

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XIII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1890.

NO. 623

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

Special Correspondence of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Thorold, Sept. 22, 1890.

The Catholic people of our town were highly honored on Sunday, the 14th inst., by the presence of two Archbishops, viz. His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston. A committee appointed by the congregation, accompanied by our pastor, proceeded to St. Catharines, and escorted the distinguished prelates to the church, where confirmation was administered to forty candidates, who were previously subjected to a searching examination by His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston. He greatly commended them upon their creditable answers. Immediately after confirmation was administered His Grace addressed the candidates and the congregation generally. He congratulated the former upon the receipt of the most important sacrament, reminding them that they had formally and publicly enrolled themselves under the banner of Christ, were His soldiers, and should valiantly fight His battles until death. He also reminded them that they should henceforth uphold their holy religion, never doubting it on any occasion whatsoever. He greatly deplored the wantonly cowardice of a Catholic who was ashamed of his faith—rather should he be proud and grateful, for the signal honor conferred upon him, to be a lamb of the true fold, since, as there is but one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God, the Father of all, there is but one true Church, out of which there is no salvation. He compared other churches and creeds with the true Church, and contrasted the religions of men—mere human organizations—with the Church of Christ, and impressed upon the minds of the hearers, that the Church is not a mere assembly of men, but a society of the faithful, who are united by the same sacraments, the same prayers, and the same worship, and who are governed by the same visible head on earth—the Pope. His holiness manifested in the various grace giving channels—the sacraments, the Holy Ghost, the Sacrament of Penance, the Holy Eucharist, the Sacrament of the Sick, the Sacrament of Holy Orders, and the Sacrament of Matrimony, all of which are necessary to the soul's health and happiness. His holiness also pointed out the various graces which are bestowed upon the faithful, and exhorted them to strive for perfection, and to be ever ready to sacrifice themselves for the glory of God and the salvation of their fellow-creatures.

The eloquent remarks of His Grace were listened to with breathless attention by the large congregation present. A committee consisting of Messrs. John Battie, Thos. Conlon, John Gartin, Amatus Schwaller, Matthew J. Ryan, Wm. Carmell and David Battie, advanced to the altar railing and presented the following address:

To the Most Reverend John Walsh, D. D., Archbishop of Toronto:

MAY I PLEASE YOUR GRACE—We, the Catholics of Thorold, desire to extend to you a very hearty welcome on the occasion of this your first pastoral visit to our parish. Although many of us are strangers to you, we beg to assure Your Grace that you are not unknown to us, that we had frequently heard of you as Bishop of London, had seen and read with pleasure many of your beautiful discourses, and had watched with pride and satisfaction your zealous efforts for the promotion of the interests of our holy Church.

When we learned of your elevation to the Archiepiscopal See of Toronto, we were sincerely pleased, for we knew that in you our Catholic people would find a worthy successor to the late lamented Archbishop Lynch, with whose labors in behalf of our Church and people you are quite familiar. We hope and pray that Your Grace may be long spared to fill the exalted position to which you have been called, and we trust that you will accept our assurance that we, as children of the Church, will ever show full obedience in whatever you may see fit to counsel or direct for our good.

In conclusion, we beg again to give expression to the hope that Almighty God may long spare you to fill the Archiepiscopal office, to tender you our congratulations on your elevation to that dignity, and once more to say to Your Grace: Welcome! Welcome to our parish.

Signed on behalf of the congregation: John Battie, Thomas Conlon, John Gartin, Amatus Schwaller, Matthew J. Ryan, David Battie, William Carmell.

At the conclusion of this address, Messrs. John Corbett, James Williams, Jas. Battie, Edward Foley and William Gartin, a committee from the O. M. B. A., presented the following address:

To the Most Reverend John Walsh, D. D., Archbishop of Toronto:

MAY I PLEASE YOUR GRACE—The members of Branch 24 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association desire, on this occasion of Your Grace's first visit to this parish, to testify our devotion to, and esteem for you as our chief pastor. We desire especially to welcome and pay our respects to you as the most honored member of our great association in the Dominion of Canada. We do not forget that early in the history of our association we had Your Grace's hearty approval and blessing, and to this we are satisfied we owe our great success. In conclusion, we earnestly trust that you may be long spared to continue your good work in the vineyard of the Lord, and to administer to the wants of your devoted flock.

We have the honor to subscribe ourselves Your Grace's obedient children, John Corbett, President; James Williams, Vice-President; James Battie, Edward Foley, Wm. Gartin.

we should always pray. How sad it is to see Catholics who are so indifferent as to omit their morning and evening prayers. How can such Catholics expect to keep themselves in a state of grace? Parents are sometimes, in no small degree, responsible for this carelessness and indifference in their children, for how can a child be expected to grow up a pious and devout young man or woman, as the case may be, when the parents are never seen on their knees in prayer. It is nothing less than a deliberate sin for such parents to frame flimsy excuses for not saying their prayers. To say they had no time is simply ridiculous in the extreme, as they are by no means pressed for time when eating their breakfast, and thereby reinforcing their enemy, the flesh, by paupering it, while they have no time to strengthen the fortress of their soul by prayer, to withstand the enemy's onslaught. The only means for us to adopt to cope with the devil, are attending Mass regularly and often, frequenting the sacraments and by constant prayer.

His further reminded them that life was too short, time too fleeting, for us to fix our affections upon the transitory pleasures of this world, but rather to elevate them heavenwards, to futurity and the happiness which awaits the good and faithful servants, which happiness he heartily wished them all.

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vent in other years. The kitchen was underground, where the poor Sisters were forced to burrow like rabbits, while it would require an acrobat of no mean ability to climb up and down the stairs leading thereto. All this is past and is replaced by elegant and modern improvements, which will stand as monuments to the zeal of your good priest, and your own generosity. I am not accustomed to praise a person before their face, rather preferring to say such matters to pass unnoticed. It is too desiring to pass unnoticed.

In regard to the O. M. B. A. I have nothing to say but words of praise and commendation. Praise for its fundamental principles, for its ends and for its results. Its principles, founded on the great precept of charity, which will stand its own unshaken ground, supporting the widow and the fatherless, daily practicing the greatest of all virtues—charity.

Its ends are commendable and thoroughly Catholic. In the first place it places its members under the obligation of approaching the sacraments at least once a year, thus guarding the souls of its members from carelessness or indifference, and substantially co-operating with the pastor in his duties. In the second place it overcomes that deplorable lack of unity, so frequently found among Catholics. It brings them together, from all parts of the country, when they become acquainted with one another, and where matters of grave importance, social and otherwise, may be discussed, which is an apparent and estimable benefit to each and every member. The results of this excellent order are too manifest to dwell upon, suffice it to say it makes them better men, while living, and when the bread-winner is called away he has the assurance that his loved ones are amply provided for. It is the blessing of God's Church in its noble work, as my earnest wish is that you may continue to flourish and prosper until their members are summoned to receive their heavenly reward, which is the blessing I wish you all.

At the conclusion of His Grace's remarks, benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given by the Very Rev. D. A. Harris of St. Catharines.

There was a large congregation present, an important element of which was made up of our Protestant friends.

CATHOLICITY.

A TRIP DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Editorial Correspondence of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

We were a party of three, who had no summer outing or holiday enjoyment in prospect, and who were desirous to restore vigor by the change from inland to seashore, and "of brine from the ocean." The Thousand Islands were passed in the limited mist of morning, and the Lacine Rapids shot through the night before reaching Montreal. Here we were met by a small, but very little steamer, where, for every eight passengers, we had but one cabin, and confined to the commodious, airy, elegant, richly furnished parlors of the steamer Quebec. Captain Nelson was most graciously attentive to his guests, and to us especially. We were invited to him in the grand salon, where every fruit and delicacy of the season was furnished in rich abundance and every politeness shown that might be expected from a gentleman of the old school of Franco-British, who speaks French and English with equal fluency, and who is certain no national or creed prejudice.

We were breakfasting next morning when Quebec was announced, and, after hastily packing up, we drove to the St. Louis Hotel. This is a branch of the old Russell House, and is owned by a syndicate.

The citadel was visited, with its ramparts and bastions, and iron grated gates, and pyramids of sharp, bomb shells and cannon ball of every dimension, while tiers of field guns peeped out from the heights and the wide stone terraces were surmounted with heavy pieces of ordnance, intended, no doubt, in case of invasion by a hostile fleet to sink any ordinary man of war and sweep the country with a leaden hail for miles in front and from east to west. The Plains d'Armes, with remnants of the old French redoubts, are still shown. The place where Montgomery fell is marked by a white sign board about half way up the steep incline, and the core is pointed out from which the British Highlanders in 1759 scaled the heights and surprised the French. Additional curiosity is excited, and a feeling of horror creeps over the visitor in contemplating the huge mountain of rock which fell not long since on the doomed inhabitants of Lower Champlain street, by which several houses were crushed to atoms and several precious lives were lost. The back-man, who drove us around the ruins, could tell the names of every one that perished, and recite thrilling anecdotes of several hair-bread escapes. So huge were the boulders and enormous the square pieces of rock that fell there still in a confused mass, with the debris of the crushed houses; the crevices are all filled in, and a new road way is built around the heap-fallen rock. How people still continue to live in the same street, with ruins piled around them, and the over-hanging rocks ready for another plunge, is a mystery. The heavy piece of ordnance, which formerly boomed three times a day from the castellated tower above, is now silent.

It is feared the reversion caused by the sound and recoil might shake down another avalanche of rocks, and dangerously situated people and houses under its menace every evening from 8 to 10 p. m. the Durham and Dufferin Terraces, immediately overhead, while the band

plays overtures and classic selections, and electric lights show forth the elegance and style of Quebec's stately youth and bedizened gaiety.

We visited the Basilica, cathedral church, where extensive repairs are going on, and admired a classic and very beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart. St. Rose's and St. Patrick's were also seen. The latter has been lately frescoed and artistically decorated. It is now, in my opinion, the equal of the Jeu in Montreal.

On returning from the citadel, and emerging from the chain gate, an immense stone archway spans the street, through which, after a short walk, we reached the new Provincial Parliamentary buildings. Here you take in the wide spreading lawn and green-tufted terraces in front, while gravel walks lead through the grounds, and round a miniature artificial pond to the main entrance, where, after ascending a few steps, you stand before the Quebec House of Legislature. We were shown through the library, and noticed the portraits of Quebec's celebrated men, and the portraits of the members of the Senate and the hall of senators.

On inquiry we found that the Hon. Prime Minister, Hon. Honoré Mercier, could be seen in his private chambers, and, on sending our cards, we were shown into an adjoining waiting room. Hon. Mr. Mercier greeted us most cordially, and after a half hour's pleasant conversation we were invited to lunch with the Prime Minister at his temporary residence on Kevoir street. Hon. Mr. Mercier is a perfect gentleman in his own house. He was all kindness, affability and pleasantness. During the latest repeat, called, lunch, which lasted fully three hours, his bon homie, piquant anecdote, kind attention to his guests, and sallies of genuine wit and repartee never languished for a moment.

The time passed all too rapidly when the ringing of telephone bell and stern official duty compelled us to say a hasty good-bye with repeated thanks for such generous and unexpected hospitality.

Early next morning we were on board the steamship Canada, coasting around the Island Orleans, down past the Island d'Orleans and along the bleak hills of the Emboulements, until we reached Murray Bay. Here we touched land, when hundreds came running down from the neighboring village and from the cozy cottages among the trees on the opposite slopes. Murray Bay is a favorite resort for the gentry of Montreal and Toronto, and the white-sailed and built neat cottages along the coast and on the hills that look down on the briny heaving waters of this estuary of the St. Lawrence. From our upper deck I noticed Hon. Samuel Blake among the crowd on the wharf. He was standing beside his son and daughter when I doffed my hat to him, and he at once recognized me. As our vessel had put in merely for the purpose of delivering some goods and taking on a few passengers, we had barely time to land our baggage, and to receive the signal for departure was blown from the wharf, and amid waving of hats and handkerchiefs and hurried good-byes, we were off again. We were next detained two full hours at Rivière de Loup, at which place several people landed, and were driven to Cap-de-la-Madeleine, a beautiful church and a three-story building, which we took for a convent, are plainly seen from the upper deck of our steamer. The town seems more laid out regularly than any village of the town we called at since leaving Quebec. It is here Sir John A. Macdonald sojourns all the summer months. No doubt many others wishing to be near the source of power and patronage affect to be similar to Lady Macdonald's, and prefer Rivière de Loup as a summer resort to any other beach in the whole world.

To reach Tadoussac, the next place of calling, you must turn the helm hard a port, and steer diagonally across the St. Lawrence in a north-easterly direction until you reach the shore, and there you land passengers in the distance, although poor and scattered, village of Tadoussac. It was about tea time, night was setting in, and we were promised that on the return trip two boats would be allowed the excursionists to visit the place and examine its curi- osities. Tadoussac is at the mouth of the Saguenay River, into the deep briny waters and thickening shadows of which our vessel plunged, sailing direct for Chicoutimi, the objective point of our three days' voyage de mer. On each side of the river, which resembles an arm of the sea more than a river, huge boulders and towering cliffs, covered with green moss or stunted pine shrubs, stand like giant sentinels casting their sombre shadows on the placid waters beneath. On the north side Equus Cove and Anse à l'Éclair mesure from 100 to 1,000 feet in height, while from the opposite bank perpendicular cliffs rise up from the water's edge in a straight line from 600 to 1,200 feet high. It was midnight when we passed by Cape Eternity and Cape Trinity, the highest cliffs on the south side. We could have no idea of their vastness, but then, by a clear, full moon their fantastic shadows across the glistening water, that filled the soul with awe and marvel of man's littleness and God's immensity, as revealed in His wondrous works.

