its subscribers and patrons that the change of proprietorship will work no change in its one and principles; that it will remain, what ithas been, thoroughly Catholic, entirely independent of political parties, and exclusively devoted to the cause of the Church and to the promotion of Catholic interests. I am confident that under your experienced management the RECORD will improve in usefulness and efficiency; and I therefore earnestly commend it to the patronage and encouragement of the clergy and laity of the diocese.

Believe me,
Yours very sincerely,
+ JOHN WALSH,
Bishop of London.

MR. THOMAS COFFEY
Office of the "Catholic Record."

LETTER FROM MGR. POWER.

The following letter was given to our agent in Halifax by Mgr. Power, administrator of the Archdiocese of Halifax.

St. Mary's, Halifax, N. S., June 30, 1882.

DEAR MR. WALSH,—It is with pleasure that I give my approval to the work in which you are engaged, as I have always considered the "Record" to be a valuable and truly Catholic paper, deserving of every encouragement and support.

From my long personal knowledge of your high character for integrity, I can cheerfully recommend you to those on whom you may call, in the course of business, as a person in every respect worthy of confidence.

Hoping you may obtain a long list of subscribers, and wishing a blessing on your good work,

I am, sincerely yours,
PATRICK MGR. POWER,
Administrator.

FROM HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP HANNAN.

St. Mary's, Halifax, Nov. 7, 1881.

I have had opportunities during the last two years or more of reading copies of the CATHOLIC RECORD, published in London, Ontario, and approved of by His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, the Bishop of that See. I beg to recommend that paper to all the faithful of this diocese.

+ MICHAEL HANNAN,
Archbishop of Halifax.

# Catholic Record.

**LONDON, FRIDAY, AUG. 25, 1882.**

## ARREST OF MR. DWYER GRAY.

The arrest of Mr. Dwyer Gray, M. P., for the County of Carlow and proprietor of the Dublin Freeman's Journal, has created a profound sensation in Ireland. From the cablegram we learn the following circumstances concerning the arrest. Mr. Gray had published in his paper a letter from Mr. O'Brien, editor of the United Ireland, accusing the jury which convicted Hynes of murder, of being drunk on the night previous to the day the verdict was returned, and also publishing an article commenting on the letter. Whereupon he was summoned to answer a charge of contempt of court, and condemned by Judge Lawson to three months imprisonment and a fine of £5,000. Mr. Gray, who is actually High Sheriff of Dublin, was then handed over to the City Coroner and committed to prison. A proceeding more extraordinary even in the history of Irish judicial despotism, it would be difficult to find. The people of the Irish metropolis of all classes have always held Mr. Gray, who has ably served them in the capacity of Alderman and Lord Mayor, in the very highest esteem, and feel particularly aggrieved that the authorities should choose the present time, when the city is filled by visitors to the Irish Exhibition, to excite popular commotion by such summary proceedings. Throughout Ireland the feeling is one of anger and indignation that nothing but the wisdom of the popular leaders can keep within bounds. A proclamaion issued on the days of Mr. Gray's incarceration, and signed by the Lord Mayor, Mr. Dawson, and Messrs. Parnell, Dillon and Davitt, contains strong recommendation to calmness and order, which will, we feel assured, be acted upon throughout the metropolis and the country at large. It is as follows:

CITIZENS OF DUBLIN,—Without offering any comment upon the sentence of Mr. Gray we deem it our duty to invoke the people to maintain calmness and a dignified demeanor. We express the wishes of Mr. Gray in counselling our fellow citizens to abstain from gatherings in the streets that might lead to a breach of the peace. We require only calmness and temperance in the present emergency. Hundreds of thousands of visitors kept the peace in Dublin, yesterday. Let the citizens show equal prudence and self-control on this occasion."

Mr. Gray himself has ever been the friend of strict order and constitutional agitation. The Irish authorities seem particularly unfortunate in their selection of victims for legal persecution. Upon men with principles such as held by Mr. Gray and others of the same school of political thought, the government could depend with more security for the pacification of Ireland than upon army or constabulary. Some evil spirit seems, however, to direct every action of the Irish Executive, and render all its efforts to restore the country to content not only futile, but positively disastrous. So long as Ireland is governed according to English and not Irish ideas so long will embitterment, discontent and agitation disturb the country.

## AN INTERESTING REPORT.

The Report of the Ontario Bureau of Industries for August contains interesting statistics of the live stock of the Provinces. The returns are classified and tabulated by counties. We give the full figures for the Province.

| | |
|---|---|
| **HORSES.** | |
| Working horses | 339,481 |
| Breeding mares | 72,065 |
| Unbroken horses | 100,505 |
| **CATTLE.** | |
| Thoroughbred | 23,297 |
| Working oxen | 14,245 |
| Milch cows | 680,052 |
| Store cattle, over 2 years | 272,861 |
| Other cattle | 617,091 |
| Total milch cows, all breeds | 687,057 |
| " cattle, all classes and breeds | 1,608,056 |
| **SHEEP.** | |
| Coarse woolled, 1 year & over | 941,744 |
| " " under 1 year | 686,610 |
| Fine woolled, 1 year and over | 183,022 |
| " " under 1 year | 131,404 |
| **PIGS.** | |
| One year and over | 257,406 |
| Under one year | 609,586 |
| **POULTRY.** | |
| Number of turkeys | 317,784 |
| " geese | 538,922 |
| " other fowls | 4,521,899 |

The report, speaking of the hay crop, states that taking the returns from all sections no better crop has been gathered for twenty years. The same cannot be said of the wheat crop, the report on which is thus summarized:

"Throughout the western half of the Province fall wheat has been remarkably heavy, but it has not escaped the dangers incident to a late season of ripening. Owing to a rank growth of straw and occasional rain storms, the crop lodged badly in many localities, just as the grain was beginning to harden, and about the same time, unfortunately, it was struck with rust. As a consequence the sample is not generally as good as was looked for; it is lacking in plumpness and colour. The worst effects from those causes are reported from the loamy lands of the south-western counties—from Essex, and the basins of the Thames and Sydenham rivers. In some sections the whole crop has been reaped and saved in good condition, but the bulk of it was either standing or in shock when work was interrupted last week by a rain storm of several days' duration. Late reports say that in many fields the grain has sprouted, but the full extent of the damage will not be known for some time. The storm was local, and confined chiefly to the western counties. In the Georgian Bay counties a large acreage has been saved in good order, and the sample is prime. In the Lake Ontario and St. Lawrence and Ottawa counties the crop was badly winter-killed, and what remains will yield less than an average. In the East Midland counties a good crop will be harvested, but not equal to last year's. In the Lake Erie counties, where some grain has been threshed, it is found to yield from 20 to 30 bushels per acre, and correspondents in all counties west of Toronto estimate the yield at not less than 20 bushels per acre. Spring wheat in the eastern half of the Province, where it is extensively grown, gives promise of an abundant harvest, but in some districts it s being attacked by the midge, the Hessian fly and rust. It will bie ready for reaping generally about the 20th of this month."

Barley promised a very abundant yield, but the harvesting season has been extremely unfavorable. The oat crop is reported good everywhere but in the Georgian Bay counties. Corn is, however, everywhere a failure. Potatoes have suffered from the beetle and the rain in the early and drought in the later part of the season. The fruit crop is this year discouragingly poor. Apples in their best regions will not yield more than half a crop, while peaches and plums are almost a total failure. Pears and grapes are, however, said to be fairly good, and small fruit, as usual, abundant.

The scarcity of farm laborers this year has proved a serious drawback to the farming interest in some localities. Wages also ran to high figures, from $1.50 to $2.50 per day, and from $25 to $40 per month with board. Persons interested in the cattle will see by the report that fat cattle are scarce, especially in the former classes fit for exportation, and that there is consequently a disposition to force young cattle prematurely into the market.

On the whole the report contains much valuable matter that should receive the attention of all interested in maintaining the agricultural prosperity and growth not only of the Province, but of the Dominion.

The crop reports from the other Provinces, especially the North-West, promise an abundant yield. The country, therefore, is, on the whole, promised ample sufficiency of the necessaries of life at prices easily within reach. The American, speaking on the authority of figures, expects this year's yield in wheat and corn to be the greatest on record in the United States. That journal says:

This is likely to be the year of the greatest yield on record, the oat-crop and other lesser crops being equally great, and the fruit crop such as surpasses all recent experience. And while the later news from Europe, and even from France and England, indicates a better harvest than was feared, yet the season altogether has not been favorable, and our grain is certain to be in demand in those two countries. But the amount we shall have for export will not be proportional to the extent of the crop. A very large amount will be required to replace the farmers' reserves, which seldom have been more exhausted than they are at present. A still larger amount will be fed to young stock. During the dry summers of 1880 and 1881, the number of foals and calves raised in America was proportionately very small, and the consequence has been a great scarcity of both young horses and young cows. To meet this demand a great number have been provided in the present year. The farmer knows that this is the most profitable investment he can make with his corn, and the present prices of both horses and meat cattle are leading to great investments in stock-raising.

## THE IRISH PEERAGE.

The present peerage of Ireland is truly representative of the landlord class in that country. Most of the titles date from recent periods, many of them having been acquired by services rendered to the enemies of the country. There are in the peerage, as at present constituted, two dukes both holding seats in the House of Lords. The marquises number eleven, all of whom are likewise members of the Lords Chamber. There are 64 Irish Earls, all of whom but 15 form part of that body. The Viscounts are 38, of whom only 18 have a voice in the Imperial Parliament. The Barons are 66, of whom 26 have seats in the Lords. Of the whole number of Irish peers—181—no fewer than 106 have the right of sitting and voting either as representative peers or peers of the United Kingdom. It is not, therefore, surprising that landlord influence in the Imperial Parliament should be so very large. The peerage of Scotland consists of 8 dukes, all with seats in the House of Lords; 4marquises, of whom there are 3 in the Lords, 43 earls, all of whom but 10 sit in the Lords, 5 viscounts, of whom 4 have also a voice in that chamber, and finally 24 barons, of whom 16 are similarly privileged. Of the 84 Scotch peers there are 64 in the House of Lords, a much larger proportion than of Irish peers.

## O'CONNELL.

The unveiling of the statue of O'Connell, in Dublin, on the 15th inst., amidst universal popular rejoicing, is a solid proof of the attachment of the Irish people to the memory of their Liberator. Of late years some well-known Irish writers have attempted to belittle his reputation and hold him up to the people he loved so well and served so nobly as the foe of genuine, patriotic effort. But these attempts have signally failed. No Irishman, however great his admiration for O'Connell, claims that he was exempt from fault. But the Irish people are too grateful a race to forget the immense services rendered them by this illustrious man. He entered public life just at the time when Ireland had been robbed of her national legislature. He was outspoken in his opposition to this act of spoliation, and there is little doubt that he at the very inception of his career firmly resolved to do everything in his power to bring about the restoration of Ireland's legislative independence. But he clearly said that as the Irish Parliament had perished by the exclusion of the greater part of the natives from legislative franchise, it could never be restored but through the emancipation of the Catholics. He, therefore, bent all his energies to the accomplishment of this purpose. How well he succeeded, history tell us. The agitation which he conducted for the attainment of this great object was earnestly maintained till crowned with success. He was not, however, satisfied with the political liberation of his co-religionists. He felt that Ireland needed something more, and, therefore, began the agitation for a repeal of the Union. This agitation did not result in complete success, for various reasons, but principally because the Protestants of Ireland, dreading the newly acquired political power of their Catholic fellow-countrymen, refused to give it endorsation. The agitation was, however, by no means a failure. It developed amongst the masses of the Irish people that national spirit without which independence can never, even if enjoyed, be made avail for national good. The Irish nation can never forget O'Connell and assuredly never will. The greatness of his work, the brillancy and permanency of his successes mark him out as the grandest figure in modern Irish history.

## THE WAR IN EGYPT.

The Scientific American, drawing attention to the fact that the prospect of a speedy termination of the war in Egypt does not improve, "indeed," says our contemporary, "it now looks as though England has on hand a serious war which is not likely to be brief, even if no general European complication arises from it." The industries of Egypt, as shown by the writer in the Scientific American, are grievously deranged, trade is at a stand-still, all manufacturing operations are suspended and agriculture is largely interrupted. The foreign capital, driven, with foreigners themselves, from the country, when the outbreak of hostilities occurred, was the main motive power of nearly every Egyptian industry. In its absence anything like a speedy revival of the former prosperity of the country is impossible, even in case the war should at once terminate. The writer also points out that within the last twenty years the agricultural products of Egypt have been nearly trebled, by means of capital and machinery introduced from Europe. Vast areas of sugar, cotton and corn land have been irrigated and brought to cultivation by steam pumps and other modern appliances adapted to irrigation. Even if the natives themselves were able to operate this machinery, they could not do so for lack of coal, and are thus deprived of means of producing crops upon which their prosperity depends. We are also told that "the cotton-ginning factories and steam-presses by means of which the cotton crop of Egypt has been made fit for profitable exportation were introduced by Europeans and largely operated by them. The same is true of the sugar mills, and the railways and other means of rapid and economical transportation. The natives themselves are incapable of operating the railways, or of conducting an export trade, were such a trade possible in Egypt in time of war. As a consequence the gathered crops are lying in the interior unsold: cultivation is largely suspended, and thousands of native work-people are threatened with starvation." But the evils of this struggle will not be confined to Egypt. England, though not directly, will suffer severely in its commercial and manufacturing interests. About two-thirds of the Egyptian cotton crop, averaging 280,000,000 pounds, has hitherto been exported to England, where some 25,000 persons are employed on this product. The cessation of the supply, however temporary, cannot but cause much suffering to these persons and serious stringency in the trade. Then in the matter of cotton-seed England imports of it annually about $9,000,000 worth from Egypt. Last year Hull alone received 120,000 tons in the crushing of which 2,500 men and boys got employment. English agriculturists largely use cotton-seed oil cake for cattle food, and English soap boilers require about 50,000 tons of cotton-seed oil a year. England also purchases from Egypt about six or seven million dollars worth of beans and wheat, three million dollars worth of sugar, and more than two million dollars worth of wool, ivory, gums, and other products. In return Egypt has drawn from Britain, manufactured goods, machinery, coal and cotton fabrics, the producers of which cannot but lose heavily in consequence of the actual hostilities in Egypt. The present struggle, therefore, is not one of small interest, but one that vitally affects the interests of trade, commerce and agriculture in Egypt, and very seriously so in England and perchance other countries. Its effects will, we fear, be felt long after the arms of the combatants are laid down, and the contest passed into the realm of history.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

We quite agree with the Montreal Post that it will be full time that the claims of the Irish Catholics of the Province of Quebec were considered in reference to senatorial appointments. The Protestant minority in Lower Canada has six members in the Senate, worthy men, it is true, but not one whit more worthy than numbers of Irish Catholics who could as well represent the interests of the English speaking minority in the sister Province. It does really seem to us that in the distribution of senatorial honors in Quebec but two classes of the people only have their just claims considered, whereas a third, equally as respectable, the Irish Catholics, are passed over without any plea of justification.

## OFFICIAL.

The Catholics of the Province of Ontario will highly appreciate the privilege obtained for them from the Holy See by His Grace Archbishop Lynch, concerning the Sacred Name of Our Lord. I fulfil a pleasing duty in laying before them through the columns of the "Catholic Record" the petition of His Grace, together with his circular to the faithful of the archdiocese. The favor of an indulgence of 50 days will, doubtless, be a great inducement to all the members of the Church to show their reverence to the Holy Name of Jesus by conforming to a pious practice which a time-honored custom had sanctioned.

J. M. BRUYERE, V. G.

St. Peter's Palace, Aug. 19, 1882.

TRANSLATION.

Most Holy Father,—

John Joseph Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto, prostrate at the feet of Your Holiness, most humbly sets forth that there exists amongst the faithful in the Ecclesiastical Province of Toronto, the praiseworthy practise of bowing the head as often as the holy name of Jesus is pronounced, whether it be in the churches, Catholic houses of education, or even in private conversation. It is, however, observed with regret that little by little this pious practise is disappearing. Accordingly the bishops of the province, considering that it would tend to promote this holy custom if the treasury of the Indulgences of the Church were opened, the Archbishop of Toronto, as well in his own as in the name of his suffragan bishops, begs that Your Holiness be pleased to grant an indulgence of fifty days to the faithful who either in churches, Catholic schools or even in private conversation, devoutly bow their heads when the holy name of Jesus is pronounced.

Our most Holy Sovereign Leo XIII., Pope, in an audience had on the 17th of June, 1882, by the undersigned secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Holy Relics, benignly granted an indulgence of fifty days to all the faithful of both sexes in the ecclesiastical Province of Toronto who devoutly incline their heads when the Most Holy Name of Jesus is pronounced, either in churches, or even in private conversation, and at the same time, at least interiorly, recite the Holy Doxology, or, in other words, "Glory be to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," etc.

These presents to be forever valid, without any despatch of a special Brief. All things to the contrary notwithstanding.

Given at Rome, from the Secretariate of the aforesaid Congregation, the 17th of June, 1882.

ALL CARD. ORELLIA
A STO. STEPHANO, Prefect.
PIUS DELICATI, Secretary.

