Ita Tenebrae Sleut Lux. BY JAMES KENT STONE.

Eve is now her shades extending,
Night, obscure and dread, descending,
Darkness shrouds the earth and skies;
Glorious from Thy bright dominions,
Bearing health upon Thy pinions,
Rise, O Son of Justice, Rise!

Care and grief have long oppressed me, Sin made weary and distressed me, While sweet hope dwells far apart; Come, and shed on me Thy gladness, Lift, dear Lord, this cloud of sadness. Thou who God and goodness art!

Wings, O! quickly might I borrow, Rising, dove like, care and sorrow, Fautt, affliction leaving far, Swift to Thee my flight were given; Safe at length in that dear haven, Peace in full my soul should share.

Thou who rulest high in glory,
Turning yet to our poor story,
With a Father's tenderness,
Help thy child, so spent, so needy,
And his thirsting heart with speedy
Bounteous peace, O Father, bless! Thou each hidden pathway knowest;
And the guardian care Thou showest
Day and night with us remains;
Prove me, search my innest spirit;
Aided by Thy supreme merit,
Who shall rashly cause me pains!

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When mine eyes have known the vision Of Thy strength, those choirs Elysian Hovering near, shall safety bring; Nought in night shall more be tearful, Resting in thy light all cheefful, is viour, Lord, and Heavenly King!

THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU.

It has been burningly hot in Munich. The streets are full of white glare and a white, impalpable dust that puffs up under every footstep and insiguates its stiff grittiness into every thread of one's garments, every pore of one's The little stuffy red velvet-lined railway carriages are small torture ovens under the fierce August sun as the train runs through the level land. Even when it begins to climb an up ward grade toward the mountains the heat does not lessen. It passes Lake Starnberg, where the mad King Ludwig found his death, mounts and mounts, giving a glimpse here and there of a far away wreath of snow on a distant alp, and at 5 o'clock draws up at the little town of Oberau in the Bavarian Tyrol. Crowds dismount, flushed and fatigued. Crowds dismount, flushed and fatigued, and hurry away to the waiting vehicles that are to transport them to the mountain village where the Saviour's Passion will be enacted to morrow.

Formerly the way up was rough and perilous, but the Government has spent half a million in manufacturing a broad, handsome highway through the hills, and now the ascent through the pure, cold air is pleasant and speedy. Many peasants go by on foot, having come great distances and denied themselves much to earn the time and money nas for them the sacredness of a religious pilgrimage. The road rises through heavily wooded mountains that echo with the wild voices of thin white streams, dropping from ladars.

ledge, and leads at last to flowery mountain meadows through which curves the swift, clear current of the upon needs of the visitors and a uni-

sion, the residence this summer of the great Catholic nobleman, the Marquis the play, and the surplus devoted to great Catholic nobleman, the Marquis of Bute, who has devoted nearly the beautifying the village church and founding a school of wood-carving for season to the study of the play, and has his house full of an ever-chang ing succession of guests who come for the same purpose. Two or three miles farther on, at the head of this valley, is Oberammergau, swarming with new arrivals of all classes. The little low houses of stone are all lime washed and in some cases entirely covered with charming designs done in encaustic fresco — on the burgomaster's house loops and garlands of colored ribbons, wreaths of flowers and painted pillars and frieze; but on humbler dwellings somewhat rude pictures of a madonna or saint guarding the portal. Also in the walls of some of the houses are set little shrines under glass - nearly every mile of the road upward having been marked by wayside crucifixes, carved and colored with great skill, for the villagers' chief support is from their carvings, and they spare no pains in beautifying these guide posts to heaven, where they may pause and lift up their hearts as they pass. Hap-All is as primitive as it was when the outer world first found-some forty years ago—this wonderful drama being played among the mountains. It would seem as if a sacred virtue in the play had kept the people sweet and untainted from outside vulgarization and inspired them with a high-

The streets are crowded with many

with full petticoats, bodices laced over white chemises, and a dark green handkerchief bound tight about their hair — stalwart, robust females, with gentle, bovine faces, and clear red in their brown cheeks. The men are even better to look at-tall and finely made, their bright blue eyes and sunny beards contrasting well with their wholesome sunburnt skins. Their feet are thrust stockingless into heavy nailshod shoes, but over the leg is drawn a knitted woollen legging that leaves knee and ankle bare. The blossoms of the edelweiss gathered at the edge of the upper snows. Now and then one of the actors in tomorrow's play goes by; generally to be distinguished by long waving hair upon the shoulders and something quite noticeable of dignity and grace in feature and carriage. A very large proportion of the village takes part in the drama, some five hundred persons being needed in the representation of to morrow. Heine was sure the women of Italy had grown more beautiful and statuesque because of the unconscious impressions of form and grace made upon them by the multitude of sculptures in a country that has known three thousand years of art, and Wordsworth believed of his rustic maid who had listened to the quie tunes of the hidden brooks, that

The beauty born of murmuring sound Had passed into her face."

Some such thoughts drift through one's mind seeing the faces of these peasant players on the eve of the enacting of the great Passion. Two hundred years of constant study of the tragedy of Judea, of merging their identity in those of the Founder of Christian-ity, of deep personal absorption in the every word of Christ's utterance, two centuries of brooding upon the gospels, has in some strange way physically transfigured these German mountaineers and elevated them far above their neighbors to be distinguished at once by a high seriousness of mien, by spirituality of expression, and much fineness and beauty of type, such as is not to be found elsewhere in people of their

There has never been a question of

any sordid motives in the matter. The actors receive no remuneration for their work save the equivalent of their day's earnings, whatever they may be, at other labor. For the Sunday representation they are not paid at all, but as they act both Monday and Wednesday twice a month for six ceived during the entire season but \$100. No attempt is made to speculate At the entrance to these meadows stands the village of Ettal—a half-dozen houses clustered about a big white monastery, now transformed into a brewery. Farther along, under the shadow of a peak, lies a charming chalet of considerable size and pretension, the residence this summer of the theatre, the costumes and properties of form price is charged for board and theatre, the costumes and properties of

the instruction of the villagers. Oberammergau, it seems, from the very earliest times has had a miracle play, but these plays varied from time to time and resembled such as were acted all over Christian Europe by the monks or under their tutelage. When monks or under their tutelage the Thirty Years' war raged through Germany the mystery was abandoned, for the peaceful life of the mountains became too disturbed and unsettled to permit of its continuance. Shortly before its close a pestilence fell upon the land, and though all the neighboring towns were scourged Oberammergau by means of a strict quarantine managed to fence it out, until a certain Caspar Schuchler evaded the guard and slipped into the village to see his wife and child. In two days he was dead of the plague and in less than a month half of his fellow-townsmen had followed him. Human aid was useless, and the villagers lifted their eyes to heaven, and vowed that pily, no attempt has been made to build hotels or to in any way change or mar the Old World simplicity of the little The plague was stayed, and every decade since the peasants have acted the drama with solemn reverence and devotion, and living thus always in the white light of Christ's life have taken on an outward manifestation of spirituality very rare and beautiful. Until some forty or fifty years ago the minded unworldliness that served the play was still one of the old mysteries, same function as a fine and artistic with all of their mediæval naivete and taste. Visitors lodge in the houses of the peasants, which are clean and of farce, such as the dead Judas being comfortable, and while they are here seized by the devil, who pulled out of share the humble character of their him long strings of sausages. At that time the young priest Daisenberger, fresh from his classical studies in the

Handsome people these last; women and from it he has entirely swept him further than he meant to go peraway all trace of the Middle Age mystery and substituted a great Hebrew play set in a Greek frame. He induced the villagers to transfer the play from the church-yard, where it had formerly been enacted, to an erant ecclesiastic that is still common open-air theatre, arranged according to the classic plan; he introduced a chorus to explain and comment, and preceded each act by a tableau from the Old Testament, in which is prophetically shadowed forth some detail of the great fulfilment. To this work he devoted his entire life, and when short green breeches do not reach the knee, and the waistcoat and packet are heavy with big silver buttons. They all wear green Tyroleen hats, in the band of which is thrust a bunch of cocks' plumes or the waistcoat at a bunch of cocks' plumes or the waist and perfected the greatest drama of modern times. Somewhat too formal, too elaborate, too classic in thrust a bunch of cocks' plumes or the waist and water the world had begun to discover that under his tutelage these over that under his tutelage these over that under his tutelage these over the majority. form he has made it, but through it all shines out the majestic humanity of the story, and from 8 in the morning till 6 in the evening six thousand people sit without fatigue or impatience—indeed, in breathless interest—and shudder and weep to-gether over the tragedy of the Atonement as set forth by these humble, At 5 in the morning the visitors

are awakened by the music of the village band passing from street to street, and the voice of church bells cailing all to early Sunday Mass. The church is crowded, and even the churchyard is full of kneeling worconfession the previous afternoon, and to great danger and trial, but puts are now given the Sacrament. By half-past seven the whole village is streaming toward the theatre—a great wooden pavilion, about two thirds of the seats being under cover. The stage, like in every detail to the stage as arranged by the Greeks, with the seats nearest it under the open sky, has a background of wooded peaks, amid which the early mists are still curled, and blue heavens. Not far away to the left, in plain view, is seen on an eminence the great marble crucifix and group of women given to Oberammergau by King Ludwig.

The unseen orchestra plays a fine old Gregorian chant and there files in from the two sides the chorus of men and women, dressed in long tunics of white, long red cloaks, and with gold crowns upon their heads. They sing the prologue. Many have noble voices The men are handsome and stately and the women, with their gold crowns, the flaxen hair and bright cheeks, look like quaint madonnas and saints out of the early pictures. fore the centre portion of the stage hangs a curtain, which now rises and shows Adam and Eve being driven from Eden with a flaming sword, and a serpent wound about the tree of life. Again the curtain rises and shows children, women and angels grouped adoringly about the cross. The chorus retires; a multitude pours upon the stage from every quarter, bearing palm branches and singing hosannas to the man who rides upon an ass in their midst—a very remarkable figure clothed in a gray gown, with a crimson peasant, but of a peasant transfigured and uplifted by a sort of reverent ecstasy of emotion. About him are grouped his disciples; John the believe to loved leading the ass—hardly—more loved leading the ass—hardly—more than a box with a search feet framed. than a boy, with a scraph face framed in waving locks, and garments of the clear red and green seen in cathedral windows—a tangle-haired lowering-faced Judas in two shades of yellow; a gray-haired sturdy Saint Peter. The gray-haired sturdy Saint Peter. costuming is beautiful, all in simple clear colors like stained glass, massing with most harmonious and beautiful effects.

There has been a general tension felt throughout the great crowd be-fore this entry. It seemed bold and half sacrilegious that any one should attempt to impersonate the Saviour, but not the most sensitive feels that h can object to the holy dignity in the air of this man who seems to say : do not pretend to give you the illusion that I am the Christ. I only humbly walk in His garments and repeat to you His words

Then comes the scene of the driving of the money-changers from the Temple, in which flocks of doves from the overturned cages take swift flight toward their homes in the village After Christ has passed out with His disciples the enraged traders endeavor to stir up the people against Him and a meeting of the Sanhedrim is called. The next tableau is of the sons of Jacob plotting against Joseph, and the act is occupied with the stormy session of the Sanhedrim, over which presides a superbold high priest in white silk and green velvet embroidered with gold. It is the Burgomaster Lang, gold. whose beautiful young daughter has been trained from her childhood for the part she takes to day of the Virgin

Strangely real does this representa-tion make the story of the gospels. This Caiaphas ceases to be a cruel shadow and becomes the dignified chief of the Jewish councile, who has law, respectability, religious expediency, common sense on his side; and only a Nazarene peasant who has blasphemed English, Americans, French, Germans, representatives of half the nations of Europe, and Bavarians and Tyrolese from all the country round about. the law and outraged the daily order of

haps; the refusal of the Roman gover nor to be dictated to inflames his proud temper and persuades him to carry out his intention at all hazards; but one finds he is only the same type of intolenough to day. And with this sudden light of humanity thrown upon the picture, the Passion becomes a real, vivid, intense tragedy. One's heart begins to beat quicker. All the great audience sits without murmur or movement and follows the story with eager, Nicodemus and hushed interest. Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea rise and leave the council, refusing to be party to the Sanhedrim's purpose.

The two tableaux represent the de-parture of Tobias, and the lamentation of the bride, in the Song of Solomon, for the absent bridegroom. In this act Christ sups at Bethany and Mary Mag-dalene pours the ointment upon His head. There is a sense of sadness and apprehension upon them all, and the devil enters into Judas, who, the treas-urer of the party, sees the bag empty, the hope of earthly kingdom for his master vanishing, and some tragedy evidently approaching. He has abandoned his trade, fallen out of favor with his people and the priests, and now the man for whom he has made these sacrifices seems to hope for noth-ing but shame and death. He is sullen and enraged, and feels himself de-ceived and tricked. Christ, departing, takes leave of His mother and His shippers who follow the service ecived and tricked. Christ, departing, shippers who follow the service takes leave of His mother and His through the open doors and windows. All the chief performers have been to friends, telling them plainly He goes and tricked. By their remonstrance with such high courage that they, weeping and awed,

let Him go. The sixth tableau typifies the doom of Jerusalem in the re-jection of Vashti and the raising of Esther to her place, and act opens with Christ's prophecy of her fate and that of her people. Then He sends forth John and Peter to make ready for the Passover. Judas, left alone, is approached by the envoy of the high priests, who wish to learn from one of the disciples where his master is likely to be found at night, when his arrest will not arouse popular excitement. Angry and bitter, a short struggle with himself ensues. If this Jesus is what He pretends, He can easily deliver Himself from His ene-If He cannot, then He deserves mies. nothing better. In any case this great sum offered by the priests means

wealth for him. The new tableaux, very beautiful ones, typify the bread and wine of the Last Supper in the giving of the manua, and the return of the spies with the cluster of grapes. The act shows the Last Supper in the upper chamber, copied in its setting and grouping from Da Vinci's famous picture-as indeed are all scenes and tableaux copied as far as possible from famous paintings of the Passion— principally Albrecht Durer's The disciples drink and eat of the Communion and Christ washes their feet, this scene being acted with such pure and lofty solemnity that the audience holds its breath and the tears are in all eyes. After which follows the agony in the before His spirit has found that high peace and patience that support Him through two days of anguish and persecution.

It is 1 o'clock now. The sky has grown gray and dreary and the hills are veiled in mist. There is an intermission of an hour for dinner. No one seems fatigued after this long five hours of attention, but everywhere one hears people saying to one another: "What do you think of it?" And the

answer always is: "I don't know what to think. It is very strange, very remarkable. One feels no sense of irreverence. But where do these obscure peasants learn to act like this? One feels as if they were moving in some holy dream.

The theatre empties and fills itself again in an hour — the audience re-turning eagerly, and hushed in an in-stant upon the return of the chorus. An English Bishop is there with all his family, many priests, some women in the garments of an Order, a party of boys hardly in their twenties, have come on a walking tour through the mountains - jolly enough on most occasions, but very serious, very quiet to day. French women exquisitely to day. French women exquisitely dressed, peasants with their heads bound in handkerchiefs, all grave and eager.

Christ is brought before Annas, is hustled and insulted and carried to Ciaphas, silent always, with pale pati-ence and dignity. The high priest regards Him with bitter curiosity and is enraged at His silence, sending Him to the guard-room until the council can be summoned. Then follow the scenes of Peter's denial, and of Judas's hideous, torturing remorse when he finds that his Master is consenting to The man acts with a frightful passion of earnestness and has had offers this season from the managers of various theatres, but says he cannot simulate a feeling; he is feeling what he does here — remorse, terrible beat-ings against powers he has set in motion and cannot check.

Then comes the trial before Pilate, a

dignified, noble Roman, reluctant to be | cuit of the path laid out for him. party to this infamy, though his hands are tied. The man has been convicted by the Jewish law and has no word to say in his own defence; only the gov ernor's acquiescence in the usual legal processes is needed. But he struggles hard to save the man from the mob's fury; struck, perhaps, by the aspect of this bruised, beaten creature, sinking with fatigue, but clinging, speech less, with white face and trembling body, to some great purpose. He tries all arts, sends Him to Herod, and finally yields, crying out with terrible unconscious prophecy, "His blood be unconscious prophecy, "His blood be on your heads!" to which the mob an-swers exultingly, "On ours and on our children's !'

The tableaux here are of the bringing of Joseph's bloody coat, and of the offering up of Isaac on Mount Moriah, offering up of Isaac on Mount Moriah, and there follows the scourging of Christ, the crowning with thorns, the mockery, and scarlet robe. The most splendid of all the tableaux follows, of Moses raising the brazen serpent in the wilderness. When this is done Christ appears, driven by the mechanical appears. appears, driven by the mob and carry ing His cross. The disciple John and Christ's mother come in from the other side, timorously seaching for Him, not knowing His fate. Her cry of "My son! My Jesus!" when she catches ight of the cross and all in an instant realizes what is before Him, makes the people shudder and breathe hard. Some mothers in the audience sob aloud. She rushes forward and would bear His burden for Him, but is driven away by the soldiers. He staggers and falls beneath His burden and Simon

bears it away. Before the curtain rises again a knocking is heard of driven nails. The two thieves are bound to their crosses, he on the right an old man with a terrified, humble face. man to the left is young, not more than twenty, with a body of the most faultless symmetry-a young Hermes-and a proud, evil, beautiful face. He holds up his head and will not show his pain. The centre cross is not lifted yet one of the soldiers is affixing an in-scription—but immediately they raise it on their shoulders and set it upright. The audience cannot believe its eyes The thorn-crowned figure hangs with nails in its feet and hands. Later it is taken down in full sight of all, but no other means of fastening it there can be seen. No one in Oberammergau can be got to explain this mystery.

The mother comes and sits at the foot of the cross, not weeping nor complaining, gazing in helpless, dry-eyed anguish at the child she has borne beneath her heart, nursed in her Oh, passion of motherhood! bosom. What have not been the agonies you have borne since He created the world? Never anywhere has a blow been struck at man that the weapon was not buried in the heart of some mother. He does not forget her; He says, "Woman, behold thy son!" and beside her kneels the beloved apostle

There are but few words more and then He cries with a loud voice and His head droops forward on His breast. The soldiers break the limbs of the thieves. He of the baughty young a hiss of horror that curdles the heart to hear. So dies the peasant in Galilee "and He being lifted up hath drawn all men after Hin!"

Later He is taken down, but first one goes up and lifting the cruel crown from the helpless head, comes and lays it at the feet of the mother. There is something of pathos in this silent act that, from those who have held their sobs down with teeth on lip, brings forth an uncontrollable burst of tears. He is entombed, but when the curtain rises again the door rolls back, a figure in vapory white stands for an instant against the blackness of the grave and then glides, vanishing, among the

rocks. Again the curtain rises, and slowly

He ascends, surrounded by angels. The audience streams away. There is not a face that has not been washed with tears-that is not pale and grave. They do not talk much, but there are few hearts that have not been, for a while at least, awed out of selfishness. flippancy, or cynicism-have not been stirred to humility and shame by the story of the Passion as acted by Bavarian peasants. - Elizabeth Bisland, in The Cosmopolitan.

Skies at the Crucifixion.

If some astronomical calculations recently made may be believed, the planets which gravitate around the sun will, this month, about Easter-time, be in relatively the same position in the heavens as they were in the spring of 29 A. D., which is the year when Jesus Christ is generally supposed to have been crucified and to have risen from the dead. Not since that time has this coincidence recurred.

Each of the heavenly bodies has its own time for making a revolution around the sun, and these times differ widely. The earth, as everybody knows, goes around once every year. Mercury takes but a quarter of that time, while Saturn is employed for nearly thirty years in making a cirble formula for the sun and the sun and these times differ widely. The earth, as everybody knows, goes around once every year. Mercury takes but a quarter of that time, while Saturn is employed for nearly thirty years in making a cirble formula for the formula for the sun and the sun and these times differ widely. The earth, as everybody knows, goes around once every year. Mercury takes but a quarter of that time, while Saturn is employed for nearly thirty years in making a cirble formula for the formula for th

sequently, in all these hundreds of years they have never yet moved into the same positions which they occupied in the month of April, 29 A

D. Neither are they expected by astronomers to be in exactly the same positions as "they were then, for the attraction of other planets and of the sun has caused variations in their respective cycles during these eighteen centuries. It is for this reason that the recurrence of a similar condition of the skies possesses no scientific interest to the astronomer. But to the millions of Christian people all over the world it is an important coincidence that they should see, during Holy Week of this year, the heavenly bodies almost as they were when Christ looked up to them nightly in the rapid succession of events which marked the fortnight preceding His crucifixion.