Lightning was reached by 3 a. m. of the clock, and all, except the deck hands and officers, were locked in the arms of the drowsy god. On awaking and turning out for prayer and breakfast next morning, we found ourselves twenty miles back on the return trip and quietly resting in the Bay. Several passengers went on shore, and it was about 8 a. m., some directed their steps to a Catholic church of moderate dimensions, in which they had the consolation of

assisting at a High Mass, which was just then being celebrated, and mingling with the congregation of pious French Canadians who knelt and prayed most devoutly. Five priests had come on board during the night. They had been for the last eight days making their annual retreat at Chicoutimi, and were returning Saturday morning to their respective parishes. They all wore long cassocks and innately satiated at the waist and familiar with that language, we soon engaged in a general conversation with those venerable curés, some of whom showed signs of hardship and of long years spent in missionary work. Rev. Ch. Dubougie was introduced to us as the saintly old Father who had preached the retreat. In conversation with him we found that he is the Superior of the Redemptorist Fathers, who have charge over the relics and shrine of St. Anne at Cap-de-la-Madeleine. He is a Belgian by origin, speaks French almost exclusively, is most condescending and affable in manner. He invited our party to share the hospitality of his monastery when we visited St. Anne's. In summer eighteen Fathers work with him at St. Anne's, and they are all kept busy shriving the pilgrims who flock to the holy shrine, sometimes to the number of ten thousand in one day. During the winter season those Fathers are sent by Father Dubougie in twos and threes to preach missions in isolated districts, and visit the raffish and voyagers in their shanties. The amount of good they accomplish among the scattered populations of those wild desolate regions is simply incalculable.

It was 3 p. m. when our vessel reached the famous Cap de Trinity, a perpendicular cliff that rises up from the water's edge and towers away into the sky to the height of eighteen hundred feet. There are three distinct cones of mountain over-topping the cliff, and giving to the cape the name it bears. Our ship slowed as we passed beneath the huge mass and was apparently so close to the overhanging wall of granite that you could almost reach it with an oar. This was delusion, however, caused by the vastness of our surroundings; for the strongest athlete on board could not send a stone far enough to strike the rock. The captain, however, had a much full of round stones provided, and much amusement was caused by the many and superhuman efforts made by every man on board to do the impossible. Meanwhile a white image appeared away up among the rocks, indistinct at first, but as the vessel approached, it was recognized by all. It was plainly the statue of the Blessed Virgin, which stood on a ledge about eight hundred feet above the surface of the river, and appeared life size, although we were informed its dimensions are eight by thirty feet. As we approached the cliff, from which it appeared to look down complacently on the waters that rose then, one of the French curés present, entered the "Ave Maria Stella." He stood on the forward portion of the upper deck, and was immediately joined by all the other priests and students and a few Catholics, who sang in a most devout and perfect union the grand old hymn of Catholic inspiration and piety which long ago roused the drooping spirits of Columbus and his adventurous mariners in search of a new world. The rich tones rang out in clear and grandeur over the placid waters of the bay, and were repeated in startling echoes from rock to rock. The excursionists, who were, for the most part, American tourists of every clime and of no denomination, were thunderstruck and pleased in wonder and admiration at the solemn and soul-reaching cadences of the inspired chant. While the song lasted the statue seemed to take life, as pictures do sometimes under the talisman of music's stirring breath.

Music, oh how faint, how weak
Should I feel ever speak!
When thou can't breathe for soul so well?

Tom Moore, who wrote those lines, must have felt all the potency of sacred song that lifts up the soul and gives life to things inanimate. Had Moore listened to the "Ave Maria Stella" (Hall Star of the Sea), sung by trained priestly voices, on the Saguenay River, under the towering cliffs of Cape Trinity, with Mary's sacred image smiling overhead, his poetic conception and expression only known and felt by the inhabitants of a better and purer world than ours.

W. F.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

CATHOLICITY IN SWEDEN.

The progress of the faith in this country has been slow but not hopeless, considering the strength of the prejudices against it. An average of twenty conversions has been made each year since the emancipation in 1850. Some of these conversions were notable. Two ministers became priests; twelve students of the University of Upsal entered the Church in a body in 1854, and more recently at Stockholm thirty-five conversions to the Catholic faith created quite an uproar. There are now in Sweden one Vicar Apostolic, nine missionaries, eight churches, eleven hundred Catholics, six primary schools, seven boarding schools, three hospitals and sixty-one nuns. In thirty years they have increased to this number from two missionaries, one church and two hundred Catholics.

The Rev. Sidney Benson Thorp, who is a nephew to the Archbishop of Canterbury, has become a Catholic, and he intends to study for the priesthood in some religious order. He states that his change of religion was wrought by his personal of Cardinal Newman's works.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Buffalo Union.

The Marquis of Ripon, the leader of Freemasonry in England; the late Hon. Joseph Chandler of Philadelphia, head of the Freemasons in the United States; and Leo Taxil, an evangelist of French Masonry, thank the dust of the Lodge from their feet forever and became devout Catholics.

In an address delivered recently in London the Marquis of Ripon said: "Some might forget, and he was afraid that there were many who did forget, what English Catholics owed to Ireland. How was it that its could hold office in the government of the empire? To whom was it that he owed those advantages, which were denied to Catholics a few generations back? It was to that great Irishman Daniel O'Connell, and it seemed to him that it would indeed be ungrateful if he did not, under these circumstances, fully devote his time and any abilities he possessed for the advancement of the Irish people." Gratitude is the memory of the heart. Not every Englishman is thus blessed with that beautiful virtue.

Catholic Columbian.

Some persons are troubled because, while they know that they must love God, they cannot say for sure whether or not they have any affection for Him. They make the mistake of examining their feelings. They suppose that they must experience in their emotions a sentiment of intense liking, such as burned in the hearts of some saints. But this is not required. Christ gave the rule whereby they can decide whether or not they fulfill the greatest of all commandments: "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me." Are you a practical Catholic; do you lead a Christian life; are you making progress in the practice of virtue—if you do, you love God.

Catholic Review.

The Rev. F. B. Morse preached on Sunday last, in New York City, concerning the present state of the labor question, and his address was as follows: "Years ago, before the days of organized labor were no strikes, no boycotts. Ever since the formation of labor organizations there has been strife and disturbance. No one questions the right of workmen to organize, but the so-called labor organizations, as they are conducted to day, are in their last analysis detrimental to the interests of laborers. I do not accept the statement of our prominent college President, Dr. Andrews, of Brown University, that if capitalists could have their way, laborers would be ground down to the condition of slaves. American capitalists, as a whole, are among our noblest citizens." We rejoice to hear a word of praise for American capitalists, because we know they do not deserve it, and the mind which can award it to them must be sweetly innocent. The preacher forgot to state that years ago when there were no strikes and boycotts, wages were scanty, hours were long, hygienic factories unknown, and ventilation and fire escapes luxuries. It is historical that the capitalists did not introduce these beneficial novelties. They have, however, provided Rev. F. B. Morse with a mouth, and he is using it rightly in their praise. They need all they can get.

ENGLAND CATHOLIC.

Gallivan's Messenger, quoting from a Protestant journal it does not name, publishes this paragraph:

"A perfect wave of conversions seems to be rolling over the troubled waters of Anglicanism. Only the other day the Rev. G. W. Townsend, principal of the Oxford University at Calcutta, followed the example of the Rev. Luke Rivington, head of a similar institution at Bombay, made his submission to the Catholic Church. To day it is announced that the Rev. William Leavelle, of the Rev. McQuay's Protestant. Let her then become Catholic. I ask nothing better, for she would then at least become gay. It should be noted that these conversions are always more frequent on the morrow of some important trial of the official Church against a disbeliever. The trials of the bishops of Liberia and of London have certainly accelerated the current of conversions in the parishes of London, and, as is seen, the defenders of Catholic truth, joyfully and abundantly reap the whitening harvest."

It is stated that Mr. J. J. Hill, a western railway magnate, has given to Archbishop Ireland half a million of dollars for the establishment of a Catholic seminary in St. Paul, Minnesota. The cost of instruction is to be made as perfect as possible, and Mr. Hill promises to increase his donation if a further sum be needed. Two hundred thousand dollars will be required for the purchase of a site, and three hundred thousand dollars will be used as an endowment fund for the seminary.

The Dream of Gerontius.

BY THE LATE CARDINAL NEWMAN.
Jesu, Maria—I am near to death,
And thou art calling me; I know it now,
Not by the token of this fading breath,

That I am going, that I am no more,
This I can feel, but I am not aware,
That I am going, that I am no more,

KNOCKNAGOW.

OR,
THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.
BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER LV.—CONTINUED.

The young girls gazed upon the woods
and groves and undulating meadows, just
as their grandfather had done. And the
expression in the bright eye of youth and

To be sure, his father, and grandfather,
and great grandfather, had lived there
before him. He was a very fine fellow,

An old blind hound, lying on a mat
near the door, raised his head, and uttered
a long dismal howl. The whole pack
took up the cry; and as it passed like a

"Do you think her handsome?" Richard
asked.
"Not very," was Mr. Lowe's languid
reply. "I could never admire girls like her."

"What are you saying?" Eva asked.
"Nothing," she carelessly replied. She
was thinking of Hugh's "Good-by."

And Hugh did stalk the carriage as
long as it was in sight; but then he had
come up the hill to look at the boggetts,

"I wonder what sort she will be in a
few years," he thought, looking
again at the shining trees which he had

"Thank goodness," thought Mary, "no
tongue can ever wound me again on that
score."

"What is the matter with you, Mary?"
Ellie asked.
"Who says so?"

"You'll have Grace with you in the
convent."
"Will I? I fear that would not be allowed."

CHAPTER LVII.
THE WHITE JACKETS.
The Sunday afternoon wore growing
longer and longer, and Mat Donovan's

for a long time before. He saw Hugh
Kearney's fishing rod, which he had
repaired for him in "first-rate style,"

two big rocks in the hill-field to mark
the spot.
"Oh!" he exclaimed, after looking at
them for some time, "she has a light-

CHAPTER LVIII.
A GREAT EVENT—TOMMY LAHY'S ACCOM-
PLISHMENTS—ARTHUR O'CONNOR.
A great event has happened in Knock-
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The Dream of Life.

BY K. A. SULLIVAN.

Two cooling, helpless, loving babes—
Two chattering toddlers snail—
Two young ones, 'neath the cooling shades
Of their green, kitten and tail.

ST. ROSE OF LIMA.

A CHARMING NARRATIVE OF THE
FIRST AMERICAN EVER CANON-
IZED.

In the year 1536, and on the feast of
the holy Virgin Agnes of Montepulciano,
a child came into the world at Lima,

Her first knowledge of God came to her
in a wonderful way, when she was just
five years old. One day, when she was

"Little sister, why art thou so touchy
because I have soiled thy hair a little?
Dost thou not know that the beautiful

It happened, once, that the mother and
Rose were in the company of other people.
There was a table there, and on it lay

With her mother's leave, Rosa hence-
forth always chose quite a plain, dan-
gerous garment for her dress, so that

She detected lying so much that her
favorite saying was: "Man may not lie
either for the sake of heaven or earth; for

Thus, then, stood Rosa in the eyes of
God, pure and stainless, and full of sweet
odor, like unto a white rose armed with
the thorns of chastity.

Facts and Figures.

Thousands of people have been cured
and thousands will be cured by the use
of Burdock Blood Bitters, the best remedy
for biliousness, dyspepsia, constipation,

The Dream of Life.

BY K. A. SULLIVAN.

Two cooling, helpless, loving babes— Two chatting, toddling, laughing babes— Two playmates 'neath the cooling shades Of oak trees, grim and tall.

Two pupils in the selfsame school— Two youth and maiden fair— Nought know they of the dreary rule Of life, so full of care.

Two lovers in the eventide— Two lives now bent in one— Two graves upon the hillside— And thus the dream goes on.

ST. ROSE OF LIMA.

A CHARMING NARRATIVE OF THE FIRST AMERICAN EVER CANONIZED.

In the year 1536, and on the feast of the holy Virgin Agnes of Montepulciano, a child came into the world at Lima, a town in South America. Her parents were of Spanish origin. The child was baptized on Pentecost, which the people in those parts call the "Easter of Roses," and she received, after her grandmother, the name of Isabella or Elizabeth.

One day, three months after the child's birth, her mother saw a lovely rose bending over the cradle of her infant. At this sight the thought may have come to her, that her child, too, might well be a rose, which should blossom into beauty before God and men. So she changed her name, and from that day called her "Rosa."

Rosa was, by nature, a sweet and lovely child. Always quiet and gentle, she was never known to scream or cry, even when she lay in the cradle; and every one who looked at her took delight in the little child.

Her first knowledge of God came to her in a wonderful way, when she was just five years old. One day, when she was playing with her brother and some other children, her brother squirted some muddy water, from the street, upon her hair. Rosa was displeased at this, for she always, and in all things, liked to be clean; so, with a face full of trouble, she turned and walked away. Then the brother went up to her, and, half in joke, half in earnest, said to her, like a preacher:

"Little sister, why art thou so touchy because I have soiled thy hair a little? Dost thou not know that the beautiful hair of a maiden is a rope, with which the devil captures the souls of young people, and drags them down into hell? Surely God has no pleasure in that beautiful hair of thine, in which thou takest so much delight!"

These words fell heavily upon Rosa's heart. At the same instant the Holy Spirit let His divine light stream into the soul of the little child. For the first time, she knew what sin was, and what was meant by offending God. She was seized with a horror of hell, about which her brother had spoken. At once, she began to pray earnestly, and kept on saying over and over again, sometimes to herself, sometimes aloud, the self-same words: "Jesus, be praised! Jesus, be with me! Amen." And then she went her way, sought out a pair of trowsers, and cut off her hair to the roots.

From that day forth, she sought to put aside whatever might attract attention to her, or win for her the vain praise of men. But her mother was badly educated and worldly minded, and she wanted to make her daughter, who had a very beautiful face, more beautiful still, by tricking her out in all kinds of finery, as children will do with their dolls.

It happened, once, that the mother and Rosa were in the company of other people. There was a table there, and on it lay a beautiful wreath of flowers. The mother wished to see how beautiful Rosa would look with the wreath upon her head, and ordered her to put it on. The modest child, who was afraid of vain praise, begged to be excused. But it was of no avail; she had to obey. Then Rosa put on the wreath, but in doing so, she pressed a needle into her head, which she had purposely hidden among the flowers.

Another time, the mother wished Rosa to adorn herself with beautiful chains and bracelets, and to crimp her hair, and paint her face, so that her daughter's face might be more striking. But Rosa took fright at this command, and begged her mother to give her leave to go and ask her confessor whether or not she might do it.

The mother granted her wish, and Rosa hastened to her confessor. When the latter had heard of the matter, he went back with the girl to her mother, and begged of her, in serious words, not to grieve her God loving child, by insisting on her to sinful pride. The mother took the words to heart, and left off, in future, all such vanities.

With her mother's leave, Rosa henceforth always chose quite a plain, dark garment for her dress, so that nobody might notice her, and in order that her beautiful form might be an occasion of sin to no one. She had a great horror of sin; all the people in the house knew it, and they, therefore, took care to say nothing before little Rosa that was not quite pure. When her brothers and sisters would sometimes bring home a rude word or song, which they had heard elsewhere, Rosa would begin to cry, run away to her mother, throw herself down before her, and complain to her, amid her tears, that God was being offended. Whenever she was, anything sinful was done before her, and she could not prevent it, she would cry aloud, and shed hot bitter tears.