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

St. Michael's Palace,
August 18th, 1882.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—You will please inform your good parishioners that our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. in an audience given on the 17th of June, 1882, in order to encourage greater devotion to our Divine Redeemer, who shed His most precious blood for us, has granted fifty days' indulgence to all those in our ecclesiastical province of Toronto, who, when the Holy Name of Jesus is pronounced, will reverently bow the head, adding with at least a contrite heart, Glory be to the Father, and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

We were induced to request this indulgence from the Holy Father, by perceiving to our sorrow that the pious custom of bowing the head at the Holy Name was beginning to be neglected. We must not forget the words of St. Paul, the ardent lover of our Lord, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of those that are in heaven, on earth, and under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the Glory of God the Father. St Paul, Phil. 2. 10.

Exhort your people to excite this love for our Divine Redeemer, and gain the indulgence which will facilitate their entrance into heaven.

Yours in Christ,
JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.
JOS. J. MCCANN, Sec.

## PAPAL MEDAL.

This beautiful medal granted to the College of Ottawa, having come under our observation, we are in a condition to give an engraving of it, and for the sake of our youthful readers we shall subjoin a few words of explanation.

The centre figure is St. Thomas of Aquino, raised one step from the ground, and having a symbolical figure on either side. Religion on his right, Science on his left. Religion, standing erect and looking aloft, bears at her right side the redeeming Cross, which typifies Jesus Christ crucified, and holds up conspicuous the Sacred Scriptures, of which she is sole interpreter and judge.

Science, who knows nothing either of Christ or His Gospel, has in her hand a book of her own composing, and containing a solid fund of natural truth, not without an alloy of error. These two personages the Angelical Doctor has brought together, establishing a permanent alliance between two friends who ought never to part. Turning towards Science with outstretched arm, and pointing to the ground before her, he authoritatively requires her to bow before the Majesty of Religion, to whom he at the same time introduces her with a graceful wave of his right hand. Lowly she bends, her book of wisdom half-hidden at her left side, and her right hand laid on her breast, in an attitude of deepest respect and unqualified submission to her inspired Mistress. As the representative of fallen nature she holds the lowest place in the group, she stands on the earth; whilst Religion, whose office is to mediate between sinful mortals and their merciful God, has one foot resting on the earth, and the other stepping heavenward. Each personage has a special characteristic. From the countenance of Religion the brightness of the Divinity radiates on every side. While a nimbus of glory and sanctity encircles the brow of the Angelical Doctor, on his breast is represented the orb of day, as an emblem of that brighter sun of wisdom, whose mingling rays of grace and nature illumine and warm his whole mental system. On the brow of science burns the tiny flickering light of reason.

The exergue of the medal contains these words: "The alliance between Divine and Human Science renewed:" The rest of the inscription is: "The Doctrine of St. Thomas restored to its ancient honors." If St. Thomas is the personification of theology, theology is the synthesis of religion and human science. This great mind, capacious of both, saw that coming from the same source and advancing to the same end, they must have kindred qualities and be reducible to one system. This system or form of theology established by St. Thomas, our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. wishes to bring out of the partial obscurity into which it had fallen, and to set conspicuously before the scientific world. What we want is a science of the mind which will satisfy every intellect, which will be universally adopted, and consigned to one text-book. Modern science, so rich and marvellous in the facts it has discovered, and so beautiful in many respects, so far from giving any theory to enlighten man on his future or his past, has a tendency, which is too often brought into action, to raise clouds over his path, to extinguish the divine lights that shine in his christian bosom, and lure him to skepticism and despair. Its many contradictory systems show how far it is from having any fixed standard to go by and satisfy any large body of men. Welcome, this light thrown out by the Head of the Church to undeceive deluded scientists and guide all to sound philosophy and revealed religion!

It was to encourage the study of Thomistic philosophy, that our Holy Father was pleased to grant this beautiful medal to the College of Ottawa.

## The Terrors of Official Life in Ireland.

Lord Spencer must lead a terrible life at the Vice-regal Lodge. He is, in fact, very much in the position of the Czar of Russia. All visitors are watched closely from the moment they enter the Phœnix Park gates until they arrive at the Vice-regal Lodge door. Mounted policemen patrol the avenues aud roads of the park, detectives lurk in the bushes, soldiers guard the approaches. Not long ago there was a cricket match on the Vice-regal ground. In times gone by the public were freely admitted inside the haha fence, but not a soul was permitted in the demesne upon this occasion. No wonder that Lord Spencer has lost his old spirits and manner. When he drives to the Castle in Dublin he is not even allowed to go by the same road two days following. A Dublin correspondent sends an account of the state of things when His Excellency, the Lord-Lieutenant goes out for a drive on his drag. Lord Spencer has lately taken to driving four-in-hand, but must still be escorted by the dragoons, who have to follow the coach; and—really it is rather absurd—all who have the honor of accompanying the Lord-Lieutenant are warned not to start without their revolvers! Surely His Excellency would be an easy shot in his elevated position, though the rest of the party could take very good aim in return.

### Mass for the Dead.

ALFRED B. STREET.

Sunset again o'er Quebec
Spread like a gorgeous pall;
Again does its rich, glowing loveliness deck
River, and castle, and wall.

Follows the twilight haze,
And now the star-gemmed night;
And out bursts the Recollets' church in a blaze
Of glittering, spangling light.

Crowds in the spacious pile
Are thronging the aisles and nave,
With soldiers from altar to porch in file,
All motionless, mute, and grave.

Censers are swinging around,
Wax-lights are shedding their glare,
And rolling majestic its volume of sound,
The organ oppresses the air.

The chorister's sorrowing strain
Sounds shrill as the winter breeze,
Then low and soothing, as when complain
Soft airs in the summer trees.

The taper-starred altar before,
Deep mantled in mourning black,
With sabre and plume on the pall spread o'er,
Is the coffin of Frontenac.

Around it the nobles are bowed,
And near are the guards in their grief,
Whilst the sweet-breathing incense is wreathing its cloud
Over the motionless chief,

But the organ and singer have ceased,
Leaving a void in air,
And the long-drawn chant of the blazon'd priest
Rises in suppliance there.

Again the deep organ shakes
The walls with its mighty tone,
And through it again the sweet melody breaks
Like a sorrowful spirit's moan.

A sudden silence now:
Each knee has sought the floor;
The priest breathes his blessing with up-turn'd brow,
And the requiem is o'er.

—Catholic Flowers from Protestant Gardens.

### THE ENGLISH RELIGION.

**The Whole Creed of Protestantism—A Dead Body and Lifeless Unbelief—Fantastic Ritualism—Decrepit and Contemptible Greeks—The Establishment a Mere Club—Wide-spread Skepticism.**

From the Catholic Review.

London, July 12.—It is not perhaps an uninteresting study, even from a national or purely social point of view, to contemplate the present spirit and temper of what may be called the English Religion. True, we are all wearied of Protestantism, just as Protestantism has grown wearied of itself; but the state of religious parties in a great country which affects to be the patron of religious liberties must necessarily be of interest to half the world, politically, socially, ethically. Religion in France, in Italy, in Germany, even in revolutionary Russia, is playing the most important political part; and English sympathies cannot fail to bear importantly on the passions or sentiments of other countries.

To begin with, English Protestantism is dead. Protest against the Catholic Roman Church, as the dominant positive principle in religion, has utterly died out in English-"isms." Neither the establishment, nor the dissenting sects, nor the "unattached," care any longer to cry, "we protest." It was said in Rome twenty years ago, that an Anglican parson, when being presented to Pius the Ninth, had contented himself with the dogmatic confession: "*Sancte Pater, ego sum Protestans.*" In that summary lay the whole of his theology. No Anglican clergyman would now say this; he would not even think it nor imagine it. Protestantism has ceased to be an anathema or to mean, primarily, hatred of Popery. I am not forgetful, of course, that there are still weak and womanish newspapers, such as the "Rock," of idiotic celebrity, which still tickle the old ladies with wondrous tales against Rome, and with the most mendacious burlesques of her doctrines. There must be always a section of imbeciles in every country, just as there must be always purveyors of sacredness. But I am speaking of the national temper and attitude, in regard to what used to be known as Protestantism; and I believe it to be true that there are few Protestants left, in regard either to the old prejudice or the old complacency. Developments of the purely rational order have converted this old protest into new indifference. Indifference is now the religion of the country. Morality is just where it was; domestic and social canons are where they were; "going to church" is almost as habitual as it used to be; but as to doctrines, or warm faith, or warmer prejudice, antagonism is as cold as is conviction. A suspicion has crept over the whole country, that if any church is of divine origin, that church can only possibly be the Roman. But no church is believed to be of divine origin. Ritualism is too fantastic to be so regarded. The Eastern Church has sunk into contempt. The establishment is not a church, but a club. And most Englishmen, knowing this, have taken up with this position, that, "since the Roman Church is too arbitrary to be obeyed, but all other churches are too contemptible to be respected, it behooves an intelligent mind to sit loosely to all creeds, and to substitute free thought for Protestantism."

This is as true of the learned as of the unlearned bodies. It is as true of Oxford and Cambridge as of village "discussion rooms." It is as true of the respectable as of the vulgar classes. It is as true of the clergy as of the laity. Earnestness about doctrines, which used to be the national habit—so much so as to make all men controversial—has given place to speculation in regard to questions of so-called science or in regard to the evidences of Revelation. At the universities, in good-toned drawing-rooms, in the London clubs, in gentlemen's libraries, doctrines are scarcely ever alluded to; the latest plea to Rationalism is discussed with a morbid interest, but the latest plea for Anglicanism is thought above. Controversy, in the old sense, has died out. Speculation (or free thought) has taken its place. Men do not care enough about religion to quarrel over it; nor think enough about doctrines even to question them; they have taken up with treating Christianity as one of the problems of the day, on which a Tyndall or a Herbert Spencer may throw some light. The old sentiment of religion may still cling around their hearts; but the old conviction, the old earnestness, even the old sectionalism, have almost vanished out of once "Protestant" England.

But do not the Ritualists, it will be asked, at least profess to have a creed, though it is true they manufacture it for themselves?

The answer is twofold. 1. Ritualism is the despairing effort of those Englishmen who should be Catholics, but who have not pluck to be consistent. 2. Ritualism is the religious phase of that modern taste for "aestheticism," which has pervaded all degrees. It is Unreality prettily draped in words and symbols. It is not the healthy creed of society. It is put up with as the only bulwark against Rationalism, and as the most "educated" manifestation of piety. But, engage a Ritualist in earnest talk, propose to him "home" questions, and you find that he is really solacing his unbelief in the Church of England by pretty music, seemly gestures, sham Catholicism. In other words, take away the force of habit, and the force of the natural yearning to "believe in something," by which most men can persuade themselves into a false conscience, and Ritualism is less real, and is less believed in by its disciples, than was the old fashioned High Churchism or Evangelicalism.

So that we come back to the conviction that, excepting only the simple poor, and these only in a few primitive country parishes, English men and English women have abandoned their old Protestantism, without cherishing any new enthusiasm in its stead. There is no enthusiasm left in "Protestant" England. Even the "Salvation Army," which does its utmost to excite emotion, provokes ridicule from all classes of the community. Its "officers" chiefly indulge in morbid sentiment and bad grammar, to the disgust of even the humblest of the people. There are some persons who are caught by gesticulations and roaring, and who for a time exhibit signs of being "converted," but beyond the natural effervesence of sentimentality little impression is made on the intellect. That Archbishop Tait should have patronized this new movement, shows only what he thinks of his own Church. He knows that Anglican missions are always failures, as much in England as they are in all foreign countries; and so he affects a sublime charity with every new burst of heresy, as a set off against despair for poor Anglicanism.

"What next," is the very natural inquiry, "if Rationalism has won the day against religion?" But it has not won the day. There is all the difference between the state of religious asphyxy (or rather a temporary paralysis of faith) and a state of either death or convulsions. Let us put it in this way: The English were believers in Protestantism, as the one, pure, reformed Christian truth. Then came "Puseyism," which shook Protestantism to its depths. Out of Puseyism grew two (natural) movements; the one in the direction of the true Church; the other in the direction of an imitation. Few only had the courage to be logical (I am speaking of course solely in the natural order) and a few only cared for the imitation. A very short time sufficed to show that the imitation, which soon got to be nicknamed as Ritualism, was as much without roots as without fruits; and then came the question: "Shall we be real Catholics, and go to Rome, or shall we fall back on a sort of Christian free thought?" The last alternative was much the easier. So Englishmen became lazy or speculative; and distracted themselves with the "science" which cropped up at the exact moment, to captivate, not their reason, but their laziness. A state of religious asphyxy naturally ensued; not an intellectual acceptance of "Germanism," but a placid and even magnanimous entertainment of the possibilities of all truths and all errors. Let us suppose everything, since we cannot be sure of anything; and let us wait patiently for more phenomena." This is pretty well the state of the English mind. Rationalism has not conquered religion; it has dethroned the old Protestantism, and it has killed earnestness; it has set men trying to find excuses, to discover novelties; and in doing this, it has begotten a habit of indifference, which is mistaken for lofty-calm or mental strength. And though it be true that such an attitude, while it lasts, is most un-Christian, it is an attitude not yet prostrate in "pure Rationalism."

"Son of man, shall these dry bones live?" is an invocation to which, as yet, there is no response. Speaking statistically, the number of Catholics is increasing. The number of professed Protestants is decreasing. The number of professed infidels is about stationary. And perhaps there is a certain benefit in the very blatancy of those freethinkers who assault religion with familiarity and with imprudence.

It must be remembered, when we inquire into such statistics, that it is now the fashion to talk familiarly about religion; to talk openly doubts or details; to pride one's self on being superior to the herd in not believing, or at the least in inquiring as to evidences. The fashion creates the appearance of a good many more infidels than really exist in this country or any other. (The fashion prevailed in France as in England; indeed, the English have caught it from the French.) A man now who does believe ordinarily wishes to assure you that "his mind is above the tramels of priesthood." And so, for one man who is sceptical, a thousand talk sceptically; and thus our exaggerated impression is produced. Still, there is a large number of sceptics, and even of infidels constantly met with, young men who tell me that in places of business, they are attacked by their fellow clerks, or even the managers, as to the very foundation of all religion or religious faith: Young Catholics, necessarily thrown among such persons, are assaulted with arguments which they are incompetent to answer, and with blasphemies which they can do no more than resent. But disgust is happily engendered by a profanity which is obviously much more immoral than it is intellectual. Still, the damage of such companionship is tremendous. And it is to young men that this damage is most proximate. The next generation will most certainly be half infidel, unless the present generation can get fortified. And how is such a miracle to be wrought? The learned professions are full of sceptics. The unlearned trades are full of scoffers. In the universities even the clerical dons have been displaced. Lay tutors and lay fellows now teach scepticism. In the public schools church dogmas are tabooed: in the national schools all religion is ignored; the school board does not recognize sectarian squabbles; while the Parliament is preparing to admit atheists. There seems to be no force which can compare with the new religion of "Christianized Paganism *minus* gods." One force there is, and one alone; but that force the nation will not have. It had much better have kept to its old Protestantism! The old Protestantism was at least ardent in sentiment; but even that force has expired in weakness. If England does not become Catholic, there is no force left in the country which can quicken its "dry bones" into Christianity.

And will England, sooner or later, become Catholic? Here we propose a question which is not to be treated by natural reason, and to which indeed there is no natural response; but which must be left to the counsels of that Wisdom which is beyond us, and which uses ways the very last that we should dream of.

OXONIENSIS.

### ANTIQUITY OF THE CELIBACY OF THE CLERGY.

Catholic Standard.

Some one who calls himself a "Catholic," but shows that he is a very poor Catholic, indeed, from the fact that he seeks information about his religion from a non-Catholic and anti-Catholic newspaper, has elicited from that newspaper the following answer to his question whether Catholic priests were ever allowed to marry:

"Yes. Up to the twelfth and thirteenth century they married, although there was an increasing opposition to the exercise of that privilege by the clergy for four or five hundred years previously, and the example and recommendation of the superior clergy was gradually leading towards the determination that celibacy was absolutely necessary for the clergy.

How entirely untrue this statement is will appear from a few historical facts.

St. Siricius, who was created Sovereign Pontiff of the Church in the year 385, referring to the fact that some of the clergy had married, declares that as Christ wishes His Church to be radiant with the splendor of perfect chastity, in order that He might find it in the day of judgment without spot or wrinkle, so, too, the priests and levites of the Church are bound by "an indissoluble law that from the day of their ordination, they should deliver over their hearts and bodies to sobriety and chastity, so that in all things they may be well pleasing to God in the sacrifices which they daily offer to Him." St. Siricius then goes on to declare that whoever, whether Bishop, Priest or Deacon, dares to violate this law shall, "by the authority of the Apostolic See, be degraded from every ecclesiastical honor which they had thus unworthily possessed," because, as he says, "ulcers which will not yield to medicine must be cut out with the knife."

This was fully eight hundred years before the "twelfth or thirteenth century," up to which time the writer asserts that the marriage of priests was allowed in the Church. But St. Siricius, while thus condemning the marriage of priests, does not speak of it as a custom which has been allowed up to his time, but as an illicit act which was contrary to the then and the previously existing discipline and law of the Church.