A LENGEN SERMON.

Men and Women of the Sacred Passion, by the Bishop of Wheeling

A very large congregation listened to the Lenten conference of the Right Rev. Bishop Donahue Sunday night. His subject, "The Men and Women of the Sacred Passion," was so treated as to bring the details of the scenes vividly before his hearers.

He spoke of the usefulness of turning for a time our gaze from the cen tral figure of any great act or move ment and studying the minor characters of the drama. These often show the strength and the weakness of human hearts, the springs of motive, the play of passion, the heavy fall and the rise to grace; in a word because they are of our own clay we feel in them warm, deep and personal interest. Besides the record of their acts is also the inspired word and, in the language of St. Paul, "what things soever were written were written for our

learning."
A commanding figure in the tragedy of Calvary is Peter. He is the embodi-ment of earnestness, fire, faith, all that is big-hearted and broad and manly except in the one great crisis. He uttered the immortal act of faith, "Thou art Christ the Son of the living God!" He was a man of mettle and spokesman in all emergencies. every community, in every parish there are counterparts of Peter, and, despite their faults, we love them. His radical faults were mere natural affection for our divine Lord, an in ability to comprehend the nature of his mission and more than all an overweening confidence in himself. He wanted to die with our Lord ; "though all the world were scandalized in Him he would not be scandalized." Though one against a thousand he drew his sword in defense of his Master, but after that his courage oozed from his finger tips, and, with the other disciples, he fled.

Although, however, Peter's fall was forcordained of God, to show him and all congregations the insufficiency of human strength, still the occasion of that fall was a woman's inquisitiveness and a woman's tongue. The preacher entarged upon this theme, denouncing the meddlesome busy-bodies who go about disturbing the peace of individuals, families, and even nations, setting life-long friends He quoted also the Epistle of St. James, (chap. iii.,) upon the poison of the tongue. Yet this one woman was the sole blot upon her sex in the whole Passion.

Judas for all time stood out the em-bodiment of greed. He was swept from grace, not by some torrent or whirlwind of passion; but the cancer of covetousness began from within, and ate its way silently and stealthily into his very soul. He was a priest, Bishop, apostle, but none of these, with their multitudinous graces, saved him,

nor will it save men now.

Next in order of treatment came St. John, who by the misconceptions and bungling of alleged artists is represented as a long haired, sweet faced effeminate man, but when the lion like grizzly Peter denied and fled and would not venture near the cross, he stood with our dear Mother beneath the very shadow of its arms. So in our own lives. The hour of distress and danger and death reveals the true man and hero. How glorious as a whole is the record of the weaker sex in this tragedy of blood !

"Let me present that beautiful, oh, yes! beautiful character of the crucifixion — St. Mary Magdalene; also Mary Cleophe, St. John and the blessed Mother of Jesus," said the Bishop. He dilated in beautiful and touching words on their fidelity to Christ even to the last-how they stood around the dying Saviour on His hard death bed and were His only faithful friends to the last. He appealed to all to be stead fast to Christ as these were, and amid crosses and trials. He dwelt long on these characters, and showed how they are real types of true Christianity.

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ARMINE.

CHRISTIAN REID

CHAPTER XXXV.

Having yielded and given her promise that she would see M. de Marigny, Armine made no farther dede mur on the subject, and when, a day or two later, Helene came to her, say ing that he was in the salon awaiting ner, she rose at once, though her re luctance was evident in the paling of her face and the slight trembling of the hands which closed the book she had been reading. Touched by these significant signs, Mile. d'Antignac put her arms round the slender figure and pressed with her lips the soft cheek. God direct thee, petite!" she said ently. Armine looked at her with gently. Armine looked at her with something very wistful in her clear glance, but she did not answer save y returning the caress. Then she turned and passed into the salon.

The recollection of how and where she had seen M. de Marigny last was so strongly present in her mind that, as he came forward to meet her, she almost felt as if she were back in the churchyard of Marigny, with its quiet graves on which the sunlight fell, and its stone Calvary.dominating the scene She stopped short: was there not indeed a grave between them? Had not death alone made this meeting

possible? The thought was like a dagger to her heart, and in its sharpness she in-voluntarily clasped her hands together and so stood, gazing at him with the pathetic eyes he so well remembered It would have been an awkward moment had he not been a man endowed with great quickness of intuitive sympathy. But to him also the memory of the meeting under the old church porch of Marigny came; and not only the memory of the meeting, but of all that followed it. Those slight fingers clasped so nervously to gether had sent the warning which might have saved his life, and the golden eyes, which he had thought so eautiful and expressive when he saw them last, had now the sadness that comes of many tears and settled grief. He would fain have put out his hand and taken hers in token of sympathy with the grief; but he, too, remem bered the shadow between them, so he

"I hope, mademoiselle, that I have not made too great a demand upon you

in asking this interview."

The exquisite courtesy and consideration of his tone touched her and made her realize the apparent ungracious ness of her own attitude. She un-clasped her hands and came forward.

"No, M. le Vicomte," she answered quietly, "you have not made too great a demand upon me but, but ourself I fear that you have. I know that you have come from a sense of duty, on an errand which must be unpleasant to you, and which, so far as I am concerned, is altogether unnecessary. I bade M. d'Antignac to tell you this."

"I hope to make you understand why I could not accept your answer rom M. d'Antignac," he said.

Then he moved a chair slightly forward for her, and, as she sat down, seated himself in front of her. Their eyes met, and again Armine felt the ense of confidence of which, even in their brief intercourse, she had been conscious before. That glance, so penetrating yet so gentle and kind, inspired her with a trust which, save in the case of D'Antignac, was new to her experience. For hers had not approached, and when she held out the been one of those lives which know the certainty of sympathy and reliance upon strength. In her own strength she had long been forced to stand alone, and if she felt now that under other circumstances she might safely have vielded to the guidance of such a nature as that which was revealed in the face before her, she also knew with instinctive certainty that the luxury of such guidance was not for her-tha as she had been forced to rely upon herself during her father's lifetime, she must rely upon herself and her own judgment still.

As she did not answer his last words, save by a glance that seemed to say, Speak," then! M. de Marigny after a moment went on :

"You are right in saying that it is duty which has brought me here, but you are wrong in believing it an un-pleasant one. On the contrary, few hings could give me more pleasure than to be permitted to repair an injustice." He paused a moment, then went on: I know that you have heard the story of the marriage of your great grandparents, so I need not repeat it. When such a story was told to me it became at once my duty to verify it. I come now to tell you that I have done so and that it is true. The marriage took place exactly as you have heard and the house of Marigny has gained another daughter."

There was a charming grace as well s cordiality in the tone of the last sentence which it would have been im ossible for Armine not to have felt. Her eyes thanked him even before she said

"You are very kind; but if my wishes had been regarded you would never have heard the story of which

you speak. "You must pardon those who disregarded your wishes," he answered, It was right that I should hear it-I,

O NURSING MOTHERS

quietly. "It seems to me that there may be something. There may be a sense of duty."

who am now your kinsman, with a kinsman's right to protect your inter-

She looked at him for a moment in apparent surprise.
"And yet," she said, "my interest

-if I have one-is opposed to yours. In other words, my gain must be your loss."
"What does that matter?" he asked.

"The question is simply one of justice, not of individual gain or loss. And loss is a relative term. I can lose noth-ing that I should regret." You will lose nothing-nothing at

all-through me," she said. "I have only consented to speak of the subject in order that I might tell you this Whether the marriage in question ever took place or not is a matter of indiffer ence to me and cannot influence my "It is not in our power, except in a

very limited sense, to say what shall or shall not influence our lives," said M. de Marigny. The event which you declare cannot influence yours is influencing it at this moment, else why are we talking here?

That is true," she answered. But we are talking in order that I nay tell you that the influence shall go no farther. And I should be glad if you would believe this without more words.

He shook his head, smiling a little at her tone. "I am sorry to force on you anything which is disagreeable," he said, "but I cannot accept such a decision without more words. promise, however, that they shall be as brief as possible. You have heard from M. d'Antignae, no doubt, that I went down into Brittany and examined all the records, as well as heardthe testimony of the sole witness in the matter. Then-for you will understand that I am not acting in my individual capacity, but as the guardian of interests which are only mine for a time-I laid the case before an eminent lawyer, and have here his written opinion, at which I must beg you to look."

He produced as he spoke a folded paper, which he offered her. She hesiated-evidently averse to taking itand said with an appealing glance:

"It can serve no purpose-I assure ou that it can serve no purpose. there any necessity that I should look

"Yes,"he answered gravely, "there is necessity. I could not accept any decision which you made in ignorance of the exact nature and extent of your

"Then," she said quickly, "you will accept my decision when I am no onger in ignorance?" I shall have no alternative but to do

so," he replied, "though you must allow me to reserve the right to re nonstrate.' She did not answer, but, extending

her hand, took the paper and opened it. It was of considerable length, and after a moment she rose and moved away to the window to read it.

M. de Marigny-sitting still, with

that perfect quietude which is one of the most stricking signs of high breed ing-watched the slender figure as it stood against the light, the graceful, well-set head and the delicate outlines of the profile, with its soft southern tints and the dark, outward-curling ashes of the down-cast eyes. There was no physical sign of race lacking and when, as in a vision, he saw that presence on the terrace or moving hrough the rooms of the old chateau he said to himself that no one could think it had found an unfitting mis-

Presently Armine turned and came paper he saw to his surprise that she was smiling.

"This is better than I had hoped, she said simply. "It seems that there is no certainty that I would be able to claim anything, if I wished to do so. am glad of that. I need not feel now that I am disregarding my father's wishes.

Her relief was evidently so genuine hat he was also forced to smil-

"I am sorry to lessen your pleasure, he said, "but I think you misunder stand the opinion a little. Remember, in the first place, that it is given to me the person in possession - and naturally presents the case in as favor ble a light as possible for my interest This lawyer says in substance: not certain that a marriage which occurred so long ago could be satis actorily established, according to the rigid requirements of French law with regard to marriages; but the case is strong against you, and you need not be surprised at an unfavorable result. Now, that is putting the matter very strongly, for you."

He paused; but as Armine, whose face had fallen somewhat, looked at him with mute interrogation, after a moment he went on:

"After giving the opinion the law yer was kind enough to advise an amicable arrangement with the claimant, if it were possible, rather than the expense and tedious delay of a lawsuit. And that amicable arrangement what I have come to make, if you will permit me, mademoiselle.

"But I have told you that I am no laimant," she said, with the first shade of haughtiness which he had ever per ceived in her manner.
"Nevertheless," he answered

'though you will not claim them, you have rights which neither you nor can ignore.

"It may be proper that you should not ignore them," she said. "But there is nothing which forbids my doing so-nothing. "Are you sure of that?" he asked "It seems to me that there

"To whom? to what?" she asked.

"No, M. de Marigny; I have been over all this ground, and I have asked counsel of those who are wise enough to give it. There is no duty which requires me to assume a rank to which l was not born." She paused a moment, as if collecting her thoughts, then went on: "And it seems to me that you forget one thing: if it is doubtful whether I have any legal claim, whatever I should accept from you-were capable of accepting anything-would

be simply a gift of your generosity."
"No," he said quickly. "It would be an act of justice, not of generosity. I should have no right to be generous with the inheritance of those who are to come after me. It might be possible that the law would not recognize this marriage; but you must be aware that one may have a moral certainty of a fact which one may not be able to prove, and that there are moral rights which are not legal rights.

"That may be," she said, "and it is a noble view of the case; but I, who would not accept a legal right not if it were absolutely indisputablewill certainly never accept one based on a moral claim. Of that you may be sure.

She lifted her head as she spoke, and a light shone for a moment in the deep gentle eyes which gave emphasis her words and made M. de Marigny say to himself that further insistance seemed, indeed, useless. He felt in-stinctively the strength of her resolution, and he also felt that it was not based upon mere obstinacy, but upon reasons that were neither fanciful nor vague. D'Antignac had warned him of this result, and he was therefore not surprised, but even more reluctant than he had anticipated to abide by the decision so steadily announced—to let all things be as if that marriage had never taken place between the Breton noble and the peasant girl who saved him.

"Mademoiselle." he said at length, "I must beg you to consider, to take time to reflect. You are very young to decide so positively upon so important a matter

"I have had time, and I have not decided without reflection," she answered. "As for my youth-well, it is true I am young, but even in youth one may know what one desires of life. I desire neither rank nor wealth, for what should I do with either?"

Then, as a last argument, he said 'I am told that it was your father's wish that you should claim all that was yours.

He was sorry for the words almost as he uttered them when he saw the pained look that came into her eyes. But she answered very quietly:

"It was my misfortune to differ from my father on many points, but understood him thoroughly, and I am sure he did not wish me to claim or to take anything for myself, but only as these were; you can judge whether or not you would like any part of the revenues of Marigny devoted to such trust for his ends. Yet only in that way could I ends. fulfil his desire.

What could M. de Marigny answer to this? He thought of representing, as D'Antignac had done, that her father's wishes had no binding force upon her; but since he had just urged ne desire as an argument, it was difficult to declare another of no force. moreover, he felt that no words could change her resolution. pression of the pale, steadfast face assured him of that. After a pause of considerable reflection he said

"I perceive that it is useless to urge you farther. I wish that it were otherwise; I wish that I could induce you to accept whatever is justly yours But at least I trust that you will not refuse to take your position as an acknowledged daughter of the house

of Marigny? She regarded him with a faint, sweet

"You are worthy to be Sieur of Marigny, M. le Vicomte," she said. "It is noble that you, the head and representative of such a house, should me and desire to acknowledge as belonging to it the daughter of one who was a fee not only of your order but of yourself, and whose only claim to admittance into your house is through a mesalliance which you must regard as a blot upon your line. It proves that you think more of justice than even of the honor of a noble name; but I, the descendant of that peasant girl whom your kinsman married in secret and never acknowledged and the daughter of the Social ist who was yesterday your enemy, can no more accept your justice than your generosity. The house of your generosity. The house of Marigny and I have nothing in common; and while I appreciate your recognition and thank you for the kindness of your desires, you must receive my positive assurance that what I have been from my birth I shall remain to my death. And," she added, "the Christian and the Social ist are alike agreed that it matters little what name we bear during the brief space of our pilgrimage here."

"Unless we absolutely renounce the world, it matters more than you think, perhaps," answered the vicomte 'But you make it impossible for me to say more. I am sorry that I have failed so utterly, and I wish that I had been able to command more arguments with which to convince you-

"No arguments would have had any effect," she interposed "Then," he said, "it only remains

"But for me to hope that, though you decline to receive me as a kinsman, you vill not refuse to consider me a friend, who feels he has a peculiar right to serve you.

She grew a shade paler, and, halfunconsciously as it were, drew slightly

"You are very kind," she said. "I understand and appreciate; but between you and me, M. de Marigny, there can be little question of inter-course or service. If it is friendship, however, to desire that all blessings may fall upon you, and that you may serve a noble cause as well in the future as in the past, then, believe me, I am your friend.

"And believe that I am grateful for your friendship," he said, touched by her tone and look. "I will trouble you no more at present with the subject we have been discussing; but l am glad that I need not lose sight of here with the best you, that you are of my friends. Whether you allow it or not, I have a right to feel interest in your welfare, and more than that—"
He paused. He was about to add, "I have a debt to pay." But his finer instinct forbade the words. But his Something, too, in Armine's face re-

he read some fear of such an allusion in the clear, golden eyes. Instead of finishing the sentence he took from a table by which he stood the lawyer's opinion that he had laid on it. "This," he said, "has, after all, proved useless. Yet—who knows? perhaps nothing in the world proves

It has served to make us

strained him. It seemed to him that

that you do not regard this as an evil. To me it is a great pleasure. "I certainly could not regard it as an evil," she answered after an instant's hesitation; "but-forgive me if I repeat that you and I have nothing

better known to each other, and I hope

in common. The words would have seemed very ungracious had not the wistful appeal of her glance softened them - that glance which had often before said nore to him than her lips uttered. Did it not say to him now, "Do not press me; do not urge upon me an ssociation and friendship which forbidden by loyalty to the dead ".
There was no doubt that it said this and no doubt also that he understood he message, for he answered gently

Pardon me if I disagree with you. I think that we have much in common -our friendship, our faith, and a line age of which you would be proud if you knew more of it. Cannot these things drive the past from your memory that unhappy past in which I declare to you that there was never the faintest feeling of personal animosity on my part?

"Do you suppose I imagine that there was?" she said quickly. "No, M. le Vicomte, I have no doubt that all animosity was on - the other side But do you not see-do you not feelthat this makes it harder to forget?' "And do you not see," he said,

"that you are thus perpetuating the animosity which I am sure you would have ended, if you could? Let us end He held out his hand as he it now!" He held out his hand as he spoke. "Let us bury all memory of it in the grave over which you mourn, was unworthy of honor in his life. Do not hesitate!" - she stood looking at him, but did not extend her hand to meet his. "The only existence which the hatred you regret has now is in its influence on your conduct. For your father sake, then, as well as for your own, let me beg you to end that influ-

ence at once. The thought was new to her; he saw that in the eyes that slowly filled with tears as she gave him her hand. Then, when the crystal drops began to fall, she turned and silently left the

room.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Good Friday in Jerusalem.

Darkness had fallen upon the ancient City of David, when a few of us left a house upon Mount Acra and entered the gloomy, silent street. Wending our way by the light of a small lantern, we traversed the Christian quarter of the city. There are no municipal regulations regarding illumination or hygiene in the once proud capital of Judea, and as all the refuse and offal is cast into the narrow streets, those who are obliged to go out after nightfall must provide themselves with lanterns and walk cautiously amid the dirt-encumbered by-ways.

Having reached the small paved ourt before the main entrance of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, we soon found ourselves in an immense throng of pilgrims from all parts of the world. Through the kindness of a Franciscan friar, whose acquaintance we had made, we were provided with good places in the chapel of Calvary, where we could observe the ceremonies with out being subjected to the inconveni ence of mingling in the crowd. The Latin altar on Calvary

illuminated, and soon a priest appeared and began preaching. After a short discourse, another took his place, and so on until seven sermons had been given in as many languages. A large cross had been erected by the altar, upon which hung a life-sized and artic ulated figure of our Lord. When the sermons were ended, a ladder was brought and a monk ascended it, and by means of a pair of pincers he slowly and reverently extracted the nail which held the right hand of the figure. Gently lowering the arm, he held the nail a moment exposed to the view of all; then kissing it he deposited it in the hand of an assistant, and proceeded to extract the others, which he also kissed and help up in turn.

The figure being thus removed from the Cross was deposited upon a bier. A procession was formed, and amid a solemn chant it moved towards the Stone of Unction. Here perfumes and a winding sheet were in readiness, and sion continued on till it arrived at the

entrance of the Holy Sepulchre. Here the figure was reverently lifted up and carried into the sacred tomb, after which the immense crowd, having knelt for a while in silent prayer around the Sepulchre, dispersed. Pilgrim.

Wendell Philips on O'Connell,

(John Talbot Smith, in Donaboe's.) Philips went on with his portrait of Connell in the same unsparing fashion, never shirking a detail that might have spared his British audience a pang. He put an extra touch of color on the features that were sure to be offensive : the great leader's disike and distrust of treacherous England, his devotion to Rome, his scorn for heresy. Yet so did he mingle the bitter with the sweet, so manifest was his power when he seemed to be offendng worst, that his audience never missed the moment for applause, and even laughed indulgently when an Irishman in the gallery gave a Donnybrook yell of delight and defiance at some telling point in favor of his native land. You could see the cold people warming up as the orator hurried to the end : there was no longer any doubt of his power over them; they had seen themselves applauding his denunciations of what they had always favored; he had won them to passing enthusiasm for greatness which they hated, they became conscious that genius was hold ing its lamp to their blinking eyes, that they were taking part in a great

caution. The close of the lecture was as audacious and catching as the exordium It summed up in one paragraph the triumph of the whole evening. Phillips went no farther in O'Connell's triamph of areer than the moment of his greatest triumph, when the Irish leader had a party in the House of Commons, and he Government's majority had so diminished that without the Irish members no Ministry could stand. ures from Whigs and Tories made

scene; so they threw away reserve and

O'Connell the great hero of the hour. "There he stood," said Phillips, "this despised leader of a scorned people, this representative of an extinct nationality, as they thought, this priest-ridden Papist, this agent of a dead religion, this mere Irishman, with the Whigs in one hand and the Tories in the other " — and he raised both arms and looked from Tory to Whig in either hand in amused scorn-"debat ing to which he would give the Government of the British Empire. stood a moment thus with his tall figure and the great arms extended then bowed and withdrew from the stage, while the enchanted audience cheered and cheered again, and looked at the door which had hidden him from them, and could hardly persuade them

Sir John S. D. Thompson.

selves to leave the scene

G. M. Ward, in Donahoe's Magazine. Sir John's private life was simple. and unostentatious. He was a domestic man, and a genial atmosphere pervaded his home, to which he heartily welcomed all who visited him. Great as was his success in life, he remained perfectly unspoiled by it. It is a con-mon opinion that had he not entered on the arena of politics he might have lived for many years longer, but he never did live for himself alone; and, though personally averse to the turmoil of public life, he sacrificed his feelings for the good of his country. memory and his example will influence future generations. His marvellous powers of application and his habits of hard work can be imitated by all with advantage, but many of his gifts were personal to himself. One of these-his ability and readiness at critical moments, - was almost, if not quite, unique, and he was never taken at a disadvantage. He was the soul of honor. His honesty of purpose and purity of nature were unquestioned, and no blot defaces his record. He died a poor man, and in that lies the convincing and glorious proof of his intense in tegrity.