She detested lying so much that her favorite saying was: "Man may not lie, either for the sake of heaven or earth; for God is truth." And when she heard some story related that was not quite true, she would interrupt and say, "I beg your pardon, but this is not the case," or, "I think it did not happen in that way." The holy and spotless purity of her body and her soul she preserved with the tenderest care. She kept her body under severe restraint, so that it could not rebel against her will. How can we wonder, then, that God, too, on His part, showed Himself most gracious to her? He took her under His protection, in such a way that she never felt even the least thought against holy purity.

Thus, then, stood Rosa in the eyes of God, pure and stainless, and full of sweet odor, like unto a white rose armed with the thorns of chastity. Since Christ Himself has said, "Whoever keeps My commandments faithfully, he is who loves Me," it will be seen,

from what has been said, how brightly the love of God shone out from little Rosa.

DEVOTION. The love of God is like the love of our parents. A good child, who loves its parents, will like to be much with them. And so, it will probably give up many harmless sports with other children; it will seldom be seen upon the street, where there is much turmoil and noise; it will rather play, and work, and read, in the quiet room with its mother.

And so it was with the dear child Rosa. Her heart was early open to God; for God, by His special grace, drew her to Him, and she offered not the least resistance. So it came about that she found no joy in the games that children play. Often enough, her little neighbors would come to Rosa, bringing with them their pretty, gaily dressed dolls, and would tell her that she ought to play with them. But Rosa would refuse, and withdraw herself to some hidden corner, where, all alone, she could speak to her Father in heaven. Her brother once found her there. He asked her why she did not play with the other children, and why she would rather be all by herself in that dusty place. She answered, after her childish heart, "Let me be alone; I am not at all sure that, with your dolls, you have also the dear God with you."

By her pious and frequent thoughts about God, it became sweet and easy to her, even amid her homework and other occupations, to have God with her; and to speak to Him inwardly in her soul, just as a child, in a strange land, might often think of her mother at home, and talk to her without moving her lips.

Rosa was like a sunflower, which, with its great, yellow, blossom-eye, looks ever at the sun, and turns itself towards him, from his rising in the morning to his setting in the evening sky. She might spin, sew, embroider; she might read, eat, or talk to others; she might stay at home, or cross the street, or kneel in the church; but always and everywhere she thought of God, and her soul always looked up to Him.

This constant thought of her God and Father did not disturb her in her occupations any more than it would disturb a child to talk to its mother while knitting. Rosa did everything so orderly, so neatly, and so cleverly; she gave such apt answers to every question that was put to her; she was so quick and diligent in all her work that one would have imagined that all her thoughts and efforts were directed to these alone. And yet her soul, with its thoughts and its inward eyes, was ever fixed upon Christ.

As she grew somewhat older, and her joy in God grew also with her years, she wished, oftener than before, to be alone with Him, and undisturbed. So she sought out a place within the garden wall, where there stood a great juniper tree. And here, away from the eyes of the household, she built herself a little hut, like a hermitage. Her brother Ferdinand helped her to make it. In the wall she built a little altar, and on it placed a cross, which she cut out of thick paper. It was higher and broader than herself. Thither she brought all the holy pictures she could ever find. She decked the altar with flowers from the garden.

Here, to this garden chapel, she often came. When the sun rose, it was the first walk to this dear little cell, and she would remain there, working and praying, sometimes the whole day long. If any one wanted her for anything, and wished to seek her, the people in the house would merely say, "If you wish to find Rosa, you have only to go into the garden."

Once she had been praying, and stayed in the garden till late in the evening. It was already dark. She was afraid of ghosts, having inherited this fear from her mother. Now, it so fell out, that on this evening, her mother wished to seek her, but she dared not go alone through the dark garden. So the father went with her. When Rosa saw her parents coming, she went at once to meet them, and walked back with them into the house. On the way this thought came to her: "See how my mother goes through the garden without fear, because my father goes with her. And shall I be afraid of the terrors of the night, when I have God, my Lord, not only at my side, but in my very heart?"

From this time forth, she lost all fear and anxiety, in the hours of the night, or in lonely, dark places. Yet dearer to her than this cell in the garden-wall, was the cell in which Christ the Lord dwells upon earth—the holy tabernacle in the church. Often and often she would go there to visit our Saviour. She had chosen, once for all, a certain little place in the church, where the tabernacle always went, and where she prayed. It was just opposite the high altar. If the Blessed Sacrament were exposed in any church, there she would go to pay her devotions.

After her Holy Communion the child expressed a great longing. In answer to her wishes, and on account of her innocence and modesty, her confessor allowed her to approach the Holy Table twice a week. She prepared herself most worthily for Communion, by every time first going to Confession. For that, also, she was rewarded with the most extraordinary graces. Her confessor once asked her how she felt after receiving the holy Body of the Lord. She gave this answer: "It seems to me as if the sun had risen in my heart. For, as the sun in the firmament, by its brightness and warmth, maketh the whole face of nature glad, bringing the plants to growth and maturity, ripening the fruits, adorning the mountains and the valleys, calling forth the sweet song of the birds, and with silver and golden rays, lighting up all things—so worketh Christ's holy presence in the depths of my soul."

LOVE OF PARENTS. The parents of the good Rosa were not rich. It therefore came hard to them to support and bring up the eleven children which God had given to them. Rosa took their poverty very much to heart, and her filial love drove her to seek work, in order to help them as well as she could. Often and often, she would stay up working till midnight, so that her parents might suffer no want. In the garden, she laid out some little beds, and planted flowers in them, and made the flowers into nosegays, and then sent the maid-servant with them to the market to sell. The profit she brought to her mother. A priest once asked her of what use her poor

little flower-trade could be to her parents. She smiled and said: "It is of little use, truly; but the Saviour knows well how to increase the gain."

Whenever her parents were ill, she would put all other things aside, and nurse them day and night; watching by their bedside, attending to their smallest wants with anxious fidelity, and praying for them to God. Indeed, her obedience to her parents was wonderful. She would never drink without leave from her mother; and when, at times, her mother, somewhat crossly, would forbid her to drink, the poor child would suffer a burning thirst for many days.

When she wished to take from the cupboard what she wanted for her work, she would always ask permission first. Her mother once said to her, "Why do you always ask for permission? The cupboard is not locked." Rosa answered, "My work does not bring in much, but I should like to increase the small gain by the merit of obedience."

Rosa had learnt how to embroider beautiful flowers. To put her obedience to the test, her mother once ordered her to make the flowers upon a cushion. Rosa did it at once, without giving it a thought. When the silk roses were made, the mother pretended that she was annoyed, and said to Rosa, "These are lovely flowers—these are! What have you gone and done? It seems to me you have been asleep over your work!" Then the child said quite calmly, "I was afraid it would be no good, my doing what you ordered me; but I did it because you willed it. If it is your wish, I will undo the embroidery again; and I will begin afresh, if it shall please you." But the high esteem and love, which Rosa felt for her parents, shone brightest in the patience with which she bore their fault.

Her grandmother Isabella, after whom, in baptism, Rosa had been called, could not bear that the child's mother should have taken her name from her, and given her another name instead. So she continued to call the child Isabella. And now, when the little one answered to this name, she was beaten by her mother; and when she answered to the call of "Rosa," the child got the rod from her grandmother. But she took it all without a word.

Rosa was, by nature, gentle and quiet. Her mother, on the contrary, was rough and violent, and so she was displeased with Rosa's reserve, and with her devotion, her solitude, and her silence. She often blamed the good child, often abused and insulted her; and even when she was a grown up girl, she would beat her with the rod, or with a tough stick. She did this, for example, when Rosa cut off her hair, so that no one should be tempted by it.

As the mother ill-treated her, so did her brothers and sisters, and even the servants of the house. They called her "a hypocrite and a cheat." But the dear child let this pass quietly by; it did, indeed, give her pain, but the thought of what her Saviour had suffered for her gave her the strength to maintain this heavenly patience.

Rosa did not live long. She died at the age of thirty-two, and was canonized in the year 1671. She was the first saint out of the whole of South America, and is the patron of Peru.

Now you have heard of many pious practices in the life of St. Rosa. Which of these will you take up to-day? Will you, like her, carefully avoid every lie? Or will you obey your parents, just at the word, without first asking, "Why?" Or will you resolve to do some other good?

THE ANGELUS.

We cut from an exchange the following, written by Father Mahoney, a priest of Minnesota: "I know nothing that saddens me more than to return to our country after having been a little while in Belgium or Tyrol. There, the poor people seem so wonderfully to live in the presence of God. If you were to go through a Tyrolean village at 6 o'clock in the evening you would hear from every cottage a hum like that of a hive of bees, every one, father and mother and children and servants, saying their prayers. It is much the same at noon, only then many of the people are out of doors in the field or in their gardens. The church bell rings at 12, and the mothers put down their scythes and take off their caps and fold their hands in prayer for about a minute, and then go on with their work. One market day at Innsbruck I was dining, and there was a party of farmers at another table having their dinner. The church bell rung the Angelus. They all rose up, and standing reverently, the oldest man in the party began the prayers and the rest responded. And the women shopping were standing still in the market, and those at the booths selling stock also with folded hands, and the men had their hats off, and instead of the buzz of bargaining rose the murmur of the prayer from all that great throng."

The Boundary Line

Between comfort and discomfort is often very slight. Have you rheumatism or neuralgia? Or are you a sufferer from obscure nervous pains? Why suffer longer? You can purchase for 10 cents a bottle of that kind of pain—Poison's Nerve-line—or you can get a large bottle for 25 cents. It cures promptly. It is sure, pleasant to take, and never fails to cure all kinds of pain. Don't wait an hour, but send to any drug store and get a trial bottle Nerve-line, the sure pain cure.

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The cobra destroys less life in the aggregate than the various forms of cholera, cholera infantum, cholera serena, diarrhoea dysenteria, cramps, colds, etc. Mortality in Canada from these causes is light, owing to the general use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which is an unfailing specific for all bowel complaints.

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

Minard's Linctum cures Diphtheria.

Indigestion

It is not a distressing complaint, of itself, but, by causing the blood to become depraved and the system enfeebled, is the parent of innumerable maladies. That Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best cure for Indigestion, even when complicated with Liver Complaint, is proved by the following testimony from Mrs. Joseph Lake, of Brockway Centre, Mich.:

"Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and came near ending my existence. For more than four years I suffered untold agony, was reduced almost to a skeleton, and hardly had strength to drag myself about. All kinds of food distressed me, and only the most delicate could be digested at all. Within the time mentioned several physicians treated me, without giving relief. Nothing that I took seemed to do any permanent good until I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has produced wonderful results. Soon after commencing to take the Sarsaparilla I could see an improvement in my condition. My appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, my strength improved each day, and after a few months I found myself a well-to-do woman, able to attend to all household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price 41¢ per bottle, 25¢ worth \$5 a bottle.

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DOCTORS' HEALTH FOR ALL.

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They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priced as THE OINTMENT

is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For the Disorders of the Chest it has no equal. Colds, glandular Swellings and all other Diseases it has no rival, and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 NEW OXFORD ST. (LATE 533 OXFORD ST.), LONDON.

And are sold at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 21s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors, throughout the world.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

They are the Remedy that the bounteous hand of nature has provided for all diseases arising from Impure Blood.

MORSE'S PILLS are a sure cure for RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, ETC., ETC.

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July 9, August 13, September 10, October 8, November 12, December 10. Fourth Monthly Drawing, Oct. 8th, 1890.

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CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH - \$15,000.00

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11 TICKETS FOR \$10.00

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The Catholic Record.

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REV. GEORGE S. NORTHGRAVES,

REV. WILLIAM FLANNERY,

THOMAS COFFEY.

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Catholic Record.

London, Sat., Sept. 27th, 1890.

THE METHODIST HOUSE OF COMMONS.

At the general conference of the Methodist Church, now being held in Montreal, the use of tobacco was condemned in the following comprehensive and sweeping resolution:

Mr. J. S. Carson read the report of the Special Committee on Tobacco, as follows: That whereas the attention of this Conference has been called to the great and increasing evils arising from the use of tobacco, especially among young people of the present day, and whereas our young people naturally and properly look to leaders in the Church for advice and example on this and other important questions, therefore, be it resolved, that this Conference asserts its abhorrence of the use of tobacco as destructive to the physical constitution, and especially ruinous to the young. We emphatically and earnestly recommend that every official in our Church be urged to be total abstainers from its use, and, alarmed by the growing use of tobacco among the youth of our country, we earnestly recommend that no one shall have a place in our Sabbath schools or in the educational institutions of our Church or in our ministry who is not a total abstainer from its use, and we further recommend that our people use all their influence to have the teachers in our Public schools and higher institutions set the example of total abstinence from its use.

These Methodist conferences are forever passing resolutions and submitting reports that are both of a tyrannical and impracticable character. The fragment which may be used to excess, like every other relative or wholesome stimulant, but its occasional abuse by some men who have no control over their whims or passions should not be a reason for its total prohibition. To many a hard-worked missionary, whose nervous system has been unstrung all day by overwrought mental tension, the most soothing and refreshing sedative is a quiet rest from labor and anxiety with some light literature and a comforting pull at a pipe or cigar. The law that would refuse him this harmless indulgence is, to say the least of it, exacting and rigorous in the extreme. In Europe clergymen, as a rule, allow themselves the luxury of a pinch of snuff, and, unless taken immediately, no one thinks of objecting to the custom. There are ministers and priests in America who never indulge in narcotics under any form; but if all the clergymen who smoke in the private enjoyment of domestic life, and when resting from care and trouble, were eliminated and debarred from preaching there would be very few left to do missionary work. When so-called Church divines and principals of colleges and Methodist Bishops come from great distances to put their heads together and devise means for the spread of God's kingdom and the increase of holiness among men, they might turn their attention to something more essential to religion and more practical than the use of tobacco among missionaries. But a Methodist conference would be nothing if not unreasonably, impracticable and tyrannical. We could understand a Christian body of learned divines teaching and explaining to their adherents, for instance, the meaning of each article contained in the Apostles' Creed. If they gave exact definitions as to the true meaning of such essential doctrines as "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins and the resurrection of the body," the exact knowledge of these apostolic teachings would be of far greater importance and more highly conducive to sanctification than lengthy reports or learned dissertations on the use of tobacco. It is true we should be men of self-denial, take up our cross daily and follow Christ, but only a few are called to go out all their lives, give to the poor and follow Christ. Men and women have been found, and still are found, in the Catholic Church who leave home and wealth and nearest and dearest relatives to follow Christ. However, that high and exceptional vocation is not vouchsafed to all men. But we are all bound to be followers of Christ, therefore ought we to imitate Him in His abounding charity, in His fastings, poverty

and self-denial. But this is exactly what the Methodist teachers will not do. They don't believe in contending riches, or in fasting forty days and forty nights, or making penitents of themselves for the kingdom of God. The very demon of intemperance, whom they strive to conquer by the strong arm of the law, laughs at their impotence. Probably intemperance is one of those demons that may be cast out only by "prayer and fasting." But during all the sessions of the Montreal conference not one word was introduced about the Christian observance of "prayer and fasting." The contrary appeared in the debate on Intemperance. Some contended that three years' incumbency in one parish was not of sufficient length to allow the minister to do all the good he might by a longer stay amongst the people. Mr. J. S. Williamson moved that "if requested by the Board of Trustees a minister might remain a fourth year in the same parish, and if the same request was repeated he might stay a fifth year."

