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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. II.—No. 10.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1894.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

In the Legislature last week among other questions, Dr. Ryerson asked for returns of all hospitals and charitable institutions receiving Government aid.

A warm discussion took place on Thursday when Mr. McColl moved for an order of the House with reference to the sale of cattle on the Guolph farm. The intention of the motion was to find out the facts in connection with the outbreak of tuberculosis amongst the cattle.

About the beginning of December, 1892, some animals, which had been imported were found to be diseased. Since that time 22 had been slaughtered and nine isolated, and some afterwards sold. The health of these was not at all satisfactory. The isolation maintained in the college was according to Mr. McColl not sufficient.

In the report of the Agricultural College Prof. Reed writing upon the subject of tuberculosis in cattle says: "As there is no doubt that the trouble is more common in cattle than is generally supposed, the subject is worthy of the most serious consideration of the Government. The slaughter of all affected animals would entail serious loss to individuals unless remunerated by the Government. I do not think there is any danger in using the milk of affected animals unless the udder or lacteal apparatus be affected, or in using the flesh of diseased animals unless the muscles be diseased, and not then if the flesh be well cooked; but as the disease is infectious we cannot tell where it will stop.

The following is the statement of the Public Accounts for the year 1893.

RECEIPTS.	
Balance from 1892	\$ 63,787 89
From Dominion of Canada	1,106,572 80
Interest from Dominion	300,000 00
Interest on Investments	79,590 79
Crown Lands Department	1,807,020 64
Licences	294,516 72
Law stamps	84,216 10
Algebra taxes	2,500 07
Education Department	47,610 78
Casual revenue	117,463 45
Sale of lands at Toronto Asylum	1,000 00
Public institutions	79,848 02
Clergy Lands	5,079 00
Common school Lands	10,472 24
Public works and buildings	1,235 55
Drainage work—rent charges	10,760 58
Drainage debentures	44,285 58
Tile drainage debentures	7,872 10
Dominion bonds	200,000 00
Amount withdrawn from special deposits	1,073,123 41
Stationery, office	1,460 10
Total	\$4,330,235 41
EXPENDITURES.	
Civil Government	\$ 241,021 63
Legislation	138,024 82
Administration of Justice	380,652 34
Education	622,650 00
Public institutions maintenance	775,000 00
Immigration	7,231 00
Agriculture	169,573 33
Hospitals and charities	164,896 24
Repairs and maintenance	80,800 29
Public buildings	320,943 00
Colonization roads	112,105 30
Charges on crown lands	97,193 80
Refunds	14,802 94
Miscellaneous	179,648 26
Aid to railways	145,416 44
Annulities	74,200 00
Municipal drainage debentures	48,295 07
Tile drainage debentures	14,200 00
Special and improvement fund	1,200 10
New Parliament buildings	150,000 00
Brockville asylum	92,325 03
Total	\$3,907,145 32

A deputation of about one hundred ladies waited upon Sir Oliver Mowat on Friday afternoon laying before the Government a resolution passed by the Women's Enfranchisement Association asking for the suffrage for women. Mr. Spence who acted as spokesman was adulatory. Sir Oliver was gallant, but gave no hope as this was the last session of the present Parliament, and like all last sessions, a busy and troublesome one. Mr. J. L. Hughes who also accompanied the deputation, was theological. He had written to Principal Caven, Chancellor Burwash and Professor Jones of Trinity College and others. The reply was "that the teachings of the Bible were in perfect harmony with women's suffrage." He did not quote any Catholic theologian on the subject.

The *Irish Catholic* of the 24th ult., contains a very interesting letter from Rome giving two letters from the Holy Father in connection with the Holy House of Nazareth at Loreto. Next December will witness the sixth centenary of its Translation. The first of these letters is addressed to Mgr. Gallucci, Bishop of Recanati and Loreto, commending the Bishop and his zeal 'in making preparations for a special celebration' to the pious and charitable faithful.

The following is the Apostolic Letter which the Holy Father writes upon the subject:

LEO XIII., POPE.

To all the Faithful who shall take information from the present Letter, health and Apostolic Benediction.—The happy House of Nazareth, in which, by virtue of the salutation which the Angel addressed to her who was destined to be the Mother of God—the Word was made flesh—is justly held and venerated among the most sacred monuments of Christian Faith, as may easily be seen from many diplomas and acts of Our predecessors, together with the gifts and privileges by them conferred upon it. This House, as the records of the Church attest, had not long been miraculously brought into Italy, and, by a benign counsel of God exposed to public veneration upon the hills of Loreto, before it drew to itself the devotion of all in such a way that this devotion ever increased as ages passed by. It is well known how many solemn pilgrimages from all parts have been made to this spot, with what splendor a basilica was erected there, noble both in the ornaments of art and the dignity of sacred worship—how in that place, as it were, a second Nazareth, a new city under the protection of the Blessed Virgin arose. The religion of the place and the trust of those who sought it were increased and nourished by many extraordinary favours both private and public. By means of these favours, ever welling up from a perennial fount, it pleased God so to exalt the name of Mary that there may be said to have been fully verified the prophecy—'All nations shall call me blessed.' It is beautiful and consoling to see how the memory of these favours demonstrated in various ways by the piety both of the great ones of the earth and by the lowly, is still flourishing day by day, resembling a bright crown of glory adorning the brow of Mary. To Us, who long ago, while venerating this Holy House, experienced the benefit of the Divine Mother, it is particularly pleasing that by the advice and pious solicitude of Our Venerable Brother the Bishop of Recanati and Loreto, there should be everywhere manifested a generous activity to prepare an especial solemnity for next December, at the close of the sixth century since the day when this treasure was happily deposited in the bosom of the Church. We well know the designs

and the works undertaken and begun with munificent emulation in order that the pristine beauty of the Basilica may be restored and increased. While to these and to other like works We give Our just tribute of praise, We take the opportunity of exciting more and more the piety of the Faithful towards the earthly home of the Holy Family and the mysteries therein performed. All, and especially the people of Italy, well know how great a gift of God it is, with what providence it was averted from unworthy dominion, and with what prodigality it was placed in their midst. In that blessed House took place the beginning of man's salvation by the great and admirable mystery of God made man to reconcile to the Father the lost human race, and to restore all things to order—a mystery which the Church, with motherly care, admonishes us to call to Our minds three times a day. Within those august walls flourished before the eyes of angels those models of domestic life and union to which We Ourselves have more than once endeavoured to conform all families, instituting for this end a special association. From that august sanctuary there has flowed into the Church a great abundance of heavenly favours and holiness, and there a great number of saints either became inflamed with eminent virtue for the first time or those already confirmed in virtue excited themselves to greater perfection.

Let this House, therefore, which for Our ancestors was a glory, a strengthening of their faith, a nourishment for their piety, an efficacious means of imploring the Divine mercy, be the same for Us in Our age, the more so that on account of the decadence and disorder of the present state, no other source but religion can furnish it with courage and relief. Hence during the opportune occurrence of the Centenary Feasts of Loreto all the faithful will, in conformity to Our exhortation, and as is just, vie with one another in paying to Christ Our Lord, to His Most Holy Mother, and to His most provident guardian, the open tribute of their gratitude and hope, and in this it is but meet that the people of Italy should outstrip all others. Thus it shall happen that, as is to be hoped, by their singular piety they will merit special rewards for themselves and for all those that are dear to them, and that for the Church, tossed by so stormy a sea, they will obtain the greatest good that her devout children can wish her.

Then follows an enumeration of the various indulgences that may be gained by those who during the solemnities visit the Basilica of Loreto, which is of interest only to those who wish to make a pilgrimage to the Holy House. The conclusion, however, is of general interest. It is as follows:—

"Finally, for the spiritual good of all the Faithful, We concede to each and everyone who during the same period (from the First Sunday of Advent this year until Trinity Sunday next year) shall devoutly recite the Litany of Loreto an indulgence of seven years, to be gained once a day, and a plenary indulgence to those who, having recited it every day for a month, shall approach the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist, and fulfil the usual conditions. These indulgences are applicable to the souls in Purgatory. We wish that to the copies of this present letter, signed by a public notary and confirmed by the seal of the ecclesiastical authorities, the same faith would be given as to the present.