Sir John Thompson can take his stand with the first men of the empire. His real life is yet to be written, and all will look forward eagerly to seeing it appear; but his memory is already deeply graven on the hearts of all who knew and appreciated him and the glorious work he did for Canada. the future he will be spoken of as one of his country's historic characters, as one of her greatest patriots, and as one of the largest-minded and most clean-handed of those who have wielded the executive power in the Dominion of Canada.

Nervous People

And those who are all tired out and have that tired feeling or sick headache can be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives nerve, mental and bodily strength and thoroughly purifies the blood. It also creates a good appetite, cures indigestion, heartburn and dyspepsia.

HOOD'S PILLS are easy to take, easy in action and sure in effect. 252.

action and sure in effect. 252.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveler, Belleville, writes: "Some years ago I used Dr. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL for Inflammatory rheumatism, and three bottles effected a complete cure. I was the whole of one summer unable to move without crutches, and every movement caused excruciating pains. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since. I, however, keep a bottle of Dr. THOMAS' OIL on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me."

Parents buy Mother Graves' Worm Ex-

Parents buy Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator because they know it is safe medicine for their children and an effectual expeller of worms.

PROTECTION from the grip, pneumonia, diphtheria, fever and epidemics is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It makes pure blood.

A SISTER OF CHARITY.

During one of the days of the year 1836, a solemn silence reigned under the lofty arches of Notre Dame de Paris. Thousands of auditors, agi-tated, attentive, troubled by the accents of a friar preacher, held in their breath, stifling thus even the pulsations of their hearts.

Leaning against one of the columns of the old edifice, I saw around me, hanging, as it were, on the lips of the priest who spoke, the greatest and most learned among the men, the most spiritual among the women, the most experienced among the old men, most distinguished among the scholars.

The friar preacher conducted us, by the charm of his words, into that sphere from whence the soul, rocked on the wings of religion, flutters into space, and sees beneath it all human philosophies. The subject of the con-ference was, "The Means of Acquiring

These words struck my mind-"The religious science is learned by the study of religious phenomena." The shock of that idea was for me as that of the steel upon the flint which crushes it-a brilliant sparkling.

I was under the impression, sorrow-ful, but at the same time voluptuous. that is given by a new idea, piercing an obscure doubt, and discovering a broad way of light, when formidable words resounded above my head, the preacher exclaimed: "Insects of a lost under a sprig of herbage, we exhaust ourselves in vain reasonings; we ask ourselves whence we came, whither we go." . . sprig of herbage was the cathedral of

Paris, the stately church of a thousand years, immortal by the arts, immortal by religion! The insect of a day was that French society, forever renowned by its learning, by the splendor of its work, by its riches and its beauty.

The Abbe Lacordaire had subjugated my mind. The feeling of admiration could not be carried farther.

The next day a military duty led me to the hospital. I went there to visit poor soldier, my sergeaut of the Spahis of Constantinople, and whom a malady, contracted in Africa, con-

ducted slowly to death.

Science became powerless, and passed inattentive and without stop by the pillow of the bed of my trooper.

The family absent, scattered, per-haps brought to nought, had never visited this solitary bed. Of friends and comrades, none were seen around the bed of that man who came from far-off countries. He was alone on the earth; none here pronounced his name, and they scarcely knew who he

The number twenty-three traced on a small board, was fastened by a nail to the head of the bed of that man. Two ciphers, which had served many a time, which will serve many a time again, distinguished this unfortunate

from the others. I had known him formerly full of strength; a joyous trooper, he enlivened our marches; a brave soldier, he bore life heartily. I liked him, and I had proved his attachment to me in

many perilous conjunctures. Nevertheless, when I stopped at the foot of his bed, it seemed that he did not know me. His eyes were fixed upon me, but no intelligence beamed upon me, but no intelligence beamed from them; from his half-open lips, immovable and dry, an irregular respiration, checked, escaped with difficulty. His wasted hand, white and cold as marble, did not even thrill at the contrast with mine. at the contract with mine.

At the aspect of that vast silent hall, inhabited by infliction, I thought of here the day the immense cathedral before I heard the voice of Father Lacordaire. This crowd of sick, whose bodies and intelligences are almos brought to nought, made me think of that multitude of yesterday so power ful and happy. The sprig of herbage and the insect recurred to my memory

Pensively I regarded that man, and, I confess to my shame, the elevated discourse of the illustrious Christian orator appeared to me insufficient. I asked myself, Can genius descend sufficiently nigh to the earth to touch the sprig of herbage, and the look of the eagle, which is fixed upon the sun, can it, dazzled as it is by the luminous rays, distinguish the insect which dies under the blade of grass? I called to the sick man in a loud voice, but he remained deaf and immovable.

His looks were always fixed on mine. and all proved, nevertheless, that he The soul still inhabited saw me not. body, but it was shrouded in the most secret recesses; it withdrew itself the soul, were all asleep.

A noise, light as that of the leaf fluttered by the breeze, came to That almost imperceptible sound which I scarcely perceived made the sick man start; his eyes turned towards it, his face brightened, his lips sought to smile, and the blood circulating in his veins carried the life to his hands, which crossed themselves on his breast. My look followed his, and I saw near

me a Sister of Charity ; the dying man had heard her first. The servant of God came to reascitate that soul, as The servant of the invisible dew of morning revivifies the withered plant. Approaching the bed, the poor girl wiped off the cold sweat which covered the soldier's face, and, bending down to his ear, she said weet voice: "Joseph, how are In this abode he was for all in a sweet voice: you?" In this abode he was for all "No. 23"; for me he had always been the trooper Meyer; for her he was

Joseph! His mother named him by name, almost forgotten by the poor soldier himself, there were the dearest roofs a spark appeared frequently,

remembrances of his life; his careless childhood in the forests of Alsatia, the play, the carresses, the happiness, the tears of the beloved family.

Joseph! Not here was he thus named, but by his sister, his brothers and his mother; it was only at the hamlet that his old friends knew

Joseph! It was his name in heaven: the priest had given it to him, a pro-tector near God. The trooper Meyer tector near God. The trooper Meyer had not acknowledged his captain the Christian Joseph recognized the Sister of Charity.

After having contemplated him for some moments, as a mother looks upon her child, the Sister opened a napkin which she carried, drew from it some flowers, and spread them on the bed of Joseph. The sick man thrilled, his eyes sparkled, and his hands wandered over the flowers, caressing them.
For the first time the Sister of Char

ity seemed to perceive me. Reconizing in me an officer of the arm Recogshe comprehended that we were of the same branch. Then, without preface, she said to me: "Joseph was a gar dener before he entered the service.

Oh! Cathedral of Paris! magnificent accents of eloquence! illustrious auditory! I saw you again at this moment, and I thought of the sprig of herbage and of the insect.

The genius of Michael Angelo, the sublime eloquence of Bossuet, all the human sciences, could they equal that act of charity of that poor girl, who intuitively felt that the flowers were necesfor that dying gardener? doctor had printed that in his books, no philosopher had counselled it, and yet the Sister knew it. I had thought she brought some balm to alle viate the pains of the body, or some religious discourse to direct the soul towards heaven: I expected to find in her a reflex of the cares of physician, or the solicitude of the confessor; but instead of the sciences, human or divine, I found charity!

With curiosity, mingled with inobserved Sister Martha. Grown old by fatigue and labors, she seemed to be forty years of age, but she was scarcely thirty. Her wanness terest. contrasted with an apparent and real strength; as for the rest, in her person there was nothing remarkable, if it was not that almost etherealized look, so pure and translucent, which the painters of Italy give to their Madonnas, and then a tone of voice, sweet

but strangely melancholy.

Her large head dress of dazzling whiteness, her dark clothing, the chaplet suspended from her girdle, and her wooden crucifix -in short, the whole appearance and costume of the Sister are too well known to give here the least description of them.

My unfortunate soldier was the pre text and the subject of a very short attempt to recount unrolled themselves conversation between the Sister and me I informed her that Joseph Meyer had been one of my soldiers.

I knew that she was Sister Martha, a

daughter of our country, poor and uneducated.

Like the soldier, the Sister of Charity had left her country to serve; he was a servant of the country, she the servant of the poor. Subjected both to rude privations, to painful labors, clad in coarsest materials, strangers both and for ever to the riches of the science of the world, they pass their existence in sleepless watches for society: the soldier in the camp, the Sister in the hospital; she kneeling by the bed of death, he standing on the frontier marches.

Twelve years after the time of which I have just conversed with you, on June 25, 1848, I rapidly directed my way, with the battallions which were confided to me, towards the Hotel de Ville of Paris, following the quays of the Seine. From the Port des Arts I found only solitude; think clouds of smoke raised themselves slowly above Paris, and incessantly renewing themselves, rested almost immovable, crown ing the edifices. Frightful detonations of musketry were heard, and from minute to minute the great voice of the cannon made itself heard over all the tumult. At a distance the fatal call of the tocsin responded to the roar of the artillery. We marched forward always without hearing a single

human voice. A merchant, whose shop was open examined the space with an uneasy eye and attentive ear; he said to me: "Here it comes. Run! run!" Then the merchant closed his house, and I heard the sound of the bolts and the iron works of the door.

The battle had taken its most ter rible development. Very soon we were there, so that God alone could find it again. The senses, the interpreters of the soul, were all asleep.

The senses, the interpreters of the soul, were all asleep.

The senses is the interpreters of the insurgents. The senses is the interpreters of the insurgents. The presence of the insurgents in the presence of the insurgents. The presence of the insurgents in the presence of the insurgents. The presence of the insurgents in the presence of the insurgents. alas! for the last time, occupied the square of the Hotel de Ville; behind him two pieces of artillery swept a street. At the entrance of the square, on the side of the river, a battalion of young mobile guards, all bloody from its glorious combats of the day before, prepared itself for the attack of the barricades which enclosed us more and

The spectacle of destruction could not be more complete. The houses tumbled down, struck by the bullets. From those parts of the walls which still stood in the midst of the surges of dust, human bodies, living yet, glided rapidly to be enshrouded under the Some of these insurgents rubbish. got up again bruised, and seeking to flee in the shadow to rejoin their ac-

complices. Some cannon and fusees appeared stealthily at the windows, and, directed by invisible hands, struck down our this sweet name under the thatched companions. Loud cries arose on all roof cottage of the village; in this sides, the cries of rage stifling those of

THE

The vent-holes of the cellers vomited the dead; the houses pierced open, tot tering, seemed to balance themselves; the ground was strewed with diamond of broken glass, which fantastically sparkled in the sun, and cracked under the feet; along the parapet of the quay the wounded, in their agony, begged us for a glass of water.

However formidable was the noise of the place where we stopped for an instant, a distant roar, more formidable still, reached us from all points of the horizon: Paris struggled in the gasp of a supreme crisis; civilization was then to die or live; those to whom reason had not told it divined it by ininstinct; it is this which explains the reciprocal fury of the battle.

In the meantime the soldiers brought in every moment prisoners, arrested

with arms in their hands. Our turn came to march to the barricades. A strong column, formed of troops of the line of mobile guards and national guards, run up from the Provinces, began to move. A score of mobile guards, children of Paris, formed the vanguard and the flankers. They took this post without an order, because it pleased them. One of them, whom I seized strong by the arm to hold him in his rank, said to me: "Hold, hold, I wish to see myself, and your grenadiers hinder me." This young fellow had certainly never read Charron, and he expressed the same idea in the same terms; Charron rethat a brave gentleman lates "mounted on the heaps of corpses to see more nearly."

Three barricades were successfully carried; the fourth was a wall, a real embattled free-stone wall, that it was impossible to approach without artillery. The order was given to turn the position, and to walk by the houses; we therefore beat a retreat, a little precipitately, into the crossing

I entered one of these streets at the same time as about thirty of the com-batants, soldiers of the line, mobile guards and national guards of the Provinces; the rest of the column, thrown into disorder, sought a cover beyond the first barricade carried by The street in which we marched

was so contiguous to the formidable barricade that we were still in the midst of the atmosphere of smoke produced by the general discharge: I comprehended suddenly that we rested on the ground of the insurrection, and that we would be taken if the defenders of the barricade, freeing themselves from the obstacle, attempted an offens-

ive return. I would wish that words could paint as rapidly as the facts I am about to All that was as prompt as thought.

In a damp and gloomy courtyard, on the bloody straw, the Sisters of Charity had established an ambulatory hospital They were ignorant to which of the parties this corner of the earth be longed; they knelt near the wounded; soldiers, mobile guards, insurgents, or national guards, they dressed the wounded, praying to God for them. Sullen and overspent, the men, just now so terrible, abandoned themselves to the hands of these poor girls.

When, with one glance of the eye, saw what I have written so slowly, two soldiers of the line brought in a mobile guard, whose shoulder had been shattered by a ball, and who sent forth piteous cries. He was a youth of sixteen years, with blue eyes, fair hair

and fresh complexion. A Sister of Charity, bent over a dying insurgent, rose up, supported the young man in her arms, and tore off his tunic quickly; she still held the uniform of the youth in her hand, when a band of insurgents issued tumultuously from the house which faced the ambulance, and of which the door had just fallen at our feet. The chief of that band, clad with a blue blouse, carried a hunting knife at his red girdle, a handkerchief rolled round his head; his mouth, blackened by the cartouches, gave him a strange ap-pearance of ferocity. He saw before all the uniform of the mobile guard in the hands of the Sister of Charity; she had turned her back to me, and her face was hidden from me.
"Traitor," cried the insurgent,

with a horrible imprecation, "thou

Then he threw himself upon the mobile guard; the Parisian youth, couched on his back, got up, seeking to shun the blade of the hunting knife; the man had thrown upon the ground

his discharged fusee. Raising herself, the Sister of Charity made the sign of the cross, and placed herself in front of the insur gent. But he was no longer a manvengeance, intoxication, perhaps— and he struck the Sister of Charity with the blade of his cutlass. reeled, and, falling on her knees near the noble guard, she wished to protect him still with her body, for already the

blade was raised for the second time. Then a provincial national guard flung himself between the Sister and the assassin. With one stroke of the bayonet he extended the insurgent at his feet, whilst the blade of the cutlass, directed toward the Sister, broke itself upon the cartridge box of the guard

From both sides the fusillade menced; they shot each other with the muzzles to the opposing breasts; they battled hand to hand, and very shortly the smoke became so thick that could no longer distinguish friends from enemies. But not a cry, not a word. They lasted only two minutes, but they were two terrible minutes. The onset was heard by our troops, and anguish. On the side of the inclined then the military tramp was heard; the chasseurs a foot appeared at the

us. Then a well-directed bullet cipitated themselves into the house smashed the roofs and the shooters, whence they came, barricading themselves in it.

Swept away by the breeze, the smoke began to ascend; between the two blue clouds, which cur! upward into space, I saw Sister Martha on her knees, with blood on her breast, her countenance calm : standing near her, leaning upon his fusee, I saw the trooper, Joseph Meyer, who also looked up

o to heaven with her. God had permitted that the Sister of Charity might preserve the soldier, and which vulpine foes rage in vain, and that the soldier might serve the Sister of Charity.

Joseph Meyer again, who for a long time I had believed dead. I learned from him how, by dint of matching time I had believed dead. I learned within. In Scotland Problem Before his departure from Paris, time I had believed dead. I learned from him how, by dint of watchings, of cares, of charity — charity of prayers, charity of flowers, charity o words, charity of tears, charity of hopes, Sister Martha had restored him

to life. During fifteen months Sister Martha disputed with death for the poor soldier who was unknown to her. For that man, poor as she was, ignorant as she was, the Sister was prodigal of the treasures of charity. Sometimes, in the spring, it was a ray of the sun that with difficulty she directed around him, to make his heart young again; in the winter, she brought some vine branches, which crackled on the hearth, and of which the sparkles, dancing idly, re-awakened in the memory of Joseph happy recollections, for he smiled; in summer, Sister Martha had mellow fruit for the poor soldier.

The succor of science might have been powerless, the tears of the family might have been insufficient: charity worked the miracle.

Joseph Meyer at last retook the road so his native village, carrying away in the bottom of his knapsack the image of St. Joseph, rudely engraved in lead, which Sister Martha had got blessed for him. In this knapsack the Sister slipped some large woollen stockings. that the traveller might not be cold in crossing the Vosges.

"Joseph," said she to him, on the day of departure, "be ye always char-

When my soldier had finished his recital, I thought of what Father Lacordaire said: "The religious science is learned by the study of the

religious phenomena. That idea brought me back again to the sprig of herbage and the insect then to the Cathedral of Notre Dame of Paris, and to the people I had seen there—illustrious people, rich people, learned people, and who, perhaps, can comprehend the difference which God has put between alms and

Joseph Meyer had told me of his happiness. A happy husband, father of a charming family, laborious workman, he saw comfort surrounding his homestead as with a frame, and joy springing up around him. A man of virtue and courage, he had not hesitated in the hour of danger to the country; tearing himself from his family, he seized his fusee, and has-tened to the call of France. God had recompensed him. — Translated from the French, by John Stawal.

IMPORTANT RELIGIOUS MOVE-MENT IN ENGLAND.

Lord Halifax Working for Reunion With Rome.

The Church Times, London, Eng., Feb. 15, contains the full text of a re markable address delivered before the Church Union Society of England by Lord Halifax, President of the afore The article numbers about twelve thousand words, and is, in the opinion of the London Times, the most important article respecting the reunion of the Church of England with the Roman Catholic Church that has appeared in a century. Coming from one of the soundest thinkers and most eloquent speakers in the Church of England, it is destined to create a movement which may result in a practicable reunion on the basis proposed y Leo XIII."

In the opening of his address, Lord Halifax lays the axe at the roots of the Branch Theory of Anglicanism" in

he following eloquent words "When for controversial purposes it is attempted to discover an origin for the English Church other than that of Rome, or to prove that England from the earliest times down to the ixteenth century was not united to Rome by the closest links of an external unity and a common faith, those who are acquainted with the facts are tempted to doubt our honesty or at east the trustworthiness of our hisorical methods.

Speaking of the unity of the Church, further on in the article, he says: The unity of the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ lasted one thousand five hundred years. For one thousand five hundred years men might talk of the Church of England, the Church of France or the Church of Spain, but all knew that as there was but one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism and one Eucharist, so there was but one Church, and all looked to Rome as the great central See, grouped around which the different Churches were supported in the profession of a common faith, by link of an external authority which, binding them to itself, bound them close to one another.

JAMES I. AND THE PRIMACY OF THE POPE.