Mr. Warren Kennedy opposed any such change. Dr. Potts described the last speaker as a good old Tory Methodist, who believed in tradition of the fathers as much as in justification by faith. Rev. J. F. Garman agreed that it was to the advantage of city clergymen, with salaries of \$2,500 a year, to have a longer term. Rev. Dr. Auldif said that Methodism needed elasticity. In large centres in England it was losing its power because of the frequent removals. For the sake of the minister's wife and children he pleaded for an extension of time. Mr. Ed. O'Flynn asked was this change for the glory of God or for the ease and comfort of a few ministers who live in big cities? Rev. Dr. Johnston prophesied that there would be still farther extension than now demanded. There were men who wanted to change about on the principle "that if you shake up the sugar bowl the lumps will come to the top." Rev. Geo. Bishop thought that when a man was wanted he might be retained for four years. Rev. J. J. Rice did not believe in extension. He said that if ministers were left four years in any parish they "would be getting into politics and all kinds of tomfoolery." Extension of term was finally voted down.

Bishop Hawkins (colored), of the British Methodist Episcopal Church, was then introduced. His Lordship stated: "They tell me Heaven is a grand place, and I'm bound to believe it. I believe I am very near it now with so many men of God around me. I am here on a level with you. Your God is my God, only I am a little blacker than some of you (laughter). I have a soul which is whiter than snow. Sixty-eight years ago I was told that if I obeyed my Master there was a kitchen in heaven I might get into by and bye. I propose, in company with this here Bishop Garman, to go right into the parlor (laughter and applause)."

During Friday evening's session Bishop Hawkins was again introduced by Dr. Williams, when Dr. Garman called on him for an address. Bishop Hawkins then delivered a characteristic address, which elicited loud laughter and great cheering. Rev. T. Minter, also colored, related some amusing incidents which occurred in his life, at the close of which, says the report in Toronto Empire: "There were loud calls for Bishop Hawkins to sing some of his celebrated melodies, which produced great enthusiasm among the audience, as they cheered again and again."

Dr. Potts then took up a collection for the colored Bishop, who was so pleased with the result (\$90) that he sang two more songs, "Nearer My Home To Day" and "O My Way to Canada." The scene was now most thrilling, says the report. "Even the fraternal delegate from Ireland, the Ven. Dr. McMillen, was as enthusiastic as the youngest member of the conference. Everybody was delighted."

Colored Bishop Hawkins ought to be retained for the Ecumenical Council of Methodists, soon to be held, where Methodist delegates will be drawn together from the four corners of the earth. It would certainly be a welcome and exhilarating change from the weighty and ponderous discussions on the use of tobacco, the means of prohibition and the dangers attending "extension of term," if the council's deliberations were varied by negro melodies and anecdotes told in character by Bishop Hawkins and Rev. T. Minter.

The sessions of the Methodist Conference in Montreal have been very pleasant, if not beneficial to Christianity in general. The gentlemen who took part in it are to be congratulated on their change of tastes and the complete absence of interference with the concerns of other Churches, that distinguished their deliberations one year ago. The Jesuit Fathers have not been attacked, nor has Christian teaching in Catholic Separate schools been denounced as dangerous to society and religion. We only hope the coming Ecumenical Council will prove as pleasant and as harmless as the conference just held in Montreal.

Rev. Prof. Austin, of the Alma College, St. Thomas, came prominently before the Conference with a huge proposal,

a king that a sum of \$40,000 be placed at his disposal, "to clear off," as he put it, "a pressing debt." The committee, we are told, "came to the conclusion that the time was not opportune for such a scheme, and refused permission mainly on the ground that Alma ought to attend to her debt as the Hamilton and Waltham Ladies' Colleges had done." Nothing more was heard from the Professor, as doubtless some Brother reminded him that he was a shining light in the Equal Rights movement, and the granting of his request would be deemed a serious breach of the rules of that body. An exactly similar resolution was a few years ago introduced at a meeting of the Lime Kiln Club in Detroit, by Prof. Penstock, but Bro. Gardiner at once ordered it to be placed under the table. In the case of Prof. Austin the decision was much the same in effect.

ARREST OF THE IRISH LEADERS.

The unexpected and arbitrary arrests of John Dillon and Wm. O'Brien form the topic of universal discussion. All the leading journals of England and America have pointed and well-reasoned articles on this coup d'etat, or rather this piece of London cruelty and folly on the part of Lord Salisbury's government. Without receiving a moment's warning, without giving any provocation or committing any offence, two of the most popular, most trusted and prominent chiefs of the Irish leadership are collared by armed policemen under magistrate's warrant and dragged before a justice of the peace, to answer for the crime of telling people not to starve themselves or their children. "Self-preservation is the first law of nature," said they, to the thousands who look up to them for counsel and encouragement. "The potato crop is a failure; your cattle, and produce of the dairy must be sold to meet the exactions of the landlord. Meet first the needs of your children to you for food and for clothing. Save yourselves and families from actual starvation first and pay the landlords afterwards." Such, it appears from the cablegram report, is the only offence which the accused have been charged with. Both Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien had secured berths on the Oceanic to leave for America on the 1st of October. They were coming to America to raise funds and obtain supplies by means of which the horrors of a general famine might be avoided, and life be made possible for thousands of Irishmen during the rigor of approaching winter. By the arbitrary and uncles-for-arrest and imprisonment of those two champions of Ireland's cause, it would appear that Salisbury and Balfour are determined that no aid shall come from America to the thousands doomed to perish from hunger in Ireland. John Dillon said lately in a public speech: Let the British Government supplement in some manner the loss of the potato crop, let them save the lives of their subjects in Ireland or let them give us permission to do it. Let them allow the Irish people to rule themselves, or provide them with the means of escaping the consequences of British rule. The Salisbury Tory Government is unwilling to do either. They will make no provision for the thousands in danger of perishing nor will they allow the chosen leaders of the people to go to America, where money and means will be found in sufficient abundance to remedy the defects of England's misgovernment. If the people of Ireland legislated for themselves, as we do in Canada, and "as civilized people do in every other country on God's earth—if they had their own commerce, their own manufactures, their own free homes and their capital kept at home and invested in their own industries—they would not be dependent on one crop for the sustenance of the nation. If one crop failed, there would be money and goods left to exchange for all the necessary supplies, and no such horrors as periodical famines would be looked forward to every ten years. In this matter of the brutal arrest of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien the Globe's English correspondent says:

"Instead of marrying, as was expected, Mr. Balfour has taken to imprisoning Irish members of parliament. This outburst of official zeal in the middle of his official holidays took friends and foes alike completely by surprise. His supporters are printing long-winded articles in praise of his brave and manly action, but you may search them all in vain from top to bottom to find a single hint of reason or comprehension of his motives for this action. The universal opinion is that he had no other motive than to prevent Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien from going to America to collect funds for the League."

There is certainly nothing more galling to Balfour's heart than to see his plans of starving the Irish into submission frustrated by remittances from America. It is very certain, and the world has it on the word of Sir Wilfrid Blunt, that Balfour aimed at killing William O'Brien and John Dillon by torture and the degradation of imprisonment and solitary confinement in the bastilles of Galway and Tullamore. How then should people hesitate to believe that he would scruple at

starving the Irish people and killing them off by wholesale. They have no love for him and he knows it. At a dinner one day in Dublin, where the parish priest of Bray happened to be a guest, Mr. Balfour said: "Father Healy, do you think the people of Ireland hate me more than the devil?" "Oh, my lord," said the priest, "if they did not hate you more than they hate the devil we priests would have no business in the country." Balfour began by making the Irish people hate him, and now he returns them hate for hate, but having the power to make them feel his utter detestation of the whole nation, he is determined to starve them, nor allow any other nation to come to their relief.

Let us be suspected of exaggeration, we submit the comments of the Toronto Globe's correspondents as cabled on Monday last from London, England: "But if one thinks of the governing of Ireland as something more than a political game there is much to be said in favour of the situation. Yesterday there were eviction parties at work on the rack-rented estates in five different parts of Ireland, with an aggregate force of four hundred and fifty constables, ejecting tenants and dismantling the cottages of their own building. In one place in the mountains near New Ross the tenants showed the police that they were absolutely without potatoes through the blight, and even now are suffering from hunger daily, but out they went all the same and their homes were destroyed after them."

A RAMPANT FANATIC.

The kind of fair play which the bogus Equal Rights would extend to Catholics in Canada if they could accomplish their will, is exemplified in a letter which appeared in Saturday's Mail over the signature of "Fairplay Radical." This writer is troubled with a *concocted scribble*, and he never tires of writing letters in the Mail, the whole burden of which is to the effect that the Catholics of Canada, and, indeed, of all parts of Her Majesty's dominions, should be ostracized and left without a vote in the government of the country. His present complaint is that Mr. Mowat's popular majority at the last election was only fifteen thousand, and that if the Catholics of Ontario had "stayed away from the polls, Mr. Mowat would have been in a minority of thirty-five thousand;" and he draws from this fact the inference that "the Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church were so well pleased with Mr. Mowat that they ordered their fifty thousand Roman Catholic voters to vote solidly for him."

It is scarcely necessary for us to say that this pretended Fairplay Radical is an unmitigated falsifier of facts. There is plenty of evidence that the Rev. Austias and Carman of the Province endeavored to bring to the polls a solid vote of those whom they could influence, but there is not a particle of evidence to show that the Catholic vote of the Province was not a perfectly free vote, and recorded freely for an honest and able administration. Even the Mail, with all its venom, frequently admitted, before and after the election, the superiority of Mr. Mowat's government over any combination which Mr. Meredith could offer in its place. On the other hand, it cannot be truly said that there was any special influence used by the Catholic clergy, Bishops or priests, to carry the country for Mr. Mowat. A no-popery cry was raised by Mr. Mowat's opponents, and, as a natural consequence, Catholics gravitated towards the support of the Government, just as the fanaticism of the country gravitated in the opposite direction, and the result of all the forces which were at work was that Mr. Mowat's administration was sustained by a most decisive majority.

No doubt it would delight Fairplay Radical and others of his way of thinking if the Catholic vote of Ontario could be thrown entirely out of the scale, but this is not to be. It is and it must be accounted as one of the factors in any election, and it is so much the better for the province if it was cast on the side of good government during the late campaign. But it was not the Catholic vote alone which gained the victory. Probably if the Orange vote were laid aside, Mr. Mowat's majority would comprise a majority of every important religious denomination and of every class of voters in the province. At all events, it is well that bigots like Fairplay Radical have reached the conclusion that they cannot terrorize Catholics into apathy by raising a no-popery cry. The votes of Catholics are as potent as those of any other class, and they will continue so to be in spite of the efforts of Fairplay Radical and the Mail to deprive them practically of the franchise under the hypocritical pretence of establishing "Equal Rights for Canadians."

In the meantime the province has reason to congratulate itself if it be true that the Catholic vote saved it from falling into the hands of an administration which would be as incompetent as it certainly would have been fanatical, if Mr. Mowat's government had been overthrown.

THE CHURCH IN DENMARK.

Among European countries, after Sweden and Norway, the little kingdom of Denmark is the one where Catholics are least numerous in proportion to the whole population. The Island colonies of Denmark in 1870 had a population of 127,401, and the kingdom proper 1,784,761. Among the last mentioned there were only 1856 Catholics, being slightly over 1 to every thousand soul. Nearly the whole nation belong to the National Church, which is Lutheran, and numbered 1,769,583 persons of all ages among its adherents. There are also mentioned in the census 4,290 Jews, 3,223 Baptists, 2,128 Mormons, and 3,660 belonging to other religions or to no religion.

The Catholic Church, in fact, was proscribed for about three hundred years, and Catholics were subject to banishment, until, in 1819, Frederick VII. gave religious liberty. An interesting paper on the progress of the Church appears in the last number of the Catholic World, which gives a very hopeful account of the progress religion has made since the granting of religious liberty, and especially since the census of 1870 was taken. There were before 1849 some distinguished converts who were banished in consequence of their conversion.

Among the number was the famous anatomist and the founder of geological science, Nicholas Steno or Steensen. His tomb is at the Cathedral of Florence, and a few years ago, when the geological congress met in that city, their first public act was to place a crown of laurel on the bust of the founder of their science.

Since 1870 converts have been numerous, and the number of Catholics has greatly increased. When the Jesuits were driven out of Germany by Bismarck's legislation, a college was founded a short distance out of Copenhagen, where many youths receive instruction. The Jesuit Fathers have also built a church in Aarhus, where there was in 1870 not a single Catholic. There are now in the town several hundred Catholics. A number of converts are also reported among prominent personages, amongst whom are the present Danish Minister to Paris, Count Moltke Huitfeldt, and the Baroness Rosenroer, both noted for their learning and nobility of character. Prince Vladimir, the youngest son of the King, and brother to the Empress of Russia, the King of Greece and the Princess of Wales, is also married to a Catholic princess, Marie of Orleans.

Several churches have been built in the cities within the last few years, and the Christian Brothers are now about to build a school for orphans at Copenhagen. Several charitable institutions have also been erected, and the Catholics cherish the hope that the Church will shortly be in a most prosperous condition.

Four French priests who held professorships in the Episcopal Seminary at Metz have been ordered by the German Government to leave German territory on account of their nationality.

THE PRECEDENCE QUESTION.