"Given at St. Peter's, Rome, under the seal of the Fisherman, the twenty-third day of January, 1894, in the sixteenth year of Our Pontificate.

"CARDINAL SERAFINI,
"NICHOLAS MARINI, Secretary."

The Sacred College of Cardinals, shortly after the passing of the law of Household Tax, appealed against its application to it. The appeal was based upon the ground that the members of the Sacred College enjoy the privilege of hereditary princes, and as such are exempt from hereditary taxation. Again a declaration had been made to the effect that the income of the members of the Sacred College whether arising from their dignity or from the offices connected with their dignity is exempt from all taxation.

Cardinal Ruffo-Scilla has appealed against the tax on the ground that since 1891 he was Maggiorano of His Holiness and dwelt in the Vatican. On account of his office and on account of the principle that the Vatican is, with regard to United Italy, ex-territorial he claimed exemption. The Commission from the Council has rejected the appeal in both instances. Even the Vatican is not territory left entirely to the Holy Father.

The National Trustees of the Irish Parliamentary Fund, Justin McCarthy, Esq., John Dillon, Esq., and Thomas Sexton, Esq., acknowledge the following sums received through the Hon. Edward Blake, M.P.:

Toronto Committee, first instalment	£1,017.15.0
Ottawa Committee, first instalment	£306 10.0
Montreal Committee, first instalment	£279.11.0

A Protestant clergyman writes a very able and just article in the March number of *The Century Magazine*. Referring to the bogus "Instructions to Catholics," Mr. Gladdon says:

"American Protestants, the graduates of our public schools, are expected to believe that Roman Catholic prelates are in the habit of talking in this way to the people of their charge. The men who forged this precious manifesto, and put the Pope's name at the head of it, and the signatures of nine of their fellow citizens at the foot of it, seem to have had no misgiving that those to whom it was shown would laugh in their faces. And the melancholy fact is that they were justified in their confidence. The forgery has been taken seriously by tens of thousands of American voters. No man can intimate a doubt of its genuineness without being denounced as a Jesuit in disguise or an ally of the Pope. It is published week after week in scores of journals with large circulation. There are great masses of our people to whom it does not seem improbable that the Roman Catholic Archbishops would publish such a document as this. We might have thought it an easy task to convince this multitude that these prelates were great knaves, but who could have imagined that credence would be given to a document which represents them as preposterous fools?"

He predicts an early and shameful break up to the disgraceful crusade.

"That the prevalence of this insanity will be brief is certain; but it may spread widely enough and last long enough to do incalculable mischief. May I not venture to call upon all intelligent Protestants, and especially upon Protestant clergymen, to consider well their responsibilities in relation to this epidemic? Can we afford, as Protestants, to approve, by our silence, such methods of warfare against Roman Catholics as this society is employing. For the honor of Protestantism, is it not high time to separate ourselves from this class of 'patriots'? In any large town, if the leading Protestant clergymen will speak out clearly, the plague will be abated."

A Washington correspondent says: "The nomination of Senator White of Louisiana as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court was 'the happening of the improbable.' Catholics will particularly rejoice that so splendid a representative of their faith has meritoriously received such recognition from the President. Judge White will be the youngest of the justices being only 48 years of age. He is the only one who has consummate knowledge of the Roman law and Code Napoleon. He was in youth, a Confederate soldier, and has old fashioned opinions of State Rights, while devoted to the constitutional and restored Union. Senator White is the first Catholic to sit upon the Supreme bench since Chief Justice Taney.

FORTY HOURS' DEVOTION.

Sermon by His Grace the Archbishop.

The following instructive sermon was preached by his Grace Archbishop Walsh at the opening of the "Forty Hours' Devotion" in St. Michael's Cathedral, a full report of which we promised in this issue. His Grace said:

I will read for you the following verses from the sixth chapter of the Gospel of St. John, in connection with the Forty Hours' devotion which is to begin immediately at the end of Mass. "This is the bread which cometh down from Heaven: that if any man eat of it he may not die. I am the living bread which came down from Heaven. If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever: and the bread that I will give, is my flesh for the life of the world. The Jews therefore strove among themselves saying how can this man give us his flesh to eat? Then, Jesus said to them: 'amen, amen, I say unto you: except you eat the flesh of the son of man, and drink his blood you shall not have life in you. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath everlasting life: and I will raise him up on the last day. For my flesh is meat indeed and my blood is drink indeed: he that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood abideth in me and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father: so that he that eateth me the same also shall live by me. This is the bread that came down from Heaven. Not as your fathers did eat manna and are dead. He that eateth this bread shall live forever.'"

As has been announced to you already the Forty Hours' devotion will begin to-day in this Cathedral and for this parish. This devotion consists in the solemn exposition of the Blessed Sacrament for forty hours for the adoration of our people together with certain masses and prayers prescribed for the occasion by the Holy Liturgy. A seven years indulgence may be gained by the faithful in making a visit once a day to the Church during the devotion, and a plenary indulgence may be gained by the faithful in visiting the Church each day during the devotion, in a prayerful manner, and by the proper reception of the sacraments of penance and the Blessed Eucharist. These days dearest brethren are intended by the Church to be days rich in blessings and graces for each individual and for the families of this parish. The Blessed Eucharist is the greatest treasure that even God could confer on man, the richest gift that Heaven could confer on earth—for it is Jesus himself personally present under Sacramental veils. St. John the Evangelist, speaking of the institution of this sacrament made use of these words: "When Jesus loved those who were in the world he loved them until the end," and the holy fathers say that the meaning of these words is this—that Jesus loved those who were in the world, not only to the end of this mortal life, but to the end and the limit of his omnipotence. That in instituting and giving to mankind this great sacrament of His love, He loved man unto the limits of His omnipotence, unto the boundaries of His boundless love. Though God is omnipotent, He could give His children nothing better than this—though He is infinitely good, He could give them nothing more precious than this—though He is infinitely wise, He could devise no means more powerful to enable man to attain to his immortal destiny, than by the means of the Blessed Eucharist. Many a gift has Jesus conferred upon the Church, His spouse, but this is the greatest gift of all. Many are the graces which Jesus has bestowed upon His people, but in this sacrament the hand of God is ever uplifted in blessings over them. The other sacraments are given to

prepare us for Heaven; in this sacrament heaven seems to have come down upon earth, because heaven contains nothing more precious than the sacred humanity united with the uncreated divinity of the Son of God in the Sacrament of the Altar. Yes, dearest brethren, what the sun is to the solar system, the Blessed Eucharist is to the Kingdom of God on earth. As all the satellites of the solar system revolve around the sun, borrow light and heat from it, so to the kingdom of God on earth, the Holy Catholic Church, the Blessed Eucharist is the centre around which all the great sacramental institutions revolve, and towards which they tend, because whilst the other sacraments have for their end, the uniting of us with God, the Blessed Eucharist is the perfection and the consummation of the union of the soul with God its Creator and Redeemer.

The Blessed Eucharist, dearest brethren, is the life of each individual, it is the life of the world, it is the life of the Church on earth. Each individual, each one of us, dearest brethren, is a compound being. Man consists of soul and body united in one person. The body being drawn from the earth must derive its sustenance and food from the earth, but it is not on bread alone that man liveth, the soul must have food, and as the soul was created immediately by God, so the soul must draw its sustenance from above, from heaven. But what food is rich enough for this immortal being that animates each of us? What food can adequately support the immortal soul made to the image of God, whose thoughts range through infinite space, whose aspirations reach unto heaven and to God? What food is sufficient for this magnificent and thus sublime creation and image of God? I answer, God Himself. God is the food of the soul—God under sacramental veils here below—God in His unclouded glory in the heavens above. Nothing created can satisfy the hunger of the soul; no created good can satisfy the cravings of the heart; no created good can satisfy the love of the soul for what is beautiful, and for what is good, the soul can be satisfied only by the Supreme Truth, by the Supreme Good that is made for the life, for the love of the human heart, and the Supreme Good, the Supreme Truth is God. Yes, dearest Brethren, the meanest man that God ever created, the man whose soul is enslaved by passions and bound in the chains in the servitude of Satan, that man's soul still is yearning for what is good, for what is true, for what is beautiful. He may seek it amongst rubbish, he may seek it, as the prodigal son sought it, amid the husks of swine, but nevertheless he must seek what is good and what is beautiful and what is just because God made the human soul for Himself—hence the soul is satisfied with nothing but God. Just as the eye is made for the light, so the heart and soul of man are made for God, and hence the exclamation of the Royal Prophet, "As the stag panteth after the fountains of water so panteth my soul after Thee O God. When shall I come and appear before the face of my Lord." "What is there in heaven," says the same prophet, "what is there to desire upon earth? Thou art the God of my heart and the God that is my portion forever." These fervent expressions of the burning desire of the prophet to be united with God are but the expressions of the human heart and the human soul to be united to the sovereign truth, and the supreme good. How then is the soul to feed on God, how can the soul imprisoned within the walls of the body attempt to reach the God of Heaven, the God that is infinitely pure, and infinitely good? Our Lord Jesus Christ has solved that question by the institution of the Blessed Sacrament. Hear what he says, "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth

in Me and I in him:" so through the veils of the Blessed Sacrament, the soul breaks into the invisible world and joins his God. For My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed." "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath everlasting life and I will raise him up on the last day." Here the soul feeds as it were on God under sacramental veils in the Sacrament of His love, and hereafter on God in His unclouded glory in His everlasting Kingdom. What a destiny! Oh what a sublime purpose God had in the work of our creation, and the Son of God in the scheme of our redemption, when not satisfied with dying on the cross, He would still dwell with His children here on earth, veiling not alone the splendor of His majesty, but the very dignity of His manhood, veiling and hiding them under the form of the Blessed Eucharist on the altars of the Catholic Church. If we but knew the gifts of God as our Lord said to the Samaritan woman "If thou didst know the gift of God and who it is that asketh thee to drink thou perhaps wouldest have asked of Him and He would have given thee living water." If we but knew the gifts of God that we hold in the Blessed Eucharist in the Catholic Church. Oh I would not our hearts burn with love! Jesus stays with us on the road of this world, he stays with us and speaks to us through the sacrament of love and should not our hearts burn with love of Him who has loved us unto the end, to the limits of His omnipotence to the boundaries of His love. Dearest Brethren, the remarkable words of the holy fathers, one would think exaggerated when they called the early Christians "Christ Bearers," carriers of Christ because they eat of the Blessed Eucharist; they also called the body of the communicant "con-corporal" having one body with Jesus Christ. They might well say also that we have the same life as Jesus Christ because our Lord makes use of these extraordinary words: "As the living Father hath sent Me and I live by the Father so he that eateth Me the same also shall live by Me." That is as, I the Eternal Son, as God, live by consubstantial unity with the Godhead of the Father, so he that eateth me shall live by consubstantial union with my Humanity. What is the meaning of this? Theology tells us that the eternal Son of God is generated from all eternity from the Father, that the life of the Father flows into the Son, so that in the same way as the Son of God derives His life from the Godhead, the Fountain of all life, so we who receive Him in the Holy Communion receive the life of Jesus into our souls, the supreme, the eternal life, the spiritual life, flowing from the Fountain of all Grace. We are assumed into the divine life of Jesus Christ by the proper reception of the Blessed Eucharist. It gives us eternal, immortal, imperishable life, this is the living Bread. If any man eat of this Bread, "says our Saviour," he shall live forever, he that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood hath everlasting life and I will raise him up on the last day." Yes, dearest brethren, it is true that the bodies of worthy communicants will die like the bodies of sinners; that they will be buried in the solitary grave, that they will sleep away the Sabbath of the Tomb unheeded and long forgotten but on the day of the resurrection, the souls and the bodies vivified by the food of immortality will rise and shake off the dust and odor of the tomb, will rise in splendor and majesty and glory like the body of the risen Christ on the Resurrection mornning. By the substance of Jesus communicated to us we become of His flesh and of His bone as the Apostle hath it, and have thereby in us the pledge of a resurrection in the substance of the body to eternal life. And yet Dearest Brethren we hold this treasure in

the Holy Church, and how many of us appreciate it as we ought? How many of us approach it as frequently as we ought? How many of us value this divine gift, as wayfaring men and women, who have any care of their immortal souls or any desire for the kingdom of God? Might it not be said of some of us what the Lord Jesus Christ said to the men and women, who listened to Him preaching His divine words, that saw the light of the divinity beaming out through His eyes, and who believed not, "Amen, amen, I say to you it will be better for Sodom and Gomorrah on the Day of Judgment than for you." Is it not so with many Catholics? I am afraid it is too true that on the Day of Judgment it will be worse for them than for the men and women who have not been blessed by the faith of Jesus Christ because they have sinned against the light, they have turned their backs on the Divine Treasure God has given them and they live as if they did not believe. The Blessed Eucharist is the life of the world. Bear well in mind, dearest brethren, that when God was angered and offended by the fall of our first parents, he cursed the very material creation. It was cursed in the fall of our first parents, and when God came in anger, when all flesh had corrupted its way upon the earth and God came down in anger and saw the work of His creation, He grieved at the guilt of man; and repented that He had made man, and in His omnipotent justice He let loose the cataracts of heaven and broke up the waters of the great deep and in the flood of many waters, His anger rushed in desolation and ruin over the whole earth—there was no Saviour on earth to stay His anger or His outstretched arms. Again, He came down upon the earth to visit two guilty cities, and He spoke to Lot and told him that if he could find ten just men He would spare the cities. No ten just men were to be found, and so God rained down fire and brimstone on these guilty cities and burned them off the face of the earth, made their very name a by word and reproach. But again God was angry with His people becoming idolaters at the foot of Mt. Sinai and said He was determined to blot them off the face of the earth, but when Moses besought Him to save his brethren, and because Moses pleaded and called to the mind of God the memory of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, God spared and pardoned His people because the patriarchs were types of Jesus Christ. And so the guilty earth was blessed by the presence of Jesus Christ; and He shed His blood to save it, and that blood ran up to the very gates of Paradise and redeemed the children of men, and saved the world from the wrath of God, saved millions and millions of the race from the wrath of God. Now, dearest brethren, in this 19th century the world is as guilty as ever, sin and unbelief abound, men reject Christianity, millions and millions of the human race reject Christianity. Yes, men and women raised in Christian households now reject Christianity as a worn-out superstition, and some Catholic men and women live as if they did not believe in the living truths of the Gospel, and in the living presence of Jesus Christ in the world. What is to prevent the wrath of God from punishing this guilty world? The Blessed Eucharist, because God the Father loves Jesus the Son of God, because He listens to the pleadings of the Precious Blood in the Catholic Tabernacle and spares the guilty world. So, my dear brethren, no wonder the Blessed Eucharist is the life of the world, as our Lord said, "The bread that I will give is My Flesh for the life of the world." It is the life of the Catholic Church, the Catholic Church would not be the Church of God without it. The Blessed Eucharist is what gives shape and

form to the Catholic Church, just as the soul gives shape and form to the body, it is what may be called the form of the body in Catholic Philosophy so the Blessed Eucharist is the soul of the Church, is the form of the Church and crowns the Church with the four marks that are set on her brow like the sun and distinguish it from all false religions, namely, unity, sanctity, Catholicity and Apostolic.

Unity—the Blessed Eucharist is the centre and symbol as well as the cause of Unity. As many grains form the Host, and yet are the one Host, so many members of the human body of Christ make one Church. Hence St. Paul says, we, the various members are one, because we partake of the one Bread, we are the members of Christ's Body, are one—why—because we partake of the one Bread, and one Cup—the Blessed Eucharist. Again, the hands that consecrate the Blessed Eucharist are the hands of a Priest, that Priest is in union with his Bishop, that Bishop is in union with his fellow Bishop throughout the world and all are in union with the Vicar of Christ—they all speak with the same voice, teach the same truths, they all form the same government, and they all stand at altars of God, stand at the countless altars of the Catholic Church, and offer up the one great victim to atone for the sins of the world, so the Blessed Eucharist is the form and shape of the Unity of the Church of Jesus Christ.