Referring to the primacy of St. Peter, Lord Halifax says, that King James I., of England, "owned the Pope as Patriarch of the West," saying, in a speech delivered in 1603," Let him be Primus Episcoporum inter Episcopos Friend.

and merit.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

and the ball struck at random among end of the street, the insurgents pre- or Princeps Episcoporum, so that it be

We can not, if we would, shut our eyes to the fact that there is in Great Britain and Germany a rising tide of opinion which is setting towards what Cardinal Gibbons has aptly termed "The Faith of Our Fathers." The scattered sheep wandering in the wil-derness of doubt and dissent have heard the voice of the great shepherd of the sheepfold, and are longing for the peace of that strong fold against against which the gates of hel prevail. Established Church is

within. In Scotland, Presbyterian ministers admit that Presbyterian ism has no hold upon more than 10 per cent. of the people, and that the doc-trines of Calvin, Knox and others of that ilk are scorned and contemned by the brightest and best of the young men and women of Scotland and that part of the north of Ireland settled by the Presbyterians-the drift is towards the Catholic Church or infidelity. In Germany, the Protestant sects, in the opinion of many Protestant ministers and professors of Lutheran theology, steeped in agnosticism, and the people are drifting to sensuality and paganism. There was a time when American-Protestant theological students were sent to Berlin, for a finishing course in theology, but to day, Protest ant ministers throughout the United States would as soon think of sending students to a small-pox hospital as to the so-called theological schools of Ger-many, which are the hot houses of materialism and all manner of ungodliness. The present condition of the Protestants in Germany was foreseen by that wonderful man of gigantic brain power, Leibuitz, who, in a letter to Bossuet, on the subject of reunion with the Church of Rome, said, "Reunion will yet take place; it is the will of God." Bossuet, in a letter written on the 12th of August, 1671, "expresses a hope that the time is not distant when all Germany shall rejoice in the restoration of Catholic unity In 1824, Bishop Doyle, of Kildare, writing of Church reunion in Ireland, said, "The union is not so difficult as may appear to many; the

points of agreement are many. failure will be due more to policy than to a difference of belief.

PRINCES THE FOES OF RELIGIOUS UNITY.

The latest news from England is that Cardinal Vaughan, who is inclined to be sceptical about a reunion with the Church of England, will accompany to Rome the several Eng-lish Catholic Bishops who have been summoned to appear before Leo XIII., and give their views relative to a re union with the Anglican body. The undertaking is very dear to the heart of the Supreme Pontiff, who recently caused to be placed before him the documents filed during the pontificate of Urban VII., who sent many prominent ecclesiastics into England Germany to bring about a reunion, which might have been accomplished but for the wiles of the statesmen of those countries, who, for selfish rea sons, desired to keep the fires of relig ious discord burning. As was well said by one of the Cardinals who visited Germany in 1632 for the purpose of bringing about a reunion, "The foes of religious unity are not, as many suppose, priests, but princes." In this suppose, priests, but princes." In this critical age when everything is weighed, measured, or analyzed, men and women who are sound thinkers are asking themselves is it wise to trust ourselves to so-called religious teachers like chaff who are blown in every wind of vain doctrine, who change their views of doctrines as rapidly as a chameleon changes color And is it not best to knock at the little wicket gate in the Temple of Truth where loyal hearts and true stand ever in the light of God's most holy sight a Let everything that man can do be done to speed the day when there shall be but one Church throughout the world. The humblest can do something toward the work in hand .- G. Wilfred Pearce in Boston Pilot.

CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

A Prominent Chicago Protestant Pre-dicts it Will be the Catholic Church.

At a meeting of the Sunset Club in At a meeting of the Chicago, last Thursday, the subject of discussion was "The Church of the Future." C. C. Bonney, president of Parliament of Religions at the World's Fair, presided and speeches were made by a number of Protestant divines, all pointing to the Church of the future as a liberal Church bound to gether by the fundamental truths of religion. Howard L. Smith, a prominent Protestant, surprised his hearers by predicting that the Church of the future would be the Catholic Church. He based this not sof much on his knowledge of Catholicism. The Church of the future would be due to organization. The Catholic Church, organization. The Catholic Church, he said, would overcome the broken, disorganized sects of Protestantism as easily as the regular army would defeat a mob of strikers. Independence of religion was chaos in religion. each man be his own pope and you have religious anarchy, which is the have religious anarchy, same thing as sectarianism. Catholicism and agnosticism would divide the twentieth century between them.

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London, Saturday, April 13, 1895.

EASTER.

No one cannot but be influenced in some measure by the holy joy of the Easter festival. The lamentations of the past week have given way to canticles of exultation, and the trappings of woe have been changed into the vesture of rejoicing. The voice of the Church that bewailed the sufferings of Christ breaks out into glad, exultant strains extolling the power and glory of the risen God. The glad alleluias that tour heavenwards and all the pomp of ceremony and rubrical majesty give evidence of her joy and happiness, for the Resurrection, is the last and convincing proof that she is divine.

When the body of the Redeemer hung on the cruel nails of the cross so stained and disfigured that Mary could scarce have recognized It save for the unerring instinct of her mother's heart, and when the faithful few who loved Him to the end looked up through blinding tears on the face of the dead Christ, His enemies went back to their homes rejoicing at their triumph. His history was finished. But their joy was of short duration, for on Easter Sunday the Christ whom they fondly hoped to have silenced forever rose glorious and immortal from the dead, and an angel spoke the words: "He is risen : He is not here."

The Resurrection proves that Christ is God. During His life He worked many a wondrous miracle; and though each was sufficient to give testimony of His divinity, yet upon them He did not choose to rest the proof. He staked his entire cause upon His Resurrection. He foretold that He would lay down His life and take it up again on the third day. The Jews marvelled much at His prediction. It was ever present to their minds, and when the divine body was placed in the sepulchre they resolved to prove it filse. No possible measure was neglected. They placed Roman soldiers around the grave, with orders to guard it sle piessly and vigilantly. Anxious they were, for if the Christ indeed came triumphant from the tomb they were in very truth "whitened sepulchres fair without and within full of rottenness and dead men's bones," and they stood before the people without a vestige of authority.

Hour after hour passed by-the third day was approaching, and the body still slumbered. Quiet and peace were calming their troubled hearts, and they looked forward to the hour when in the temple and synagogues they might tell the people that the Nazarene was an imposter and deceiver. But see-there are little groups of men here and there, excited, faceblushed and talking low and earnestly. The word passes from mouth to mouth that the Christ was arisen. They tell the story that never grows old, how at the first dawn of Easter day the women go out to place perfumes and flowers upon the dead body, and they find the heavy stone rolled back, the body not within the sepulchre, and from the lips of an angel they hear the words "He is risen, He is not here."

Hence we can well understand the joy of the Church, for every recurring Easter brings vividly to her mind the divinity of her orign and the inability of hell to accomplish her destruction.

Though this Easter day brings no change in the condition of our Holy Father the Pope, and though men of perverse mind are endeavoring by infidel works to eradicate her teachings from the minds of her children, yet is her courage unfaltering. She cherishes the hope, and justly, that before many Easter days will pass by our Holy Father will again assume the temporal dominion which tyrant hands have despoiled him, and his enemies (as they who tions return upon themselves and their

Of this she is confident, for He who clothed her in the robe of indestructibility proved Himself God. Therefore that word must come to pass; and so she exults and echoes the emphatic Christ, the Son of the Living God," and takes up the triumphant strain taught by her throughout the world: For thou only art holy; Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art Most High in the glory of God the Father."

That Christ rose from the dead has been the belief of ages. The proofs are so plain and evident that an attempt to cast upon it the shadow of a doubt never enlisted the energy of any one deserving of notice, no matter how much prejudiced against Christianity. It remained for modern times to hazard the assertion, as false as it is impious, that it is but a legend or a myth. To defend the assertion they must needs have recourse to arguments ill-becoming to be uttered by reasonable individuals. They tell us that Christ was not really dead when He was placed in the sepulchere and that the ointment employed in the embalming of the body healed the wounds and the chill air of the tomb revived the inanimate. St. John, however, assures us the centurion's lance transfixed the heart: "Forthwith there came out blood and water." That He arose from the dead is beyond doubt. Many times, not in a vision or a dream, but in broad daylight, was He seen by the disciples during the

space of forty days. Deny the Resurrection and the attitude of the Apostles is perfectly inexplicable. How explain the change from craven fear to dauntless courage? What influence transformed them into intrepid preachers fearing neither persecution nor death? Well they know the life that opens out to them, but they enter upon it as gladly as men ever went to marriage feast. There is no possible explanation of the fact unless we admit the Resurrection. A proof of Christ's divinity it is, a pledge also of the resurrection we all hope to have when time is no more, when in the land beyond the spheres we put on the vesture of

MINISTERIAL CALUMNIATORS.

We have been so accustomed to read tissues of calumny emanating from Protestant Ministerial gatherings that we are not at all surprised that at a recent meeting of the Ministerial Association of Montreal, a paper was read by the Rev. W. T. Graham in which the character of St. Ignatius of Loyola, and of the whole Jesuit order, was vilely misrepresented and blackened, and that these misrepresentations were applauded and approved by the ministers present.

In the report of the proceedings as published in the columns of our Montreal contemporary the Witness, we are informed that the general opinion expressed was to the effect that the Rev. Mr. Graham's paper contained ' just such facts as the public needs in these days, and that the best remedy for the evils indicated would be to give the facts to the people:" and it is added that "the association was very strong on this point."

Thus it appears that all Mr. Graham's mis-statements were endorsed by the association, so that thus an importance was given to them which by themselves they would not have pos sessed, inasmuch as the paper con sisted merely of a rehash of all the falsehoods which have at various times been repeated against the Jesuits.

Mr. Graham states that the Jesuits were established for the purpose of counteracting the work of the Reformation. No doubt this was one of the objects which the founder of the order had in view, for the influence of the Church could not be extended without checking the growth of Protestantism, and the checking of Protestantism must necessarily be effected whenever and wherever Catholicism is successfully propagated. To this extent Mr. Graham is correct, but he is wrong in giving it out that the counteracting of Protestantism was the chief object of the order, which was to increase the glory of God in every possible way. always to battle, never to be defeated ; colleges, or by inculcating the prac-, them.

the consummation of time bring her checking of Protestantism, but the the diadem of glory and triumph eter- efforts of the Jesuits extended to the bringing of the knowledge of Christ to heathen nations and converting them to Christianity. In this field extraordinary success followed the efforts of Jesuit missionaries, and converts were numbered by tens of thou. declaration of Peter: "Thou art sands in India, Japan, Africa and America North and South. It is, therefore, a mistake to say that the only or even the chief object of the institution of the Jesuits was to combat Protestantism, though to do this was necessarily one of its objects from the very beginning, simply because it was the primary purpose of Protestantism to combat the Catholic Church. The defence and propagation of the Catholic religion was therefore necessarily associated with a counteracting of the efforts to establish Protestantism throughout Europe. But when it is remembered that both Luther and Melancthon declared that even in their time Protestantism had already degenerated into the throwing off of all the restraints of Christian morality, it is not to be wondered at that a society which had for object the greater glory of God should devote much of its energies to the counteracting of Protestant

> Mr. Graham asserts that a Jesuit is authorized by the principles of his order, "to commit almost any crime without any feeling of guilt." Such an assertion is too ridiculous to need serious refutation. We have the Jesuits in Canada and throughout the United States, but we have yet to learn that even one of the order has ever been found guilty of any crime, whether against the laws of God or man. Surely this would not be the case if there were any particle of truth in Mr. Graham's statements. But, on the other hand, there have been numerous crimes, from polygamy to murder, brought to the door of Mr. Graham's co-laborers in the ministry. Mr. Graham treads on very precarious ground when he makes such assertions against Jesuits. He is simply a calumniator. He has evidently borrowed his facts from the fictions of Eugene Sue and similar writers; but Eugene Sue has the honesty to admit that his stories of Jesuit crime are purely the product of his imagination. Mr. Graham has not the honesty of the atheistical fiction writer.

teachings.

One of the charges brought against St. Ignatius by Mr. Graham is his 'intense and pitiable superstition."

To refute this, it is sufficient to re fer to a work written by the saint for the purpose of leading souls to God-The Spiritual Exercises. This wonderful work is sufficient evidence that the saint knew far more of the true method of serving God then do Mr. Graham and all his confreres together, for altogether they have not produced such a work, showing the most intimate knowledge of the means best adapted cacy of woman's suffrage. Would it to lead man on the way to perfect Of this work of the founder of the Jesuits, another saint has said that it has brought more souls to salvation than it contains letters.

Mr. Graham is also said to have given a list of outrages and persecutions instigated by Jesuits against Protestants and monarchs and nations. As the details are not given, there is no further refutation of this charge needed than to say that it has a familiar sound. We are aware that such charges have been made before, and we have had occasion to refute them in detail in our columns. We need only say here that they have been proved over and over again to be calumnies.

The lecturer also stated that the Jesuit order "had been petted by the Popes: it had also been cursed by the Church. So much for infallibility."

This is simply a falsehood. It was never cursed by the Church nor by the Popes. It was dissolved by a Papal decree, because a Pope was forced, against his will, to issue such a decree. But in this there was no question of Papal infallibility, which extends merely to questions of dogma and morals. It is a mere matter of discipline and expediency whether or not a certain religious order should be preserved in the Church, but the infallibility of the Church is in no way concerned in the matter. The Church existed before the Jesuits, and taught the same doc-For this purpose the maxim adopted by trines which she teaches to-day, and St. Ignatius was "Ad majorem Dei her continuity of doctrine does not degloriam:" ("For the greater glory of pend in any way upon whether the have gone before) will see their maledic- God:") and to this end the Jesuits de- Jesuits exist or not as a religious order. vote their lives. In Europe, the There is, therefore, neither philosophy attacks to come to naught. "The gates natural consequence of defending the nor fact in Mr. Graham's statements, of hell will not prevail against her." Catholic Church, whether through the and the Ministerial Association renders Onwards and upwards she advances, establishment of Catholic schools and itself ridiculous by its endorsement of

A bill has been introduced into the Nova Scotia House of Assembly to grant the suffrage to women, and the usual arguments were used in favor of the measure, the chief one being the inherent equal right of women with men to take part in deciding how the country should be governed.

We by no means deny that women are quite intelligent enough to vote, and in truth many women are far above thousands of male voters in intelligence and honesty and in every quality which goes toward making up the character of a desirable voter, and we have no doubt the general influence which would be exerted if women actually exercised the franchise would be on the side of good morals and honest government. But there is something else to be

considered beside the comparative capacity of men and women to fulfil the duties of citizenship. There are a few women like Susan B. Anthony and others who have undertaken the advocacy of so called "Women's Rights," and who are constantly agitating for the right of women to vote at elections; but we can safely say that there is no general movement on the part of women to obtain this right. If it were granted to morrow the great majority of women would not go to the polls, unless they were dragged thereto by some extraordinary influences. As a result, the influence which women would exert, in fact, would be merely on the side of such principles as are represented by the strong minded class who are known as Women's Rights Advocates. We venture to say that the cause of good government would gain nothing by the franchise being exercised by these people. It is well known that their principles of morality are very lax, and on the marriage question, for example, they are subversive of the ethics of Christianity.

We may be told that the franchise would not be confined to this class of women if the right were once extended to the sex, and that, therefore, those who have correct moral principles would be able to counteract the evil which might be wrought by the class of women voters we have referred to. This may be true in theory, but we feel asured that in practice the demagogic women would have their own. way as far as the voting is concerned. The majority of women do not wish for votes, and would not use them if they had them, or they would be induced to go to the polls only once in a while when it would be proved to them that their votes were then requisite in order to counteract the votes of other women who are less retiring in disposition.

A certain percentage of the sex would undoubtedly use the fanchise if it were extended to them, but they would be chiefly those who even now spend much of their time in the advobe desirable to drag the great body of women into the mire of political campaigning for the sake of pleasing the class of women we have described?

We are decidedly of the opinion that it would not, even if the majority of women would be willing to go to the polls. There is a fitness of things in the natural order which prevents women from taking all the responsibilities of men. We read in classic lore that there were in ancient times a body of Amazons, or female soldiers, who made their mark as warriors, and the King of Dahomey at the present day has a troop of such Amazons; but all civilized countries exempt women from military duty: and it appears to be equally reasonable to exempt them from taking part in political contests.

It is all the more necessary they should be so exempted as the few women who would vote as a rule would not represent the general voice of the romen of the country, most of whom would stay at home; and it is undesirable that the voters' list should be increased by a non-representative class, as would be the case practically if the franchise were extended to women; and that nonrepresentative class would not be the

best class of women. It does not refute our position to say that the franchise is extended now to many voters whom it would be desirable to exclude, either because they lack intelligence or virtue, or that they are open to bribery. There is no human institution faultless, and the present voting system cannot be expected to be perfect in every respect ; but we rely upon the best attainable general results, when all classes of votes aretaken into consideration; and though the classes include men only, the total

always to suffer, never to rejoice until tices of the Catholic religion, was the A WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE BILL. to vote. It can scarcely be supposed selves in accord with popular sentiment all the men will be the source of any legislation unjust to women; and as far as the purity of elections is concerned, they will probably be just as purely conducted as they would be if the franchise were extended to women. At all events there is no likelihood of the proposed Women's Suffrage Bill passing the Nova Scotia Legislature.

EASTER WISHES.

We wish our friends, and enemies, every blessing. Betimes our path is beset by various obstacles incidental to every journalist's, but we are not dismayed, nor are we discouraged. Disputes cease and truth endures. Tempests of animosity will lash the waves of our life into fury, but the same God who long since calmed the troubled sea will, in His good time, quell all tur bulence and there will come a great

DISESTABLISHMENT.

A telegraphic despatch announce that the bill now before the British House of Commons, for the disestablishment of the Church in Wales, has passed its second reading by a majority of 304 to 260, which is a considerably larger majority than was expected for it, no doubt owing to the circumstance that there are members on the Conservative side of the House who are convinced of the injustice of inflicting on the Welsh people a Church in which they do not believe, and which by its oppressive manner of collecting tithes as rendered itself odious to the people, and they are unwilling to perpetuate the monstrous injustice. It would be premature to infer from

this that the bill will become law at once, for there is little, if any, doubt that the Lords will veto it, as they have already done with other measures which had passed the present House of Commons; yet it is not thought possible that the Lords will continue to set themselves in opposition to the will of the people, if, by a new election, the popular mandate be given again to Parliament to pass the measure : and as, on the other hand, there is little reason to doubt that if the issue of disestablishment be put squarely before the people, the verdict will be decisive against the State Church in Wales, with a larger majority against it than there is even now in Parliament, and as it may safely be assumed that the Lords would yield to the will of the people thus plainly expressed, we may safely conclude not only that disestablishment in Wales is near at hand, but that the whole question of the State Church will be taken up before long and that the Church of England itself will soon cease to exist as a State Church.

The Church of England has long ceased to be the Church of a majority of the people, and it has consequently been sustained only by the powerful influence of the aristocracy, against the persistent assaults made upon it of late years by the Nonconformists, who clination on the part of the majority are rapidly increasing in numbers and in Manitoba to grant the justice depower.

The constant dropping of water will wear out the hardest stones, and so the Church will scarcely be able to resist much longer the herculean efforts now being made to bring it to a level with the other churches of the kingdom, and to let it stand as a voluntary institution, depending for its maintenance on the good-will of those who have confidence in its ministrations.

There is no doubt that it is a general feeling with the Bishops of the Church that the present agitation for disestablishment in Wales is an indication that a similar agitation will soon be raised for complete disestab. lishment, and this is the reason why most strenuous efforts are being made to avert the storm which is surely coming. Nevertheless it is positively asserted that there are many, even among those who belong to the Church, who are of the belief that it is an injustice to impose it upon the whole nation; and this is especially true when the case of Wales is considered, where not more than one fourth of the population belong to the Establishment. Yet it was scarcely expected that the advocates of disestablishment in Wales would find recruits among the clergy of the Church it is proposed to disestab lish. Nevertheless it is confidently asserted that such is the case, and a re cent issue of the Christian World asserts that, not withstanding the opposition of the Bishops to disestablishment, a very large proportion; of the Welsh clergy are really in favor of the measure, which they think would make the is really more representative of gen- Church more acceptable to the people eral opinion than would be the case if of the principality. It requires great May 9th, ostensibly that the matter the advocates of women's suffrage were courage in the clergy to declare them- may be considered before a teply be

on this subject, yet many have done this strongly and clearly. The Chris. tian World go so far as to assert that

"It is a notorious fact that three out of four of the Welsh clergy who have taken Holy Orders during the last ten or fifteen years are ardent Welsh Nationalists, and as such are longing for the day when the Welsh Church shall be set free from the trammels of State control."

If these representations are strictly true-and there is very strong reason to believe that they are—the time when Disestablishment will be granted to Wales cannot be far distant.

The only serious opposition which will be offered in Parliament to the Disestablishment Bill which is now before the House of Commons, will proceed from the House of Lords, but it is expected that this opposition will be removed by the circumstances already alluded to above, the popular mandate which is sure to be given at the next general election.

Among the people generally there will be little regret, even if the wider measure of total Disestablishment become law; for there is a growing feeling that the Establishment is one of the greatest obstacles in the way of effecting great political reforms. It has been remarked that, as a rule, the clergy of the National Church have opposed all the great reforms which have been effected in the interest of the mass of the people, and the impression has gained ground that if the condition of the masses is to be ameliorated, the only way by which this can be effected is by taking from the clergy the immense political power they enjoy through the fact that the Church is an institution of the State, and is maintained by the State.