The over zealous Protestant press are very much exercised over the refusal of His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau to assist at the banquet recently given in honor of Prince George of Wales, because he was not accorded a place suited to his position as a Prince of the Catholic Church. At a recent conference in London, Cardinal Manning was given precedence next to the Prince of Wales, not only on account of his position as a Prince of the Church, but also because of his personal eminence and advanced age. It was claimed that the same position should have been accorded to Cardinal Taschereau. The ultra Protestant journals, however, are indignant that such a claim should have been made, and that thus special recognition should have been demanded for the Catholic Church. We venture to say that no disrespect was intended by His Eminence to be shown towards Her Majesty's son; but he was quite right in maintaining the dignity of the Catholic Church. The position of the Pope as a monarch is still recognized by all the sovereigns of the world, and, this being the case, the position of a Prince of the Church should be recognized also, notwithstanding that the Holy Father has been deprived of all his temporal possessions, except the Vatican itself. He has still his position as spiritual head of 250,000,000 of Christians, which does not depend upon the amount of territory over which he rules.

It matters little whether this position be accorded to him or not by England or any other Protestant power. It is a position which is given to him in the hearts of his hundreds of millions of subjects, and Protestant powers have recognized it too as justifying that special honors should be paid to him. These honors radiate from the centre, to those who rank next to him in the Church. We presume it does not much trouble His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau that the Prince's advisers decided that the Admiral of the Fleet, and the Commander of the Forces should take precedence before him, but he upheld the dignity of a Prince of the Church by absenting himself when the precedence which was due to him was not to be recognized.

NOT ANTAGONISTIC.

Among the misrepresentations by which the opponents of Catholic schools endeavor to excite prejudices against Catholic education, none is more frequently made use of than the pretence that Catholics wish to destroy the Public school system. There is no foundation for such a statement, and it was most ably refuted by His Grace Archbishop Ryan at the dedication of a new Catholic High School which has just been opened in Philadelphia. Through a generous bequest made by a private citizen, Mr. Thomas Cahill, a magnificent edifice has been erected in Philadelphia at a cost of \$170,000, which will complete the Catholic system of education in that city. The dedication ceremony was performed by His Grace, and he took the occasion to remark that there is no antagonism between Catholic education and that imparted in other institutions. Continuing, His Grace said: "There may be an antagonism of emulation. Every educational system ought to be a fraternity of feeling against the common enemy of ignorance. The Catholic Church is not afraid of education; it is not afraid of science. If I have doubts as to my religion, I may fear science, but if I am as certain of my religion as I am of mathematics then I have no fear. This seems to be the state of the true Catholic, for he seems of all men, to be the most confident of his religion. I do not say that he is absolutely right, but I do say he seems to be perfectly fearless of science, historic, or any other form of investigation.

"The chief objection we have to the system adopted in the Public schools is not that they educate the masses, but that they do not educate them sufficiently, because they omit one branch of paramount importance. With all that is positive in them we are in harmony, it is only to the negations we object. We go with them as far as they go, and we part with them with regret, because they will go no farther in educating the intellect and memory were to be together, but at the confining of that memory has really more influence than intellect and memory combined—we part. It seems to us that to perfect education we should take in man in his entirety and that we should develop and regulate will-power. This is the power to govern the passions—to govern that inner kingdom established in every human heart, to subdue rebel appetites to the dominion of reason and by improving the individual to improve the family and these aggregates of families, the nations of the earth.

"In every human heart there is an element which has had more influence than any other on the history of fortunes of individuals and nations. It is an element as real as intellect or memory or love. Every man feels it more or less. Like intellect or love, it may be abused and rendered sometimes even grotesque. But it is real, intensely real. It is the religious element. It is intended to maintain the demeanor of intellect over passion. It can be educated, and should be educated in order to restrain man. It supplies man with great effective motives for self-sacrifice, and it is exceedingly difficult to see how morality can be maintained without it. In the words of George Washington, in his admirable farewell address to the people, 'of all the dispositions and habits that lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable promoters.' Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion."

A DUAL LANGUAGE QUESTION.

The Mail is ever on the alert to note some grievance in the Province of Quebec, by allying which it may rouse the passions of Ontarians against the people of Quebec, and, considering the amount of inflammable material on which he works, it has not set for itself a difficult task to be performed. Differences of race and religion which separate the two Provinces are ample opportunities for the exercise of its skill, and it must be acknowledged that it shows an ingenuity in finding causes of dissension, which, if applied, establishing peace and harmony, would be productive of much good.

We are told in last Saturday's Mail a letter from its own Montreal correspondent that "the dual language difficulty has cropped up again in this place, this time in the county of Pontiac." Timisceaminge is the municipality where the difficulty is said to have occurred. As the locality is almost exclusively French, permission has been refused by the municipal council to publish its proceedings in the French language only. This was characterized by Mayor Bryson as a "high handed piece of tyranny of the majority against the minority."

The population of Pontiac is very much mixed, but in those municipalities where the English-speaking population preponderates the proceedings are conducted solely in English. It can scarcely be deemed a very grievous wrong if in French municipalities which cannot afford two sets of officials, the proceedings conducted in French. It appears that Mr. Bryson's language was not at all justified by the circumstances, for would seem that the sole motive which led the people of Timisceaminge to take the course on which they have decided is a motive of economy. But for the Mayor to raise a cry of intolerance on such grounds is especially out of place, considering that for the county of Prescott where French-Canadians constitute a large majority of the population, it actually advocated the total exclusion of French as a subject of instruction in the schools. However, the Mail is so thoroughly Francophobic that we do not look for a reasonable or tolerant course when the subject under consideration regards the relations of British and French Canadians towards each other. It always assumes that the French Canadian is an inferior race who should be treated with contempt by the English-speaking population of the Dominion. Herein it will find itself laboring under a great mistake. Canadians will have equal rights, whether they be of English or French origin. The population of Quebec is more thoroughly French than is the population of Ontario English, and surely the English population of Quebec need not complain if they receive much consideration as the French Ontario receive at the hands of the English compatriots.

WA NOTE with pleasure that Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, of Ottawa, has become editor of the North-Western Witness, Catholic paper published in Duluth, Minn. Dr. O'Hagan is a very talented young man. His reputation in Canada was in every regard a brilliant one and we doubt not he will in his new home attain that prominence which would follow a similar position.

One of the arguments which is persistently urged against the existence of the Separate School system is that the State should not pay moneys to keep up a semblance of union between Church and State. This is a dangerous fallacy. Catholics demand that the State shall furnish religious teaching, but we do not wish to have full liberty to furnish teaching ourselves, and that as we give fully from our pockets for religious teaching of our own children we shall not be compelled to pay a second tax for the education of people's children. It must be borne in mind that the taxpayers are the people who furnish the money by which the School system is sustained, and they have the right to decide how much or little of religious education shall be imparted to their children. The so-called Equal Rights who are so clamorous for the abolition of Catholic schools, wish to inflict upon Catholics a glaring injustice. Convinced as we are of the importance of religious teaching, we have the right to insist that our Catholic schools shall have their fair proportion of Government aid in accordance with amount of secular work done in the school, whether that aid be given by the Government in the form of educational grants in the form of taxes of Catholic payers. We claim, not as a favor, but a right the fullest equality for Catholic schools in which education is imparted in accordance with our religious convictions. We have no desire to antagonize the Public school system, but we claim liberty, which we freely accord to our testaments, to establish schools which do violence to our conscientious convictions.

Among the misrepresentations by which the opponents of Catholic schools endeavor to excite prejudices against Catholic education, none is more frequently made use of than the pretence that Catholics wish to destroy the Public school system. There is no foundation for such a statement, and it was most ably refuted by His Grace Archbishop Ryan at the dedication of a new Catholic High School which has just been opened in Philadelphia. Through a generous bequest made by a private citizen, Mr. Thomas Cahill, a magnificent edifice has been erected in Philadelphia at a cost of \$170,000, which will complete the Catholic system of education in that city. The dedication ceremony was performed by His Grace, and he took the occasion to remark that there is no antagonism between Catholic education and that imparted in other institutions. Continuing, His Grace said: "There may be an antagonism of emulation. Every educational system ought to be a fraternity of feeling against the common enemy of ignorance. The Catholic Church is not afraid of education; it is not afraid of science. If I have doubts as to my religion, I may fear science, but if I am as certain of my religion as I am of mathematics then I have no fear. This seems to be the state of the true Catholic, for he seems of all men, to be the most confident of his religion. I do not say that he is absolutely right, but I do say he seems to be perfectly fearless of science, historic, or any other form of investigation.

"The chief objection we have to the system adopted in the Public schools is not that they educate the masses, but that they do not educate them sufficiently, because they omit one branch of paramount importance. With all that is positive in them we are in harmony, it is only to the negations we object. We go with them as far as they go, and we part with them with regret, because they will go no farther in educating the intellect and memory were to be together, but at the confining of that memory has really more influence than intellect and memory combined—we part. It seems to us that to perfect education we should take in man in his entirety and that we should develop and regulate will-power. This is the power to govern the passions—to govern that inner kingdom established in every human heart, to subdue rebel appetites to the dominion of reason and by improving the individual to improve the family and these aggregates of families, the nations of the earth.

persistently urged against the continuance of the Separate School system is that the State should not pay public moneys to keep up a semblance of union between Church and State. This is a dangerous fallacy. Catholics do not demand that the State shall furnish religious teaching, but we do insist that we shall have full liberty to furnish such teaching ourselves, and that as we provide fully from our pockets for the religious teaching of our own children, we shall not be compelled to pay a second tax for the education of other people's children. It must be borne in mind that the taxpayers are the persons who furnish the money by which the School system is sustained, and they have the right to decide how much or how little of religious education shall be imparted to their children. The so-called Equal Rights who are so clamorous for the abolition of Catholic schools really wish to inflict upon Catholics a most glaring injustice. Convinced as we are of the importance of religious teaching, we have the right to insist that our Catholic schools shall have their fair proportion of Government aid in accordance with the amount of secular work done in them, whether that aid be given by the Government in the form of educational grant or in the form of taxes of Catholic taxpayers. We claim, not as a favor, but as a right the fullest equality for Catholic schools in which education is imparted in accordance with our religious convictions. We have no desire to antagonize the Public school system, but we claim the liberty, which we freely accord to Protestants, to establish schools which do no violence to our conscientious convictions.

A DUAL LANGUAGE QUESTION.

The *Mail* is ever on the alert to find some grievance in the Province of Quebec by which it may rouse the hatred of Ontarians against the people of Quebec, and, considering the amount of very inflammable material on which it has to work, it has not set for itself a very difficult task to be performed. The differences of race and religion which exist between the two Provinces afford ample opportunities for the exercise of its skill, and it must be acknowledged that it shows an ingenuity in finding causes of discord, which, if applied to establishing peace and harmony, would be productive of much good.

We are told in last Saturday's *Mail* by a letter from its own Montreal correspondent that "the dual language difficulty has cropped up again in this Province, this time in the county of Pontiac."

Timiscamingue is the municipality where the difficulty is said to have occurred. As the locality is almost exclusively French, permission has been obtained by the municipal council to publish its proceedings in the French language only. This was characterized by Mayor Bryson as a "high handed piece of tyranny of the majority against the minority."

The population of Pontiac is very much mixed, but in those municipalities where the English-speaking population preponderates the proceedings are conducted solely in English. It can scarcely be deemed a very grievous wrong if in a French municipality which cannot afford two sets of officials, the proceedings be conducted in French. It appears to us that Mr. Bryson's language was not at all justified by the circumstances, for it would seem that the sole motive which led the people of Timiscamingue to take the course on which they have decided is a motive of economy. But for the *Mail* to raise a cry of intolerance on such grounds is especially out of place, considering that for the county of Prescott, where French-Canadians constitute a large majority of the population, it actually advocated the total exclusion of French as a subject of instruction in the schools. However, the *Mail* is so thoroughly Francophobic that we do not look for a reasonable or tolerant course when the subject under consideration regards the relations of British and French Canadians towards each other. It always assumes that the French Canadians are an inferior race who should be treated with contumely by the English-speaking population of the Dominion. Herein it will find itself laboring under a great mistake. Canadians will have equal rights, whether they be of English or French origin. The population of Quebec is more thoroughly French than is the population of Ontario English, and surely the English population of Quebec need not complain if they receive as much consideration as the French in Ontario receive at the hands of their English compatriots.

We note with pleasure that Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, of Ottawa, has become editor of the *North-Western Witness*, a Catholic paper published in Duluth, Minn. Dr. O'Hagan is a very talented young man. His reputation in Canada was in every regard a brilliant one and we doubt not he will in his new home attain that prominence which usually follows a brilliant career.

A PRESBYTERIAN APPEAL FOR RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

The Rev. Mr. Donebo, pastor of the 8th Presbyterian Church of Pittsburg, preached recently on the subject of religious education. His sermon, which was published in the *Pittsburg Commercial Gazette* of the 8th inst., is highly instructive, as showing that among Protestant ministers the conviction is rapidly gaining ground that the Catholic view of the importance of religious education in the schools is the correct one. He declares that there is much moral laxity in so-called Christian society arising from the elimination of religion from the curriculum in the Public schools. He thus depicts the error into which Protestants have fallen by banishing religion from the school rooms:

"We are doing our best to banish all knowledge of God from the children's minds, and to give to them a godless education, and think we have supplied the hiatus when we have put a flag on the school building and taught the children to sing 'The Star Spangled Banner.' We grow eloquent in defence of the sacredness of the common school system, while we slur the 'poor Romanist' and find fault with him for refusing to patronize it. . . . Have you ever stopped to consider that the very thing we are so anxious to accomplish, the secularizing of our methods, is the very way to render it impossible for any conscientious Catholic to ever place his child under such godless instruction. . . . The moment we attempted to reduce the schools to the godless condition, at which we are still striving, discontent arose and has now widened until they have been driven to take upon themselves the most oppressive burden that their children may be taught to know their relations to God and the duties they owe unreservedly to Him. Yes, and in addition they have continued to pay taxes to support a system which they cannot avail themselves of without violating their consciences."