Secondly, it is the form and cause of its sanctity. Why—the Blessed Eucharist is the fountain of sanctity, and the Church that possesses it in lawful form must itself be holy—must be sanctified, and hence the Catholic Church has produced the highest types of holiness in all the ages of Christian time. The martyrs received the Blessed Eucharist at the altar of God and though their hearts were as weak as ours and their flesh as sensitive to pain as ours, they feared not the rack, nor the wild beasts and they shed their hearts' blood for Him. Confessors came and stood like pillars before heretics' kings and hostile tribunals—because the lips that confessed the Lord Jesus, were sanctified by the touch of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Eucharist, and countless virgins in all ages have preserved their lives unscathed amidst the corrupt world, and their hearts pure and holy because their hearts became the Tabernacles of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Eucharist, and Jesus we are told delights amongst the lilies, that is among the virgins of the Catholic Church.

The Church that possesses the Blessed Eucharist must be Catholic. The Blessed Eucharist was left with the Church to be offered up day after day from the rising to the setting of the sun, and the church that offers up that bloodless victim must therefore be Catholic, for it must of necessity be a Church that covers all the space that lies between the sunrise and sunset.

The Church that possesses the Blessed Eucharist must be apostolic. Why—the priest that puts the Blessed Sacrament on the altar at Mass was ordained by a Bishop, that Bishop was consecrated by other Bishops by the mandate of the Vicar of Christ, and so from Bishop to Bishop, from one link of the chain to the other, we go back through all the ages, linking age to age and century to century, and connecting the priest at the altar to-day with the apostles who sat with Jesus at the Holy Table in Jerusalem, and to whom He said: "Do this in commemoration of Me."

Hence the Church that possesses the Blessed Eucharist in lawful manner must be an Apostolic Church. Here we have in the Blessed Eucharist the very life that gives shape and form to

the Catholic Church, and crowns her with those marks that separate her and distinguish her from all works of man, from all false churches and from all man made religions. Here is the treasure you have in the Blessed Eucharist in the body and blood of Jesus Christ. Value it as you ought—come to our Lord, "Come to me all you that are heavy laden and I will refresh you." He is here to make you whole. He is here to lift the burden of your sins. He is here to lift the burden of your sorrows from off your shoulders. Come to me! Come to Jesus in the Blessed Eucharist from which flows all grace, all mercy and benediction. If you hear His voice harden not your hearts. Our Lord says, "My son give Me your heart." Yes, Dearest Brethren, our hearts may be stained by sin, they may be disfigured by the clouds of passion but yet Jesus wants them, and let us lay those hearts before Him and our hearts' affections go out to Him. He says, "My son give Me your heart." Yes, my Dear Brethren, give Jesus Christ your hearts. He is worthy of them all; He made them for Himself with their best affections and their burning love. Let us come to Him during these days of grace and mercy. Let us love Him with all our hearts and we may rest assured if we do so and continue to do so we shall one day hear on the Resurrection morning that crowning invitation, "Come ye Blessed of my Father receive ye the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

The Instinct of Locality.

An interesting experiment was tried by a Maine farmer's family not long since, with a mud turtle, which had been brought to the house from a small pond a quarter of a mile away. It was noticed that when set free the reptile travelled off in the direction of the pond ("going back home,") said one of the lads and this led them to put him to the test. He was tried under a great variety of circumstances, which might tend to confuse even a mud turtle of uncommon mental capacity, but put him down in whatever way they would or anywhere, he would instantly turn his snubby nose straight for the pond and walk off with every appearance of one who knows he is right, and intends to go ahead. He evidently had the same instinct or supernatural knowledge so often observed in pigs, dogs, and cats, which will take a bee line for home, when they could not possibly know its direction by any power of observation possessed by human beings. It may not be amiss to note in connection with the turtle incident, the experiment tried by an eminent English naturalist with bees, which possess the same peculiar knowledge of direction. He took bees from their hives and carried them in a close box by a circuitous course, to a point at a considerable distance away, but on liberation they started straight for the hive. After testing this repeatedly, he stopped on the way while carrying the box, and whirled it rapidly round his head a number of times. Then when liberated the bees were confused, and flew about in various directions, not knowing where to go. From this he attributed the faculty of flying straight for home to result from the keen attention paid by the bees to the direction taken while they were being carried away, and which the whirling of the box upset completely.

For all derangements of the throat and lungs, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the speediest and most reliable remedy. Even in the advanced stages of Consumption, this wonderful preparation affords great relief, checks coughing, and induces sleep.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winklow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winklow's Soothing Syrup.

St. Alphonsus Club.

One proof of the fact that between the great bodies of Protestants and Catholics which compose the population of Canada, the best of good feeling prevails, is seen in the readiness which Catholic societies evince in asking Protestants to take part in their proceedings, and the equal readiness shown by Protestants to reciprocate the good feeling by accepting such invitations; and so long as the majority of those of different religions can act in such perfect harmony, just so long need no notice be taken of any hole-and-corner organizations to stir up religious bigotry, persecution and misunderstandings. While all Catholic societies have, as a rule, done their best to promote this *entente cordiale*, credit must be given particularly to the St. Alphonsus Club, an association which has taken the initiative in Toronto of introducing into its regular proceedings discourses by prominent members of the Protestant faith, and to say that their efforts have been cordially, in fact warmly, met by these gentlemen, would indeed be making but a feeble use of the English language. It was a case simply of, "Ask and you shall receive," or rather, "Ask and we will come."

Last Tuesday evening, the 27th ult., the 8th open meeting was held in the hall on McCaul street, and 700 people crowded into the seats and aisles, and every available spot was taken advantage of, in order to hold the numbers who poured in from the moment when the doors were thrown open. At 7.30 not a seat was to be had, and those who came after that hour had to stand. The gentler sex, of course, predominated, but only to a very slight extent, and a description of some of their dresses would no doubt be interesting to our readers of the female persuasion. The knowledge of the writer, however, is lamentably weak on this point, and he can only say that they would have to be seen in order to be properly appreciated. President McBrady occupied the chair, and officiated in his usual sprightly manner. The opinion of the large audience of the excellence of the lecture and programme might very aptly be put in the words of one of the fair visitors, "It was simply delightful."

Mr. Alf. Sturrock contributed the first number, and was enthusiastically received. The chairman then announced the subject of the lecture, "Books, and the Art of Reading," and introduced Rev. Prof. Clark, who was received with loud and continuous applause. Want of space (the ban of a printer's life) will not permit us, we regret, to give more than a synopsis of what the Rev. gentleman said. Every word was listened to with rapt attention, and the good points and witty stories told by him were greeted with hearty laughter and applause. He said, in opening, that as the subject upon which he was to speak was so vast, that the pretensions of the lecturer must be of the most modest character, and it would be well if the expectations of his hearers were of the same description. Books ranged far back in human history, and they stretch far and wide. There is hardly anything better to-day than the love of books and the use of books. The uses of books were negative and positive. They are negative, as tending to depress other employments which were not so just, and as serving to depress some of that excessive practicality which, indeed, are characteristic of the age in which we lived and the country to which we belonged. It seemed to him that there was a great deal too much talking, and it was far from being profitable; and if anything can be devised to put an end to it, that certainly would be something which would be very beneficial to the human race. (Laughter.) He referred shortly to the instruction one gets from book and said that no matter what profession we are studying for, or what trade called for our attention, we must go to books for the information which we want. There was another thing almost as necessary, and that was the discipline and education which come through reading. It is far more important that men should have their minds turned to accurate thinking, equal discrimination and correctness of expression, than that they should be stuffed full of all the 'ologies invented since ancient times. Books represent the higher order of human intelligence. Descartes said that "Books contain the best utterings of the best and greatest men." Just as contact with educated and refined men and women must necessarily have a refining effect upon other men and other women, so contact with elevated, pure and noble minds must have an effect in purifying and refining the minds of those who come in contact with them. This is not the attribute of the wealthy or of the great alone; refinement does not belong to those of high station. You have all known people absolutely poor and humble who had minds as refined and sacred and pure as the greatest, the richest and the noblest on earth (applause); and it is this which beautifies human life and makes it worth living. The recreation and amusement which were to be had from books was also another point with which the Rev. gentlemen dealt. He thought that perhaps sometimes more harm was done by discouraging joyousness of feeling than in its encouragement. Petrarch, Lord Macanlay, Lord Herschell and others had said beautiful things about the value of books.