That this was the case is proved by the fact that his declarations on the subject were received without opposition, objection or controversy, as undoubtedly would not have been the case had he instituted a new rule for the clergy.

The Second Council of Carthage was held in the year 390. In one of its Acts it speaks in similar terms on the subject; it requires that Bishops, Priests and Deacons shall be unmarried, or if they have been married before ordination, that they shall live separate from their wives. As for marriage after ordination, it was never allowed in the Church.

Again, the Fifth Council of Carthage, referring to the fact that some who had married before ordination continued to live with their wives, passed no new act, but declared that it was forbidden by former statutes, and that any one who violated them, whether Bishop, Priest or Deacon, should be degraded from his office.

But we can go back to dates still nearer to the Apostolic age. In the Synod or Provincial Council of Arles, in 313, not only priests, but all clerics in Major Orders, were required to abstain from conjugal society. The Synod of Elvira in 305 took like action. This was done because some priests who had married before ordination continued to associate with their wives.

As for the marriage of Priests after ordination, it was never allowed or sanctioned by the Church. There were Priests who, in violation of their vows and of the law of the Church, did marry after they were ordained, and in some instances escaped degradation from their office, through want of vigilance or laxity of discipline on the part of ecclesiastical superiors, but the censure of the Church nevertheless hung over them and the penalty of expulsion from the priesthood. Among other evidences of this is a canon of the Council of Neocæsarea, in 314, which orders that any Priest who marries after ordination shall be deposed from his office. The Council, too, did this, not as enacting a new law, but as enforcing one which had been handed down from previous ages, and which still continued in full force and vigor.

There is indisputable evidence of this in the action of the Synod of Ancyra, in 314, which, wishing to relax the existing law of the Church, undertook to enact that if a Deacon before ordination, made known to a Bishop that he desired to marry he might be permitted to do so by special dispensation, but that Deacons who did not ask and obtain his permission, and who nevertheless married, should be degraded from their office. It is to be noted here, first, that this permission to Deacons was not extended to Priests or Bishops. Secondly, that it was confessedly not in accordance with the established rule of the Church, but an attempt to relax it. And, thirdly, that an act of a Synod or Provincial Council which contravenes the established discipline of the Church is null and void.

Again, one of the canons of Œcumenical Council of Nice (A. D. 325), in prohibition of women from the resides of priests, gives as a reason that they are the "homes of celibates," and because priests are "separated from consorting with women."

The Doctors and Christian writers of the early ages of the Church certainly knew what its discipline and regulations were as to the marriage of priests, and they speak of the prohibition of Bishops, Priests and Deacons from marrying as having come down from Apostolic ages, and explain that the allowing at first of the ordination of persons who had been married, was owing to the fact that the number of unmarried converts were so small that the priesthood could not be constituted entirely from them. Recourse, therefore, was had to persons who had married once (those who had married twice were always absolutely excluded), but who after ordination were expected to live separate from their wives.

### A GREAT SINGER.

**Death of a Nun Who Had a Marvellous Voice.**

A lady of most remarkable endowments died last week in the hospital of St. Agnes, Baltimore, in the person of a humble Sister of the Order of the Visitation. Her name in religion was Sister Agnes Gubert. She possessed one of the most remarkable voices ever heard in America, and her pupils in vocal culture are scattered all over the country. It has been said of her that had she wished to remain in the world she might have been one of the greatest lyric artists of the day.

The death of Sister Agnes occurred on Sunday night, August 6th, and she had been ill some time past. She reached the hospital about three weeks ago, permission to leave the Academy of Visitation, connected with the Convent of Mount Dechantal, at Wheeling, W. Va., having been granted by Bishop Kain, bishop of the diocese to which she belonged, upon advice of physicians. On Monday, the 7th inst., her remains were taken to Wheeling for burial. She had many family connections in Pittsburg. Before taking the veil her name was Louise Gubert. Her mother, the oldest sister of the late Milnor Roberts, the civil engineer, who died last year in Brazil, married Mr. Gubert, a Frenchman, and soon after that event became a convert to the Catholic church to which her husband belonged. Both the parents of Louise were gifted with fine voices, and years ago led a church choir in Philadelphia as soprano and tenor. Louise was the eldest and sole survivor of a family of twelve children. Sister Agnes was about 45 years of age at the time of her death. Before she was ten years old her voice had attracted attention.

HER GREAT MUSICAL TALENT.

She was given the best instruction, and at the age of fourteen was placed under the charge of Parini, the great French music teacher of Philadelphia. When her mother brought the little girl to the famous teacher, and after some exhibition practice, she asked him what his terms would be. He replied: "Madam, I have never heard such a voice, such exquisite taste. I know not that I can teach her. Let the remuneration be the poor privilege that Parina can state that once Louise Gubert was his pupil." While his pupil she sang at several concerts in Philadelphia, and created a great sensation by her execution of the "Alpine Echo Song," introduced in this country by Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale. Louise displayed in early years a predilection for convent life. She had been educated partially at the Georgetown Convent, and openly among her friends declared her intention at some time to take up her abode there. This intention very naturally met with the opposition of her mother, her father being then dead, and she was even appealed to by the clergy not to leave her mother, when by the wonderful powers of her voice she might delight multitudes, and thus confer a benefit upon humanity. But she was deaf to all entreaties. About the last time she sang in public was at the opening of the new Cathedral in Pittsburgh, Pa., having been especially invited to sing on that occasion. In Pittsburgh her voice created as much of a furore among the musicians as it had in Philadelphia. Louise joined the convent at Georgetown, but at a division of the Sisterhood soon afterward she was transferred to the Mt. de Chantal Academy, in Wheeling, West Va., where she remained until she was taken to the hospital. While at this seminary she was visited by many noted vocalists.

PAREPA ROSA'S OPINION.

Here it was that the late Parepa Rosa first heard Sister Louise sing, and frankly acknowledged that her voice was the sweetest she ever heard. Gottschalk, the great pianist, recorded in his journal, that at Wheeling he had heard the greatest cantarice known to the world. She was herself more fond of simple ballads than anything else. Her voice was too sweet to be marred by machine music, and it was her habit while accompanying herself on the harp or piano to strike the key note, and not until the last echo of her voice died away did her fingers again touch the chord. Sister Agnes was widely known in musical circles, and by her death the Sisterhood to which she belonged lose a self-sacrificing and valuable member.

Said the Mother Superior in charge of the school, the afternoon after the funeral, as she sat in the silence of the convent parlor, which had so often re-echoed to the voice of Sister Mary Agnes: "It is seldom that the tongue of common fame invades the quiet halls of a convent, and there never was a singer to whom fame came less welcome than to Sister Mary Agnes. Her gentle nature seemed to blush at the high encomiums heaped upon her singing, and her soul was frequently harassed with fear least the adulation should woo her heart to the love of earthly things. Her nature, as her countenance, was gentle, and she was happy in singing when it gratified her friends or added to the reputation of the institution. She brought to the Sisterhood no broken heart, but came to make holy vows in the brightest years of her life, and from the time of her coming to her death, lived her peaceful life contented and happy. She was loved by all her pupils, whom she attracted from all parts of the country, and not less by her Sisters in the Order.

For a year or more she had been threatened with paralysis, and had refrained from all but the lighter duties of her position. The highest medical skill of the city was secured, but without avail. Finally her throat was attacked, when the wonderful pure soprano notes that had entranced and delighted so many, failed to come with her endeavor. She gave up almost all hope of living beyond a few months, saying:—"If my work were not concluded, I would not so have been smitten in the one talent that was given me." For several years her voice had been used with the greatest consideration, and she only sang upon special occasions. Her last public performance was when a number of members of the last Legislature visited her. Her health was then greatly impaired, and she was urged not to sing, but she said, in her kindly way, that it was a pity to disappoint those who had come out on purpose to hear her sing, and, going to the piano, sung for them her favorite hymn, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The first notes of the song, as they came weakly from the throat that had always added new beauty to the hymn before, seemed a Requiem to the ears of those who had been accustomed to the full resonance of her voice. As she sang, however, she seemed to be imbued with the spirit of bygone days and sang the last lines of the hymn with a fervor and tone that none who heard that last song will forget. It was in the evening, and the room was unlighted, except by the fire, but, when the last notes of the hymn died away, and the sweet singer leaned forward exhausted upon the piano, the room seemed filled with warmth and light. After that evening she sang no more except in the privacy of her own room, where she frequently gave voice to her favorite hymns, until her voice grew weaker as her health failed. She was removed in a special car to the hospital of St. Agnes, near Baltimore, in the faint hope that a change of air and treatment would at least postpone the fatal hour. She sank rapidly, however, and on Sunday the paralysis reached her brain. In the night she died. Her body was brought to Wheeling, to be laid near the Sisters she had loved and labored with through life. Bishop Kane conducted the funeral services. The only relative of the dead nun present at the funeral was her mother, who came from Philadelphia to see the burial of the last of her daughters.

Sister Mary Agnes was the last of the family. Her voice was a wonderfully high, pure and strong soprano, and she had, besides, almost a genius for musical composition. So rare a combination of the qualities of a great vocalist have seldom been found in one person. If she had not been a nun, she would have been a prima donna. Her taste was peculiarly delicate, and many of the favorite exercises of her pupils were compositions of their teacher.—Boston Pilot.

### THE SACRED HEART.

Friday morning took place the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment by the ladies of the Sacred Heart Acadamy in London. High Mass was sung at 8.30 a.m. in the chapel of the Convent on Dundas street. The celebrant was the Right Rev. Mgr. Bruyere, assisted by the Rev. Father Brennan, P. P., of St. Mary's, as deacon, and Rev. Father McKeown, of St. Thomas, as sub-deacon. The other clergymen present were Rev. Father Walsh, Superior of the Jesuit Fathers of Detroit; Father Corcoran, of Parkhill, and Rev. Fathers Tiernan, Walsh, Cornyn and Coffey, of the city. There was a large attendance of Catholic ladies from the city assembled in the Convent chapel. The musical renditions, during the Holy Sacrifice were of a high order and well executed. After the service, Mgr. Bruyere addressed those present. This, he said, was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the Sacred Heart in London. A quarter of a century has elapsed since the good ladies of the Sacred Heart, at the invitation of the Bishop, and under the direction of their superiors came here to lay the foundation of the Academy. This is a great and happy day, not only for the ladies in charge of the institution themselves, but for all who take an interest in the cause of religion and Christian education. It is indeed a day of rejoicing for the ladies of the Sacred Heart, who, in looking back to the beginning of their work in London, see that, though their distastes and prejudices to overcome these have disappeared, and now their work is crowned with glorious success. They planted here the mustard seed, which has grown into a large and flourishing tree, protecting the youth under its happy star. To all the members of the institute of the Sacred Heart abroad, and its American friends everywhere, the news of this day's celebration and the intelligence of the recognition by clergy and people of the success attending the ladies of the Sisters here will be a source of much gratification. The announcement of the celebration of this glad day in so solemn a manner will be a cause of intense pleasure in particular to the hundreds of ladies who have, within these loved and honored walls, received that educational training to which they to-day owe their position in society. These ladies, who are to be met everywhere in Canada and the United States, bear testimony by their unaffected piety, dignified manners and noted devotedness in serving every good cause, to the rare qualities, as preceptresses, of the ladies of the Sacred Heart. The good bishop of the diocese, Dr. Walsh, now on the other side of the Atlantic, who has ever taken the liveliest interest in the progress of the Academy, will likewise read with pleasure of the proceedings of this day. The object of this celebration, he pointed out, is to return God thanks for the great blessings rendered through the instrumentality of the ladies of the Sacred Heart in London to society at large, but especially in this section of the country. They have nobly fulfilled their grand mission—the education of the youth committed to their care. A tree is known by its fruit; this academy is likewise known by its good works. Now, it may be asked, how could a few ladies, arriving here twenty-five years ago, accomplish such benefits in so brief a period? They came to spend themselves in the service of God, and God never fails to assist with abundant blessings any work undertaken for the honor and glory of His name and the gain of society. The lives of these ladies have been blameless, self-sacrificing, and marked by the strictest fidelity to their vows and to the rules of the ladies of the Sacred Heart, by which they secured in London a living assistance from Almighty God. In conclusion, the Right Rev. gentleman invited all present to invoke, during Mass, a blessing on the Academy in London and on the Society of the Sacred Heart everywhere, that that noble band may continue to give the benefit of their lives, their piety, and their untiring energy to elevate, purify and sanctify it.

### TESTIMONIAL TO REV. J. J. LEE, OF ELORA.

Thursday last, the 10th inst., being the sixth anniversary of the pastoral charge of this mission by Rev. J. J. Lee the occasion was made memorable in the history of our Catholics of the flourishing villages of Fergus and Elora, by the presentation to that gentleman of an address by them expressive of their regard and good will for him, and of the harmony existing between pastor and people, accompanied by a handsome top buggy, cutter, and set of harness to match, as a more substantial proof of their attachment. Representatives from his parishioners in Fergus and Elora having waited on the rev. gentleman at his residence in Elora, J. K. Barrett, Esq., as chairman of the committee, announced in appropriate terms the object of their visit and requested Mr. L. V. Byrne to read the address which was handsomely inscribed and which is as follows:—

Rev'd and Dear Father,—For a long time we have fully recognized the urgent necessity of your possessing a suitable conveyance and thereby the better enable you to perform with some degree of comfort and less inconvenience to yourself the onerous duties pertaining to your sacred calling. The hearty response of your parishioners to the call to supply this much needed want is ample testimony of the love and respect they bear you personally, and of their reverence for your exalted position and devotion to the cause of our holy religion. And here permit us to express, however feebly, the pardonable pride we take in you as pastor and friend, for the indefatigable exertions for our spiritual and temporal welfare, and your many other good qualities of head and heart. Your virtue and kindly disposition have endeared you to us. Your piety, zeal, learning and dignified deportment have won the admiration of Protestants and Catholics alike, and tends in no small degree to elevate us as a body in the social scale, and have added lustre to the hosts of zealous and devoted advocates and exponents of the doctrines of that universal church of which we are proud to be humble members. And in thus expressing our esteem for you as our pastor and guide we are prompted by other considerations besides the ties of filial affection and dutiful obedience that bind us to your reverence. Your self sacrifice in renouncing the pleasures and luxuries of this world and consecrating yourself entirely to the service of God cannot be overlooked, and we likewise well conceive the bitter pain you must have experienced in severing the fond ties that bound you to loving and devoted parents and kind and cherished friends in the home of the joyous scenes of innocent childhood, and in tearing yourself away from that saintly little Isle whose ancient and illustrious race has for centuries given to the church hosts of true and devoted priests; but like the real "Soggarth Aroon," imbued with the true apostolic spirit you severed those ties and cast aside those feelings at the call of religion, and quitted your home and kindred to bear the sweet message of peace to the exiled children of Erin, and with paternal care and solicitude have instructed and enlightened them in the doctrines and mysteries of our faith.

We are also fully conscious of the difficulties you have surmounted in obliterating a heavy debt on the one and in making many decorative and substantial improvements in both of our sacred edifices, which will stand as lasting memorials of your fervour, energy and ability; and we heartily appreciate the deep interest you have always taken in all matters appertaining to the cause of Catholic education. With unfeigned pleasure do we now avail ourselves of this auspicious occasion—the sixth anniversary of your advent among us—to fulfill the commission entrusted to us, and respectfully request your acceptance of the accompanying gifts as a slight evidence of our gratitude and affection, and earnestly trust they will safely and speedily carry you to the bedside of the sick and dying for the timely administration of the comforts and consolations of religion, and in the performance of your various other missions of mercy and good works; and may your faithful labor in the propagation and extension of truth be fraught with blessed and prolific results. Be assured that our earnest and heartfelt prayers will ever be that God may continue to bestow on you his choicest blessings, grant you many years of usefulness, and being aided by His infinite wisdom continue to administer the affairs both spiritual and temporal of this mission in the future with the same paternal care, zeal, piety, learning and kindness of heart which has characterized your administration in the past—a credit to yourself, lasting benefit and satisfaction to your people, and honor and glory to God. In conclusion we would, Rev. Father, ask one boon of you; that the precious seeds of piety and virtue you have sown may be still further nurtured so as to fructify in our families and ourselves by your kind remembrance of us in that most acceptable and appropriate of all places—the holy sacrifice of the Mass. And having grown venerable in the service of your Divine Master, and tided o'er the ever onward flowing stream of time, may you safely reach that haven of rest whence no traveller returns. And when having fought the good fight and finished your earthly career, and when at last transplanted to your blessed eternal home, that you may receive from the Supreme Pastor the well merited, bright, unfading crown—the reward of the good and zealous shepherd—is the prayer of your devoted people.

Signed on behalf of the congregations of Elora and Fergus,

J. K. BARRETT, WM. TURNER, C. FISCHER, } Trustees, Elora.
WM. MCDERMOTT, B. MCMAHON, L. V. BYRNE, } Trustees, Fergus.

August 10th, 1882.