THE SITUATION IN MANITOBA.

The news has been telegraphed from Winnipeg that in all the Protestant churches of the city sermons were delivered on the school question of the Province on the first Sunday after the reception of the remedial order sent by the Dominion Government, and calling attention to the fact that the Catholics of the Province have been aggrieved by the Provincial School Legislation, and requesting the Manitoba Government to remove the causes

of just complaint. The tenor of all the sermons is said to have been that the Manitoba legislation must not be interfered with by the Dominion Government and Parliament, which is equivalent to saying that the grievances of the Catholics are not to be redressed.

In the face of these and declarations to the same effect made by members of the Government of Manitoba, Catholics have been advised by many Ontario journals to rest satisfied with what reparation may be made by Manitoba itself for the injury inflicted on the Catholic educational system.

In reply to all recommendations of this kind, we have to say that there is no evidence that there is any in manded by Catholics, and the advice so ostentatiously tendered to us by our contemporaries is not one which we can honorably or conscientiously fol-

It has now been settled by the highest judical authority in the Empire that Catholic rights have been unjustly interfered with, and it is the duty of all honest and loyal citizens to unite with us in demanding that the rights which have been taken from our coreligionists in the Western Province

be restored. We shall be quite content if Manitoba itself restore those rights, but if they are not restored by Manitoba it devolves upon us as a duty to demand justice from the Dominion Government and Parliament, and we shall not cease from so doing until that justice be obtained.

We are glad to be able to say that there are some among the Protestants of Manitoba who counsel moderation, and advise that justice be done; but the majority, strong in the conviction that local brute force will prevail, are at present declaring that the justice asked for must not be conceded. We must say once for allithat we shall not cease to agitate this matter until the fullest reparation be made for the injuries inflicted, and we shall jealously watch the course of the Dominion Government to secure that justice.

The Manitoba Government, in spite of its braggadocio that it will yield nothing even to the decision of the Imperial Privy Council, has so far come down from its lefty position that the Legislature has been adjourned till made to the demand of the Government of the Dominion. We hope that it may come to a more rational conclusion than it seems ready to adopt; but if not, all the methods supplied by the Constitution for the protection of minority rights must be used to secure a just and peaceful solution of the problem; and that solution must include the complete restoration of the rights which have been violated in defiance of the solemn promises made to the people of Manitoba to induce them to become members of the Canadian Confedera-

THE KNOWNOTHINGS.

We have much pleasure in publish ing the following article, copied from the Boston Herald. Although it treats of the condition of affairs prevailing in the United States, brought about by the A. P. A. movement, it is also applicable to Canada, as we have in the Dominion a prototype of that peculiar organization.

We are somewhat surprised that our American friends have not ere this sung the funeral obsequies of the Know-nothing creation, as we in Canada have already given it a very respectable burial. This might be accounted for by the fact that Uncle Sam possesses in his territory a much larger quantity of the unlovely element which has left European coun tries, bearing away with it the fond hope on the part of the better classes of those countries that it will never return. Canada, too, has supplied its quota, in the shape of North of Ireland Orangemen: to which fact the States of New York, Michigan and Illinois

can bear witness. There is a very comical aspect to this movement in Canada. Not long since a large number of individuals were to be found craving for an opportunity to shed their blood for Protestantism. These same people, now that the political weathercock has veered in another direction, are willing to swear by all that is holy that the Pope is not such a bad man after all.

The following is the article from the Herald (edition of March 29):

The assurance of some individuals and newspapers in arrogating to themselves in a pharisaical manner a special amount of virtue, and by comparison consigning all others to condemnation, is receiving present exmovement. It takes a number of phases. For example, one of our New York contemporaries advertises the defends "the Amer ican constitution, the American idea the American spirit—these first last and all the time, forever." I might be assumed from this emphatic declaration that the other New York papers were defending the Chinese constitution, the German idea and the Mexican spirit, and that the only simon pure national journal was the

one making this claim. This is, as we say, only one phase of the proverbial "Codlin, not Short," spirit, which elsewhere exhibits itself in the gathering of a few hundred individuals who are seriously disturbed lest some unknown invaders, headed ordinarily by the Pope of Rome, shall come into this country and overthrow its institutions. These excited in dividuals have discovered a vast con spiracy; they have found out in some occult manner that they are the only devoted friends of their country, and that the rest of their fellow-countrymen are, in the main, traitors to its constitution and eager workers for its over The governments, local and national, seem to be mainly in hands of emissaries of the Pope; the newspapers, except one or two that have received esoteric enlightenment, are controlled and edited by Jesuits. and, in fact, the whole body politic is diseased from the crown of its head to the soles of its feet, with the exception of this little saving remnant of pure and undefiled patriots.

Of course, these individuals, journal ists as well as preachers, who take themselves with this astonishing amount of seriousness can hardly be expected to realize that if matters have come to such a pass that the great mass of our people, the government and the organs of public opinion are hopelessis of public opinion are hopelessly foreignized, are no longer American, but are anything that one pleases other than American, then logically they might as well accept the fact that this no longer America, but some other untry. We are living under what are assumed to be free and representative institutions, and in the long run the opinions and wishes of the majority are certain to prevail or, to look backward, may be said to have prevailed, so that the country and nation, such as it is and as it finds expression through its government, its news papers and its public men generally must be what the majority of the people desire. If this condition, what-ever it may be, is un-American, and and the only pure American ideals those entertained by recently formed secret organizations, then the entire community, from Maine to California, must be a good deal like the little old woman who discovered when her dog did not recognize her that she was not herself, but somebody else.

As a matter of fact, no movement which seeks to set one class of our

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people against the other, no leaders who assume an extra and uncalled for degree of holiness, can have with us any permanent force in shaping events. No section, no class and no religion is above reproach, and fortunately in all can be found those virtues which, if properly utilized, may be fairly called redeeming. We are here in this land to make the best of our opportunities, not by endeavoring to discover points of antagonism and by fighting each other, but by trying to find, if we can, points of resemblance and causes for united service. Now and then a time comes when the love of country demands the utmost sacrifices that can be made, when life and fortune have to be freely offered if national existence is to be maintained. But professions of high devotion-which are so easily made when there is no demand for anything but lip service-count for nothing, and at the present time the ones who best love their country are those who exhibit their devotion to her welfare by doing all that in them lies to aid the cause of efficient and hones government, and to improve the social and industrial well-being of the too often unregarded millions of their fellow-countrymen.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In making reference to the by-elec tion in Quebec West the Chronicle of that city observes that that division having been always represented by an Irishman, it hopes there will be no departure from that custom. Regarding this the Toronto Mail and Empire says that an Irish party is something the existence of which the ancient capital would have difficulty in justifying. It would indeed be a lovely condition of affairs were all our people to go to the poils and vote as Canadians; but for the existence of such class distinctions as now prevail amongst us the Irish, we feel bound to say, are less responsible than any other element in the Dominion. Throughout the whole of Ontario, but more especially in the cities, to be an Irishman (unless of the Belfast type) is a very great source of weak ness at the polling booths. Our Torofito contemporary must surely know that there is no city in America in which an Irishman, unless of the Orange type, stands so little chance of being elected to any position of prominence as in Toronto. This being the case, it ill becomes it to criticize the remarks of the Quebec Chronicle.

PROVINCIAL rights has become a fet ish with the Toronto Globe in discussing the Manitoba difficulty. We cannot fairly say that our contemporary is actuated by any unfriendly motive towards Catholics, in view of the course it has taken for some years past in Ontario politics. So firmly wedded is our Toronto contemporary to what it calls provincial rights, that one would suppose there could not possibly be any such thing as provincial wrongs. The whole question resolves itself into this: The Province of Manitoba has broken, deliberately and without cause, the agreement which it solemnly made when it was organized into a province of the Dominion. If nations are justified in breaking treaties, if corporations and privat individuals are justified in receding from solemn obligations when it appears to them advantageous so to do, then the province of Manitoba is justified in its course in regard to the Catholic schools. Our contemporary must surely recognize the fact that there must be a point at which provincial rights end and provincial wrongs begin. The Globe has all along argued, when attacks were made upon the Separate school system of Ontario, that the Confederation compact should be adhered to. An equally binding agreement was made by the Province of Manitoba. If that Province, then, were within its right in violating its obligations, would it not, by the same course of reasoning, be a provincial right were Ontario to follow in its footsteps?

> AN A. P. A. conspiracy has been detected in the Post Office of Savannah, Georgia, wherein the sharers in the plot signed a document pledging them selves to stand by each other, and not report each other's errors. They were to support each other in every way possible, and to secure the dismissal of Catholic employees by clandestine methods and hostile reports. Colored employees were to be attacked by similar methods, and it was the say ing among the conspirators that "Cath olics and coons must go." But the plan did not work smoothly, and the conspiracy was discovered accidentally through hints let fall by one of the employees whose case of dereliction of duty was being investigated by the postmaster. It was discovered that part of the plan consisted in mixing up of the plan consisted in mixing up dates back almost to the beginning of

certain mails, and thereby bringing time; when I began walking across Catholic employees into trouble, through complaints to be made to the postmaster-general. The result has been the dismissal of a clerk named E. S. Payge, who drew up the document which the plotters signed, and sought to obtain signatures thereto. A society which is known as the Junior Order of American Mechanics, which has the same objects as the A. P. A., is implicated also in the infamous conspiracy. Would it not be well if our Canadian postmaster general were to keep his eyes open for deviltries of this kind? If an investigation were set on foot it would not take him long to discover that some of our Candain postoffices are honeycombed with this vagabond-

It is stated that the Holy Father expresses great confidence that the political obstacles which prevent the reunion of the Eastern and Western Churches will ultimately be removed and the desired union brought about. He exhorts Catholics to pray earnestly for this object, which will be of great benefit to religion, and will give to all nations a new religious life.

THROUGH the intervention of Mgr. Satolli, the Pope's Delegate to the United States, cordial relations have been re-established between the Holy See and the Government of Nicaragua. an envoy having been sent by the Nicaraguan Government to Rome, and a better understanding having been established between the civil and religious authorities of Nicaragua. There had been considerable friction between the two authorities, and a number of priests and many members of religious orders had been exiled by the Government; but under the newly established arrangement there is good ground for believing that the proscription will be shortly removed.

Dr. JOSEPH ZEMP, the President of the Swiss Republic, is a practical Catholic and not merely a Catholic in name. An interesting fact has been authentically related of him recently which proves this. He came to the church of Berne to go to confession, and as the other penitents recognized him, they offered with one accord to make room for him, but he requested them to retain their places, and waited patiently for two hours till his turn came to enter the confessional. During the time while he was thus waiting he recited the rosary with great devotion setting a good example to other prominent Catholics.

MEMORIES OF HOLY WEEK IN ROME.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

Rome has become an unholy spot Lent is as gay as possible; and majority of folk one meets in the in-numerable churches of the city have Bradshaws in their hands in place of I positively read the prayer-books. bills of eight theatres open on the night of Ash Wednesday! It is thus that the modern Roman humbles himself, and the spectacle has ceased to stonish me. Mask balls and c by the innumerable itinerant artists, are placarded all over the town. short, Lent is a trifle gayer than the Carnival,—and that is saying some-thing. But for the almanac I, for one, would never have suspected that it was season of penance.

Finding it utterly impossible to real ize the solemnity of the occasion, or to follow the faithful who every day dur ing the forty days of penance some one of the churches, that in their turn receive the worshippers with special services, I went my way lamenting my too late pilgrimage to the Capital of Christendom; and thus lamenting stumbled upon Holy Week with a delightful thrill of surprise. Now, I thought, we shall reform for a few days at least, and then Rome may do what it pleases without danger of

shocking any one.
But not so. The celebrated Miserere was given at the Sala Dante in concer form, and it was not sung at the Vati Then it was repeated can as of yore. by request, and the operatic troupesthree of them-ran a heavy opposition The theatres were also open, even on Good Friday; and this is one of the results of the "liberation of Italy." is liberal, in the fullest sense of the vord; and I realize it more and more the longer I stay here and the later chance to be in the streets at night.

I don't propose to say anything abou "World's Cathedral," thorne calls St. Peter's. I may per-haps be allowed to suggest that when anybody pronounces it a disappoint-ment, the fault lies in his eyes or his heart, and not in that fascinating shrine of light and color and form and music. I don't know how to express myself, and I won't try. I do know that when I entered the great columns, that seemed to melt one into but columns as far as the eye could see; when I saw those two great

this wide arena, it didn't seem so very far up to the gates of St. Peter's--you can hardly call those triumphal en-trances mere doors. But as I walked the building grew and grew, and kept receding; and I thought it would end by filling that side of the earth, and I should never get there, or perhaps fear to approach so vast and majestic That was the first impres Then came the moment when sion. in under the leathern

curtain that hung at one of the entrances; and 1 saw nothing but space, musical with the harmony of form and color - space that didn' waste itself in deserts, or grow monot onous, or fatigue the eye; but rather space that enriched itself and strength ened itself and glorified itself with infinite art. There was the sweetest subtlest odor of incense pervading it it was like the visible prayer of a multitude that no man might number was the only element that could po sibly fill that fixed firmament. And it passed like a cloud from aisle to aisle it faded away in hidden chapels, and returned again on the soft currents of air that love to visit every remote re cess of the heavenly temple

It was impossible to face all this and not feel awed. Yet there was neither nook nor corner to hide in ; for on the one hand is a marble saint, who belittles the greatest man who ever lived, with the white and silent splendor of its face and form; and on the other hand is a tomb, over which angels watch or beside which mourners weep and everywhere there are pale doves, with calm, wakeful eyes, and cherubim and seraphim; and above all the domes -not the one dome that crowds up into heaven itself, but smaller domes, full of gold and silver and jewels, such as one dreams of and none hope to see. Chapels everywhere come into view rom serene and sacred seclusions. Lights twinkle like stars - lights that eem to float in the air and feed on it. Here is a priest at Mass, with his little cluster of worshipful souls kneeling about him; and then a procession of seminarians pass slowly down the nave, in their long, dark robes. In the distance, black objects are moving to and fro; they seem like little shadows thrown upon the marble floor of the "World's Cathedral;" but they are in reality men and women, stalk ing about with eye-glasses and guide books, and proud, shallow hearts, and evil tongues, who come hither for an hour or two and look about, and then go hence to talk glibly and foolishly of their disappointment.

I don't know how many times I have journeyed over the Tiber and into the edge of Rome, where stands St. Peter's. I am glad that I have lost my reckoning; for it is pleasant to think I have done it again and again, until it is hard to stop away from the ever-new, ever - increasing beauty. seven days of Holy Week I went daily; but the last day of the seven and the Easter Sunday that followed were in nowise less lovely than the first hour of my communion there. It is not this chapel or that monument, nor the gorgeous shrine of the revered saint, nor the awful and splendid dome, that attracts chiefly. It is the inexhaust ible resources of the marvellous place that make one loath to leave, for fear that one has missed something, or i about to miss something. And, then, the atmosphere of the cathedral is so It is said the temperature delicious. never changes: that in summer, when Rome is sweltering, the unhappy ner who is not able to go into the hills may come hither and get something of the sweetness and the freshness of the mountain air; and in winter, v there is hail and sleet and a bitter wind out of doors, within there is peace and the mellowness of And there is ever the throng of those who go up into this sacred hill to pray, mingled with the chant of sweet and far-away voices, that seems to awaken a chorus on the marble lips of these singing and praiseful faces. And the swinging censer throws out a little cloud of fragrant incense, that passes lightly from column to column, sanctifying all it visits, and slowly making the circuit of the magnetic girdle that

hems this holy hall. Dickens didn't like St. Peter's. Poor Dickens! who, like so many other tourists, rushed in and rushed out, and was tull of disappointment because it hadn't staggered him within the few minutes he allotted it for that very purpose. But who expects these people to like it? Bless their hearts, that great curtain at the portals of St. Peter's flaps to and fro perpetually and the marble sky of the dome, that looks as light as air and as fine as spun sunshine, soars over the marble floor, where these thousands of little crawling creatures are clustering like ants. Can a mind in a body of that size com prehend so awful a miracle as this at one sitting? I should say not. As for me, I have learned that St. Peter's is the one solitary magnet that can ever hope to draw me back to Rome, and I believe it might. For it, and it alone, I would sink every other object in this suffocating museum of antiquities. Yea, I would throw in a half dozen dreary, dingy, dusty Coliseums, if I had them, and feel that I had made bargain.

I began this letter intending to say nothing about St. Peter's but I have betrayed myself. I meant to say someconcerning the ceremonies of Holy Week, but I will not. I prefer piazza, with its horizon of stone to be consistent, and here the matter ends. Crowds of people flocked daily another until there was nothing left to the cathedral, and still the place seemed comparatively empty; I cannot conceive of its ever being full, under

guages talked in voices that sounded unnecessarily loud; but there is little use in feeling shocked at anything in

While the Masses were being celein the various chapels, while the confessionals wherein all Christian tengues are spoken were being visited penitents, while the sacred relics were being exposed in one of the gal leries under the great dome, the forestieri stalked about and regarded every thing with indelicate, not to say im I wonder why pudent, curiosity. gentlemen are always so ill-bred and why ladies are so vulgar? I have seen a woman with a loud American accent sit on the steps of an altar in St. Peter's and study her guide book with an eye-glass; while her companion made wild gestures with his um brella, and smiled a superior smile that grew unpleasantly like a grin as the muscles of his face began to harden. Meanwhile a priest who was kneeling at the altar in prayer was driven from his post, and the foreigners were left to their diversions.

Again and again I have seen a small party of tourists gather about the statue of St. Peter, looking with ill disguised disgust at the faithful who were kissing the toe of it. I am afraid I took a sinful pride in kissing that toe whenever I saw this sort of thing coming on. You can usually tell it by the eyes glass if it is a male, or by a prim travelling dress and a camp-stool if it is a female. A fellow with excessively bad legs stalked before me on one occasion during the exposition of the relies; and when I desired him to stand a little to one side - for as l was kneeling it was but just that he should have shown this considerationhe deliberately eyed me for a moment, and then ignored me. Had it been other than a church that we were in, I

might have expressed an opinion. Perhaps these people don't consider that it is not the custom of others who differ from them in any point of faith to go over the land haunting, like pestilence, the sanctuaries that of course they cannot reverence. Prob ably this distressing class is not troubled with much reason or rever ence or religion. This is the unavoidable nuisance that stinks in the nostrils of every man who comes to Rome, or to any foreign city, for the purpose of seeing it as it is and enjoying it to the best of his ability.

On one occasion I happened to be when I was resting in St. Peter's, attracted by the lusty lungs of a small baby who objected to infant baptism. There were a half dozen spectators watching the ceremony with con-siderable interest; and as the priest anointed the eyes and touched the lips of the youngster with oil and salt, a sallow and withered specimen of the forestieri, who stood by me, with her arm in the arm of one of her kind, turned about with a jerk and said, in an audible voice—they nearly all talk too loud: "The nasty thing! He put oil in its eyes and salt in its mouth. I'd teach him better, I guess !' And I thought to myself, my unfor tunate friend, God is merciful. The softest glance from your ill-favored eyes is not so soft as that drop of oil, and salt is probably sweeter than your smile. We had no conversation after that .- Ave Maria.

ORIGIN OF A DEVOTION.

Practice Inaugurated by Mary Deve-lops Into the Way of the Cross.

Tradition tells us that after Christ's scension the Blessed Virgin was won daily to travel from Pilate's house to Calvary, along the way over Dean Harris, of St. Catharines, anthor of "Early Missions in Western Canada," a work of much eradition and research, has as she thus, amid those silent witnesses of the passion, meditated on the sufferings of her Divine Son? Must not every sight of the pillar at which He was scourged, of the tribune whereon He was mocked, of the spots whereon which Jesus bore the cross, and that He was mocked, of the spots whereon He fell, of the way marked by His blood, of the nails that transfixed Him and of the cross whereon He died, of the grave wherein He was buried, have been a sword which pierced her loving heart? How must her bleeding heart have melted in sympathy with her suffering Son! oh, how she must have prayed that His sufferings and His death might not be for sinners in vain!

These pilgrimages were noticed The sorrowful Mother was not permitted to make them alone. The holy women and disciples of our Lord ac companied her, praying in the spirit

Fount of love and holy sorrow.
Mother! may our spirit borrow
Somewhat of thy woe profound;
Unto Christ with pure emotion
Raise our contrite hearts' devotion—
Love to read in every wound!