Several pithy stories, illustrative of Irish and Scotch humor, were given by the lecturer. An Irishman, he said, had the great advantage, that he always enjoys a joke against himself. A Scotchman commonly enjoys a joke against others, and the Englishman can never understand that anybody can make a joke about him. (Laughter.) After pointing out the importance of making a wise selection of books in the foundation of a library, he went on to say that every one should cultivate a love of books. Some people would think it quite a purgatory to sit down to a book. The love of books can be cultivated. Certain kinds of books ought not to be read—for example, an unclean book. He said that every man and woman should know at least one other language besides their own. Was it not Charles the Fifth who said that "he who learned another language became another man?" The poets, dramatists and prose writers all had their place in literature. The Reverend gentleman concluded his very interesting lecture in these words: "I will conclude with one reflection. If the young people whom it is my privilege and honor to address here to-night shall live to be my own age, or beyond it, and shall have got half the pleasure which I have done out of literature, perhaps they will remember that I helped them a little bit in this direction, and it will be to me a joy and a delight to think that perhaps some word which I have spoken this night may encourage some young man or some young woman to incur some additional discipline upon himself or herself, that they may enter into the sacredness and beauties and glories of our mighty literature for all ages and for all times." (Loud applause.)

When the applause which greeted the lecturer's eloquent peroration died away, Mr. James Gilmour moved a vote of thanks to the speaker, in a few glowing words, and Mr. Leo seconded it, after which it was unanimously carried.

The following contributed to the programme which was well rendered: Misses Sullivan, Clarke, Burns, and Messrs. Ziller, Walke and Anglin.

The Amusement Committee are to be congratulated on the successful programme which they had prepared. Doors.

Peterborough Items.

The Campbellford Board of Education, at a special meeting held on Saturday last, passed a resolution of sincere regret, expressing in feeling terms the loss which the Board has sustained in the resignation of Rev. Father Casey, owing to his removal to Peterborough, where he has been raised to the Rectorship of the Cathedral and made Archdeacon of the diocese.

The resolution stated that the Reverend Father had won the highest esteem of every member of the Board, as well as the school supporters, by his active and intelligent interest in the schools, by his broad and liberal views in regard to education. He was also extolled for the other many excellent qualities which he possessed in a marked degree, for the uniformly kind and genial bearing he has always shown towards every member of the Board. They acknowledged, in conclusion, that whatever excellence their schools had attained was due in a great part to the hearty co-operation and assistance of the retiring trustee.

Father Casey should feel highly flattered by receiving such a token of good will expressed by the trustees of the school of which he was for so many years a worthy representative. It shows, likewise, that this good priest's work was greatly appreciated, and this speaks volumes. It is to be hoped that Father Casey will devote the same attention to educational matters in Peterborough; and if he does, the present excellent standing of the schools will be excelled.

It is announced that Rev. Father Conway, the zealous and much respected pastor of St. Paul's Church, Norwood, intends taking a much needed rest, and will leave on a trip to Ireland in the near future. It is some years since Father Conway has visited Ireland, "the land of his birth," and the earnest prayer of his parishioners is that he may have a *bon voyage* and return hale and hearty to his beloved flock.

Reception at the Good Shepherd.

The solemn ceremony of receiving a novice into the Community of the Good Shepherd took place on Thursday afternoon last, when Miss Haines took the habit and received the name in religion of Sister Eudes of the Heart of Mary. His Grace the Archbishop presided, assisted by Very Rev. Father Marjion, Rev. Fathers Walsh, Cherrier, La Marche, Murray and Lynch were present in the sanctuary. Rev. Father Teefy preached a short sermon suitable to the occasion.

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaint, and find Parmentier's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Gelatine Coated, and rolled in the Flour of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant agreeable taste."

CANADA AND THE IRISH PARTY.

The following article appreciative of Toronto appeared in the *Freeman's Journal* of the 24th ult.

The strong hold which the statesmanship exhibited by the present Irish leaders in their conduct of the National cause has established upon the intelligence and sympathy of the Ireland beyond the seas is once again shown by the remarkable evidence of Canadian approval which our columns exhibit to day. From the three great centres of Canadian life—Toronto, the capital of British Canada; Montreal, the city of the French Canadians; and Ottawa, the Capital of the Dominion—come three substantial subscriptions in aid of the funds of the Irish Party. Toronto, which used to be the Belfast of British America, sends the largest subscription, £1,017, and this is but the first instalment of the fund that is being raised there. Ottawa and Montreal send first subscriptions of £800 and £270 respectively. Toronto's subscription is the second of over £1,000 received for the same purpose from that city within less than a year and a half. The subscribers include Irishmen who have risen to the very highest positions under the Home Rule institutions of Canada, and who unite with a determined and ineradicable loyalty to the cause of Irish Nationality the sentiment of an equally devoted loyalty to the British Empire. Their practical co-operation in the Irish National movement will be interpreted by all intelligent Imperialists as significant of the fact that the concession of Irish self-Government, instead of imperilling, would inevitably strengthen and consolidate the Empire.

More instructive even than the action of these Irish Canadian statesmen is the letter addressed by his Grace the Archbishop of Toronto to his clergy and people, appealing to them to support the Irish Party, and appointing a day for a collection in all the churches of his diocese in aid of the home organization. The Archbishop of Toronto is a patriotic Irishman. His love of Ireland is as fresh and keen as when he left his native diocese of Ossory to take up the sacred duties of a missionary among the Irish Catholic exiles in Canada. In this devotion to his native land he is but representative of the people over whose spiritual concerns he has been placed. He and they realize the opportunities of the present hour. They see that Ireland never had such a chance of regaining its liberty, and that it only needs the union and co-operation of all Irish Nationalities at home and abroad to carry to success the struggle in which so many sacrifices have been made. They are resolved that they shall not be open to the reproach that they failed in their duty to their country at this crisis of her fortunes. "For us to fail now in reaching out a strong helping hand to the sacred cause of Irish self-Government and rightful liberty, would be," declares the Archbishop of Toronto, "to throw up our arms on the eve of victory, to render useless the sacrifices and struggles of the past, to abandon poor Ireland to the want, misery, and suffering that have made her the *mater dolorosa* of the nations, and to condemn her to the shame of failure and the agony of despair. No, please God, this shall never be said of us."

The spirit of resolute patriotism that inspired these words is the spirit that should fill every Irishman to-day. His Grace's appeal should move not merely the exiles of Toronto to fulfil their parts like generous Irishmen, but should also arouse their fellows in every land to imitate them. Would that all Irishmen realized as fully the truth that the future of Ireland for generation to come will be shaped within the next few years; and that it depends on them whether the future shall be one of liberty and peace or a weary repetition of the misery, the sufferings,

and the bitter war of the past. The Archbishop of Toronto has shown the example of a true Irish patriot in his action. His approval of the policy of the Irish Party, his tribute to their services and their sacrifices, and his ready sympathy with their difficulties, coming as it does from one whose genuine Irish Nationalism is not less manifest than his worth as a Catholic prelate, is one of those encouragements which compensate the Irish Party for all the unworthy aspersions and imputations of which they have been made the target. One word of such encouragement would outweigh whole columns of such vilification as has been poured upon them. His Grace's letter and the response that it will evoke from his people will not as a tonic on the determination of the Party to persevere to the end. It is an unquestionable proof that not only the vast majority of the Irish people at home approve the National policy, but that it commends itself to the mass of greater Ireland as well.

There is one Irish representative to whom no small share of the credit of this Canadian demonstration on behalf of Ireland and its cause belongs. Mr. Blake, M.P., has been made the intermediary between the chosen treasurers of the Canadian Nationalists and the National trustees. That his personal example has borne good fruit in Canada the Archbishop of Toronto's letter indicates. Such fruit is only part of the happy result that has followed from Mr. Blake's enlistment as a worker for the emancipation of the land of his forefathers. His services are prized and treasured in memory of a not ungrateful nation. We commend his efforts and the efforts of his compatriots to the example of Irishmen at home and abroad.

The Bishops on the Ballot.

Representatives of the press have recently waited upon their Lordships the Bishops of Peterborough and Hamilton, to obtain their views re Mr. Connors' Bill, now before the Legislature, making the use of ballots permissive to supporters of Separate Schools.