The rev. gentleman replied substantially as follows, showing during its delivery evident signs of his deep-felt gratitude:—

GENTLEMEN—I am at a loss for words simple enough and strong enough to thank you for your flattering address together with the accompanying token as a tangible proof of your good will in my regard. Indeed this proof of your good will was not necessary to remind me of your kindness; because self-love combining its subtle influence with the high estimate I form of your discernment and with the full conviction of your perfect sincerity would almost persuade me against the decided testimony of my own consciousness that the merits you ascribe to me are really mine, were I not fully aware that even in the most cultivated minds and the most correct judgments the intellect is sometimes imperceptibly guided by the will, and that the most exquisite painter may occasionally draw with a partial pencil what he honestly designed as a faithful portrait. That I may have been sometimes rigid in my official capacity and that I have not on that account lost your good opinion redounds to your praise rather than to mine. I certainly never suffered an abuse to go unreproved. What stronger proof then can be given of your genuine goodness, virtue and just appreciation of a Priest's high calling than your conferring on me to-day such distinguished honor? It is true I left my native land, but it was only to labor for those whose hearts glow as warmly as those I left behind, tho' their hills may appear less verdant than those of my own dear Ireland; and I always felt a paternal solicitude for your welfare, for which you kindly give me credit, and loved you with the love of a fond father's heart. That you are grateful to me, that you reciprocate the love I bear you, and that whilst pursuing the path of duty I have also won your affection is my greatest pride. Were this a token of your gratitude other than it is, were it commensurate rather with your means than with the largeness of your hearts, still as a mark of your good will towards me I would prize it beyond all I possess; but demonstrative as it is of your noble generosity, gold could not buy it from me. As I drive through your beautiful locality your presentation to-day will revive in all their warmth and intensity the deep seated, heartfelt sentiments of gratitude and thankfulness with which I now receive from those I love so well this rich, costly, splendid testimonial.

The representatives of the donors were afterwards entertained by the recipient in his usual hospitable manner. Meanwhile a pleasing incident occurred which greatly enhanced the pleasure of the event. Some unknown generous friend left a valuable wrap and whip in the buggy with a note asking their acceptance. The buggy, it may be here stated, is the gift of the Elora congregation, and was manufactured by the new and enterprising firm Messrs. Currie and Munro, Salem, and the cutter and harness that of the Fergus congregation, and were manufactured in Fergus, the former by Mr. M. Anderson and the latter by Mr. Wm. Fitzpatrick, both gentlemen worthy representatives of their craft. The whole get up cost about two hundred and fifty dollars and reflects the greatest credit on both donors and manufacturers and will compare favorably with many of the prize takers at the Industrial and Provincial exhibitions.

### The Parting Hour.

There's something in the "parting hour"
Will chill the warmest heart—
Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,
Are fated all to part:
But this I've seen—and many a pang
Has pressed it on my mind—
The one who goes is happier
Than those he leaves behind.

No matter what the journey be—
Adventure, dangerous, far;
To the wild deep, or blank frontier;
To solitude or war;
Still something cheers the heart that dares,
In all of human kind,
And they who go are happier
Than those they leave behind.

The bride goes to the bridegroom's home
With doubtings and with tears.
But, does not Hope her rainbow spread
Across her cloudy fears?
Alas! the mother who remains,
What comfort can she find
But this, the gone is happier
Than one she leaves behind?

Have you a friend—a comrade dear?
An old and valued friend?
Be sure your term of intercourse
At length will have an end.
And when you part—as part you will—
Oh, take it not unkind,
That he who goes is happier
Than you he leaves behind.

God wills it so—and so it is;
The pilgrims on their way,
Though weak and worn, more happy are
Than all the rest who stay;
And when, at last, poor man succumbs,
Lies down to death, resigned,
May he not still be happier far
Than those he leaves behind?

### A BREEZE FROM BISHOP COXE.

Catholic Review.

Very fine and characteristically grandiloquent is the sermon preached by Dr. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Western New York, at Montreal, "on St. Peter's Day, 1882." The occasion was the "consecration" of a gentleman of the name of Sullivan, to be second Bishop of Algoma or Algarma, as the place is variously set down in the reports. It was doubtless a great occasion and Bishop Coxe could hardly be expected to resist the temptation of using such an opportunity to address himself *orbi et urbi*. His purpose was to set forth "the everlasting gospel and the mission of the churches of the Anglican Communion." Bishop Coxe's gospel is essentially his own, it being the happy privilege of any member of his Communion, to interpret God's word just as it pleases him. He began his discourse by denying implicitly the primacy of St. Peter, and informing his hearers that such high authorities as "the old Catholics, Dollinger and others, have lately pulverized the pretensions of the Vatican on this point." He made the discovery that "the great revival of primitive faith and of missionary zeal coincided with the invention of the press and the discovery of a new world," and then he goes on to talk at appalling length on things in general, keeping an eye of course always on the Pope, much as Captain Jack Bunsby always kept a sharp look out on the North Pole, no matter what he happened to be sailing in at the time.

Dr. Coxe admits "the right of those who challenge us to demand our credentials."

Far be it from us to dream of demanding credentials from Bishop Coxe. We know in advance what answer we should get. The Bishop is his own credentials, much as Louis Quatorze was "the State." "It is a comfort," says the worthy bishop, "to know and feel that our catholicity and apostolicity are facts." To be sure it is, and it is consoling to reflect how easily some people are comforted. "As to our apostolic mission, no church in Christendom has been so sifted to the bran as ours, and no succession of Christian bishops stands before the world so absolutely authenticated as our own." Bishop Coxe is quite right. The sifting process dissolved the apostolic mission into chaff; while the succession of "bishops" is authentically traced to a not very remote origin, known to all readers of English history. Indeed, even Bishop Coxe, with all his courage of opinion, skips rather rapidly by this delicate portion of his subject, and hastens to proclaim that his church is "pre-eminently Catholic." Catholic with a big, big C. "The churches," he graciously admits, "lately represented at the Vatican are Apostolic; but where," he asks, "is their Catholicity?" Where can it be when Bishop Coxe holds all the Catholicity there is, fast in his breeches pocket, that is, if a bishop's breeches may be mentioned without a sense of shock and irreverence.

"What 'always, everywhere, and by all the churches' has been held and taught must be the everlasting gospel," says Bishop Coxe, adding, "every novelty incurs an anathema." That settles it. Bishop Coxe doubtless holds that the thirty-nine articles have been held "always everywhere, and by all the churches." We leave the good Bishop on the horns of his own dilemma. It would be waste of time to follow Bishop Coxe through his "history," where he struggles painfully to show for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time that the Catholic Church in England and the little establishment that Queen Elizabeth helped to fashion are identical. If they were so, if it is an established fact, why forever continue harping on that same old galling string? Yet even Bishop Coxe is constrained to admit that "for only two or three hundred years (observe the margin) out of the whole eighteen (centuries) was the Papacy dominant in England."

The Catholic Church is in a sad plight, and it is really a wonder, if all that Bishop Coxe says of her be true, that she can muster so much as a corporal's guard, let alone covering the face of earth with her millions. "The Syllabus has banished intellect, the Liguorian casuistry has banished conscience, the new dogmas have banished the last remnants of Catholic fidelity." We bow abashed before this terrible indictment. All we poor Catholics are simply a headless, conscienceless and faithless body, in mournful contrast with the breezy freedom in matters of faith, doctrine and morals that, according to Bishop Coxe, distinguishes the followers of Queen Elizabeth and her Thirty-Nine articles. There is no accounting for tastes. The Bishop is welcome to his breezes. They serve at least to stir up an occasional tempest in his episcopal tea-pot and the result is very diverting.

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### A WORD IN SEASON.

Bay City Catholic Chronicle.

"I like your paper very well, sir, but it is too pious." This is what was said a short time since to one of our agents, by a Catholic who never neglects to attend mass, and who is better than the average Catholic in the doing of many things required or advised by the Catholic Church.

Too pious! May God help the Catholics of the United States. We have heard a similar remark before. We have heard it applied to persons, men and women, who tried to live as all Catholics should, according to the teaching and desire of the Church. We have heard it said that So-and-so was "too pious," because he or she went to Holy Communion once a week, —nay, only once a month. We could name a young man who, because he was accustomed to go to Communion every month, was railed at by Catholic ladies of his acquaintance as being "too pious," and had actually, in order to give them as little occasion as possible for sneers, to go to every church in the city by turns, to receive Holy Communion. What are the Catholics of the United States coming to? What are they going to be in a few years from now.

We alluded a few weeks ago to a certain city,—a diocesan city, too,—of the United States, in which more than two persons going to Holy Communion would be a cause of wonder to the congregation. It is likely that in that city the third person would be spoken of as being "too pious," and if the remark came to his ear he would either not go at all to Holy Communion the next month, or he would go to another church of the city, thus apparently breaking the regularity of his piety. Do Catholics ever think of the hearts that are punished in this way? Do they ever think of the souls that are forced into hell by these remarks?

Piety is the normal condition of Catholic life. The Catholic who is not pious is abnormal, unnatural.

But to our purpose. "Your paper is too pious!" Now, do Catholics ever examine their Catholic papers to see how much, or, rather, how little "piety" there is to be found in them. We use the word piety now not in its true sense, but rather as synonimous with religion, for we believe it was in that sense it was used by the person we refer to. Now let the reader of any Catholic weekly paper examine the next number of the paper he or she takes, and see how small a portion of it after all is devoted to religious topics. It will be found, we will undertake to say, that not one-fourth of the reading matter is of a purely religious character. It will be found that it contains a summary of the current political news, and of the secular news generally of the time. It will be found that it contains all the news from Egypt, and the news from Ireland, and a good deal of the news from Russia and Germany and other countries, all of a very secular character. There is of course, a class of news that Catholic papers cannot publish. They cannot even republish it after it has appeared in the daily secular papers. What good could it possibly do them to know that Mrs. Blank has gone on a visit to her married daughter in So and so, and will not return for three days? or that Miss So and So has just come home from school at Vassar college, and will return at the close of vacation?

But though these silly facts are omitted, a large part of every Catholic paper will be found to be devoted to secular matters much more than to religious.

But the expression "too pious," used in reference to a Catholic paper, has a very peculiar significance. It means, in substance, that it has the name of being a religious paper, and therefore it must be either refused admission to the household at all, or must be contrasted unfavorably with the secular papers which are entirely devoted to matters not religious. There is not a Catholic paper in this country which bores its readers with too many religious articles.

But, as Catholic papers, they must defend religion in their editorial columns, and they must give, in their other columns, such matters as is best for Catholics to read, and which, unfortunately, Catholics will not read at all if they will not find it there.

Catholics should remember that Catholic papers are not secular papers, and that they cannot get, and should not expect to get, in them such matters as the secular editors often publish against the protest of their consciences.

### A MUNIFICENT GIFT.

**The New St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum in Burlington, Vermont.**

The children of the late Gustavus A. Austin, of Burlington, formerly of Orwell, Vermont, five in number—Mr. Charles Austin, and the Misses Sarah, Eliza, Julia, and Kate Austin, all of whom are converts to the Catholic Church, have given from their father's estate the munificent donation of $27,000 to the new St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum (Roman Catholic) which is now being erected on North avenue, in Burlington, and which, when completed, will be one of the handsomest charitable institutions in the State. The new Asylum is located on high ground, very near to the shore of Lake Champlain, and will command a charming view of the country around; having for a foreground, on the West, the beautiful waters of Burlington Bay, and the broad lake beyond, with the numerous shipping that is passing to and fro; and beyond this background, are the picturesque Adirondack Mountains, which extend for a long distance, north and south, in the State of New York. The institution is under the care of the Sisters of Providence, from Montreal, Canada, who for the last quarter of a century, have occupied the old convent building at the head of Pearl street in Burlington. The Mother Superior in Sister Catherine: and the work of construction at the new building is being pushed forward under the direct supervision of the Rev. Father John Michaud, who has been specially appointed by the Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Louis De Goesbriand, for that purpose.

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### M. RENAN ON ST. SULPICE.

**An Enemy Bears Witness.**

From the New Zealand Tablet.

M. de Renan gives another reminiscence of his youth in the Revus des Deux Mondes of December 15. St. Sulpice and its preparatory school at Issy form the subject of his paper, and are rather cynically dealt with, but nevertheless here and there is to be found a passage worthy of especial notice. "Saint Sulpice," he says, for example, "is above all things a school of virtue. It is principally by means of virtue that Saint Sulpice is something archaic, a fossil of two hundred years. Many of my judgments surprise worldly folk because they have not seen what I have seen. I have seen at Saint Sulpice the absolute virtue, and—associated with narrow ideas, I admit—the perfection of goodness, politeness, modesty, self-denial. The virtue that exists in Saint Sulpice would suffice to govern a world, and has made me difficult to please in what I have found elsewhere. In the secular life I have only found one man who would deserve to be compared with the men there; that is M. Damiron. Those who have known M. Damiron have known a Sulpician. No others will ever know what treasures for the preservation of good in humanity are shut in by these old schools of silence, seriousness, and reverence." Among the priests attached to the college M. de Renan describes one who had all the qualities to make him an accomplished man of the world, but who had been foolish enough, instead of seeking the worldly success that lay ready to his hand, to devote his life, and that with all the spirit of a martyr, to religion. There was, nevertheless, a world that benefited by his self-devotion, a world of bitter pain, in trying to alleviate which he met his death. "For want of martyrdom," says M. de Renan, "he courted death so well that this cold bride, the only one he loved, finished by taking possession of him. He went to Canada. The cholera which raged at Montreal in 1846 offered him a fine opportunity to satisfy his thirst. He nursed the cholera patients with phrenzy and died." But this priest had told M. de Renan a truth upon which it would have been better had he acted, and this he acknowledges—with, moreover, as it seems to us, some trifling display of conceit. It was that even then, while he was still at Issy, he was not a Christian. "The lightning flash," he says, "which had for a moment crossed the mind of M. Gottofrey had no consequences. But to-day, at the distance of thirty-eight years, I recognize the deep penetration of which it gave proof. He alone was clear sighted, because he was altogether a saint. Certainly, I now regret that I did not follow his impulse. I should have left the seminary without having studied Hebrew or theology. Physiology and the natural sciences would have attracted me, and, I can well say it, the extreme ardor that these vital sciences excited in my mind makes me believe that, had I cultured them in a regular manner, I should have arrived at several of Darwin's results, which I had anticipated." Those Englishmen who hold Mr. Darwin as a chief glory of their country will congratulate themselves that accident had prevented France from exhibiting a rival to him in the person of M. de Renan. But in conclusion let us not omit to notice the justice rendered by this infidel to the effects of sanctity as shown in the utterance of M. Gottofrey.

### A PRIEST DIES OF LEPROSY.

**Father Charles Baglioli, of New Orleans.**

For seventeen years Rev. Father Charles Baglioli, C. M., was the priest detailed by St. Joseph's Church, New Orleans, to attend upon those who needed his ministrations in the Charity Hospital in that city. His duties required his presence at any and all hours. He was a colossus of health and power and master of half a dozen languages, and was thus specially fitted for the duties to which he had been assigned. He shrank from no contagion, and never acknowledged either fear or fatigue.

In past years several patients suffering from leprosy received treatment at the hospital, as many as three dying of the terrible disease in 1881. To these poor people the priest was especially attentive, giving them much more of his care than his duties to the Church required, so that even the attending physicians warned him of the danger to which he exposed himself. He paid no attention to the warning and the result was he became infected with the dread disease, and after long illness died on Saturday night, July 15th, of leprosy.

The dead priest was a remarkable man in many respects. He was born in Canessi, Italy, in 1814. He studied philosophy for three years in the College of Placentia, and theology six years. While still a young man he was sent as a missionary to America, and he was ordained as a priest by Archbishop Blanc in New Orleans in 1841. Meantime, he had been a leader in ecclesiastical schools in Missouri and Ohio, as well as in Western Louisiana. When then the late Dr. Orestes A. Brownson visited that country previous to the war, he was the guest of Father Baglioli at Donaldsonville, and he declared him in his Review to be the grandest philosopher he had met in America. At the breaking out of the war Father Baglioli accompanied the Donaldsonville Cannoneers to Virginia, and was the chaplain of that command during the war. He was well known throughout the South as a man of great learning, piety, affability, courtesy, modesty, and was a good friend to the poor. The funeral took place on Sunday morning at nine o'clock, with Solemn High Mass, from St. Joseph's Church, New Orleans.

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### PIETY AT HOME.

It was a good counsel which Paul gave through Timothy with regard to providing for aged relatives that people should "show piety at home." In a great many ways this is the home duty, and by its proper fulfillment large good may be wrought.

Many homes are not happy homes, because whatever piety its members may show in the church and society, they manifest so little of it within their own dwellings. Many seem to act as if without they wore a mask which they were at liberty to throw off at home, yet nowhere ought there to be more consideration of the feelings of others, more exact justice, or forbearance, than among those who are bound to each other by the ties of human relationship. A great deal of injustice is frequently done by want of proper thought. Even children are misunderstood and their words and actions misrepresented, while their explanations are not received with the proper courtesy and faith they should command. Some persons are grossly and habitually unjust, and manifest most unworthy prejudices. In the discussion in households an argument frequently leads to a war of words which results only in anger and tears. Far too often it is to be feared that a hasty and ill-considered word is defended or excused when its injustice should be frankly acknowledged. Many a parent, in a moment of anger, makes an unjust allegation against the child, which is a lifelong memory of wrong, because he has not Christian grace enough to confess his own fault.