Thus the practice inaugurated by Mary grew into a devotion which has led Christians to hold in veneration every place in Palestine identified with our Saviour. The devotion spread until every one who had a favor to expect or a transgression to expiate vowed to visit the Holy Land. Pilgrimages to Jerusalem became daily more frequent and numerous. piously inclined resolved to spend their lives in the practice of mortification and prayer, where the very surroundings would constantly speak to them the events in their Divine Master's life and death.

With the growth of Christianity the remoteness of certain peoples rendered for them a journey to Jerusalem so fraught with expense, difficulty, danger and sometimes disorder that many pious souls found it inadvisable, if not well nigh impossible, to make a pilgrimage there.

that were called into the vineyard at the eleventh hour received as much as those "who bore the heat and labor of the day," so the same just Lord decreed that those who could visit Jerusalem only in spirit should receive the same graces as those who were privi-leged to do so in person, and by the erection of the Stations of the Cross (or pictures representing our Lord's journey to Mount Calvary), every Catholic church became a Jerusalem to all souls who there sought the graces and Indulgences of the Holy City.—Very Rev. D. I. McDermott in Our Lady of Good Counsel.

The Long Ago.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river Time, As it runs through the realms of tears. With a faultless rhythm and musical rhym And a broader sweep, and a surge subline, And blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of And the summers like buds between, And the years in the sheaf so they come and they go.

There is a magical Isle up the river Time.
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a Vesper chime.
And the June's with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago, And we bury our treasures there. And we bury our treasures there. There are brows of beauty and bosoms of Snow—
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so.
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings.
And a part of an infant's prayer.
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without
strings.
There are broken bows, and pieces of rings,
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy

shore
By the mirage is lifted in air.
And we sometimes hear through the tarbulent roar.
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for any be the bleased isle, All the day of life till night When the evening comes with its beautiful smile And our eyes are closing to alumber a while, May that " greenwood" of soul be in sight.

-Editor's Drawer, Marper's Monthly, July 1851.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

IN ST. JOHN, N. B.

At St. John, N. B., in all the Catholic churches on Sunday, there was special reference to the feast of St. Pistrick.

High Mass was e-sebrated in the cathedrah by the Rev. A. Rebichaud, assisted by the Rev. T. Casey and A. O Neill. Bishop Sweeney was present. Father Casey ably expounded the lessons to be derived from the life and labors of Irelant's quotile.

The Right Rev. Monsignor Compolly, V. G., preached on St. Patrick, in the church of St. John the Baptist.

The Right of St. Patrick, in the church of St. John the Baptist.

At High lass in 9t. Peter's church, sele-brated by the Rev. Those, A. Donahue, C. H. R., assisted by fathers foundingham and Krien, the sermod was preached by Father Brien.

An unusually large congregation attended the Vesper service in Holv Trinity charch Sunday evening, when the Kev. A. O'Neith of the cathedral, edivered, a panegyric on St. Patrick.

Sunday evening, when the Rev. A. O'Neill, of the cathedral, delivered a panetyric on St. Patrick.

In the church of the Assemption, Carleton, the Rev. J. J. O'Donovan preached at High Mass on Ireland a patrent sair.

On Sunday evening, sharpen sair.

On Sunday evening sair of the content was given in St. Patricks and, Carleton, for the benuit of the orphan anylum. It was a great success, as are all o'Father O'Donovan's entertainments. The oreal adolests included such talented singers as Minese Fulhs having have been and like Meanalty; Meesra, J. Kelly, James McCarron, Hugh Chapbells and F. McCarforty.

County President Ferguson presided at the banquet given in the bad of Division No. 1, A. O. H., Monday evening. About one hundred members and friends of the society sat down to supper Among these present were Mayor Deliverson, Dr. Doherty, M. McCade, E. J. Hetche, J. Kelly, C. S. Cancron, P. Tole, P. Galagher, J. F. Ashe, T. Esickham, J. F. Galakher, J. Stillivan, T. O'Brinn, S. J. Haley, Thos. Hurns, J. Grady, J. P. Owens, C. L. Doherty, P. Murphy, W. Hogan, J. Galakher, J. F. Mailay, E. Finnigan and Br. Maher, The speeches were interspessed with songs by Win Wallace, J. F. Ashe, W. McCarthy, H. Campbell, C. K. Cameron, 1984 a recitation by Dr. Burns.

The Opera House was crowded Monday evening when the devents.

bell C. K. Cameron sais a translation of the Soung.

The Opera House was crowded Monday evening when the dramatic glub of the Young Men's Society of St. Joseph presented.

O'Rourke's Triumph. The performance was one of the best syen given by the club. The play was admirably presented, and the entertainment was very creditable to all con-

"THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE NIAGARA PENINSULA."

nounces, will be a Various action and peneral history—si it is, of course, more particularly to the Econan Catholic history—of the province, and will add materially to the already established reputation of the author. Beginning with the Franciscan triar Daillon, who, in 1626, visited the great Neutral tribes whose hunting grounds stretched from the Genesee to the Detroit narrows, the dean traces, with his characteristic skill and accuracy, the history of the Roman Catholic Church in the Miagara peninsula down to the present day. His description of the Neutral tribe, known as the Attiwandarons, the archeology of the nation, their domestic habits and forms of government, is perhaps the most complete extant. The book will be profusely illustrated, and will no doubt have a large sale among those who are interested in the history of the primitive tribes of the Dominion. The publisher has done wisely in putting the subject matter into large, clear type, similar to that in Parkman's works and Mrs. Edgar's "Ten Years of Upper Canada."

St. Joseph's Church, Leslieville,

St. Joseph's Church, Leslieville.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the parishioners took place recently in order to make arrangements for the annual concert which takes place on Easter Monday night in Dingman's hall, Broadview avenue and Queen street, east. Mr. T. Finucan was unanimously elected chairman, and the wisdom he has displayed in the selection of his committees augurs well for the success of the concert, as none but good workers have been chosen. Father McEntee is making strenuous efforts to reduce the debt on the church, which has been rather increased during the past two years by the many necessary improvements which have been made. Owing to a rather different way of working, the concerts of late years have not been a financial success, so, on the suggestions of members of the committees, it was decided to return to the old order of things, when standing room could hardly be secured at the entertanments. The halies of the congregation are kindly giving their assistance, and those wishing for a night's recreation could not do better than patronize this concert, as first class talent has been secured, while nothing has been left undone which will in any way contribute towards making this the most successful entertainment yet held in connection with St. Joseph's church.

advisable, to make a As those

He who is not patient with converts to God will forfeit many of his own graces before he is aware.—Father Faber.

The Alleluia of the Pasch. Alleluia! the bells are ringing, Up, high up, in the golden dawn; Alleluia! the choirs are singing, Passiontide and its shadows gone,

Alleluia! the birds are trilling Over the eggs in their new made nests, Field and meadow and garden filling With the joy o'erflowing their feathered breasts.

The world of nature round us rises, Clad in resurrection green; The world of grace all heav'n surprises With risen glories, earth unseen!

Alleluia! chants the river To hill and mountain, sky and sea! Evermore and still forever, Float the echoes back to me;

Echoes of an angel chorus
(White robed in the garden gloom),
Shouting to the welkin o'er us,
"Christ hath risen from the tomb!"

All my heart springs up in greeting
To the rapture of that word;
"Allelaia!" (glad repeating);
"Hail! thrice hail, Thou Risen Lord!" -Eleanor C. Donnelly, in Donahoe's

ENGLAND AND ROME.

The Idea of a Reunion is Fermenting in the Anglican Mind.

" An American Citizen" writes an interesting letter to the New York Sun from Nice upon the much discussed subject of a re union of the English Church with Rome. After comment-ing upon the lack of knowledge about the affairs of Italy and Rome dis-played by the English press the writer

continues as fellows:
What I have so far said has been said merely by way of a coveat to your readers against hastily accepting any comments which reach you from the English press upon a matter of the most serious moment to all Christenwhich has been the subject of much subterranean activity for some time past, both in Great Britain and at the Vatican, and which is not unlikely to be treated ere long in a formal, official utterance by the head of the Catholic Church. This is nothing less than the reunion of the Anglican communion with the Holy See. stated in this crude form the idea of such a reunion may not unnaturally strike many of your readers as a phan tom of the clerical or theological mind unworthy of serious consideration by any practical man. How at this period of the reign of Victoria, "D. G. Defender of the Faith," and at the end of this mineteenth century of revo lutionary chaos, agnostic, positivist, socialistic and anarchical, is the work done more than three hundred years ago by Henry VIII. and the act of supremacy to be undone? How is the Pope, technically a prisoner in his palace of the Vatican, with the waves of Italian unbelief beating about the steps of St. Peter's, to make an end, with the beginning of the twentieth century, of a schism which the Pope, enthroned as a temporal prince and with almost every potentate in Europe supporting him in his project of a great ecumenical council of reform, could not at the outset of the sixteenth century prevent from rending European Christendom into two warring

of your non-Catholic readers may think that to formulate these questions is to demonstrate the hopelessness of seeking for an answer to them. But may it not be worth while for such readers to look back for a moment or two on the state of Christendom at the close of the great Napoleonic wars in 1815, and to contrast it with the state of Christendom to day? What were the relations of the Catholics of Great Britain and of Ireland to their own government and to public life on the morrow of Waterloo? And what are those relations to What were the relations of the British Government to the Vatican when Victoria, a girl of eighteen, ascended the throne of Henry VIII. and of Elizabeth in 1837? And what are those relations to-day? How would Cardinal Weld have fared had he assumed to celebrate the Mass as a prince of the Church, and an English Archbishop owning allegiance to the Bishop of Rome, in the cathedral or pro-cathedral at London? And to what Bishop or Archbishop of the An glican Church, as established by Edward VI., Elizabeth and James I has such open and general homage been paid by Englishmen of all creeds callings in our time, as to Cardinal Newman in his oratory at Bir mingham, and to Cardinal Manning in his archiepiscopal palace of West-

Or, look a little nearer home. I am not a Roman Catholic, nor do I write as a Roman Catholic. But when I was a

A BOSTON MOB.

made up in no small part of gentlemen who would have been indignant had their respectability been questioned cheered on and took part in the assault and destruction of a Catholic nunnery almost within sight of that remarkable dome of the State House on Beacon street, which still shelters the collec tive wisdom of Massachusetts. What would be the fate of any squad of respectable gentlemen, who, in the spirit of Endicott, should undertake to-day to head a mob against a Catholic nunnery, a Catholic monastery, or a Catholic church in the Old Bay State Let any one of your readers who thinks that Leo XIII. must be weaving cobwebs to catch moonbeams if he is meditating a serious step toward a re union of the Anglican Church with the Holy See, take the trouble to look up any authentic account of the state of the Catholic Church in America, when that great and saintly prelate Cheverus, commanded the admiration of such men as Ellery Channing, and contrast it with the state of the Catholic Church in America to day, when heir of King Humbert. Of course,

President Cleveland, himself the son of a Protestant preacher, who doubtless regarded with perfect sincerity the Pope as anti Christ, not only sends a special tribute of his personal and official reverence to the successor of St. Peter, but puts Catholics into high offices under the Federal Government and promotes the establishment of a great Catholic University. Neither in England nor America to-day is there anything to warrant the belief that a ceunion of all the Christian churches which recognize and insist upon what is called the apostolical succession with the great Mother Church, set upon the Seven Hills of Rome, is impracticable. On the contrary, so far as England

is concerned, the attention which has just been aroused all over the kingdom by

A VERY REMARKABLE OUTGIVING upon this subject from one of the mos prominent and influential of the Anglican laity, Lord Halifax, go very far to show that the idea of such a re union is actively fermenting in the Anglican mind. It has long been obvious to all intelligent observers that a very grave change of some kind is imminent in the relations of the established Anglican Church with the public at large and with the State. What ever may be the merely political and partisan purposes (or, in some cases, the predatory and subversive purposes of the radical politicians who are promoting the bill now before the British Parliament for disestablishing the Anglican Church in Wales, that bill undoubtedly represents a certain movement of opinion, neither predatory nor subversive, among thinkers and classes of believers in England who are be ginning to regard the established connection of the Anglican Church with the State, not in Wales. only, but in England, as injurious rather than ben eficial both to the prosperity and in fluence of the Church. A good deal of attention and some irritation, I think, was excited among churchmen in England a few years ago by the frankness and energy with which Bishop Potter of New York, then on a visit to England, set forth, when the occasion required it, his own convictions as to the immense advantages which had accrued to the Anglican Church in America from the severance of all ties between itself and the State. But only the other day a vacancy on the epis copal bench in England was filled by a Bishop who is understood to be dis tinctly favorable to the disestablishment of the Church throughout the kingdom. Such a disestablishment need not in

volve a disendowment. Those are two very different questions. And yet, so far as the English Establishment rests upon the agricultural interest in the kingdom, there can be no doubt that the depression of agricultural price throughout the world, and the attend ant fall in the productive value both of the tithes and of the glebes of the English clergy, are seriously damaging the position and the means of useful ness of the great body of the English clergy, and may, therefore, be regarded as factors predisposing practical men in England to take a very different view of the Establishment question from that which the same class of men would have taken twenty years ago. It is observable that the hostile criticisms so far evoked by what I may call Lord Halifax's manifesto on the subject of reunion with Rome, have so far been founded chiefly upon the difficulties involved in differences of dogma rather than of discipline and organization. In the days of Martin Luther differences of dogma broke up the Church. But did they lead to good or to evil so far as their effect upon the emper and the practical principles of the great Protestant sects were concerned? And are differences of dogma likely to convulse the world at the end of this century as they did in the middle of the sixteenth century? I think not. Startled Anglicans are now sharply criticising Lord Halifax, because, as they aver, it is impossible to reunite the Christians who commune in one kind with the Christians who all possible importance to this criticism.

commune in both kinds. Conceding is it likely that by such a distinction A REUNION OF THE CHURCHES would be prevented, all the other con

ditions and advantages of such a re union having been worked out and de monstrated? Pray observe that I am simply touch

ing upon the aspects of this great question, which are now manifesting them selves in England, in order to pre pare the minds of your readers for re ceiving and considering with duweight and seriousness any public declaration of his own views dispositions which the Supreme Pouniff at Rome may think it right and oppor tune to put forth. And I do this be cause the conferences which have for some time past been going on at Rome upon this theme between the Holy Father and the successor of Cardina Manning, Cardinal Vaughan, have evoked here and there throughout th Italian press all sorts of strange and grotesque comments and conferences, not a few of which have found their way, still further travestied, into frag mentary and hasty dispatches in the English press, of the worthless and misleading sort upon which commented at the outset of s letter. Perhaps the most this

curious form in which these comments and inferences have found their way into the public press is the persistent repetition of the story long ago no doubt cabled to you in America that Cardinal Vaughan really came to Rome charged to feel the way at the Vatican toward a project for marrying one of the grand-daughters of Queen Victoria, Princess Maude of Wales, to the Prince of Naples, the only son and

were such a project seriously effter-tained, it would involve, under the existing conditions of the English monarchy, a formal renunciation by the Princess Maude of all possible claims to the succession in England and a formal acceptance of and rebaptism into full communion with the Church of Rome, while on the part of the Prince of Naples it would necessitate some very ticklish and troublesome negotiations with the Holy See. So far as concerns a renunciation Anglican Protestantism by

THE PRINCESS MAUDE, the way for this may seem to have been opened by her cousin, another granddaughter of Queen Victoria, the Princess Alix of Hesse, who has abaudoned not only the religious communion into which she was born, but her baptismal name, to become Alexandra Feodor-ovna, Czarina and Empress of all the Russias. And it is worth noting, by the way, as a proof of what I have already said about the diminished significance in our times of the strictly dogmatic differences between different Christian communions, that the reluctance of the ecclesiastical authorities in Russia to waive the acceptance, by the Princess Alix, of certain dogmas particularly distasteful to her, after long delaying the celebration of her nuptials, was peremptorily cut short at last by one of he most orthodox Czars who ever lived, Alexander III., who insisted that whether the Princess Alix was or was not orthodox enough to suit the official protagonist of Russian orthodoxy, M. Pobedonestieff, she was orthodox enough for him, and orthodox enough to become Empress of all the Russias Very possibly if the Prince of Naple seriously wished to marry an English princess, and if the English princess was really willing to marry him, the Anglicanism of the Princess Maude of Wales might not stand very long in the way, nor might she long hesitate at abdicating her somewhat remote chances of succession to the English crown, in order to secure her seat as a reigning queen consort on the throne

of Italy But the whole story of these matri monial engagements has been denied and discredited, so far as such stories concerning persons of royal rank, or even private persons, can with propriety be mentioned at all. Cardinal Vaughan himself did not think it unbecoming his dignity as a prince of the Church and his loyalty as a British subject to avail himself of a favorable opportunity for saying with some emphasis that he had never been charged with such negotiations, and that his business in Rome was of a very differ-

ent and PURELY ECCLESIASTICAL SORT. The significance of the story, as I have already observed, really consists in the somewhat obscure relation which it pears to this other very different and nas been engaging the attention of Cardinal Vaughan at Rome, a more mportant outcome of which is to be found in the reunion manifesto of Lord Halifax, and in the discussion which that manifesto is now evoking in England. Such of your Catholic readers in America as are really familiar with the esoteric history of atter years of the long pontificate of Pius IX. and during the whole of the pontificate of Leo XIII., will hardly need to be told that this "purely ecclesiastical" business to which Cardi nal Vaughan refers did not begin with his present visit to Rome, nor yet with his accession to the purple, but has been going on now for many years, and indeed ever since the significant and in structive collapse, nearly half a century ago, of the once famous but now almost forgotton Ecclesiastical Titles Bill of Lord John Russell.

The "Foreign" Power.

A non-Catholic writer in the Chris tian Cynosure waxes indignant at those who decry the spiritual allegiance of Catholics to the Pope, while thousands of good Protestants and "intense Americans," members of secret societies, swear themselves into abject slavery to foreign "dignitaries. 'Protestants," he says, "fairly rave about Catholic priests, and the reverence paid them by 'ignorant foreignwomen and children.

Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational and Episcopalian ministers in every county seat are bowing to and hailing men as 'high priests' and are bowing to most excellent grand high-priests. Protestants are shocked at the venera tion and supreme loyalty of Catholics to the Pope; yet they and their minis-ters in every community are kneeling o 'worshipful masters' and 'most worshipful grand masters.' Men who go into spasms at the mention of 'Cardinal' are swearing their very lives and eter nal allegiance to 'kings' and 'grand

We think this good man's indigna tion righteous, though it is somewhat excessive. The outcry against the "foreign allegiance" of Catholics is almost spent. As Lincoln once said: You can fool some of the people al the time, and all the people some of the time; but you can't fool all the people This may be a very homely phrase, but it is fine philosophy Catholics have long since ceased to wonder at the eccentric logic of "patriots."-Ave Maria.

As Old as Antiquity

Either by acquired taint or heredity those old foes Scrofula and Consumption must be faced generation after generation; but you may meet them with the odds in your favor by the help of Scott's Emulsion.

Where can I get some of Holloway's Corn Cure? I was entirely cured of my corns by this remedy and I wish some more of it for my friends. So writes Mr. J. B. Brown, Chicago.

WAS IT REALITY?

A Visit from the Demon of Intemper

Temperance lecturers and advocate in their exhortations to those whom they wish to convert, have always two models to hold up in illustration of their arguments—the teetotaller and the drunkard. By exhibiting those characters in contrast, they impress their audience with the veracity of their assertions, and thus attain their object dulged to a greater extent than on the to a great extent.

But they seem to forget that sand. wiched between these extremes of humanity is another class on who they might exercise their influence with greater effect than on confirmed drunkards, and to this class belongs the "moderate drinker." greater effect, because it is with extraordinary difficulty that the drunkard can be reformed, as habitual drinking has become to him a second nature, whereas the moderate drinker may be easily rescued from his errors. reformers also forget that the drunkards of this year were the moderate drinkers of last year, and that the moderate drinkers of to day will be drunkards a year hence.

The moderate drinker of our large towns and cities is, generally speak-a "good fellow" imbued with a fair proportion of respectability, and will ook with contempt on a poor unfortunbeyond the ate man who has gone bounds of reformation. Rather should it be a warning to him to desist from his habit, lest that unfortunate man's fate should be his own in a short time.