He believes that a great injustice is being inflicted on the Catholics of the United States by obliging them to pay taxes for godless schools to which they cannot conscientiously send their children, and he proposes that the injustice be remedied by some such method as was suggested recently by Archbishop Ireland at the teachers' convention which recently met at Milwaukee. He believes that it would be possible to make the plan which has been adopted in the schools of Poughkeepsie operate in such a way as to do justice to Catholics and Protestants alike. Archbishop Ireland is of the same opinion. Mr. Donebo would be quite willing that some such plan as has been found feasible in Poughkeepsie should be incorporated into the United States Public school system. He asks:

"Could not some satisfactory way out of this difficulty be devised whereby this large and increasing body of our fellow citizens would be enabled to avail themselves of the privileges of free education without doing violence to their highest convictions of duty, and without impairing the integrity of the system in the slightest? I believe there could, and, for instance, as is now at work in Ireland and in Canada and in some parts of our own country, provided only those who manage the school interests would counsel with reason, justice and that broad spirit of charity which the Founder of our religion has laid down for our direction."

We believe that Mr. Donebo's views will not meet with much favor from the Presbyterian body in the United States, yet when we find a prominent Presbyterian minister publicly proclaiming such views, it opens the door to hope that his spirit of toleration may yet find an echo among those of his co-religionists who are animated with a love of justice and fair dealing. The recent action of the Board of Regents for New York State in admitting six Catholic academies to the advantages enjoyed by the Public schools, makes it reasonable to hope that sooner or later the people of New York State will recognize the justice of Catholic demands for freedom of education.

We have received a pamphlet entitled "Dr. Barnardo's Homes for Destitute Children." It will be remembered that Dr. Barnardo is one of the many persons, sometimes dubbed "Philanthropists," whose mission is to relieve the mother country of an undesirable element and plant it in the colonies, or anywhere else, so long as it is taken away. The statement has lately been made that the Dr. and his kind, some of whom are clergymen of the Established Church, are in the employ of the steamship companies and realize a large profit from their labors. The little book conveys the information that during the past year seven thousand one hundred and forty-two fresh cases of walf children were dealt with. We are to infer, then, that during the period named that number of children were, for the most part, scattered amongst the inhabitants of the colonies. No doubt many in the old country will consider that this is one of the purposes by which colonies may be utilized. It may, however, come to pass before long, and, we think, the sooner the better, that the colonists may refuse to receive the unfortunates who are cast upon the surface because of the deplorable condition of society in England. Surely this is a subject deserving the serious consideration of the missionary societies. Here we have the wealthiest nation in the world sending from her shores thousands and thousands of unfortunate paupers every year—here we have a country pretending to be the most Christian country in the universe, seeking in other lands an outlet for a class of people who are more in need of Christian endeavor and moral training than the unfortunate blacks of Africa. What a change from "merrie England" of pre reformation times!

AN INTERESTING CEREMONY.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD. Mr. Charles James Sloane, of Perth, Ont., was, in due and solemn form, re-ceived into the communion of the Catholic Church during Grand Vespers on Sunday, 21st inst., at the church of the Sacred Heart at Madoc, by the Rev. Thomas Davis, parish priest, assisted by the Rev. J. Collins. The young neophyte read his profession of faith in a clear and distinct voice, after which he received the holy waters of conditional baptism before the High Altar, his sponsors being Mr. A. A. Macdonald, barrister, of Madoc, and Mrs. Macdonald, his wife, she being also a convert to the Church.

Mr. Sloane is a gentleman of unusual ability, being well versed in theology and philosophy, having taken a good course both at the Perth Collegiate Institute and Trinity University of Toronto, and was intended to take orders in the Anglican Church, but God had in store for him another and different career. Some two years ago the learned Father Davis, of Madoc, had issued a well-written pamphlet concerning Anglican orders, and the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England, a copy of which fell into the hands of Mr. Sloane, which at once set the young scholar thinking, raising many doubts in his mind relative to the validity of Anglican orders, etc., resulting in a lengthy and searching correspondence between him and Father Davis, during the interval of which Mr. Sloane wrote many able articles in the columns of the *London Catholic Record* in support of the Lutheran conception of the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and, although in error, were expressed with much learning and clearness, which were answered by the editor with remarkable ability. Father Davis' clear and comprehensive exposition of Catholic doctrine so convinced the young searcher for divine truth, ultimately he determined to abjure the Church of his early training and embrace that of the one, holy Roman Catholic Church, the spouse of Christ and the mouth-piece of God on earth, in whose bosom he will now find that rest and consolation which all pure and sincere hearts so justly desire. Mr. Sloane left Madoc on Monday evening for the celebrated Catholic University at Washington, where he will enter the society of the Paulist Fathers, with a view of becoming a priest, and will have as a confessor the Rev. Father Neary, formerly Anglican minister in this village, who has become a convert, with the assistance of Father Davis. All wish the young convert God speed for having chosen the better part and that long life and health may bless him in his future career so auspiciously begun. F. H.

Madoc, September 22nd, 1890.

OBITUARY.

Ricardo Carrick, Montreal. There is no flag at half mast on our public edifices; there are no honing panegyrics in our city press in honor of him who is no more. Yet a better or truer citizen seldom lived than Ricardo Carrick, who has just paid the great debt of nature, and is gone to the bosom of his God, whom he loved and served so faithfully and so well. Fifty years ago, in the prime of his youth, he left his native Ontario, County of Wellington, to visit the free shores of hospitable America. Coming direct to Canada, he furnished many elaborate geographical sketches of the country to the Irish press. Afterwards he made an extended tour through the United States, going as far south as New Orleans, which, in those days of slow locomotion, was no easy undertaking; the journey had to be made partly on foot and partly on packet boat. Subsequently Mr. Carrick, after passing a few winter months as a teacher in the vicinity of Picton, Ont., returned to Montreal, where he has resided for the last forty-eight years, up to the hour of his death, which took place at his residence, Curville street, on Wednesday, the 10th inst., at the age of 72 years. Mr. Carrick was connected with the popular *Montreal Transcript* for a period of twenty five years. After severing his connection with that journal he entered the grocery business, from which, after a period of successful years, he retired to private life. Having amassed a snug fortune he leaves his bereaved widow and only adopted daughter amply provided for. These latter lived a more true and patriotic Irish man than Mr. Carrick. Of this he gave tangible proof whenever occasion offered. He did much in the way of procuring positions for his countrymen when fate brought them to this city; and when ever it was honored by the visit of any distinguished son or daughter of Erin Mr. Carrick was always foremost in according them a hearty welcome.

Connected with the best families of the County Galway, he was possessed of every true characteristic of a gentleman. Many of his relatives hold eminent positions; some are distinguished sons of the holy altar. As the blood of the Burkes coursed through his veins, he felt proud (who would not) of claiming the great Father Tom as a kinsman. Endowed with a remarkably retentive memory, he was a reliable authority on the history of any nation. He could also give a true record of the virtues and vices of the crowned heads of Europe, and none knew better than he the public traits for which the nobility of Great Britain were either beloved or abhorred. He could have, did he feel so inclined, written an interesting story of the past generation in this city. Instances are not wanting of the true devotion he manifested towards his countrymen when the cholera plague made its ravages here. He possessed all the qualifications requisite to render him capable of holding a leading position in public life; but

was not his ambition. When he saw other men of less ability aspiring to the position it was his by right to occupy he was never actuated by any motive of jealousy nor envy at their success. Apart from religious sentiment, his one fond hope was the dawn of freedom for Ireland. He also entertained an expectation of seeing a daily journal established in this city in the interest of Catholicity and Ireland. Time and again he deplored the servility of the journalism that gives free space and plenty of it to the Irish cause, while everything favorable is condensed to a few lines in an out-of-the-way corner.

It is a sad duty to chronicle his death ere he had realized his fond hope or his ardent expectation. Very much more could be said to keep his memory green, but it is recalled for. In the hearts of those who had the happiness of knowing him he will be kept in fond remembrance.

With them, dear reader, pray that his soul may rest in peace with Almighty God.

Minnie Kelly, Kinkora.

It is with feelings of profound regret we have this week to chronicle the death of Minnie Kelly, the young and accomplished daughter of Mr. John Kelly, of this place. She was stricken down with diphtheria, from which she finally recovered, but it appeared as though God wished to take that flower to Himself, for she was again taken sick very suddenly on Friday afternoon with paralysis of the heart. Medical aid was summoned, but of no avail. Death! Oh, how merciless; you came at such an unseasonable time, when life in bloom was along a clear and straight untroubled path. On Friday evening the last sacraments were administered by Rev. Father O'Sullivan, and on that night her pure and beautiful soul took its flight to its heavenly home. The dear, young girl, by her genial manner and kind disposition, made for herself a host of friends and admirers whose friendly feelings follow her beyond the grave and whose warmest sympathies are now with the sorrow stricken parents. On Saturday her remains were followed to their last resting-place by her many friends and beloved school-mates. Her life was as the blossoms, sweet to all. Farewell thou gentle cousin. From thy grave we part with sadness in our hearts, and yet we bless the Father who has shortened your suffering on earth. Upon thy grave we lay a tribute of our respect and love, and wish thee, as we did when we saw thee last, "Farewell." M. E. H.

Mrs. Walter Coppinger, London.

We regret exceedingly to be called upon to chronicle the demise of this highly esteemed Catholic lady, which occurred at her residence in this city, on the 20th instant, in the fifty seventh year of her age, after a long and painful illness which she bore with Christian fortitude and patience. She had been a resident of London for many years and was much admired for many noble traits of character. A most devout Catholic and charitable to an eminent degree at all times, her loss will be deeply felt by a large circle of friends. The funeral took place on Monday morning at St. Peter's Cathedral, where a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated for the repose of her soul and her remains were then conveyed to St. Peter's Cemetery for interment.

Dennis O'Donnell, Freeport.

About two years ago in a communication to your esteemed journal entitled "The Death-bed of a Sincere Christian" I recorded the demise of Mrs. Margaret O'Donnell, wife of the above Dennis O'Donnell, who died after a lingering illness on Sunday, August 17, surrounded by his sorrowing children and grandchildren, all but one, the youngest, Dennis, who was telegraphed from Chicago, arriving in time for the funeral. The deceased was born in county Tipperary and came out to St. John's, N. B., in 1833, married Miss Margaret Ryan, in 1840, whose death has been recorded. He removed to Hamilton in 1845, where he kept store in addition to his trade as shoemaker. About 1850 he took up land at Freeport, where he built a mill, which was destroyed by fire some few years ago. On the death of his wife he removed to Hamilton, and lived with his daughters, who have affectionately cared for him ever since. He was a good Catholic, beloved by every one for his affability and sterling qualities. He died in the same house, same room, same bed, surrounded by the same friends, and the litany for the dying was read by the same Christian women whose services were so affectionately rendered to his wife two years previously. Reported in page.

THE "WHIPPING BOY."

United Ireland, August 9. A brace of Removables sitting at Cashel—one a half pay officer, the other a promoted policeman—have just sentenced Mr. Gladstone to three months imprisonment—vicariously, of course. The sentence was inflicted for words used at a great and enthusiastic Liberal meeting at Hawarden. It is not, however, the illustrious English statesman, three Prime Minister of England, who used these words, that is prosecuted and convicted, but the Irish provincial journalist who reported them. The incident deserves more attention than it has received. It is a choice specimen as to the heart can deny of the "contagious and impartial" administration of the law in Ireland. It is a truly worthy exploit of Balfour the Brave. Our readers will remember Mr. Gladstone's glorious speech at Hawarden, some months since, in which he emphasized the horrors of the Mitchelstown massacre to an indignant Liberal audience. He described the unjustifiable and savage action charge by the police on the peaceful meeting. He described and applauded the resistance of the gallant Tipperary men who, with their backstrokes in their right hands, assailed the uniform bludgeermen like shafts, and sent them flying through the town. "Why not backstrokes against

people are illegally assailed?" The sentiment was received with shouts of applause. It would have fared ill with a body of police that just at that moment attempted to suppress the meeting he addressed. The mere suggestion of such an attempt is absurd. Such an outrage in England would have wrecked the strongest government in an hour. Mr. Gladstone's words were reported everywhere, and were the text of approving comments in the Liberal newspapers of Great Britain. Mr. Labouchere, it is suggested as an amendment that the people should supply themselves with batons, against which there is no law, and so meet the bludge�men, mis-called police, on equal terms. We ourselves strongly urged, and still urge, with Mr. Walsh's face before our eyes, that the Nationalists shall attend their meetings with black-thorns in their hands ready for use whenever there is danger (and is there not danger?) of an illegal assault on them by the police. There was no prosecution of Mr. Gladstone, of Mr. Labouchere, or of *United Ireland*. But, on the 7th June last, the *Cashe* published a report of a speech delivered on the 27th of May, in which Mr. John Kelly quoted the words of Mr. Gladstone, "why not backstrokes against batons," and added:

"Do, I beg of you, be better prepared the next time, and let those cowardly police rowdies who struck women, old men, and children in the open day feel the strength that slumbering in a Tipperary peasant's arm (cheer)!"

We confess we can find nothing infelicitous in the language. It is the plain meaning of Mr. Gladstone's words. Those cowardly and illegal police outrages on old men, women and children should be resisted and resisted by the marshing of the people, since no protection is afforded by the law. The incentive to such resistance is not needed in England, where no such outrages dare be attempted, and, if attempted, would not be tolerated for a moment. But the *Cashe* saw its chance, and pounced on Mr. Walsh, the proprietor of the provincial newspaper. He was brought before a brace of trusty Removables—Irwin and Waring—for intimation in publishing at second hand the words of Mr. Gladstone. We have not space for the details of the farce, which was dignified by the name of a trial. Police Constable Mulholland contemptuously refused in the first instance even to name, whose evidence, without hearing it, the court was asked to convict. Instead of promptly committing him for contempt for refusing to answer, the Removables respectfully and considerably adjourned to give the policeman an opportunity for calmer consideration. At the next sitting he condescended to produce his chief witness, a little boy of ten years, whom he had inveigled by his into the case, and whose evidence in many essential particulars contradicted his own. The Removables, like Guller, "cared for none of the things." They were strictly bound, like Attorney General Fribsten, by their instructions, so they convicted Mr. Gladstone, in the person of Mr. Walsh, of intimation, refused a case stated for the superior courts, and sentenced him to three months' imprisonment, as an ordinary criminal. Surely, nothing meaner or more cowardly than this was ever done even under the Coercion Act. Mr. Balfour has repeatedly declared that no newspaper editor has been imprisoned merely for a report. Every day he is fastly contradicted by convictions in the Coercion Courts. But it is certainly startling to find an editor convicted in effect for reporting Mr. Gladstone. It is a noble revenge, truly, on the Grand Old Man, who is shaking the pillars of the Coercion Government, and who will soon bring the rotten edifice tumbling down. His words make the brave Mr. Balfour tremble in England; but he has the satisfaction of imprisoning a provincial Irish editor who reports them. It reminds one of the cowardly vallet in *The Rivals* who, having been chastised by his master, revenges himself on a small boy, whom he belabors without mercy. Mr. Gladstone, it would seem, is as illegal in Ireland as boycotting or the Plan of Campaign. It has been long ago declared illegal by the Coercion Courts to cheer his name. It is now declared illegal to report his words. Very early in the Coercion administration, it will be remembered, a number of the most respectable inhabitants of Ballinacree were sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labor for cheering for Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Balfour's explanation was that they cheered also for Mr. Patrick Barrett, "who had been very properly convicted" by the Removables. But the Removables were then fresh to their work, and with Mr. Patrick Barrett had been very properly acquitted. Mr. Balfour, having ungenerously made the statement outside the range of his Parliamentary privilege, which protected him from Peggy Dillon, was compelled to confess his falsehood under the pressure of a libel action. But the Nationalists who dared to cheer for Mr. Gladstone suffered the full term of their imprisonment all the same. Mr. Walsh will, no doubt, suffer his full term for having dared to report him. The facts of the case are too plain for ingenuity to explain away—the notorious fact is unduly to deny. We trust that this striking illustration of equal laws will be brought clearly home to the minds of the English electors. It will startle them to learn that it is a crime in Ireland to repeat or report the words of Gladstone, which in England are listened to with respect almost amounting to veneration.