To strive to make others happy is one of the best ways in which we can show piety at home. It may call for self-denial, but it has a rich reward. It is well when the memory is used to retain the the story which will bring a smile around the table, when praise is given without stint where it is deserved, when a word of kindly appreciation heard outside the family, of any one of its members, is mentioned with pleasure. In many homes the mutual holiday gifts do much to cement affection, and if there were throughout the year more of this kindly feeling, how good would it be!

### A Priest's Labor and Income.

The average income of a Catholic priest is about five hundred dollars a year, and his entire life is given to the people over whom he is placed by his Bishop. Every moment in the day he is at the bid of those who may need his ministrations. Besides the saying of two Masses on Sundays and Holidays, whilst fasting for twelve or fourteen hours, the preaching of sermons, celebrating other offices of the Church, hearing confessions, attending sick calls, teaching catechism, organizing and perpetuating societies, he must also frequently give close attention to the temporal concerns of a parish, and celebrate Mass every morning for the living and the dead.

The Protestant minister gets his two, three, four, or five thousand dollars a year, house rent for his family and all the comforts of life, with only a little work once a week in the preparation and preaching of a sermon on some social or political topic, or how the laws should be enforced to make people better and thus lessen the work of the minister a little more.

It is easy to imagine what a fine old time a priest would have looking after a family of his own. As it is, his congregation is his family, and as for temporal goods, he is satisfied if even a sufficiency of them is given him to provide for the sustenance of life, and to enable him to give to those needing charity. His house is besieged by the poor, the lowly and the distressed, seeking assistance and consolation. But with all this labor and annoyance there is, generally speaking, no happier man on the face of the earth than the Catholic priest, who does his duty without the least hope of temporal recompense.—Catholic Sentinel.

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"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

The good God leaves about the most beautiful and most delicate souls *exterior faults* that they may not be called by vanity or sensuality; as the gardener places a thorny hedge about the tender plant to preserve it from all injury.—Golden Sands.

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The Saddest of Sad Sights.—The grey hairs of age being brought with sorrow to the grave is now, we are glad to think, becoming rarer every year as the use of Cingalese Hair Restorer becomes more general. By its use the scanty locks of age once more resume their former color and the hair become thick and luxuriant as ever; with its aid we can now defy the change of years, resting assured that no Grey Hair at any rate will come to sadden us. Sold at 50 cents per bottle. For sale by all druggists.

For the best photos made in the city go to Fdy Bros., 280 Dundas street. Call and examine our stock of frames and paspartouts, the latest styles and finest assortment in the city. Children's pictures a specialty.

Special Notice.—J. McKenzie has removed to the city hall building. This is the Sewing Machine repair part and attachment emporium of the city. Better facilities for reparing and cheaper rates than ever. Raymond's celebrated machines on sale.

**Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!**

Are you disturbed at night and broken o. your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest—best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.

**Rest and Comfort to the Suffering.**

"Brown's Household Panacea" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back and Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
*Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,*
*Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.*
No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.
Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
A. VOGELER & CO.,
*Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.*

"Mr. Thomas D. Egan, formerly Travelling Agent for the *Freeman's Journal*; and as such, was always found by us to be honorable, faithful and expert."—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*, March 11th, 1876.

THOMAS D. EGAN,
NEW YORK CATHOLIC AGENCY
33 Barclay St. and 38 Park Place,
NEW YORK.

This Agency was established in 1875, for the purpose of acting as the Agent of any person wishing to save time, money and extra expenses.

As your Agent, it will purchase any kind of goods you may want.

As your Agent, it will execute any business or look after any private matter needing careful personal or confidential attention.

This Agency is so thoroughly well known to the wholesale dealers and manufacturers in this city and the United States, that it can guarantee entire satisfaction to its patrons.

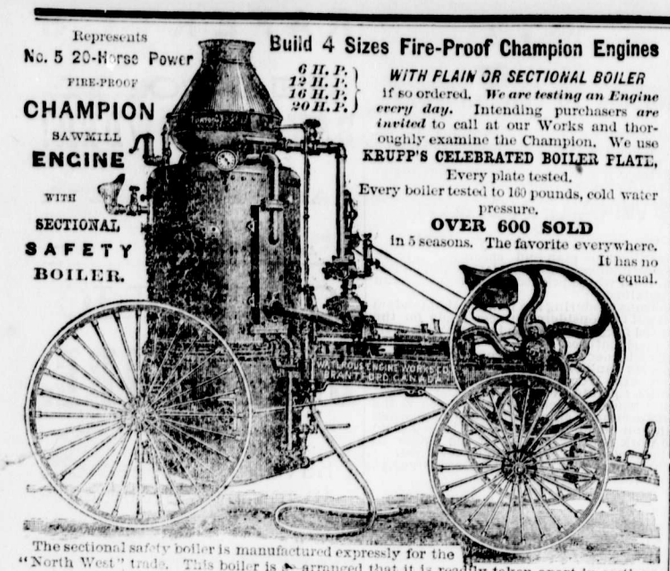
EVERYONE
SATISFIED!
That we sell Cheaper Furniture than and other place in the city, and carry a larger and better assorted stock. We can afford to sell cheap as we manufacture our goods. Having now nearly forty men working, our large and commodious warerooms are full of good goods. Some of the latest patterns in of RAW SILK for
Parlor Furiture Coverings.
We have a variety store—a large stock of
BABY BUGGIES
JUST RECEIVED,
AMERICAN, RATAN & WICKER BUGGIES AND CHAIRS.
Our Parlor Set, hair cloth, $45.00; our Bedroom Set, marble top, $65.00; Our Ebonized Bedroom Set, $35.00; Our Ash and Walnut Bedroom Set, $25.00.
The Hallier Spring Bed in stock; don't forget it, you can pack it in a satchel. Call and see us if you want to buy. We can do better for you than any other place in the city, and they know it.
GEO. BAWDEN & CO.,
Office and Warerooms, 172 King St.; factory, 197 King St.

Represents No. 5 20-Horse Power FIRE-PROOF **CHAMPION** SAWMILL **ENGINE** WITH **SECTIONAL SAFETY BOILER.**

**Build 4 Sizes Fire-Proof Champion Engines**

6 H. P. / 12 H. P. / 16 H. P. / 20 H. P. } *WITH PLAIN OR SECTIONAL BOILER* if so ordered. *We are testing an Engine every day.* Intending purchasers *are invited* to call at our Works and thoroughly examine the Champion. We use **KRUPP'S CELEBRATED BOILER PLATE.** Every plate tested. Every boiler tested to 160 pounds, cold water pressure.

**OVER 600 SOLD** in 5 seasons. The favorite everywhere. It has no equal.



The sectional safety boiler is manufactured expressly for the "North West" trade. This boiler is so arranged that it is readily taken apart in sections enabling purchasers to clean thoroughly every part of it and prevent burning out. *We know from experience this is absolutely necessary with the alkaline waters of the great Western prairies.* Largely used by the Pacific Railway Company and all the large Colonization and Ranche Companies.

ADDRESS WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS CO., BRANTFORD, CANADA.


## LONDON (CANADA) POSTAL GUIDE.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

| MAILS AS UNDER. | CLOSE. A.M. | P.M. | P.M. | DUE FOR DELIV'RY A.M. | P.M. | P.M. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Great Western Railway Going East—Main Line. For Places East—H. & T. R., Buffalo, Boston, Eastern States | 5 00 | 1 00 | .... | 8 00 | 1 30 | 6 30 |
| New York, &c. (Thro Bags) | .... | 1 00 | 10 30 | 8 00 | 2 45 | 6 30 |
| G. T. R. East of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec and Maritime Provinces | .... | 1 00 | 5 00 | 8 00 | .... | 6 30 |
| For Toronto | 5, 7 30 | 1 00 | 5, 10 30 | 8 00 | 1 30 | 6 30 |
| For Hamilton | 5, 7 30 | 1 00 | 10 30 | 8, & 11 1 30 | &2 45 | 6 30 |
| G. W. R. Going West—Main Line. Thro Bags—Bothwell, Glencoe, Railway P. O. Mails for all places West of London, Detroit, Western States, Manitoba, &c. | 5 00 | 1 15 | .... | 8 00 | .... | 2 45 |
| Thro Bags—Windsor, Manitoba, Detroit, W'rn States | .... | 1 15 | .... | .... | 2 45 | .... |
| Thro Bags—Chatham | .... | 1 15 | 10 30 | 8 00 | 2 45 | .... |
| Mt. Brydges | .... | .... | 10 30 | 8 00 | 2 45 | .... |
| Newbury | 5 00 | 1 15 | .... | .... | .... | 6 30 |
| Sarnia Branch, G. W. R. Thro Bags—Petrolia, Sarnia, Watford and Wyoming | 5 00 | 1 15 | .... | .... | .... | 2 45 |
| Railway P. O. Mails for all places West | 6 30 | 1 15 | .... | 8 & 9 | 2 45 | .... |
| Strathroy | .... | 1 15 | .... | .... | 2 45 | .... |
| Canada S. R., L. & P. S., & St. Clair Branch Mails. Glanworth | 6 30 | 1 15 | .... | 8&9 30 | 2 45 | .... |
| Wilton Grove | 7 30 | .... | .... | .... | 2 45 | .... |
| Canada Southern East of St. Thomas, and Pt. Bruce and Orwell | .... | 1 15 | .... | 9 00 | .... | .... |
| Aylmer | 5 30&7 30 | 1 15 | .... | .... | 1 30&2 45 | 6 30 |
| C. S. R. West of St. Thomas, Essex Centre, Ridgetown and Amherstburg | 7 30 | 1 15 | .... | .... | 2 45 | .... |
| St. Clair Branch Railway P. O. Mails—Courtwright to St. Thomas, &c. | .... | 1 15 | .... | .... | 2 45 | .... |
| St. Thomas | 5 30&7 30 | 1 15 | .... | 9 00 | 2 45 | 6 30 |
| Port Stanley | 7 30 | 1 15 | .... | .... | 2 45 | 6 30 |
| Port Dover & L. H. Mails | 7 15 | .... | .... | 8 00 | .... | .... |
| London, Huron & Bruce—All places between London, Wingham, Hyde Park, Clinton, Seaforth, White Church, Ripley, Kincardine & Lucknow | 7 00 | .... | .... | .... | 6 30 | .... |
| Ailsa Craig | 7 00 | 12 15 | .... | .... | 6 30 | .... |
| W., G. & B. and Southern Ex. of W. G. & B. | 5 00 | .... | .... | 8 00 | 1 30 | 6 30 |
| Between Harrisburg and Fergus | .... | 1 15 | .... | 8 00 | .... | .... |
| B. L. H. West of Stratford | 7 15 | .... | .... | .... | .... | 6 30 |
| G. T. R. West of Stratford | .... | 12 15 | .... | .... | .... | 6 30 |
| B. L. H. between Paris and Stratford | .... | 12 15 | .... | .... | 1 30 | 6 30 |
| B. L. H. between Paris S. and Buffalo | 5 00 | 12 15 | .... | .... | 2 45 | .... |
| G. T. R. between Stratford and Toronto | .... | 12 15 | .... | .... | 1 30 | .... |
| Georgian Bay and Lake Erie Division | 7 15 | .... | .... | 11 15 | .... | .... |
| St. Mary's and Stratford | 7 15 | 12 15 | 4 45 | 8 00 | 11 30 | 1 30 |
| Thro Bags—Goderich and Mitchell | 6 30 | .... | 4 45 | 11 15 | .... | 6 30 |
| Belton, Thorndale, (daily) Cherry Grove, St Ives, (Tuesday and Friday) | .... | 12 15 | .... | .... | .... | 6 30 |
| The Grove, Clinton and Seaforth | .... | .... | 4 15 | 11 15 | .... | .... |

For Great Britain.—The latest hours for despatching letters, etc., for Great Britain, are:—Mondays, at 1 p. m., per Cunard packet, *via* New York; Tuesdays, at 1 p. m., per Inman or White Star Line, *via* New York; Fridays, at 1 p. m., per Canadian packet, *via* Rimouski. Postage on letters, 5c. per ½ oz.; Newspapers 1c. per 2 oz.; reg. fee, 5c.

Rates of Postage on Letters between places in the Dominion, 3c. per ½ oz., prepaid by postage stamp; if posted unpaid, will be sent to the Dead Letter Office. Letters posted exceeding ½ oz. in weight, and prepaid only 3c., will be rated double the amount of deficient postage not prepaid. Newspapers, through Canada or to the United States, 1c. per 4 oz. Post Cards for United Kingdom, 2 cents each.

Money Orders issued and paid on and from any Money Order Office in the Dominion of Canada, Great Britain and Ireland, British India, Newfoundland and United States.

Post Office Savings Bank.—Deposits from $1 upwards, on which 4 per cent. interest is allowed, will be received for transmission to the Central Office of the Post Office Savings Bank. Pass Books, and every information, to be had on application.

Money Order and Savings Bank.—Office hours 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Post Office.—Office hours from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m.

London, July, 1882. R. J. C. DAWSON, Postmaster.


**HOP BITTERS.**

(A Medicine, not a Drink,)

CONTAINS

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION.

AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

**THEY CURE**

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

**$1000 IN GOLD.**

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. **Take no Other.**

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkeness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

All above sold by druggists.
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

**HIRES'** IMPROVED ROOT BEER 25c. package makes 5 gallons of a delicious, wholesome, sparkling Temperance beverage. Ask your druggist, or sent by mail for 25c. C. E. HIRES, 48 N. Dela. Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. Jnne16,3m

**EARS FOR THE MILLION!**

**Foo Choo's Balsam of Shark's Oil**

*Positively Restores the Hearing, and is the Only Absolute Cure for Deafness Known.*

This Oil is abstracted from peculiar species of small WHITE SHARK, caught in the Yellow Sea, known as CHARCHARODON ROONDELETH. Every Chinese fisherman knows it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing were discovered by a Buddhist Priest about the year 1410. Its cures were so numerous, and many so seemingly miraculous, that the remedy was officially proclaimed over the entire Empire. Its use became so universal that for over 300 years no Deafness has existed among the Chinese people. Sent, charges prepaid, to any address at $1.00 per bottle.

**Hear What the Deaf Say!**

It has performed a miracle in my case.
I have no unearthly noises in my head and hear much better.
I have been greatly benefitted.
My deafness helped a great deal—think another bottle will cure me.

"Its virtues are unquestionable and its curative character absolute, as the writer can personally testify, both from experience and observation. Write at once to HAYLOCK & JENNEY, 7 Dey Street, New York, enclosing $1.00, and you will receive in return a remedy that will enable you to hear like anybody else, and whose curative effects will be permanent. You will never regret doing so."—EDITOR OF MERCANTILE REVIEW.

To avoid loss in the Mails, please send money by REGISTERED LETTER.

Only Imported by HAYLOCK & JENNY (Late HAYLOCK & Co.)

Sole agents for America, 7 Dey St., New York June 2-82-1y

**RUPTURE**

Cure without an operation or the injury trusses inflict by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Office 251 Broadway, New York. His book, with Photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, mailed for 10 cents.


Public Notice is hereby given that under "The Canada Joint Stock Companies' Act, 1877," letters patent have been issued under the Great Seal of the Dominion of Canada, bearing date the twenty-seventh day of June, 1882, incorporating the Right Reverend John Walsh, D. D., Bishop of London, of the City of London, in the Province of Ontario, in the Dominion of Canada; James Corcoran, of the town of Stratford, in the said Province, merchant; James Joseph Foy, of the City of Toronto, in the said Province, barrister-at-law; Thomas Coffey, of the said City of London, publisher; John Joseph Gibbons, of the said City of London, merchant, and John Joseph Blake, of the said City of London, barrister-at-law, for the purpose of the acquiring of lands in the North West Territories of the Dominion for colonization and settlement, the purchasing, leasing, exchanging or acquiring personal property and any rights necessary to the company in any part of the Dominion, the developing the agricultural, mineral and other resources of the lands acquired by building, planting, clearing, cultivating and improving the same and the dealing with the Government as to mines and minerals, the promotion of immigration into the company's lands, and for such purposes, the granting of land or money for which the company shall be secured as the law allows, the guiding by bonus of land, money or otherwise in the construction and maintainance of lines of steamboats, sailing vessels or barges contiguous to or through the company's property, and the providing and carrying on of tramways, telegraph lines, canals, reservoirs, aqueducts, roads, streets and other necessary works, the buying, manufacturing and selling of all kinds of goods, chattels and effects necessary for the company or the settlers, save and except spirituous liquors, the borrowing and investing of moneys, the selling of real and personal property with the necessary powers incidental thereto, the acting as agents for any Government, corporation and person for the purchase and sale of land or mortgages on land, the breeding, growing, buying, selling and dealing in all kinds of stock, horses, cattle, sheep and produce, the working, converting, selling, using or otherwise dealing with the mines or mineral produce of the company; the leasing or acquiring timber limits, the erecting and acquiring saw, grist, or other mills, buildings, machinery, coves, booming grounds and utensils with the rights incidental to the above objects, the amalgamating with any other colonization company and the transferring the assets, franchises and rights of this company, or the acquiring of the assets, franchises and rights of any other company, and the obtaining transfer thereof of amalgamating the same with this company. And with power for the provisional or first directors and their successors to appoint from time to time from among themselves and to remove when they shall see fit to do so a Managing Director, and to pay him out of the funds of the company such salary as they may think proper for his services as managing director, —by the name of "The London and North West Colonization Company (limited)," with a total capital stock of one hundred thousand dollars divided into four thousand shares of twenty-five dollars.