BISHOP DOWLING.

Bishop Dowling expressed himself as follows: "If our people want the ballot they can have it. We want to preserve our schools and other rights we have, and as naturally we object to men who would deprive us of these rights and abolish these schools, dictating to us how we shall manage them. His Lordship had also this to say: "I have no objection to the teaching in the Public Schools, except that it does not go far enough. We believe that religious instruction should be mingled judiciously with secular education. If it is crowded into one day of the week, the children acquire a feeling of repugnance for that day and for the teaching imposed on them in it, and that feeling they sometimes never overcome. It is for that reason we wish to maintain our Separate Schools, and it is only natural that we should object to the ballot being forced upon us by our opponents."

BISHOP O'CONNOR.

Bishop O'Connor said he had not read the Bill, and did not care to pronounce an opinion upon the subject. He, however, stated in effect that he had no objection to the ballot, "per se," but he did object to the enemies of Separate Schools, apparently from ulterior motives, thrusting the ballot upon those who were able to ask for it if they desired it; the tendency, if not the object of the agitation in favour of the ballot in the present case was to secularize the Separate Schools, and to stir up hostility between the clergy and laity. Personally he would prefer the open vote, as it obtained in the British and Canadian Parliaments and Legislatures. Voting was a responsibility which should not be evaded, and the voter should have an opportunity of discharging his conscience openly, as well as in relation to a higher power. Open voting showed the character of the man, whereas the secret vote—the ballot favoured the practice of hypocrisy the promising one thing and doing another. Our constitution protected every man in the exercise of his rights and none need be afraid of being coerced by anybody into voting against his convictions, for he enjoyed the protection of the law. When a majority of Separate school supporters were in favour of the ballot, he would willingly, for his part, respect their wishes.

When persons take an aversion to those who are to help and guide them as to their salvation, they will rush headlong into all excesses.

Home Rule Collections.

ONTARIO.

Rev. Father Duffy, \$5; Thomas Mulcahy, 25; James Naughton, 5; John Regan, 5; N. J. Frawley, 5; P. McAuley, 3; Wm. Joyce, 2; Patrick Keenan, 2; Wm. Healey, 1 50; C. Moore, 1; Miss Ross Gallagher, 1; P. Coleman, 1; Mrs. O'Hara, 1; P. Burns, 1; Ed. Chappelle, 1; Wm. Regan, 1; Wm. Thompson, 1; Jos. Murphy, 1; Patrick Bennett, 1; Dr. McDonnell, 1; Dr. Brown, 1; Wm. Kyle, 1; Jeremiah Sullivan, 1; Miss Sullivan, 1; Miss O'Neill, 1; Owen Duffy, 1; John Kennedy, 1; Joseph Connolly, 1; John Fox, 1; R. A. Lynch; R. K. Slaven; John Mulcahy, 1; Teefy Mulcahy, 1; Chas. Mulcahy, 1; Patrick Sheridan, 1; Patrick Sheehar, 1; Wm. O'Connor, 1; John Sullivan, 2; Jeremiah Sullivan, 1; James Young, 1; John Naughton, 1; John Mollugh, 1; Miss McNamara, 50c; W. Cavanagh, 50c; John Thornton, 50c; Mr. Noble, 50c; Frank Wilson, 50c; Patrick Cudaheo, 50c; P. Coffey, 50c; Mrs. Murphy, 50c; Mrs. Gallagher, 50c; Miss Meehan, 50c; Mrs. Nora O'Connor, 50c; James Callaghan, 50c; P. McSweeney, 50c; Frank Frawley, 50c; Miss Kate Connor, 50c; Miss Bennett, 50c; Mr. Malone, 50c; A. Black, 50c; H. Thornton, 50c; Mrs. L. McDonald, 50c; D. McCaffrey, 50c; Miss Bayo, 50c; John Madden, 50c; Mr. Lawlor, 50c; John Finn, 50c; Mrs. Patino, 50c; Jas. Madden, 50c; John Welsh, 50c; Patrick Welsh, 50c; Judd Regan, 50c; Daniel Enright, 50c; Daniel O'Connor, 25c; Patrick Welsh, jr., 25c; Patrick Cashman, 25c; Patrick Thornton, 25c; Joseph Thompson, 25c; James Thompson, 25c; Patrick Connor, 25c; Mrs. Miller, 25c; Mr. Boyle, sr., 25c; Mrs. Thornton, 25c; Miss Regan, 25c; Mr. McNeill, 25c; Mrs. Owen Daffy, 25c; Mr. Birchard, 25c; Mr. Mangau, 25c; P. Smith, 25c; Mrs. O'Brien, 25c; Mrs. Sheehan, 25c; Miss Doyle, 25c; Miss Glynn, 25c; Mrs. Innalides, 25c; F. Clarke, 25c; Mr. Burke, 25c; Mr. Connor, 25c; M. Carroll, 25c; J. Quigley, 25c; Mr. O'Brien, 25c; Mr. Crowley, 25c; Miss Bayo, 25c; Miss Sheehan, 25c; W. Moore, 25c; Mrs. Coffey, 25c. Total, \$111 00

UPPERMERE.

Rev. James Hopan, \$5; John Haraby, 2; F. J. Gillespie, 2; Thomas McDermott, 2; Henry Heavener, 1; Martin Healy, 1; Thos. Hannan, 1; Mr. Hart, 1; Patrick Clarke, 1; John Fox, 1; Thomas Mulvihill, James Mahoney, 1; Marcus Healy, 1; Timothy Cahill, 1; Bernard Duffy, 1; Maggie McDovite, 1; Peter McGovern, 1; John Doyle, 1; Martin Timlin, 1; Joseph Fox, 1; Edward Lunigan, 1; Patrick Davlan, 1; Hugh McDermott, 1; William McDermott, 1; Mrs. Gaudaur, 1; Mr. Jas. Duffy, 1; John Thumpano, 1; James Doyle, 1; Michael McIntaugret, 50c; Neil O'Connell, 50c; Atty McDonald, 50c; Ned Gettings, 50c; John Corrigan, 50c; John Hannan, 50c; Martin Kelly, 50c; Owen Healy, 50c; James McGauvran, 50c; Patrick Clarke, 50c; Mrs. Dumick Healin, 50c; Mrs. Cox, 50c; Jos. Kenney, 50c; Mrs. McDermott, 25c; Alex. McDonald, 25c; Fred Grey, 25c; John Healy, 25c; Mrs. Creigh, 25c; John Clarke, 25c; Widow Clarke. Total \$44 75

WELLAND.

Rev. J. J. McEneaney, \$5; F. Brown, 5; James O'Brien, 5; Sheriff Smith, 5; Walter Smith, 1; George Smith, 1; Thomas Roach, 1; James Kilty, 1; Michael Hoban, 1; Mrs. Cafferty, 1; Mrs. J. W. Johnson, 1; John H. Dowd, 1; Miss Mary McCorney, 1; John Coughlin, 1; Mrs. J. Valencourt, 50c; Hubert Reuter, 50c; Henry Carpenter, 50c; Mary A. Dalton, 50c; Friend, 15c. Total, \$32 65.

PORT COLBORNE.

Aug. Bath, \$1; Edward Brown, 1; Mr. Bush, 1; Adol. Boyer, 1; James Twohey, 1; Thos. C. Ryan, 1; John Keenan, 1; A. Friend, 1; Patrick Fahy, 1; James Madden, 1; John Butler, 1; John Rao, 1; Miss Mary Dietrich, 50c; Rose Dietrich, 25c; James Hayden, 50c; Miss Ella Redin, 50c; Mrs. Thomas, 50c; James Ryan, 50c; Martin Han'ey, 50c; Thos. Helfron, 50c; Aug. A. Barth, jun., 25c; Mr. Ablorucus, 25c; A. Friend, 15c. Total \$16 35.

FLOS.

The following is a list of those who gave \$1 and over: Terrance O'Neill, \$2; Michael McVeigh, 2; Bernard O'Neill, 1; Henry O'Neill, 1; Thoms Brazzil, 1. Total, \$16 00.

BELL EWARD AND BRENTWOOD.