I would respectfully say to those excellent reformers: "Strike at the root of the evil-moderate drinking-and ou will dispel the evil itself. man ever became a drunkard at once moderate drinking was his stepping stone. Cast that stepping stone into the waves, and the wretched coast of frunkenness can never be reached."

I was led into these reflections by a story which was told me a few nights since by one who was a moderate drinker. This young man, now a staunch teetotaller, was converted from his habit in a supernatural way, and I shall give his wonderful experience in

his own words :"You know," said he, "that I was never a drunkard. At the same time, must confess that I was accustomed to drink often, but moderately. grees I became fond of drink, and could not, as I thought, enjoy myself without a few bottles of stout or ale every night. Besides this, when in any trouble or difficulty. I used to endeavor to drown my sorrows in the brandy bottle. these latter occasions I found that the state of my mind was ten times worse when the effects of the 'fiery liquid had disappeared; in fact was often so mentally tortured after the exhilaration produced by drink that I actually contemplated suicide.

"Well, one night, about six months ago, being involved in family disputes. I resorted to my usual antidote, and remained sitting in my bedroom until midnight imbibing pretty freely. About that hour I felt drowsy, and dozed away on my chair. I could not have been long asleep when I woke feeling very chilly. Of course my feeling very chilly. first impulse was to reach for the bottle, and I took a good drink. then rubbed my eyes, and opened them pretty wide, to find that my light was extinguished. Now, I was aware I had not slept long, and I knew my candle could not be exhausted in a short time, so I felt anxious about the matter. However, I attempted to light it again, but, found to my astonishment and indignation, that every lucifer match which I struck was damp, and would not ignite. With an imprecation on the innocent lucifers I tumbled into bed, and was again about entering 'the land of Nod when I became conscious of the pres ence of somebody, or rather something It is remarkable that even when in total darkness we become instinctively conscious of the presence of another being. This was my feeling, and, as am not by any means superstitious, I looked out, when, to my horrow, I dis cerned a hideous figure bending over

me. "Though all around was dark, the figure was enveloped in a sort of un-earthly light, but I cannot describe more than the head, for the eyes had a Try how strange fascination for me. I might, I should gaze into those huge prominent bloodshot eyes that, as I thought, pierced my very soul. ing, sparkling, penetrating, they held mine in a sort of mesmeric influence.

Though my eyes did not, or could not move. I knew the head was of an enormous size, and the cheek puffed and bloated.

"I cannot say how many seconds this lasted, but at length by a supreme effort I turned my gaze from the hor rible figure and buried myself in the bed clothes. " Of course I could not sleep, but by

degrees it occurred to me that perhaps after all it was a delusion or a dream, and after a lapse of half an hour I ventured to look again, and saw nothing. "The first thing I did was to reach

for the bottle, and I took a long pull I got out of bed and tried the lucifers again. To my agreeable surprise the first one I struck caught fire, so I ighted the candle. I took up Tom Hood's "Wit and Humor," and in a few minutes was actually convinced that was only the victim of some frightful hallucination. After another half hour or so I put out the light and immedi

ately went to sleep.
"Next morning when I awoke I took a 'refresher' from the bottle, laughed at my strange dream, dressed and went to business as usual. ing the day I did not even recall my experience of the previous night.

"In the evening, after business, I had a few bottles of beer, as usual, and went home to find the family disputes before referred to, instead of being, as I hoped, in a state of settlement, or at least abeyance, more intricate and unsettled than ever. As myself was chiefly concerned, I silently ate my supper and left the house in indigna-

At 11 I returned, not forgetting to arm myself against my menta struggle with the brandy bottle. I enprevious night, partly on account of ny mind being more unhinged, and partly to prevent another encounter with my nocturnal visitor. In this latter object, however, I was disappointed, for another visit was paid. need only to tell you that it occurred ex actly as before, with this differencethat a strong impression of the realit of that horrible figure was instilled in

this instance.
"Next day I certainly felt troubled over the matter, and went home from business with a rather melancholy air My parents noticed the change, but at tributed it to the aforesaid family dis agreements, and on that account were more lenient towards me. I retired with the bottle, but this third night's experience was more interesting, as it was, and I shall never believe otherwise, reality itself.

"The figure appeared as on the two previous nights, but its eyes were more daming and bloodshot. On this occasion, too, while my eyes were held in influence, the revolting head bent over me until it almost touched my face. It then, with a mouth reaching, as I thought, from ear to ear, hissed, rather then spoke, mine! mine! mine! each repetition of the word increasing in emphasis.

You can imagine how I felt better than I can describe. Huge beads of perspiration were rolling down my I was certain the monster was going to seize and take me down to nell, for it smelt strongly of brimstone, and flames of fire began to issue from its mouth, nostrils and ears. however. I was aware of a new light in the room quite different from that which surrounded my enemy. looked towards it, and saw that it proceeded from a beautiful and angelic figure which was standing behind

the demon.
"This figure looked appealingly and pathetically on me, at the same time unrolling a scrip which it held in its hand. Raising this scrip over the head of the monster, I saw printed thereon in large letters: —THE DEMON OF INTEMPERANCE!

"The monster, turning round to ee what had diverted my attention, beheld the angelic form and with a piercing shriek, disappeared. beautiful figure, casting on me a lingering, imploring look, gradually faded from my sight.

"The incident was so impressive and appropriate that I shall never doubt ts reality.

"After a few minutes' thought I saw how my moderate drinking would end, so I got out of bed, went on my knees, and there and then promised God never to taste intoxicating drink again. This promise I renewed sub sequently at the tribunal of penance. I have faithfully kept it to the present time and with God's help will do so it he future. If ever I am tempted to break it that night's experience will be a powerful and effective incentive to resist the temptation.

This was my friend's story "Do you think time will erase the

reality of the wonderful incidents of that night?" said I.
"No," said he, "until my dying

day I will believe that my guardian angel interposed on that never-to-be orgotton night to save me from the drunkard's fate. Should my story be come known some may laugh at me, some may say it was the effect of the brandy; but I believe, and ever will believe, that it was a reality.-W. J. M. C., in Cork Examiner.

The Ritualists and Communion with Rome.

Though for three hundred years

Catholics were persecuted in this country for their faith, and so late as 1768 a priest was prosecuted before Lord Mansfield for saving Mass, Lord Halifax in his Bristol speech (with the spirit of which we cordially sympathize says: "We have never renounced communion with Rome; her priests may minister at our altars." This is the This is the kind of logic which has enabled his party to introduce so much Catholic ceremonial into their churches. ignore authority, and their clergy forget that they are ordained to carry out only what "this Church and realm have received," not what was practically abolished by deed, if not always in plain words. Corporate reunion is the policy of Rome where the faith is orthodox. There would be no difficulty as regards the Greek Church, but in spite of explanatary canons we feel obliged to subscribe to the decision of the Metropolitan of Moscow in 1841:

Your thirty-nine articles are full of heresy; you could not use the liturgies of St. Basil and St. Chrysostom consistently with them." We strongly suspect that Lord Halifax will find the most stubborn non possumus not at Rome but at Canterbury and York.— Catholic Times, Liverpool, Eng.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Easter Sunday.

THE JOY OF PENANCE.

I wish all of you, my brethren, the joys of this day. It is the day of our Lord's victory over death and hell. Many of you have received Him in Holy Communion either this morning during the preceding week. To such He has found a way to communicate something of the vast ocean of love and joy which inundates His own soul. A good Communion, following a humble confession of sin, is indeed the nearest way to that tomb, riven and empty, and streaming with the light of heavenly joy, about which the Church gathers her children this morning. How well chosen is Easter-time for the annual Communion of all good Christians. "I have seen the tomb o Christ, who has risen from the dead,' may we well say with Mary Magdalen. God grant that not one of you all may pass beyond Trinity Sunday without attending to what is so appropriately

called the Easter duty. It seems to me that this feast is a great day for sinners — meaning, of course, repentant sinners. For look at the facts? Who is the saint of the Resurrection by excellence? Certainly dear Mary Magdalen, the type of all the penitent. She stood beneath the Cross when Jesus died, comforting Him and His Mother in that dreadful hour of His doom and of that Mother's woe And when the dead corpse was lowered down, Mary Magdalen pressed His limbs and feet and hands to her bosom while our sorrowful Mother clasped His theart to her own and kissed His pallid face a thousand times. Mary Mag-dalen helped to lay Him in His grave. She watched then; when driven away by the soldiers she bought spices and came again to embalm Him. And whose words are those repeated to day all round the world as the dawn greets the watching glances of the faithful. "They have taken away my Lord! I know not where they have laid Him;" and again the amazed and ecstatic exclamation when she saw Him in the garden: "Rabboni! Master." What a great store of love, says St. Gregory the Great, was in that woman's heart, who, when even His disciples were gone away, could not tear herself from the grave of the

See, then, my brethren, the reward of the love which is in true sorrow for sin ; it is given a singular kind of preeminence; it is selected above that of innocence and placed on guard at the post of honor to receive the first public greeting from the Immortal King of Glory, triumphant over sin for ever. I say public greeting, for doubtless Jesus visited and greeted His Mother in private first of ail; but this is not written down for our edification, and Mary Magdalen's privilege is. Sinners need encouragement, and certainly they get it to day in the honor paid to their glorious patron, to the who had many sins forgiven her be-

cause she loved much. I say again that sinners need en-In truth, there is no couragement. shame so deadly as that which conscious guilt brings to the human soul. There is no degradation like vice—in fact, there is none other but vice. Hence many sinners are met with who do not turn to God and who hold back from confession and Communion be-cause they are ashamed and afraid. It is not so much love of sin as want of confidence that now hinders them. They have felt the force of passion as the slave feels the whip of the slave-driver; or they have repented before and fallen again, and this fills them with distrust in themselves; or their surroundings are a constant source of temptation; or they have been so long away that the very process of reconciliation to God, the very practice of the simplest acts of religion, have grown strange to them. These, and other reasons, varying from mere timidity to utter despair, show the need of a strong word of encouragement to sinners. This is the day for giving sinners courage to repent. Oh! let every man and woman partake of All who are Christ's courage to-day. sinners, let them loath and detest their sins, and let them feel that if our Lord is with them they can conquer any passion, resist any temptation, and persevere to the end.

It is a singular thing that not only the first recorded words of our Lord after His Resurrection were addressed to His favorite child, the great peni-tent woman of the gospel, but that the first interview He had with His dis ciples was begun by the institution of the sacrament of penance, the open door of that city of refuge-our Lord's Sacred Heart. Now is the time, therefore, most appropriate for the return to God of all sinners among us. our risen Saviour give you that joy if you have it not, and if you have it, may He confirm it to you for ever!

In the Spring

In the Spring

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OUR WESTERN WAITS.

BY FRANCIS J. FINN, S. J.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK. All saw that Willie had something of importance to communicate; besides, the sleigh was his, so they listened.

Willie narrated briefly the story of Harry Conway ; he spoke in simple boy language, but the effect was better than that of many a glowing oration. "What'll we do for Harry?" queried

the silver-toned soprano.
"Do? Why, we'll become Christmas waits," answered Willie. "We'll go round, and give our friends all the music we know, and then we'll pass round the hat."
"Hurrah!" piped the trebles.

Now, boys, where'll we go first?' Mr. Gibson's! Mr. Gibson's! came the cry, pitched away up in the high leger-lines. Mr. Gibson was a great favorite with the little ones wherefore, it is unnecessary to spend words in praise of that kind, good

"All right. Get up !" and Willie cracked his whip. "Now, boys, let's

"How's our sleighing song to start on?" asked silver-voice.
"Just the thing."

Brightly their voices broke upon the air; and as they dashed on thus gayly, leaving in their wake a following of sweet sounds, men and women, smiling and waving their hands, came hurry ing out of doors, and in the pretty ways which fall upon people instinct-ively at Christmastide, sent the choristers off in an added exhilaration of

youthful spirits.

Scarcely was their song ended, when Willie brought the horses to a pause before the residence of Mr. Gib-

"Now, boys, gently," whispered lille. "We must take him by sur-Willie. "We must take him by surprise. We'll steal up the walk, and get under the window. Then we'll give him, 'God rest you, merry gentle-Lightly these "mammas darlings

tiptoed their way to the spot beneath the well-known window; and as Willie passed around their parts, they seemed to hold their very breaths, while their eyes blazed with excitement, and their features were screwed into that most comical expression yet discovered on boy faces — mysterious solemnity.
Willie struck his tuning fork, put it to

his ear, then, humming for a moment, gave each voice its proper note. Clear, and low, and sweet rose the first strains, clearer, louder, sweeter swelled the harmony, while each vocalist fixed his eyes upon the familiar window above, and carrolled away not unlike a little bird in full flown rapture of

song. "In Bethlehem in Jewry," tinued the warblers, as no smiling face at the window rewarded their first stanza:

"This Blessed Babe was born And laid within a manger Upon this blessed morn—"

At the word "morn" the window flew up, the loved face beamed down upon hem, and thus encouraged the waits burst into full voice with-

"The which His Mother Mary Did nothing take in scorn: O tidings of comfort and joy!"

"Hats off!" said Willie. Every hat was deffed. "Ready-charge!"
Without further ado the boys flew

up the steps, ascended the staircase, and crowded into Mr. Gibson's room.
"Present hats!" continued the

you put anything in, listen to our

And Willie repeated Harry Conway's

The old gentleman was touched, and acted as old gentlemen do when they are touched: he blew his nose, and made pretence of having something in

"I'm proud of every one of you," he said warmly; "and I'm glad you came to me first—flattered, too. Hold your hats higher."

Into each he threw a silver quarter till he came to Willie's, where he con-

tributed a dollar gold coin. "The quarters are for the singing," he said, "and the gold is for Harry Conway. Now, no thanks-sh-h-I've got something to say. Don't-now mind this-don't tell Harry's story to everybody. They are poor at his house and in want; but they are sensitive, There is such a thing as killing by kindness, when the kindness is indelicate. Now, I propose this to you. With the four or five dollars I've given you, suppose you buy a lot of nice things for Harry and his sisters, as a Christmas gift. As to what other money you may gather in, that you might offer to Harry as a loan, which he can pay off himself by doing some concert-singing for us now and then. There was a musical buzz of satisfac-

tion. "Thank you very much, Mr. Gib-'said Willie; "you're so thoughtson," said Willie; "you're so thoughtful! I'd have surely made a mess of it if it hadn't been for you."

Now, my little friends, I'll give you another hint. In twenty minutes the way-train will be in from Chicago, and all your people who do business in the city and a great many mammas who have gone shopping will return on it; they come home early, as it's Christmas eve. Suppose you get yourself in position just around the yourself in position just around the corner on Adams street, near the station. I'll go with you myself. You do the singing; I'll act as manager."

"Thank you, sir!"—"Oh, Mr. Gib-Church, earnestly hold that all their

son !"-these and other expressions of little friends are Catholics too.

thanks might have gone on indefinitely had not Willie ordered all out. Gibson was presently with them in coat and muffler, and in a trice the impossible was done—that is, all did squeeze into the sleigh, packed together like so many sardines, and jingled along merrily to the tune of their sleighing chorus.

As the depot was at a considerable distance from Mr. Gibson's house, the enthusiastic youngsters enlivened the ride with the songs they had intended for him from the start. From the mournful calm of the "Holly and the Ivy" they went on to,

"Listen, Lordings, unto me, a tale I will you tell."

Of this quaint carol they sang stanza after stanza till they ceased with the beautiful quatrain, the truth of which they so little understood :

Onward, then, the angels sped, the shepherd onward went; God was in His manger bed, in worship low they bent: In the morning see ye mind, my masters one and sil.

At the Attar Him to find, who lay within the stat.

" Now," said Mr. Gibson, as they came within sight of the depot, "you've but three minutes left. I'll go meet the train, and gather your

friends."
"Look, look!" cried Willie, as, music in hand, all stood watching the train streaming into the depot; "what

"Oh!" exclaimed several, dismayed at the wave of people rolling toward

"It's too late to back out," remarked silver-voice; "but let's take some-thing we know well."

Noel, then," punned Willie. Noel's the prettiest, too," added a

As the crowd drew nearer and resolved itself into smiling papas, mammas, uncles, sisters, and friends, with here and there a strange though not unkindly face, they plucked up heart of grace, and into the sweetness of the words throwing the sweetness of their voices, and that indescribable gift of the child-soul, that dear gift of God's, which the mother, gazing into the eyes of her little one, catches in its fulness, they poured forth the glad song of Noel.

Cheered on by kindly words and loving glances, the little fellows went from melody to melody till the place was filled with the spirit of olden time Christmas, till mothers wiped their eyes, till fathers opened big packages, and threw into Willie's sleigh all manner of pretty gifts.

When Willie and silver-voice, two hours later, drew up at Mrs. Conway's, they rivalled the postman himself in the matter of packages, as they toiled up the steps. The postman remarked this as he followed them to the door and handed Mrs. Conway a letter. The postman remarked

How Willie contrived to present his gifts in so delicate a manner as to bring tears of joy to Mrs. Conway's eyes is beyond my power of reproduction. But I suspect that he had been coached by kind Mr. Gibson.

Willie and silver-voice were soon seated beside Harry, and were prattling away in all the glow of warm feelings, when Mrs. Conway entered the room with the letter.

Harry, more good news! I have received an account of your papa's death. He died, happily, prepared and his last words were messages of

love to you and me. Thank God, he died prepared !

said Harry " He had appointed a lawyer to take leader.

At the word twenty smiling lads hemmed in the puzzled, delighted old gentleman, each trying to get his hat into the most prominent place.

"He had appointed a lawyer to take charge of his business just before he took sick; the lawyer didn't know your father had died till a week ago. He contrived to get all the details of his last moments, and now sends them "Now," continued Willie, "before his last moments, and now sends them to me. Besides, he sends me the money your father went out to collect. So now we are safe, my dear. We

have enough and to spare. Just think," exclaimed Willie " I've brought more than \$20 to lend Harry ; and now I might as well throw

If you don't know what to do with Willie," suggested Mrs. Conway you might help on some of the very

poor people in the village."
On Christmas, accordingly, the young choristers made the rounds again; but this time they repaired to the houses of the lowly. Over and over they sang their carols, and left

each humble home richer, happier for their singing and their gifts to the little ones. Indeed, it was a happy day. But to

Willie the Christmas that followed was far happier.

For during the 365 days that lay tween cordial relations sprang up between the Simms and Conway families and when it came out in a conversation one day that Mrs. Conway and Mrs Simms were New Englanders, and when both began raking up old records, you can guess how it all ended. They were fifth cousins or something. It's always that way out West. Let two New Englanders get to comparing notes, and in five minutes they'll estab lish an impediment to their intermar

riage which no casuistry may distin-

guish away.

Christmas, when it came again, was as I said, particularly joyful to Willie not because they all made the musical rounds again, and brought down the earnest blessings of God's poor upon themselves. That was joyful indeed these little lads were still closely united, though Willie had become a Their union lasts to fervent Catholic. Their union lasts to this day, and it is three years since Willie's conversion. Willie and

But that first Christmas after his Then came the happiest conversion! moment of his life, when, standing beside Harry, his fellow-singer in the Catholic choir, in his golden voice, celestial for the fervor that informed it, he sang *Venite Adoremus*, while his loved father and mother advanced to the altar railing to receive for the first time Him, sweet Babe of Bethle-hem, who had descended from the skies

THE END.

and become our God Incarnate.

THE LILIES' EASTER OFFERING.

Mary B. O'Sullivan in Donahoe's Magazine. The lilies slept in the warm brown arth, awaiting the Resurrection. The ar of Bethlehem had heralded the Christ-child's birth; the snow-drop, amblem of purity, bloomed in fragile beauty for the Presentation; and the rose of Jericho exhaled its fragrant homage under the Saviour's feet and drooped at the foot of the cross.

The angel of the flowers looked on them with love, as he flitted by, so softly that the lilies heard him not, till their hearts thrilled with the Easter tidings, "Awake! the Christ is

And the lilies awoke, resplendent in paschal beauty. "He is risen in-leed!" exulted the angel. "It is meet that the fairest flowers bloom for

"Gather me first!" commanded a regal blossom. "My place is next to the Presence, as befits the impartial

ily, the emblem of majesty."
"Not so," said the angel, in gentle reproof. "Pride of position would be an unseemly offering to One who was poor and lowly. What place seek you, little lilies of the valley?"

Let us lie at His feet, dear angel, pleaded the tiny flowers, lifting their fragrant chalices. "He placed us here the shade where we were sheltered and happy. Let us lie at His feet, an offering of love."
"It shall throb in His heart," mur-

mured the angel. "The sweetness of thy chalice shall overflow in the tabernacle.