Dated at the Office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this fourteenth day of July, 1882.

J. A. MOUSSEAU, Secretary of State.

198-4w


**MONEY AT 6 PER CENT.**

ON FARM AND CITY PROPERTY.

**J. BURNETT & CO.**

Taylor's Bank, Richmond St., London.

**$66** a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. nov10.81.1y

**$5 TO $20** per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. nov10-81.1y


## Meetings.

ST. PATRICK'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.—This Society meets every Wednesday evening at eight o'clock, in their rooms, Albion Block, Richmond street. The objects of the society are many, the principle ones being to cultivate a literary taste among its members, and to grant pecuniary aid to those who may be taken sick. The rooms are open every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, and the society has provided all kinds of games and amusements to enable its members to pass a pleasant evening. Every Catholic young man in the city should belong to it, as it is worthy the approbation of all. CHRIS. HEVEY, Pres. THOS. GOULD, Sec'y.

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

## Professional.

WOOLVERTON, SURGEON DENTIST. OFFICE—Corner Dundas and Clarence Streets, London. (Over Brown & Morris'.) Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. SOLON WOOLVERTON, L. D. S., late of Grimsby.

DR. W. J. McGUIGAN, GRADUATE, of McGill University, Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur. Night calls to be left at the office. Office—Nitschke's Block, 272 Dundas street. 2-1y

ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE 320 Dundas street, London, Ontario, for the treatment of Nervous and Chronic Diseases. J. G. WILSON, Electropathic and Hygienic Physician.

MONALD & DAVIS, SURGEON Dentists, Office:—Dundas Street, 3 doors east of Richmond street, London, Ont.

DR. WOODRUFF. OFFICE—Queen's Avenue, a few doors east of Post Office. 38-1y

J. J. BLAKE, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, etc. Office—Carling's Block, London.

## EDUCATIONAL.

**YOUNG LADIES ACADEMY,**

CONDUCTED BY THE LADIES OF THE SACRED HEART LONDON, ONT.

Locality unrivalled for healthiness offering peculiar advantages to pupils even of delicate constitutions. Air bracing, water pure and forming holesome. Extensive grounds afford every facility for the enjoyment of invigorating exercise. System of education thorough and practical. Educational advantages unsurpassed.

French is taught, free of charge, not only in class, but practically by conversation.

The Library contains choice and standard works. Literary reunions are held monthly. Vocal and Instrumental Music form a prominent feature. Musical Soirees take place weekly, elevating taste, testing improvement and ensuring self-possession. Strict attention is paid to promote physical and intellectual development, habits of neatness and economy, with refinement of manner.

TERMS to suit the difficulty of the times, without impairing the select character of the Institution.

For further particulars apply to the Superior, or any Priest of the Diocese.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, WINDSOR, ONTARIO.—This Institution is pleasantly located in the town of Windsor, opposite Detroit, and combines in its system of education, great facilities for acquiring the French language, with thoroughness in the rudimental as well as the higher English branches. Terms (payable per session in advance) in Canadian currency: Board and tuition in French and English, per annum, $100; German free of charge; Music and use of Piano, $40; Drawing and painting, $15; Bed and bedding, $10; Washing, $20; Private room, $20. For further particulars address:—MOTHER SUPERIOR. 43.1y

URSULINE ACADEMY, CHATHAM, ONT.—Under the care of the Ursuline Ladies. This institution is pleasantly situated on the Great Western Railway, 50 miles from Detroit. This spacious and commodious building has been supplied with all the modern improvements. The hot water system of heating has been introduced with success. The grounds are extensive, including groves, gardens, orchards, etc., etc. The system of education embraces every branch of polite and useful information, including the French language. Plain sewing, fancy work, embroidery in gold and chenille, wax-flowers, etc., are taught free of charge. Board and tuition per annum, paid semi-annually in advance, $100. Music, Drawing and Painting, form extra charges. For further particulars address, MOTHER SUPERIOR. 41.1y

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, ONT.—The Studies embrace the Classical and Commercial Courses. Terms (including all ordinary expenses), Canada money, $150 per annum. For full particulars apply to REV. DENIS O'CONNOR, President. 46-1y


**A RARE --OFFER !--**

**$1 WORTH OF FIRST-CLASS SHEET MUSIC FREE**

Buy fifteen bars of Dobbins' Electric Soap of any grocer; cut from each wrapper the picture of Mrs. Fogy and Mrs. Enterprise, and mail to us, with full name and address, and we will send you, free of all expense, your own selection from the following list of Sheet Music, to the value of One Dollar. We absolutely guarantee that the music is unabridged, and sold by first-class music houses at the following prices:

| INSTRUMENTAL. | Price |
|---|---|
| Artist's Life Waltzes, . . op. 316, Strauss | 75 |
| Ever or Never Waltzes, . . Waldteufel | 75 |
| Chasse Infernale, . . . op. 23, Kolling | 75 |
| Turkish Patrol Reveille, . . . . Krug | 35 |
| Pirates of Penzance, (Lancers,) D'Albert | 50 |
| Sirens Waltzes, . . . . Waldteufel | 75 |
| Fatinitza, Potpourri, . . . . Suppe | 100 |
| Mascotte, Potpourri, . . . . Audran | 100 |
| Trovatore, Potpourri, . . . . Verdi | 75 |
| Night on the Water, Idyl, . op. 93, Wilson | 60 |
| Rustling Leaves, . . . . op. 68, Lange | 60 |
| VOCAL. | |
| Patience, (The Magnet and the Churn,) Sullivan | 35 |
| Oliv'ette, (Torpedo and the Whale,) Audran | 40 |
| When I am Near Thee, . . . . Abt | 40 |
| Who's at my Window, . . . . Osborne | 35 |
| Lost Chord, . . . . Sullivan | 40 |
| My Dearest Heart, . . . . Sullivan | 35 |
| Life's Best Hopes, . . . . Meininger | 40 |
| Requited Love, (4 part Song,) . . Archer | 35 |
| Sleep while the Soft Evening Breezes, (4 part Song,) . . . . Bishop | 35 |
| In the Gloaming, . . . . Harrison | 30 |
| Only be True, . . . . Vickers | 35 |
| Under the Eaves, . . . . Winner | 35 |
| Free Lunch Cadets, . . . . Sousa | 35 |

If the music selected amounts to just $1, send only the 15 pictures, your name and address. If in excess of $1, postage stamps may be enclosed for such excess.

We make this liberal offer because we desire to give a present sufficiently large to induce every one to give Dobbins' Electric Soap a trial long enough to know just how good it is. If, after trial, they continue to use the soap for years, we shall be repaid. If they only use the fifteen bars, getting the dollar's worth of music gratis, we shall lose money. This shows our confidence. The Soap can be bought of all grocers—the music can only be got of us. See that our name is on each wrapper.

A box of this Soap contains sixty bars. Any lady buying a box, and sending us sixty cuts of Mrs. Fogy, can select music to the amount of $4.50. This Soap improves with age, and you are not asked to buy a useless article, but one you use every week.

I. L. CRAGIN & CO., 116 S. Fourth St. Philadelphia.

**BACK TO LONDON.**

W. D. McGLOGHLON, Jeweller, etc., has returned to London and permanently located at No. 141 Dundas street, cor. Market Lane, Cootes' Block, where he will keep constantly on hand a large stock of finest Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, and Fancy Goods, at the Lowest Prices, and hopes to meet all his old customers and many new ones. Repairing in all its branches. W. D. McGLOGHLON, Practical Watchmaker and Jeweller.

**FINANCIAL.**

THE **DOMINION** SAVINGS AND INVESTMENT **SOCIETY** LONDON, ONT.

To Farmers, Mechanics and others Wishing to borrow Money upon the Security of Real Estate.

Having a large amount of money on hand we have decided, "for a short period," to make loans at 6 or 6½ per cent., according to the security offered, principal payable at the end of term, with privilege to borrower to pay back a portion of the principal, with any instalment of interest, if he so desires.

Persons wishing to borrow money will consult their own interests by applying personally or by letter to

F. B. LEYS, MANAGER.

OFFICE—Opposite City Hall, Richmond St., London, Ont.

**AGRICULTURAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO.**

AGRICULTURAL BUILDINGS, COR. DUNDAS & TALBOT STS.

CAPITAL,—$1,000,000.
SUBSCRIBED,—$600,000,
PAID UP,—$500,000.
RESERVE FUND,—$38,000.
TOTAL ASSETS,—$720,000.

Money loaned on Real Estate at lowest rates of interest. Mortgages and Municipa Debentures purchased.

Apply personally at Company's Offices for Loans and save time and expense

**SAVINGS BANK BRANCH.**

Money received on deposit and interest allowed at highest current rates.

JOHN A. ROE, Manager.

**CONFRATERNITY** OF THE **ROSARY FOR THE DEAD**

Devotion to the souls in Purgatory is one of the growing devotions of the Church. To foster this pious spirit, and to afford these souls constant and efficacious assistance, a Confraternity under the above title was established several years ago in the Convent of St. Louis Bertrand, Lousville, Ky. The means employed are the offering of the Holy Sacrifice, and the recital of the Rosary. To enable the Fathers to continue the former, and to assist them in discharging the heavy debt on their Church, a subscription is expected from each member. Those who pay 50 cents a year, for ten years, or $5 at once, or in instalments, become Life Members of the Confraternity, thereby sharing in many thousand Masses, and are also enrolled as Benefactors of the Order of St. Dominic forever, which entitle them to a participation in the good works of the entire Order.

For circulars, giving full particulars, address VERY REV. FATHER PRIOR, Convent of St. Louis Bertrand

196-3m LOUISVILLE, KY

**KIDNEY-WORT**

**IS A SURE CURE**

for all diseases of the Kidneys and **—LIVER—**

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

**Malaria.** If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.

In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.

4l- SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT

**NOW OPEN.**

**WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS BTHS.**

The proprietor takes great pleasure in announcing that these celebrated Baths are now open for the accommodation of invalids and the public.

Besides being most refreshing in summer season, they are pronounced by the best medical authorities as containing great curative properties. Those suffering with chronic diseases should at once avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining relief and eventual cure.

The Baths have been fitted up with all modern improvements. The Plunge Bath is now ready.

A. MASSIE, Proprietor.

**Wilson & Munro**

SUCCESSORS TO

**FRANK SMITH & CO., GROCERS,**

WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS,

DUNDAS ST., LONDON.

This is one of the oldest and most extensive establishments in Ontario. The business will be carried on in the same manner as formerly, and customers may rest assured that the quality of goods and prices will be such as to retain for the House that popularity which it attained under the former ownership.

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**SOLID FACTS.**

THE CHEAPEST —AND— **BEST PLACE**

TO BUY YOUR

Dinner Sets,
Tea Sets,
Dessert Sets,
Crockery,
Glassware,
Cutlery,
Fancy Goods, &c.,

—IS AT—

**REID'S**

Crystal Hall,

**197 DUNDAS ST. LONDON.**

**MENEELY BELL FOUNDRY.**

Favorably known to the public since 1826. Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm and other bells; also Chimes and Peals.

MENEELY & CO., WEST TROY, N. Y.

**DISTINGUISHED ARRIVALS.**

JUST ARRIVED FROM EUROPE, AT CHAS. F. COLWELL'S Popular Music House, 179 Dundas street, another large supply of beautiful violins, guitars, banjos, tamborines, zithers, etc., etc. I have the choicest and best selected stock in Western Canada of musical instruments, strings and fittings; quality the best, and prices the lowest. Drop in and see, or write for particulars.—C. F. COLWELL. may 26—6m

**THE POPULAR DRUG STORE.**

**W. H. ROBINSON,**

Opposite City Hall,

Keeps a stock of Pure Drugs and Chemicals which are sold at prices to meet the prevailing competition and stringency of the times. Patent medicines at reduced rates. Special attention given Physicians' Prescriptions.

W. H. ROBINSON.

**Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.**

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

| | |
|---|---|
| BILIOUSNESS, | DIZZINESS, |
| DYSPEPSIA, | DROPSY, |
| INDIGESTION, | FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, |
| JAUNDICE, | ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, |
| ERYSIPELAS, | DRYNESS OF THE SKIN, |
| SALT RHEUM, | |
| HEARTBURN, | |
| HEADACHE, | |

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD,

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

**"NIL DESPERANDUM."**

*Important to Nervous Sufferers.*

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Affections, &c., is GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE. This is the only remedy which has ever been known to permanently cure Palpitation and other affections of the Heart, Consumption in its earlier stages, Rushing of blood to the head, wind in the stomach, Indigestion, Loss of Memory, Want of Energy, Bashfulness, Desire for solitute, low spirits, Indisposition to labor on account of weakness, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the back, Dimness of vision, Premature old age, etc. Full particulars in our pamphlet which we send securely sealed on receipt of a 3 cent. stamp. The Specific is now sold by all Druggists at $1.00 per package, or 6 for $5.00, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of money, by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., TORONTO.

JUST RECEIVED AT

**J. J. GIBBONS'**

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

—LADIES'—

**CORSETS!**

In the latest Styles. Also

BLACK CASHMERES.

PERFECT IN COLOR

AND EXCELLENT VALUE.

**DOT IT DOWN!**

AND DON'T FORGET IT.

**SCARROW**

IS SELLING

Harness, Saddles, Trunks and Valises cheaper than any other firm in Canada.

Our Oak-Tanned Harness lasts a life-time. Our Hair-Faced Collars never gall. Horse Blankets at your own prices Everything in the trade at very low prices. Buy from us and you will be happy.

**WM. SCARROW,**

235 Dundas Street.

July15-1y

**HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM**

CURES COUGHS COLDS HOARSENESS, ETC.

Please observe that we will remove on or about *September 1st*, to the grand premises, 214 Dundas street, where we are now fitting up a Photograph Emporium and Art Studio, the finest and most complete in this country. With greatly increased facilities in every department, we will be enabled to serve our patrons with thorough efficiency.

**EDY BROTHERS**

**THE LONDON BRUSH FACTORY**

MANUFACTURERS OF

**BRUSHES**

of every discription. All kinds of Mill and Machine Brushes made to order. To secure a first-class article, ask for the London Brushes. All branded.

THOS. BRYAN, and 75 Dundas street, west.

CLEARING SALE

TO MAKE ROOM FOR

**FALL IMPORTATIONS**

GOOD TWEED SUITS **$7.50.**

ALL WOOL TWEED PANTS **$2.00.**

**PETHICK & M'DONALD**

393 Richmond Street.

**FITZGERALD SCANDRETT & CO.**

ARE AMONG THE LEADING

**GROCERS**

IN ONTARIO.

An immense stock of Goods always on hand, fresh and good. Wholesale and Retail.

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169 *DUNDAS STREET,*

4th Door East Richmond St.

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Manufacturers of

School, Church and Office

**FURNITURE**

LONDON, ONT.

Designs and estimates furnished for Altars pulpits, pews, &c. We are also prepared to give low estimates for church furniture where architects plans are supplied.

REFERENCES—Rev. P. Molphy, Strathroy Rev. Jos. Bayard, Sarnia.

FOR THE BEST AND CHEAPEST SHEET IRON

**ROOFING**

Address SCOTT & CO., MONTREAL, QUEBEC.

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**VASSAR COLLEGE.**

POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. A complete college course for women, with Schools of Painting and Music, and a preparatory department. Catalogues sent.

S. L. CALDWELL, D. D., President.

196-10w

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*REAL ESTATE AGENTS, &c.*

Have a large list of Farms, Wild Lands and City Property of every description for sale. Also about 35,000 acres of Land in Manitoba and North West Territory.

Parties wanting to sell or purchase should call on us. WM. M. MOORE & Co., Federal Bank Building, London. 130.1y

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Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free.

VANDUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O.

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CURES RHEUMATISM

**FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.**

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults.

**UNDERTAKERS.**

**W. HINTON**

(From London England.)

UNDERTAKER, &C.

The only house in the city having a Children's Mourning Carriage.

FIRST-CLASS HEARSES FOR HIRE.

202, King St., London Private Residence 254 King Street.

**CARRIAGES**

**W. J. THOMPSON,**

King Street, Opposite Revere House,

Has now on sale one of the most magnificent stocks of

**CARRIAGES & BUGGIES**

*IN THE DOMINION.*

Special Cheap Sale During Exhibition Week.

Don't forget to call and see them before you purchase anywhere else.

W. J. THOMPSON.

**SANITARY NOTICE.**

We have just completed the fitting up in our Show Rooms, the Latest Improved SANITARY WARE, including

WATER CLOSETS, SINKS, &C., IN WORKING ORDER.