William Cronan, \$1; Mr. Leano, \$1; Jeremiah Desbourdies, \$1. Total, \$3 00.

The following are the totals of amounts collected for the Home Rule Fund as received up to date: St. Michael's \$136 35; St. Basil's, \$108 10; Our Lady of Lourdes, \$80 25; St. Patrick's, \$150 00; St. Mary's, \$111 33; St. Paul's, \$100 00; St. Joseph's, Leasideville, \$60 00; Collingwood, \$52 00; Brechin, \$18 75; Barrie, \$14 00; Fort Erie, \$11 75; Stayner, \$20 00; Pickering, \$25 00; Colgan, Adjara, \$112 00; Alliston, Adjara, \$17 00; Falls View, \$5 50; Orillia, \$11 00; Uptergrove, \$44 75; Belle Eward & Brentwood, \$5 00; Flos, \$16 00; Niagara Falls, \$27 50; Dixie, \$12 00; Caledon, \$11 00; Thornhill and Richmond Hill, \$41 00.

Forty Hours' Devotions.

On Saturday last at nine o'clock the devotions of the Forty Hours were opened at St. Joseph's Convent by his Grace the Archbishop. The Rev. Father Teefy, Superior of St. Michael's College, sang the Mass, the Rev. Father Murray being deacon, and Mr. McDonagh being sub deacon. The Very Rev. Father Marjion, Provincial, and Father Fracon assisted his Grace, who occupied his throne in the sanctuary. Immediately after Mass the Archbishop preached a most appropriate and touching sermon on the Blessed Sacrament as the light and food of the soul. Nothing could be more simple, more sublime and more deeply pious than the words addressed to the Sisters and the pupils by his Grace upon the occasion. When the sermon was finished the Blessed Sacrament was duly exposed, and the Hailmas and prayers recited. The Altar, always beautiful, looked its best, adorned as it was with numbers of lights, and vases of natural and artificial flowers. As soon as the prayers were over the pupils walked two by two to the altar railing, and there in adoration made an act of faith in the Real Presence. The Blessed Sacrament remained exposed day and night until Monday morning, when the exercises closed with solemn High Mass, which was sung by Very Rev. Father Marjion.

League of the Cross.

The St. Paul's Sodality of the League of the Cross held its regular meeting on Sunday afternoon last in their Hall, Power street. The President, Mr. Geo. Duffy, occupied the chair. Next Sunday, the second Sunday in the month, is business Sunday, and all members are requested to be present. An excellent programme was taken part in by the following gentlemen: Messrs. Frank Richard, M. Tappageur, J. C. O'Brien, P. Kennedy, A. O'Leary and D. Hayes. These programmes are always in keeping with the day, and consist of readings, recitations and speeches, all of which, more or less, refer to total abstinence.

An interesting paper was read by Mr. A. O'Leary, entitled "The First Stroke is half the Battle," which will appear in our next issue.

St. Patrick's School.

The following is the honor roll for the month of February:

Form IV.—Excellent—Jas. McCandlish, Louis Meyer, Robert Burns, Charles Cummins, Good—Charles Fraser, Francis Helferman, Samuel Beck, Wm. Bradley, James Walsh, John O'Hearn, Joseph O'Leary, Jos. Hanley.

Form III.—Excellent—S. O'Toole, G. Brake, Peter Coll, F. Robson, Patrick Flynn. Good—Patrick Flanagan, P. Bradley, Wm. Kenny, John Cronin, J. McCandlish.

Form II.—Excellent—J. Costello, G. O'Leary, P. Murphy, M. Dumphy, J. Kerr. Good—G. O'Donnoghue, W. Doyle, A. Hodgins, J. Doyle, E. Knott, J. Kirschmer, W. Tobin, E. Hebert.

St. Michael's Cathedral.

A lecture will be given by Rev. J. R. Teely, Superior of St. Michael's College, for the benefit of the St. Nicholas Institute in the above church on the evening of March 11th at 7 o'clock. The Musical Vespers of Aligando, will be given by the choir, assisted by the following ladies and gentlemen, who have kindly consented to sing: Mrs. J. C. Smith, Mrs. C. M. Gann, Mrs. J. M. Gann, Misses Elliott and Horson, Messrs. Anglin, Stock and Egan.

Samson, Kennedy & Co.

We invite attention to the Spring announcement of this well known firm, which appears in another page of to-day's REGISTER. The motto of the house—"We always lead"—is well sustained, as there is nothing in the best qualities of dry goods in which they are not up to date. Our readers doing business in that line will find it to their advantage, when about purchasing, to give Samson, Kennedy & Co. a call.

In a Scotch asylum there is a woman one form of whose insanity before she was incarcerated consisted in having her horse's shoes of solid gold with gold nails, each set of shoes and nails costing £500.

Little Queen Wilhelmina of Holland lives in a stately but rat-haunted palace, once the Town Hall of Amsterdam. She doesn't have a very good time as a girl, and one of the apocryphal stories of her is that she scolded her doll this way: "Now be good or I'll turn you into a queen, and you won't ever have any more good times."

Why will you allow a cough to lacrate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consuptive's grave, when by the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs coughs, colds bronchitis, etc., etc.

THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.

We give a summary of the lecture by Mr. T. Mulvey, one of the rising young Catholic lawyers of Toronto, which was delivered before the St. Alphonsus Club of this city on the 20th ult.

Mr. Mulvey, on rising, was received with great applause. He said that the subject was too extensive to be dealt with in one evening. The Constitution has been acknowledged by some of the greatest thinkers in the domain of political science to be the masterpiece of human ingenuity. Every phrase of the Constitution is full of interest. He proposed dealing with the relation of the Executive to Congress, and the methods of the latter body. Although this was a very small portion of the main subject, yet it was interesting as throwing light upon many of the statements which the public see from day to day in the newspapers of the progress of the Wilson Bill, and other measures in which Canadians are particularly interested. The methods of others in comparison with our own would also prove interesting.

There are several important differences between the United States Constitution and ours. Montesquieu, whose opinions carried great weight, said: "There can be no liberty where the Legislature and Executive powers are united in the same body of magistrates, and if the power of judging be not separated from the executive and legislative powers." He advocated the carrying out of this principle. In the United States the people are sovereign; they alone can change it. The President, Congress and Supreme Court are mere creatures and servants of the Constitution, while within their limits they are untrammelled, yet beyond these limits they cannot go. In Great Britain Parliament is supreme. Public opinion, it is true, is the guide of Parliament; but, nevertheless, it is supreme, and has the inherent power to make all laws that it deems advisable. Article 2 constitutes the President the power within the State for carrying into effect the laws and enactments and appropriations of Congress. While the President is responsible to the people for the due enforcement of the laws, yet the greater part of his duties is assumed by the heads of the Executive departments. A strong President, in times of war, has more power than any other constitutional ruler in the world. Under the clause of the Constitution which directs that "he shall take care that the law is faithfully executed" he has almost absolute power. The Cabinet of the United States is different from that of Canada, inasmuch as the members are not elected by the people, but appointed by the President. Its members have no vote in Congress. The President alone is responsible for their acts. In England the Queen acts on the advice of the Ministry, consequently she has no such responsibility.

The House of Representatives was then dealt with by the speaker. One difference, he said, between the Speaker of the House of Representatives and of the House of Commons in Canada is that in the House of Representatives he is not to be unpartizan. In Canada, of course, the Speaker is supposed to be devoid of partizanship. Mr. Mulvey was strong in his opinion that the Speaker of the House of Representatives was in duty bound to give all advantage within the rules of the House to adherents of his party, but was not very clear in his explanation as to how, when both speakers are elected in the same way and have the same opportunities, this difference arose. The Speaker, he asserted, was virtually the party leader of the majority. In the House of Representatives there are no Treasury Benches. The Executive are not present in the

House. There are no Government bills; all are private bills, because there is no Government to introduce them. The work of the United States was done by committees. There are 55 standing committees in the House of Representatives. He explained the *modus operandi* of these various committees at some length. When a bill passes the House it is forwarded to the Senate, which is composed of two representatives from each State elected by the Legislatures of the States. The sages of the Senate pride themselves on the dignity of their proceedings in comparison with the turbulence of the House.