DEAFNESS ITS CAUSES AND CURE.

Scientifically treated by an artist of world-wide reputation. Deafness eradicated and cured, of from 21 to 30 years' standing, after all other methods have failed. How the difficulty is remedied and the cause removed, fully explained in circulars, with testimonials and testimonials of cures from prominent people, mailed free. Dr. A. FONTAINE, 19 East 14th St., N. Y.

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Should be used, if it is desired to make the finest class of Cakes—Rolls, Biscuits, Pancakes, Johnny Cakes, Pie Crust, Baked Paste, etc., etc. Light, sweet, snow white and digestible food results from the use of Cook's Friend. Guaranteed free from alum. Ask your grocer for McCLAREN'S COOK'S FRIEND.

A CATHOLIC

of good habits and fair education wanted in several sections of the United States and Canada. Permanent employment and good pay for industrious men. BENJAMIN BROTHERS, 36 and 38 Barclay Street, New York. 622 2w

Sewing Machine Relief Spring

Can be applied to any machine in two minutes. Lady agents wanted in every county and Province. Price \$10.—Address A. O. GLASS, 339 Ridout St., London, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED.

A TEACHER FOR THE SEPARATE School at St. Peter's; one who can teach English and French preferred; liberal salary. Address Rev. J. H. GARDIN, P. O. M. I., St. Peter's. 632w

TEACHER WANTED.

WANTED, FOR SCHOOL SECTION NO. 1, McKillop, a male or female teacher, holding a 2nd or 3rd class certificate; duties to commence on October 1st, 1891; personal applications preferred.—ROBT. DEVEREAUX, Teacher, section P. 632 2w

P. J. WATT,

101 DUNDAS ST. & 12 MARKET SQ. GROCER, IMPORTER OF WINES & LIQUORS Wholesale and Retail.

I have a large assortment of the finest brands of Champagne, Claret and Superior Wine, which I am selling at Reduced Prices for Summer Trade. Letter orders receive special attention. TELEPHONE 415.

AUCTION SALE

TIMBER BERTHS.

DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS, (WOODS AND FORESTS BRANCH), Toronto, 2nd July, 1890. NOTICE is hereby given, that under Order in Council certain Timber Berths in the Township of Rainy River, District of Algoma, and a Berth composed of part of the Township of Bean and Blanchard, which appears in this issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD. The Business College has a first class reputation throughout the country, the teachers being gentlemen who are thoroughly trained in their profession. The rates are very moderate, and satisfaction is in all cases guaranteed. Send for a circular. Salesman Wanted. We are in receipt of a communication from Dr. H. P. Kelly, Nurseryman at Geneva, N. Y., inquiring for a salesman to sell nursery stock. We would advise anyone who would like to try the business to write to Mr. Kelly at Geneva, N. Y.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE MONTREAL.

Re-opened on September 4, 1890. Classes taught in English as well as in French. LOUIS DRUMMOND, S. J., Rector. 623 6w

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IMPORTER OF BRONZES, CHURCH ORNAMENTS, CHASUBLES, ALTAR WINE. Manufacturer of Statues, Stations of the Cross, Paintings, Decorations, Banners, Flags, Badges, Etc., Etc. 1677 NOBLE DAME ST. MONTREAL.

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"Forever."—Peer Boyle O'Reilly's own Words.

This poem of John Boyle O'Reilly, which has been so many times reprinted...

He Church and its teaching, in which every Catholic woman in the land should take pride...

consent of her father, agreed to do this, in the fullest faith that her petitions to the throne of Divine Providence would be heard...

spotless, and the penitent. Our Lord had told them that the just and holy and good when they died should shine forth like the sun in the kingdom of His Father...

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

Marshall Patrick M. McMahon is the "Grand Old Man" of France. He has just completed his eighty-second year...

ST. PETER'S. The greatest edifice that man has ever raised was, to Madame de Stael, the most sublime monument in Rome...

THE HORRIBLE SIN. ADDRESS BY CARDINAL MANNING. London, August, Sept. 6. A crowded congregation assembled at the Church of St. Mary and Michael...

THEY HAD DARKENED THE CONSCIENCE AND THEIR INTELLECT; they had inflamed all their passions and weakened their will, and there was not one sin that a man or woman in that state was not capable of committing...

LEO AND THE LABOR PROBLEM. Rome, Sept. 4. The Pope is busily engaged in preparing an encyclical letter, addressed to all the Bishops throughout the world...

A MIRACLE RECALLED. On Monday morning, August 25th, a solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving was offered in the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help on Tremont street...

THE HORRIBLE SIN. (Continued) Meditate long, meditate humbly, on what it is to have a Creator, and a comfort will come at last. If broad daylight should never be yours on this side of the grave, it will be your lot to be in the light at that hour...

THE HORRIBLE SIN. (Continued) Rheumatism is caused by a poisonous acid in the blood and yields to Ayer's Pills. Many cases which seemed chronic and hopeless, have been completely cured by this medicine...

GOOD ADVICE ON PRAYER. The following remarkable advice is taken from a letter of Dom Bosco to a religious of the Salesian Congregation...

THE HORRIBLE SIN. (Continued) TAKE THE TOTAL ABSTINENCE PLEDGE. The most important thing that God has created was neither the sun nor the flowers, nor the fruits of the earth...

THE HORRIBLE SIN. (Continued) KNOWING GOD BY REVELATION, knew what was right and what was wrong, what was good and what was better, and having will and choice, could freely do good or evil...

THE HORRIBLE SIN. (Continued) There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Expeller for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction...

DUG HIS OWN GRAVE. There was a strange funeral at the Trappist Abbey, Getsemani, near New Hope, Ky., the other day, says the Cincinnati Enquirer...

THE HORRIBLE SIN. (Continued) The soul was like God in that it had reason and intelligence. God has a heart of love, and He gave us the power of loving Him and of loving our neighbors...

THE HORRIBLE SIN. (Continued) There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Expeller for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction...

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THE DECOLLETEE IN MODERN LIFE. An article in the current number of the Forum, from the pen of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, on "The Decolletee in Modern Life," has attracted unusual attention...

THE HORRIBLE SIN. (Continued) There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Expeller for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction...

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Two Little Hands. Once on a summer day divine, Two little hands fell into mine: Now pink and rosy, now so frail and thin, Each one a crumpled velvet fan, So soft and so absurdly small, As meek and lowly creatures fall, Like a laughing and mysterious sleep, The mingled threads of joy and pain Whose hidden ends we seek in vain.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. A CHARMING CORRESPONDENCE. Ave Maria. In a late catalogue issued by one of our leading publishers, there are fewer than sixty volumes of "Tales" offered to the reading public.

THE HORRIBLE SIN. (Continued) Meditate long, meditate humbly, on what it is to have a Creator, and a comfort will come at last. If broad daylight should never be yours on this side of the grave, it will be your lot to be in the light at that hour...

THE HORRIBLE SIN. (Continued) Rheumatism is caused by a poisonous acid in the blood and yields to Ayer's Pills. Many cases which seemed chronic and hopeless, have been completely cured by this medicine...

THE HORRIBLE SIN. (Continued) TAKE THE TOTAL ABSTINENCE PLEDGE. The most important thing that God has created was neither the sun nor the flowers, nor the fruits of the earth...

THE HORRIBLE SIN. (Continued) KNOWING GOD BY REVELATION, knew what was right and what was wrong, what was good and what was better, and having will and choice, could freely do good or evil...

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Two Little Hands.

Once on a summer day divine,
Two little hands fell into mine;
How pink they were, how frail and fine!
Each one a crumpled velvet line.
So soft and so obediently small,
As mine, to hold within them all.
Like a laughing angel, they came,
The mingled threads of joy and pain
Whose hidden ends we seek in vain.

O, feet the years have fled away;
Two little hands, at work or play,
Still abide with me the living day;
And now to love, to serve, to aid;
Now on some willful mischief bent,
And now to love, to serve, to aid;
Now folded—sleepy and content—
The dimpled fingers curled like those
Sweet, joyous leaves that cling and close
About the red heart of a rose.

I kiss them with a passionate sigh;
The quick tears spring, I scarce know why,
In thinking of the by and by;
How will they look, these little hands?
Upon the teacher's, shilling sands?
Or where the Royal, Eternal stands?
And will they flash, strong and true,
The work that they shall find to do?
Dear little hands, if I but knew!

Could I but see the veiled fate
Behold your happy and bright gate!
Yet trusting that, my love must wait,
O, when perplexed no more by fate,
You shall direct way, my wondering gaze
In the sweet valleys of His peace;
Beyond the dark, some heavenly sign,
Some gleam, however faint and dim,
Small guide these little hands to mine!

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A CHARMING CORRESPONDENCE.

Ave Maria.

In a late edition of one of our leading publications, there are no fewer than sixty columns of letters offered to the reading public. These letters represent the thoughts and sentiments of men and women in nearly every walk of life; they purport to open wide the door that gives entrance to these inner chambers wherein is treated all, whether of good or evil, that makes the individual. How many of these letters have the note of sincerity! Greeting that come are the exponents of the inner life of the writers, or are the expression of thoughts and desires, hopes and fears, really felt, the revelation is not always calculated to be either of interest or of edification.

In this vast garden of forced plants, however, there are beautiful blossoms of rare perfume; and many a one has been encouraged to noble efforts by glimpses into pure hearts, whose charms are revealed in their letters, as the blue sky is reflected in the waters of a crystal lake. Such a blossom, breathing the sweet odor of innocence and simplicity, once reached His Eminence Cardinal Manning, under the following circumstances:

The little daughter of a prominent physician in New York while attending a convent school, had conceived the idea of writing to His Eminence, and immediately put her thought into execution, sending an account of her father (a convert to the Church), her brothers, and herself. Child-like, she omitted to sign her family name, and the letter was directed simply, "Cardinal Manning, England." The sweet simplicity of the little girl touched the great, tender heart of the English prelate, who, like the Master he has served so well, has a loving solicitude for the lambs of the flock; and, notwithstanding his many cares and duties, and the fact that his correspondent had sent neither name nor address, an autograph letter was soon speeding across the Atlantic to his unknown little friend, in care of Cardinal Gibbons, whose name the child had mentioned, in telling of her three brothers at St. Charles College, one of them a protégé of His Eminence. This afforded a clue, and the precious and no doubt eagerly expected letter was soon remailed to its destination. A characteristically kind note from Cardinal Gibbons who even took care to write on the envelope, "If not delivered," etc., accompanied it.

Here is what Cardinal Manning wrote, and it goes to show that what his correspondent was by nature he also is by grace. Of such is the kingdom of heaven:

Whituesday.

MY DEAR CHILD—You ask me whether I am glad to receive letters from little children. I am always glad; for they write kindly and give no trouble. I wish all my letters were like these.

"Give my blessing to your father, and tell him that our good Master will reward him a hundredfold for all he has lost for the sake of his faith. Tell him that when he comes over to England he must come to see me. And mind you bring your violin; for I love music, and have seldom any time to hear it.

The next three or four years of your life are very precious. They are like the glowing time and the sowing time in the year. You are learning to know God, the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, the presence and voice of the Holy Ghost in the Church of Jesus Christ. Learn all these things solidly, and you will love the Blessed Sacrament and your Blessed Mother with all your heart.

And now you will pray for me that I may make a good use of a long life, which can not be far off. And may God guide you and guard you in innocence and in fidelity through this evil, evil world! And may His blessing be on your home and all belonging to you!

Believe me always a true friend,
HENRY EDWARD,
Coadj. Abp. of Westminster.

THE BREAD OF THE HOLY VIRGIN.

Little James' father died of want. Six months after his mother followed, exhausted by privation and grief.

"Adieu, my dear little one, I regret nothing on earth but you. But be good, and we shall meet in Heaven."
These were the mother's last words. The poor little boy, only six years old, was left alone in the world.

A charitable neighbor took him to her home, but no matter how well he was treated his thoughts ever wandered to his parents; he yearned for their caresses.

"This Heaven," thought he, must be very beautiful, since papa and mamma have left their little James where they loved so much, in order to go there. They must never feel hungry or cold in Heaven. But why did they not take me with them? How I would like to see them and kiss them!

At last little James made up his mind to go to Heaven, and set out following the road before him. Arriving in a little town, he felt exhausted, before the door of a small house, surrounded with a cross, it was the priest's dwelling.

The good curate, hearing a sob, opened the door, and found the poor child lying on the step.

"Who are you, my poor child, and whence come you?"
"I am little James. Papa and mamma have left me alone. They went to Heaven. Mamma told me I would find them there. Where is this Heaven? I am very tired, for I have walked so far seeking for it!"

"Come with me, my poor child, we will seek it together," replied the priest with emotion.

It was thus that he adopted the orphan. James lived more comfortably with the kind priest, but his grief was always the same.

"Father," he said, "where is Heaven; why do you not take me there, as you promised?"

"Pray to God, my dear child; it is He who will lead you thither, if you are good."

Therefore James addressed the most fervent prayers to God; nothing was more touching than to see the poor child kneeling before the altar, with his little hands raised in supplication. The church was his favorite resort. Instead of playing with children in his own age he passed long hours in this peaceful spot. The stained glass windows made for him a delightful picture book, and the statues of the saints became so familiar that he regarded them as true friends, and even spoke to them.