A pleasure to show and explain all. Also a new assortment of Gas fixtures just received. Electric Bells, Gasfitting, Steam and Hot Water Heatings.

McLENNAN & FRYER, apl.28-3m 214 Dundas St.

**THE COOK'S FRIEND** BAKING POWDER HAS HAD **FIRST PRIZES** Awarded everywhere exhibited.

Ottawa, 1879. Toronto, 1880. Montreal, 1880 and 1881.

BRONZE MEDALS AWARDED. Toronto, 1880. Montreal, 1881.

Composed of ingredients, the healthfulness of which is unquestioned, the COOK'S FRIEND has long held a first place in the esteem of the public as a *perfectly reliable article of household use.*

The very extensive patronage bestowed on the COOK'S FRIEND indicates the favor with which real merit is ever regarded.

Manufactured only by the proprietor, W. D. McLAREN, 55 College Street, Montreal

Retailed everywhere.

## LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

### Ireland.

Dublin, Aug. 17.—The Freeman's Journal says: "Gray's sentence is absolutely unparalleled. He only received notice of the nature of the proceedings against him Tuesday night, and without any time to prepare his defence, which probably consisted of affidavits sustaining the truth of his published assertions. If imprisonment tends in any way towards the reform of legal abuses and the promotion of the freedom of the press, he will cheerfully endure it."

London, Aug. 13.—A man named Joyce and his entire family were murdered last evening near Congin, county Galway. The family consisted of Joyce, his wife, mother and daughter. They were fired at and killed by a party of men. Two boys were also wounded. It is believed in the locality that the Joyces gave information relative to the murderer of the bailiff of Lord Ardillon and his companion, whose bodies were found bound together in Lake Congin.

London, Aug. 18.—Six hundred of the army reserve have been ordered to Ireland to replace the troops sent to Egypt.

London, Aug. 18.—The Pall Mall Gazette says Gray's sentence looks worse to-day than yesterday. It is now a question whether Gray as a journalist has not been instrumental in unearthing a grave scandal. We do not believe there is a single English journalist who would not have called attention to such a report as that spoken of by Gray. That Gray should be in jail is a scandal of the first magnitude.

Dublin, Aug. 18.—It is stated the speeches delivered at the banquet given to Parnell after the conviction of Gray have been submitted to the law officers for decision whether any action shall be taken upon them. O'Gorman's motion in a speech on that occasion compared Lawson to Jeffries, and pointed out that the former had narrowly escaped being torn to pieces by an indignant people. Healey denounced Lawson with similar violence.

Subscriptions are flowing in towards a fund for the payment of Gray's fine. The list is headed by the names of Catholic bishops.

Dublin, Aug. 18.—It is said the Attorney-General of Ireland intends to prosecute Healey for a statement made in his speech at the Parnell banquet that Lawson had done in the case of Gray what might have been expected of salaried officials. Dillon's speech at the meeting at the Mansion House yesterday, in which he referred with considerable feeling to the action of certain landlords, whom he named, is under consideration by the law officers.

This evening Callan (Liberal) renewed the complaint regarding the putting aside, at the instance of the court, of Roman Catholic jurors on the panel during the sitting of the special commission at Dublin. Harcourt accused Callen of abusing the forms of the House by introducing a subject twice the same evening. He said it was another instance of the way certain Irish members set themselves in hostility to the administration of justice. Callan exclaimed repeatedly, "It's false." The Chairman called upon Callan to withdraw the imputation. Instead of doing so he repeated the objectionable statement. The Chairman thereupon named Callan. On the motion of Gladstone he was suspended by a vote of 58 to 3.

The O'Connell statue was unveiled by Lord Mayor Dawson, in the presence of Parnell, Dillon, Davitt, and a crowd estimated at one hundred thousand. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed. The Lord Mayor in accepting the statue for the Irish people said their struggle was not over, and their efforts would still be obstructed. They must endeavor to forget the melancholy past and look for glory in the future in the hope that Ireland once a province would again become a nation.

Parnell spoke a few words. He expressed hope for the future prosperity of Ireland. He said the best monument to O'Connell was the changes beneficial to Ireland which marked his life.

One of the most impressive features of the procession was the long line of Catholic religious confraternities. The Land League was not directly represented, but fourteen Irish members were present, including Parnell, Sexton, O'Connor, Dillon, Redmond, Biggar, Davitt. A. M. Sullivan was also present. Only two Irish Catholic Bishops attended—Dorrian, of the diocese of Down; and Connor and Duggan, of the diocese of Clonfert. Half a dozen colonial bishops assisted in the ceremonies. Parnell, Dillon and Davitt were much cheered.

Over the doors of the late Land League offices a large banner inscribed—

"Cowards' hearts are self-subduing,
Fetters last by slaves renewing."

In the evening the statue of O'Connell was made brilliant with electric lights and other illuminations in the neighborhood. The prominent feature of the procession were the handles of a large number of banners designed like pike heads. Gilded over the name on the door of the Land League office was the motto, "It will Rise Again." On the front of the house was a red banner, with a white crescent and three stars, bearing the word "Arabi." Some small chains attached to sticks were carried in the procession.

O'Connell's triumphal car, in which he was conveyed from Richmond Bridewell in 1846, re-furnished and re-gilt, was a conspicuous object in the procession. At the exhibition ceremony the British national anthem was not sung. The musical selections comprised the first chorus, followed by Mendelssohn's hymn of praise, "Creation:" Handel's "hallelujah." Fourteen hundred carmen riding on the horses they ordinarly drive, advancing four deep, presented a soldierly appearance.

On Wednesday the freedom of Dublin will be presented to Parnell and Dillon.

Many houses in the leading streets display flags either green with Irish harps upon them and no crown, or star-spangled banner. The Union Jack is nowhere to be seen.

### Egypt.

London, Aug. 21.—Seymour telegraphs from Ismalia: "Nefich was occupied without opposition, the enemy having fled."

ARABI'S FUTURE HEADQUARTERS.

Alexandria, Aug. 21.—It is reported that Arabi will concentrate his forces at Damanhour, and that he has an entrenched camp at Tantah to which place he will remove his headquarters. The information comes from Arabi sources.

THE ENEMY MOVING.

Alexandria, Aug. 21.—Alison telegraphed that there has been a slight skirmish at Ismailia. It is announced from Ramleh that the enemy is moving up trains to Kafer-el-Dwar, probably with the intention of withdrawing troops from there. The person arrested for communicating with Arabi is Hanaffi Fendi, Arabi's Director, General of Railways. Other arrests on the same charge are impending.

PORT SAID INCIDENTS.

Port Said, Aug. 21.—Fifty of the captured Egyptian soldiers will be conducted to Alexandria. The native quarter of the town is nearly deserted. Capt. Fairfax has been appointed commander of the town. French, Russian and Dutch despatch boats are arriving. The transport Catalonia has been refloated. It is rumored that DeLesseps is seriously ill. The orders for the families of the Canal employees to quit Ismailia have been rescinded, as their security has been restored by the presence of British troops. It is rumored that Mahmoud Tehmy is assured in the native quarter of Ishmaila. Some Indian troops arrived at Timsah.

A SKIRMISH.

Alexandria, Aug. 21.—The outposts at Ramleh made a demonstration this afternoon, and some artillery shots were exchanged. The English met with no loss. It is definitely settled that Alison and staff will move to Ramleh to-morrow.

SUNDAY'S BATTLE.

London, 21st.—The Daily News correspondent at Suez says: I have just returnedfrom Shalouf, where I witnessed the conclusion of the fight, in which 250 of our men, including Highlanders, blue jackets and marines, brilliantly defeated twice their numper of the enemy. The fight lasted from 11 o'clock Sunday morning until nearly five o'clock in the afternoon. The fire of the Highlanders was remarkable for coolness and steadiness. The gatling in the tops of the gunboats worked with admirable precision, and did much execution among the enemy, who advanced to within a hundred yards of the bank of the canal. The success was all the more brilliant owing to the extremely difficult nature of the country, which abounded with low ridges and water courses. Lieut. Lang, of the Highlanders, gallantly crossed the fresh water canal in the face of a hot fire and brought back a boat, thus enabling one company each of the Highlanders and marines to cross and take the enemy on the right flank. The enemy fought bravely. Their commander was killed.

Suez, Aug. 21.—The main body of Arabs, 2,500 strong, have gone to Geneffe, taking with it a quantity of railway stock. An official telegram from Port Said announces that the Suez Canal Company has resumed working the Canal.

### France.

Paris, Aug. 14.—Frederick Gaillardet, proprietor of the Courier des Etats Unis of this city thirty years ago, is dead. He returned to France fifteen years ago. Once he fought a duel with Alexander Dumas, sr., over the authorship of the play "La Tour de Mesle." It was first produced with Dumas' name and finally with the names of both.

Paris, Aug. 14.—There is talk of a disturbance between France and Madagascar. The Queen of Madagascar has prohibited sales of land to French colonists, contrary to the treaty of 1860. The French Consul has been forced to strike his flag and seek refuge at Tamatar. A French naval demonstration is expected.

Paris, Aug. 15.—De Beaudien says in the Journal des Debats: "It is to England's interests to act with moderation in regard to the Suez Canal, so as to avoid a precedent which would justify the extreme claims by America relative to the projected Panama Canal.

### Canadian.

Jas. McAlister, lumber merchant of Windsor, was accidently killed near Romney, Kent county, on Monday, while putting timber in the lake.

Mr. John Wright, a member of the firm of Wright & Sons, the largest coal dealers in Port Hope, was superintending the running of the donkey engine, engaged in unloading coal at the docks, when his foot got caught in one of the large cog wheels and was completely mashed to a jelly.

Twenty three young ladies were admitted as sisters to the Villa Marie Convent, Montreal, Wednesday morning, by Bishop Fabre.

Jonathan Bryans, farmer near Bethany, died very suddenly Wednesday morning of apoplexy.

The Jesuits of Quebec are again agitating for the restoration to them of all their property confiscated during Henry IV.'s reign. The restoration is demanded as an act of justice, and the list of properties referred to contains some which are now of great value. The promoters of the agitation suggest that some of the outlying territory to the north be given as a recompense.

Montreal, Aug. 16.—Rev. Father Chafelliere and four Indians were drowned in Lake Muskegon while out fishing, through a storm that came up suddenly and upset the canoe.

Toronto, Aug. 17.—A boy named Wm. Menary, aged eight years, was drowned in the Don River this afternoon. The little fellow was swimming a spanial dog at the time, and accidentally fell in and lost his life. His body was recovered.

The Messrs. Callan of Innerkip, Oxford County, are turning out 300 bushels of lime daily. A few months ago they began to use their new patented kiln. It is a perfect success and is the invention of Michael and John Callan. It saves fifty per cent of the wood burned by their old kiln.

## THE QUEBEC FIRE.

Dear Sir:—Whilst I do not for a moment pretend to claim absolute perfection for the anti-fire appliances of the "Ancient Capital" allow me to say that you do her an unintentional injustice in your remarks on the late fire in St. Sauveur. The latter is a distinct municipality from the City; and possesses its own fire, police and other organizations. The City Brigade gave a good account of themselves, however, in helping, and in a very large measure, to stay the flames on the occasion alluded to; they acted as good neighbors should act.

Your Obedient Servant,
STADACONA.

Quebec, 19th Aug., 1882.

## HAMILTON LETTER.

OBITUARY.

Mr. P. S. McHenry, a respected citizen, departed this life on the 14th inst., after a brief illness. The intelligence of his death was received with extreme regret by his large circle of friends. For a number of years Mr. McHenry was a member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and his tender charity, like the warm sunshine, gladdened many a sad and needy home during the frosts of Winter. He was a faithful and frequent worshipper at the "House of God"—there too, his example was a guide to many. His last moments were illumined with the consolations of our holy religion; his placid faith and Christian hope bespoke a happy passage from time to eternity. He leaves to mourn his loss a family of culture and social standing. To them we extend our deepest sympathy. May his soul breathe eternal repose!

TEMPERANCE PICNIC.

The members of the Temperance Society held their grand demonstration at Fairleigh Park on the Civic Holiday. The programme of games was well carried out. The Artillery Band played some excellent selections on the occasion. Considering the numerous other attractions that were held forth on that day, the affair was a success. Rev. Fathers Slavin, (Chaplain) Lillis, Cleary and O'Leary, P. P., Freelton were present.

SUCCESSFUL.

Mr. John Mahony, a pupil of our Model School, was a successful candidate at the late examination for second class certificates. We congratulate Mr. Mahony and also Mr. Donovan, the efficient Principal of the School, to whose credit the success redounds. It gives us pleasure to chronicle such news. The Model School ranks among the finest in the Dominion, is conducted on the very best principles of education, and possesses highly qualified teachers; therefore, if parents and guardians would interest themselves in the regular attendance of the children, and leave them at school long enough to attain an education, they will find no lack in this institution.

RECEPTION OF MEMBERS OF ST. MARY'S SODALITY.

On Sunday last, the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a reception of new members of the Sodality took place at St. Joseph's Chapel. Ten young ladies placed themselves under the immediate patronage of our Blessed Lady, and received her badge. The amiable Director, Rev. Fr. Cleary, congratulated the newly received Sodalists, exhorting them to follow on the golden path they had chosen that day, and painted, in chaste language, the shining prerogatives of the Immaculate Queen. C. M. A.

## PICNIC IN STRATFORD.

The picnic in connection with St. Joseph's church, held in Avondale park on Wednesday, passed off to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. There was a very large number of persons present, including many from Seaforth, St. Marys, Dublin, Mitchell, and elsewhere. The ladies had tables spread under the trees, and afforded ample refreshments to those needing them. An Italian band played stirring dance music to a merry crowd on the platform, while the committee superintended the little games of the youngsters. The elders came in for their share of the fun. There was a "tug of war" between Ellice and South Easthope, the respective captains, Messrs. Hushon and Flanagan. The thews and sinews of the contestants were put to a severe test, resulting in a hard-won victory for South Easthope. The event which caused the most excitement was the voting for a handsome gold watch to the most popular young lady, the contestants being Misses Dolan and Pigeon. The voting lasted all afternoon. Towards the close Miss Dolan's friends came in with a rush and placed her at the head of the poll by 2,669 majority. A very handsome flag was also put up, for which there were ten entries. Mr. John O'Donohue proved the winner by a majority of 326. Rev. Dr. Kilroy and Rev. Father Northgraves were present during the day, and evinced a lively interest in the success of the picnic. It is estimated that the net proceeds will amount to $1,500, nearly one-half the amount being realized from the watch.—Stratford Beacon.

## LOCAL NEWS.

On Tuesday while the new engine at the Waterworks was being tested, Mr. Brown, foreman of the laboring gang, was looking on, when the engine started, the fly wheel striking him on the head and throwing him in the well. He was taken out insensible and grave doubts are entertained of his recovery.

Mr. J. M. O'Mara was elected President of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union of Canada at the Annual Convention held in Kingston on Wednesday last.

The remains of Mr. L. Lawrason, Police Magistrate, were followed to the grave on Wednesday last by a large number of his friends and relatives.

The residence of Mr. D. J. Campbell, manager of the English Loan Company, was burglarized on Friday night and a gold watch taken from his bedroom.

## A Drunkard's Will.

I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example, and a memory that will soon rot.

I leave to my parents during the rest of their lives as much sorrow as humanity in its declining state can bear.

I leave to my brothers and sisters as much mortification and injury as I could bring upon them.

I leave to my wife a broken heart, a life of wretchedness and shame, to weep over my premature death.

I give and bequeath to each of my children poverty, ignorance and low character, and the remembrance that their father was a monster.


## TEACHER WANTED.

A Teacher, Male or Female, holding a 2nd class Certificate for the Separate School of Parkhill. Service to commence after the vacation. Apply to
JOHN McNEIL, Secy.,
Parkhill P. O., Ont.