A stately crimson lily drooped on her stem when the humble flowers were "Ah, my sorrow and my dis chosen. "Ah, my sorrow and my dis-grace! gather me not!" she cried as the angel drew near; "know you not that I am unworthy?"

"You are fair to see," he answered gently; "your petals glow red as the Precious Blood shed for man's redemp

tion"
"Once they were white," lamented
the lily. "When He walked in the
garden all flowers bowed low, I alone refusing Him reverence. His sorrow ful gaze sank into my heart, and the blush of shame forever crimsoned my lustrous blossoms. Pride rebuked has naught to offer."

"Offer Him repentance," whispered the angel. "A contrite heart makes joy in heaven."

And the lily grew glad at the angel's words, and offered her tribute on the altar, where it glowed like a beacon of

hope to troubled souls.
"My ways are lowly," said the orange lily. "I grow in humble garorange lily. "I grow in humble gardens and brighten dreary places; I bend my head to the storm and open my heart to the sunshine, and all the time I am happy. A contented spirit

is all I can offer."
"It will please Him much," said the angel, accepting the gift; "to che fully do His will is a noble mission.

"My one gift is beauty," said a strous calla. "I have treasured it lustrous calla. "I have treasured it up for Him. Take it, dear angel; let it shine on His altar, divinely transfigured."

"Consecrated beauty," murmured the angel, "lustrous purity, contentment, repentance, humility, love"—

"And prayer," breathed the annun-ation lilies. "When the angel of the ciation lilies. Lord declared unto Mary, the Angelus sung in our hearts foretold the joys of

"Your offering is worthy, O lilies!" exulted the angel. "Prayer brings peace to weary hearts and strengthens faltering souls; it shall rise on the fragrance of incense and flowers.

"Great is our joy," murmured the blossoms; "rising with Him for the paschal feast, exalted are we, the lowly

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BEAUDIN, CARDINAL & LORANGER,

BEAUDIN, CARDINAL & LORANGER, Attorneys for the society "L'Alliance Nationale," Montreal, 19th Dec., 1894. 8584

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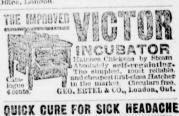
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HALF PRICE.

As the "Mistakes of Modern Infidels," the work of Rev. G. R. Northgraves on evidences of Christianity, comprising the only complete answer to Ccl. Robert Ingersoll, is to be republished immediately, the author will sell the present edition, till exhausted, at 70 cents, cloth: 40 cents, paper: post paid. Highly recommended by the Bishops and clergy and the Press, Catholic and Protestant, Address:

REV. GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVES,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

C. M. B. A.

Engrossing.
C. C. Collins, pen artist, Guelph, is receiving many orders from branches of the different fraternal societies of Canada for engrossing "Resolutions," and in all cases they are prenounced works of art. Branches requiring such work at a small cost and beautifully engrossed would be well repaid by giving him their orders.

giving him their orders.

At the last regular meeting of Branch No. 60, Duolin, Ont., on Wednesday evening, April 3rd, 1895, took place the initiation of Rev. Father Kealy as a member of the C. M. B. A. A most cordial and hearty welcome was extended to Father Kealy by the members of the branch, to which the Rev. Father responded by delivering a short address expressing his pleasure in being with them as a brother member. He also pointed out the necessity of a good Catholic society, and the benefits to be derived from it, that the C. M. B. A is one of the societies most approved of and recommended by the Church, and expressing a hope that is membership would continue to increase, in order to perpetuate the good work for which the order was organized.

Resolutions of Condolence.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At a regular meeting of Branch No. 44,
Arnprior, held on 1st April, 1855, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:
Resolved that while bowing in humble submission to the will of Him who does all things well, we cannot shelp but deplore the loss of Mrs. Olivier, who departed this life on the 22nd March, the beloved wife of our esteemed and worthy Brother, Prosper Olivier. We trust that Almighty God will grant Brother Olivier grace to be reconciled to His holy will, in this his bereavement—the sad loss of a devoted wife and loving and kind mother.
Resolved that we also extend to the mourning children and relatives our heartfelt sympathy. And be it further
Resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to Brother Olivier and published in our official organ and local papers.

E. C. Armand, Rec. Sec.

Araprior, 3rd April, 1895.

At a regular meeting of Branch No. 44.

At a regular meeting of Branch No. 44, ruprior, held on the 1st April, 1895, the dlowing resolution was unanimously adopt-

following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Almighty God has seen fit to remove from this life Mrs. James Dowling, of Carleton Place, the sister of our esteemed Brother, Michael Galvin, while bowing in submission to the will of the Creator, we deeply sympathize with Brother Galvin and relatives in this their bereavement.

Resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to Brother Galvin, and published in the CATHOLIC RECORD and local papers.

E. C. ARMAND, Rec. Sec.

Araprior, April 3, 1895.

At the last meeting of Branch No. 4, C. M.
B. A., London, Ont., the following resolution
was unanimously passed:
Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to
remove from our midst Michael Hartman, a
charter member and chancellor of this
branch

charter member and chancehold distance, Resolved that while bowing to the all-wise will of Providence, we desire to extend to the widow of our deceased brother, our heartfelt sympathy in her sad affliction, and tervently pray that God will strengthen her to bear the great loss she has sustained. Be it further

further Resolved that our charter be draped in mourning for a period of three months; this resolution entered on the minutes; a copy seut to the window of deceased and to the CATHOLIC RECORD for publication.

Hall of Branch 43, C. M. B. A.,
Brockville, April 2, 1895.
At the regular meeting of this branch, held this evening, the following resolution of condolence was moved by Bro. S. J. Geash, seconded by Bro. P. Barnes, and
Resolved, That the deep sympathy of this branch be extended to our Rev. Brother, John P. O'Brien, and to Brother Raphael Mc. Nabb, in their affliction, caused in the former case by the death of a beloved sister, and in the latter by that of a loving mother; and that notices of this resolution be published in the CATHOLIC RECORD and in the C. M. B. A. journal, copies of the same sent to our sorrowing Brother. J. T. NOONAN, Sec.

C. O. F.

Toronto, April 8, 1865.

St. Joseph Court. No. 1904. C. O. F. meets second and fournt thursdays in Diagnam's hall, the second and fournt thursdays in Diagnam's hall, and the second and fournt thursdays in Diagnam's hall, the second and fournt thursdays in Diagnam's hall, and the second and fournt thursdays in Diagnam's hall, and the second and fournt thursdays in Diagnam's hall, and the second and fournt thursdays in Diagnam's hall, and the second and fournt thursdays in Diagnam's hall, and the second and fournt thursdays in Diagnam's hall, and the second and fournt thursdays in Diagnam's hall, and the second and fournt thursday in the second and thursday and the second and the second and thursday and

THE SCROOL QUESTION.

1. Frank Annual versus for the substitute of the support of the substitute (a) That me elects of such interference may be suffered by others besides the people of Manitoba.

(e) That such interference would be an infringement of Provincial rights.

A pure question of right and wrong, involving a clear issue between justice and injustice, so much has it been clouded by the introduction of matters entirely foreign to it, so effective have been the efforts of certain political agricators to arouse popular passion concerning it, that it would be surprising indeed if a correspondent, venturing to discuss this much debated yet generally illuderstood Manitoba school question, should succeed in carrying conviction to even one reader. The favorable reception, however, accorded to the very able letzer, convincing in its argument and sound in its conclusion as it was dispassionate in its tone, recently, contributed to your columns by "Canada," is very encouraging, and indicates that a calm discussion of the objections to Federal interference which you raise may not be altogether futile.

Deprecating sincerely that occasion should have arisen for such interference, wishing hearily that the Manitoba Government would itself redress the wrong it has done, thereby rendering such interference unnecessary, a vast number of Canadians, many of them Liberals, will not be prepared to accept your conclusion, that, however gross the violation of the rights of the Provincial minority, however diagrant the abuse of its power by the Provincial majority in mateers pertaining to education (because these are entirely exceptional, and alone are dealt with), however persistent the refusal of the Provincial authorities to remedy real grievances, in no case should the Federal Government intervene to protect such wronged minority in the assertion of rights guaranteed it by the constitution, by the very compact of federation, but that it should relegate such wronged minority to the tender mercies of the wrong doer himself for redress. For convenience, it will be better to reserve your first objection to be dealt with la

The majority of the metal will be reported. Those who neglected on their parish priest to the affect of the transparent of the continuous priests of the parties and copied its exact language. The matter of a dinner priests in the first show the circle to be in a good inancial condition.

Davitt Branch. No. 11.

held a very interesting meeting and received two applications for neutrops should be owing to so many out of sickness, but the members are not so the members being out of wing to so many out of sickness, but the members are not so the true spirit of Emeridism, and the true spirit of Emeridism, and the prace will soon be again to the iront.

St. Peter's Branch. No. 2. Peterborough. St. Peter's Branch. No. 2. Peterborough.

Sarsfield Branch. No. 28. Ottawa.

There was a satisfactory attenance of the Brothers at the last meeting and received that number on the next occasion.

Sarsfield Branch. No. 28. Ottawa.

There was a satisfactory attenance of the Brothers at the last meeting of the Branch will ended to use the past four meetings—a very promising condition of the Roman Catholic micro the province, and then last meeting of the Branch will ended the suggestion of one of the parties and copied its exact language. The sample and the sale will be ended by the reference to the simply asserting the private was applied at remedy of its own, and house trief to the last selecting and the quarterity to the past of the Branch should be a section of the Roman Catholic spirit of Emeridism, and the past four meeting and received the suggestion of one of the Brothers are in the last meeting of the Branch will ended the suggestion of one of the Roman Catholic spirit of Emeridism, and the past for the past four meeting and received the suggestion of the Brothers are into the past for the pas

dress."

Amairoba care you concede the Brunswick, according to the decision of the Brunswick, according to the decision of the Judicial Committee, had never established by law a Sograte school system, enther the section 3 of section 23 of section 23 of section 23 of section 23 of section 25 of the Manitoba Act, now invoked, would have had the Manitoba Act, now invoked, would have had the section 3 of section 25 of the Manitoba Act, now invoked, would have had the section 3 of section 25 of the Manitoba Act, now invoked, would have had the section 3 of section 25 of the Dominion, undoubtedly in pursuance of the Dominion, undoubtedly in pursuance of the terms of the arrangement under the section 3 of the terms of the arrangement under the section 3 of the terms of the arrangement under the section 3 of the terms of the arrangement under the section 3 of the terms of the arrangement under the section 3 of the terms of the arrangement under the section 3 of the terms of the arrangement under the section 3 of the terms of the arrangement under the section 3 of the terms of the section 4 of the section 4 of the terms of the arrangement and the section 3 of the terms of the section 4 of the section 4

to question.

In conclusion, permit me to say, sir, that I have not fallen into the error of nodding either the Liberal party or its leader responsible for the view which you express. When speaking in Toronto Mr. Laurier stated that he had no wish to make political capital out of this question, declaring that he did not desire to attain office upon this issue. He has repeatedly refused to announce his policy until the Government had spoken and, up to the present time, very fairly so, being unwilling to take a stand which might be regarded as intended to enhances the great of the state of taking the course which you have adopted. Such a mistake, if made, will cost him the support of many of his best friends and most ardent admirers. Protestant and Catholic, in this Province as well as elsewhere. A vast number of your own readers, true Liberals, convinced that your attitude upon this question is prejudical to the best interests of their party, yet not daring to hope that the Globe will itself see the error of its ways trust that their esteemed leader will at an early date relieve himself and his party from others, who fear that it may have already wrought irreparable mischlef, your ill advised to the state of the state of

MR. PETER MAHON, ABERFOYLE.

The large circle of friends of Mr. Peter Mahon of Aberfoyle and the entire community deeply deplored his premature death, which occurred at his residence on the morning of Saturday, Feb. 23, last. He was thrown off a load of hay which upset near his house on the Monday previous, and his spine was fractured. Three medical gentlemen were soon in attendance, but could not hold out any earthly hope of recovery. The Rev. Jas. O'Loane, S. J., of Guelph, was called immediately after the sad accident, and administered all the last holy sacraments of the Church, which the deceased received with the most edifying dispositions. Mr. Mahon was son of the late Patrick Mahon, one of fithe pioneers of the township Puslinch and a member of an ancient and patriotic family in the west of Ireland. The son was born in Puslinch, and inherited the old homestead, which he helped to manage until the death of his father. He was highly esteemed by the agricultural community for the great and intelligent interest be took in very movement pertaining to their welfare, being one of the founders of the Puslinch Farmers' Club and afterwards of the South Wellington Farmers' Institute. He was township councillor in Puslinch for some years. A few weeks before his death he was a member of the Farmers' Institute delegation in the eastern counties of this province. The President of the Provincial Farmers' Institute paid a high tribute to the deceased for the excellent manner in which he discharged the duties of that position, and expressed the conviction that if he were spared he would have done more effective work in that line in the future. His colleagues in that delegation expressed a very high opinion of his ability, and unstinted admiration of his manly qualities and Christian virtues. He commanded the respect of all classes of the community, who deeply mourn the loss of so useful a citizen. While he fullilled his duties as a citizen of Canada he was not unmindful of the land of his fathers. The patriotic sentiments MR. PETER MAHON, ABERFOYLE.

for its benefit. He cherished in his heart of hearts the grand and noble traditions of the Gael, and was a devoted child of the Holy Catholic Church. At the holy seasons of Christmas and Easter his house was the station where the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated for the feeble and infirm of the neighborhood who could not come to the marish church at Guelph. His zeal in bringing the lukewarm to a sense of their duty as Catholics, and in instructing the children of Aoerfoyle at his own house on Sundays, where he taught them the catechism, was known only to his pastors in Guelph, and deeply do they deplore the great loss sustained in his death.

He has left a widow and four sons and four daughters, who are all at home except the clest, Jennie-Sister Philippa—who was received the day before his death into the community of Loreito at the Abbey in Toronto. He leaves one surviving brother in the States and two sisters—Mrs. Jun. Foster of Aberfoyle, and Miss Mahon at home.

His faneral took place on Monday following his death, and, notwithstanding the almost impassible state of the roads, was one of the largest that ever left Puslinch. At the outskirts of the city it was met by the members of Branch 31. C. M. B. A., to which he belonged, who marched in procession before the hearse to the Church of our Lady. Guelph. Before the funeral cortege reached the church. a large concourse of people of every class and denomination, from the city and surrounding country, had assembled on the Catholic hill, to show their respect for his memory and their sympathy with his bereaved family. The following gentlemen were pall bearers: M. P. Doyle, Jas. Hanlon, John Eustac, Joseph Smith, Wu. McKeelmis and Christopher McBeath, who bore the coffin into the church. A solemn Requiem Mass was offered for the repose of his soul, by the Rev. F. Dumortier, S. J. Every pew in the spaceious cdiffee was filled. Rev. Father O'Loane, S. J., and Rev. John Fleming, O. S. A., of Boston, U. S., brother in law of deceased, assisted at the Mass. T

we extend our sympathy, coupled with the earnest prayer that perpetual light may shine upon the departed soul.

MARKET REPORTS.

London, April 11.—Wheat, 62½ to 66 per bushel; oats, 35 3 10 to 36 per bushel; peas 66 to 750 per bushel; barley, 43 to 45¢ per bushel; peas 68 to 750 per bushel; barley, 43 to 45¢ per bushel; ryes, 50 2-5 to 55c per bushel. Beef was firm at \$5 to \$6 25 per cwt. Lamb, 9c a b. wholesale. Spring lambs were dear, and \$1 to \$4.50 a plece, dressed, was readily paid. Dressed calves by the carcass were easy, at 4 to 5 a b. Pork \$5.50 to 86 per cwt. Turkeys firm, 12 to 13c a lb. Fowls, 50 to 75c a pair. Maple syrup 80c to \$1 agalion. Potatoes 75 to 80c a bag. Turnips, \$5 to 4c a bag. Apples sold at \$1 a bag. A fair number of milch cows were offered at \$35 to \$45 apiece. Hay, \$8.50 to \$9.50 a ton.

Toronto, April 11.—Wheat, white, per bush. 70c; wheat, red, per bush. 65c; wheat, red, per bush. 70c; whole, 12 to 13c; barley, per bush. 45c; barley, feed, per bush. 35c. Turkeys, per lb 13 to 15c; geese, per lb. 7 to 9; chickens, per pair, 60 to 75c; ducks, per pair, 60 to \$1.00. Butter, in pound rolls, 18 to 17c. Onlons, per bag. 75 to 85c; turnips, per bag. 25 to 30c; potatoes, per bag, 75 to 80c. Apples, per bbl., \$1.75 to \$3.00. Hay, Tlimothy, \$10 to \$11.50; hay, clover, \$9 to \$10; straw, sheaf, \$7 to \$8.50. Dressed hogs, \$6.15 to \$2.55 Heef, hinds, \$5 to \$7; beef, fores, \$3 to \$5; lamb, carcass, \$9 to \$10; mutnon, carcass, \$8 to \$5.1 lamb, carcass, \$9 to \$10; mutnon, carcass, \$8 to \$5.1 lamb, carcass, \$9 to \$10; mutnon, carcass, \$8 to \$5.1 lamb, carcass, \$9 to \$10; mutnon, carcass, \$8 to \$5.1 lamb, carcass, \$9 to \$10; mutnon, carcas, \$8 to \$5.1 lamb, carcass, \$9 to \$10; mutnon, carcas, \$8 to \$5.1 lamb, carcass, \$9 to \$10; mutnon, carcas, \$8 to \$5.1 lamb, carcass, \$9 to \$10; mutnon, carcas, \$8 to \$5.1 lamb, carcass, \$9 to \$10; mutnon, carcas, \$8 to \$5.1 lamb, carcass, \$9 to \$10; mutnon, carcas, \$8 to \$5.1 lamb, carcass, \$9 to \$10; mutnon, carcas, \$8 to \$5.1 lamb, carcass, \$9 to \$10; mutnon, carcas, \$8 to \$5.1 lamb

Latest Live Stock Markets.
EAST BUFFALO.

East Buffalo, N. Y., April 11.— There were only two cars of cattle all told on sale to day for which the demand was fair at unchange prices. Hogs—Receipts moderate; 2,800 head



Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness and Weakness.

ness and Weakness. 6

WEST BROUGSTON, QUEDEC, Oct. 1, 90.
The Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I ordered was for a young lady of my household who was almost useless to herself and others, owing to nervous prostration, sleeplessness, weakness, &c., &c., - Co-day there is quite a change. The young person is much better, stronger and less nervous She will continue to use your medicine. I think it is, yery good. P. SARVIE, Catholic Priest.

FREEPORT, 1LL., Oct. 26, 1890. We used 12 bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for nervousness and found it to have the desired effect in every case. DOMINICAN SISTERS.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Discases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free.

This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Keenig, of Fort Wayne, ind., since 1870, and is now under his direction by the

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Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. Gfor \$5.
Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.
In London by W. E. Saunders & Co.

trade was fairly active, and prices were steady; mediums heavy and choice. Yorkers, soid at \$5.00 to \$5.15; roughs \$4.50 to \$.05; itugs. \$3.50 to \$4.50. Sheep and Lambs — On saie, 10.500 head; the early market was very slow, but a brisker trade sprung up as the day advanced; sheep were steady; lambs lower for all but choice; top wethers. \$5 to \$5.35; fair to good mixed sheep, \$4.40 to \$4.75; common to tair, \$2.90 to \$5.50; calls, \$2.25 to \$2.75; faircy lambs, \$6.90 to \$6; fair to good, \$4.50 to \$5.26.

April langhed and threw a kiss;
Then, afraid it seemed amiss,
Quick she dropped a shining tear,
And it straightway blossomed here;
Seeing this, she then threw more,
Crying harder than before—
A tear for every kiss she threw;
From ever tear a blossom grew,
Till she, laughing, ran away,
And lett her flowers all to May.
—Hugh McCulloc
—Hugh McCulloc -Hugh McCulloch

SUNSHINE HAS RETURNED.

he Shadows Overhanging a Niagara Fells Home Have Vanished.—Little Mabel Dorety Cured of St. Vitus Dance After Four Physicians Had Ineffectually Treated the Case.

From the Niagara Falls Review.

Riverdale. MRS. REUBEN BAKER.

I BELIEVE MINARD'S LINIMENT will promote growth of hair.

MRS. CHAS. ANDERSON.

Stanley, P. E. I.

I BELIEVE MINARD'S LINIMENT is the ehold remedy on earth.

v. Ont. MATTHIAS FOLEY. Oil City, Ont.

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