But he loved, above all, a statue of our Lady with the Infant in her arms; this statue, sculptured in wood, was very ancient, and of a true costly, but you know, my children, that curious things are not always beautiful. This figure of our Lady was a proof of this, for it was not only very ugly, but most extraordinarily thin, as the Infant was also.

But, to return to James. The little boy constantly stopped before the Blessed Virgin, whose aspect inspired the greatest compassion. In his childish simplicity, he one day imagined that the Holy Virgin was so thin because she was dying of hunger, and his eyes filled with tears at the remembrance of his mother's sufferings.

The next day he saved a portion of his dinner, and placed it at the foot of the statue, saying: "Eat without fear, dear Holy Virgin and dear Jesus, I have deprived no one. It is from my own share that I give you this, and I shall bring you as much every day."

When he returned the bread was not there. The child, rejecting that his offering was accepted, repeated it each day, and each day the food disappeared.

But after some time, James perceived that his daily statue had not nothing of its appearance, and that it certainly grew no fatter.

He complained to the priest: "For many days, I have shared my bread with the Holy Virgin in the church, the poor Holy Virgin who is so thin, but she does not seem to be any better. What do you think is the matter? I believe she is sick from hunger!"

"But the statue of the Holy Virgin could not eat your bread!"
"Oh, yes! she ate all that I gave her."
The priest, greatly astonished, resolved to investigate the mystery. He bade James offer his bread as usual to the Holy Virgin, and secreting himself in the shadow of the confessional, which faced the statue, he set himself to watch the result.

James had already left the church some time, and nothing disturbed the silence save the distant sounds from the country, when the priest heard a further step. He saw a little boy, miserably clad, timidly advancing. Reaching the statue the child seized the bread which lay at the foot of the statue, kissed it, and was on the point of leaving, when the priest came from his hiding place and stopped him.

"The little one, trembling with fear, exclaimed: 'Father, I am not a thief! I come every day to take the bread which the Holy Virgin gives me!'"

"How do you know that the Holy Virgin gives you this bread?"

"I had been repulsed at many houses, and was dying of hunger. I did not ask any more. I entered the church and begged the Holy Virgin to give me something to eat. She did not turn me away—the good Mother! I raised my eyes and saw near her a piece of bread. She gives me the same every day."

James, who was approaching, heard the last of this touching explanation. He stood, stupefied, before the poor child, while the good priest said, with an emotion as if felt on the day he met him for the first time:

"Dear child, it is God Himself whom you have nourished under the form of this poor child. You have found what you sought; charity will lead you to Heaven."—*Young Catholic Messenger.*

THE ANGELUS BIRD.

When travelling in the forests of Guiana and Paraguay, it is not uncommon to meet with a bird whose music greatly resembles that of an Angelus bell when heard from a distance. The Spanish call this singular bird the bell ringer, though it may best be more appropriately designated as the Angelus bird, for, like the Angelus bell, it is heard three times a day—morning, noon and night. Its song, which duty all description, succeeds one another every two or three minutes, so clear, and in such resonant manner, that the listener, if a stranger, imagines himself to be near a chapel or convent. But it turns out that the forest is a chapel and the bell a bird. The beauty of the Angelus bird is equal to its talents; he is as large as a jay and as white as snow, besides being swift in motion. But the most curious ornament of the Angelus bird is the tuft of black, arched feathers on its beautiful head. This tuft is of conical shape, and about four inches in length.

Bells, pimples, and skin diseases of all kinds disappear when the blood is purified by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has no equal as a tonic alterative, the results being immediate and satisfactory. Ask your druggist for it, and take no other.

Oil in Peril.

Lives of children are often endangered by sudden and violent attacks of cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhea, dysentery, and bowel complaints. A reasonable and certain precaution is to keep Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry always at hand.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

CARDINAL NEWMAN AT ROME. A REMINISCENCE.

Special Correspondence of the Pilot.

Rome, Aug. 17.

The week that has just closed has been filled with sorrow, beginning on Sunday, August 10, at Hull, in Massachusetts, and continuing almost throughout the week and throughout the world.

The announcement of Cardinal Newman's death in Rome, on August 12, was received with universal regret. Though much has been written since of the more remarkable events of his life, little, if any, thing, has been said about his last visit to Rome. The news of his death brought up to my mind in a most vivid manner the circumstances surrounding his visit to the Eternal City and his reception of the Cardinal's hat there. This is the highest, the most exalted of the Papacy, and the dignities which the Church confers by adoption and devotion has in her gift. The fact that Leo XIII. was but little more than a year upon the Pontifical throne when he expressed his intention of creating Dr. Newman Cardinal, and the privilege he extended to him of afterwards living in England, were indications of the affection with which the Pontiff held the learned Oratorian.

It was on the afternoon of April 24, 1879, that Father Newman reached Rome, coming here to receive the dignity of Prince of the Church. An English Prelate and half a dozen laymen of various nationalities—Monsignor Stoor, Mgr. Gless, Cardinal Guala, the late Marquis de Papal Chamberlain, the late Marquis de J. Oliver, of San Francisco, and the Correspondent of the Pilot—were all that had gathered at the railroad station to meet this man whose name and fame were known and admired wherever the English language was spoken. And this was the appearance he then presented: an old man, with white hair, stooping somewhat, a gentle, resigned, and weary look, though his thoughts were far away from his immediate surroundings. He was then seventy-eight years old, and he may well have regarded himself, when this great honor came upon him, as nearing the end of his days. He wore a black overcoat, a tall hat with a broad brim on the back, and a beard in his hand, a small, brown, well-worn leather portmanteau. He did not indeed look like what fervent imaginations would picture a Prince of the Church, but rather a very meek, delicate old man, with a far-away look in his eyes and an absorbed expression on his face. The Marquis Oliver called his attention to more maudaine matters, and spoke the silence which had fallen upon all by saying: "Dr. Newman, you are welcome to Rome." A smile lit up the old man's face as the kindly words were uttered, and as he held out his hand to the speaker.

The next time that he was seen in public was on the morning of May 12th. In one of the large halls of Cardinal Howard's residence, about four hundred persons from the United States, Ireland, England, and Scotland assembled to witness Dr. Newman's reception of the letter announcing his nomination as Cardinal, and to hear his utterance on this occasion. It is difficult to describe accurately the impression this event left on the minds of those present, but it would seem that they all had a great sympathy and a feeling of most profound respect for the object of this demonstration. When Father Newman, vested in the old, plain, simple costume of the Priest of the Oratory, entered the spacious and richly decorated hall, a hush fell upon the crowd, and every eye was turned upon him. He who all his life had loved retirement, had to suffer a silence upon him, which was soon broken by the murmurs of the crowd. The Pontifical messenger arrived, bearing the document announcing the creation of Dr. Newman as Cardinal. The message was handed to Dr. Clifford, Bishop of Clifton, who was standing at the right of the Cardinal-elect. When the Bishop had read it and handed it to Dr. Newman, the latter took from the breast of his soutane a roll of paper, began to read his reply, and the expression of his thoughts on the momentous occasion.

It was for this moment the people had waited so patiently during the long, hot hour and a half. Here were given the means of measuring the influence of that voice of which so much had been written and said by the most intellectual men of the day. And the profound silence he began, and after a few words in Italian to the bearer of the Pontifical message, he asked permission to continue his address in his "own dear mother tongue," because, as he said, "in the latter I can better express my feelings on this most glorious announcement which you have brought to me, than if I attempted what is above me." At first the sound of the word reminded one of a school-boy reading in a sort of sing-song tone. As, however, he proceeded, the emphasis upon a certain word struck the attention and set thought in action. There was a humility and tenderness in his next words that subdued hearts and minds alike, and criticism went to the winds, and the influence over the listeners of words and sense was now complete. The music and impressiveness of his voice were now subsidiary to the sense, as he said: "First of all, then, I am led to speak of the wonder and profound gratitude which came upon me, and which is upon me still, at the condescension and love towards me of the Holy Father in styling me out for so immense an honor. It is a great surprise. Such an elevation had never come into my thoughts, and I seemed to be out of keeping with all my antecedents. I had passed through many trials, but they were over, and now the end of all things had almost come to me and I was at peace. And it was possible that, after all, I had lived through so many years for this! Nor is it easy to see how I could have borne so great a shock had not the Holy Father resolved on a second condescension towards me, which tempered it and was to all who heard of it a touching evidence of his kindly and generous nature. He felt for me and he told me

the reason why he raised me to this high position. His act, said he, was a recognition of my zeal and good services for so many years in the Catholic cause.

After such gracious words from His Holiness I should have been irretrievably and heartily if I had had scruples any longer. . . . In a long course of years I have made many mistakes. I have nothing of that high perfection which belongs to the writings of adults, namely, that error can not be found in them; but what I trust I may claim throughout all I have written is an honest intention, an absence of private ends, a temper of obedience, a willingness to be corrected, a dread of error, a desire to serve His Church, and, through the Divine Mercy, a fair measure of success. And I rejoice to say to one great mischief I have from the first opposed myself. For thirty, forty, fifty years, I have resisted to the best of my power the spirit of liberalism in religion. And then I found the dangers of this "liberalism in religion" in a series of arguments and examples which have since constituted a species of armor from which defenders of the Catholic Church draw most treasured weapons.

Concluding, he said that he lamented this liberalism deeply, because, as he sorrowfully declared, "I foresee that it may be the ruin of many souls; but I have no fear at all that it can do ought of serious harm to the Word of truth, to the Holy Church, to our Almighty King, to the Lion of the tribe of Judah, faithful and true, or to His Vicar on earth. Christianity has been too often in what seemed deadly peril, that we should fear for it any new trial now. So far is certain. On the other hand, what is uncertain, and what is commonly a great surprise, when it is witnessed, is the particular mode in the event by which Providence rescues and saves His elect inheritance. Sometimes our enemy is turned into a friend; sometimes he is despoiled of that special virulence of evil which was so threatening; sometimes he falls to pieces of himself; sometimes he does just so much as is beneficial and then is removed. I am sure the Church has nothing more to do than to go on in her own proper duties in confidence and peace, to stand still and to see the salvation of God. *Mansueti her editant terant et delatantur in multitudinem pacis.*"

When the sweet voice had ceased, the eyes of many listeners were filled with tears. There was a silence as if more was expected, and then a great hush took the place of what, in other circumstances, would have been a cheer or a burst of applause. Then each came up to the venerable Cardinal-elect to kiss his hand, receive his blessing and interchange a few words with him. On May 16, he was again visible, feeble and slow in movement, in the halls of the Vatican, when together with the Pontiff's brother, the late Cardinal Pecci, he received the red hat. That interesting event in no wise differed from similar ceremonies described frequently in these columns.

Still later he again appeared before a number of English-speaking persons—English, Scotch, Irish and Americans residing at Rome—who showed their deep and affectionate veneration for him by presenting him with a set of vestments. In the address read on that occasion mention was made of the value of Dr. Newman's admirable writings in defence of God and His Church; and of the honor done him and the English-speaking Catholics, who have long looked up to you as their spiritual Father, and as their guide in the paths of holiness. We hope," continued the address, "that Your Eminence will excuse the simplicity of this address, which is but the expression of the feeling contained in Your Eminence's motto: 'Heart speak to heart; for Your Eminence has long won the first place in the hearts of all.' This refers to the motto on the shield that Cardinal Newman has on his titular church of St. George in Valarona: *Cor ad cor loquitur.*

With the same sweet voice and impressive tones which had charmed the intellect of Oxford forty years previously, the Cardinal, again reading from a written paper, said: "You are a fitting witness to the fact that I am not a man of words, but of deeds, and of one of those strange favors of Divine Providence which are granted to few."

"Most men, if they do any good, die without knowing it; but I call it strange that I should be kept to my present age, an age beyond the age of most men, as if I were in order that on this great spot, where I am personally almost unknown, I might find kind friends to meet me with an affectionate welcome, and to claim me as their spiritual benefactor."

The tender condescension to me of the Holy Father has elected in my behalf, in sympathy with him, a loving acclamation from his faithful children.

"My dear friends, your present, which, while God gives me strength, I shall avail myself of in my daily Mass, will be a constant memento in His sight both of your persons and of your several intentions. When my strength fails me for that great action, then in turn I know that I may rely on your taking up the duty and privilege of intercession, and praying for me, that with the aid of the Blessed Virgin and all the Saints, I may persevere in faith, hope and charity, and in that grace, which is the life of the soul, till my end comes."

It may be added that these written papers, from which the above extracts were copied directly after the Cardinal had spoken, were as clearly and beautifully written as they are clear and beautiful in expression. Since that period Cardinal Newman has not re-visited Rome, and the news of his death has been a source of sorrow to the Sovereign Pontiff, and to all the Cardinals and Prelates here who have known his intellectual and moral greatness. P. L. CONNELLAN.

Mr. John, Magwood, Victoria Road, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is a splendid medicine. My customers say they never used anything so effectual. Good results immediately follow its use. I know its value from personal experience, having been troubled for 9 or 10 years with Dyspepsia, and since using it digestion goes on without that depressed feeling so well known to dyspeptics. I have no hesitation in recommending it for its use. Indigestion, Constipation, Heartburn, or troubles arising from a disordered stomach, Minard's Liniment is the best."

Constipation,

If not remedied in season, is liable to become habitual and chronic. Drastic purgatives, by weakening the bowels, confirm, rather than cure, the evil. Ayer's Pills, being mild, effective, and strengthening in their action, are generally recommended by the faculty as the best of aperients.

"Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills. I deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. For over two years past I have taken one of these pills every night before retiring. I would not willingly be without them."—G. W. Boyland, 22 East Main St., Carlisle, Pa.

"I have been taking Ayer's Pills and using them in my family since 1837, and cheerfully recommend them to all in need of a safe but effectual cathartic."—John M. Rogers, Louisville, Ky.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels recovered their natural and regular action, so that now I am in excellent health."—S. L. Loughridge, Bryan, Texas.

"Having used Ayer's Pills, with good results, I fully endorse them for the purposes for which they are recommended."—T. Conners, M. D., Centre Bridge, Pa.

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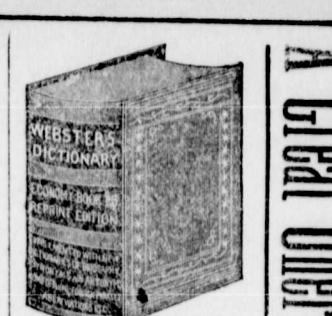
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