## COMMERCIAL.

### London Markets.

London, Ont., Aug. 21.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **GRAIN** | | |
| Wheat, Spring | | $0 00 to 0 00 |
| " Delhi, | ₱ 100 lbs. | 1 80 to 1 85 |
| " Tredwell | " | 1 70 to 1 80 |
| " Clawson | " | 1 50 to 1 75 |
| " Red | " | 1 70 to 1 93 |
| Oats | " | 1 45 to 1 60 |
| Corn | " | 1 75 to 1 80 |
| Peas | " | 1 40 to 1 45 |
| Beans | " | 0 00 to 0 00 |
| Barley | " | 1 45 to 1 50 |
| Rye | " | 1 20 to 1 25 |
| Buckwheat | " | 4 00 to 4 25 |
| Clover Seed | " | 4 75 to 4 75 |
| Timothy Seed | " | 2 50 to 3 25 |
| **FLOUR AND FEED.** | | |
| Pastry Flour | per cwt. | 3 25 to 3 50 |
| Spring Flour | " | 3 00 to 3 25 |
| Oatmeal, Fine | " | 3 00 to 3 25 |
| Granulated | " | 3 25 to 3 50 |
| Cornmeal | " | 2 25 to 2 50 |
| Shorts | ₱ ton | 22 00 to 25 00 |
| Bran | " | 12 00 to 14 00 |
| Hay | " | 8 00 to 11 00 |
| Straw, per load | | 2 50 to 4 50 |
| **PRODUCE.** | | |
| Eggs, retail | | 20 to 0 21 |
| " basket | | 19 to 0 20 |
| Butter per lb | | 20 to 0 22 |
| " crock | | 18 to 0 20 |
| " tubs | | 17 to 0 19 |
| Cheese ₱ lb | | 10 to 0 11 |
| Lard | | 15 to 0 16 |
| **SKINS AND HIDES.** | | |
| Lambskins, each | | 0 40 to 0 60 |
| Calfskins, green, ₱ lb | | 0 11 to 0 13 |
| Tallow, rendered | | 00 to 0 07 |
| " rough | | 00 to 0 00 |
| Hides, No. 1 | | 7 00 to 0 00 |
| " 2 | | 6 00 to 0 00 |
| " 3 | | 5 00 to 0 00 |
| **MISCELLANEOUS.** | | |
| Turkeys, each | | 0 75 to 2 00 |
| Chickens, ₱ pair | | 0 50 to 0 70 |
| Ducks per pair | | 0 50 to 0 70 |
| Beef, ₱ cwt | | 6 00 to 8 00 |
| Mutton, ₱ lb | | 0 09 to 0 10 |
| Lamb, " | | 0 11 to 0 12 |
| Veal, " | | 0 06 to 0 08 |
| Dressed Hogs | | 8 00 to 8 50 |
| Potatoes ₱ bag | | 0 60 to 0 90 |
| Apples, ₱ bag | | 0 90 to 1 00 |
| Onions, ₱ bbl | | 1 00 to 1 00 |
| Hops, ₱ cwt | | 21 00 to 30 00 |
| Wood ₱ cord | | 4 00 to 5 00 |

### London Stock Market.

London, —noon, Aug. 21.

| Sh. | Name. | Buyers. | Sellers |
|---|---|---|---|
| $50 | Agricultural, xd | ... | 120 |
| 50 | Canadian Sav | ... | ... |
| 50 | Dominion xd | 120 | 124 |
| 100 | English Loan | 91½ | 80 |
| 20 | Financial A. of Ontario | ... | 120 |
| 20 | " " pref | 106 | 105 |
| 50 | Huron & Erie xd | ... | ... |
| 50 | London Loan xd | 000 | 111 |
| 50 | Ontario xd | 128 | 126 |
| 50 | Royal Standard | ... | ... |
| 50 | Superior | ... | ... |
| | Ontario Investment Ass'n | 136 | 137½ |
| | London Life | 105 | 110 |

### Toronto Markets—Car Lots.

Toronto, Aug. 21.

WHEAT—Fall, No. 1, $0 00 to $0 00. No. $1 14 to $1 15. No. 3, $1 12 to $1 13. Spring—No. 1, $1 21 to $1 22. No. 2, $1 18 to $1 18.

BARLEY—No. 1, 00c to $0 00. No. 2, 1 18 to $1 18. No. 3 extra, 82c to 83c. No. 3, 00c to $0 00.

PEAS—No. 1 00c to $0 00. No. 2, 81c to 82c.

OATS—No. 1, 60c to 60. No. 2, 00c.

FLOUR—Superior, $5 35 to $5 40; extra, $5 30 to $5 30.

BRAN—$13 25 to $13 50.

BUTTER—15c to 19c.

GRASS SEED—Clover, $5 10 to $5 25.

BARLEY—(street)—60c to 65c.

WHEAT (street)—Fall, $1 27 to $1 29.

### Montreal Market.

Montreal, Aug. 21.

FLOUR—Receipts, 2 000 bls.; sales, 450; Market quiet, unchanged. Quotations are as follows, Superior, 6 05 to 6 10; extra, 5 60 to 5 65; spring extra, 5 50 to 5 60; superfine, 5 05 to 5 15; strong bakers', 5 00 to 5 00; fine, 4 00 to 4 25; middlings, 4 00 to 4 00; pollards, 3 50 to 3 60; Ontario bags, 2 50 to 2 75; city bags, 3 50 to 3 60.

GRAIN—Wheat, white winter, 1 15 to 1 18. Canada red winter, 1 27 to 1 32 spring, 1 19 to 1 25. Corn, 00c to 00c. Peas, 0 93 to 0 95. Oats, 50c to 51c. Barley, 65c to 65c. Rye, 75c to 75c.

MEAL—Oatmeal, 5 60 to 5 70. Cornmeal 4 25 to 4 25.

PROVISIONS—Butter, Western, 16c to 18c Eastern Townships, 21c to 21c; B. & M, 18c to 20½c. Creamery, 00c to 00c. Cheese, 11½c to 12c Pork, mess, 23 00 to 23 50. Lard, 15c to 15½c Bacon, 14½c to 15½c. Hams, 14½c to 14½c.

HAMILTON, Aug. 18—Wheat, white at 1 00 to 1 08; red, 1 05 to 1 10; spring, 1 05 to 1 08, barley, 00c to 00c; oats, 50c to 00c; peas, 58c to 59c; corn, 98c to 1 00; rye, 80c to 82c; clover seed 4 30 to 6 40; timothy, 2 50 to 0 00. Dressed hogs, choice, 8 00 to 8 50; No. 2 do., 7 75 to 8 00; live hogs, none offering. Hams, 13c. B. bacon, 13c; roll do., 12½c; shoulders, 10½c; long clears, 11c C. C. bacon, 10½c. Butter—tubs, ordinary, 12c to 13c; good, 13c to 15c extra, 00c to 00c; small rolls, fresh, 15c to 18c. Eggs—Fresh, in cases, 14c to 15c. Lard—Farmers' tried, 12½c to 13c; tierces, 13¾; kegs, 14c; pails, 14½c held firm. Tallow—tried, 7½ to 20. Dried apples 5½c to 6½c.

SEAFORTH, Aug. 18.—Flour, No. 1 super, 0 00 to 0 00; fall wheat, 1 15 to 1 18; spring wheat; 1 20 to 1 22; barley, 0 60 to 70; peas, 0 75c to 0 80; oats, 40c to 45c; hides, 0 00 to 0 00; butter, 15c to 16c; eggs, 17 to 18c; cheese, 11c to 12c; potatoes, 0 50 to 0 60, corn, 00c to 0c.

ST. CATHARINES, Aug. 18—Flour, No. 1 super, 5 75 @ 6 00; fall wheat, 1 03 @ 1 04 barley, 70c @ 75c; peas, oc @ 0c; oats, 48c @ 52c cattle, (live weight) 4 00 @ 5 00; beef, 5 00 @ 6 00; mutton, 7 00 @ 8 00; dressed hogs, 0 00 @ 0 00; hides, 9 00 to 11 00; sheepskins, 1 20 to 1 25 butter, 20c @ 25c; eggs, 18c @ 20c; cheese, 11c @ 12c; hay, 0 00 @ 19 00; potatoes, 0 70 @ 0 80 corn, 80c @ 85c.

OTTAWA, Aug. 18.—Flour, No. 1 super, 6 25 to 6 50; fall wheat, 1 35 to 1 40; spring wheat, 1 30 to 1 35; barley, 70 to 75; peas 0 75 to 0 80; oats, 45c to 50c; cattle, (live weight), 3 00 to 4 50; beef, 7 00 to 7 50; mutton, 8 00 to 9 00 dressed hogs 8 50 to 9 00; hides, 7 00 to 8 50 sheepskins, 1 00 to 1 75. wool, 25c to 30c; butter, 17c to 22c, eggs, 19c to 22c. cheese, 14c to 16c hay, 11 00 to 13 00 per ton; potatoes, 0 65 to 0 70 per bag; corn, 75c to 80c.

HALIFAX, N. S. Aug. 18.—Flour market quiet, Quotations unchanged. Choice pasery 8 00 to 8 50; superior extra, 6 55 to 6,70, extra superfine, 6 40, to 6 50; spring extra, 6 25 to 6 35; strong bakers, 6 85 to 7 10; superfine, 6 00 to 6 10; Yellow k. d. cornmeal, 4 35 to 4 50; fresh ground, 4 30 to 4 40, Canada oatmeal, 0 00 to 6 00

GUELPH, Aug. 18—Flour, No. 1 super, 3 25 @ 3 35; fall wheat, 1 13 to 1 15; spring wheat, 1 10 to 1 15; barley, 60c to 65c; peas, 75c to 85c; oats, 52c @ 54c; cattle (live weight); 4 50 to 5 50; beef, 7 00 to 12 00; mutton, 8 00 @12 00; dressed hogs 0 00 @ 0 00; hides, 6 00 @ 0 00; sheepskins, 0 75 to 1 00; wool, 20c to 21c; butter, 15c @ 16c; eggs, 16c @ 17; cheese none: hay, 7 00 @ 9 00; potatoes, 0 75 @ 0 80 per bag; corn, 00c @ 00c.

KINGSTON, Aug. 18.—Flour, No. 1 super, 7 00 to 8 00; fall wheat, 1 10 to 1 00; spring wheat; 1 20 to 0 00; barley, 65c to 00; peas, 75c to 0; oats, 45c to 00c; cattle, live weight, 3 00 to 4 00, beef, 5 00 to 7 00; mutton, 6 00 to 8 00, dressed hogs, 7 00 to 9 00; hides, 0 00 to 0 00, sheepskins, 0 00 to 0 75; wool, 20c to 21c; butter, 00c to 00c; eggs, 17c to 18c; cheese, 10 to 11c; hay, 11 00 to 14 00; potatoes, new 0 65 per bush; corn, 1 00 to 00c; rye, 60c to 00c.

## A Bright Bangor Barber.

Wm. M. Martin, an intelligent young colored man, a resident of Bangor, Mich., came to this city for the purpose of collecting $15,000 from the Louisiana State Lottery Company, due him as the holder of one-fifth of ticket No. 85,003, Class G, which won the capital prize of $75,000 in the drawing of July 11th. He had been investing in lottery tickets at intervals during a year, and had once before struck it for $100. He presented his ticket, he said, and was given a check on the New Orleans National Bank for the full amount, and the funds he invested in two bills of exchange on New York. He proposed to enlarge and refit his barber shop with a portion of his money, but had not decided on the investment of the remainder. He, however remarked, "I will certainly put it to a good use."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat, July 23.*


## McSHANE Bell Foundry

Manufacture those CELEBRATED CHIMES AND BELLS for CHURCHES, ACADEMIES, &c. Price-list and Circulars sent free.

HENRY M'SHANE & Co.
BALTIMORE, MD.

## NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Wiarton Works," will be received until FRIDAY, the 1st day of September, inclusively, for the construction of

WHARFING, &C.,
AT
Wiarton, Bruce County, Ontario,

according to a plan and specification to be seen on application to Mr. I. C. Boyd, Wiarton, from whom printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called on to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
F. H. ENNIS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 9th August, 1882. 201-2w

*The Public is requested carefully to notice the new and enlarged Scheme to be drawn Monthly.*

CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.

Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion.

## L. S. L.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY COMPANY

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes, with a capital of $1,000,000, to which a reserve fund of $550,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted Dec. 2nd, A.D., 1879.

*The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.*

IT NEVER SCALES OR POSTPONES.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place Monthly.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. Ninth Grand Drawing Class I, at New Orleans, Tuesday, September 12, 1882—148th Monthly Drawing.

Look at the following Scheme, under the exclusive supervision and management of GEN. G. T. BEAUREGARD, of La., and GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY, of Virginia, who manage all the drawings of the Company, both ordinary and semi-annual, and attest the correctness of the published Official Lists.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.
100,000 Tickets at Five Dollars each.
Fractions, in Fifths in proportion.

LIST OF PRIZES.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | CAPITAL PRIZE | | $75,000 |
| 1 | do | do | 25,000 |
| 1 | do | do | 10,000 |
| 2 | PRIZES OF | $5000 | 12,000 |
| 5 | do | 2000 | 10,000 |
| 10 | do | 1000 | 10,000 |
| 20 | do | 500 | 10,000 |
| 100 | do | 200 | 20,000 |
| 300 | do | 100 | 30,000 |
| 500 | do | 50 | 25,000 |
| 1000 | do | 25 | 25,000 |
| | APPROXIMATION PRIZES. | | |
| 9 | Approximation Prizes of | $750 | 6,750 |
| 9 | do | do 500 | 4,500 |
| 9 | do | do 250 | 2,250 |
| 1967 | Prizes, amounting to | | $265,500 |

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address. Send orders by Express, Registered Letter or Money Order, addressed only to

M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.

or M. A. DAUPHIN,
607 Seventh St., Washington, D.C.

*N. B.—Orders addressed to New Orleans will receive prompt attention.*

200-4w

## ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE

BERLIN, ONT.

(ON THE GRAND TRUNK R. R.)

This Institute, which is now greatly enlarged, is conducted by the Fathers of the Resurrection of Our Lord. Its aim is to prepare students for Theological Seminaries and for Universities.

The classical curriculum, a thorough course of Mental Philosophy included, embraces FIVE years.

All classes are taught in the English language.

TERMS—$112.50 for ten months.

For particulars address
P. LOUIS FUNCKEN, C. R., D. D.,
Rector,

197.2m Berlin, Ont.

## COLLEGE OF OTTAWA.

CONDUCTED BY THE OBLATE FATHERS OF MARY IMMACULATE.

Course Opens 6th September.

Empowered to confer University degrees. Course of studies Classical and Commercial. Special attention given to practical sciences. English the language of the College. French and Drawing free of charge. Large staff of able and experienced professors. Strict discipline. Fatherly care and watchfulness over conduct, health and progress of students. Monthly reports to parents. Buildings beautifully situated, lighted by gas, heated by hot water, and provided with cold and warm baths, Gymnasium and extensive play-grounds attached to College. Country house with farm, one mile from city. Domestic department under the care of the Sisters of Charity.

PAPAL MEDAL annually granted for successful competition in Philosophy, by His Holiness Pope LEO XIII., as a special mark of commendation and favor. For full particulars concerning course of studies, method of teaching, examinations for degrees, etc., send for PROSPECTUS.

TERMS—Board, tuition, bed and bedding, washing and doctor's fee, payable half-yearly in advance:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Classical Course | $160 00 |
| Commercial " | 150 00 |

VERY REV. I. H. TABARET, O.M.I., D.D., President.

till sep.6

## TRENT NAVIGATION.

*NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.*

THE letting of the works for the FENELON FALLS, BUCKHORN and BURLEIGH CANALS, advertised to take place on the second day of August next, is unavoidably further postponed to the following dates:—

Tenders will be received until *Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of August next.*

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination (at the places previously mentioned) on *Thursday, the tenth day of August next.*

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 15th July, 1882. 198-5w

## RAFERTY'S

UNEQUALLED

SEA FOAM BAKING POWDER!

Manufactured by

JAS. RAFERTY,

LONDON, - - ONTARIO.

Ask your grocer for it. 200-4w

## CATHOLIC BOOK STORE.

I have just opened out in my new store, corner of

DUFFERIN AVENUE
AND
RICHMOND STREET,

A VERY LARGE STOCK OF

CATHOLIC BOOKS

INCLUDING PRAYER BOOKS,

Also BEADS, SCAPULARS, STATUES, and other objects of devotion.

The stock will be the largest and best assorted ever imported into Ontario. It has been bought for cash, and the prices will be such as to be within the reach of all.

A LARGE AND VARIED STOCK OF

STATIONERY
—AND—
SCHOOL BOOKS

WILL BE ALSO KEPT ON HAND.

THOS. COFFEY.

## WELLAND CANAL ENLARGEMENT.

*NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.*

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the Welland Canal," will be received at this Office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails on FRIDAY THE 1ST DAY OF SEPTEMBER next, for the deepening and completion of that part of the Welland Canal, between Ramey's Bend and Port Colborne, known as Section No. 34, embracing the greater part of what is called the Rock Cut."

Plans showing the position of the work, and specifications for what remains to be done, can be seen at this Office, and at the Resident Engineer's office, Welland, on and after FRIDAY, THE 18TH DAY OF AUGUST next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

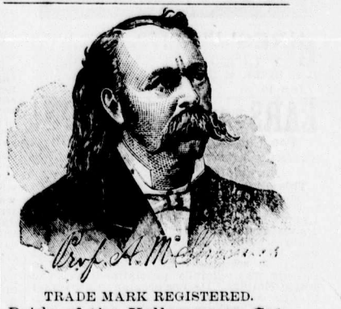
Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and, in the case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and places of residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of *four thousand dollars* must accompany the respective tenders which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque or money thus sent in will be returned to the respective contractors whose Tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 15th July, 1882. 198-6w



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Pride of the Valley cures Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Coughs, Colds, Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague.

Read one of the testimonials of which we could give thousands,

"I certify that I was troubled with Catarrh in the head, gathering of phlegm in the throat, choking and coughing at night for years, so I could not sleep, often troubled with dull, lifeless feelings, pains in the chest and back. After giving hundreds of dollars to doctors and giving up all hopes, I tried the PRIDE OF THE VALLEY, and am now able to do my work after seven year's sickness."

MRS JAMES McNEIL,
202 Simcoe Street, London, Ont.

'The above statement of my wife's is correct.'
JAMES McNEIL.

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$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. nov10.81.1y

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