The speaker shortly referred to the veto power held by the President, and showed, so far as figures could prove, that the Presidents of today exercised their prerogative much more frequently than did "the father of his country," when he guided the helm of State.

Reply by Father Whelan.

To the Editor of the Catholic Register.

Sir—In a letter on the Ballot memorial in your last issue, our respected townsman, Mr. M. J. Gorman, makes the following statement:

"Father Whelan, whom you quote, now admits, in the light of information which he has since obtained, that we claimed only 'to speak for ourselves.'"

As I am quite able to speak for myself, I most decidedly object to another person undertaking to speak for me. Should such additional "light" be thrown upon the memorial as to lead me to change or modify the views which I have expressed on that subject, I shall be prepared to redefine my position in a direct and public manner. But, as a matter of fact, nothing has been adduced since I spoke on the subject which would justify me in qualifying the published statement of my views. Mr. Gorman's assertion is therefore altogether gratuitous. I have not made any such assertion as that which he reports me to have made; nor have I said anything to anybody which could possibly be construed to be tantamount to such an admission. On the contrary, the "light" which has been shed on the question has only made it clearer to my mind.

1. That the memorialists did pretend to express the views of the Catholics of Ottawa;
2. That the memorial is a clumsily concocted document reflecting no credit on its authors;
3. That it manifests lamentable ignorance on their part of the regulations of the education department, and of the manner in which the same have been enforced;
4. That the puillanious counsels tendered by them to the episcopate prove them to be a "panic-stricken" lot;
5. That the memorial implies, if it does not explicitly set forth, that its originators were moved by political motives;
6. That it unjustly reflects on the standing and ability of the present school trustees and their predecessors who were elected by an open vote.

I claim that the document if published will sustain these allegations. If its subscribers feel that I have mis-stated its import, let them give it to the press. It can be no longer regarded as secret or "confidential." The *Toronto Globe* and other papers have referred to it as evincing a desire on the part of Catholics for the ballot.

I much mistake the spirit and temper of the Catholics of Ottawa, if, on the memorial being published in full, they tamely acquiesce in the misrepresentations of their views and wishes by a few interested politicians and an utterly discredited newspaper hack.

M. J. WHELAN.

Ottawa, March 2, 1894.

St. Agnes Beneficial Society.

The Irish Catholic Benevolent Association of Canada has recently, with the approbation of His Grace the Archbishop, organized a ladies' branch, to be known as the St. Agnes Beneficial Society. The Society like other branches of the Association, pays sick and funeral benefits and furnishes medical attendance to its members when required. The dues are 30 cents per month. The charter remains open for the month of March. All Catholic ladies between the ages of fifteen and forty-five years are eligible for membership. Any further information regarding the Society may be obtained from the following officers who have been elected for the ensuing year: President, Miss Kate Langford, 245 Broadview ave.; Secretary, Mrs. Greor, 3 Widmer st.; Miss Mary Thompson, Fin. Sec., 160 William st.; Miss Ectie Tighe, Treasurer, 9 Clarence sq.

The Duc d'O leans takes himself seriously and is treated as a royal personage by his servants at his country home in England. Even his close friends yield a certain deference that pleasantly exhilarates him.

St. Helen's.

The Forty Hours devotion was opened on last Sunday in St. Helen's Church in the presence of an immense congregation. The sitting accommodation was utterly inadequate for the multitude which thronged the sacred edifice. Solemn High Mass (coram pontifice) was celebrated by the Rev. Father Dumouchel of St. Michael's College, assisted by Rev. Father Kelly as deacon and Rev. Mr. McDonagh as sub-deacon. His Grace the Archbishop preached a powerful and instructive sermon on the Blessed Eucharist, the life of the individual Christian, as well as of the Church.

His Grace made an appeal to all present to show their homage and love to our Divine Lord during the Forty Hours, and, if possible, to partake of the sacraments. At the evening service Father Dumouchel preached an eloquent sermon on the Cross, the necessity of bearing it, how it becomes to the faithful Christian a source of joy, of triumph and of glory. The confessions also have been thronged since Sunday, and many pious souls were ever present adoring our Divine Lord visible on the altar. On Monday evening Rev. Dr. Tracey of St. Mary's parish preached on the abiding presence of the Divinity with mankind, as most perfectly illustrated in the Catholic Church by the Divine Presence in the Blessed Eucharist.

The Very Rev. Dean Cassidy and his assistant Father Carberry have been assisted in the hearing of confessions by Rev. Fathers Kelly, Lynch, Traylag of Dixie, and Tracey. The Forty Hour's Devotion has been in St. Helen's as in the other city parishes a monument of the Catholic faith and piety of the members of our Holy Church in this city.

C. N. B. A. in St. Catharines.

On Thursday evening March 1st, Branch No. 10, held their regular meeting in the neat and well kept Hall on St. Paul Street. A representative of the REGISTER had the pleasure of attending, and received a very fraternal greeting from President M. J. McCarron and the other officers and members present. Branch No. 10 has about eighty members on the roll, with good prospects of increasing, and we feel sure that the affairs of the Branch are well looked after by the officers elected, whose names appear below. Char., T. Durnan; Pres. M. J. McCarron; 1st Vice., E. Hartnett; 2nd Vice., A. R. Cudden; Treasurer, W. J. Flynn; Fin. Sec., J. M. Butler; Rec. Sec., M. J. Sullivan; Assistant Rec. Sec., J. E. McCarthy; Marshall, R. Kearns; Guard, Wm. Neabit; Rep. to Grand Council, J. M. Butler; Alt., W. J. Flynn; C. N. M., Agt. C. R. Branch 139.

We wish to tender our thanks to Rev. Dean Harris for his kind reference to the CATHOLIC REGISTER at the 8 o'clock Mass in St. Catharines Church on Sunday the 4th inst. In a few well chosen remarks he referred to the efforts that are being made to bring Catholic Journalism to the front, and explained to the congregation the necessity of supporting the Catholic Press, especially at the present time, where such gross misrepresentations and lies are being freely circulated against the Catholic faith; and expressed his surprise that people of avowed intelligence readily accept the most absurd accusations as truth. We hope his words will be heeded and that our Catholic people will consider the important truth that upon them individually, depends the solution of the question of whether or not the Catholic Press shall succeed.

Barrie.

Beautifully situated on the North West Side of Kempenfeldt Bay, and surrounded by some of the finest scenery in Ontario, lies Barrie, the County town of Simcoe. It is conceded by many of being one of the prettiest towns of Northern Ontario.

After securing hotel accommodation, I called on his Reverence, Dean Egan, and was kindly received by the worthy pastor. In canvassing the town I find the people both sociable and generous, in offering their assistance. The business of the town is largely sustained by the farming community, of which there is a large range.

In summer, Barrie is considered a favorite resort for camping and fishing parties, of which there are not a few, who enjoy the calm breezes of the Bay and picturesque scenery along its banks.

On Sunday last Very Rev. Dean Egan, after making the customary announcements for the week, concluded by introducing Mr. Kernahan, of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, to the congregation. He assured the people of his flock that during this nineteenth century, when the warfare against God, against the Church, in fact against everything that is good and holy—there could be nothing better than a good sound, substantial Catholic paper; and as the price is within the reach of all, he considered it a duty on the part of parents to provide for the spiritual welfare of their children. In fact, he did not consider a house Catholic, where two dailies were taken, and Catholic literature abandoned for the sake of supporting these papers,

he concluded by a short sermon on the Gospel.

B. C. I. Lit. Society.

The Barrie Collegiate Institute Lit. Society held their monthly entertainment in the Assembly Room of the Institute on last Thursday evening. Very Rev. Dean Egan opened the entertainment by a short address on the merits of the Society, and was followed by a well rendered programme, viz: Selection, the Glee Club; Piano Solo, Miss Moran; Reading, Miss Green; Quartette, Messrs. Henry, Johnson, McKee and Duff; Vocal Solo, Miss Julia Carpenter; Piano Solo, Miss McKee; Vocal Solo, Miss L. Ryan; Selection, Juvenile Orchestra; Comedy by the B. C. I. Comedy Club. Some three hundred were present, and the audience was well satisfied with the evening's entertainment.

Obituary.

Every year claims its dead, and in 1894 already many deaths have had to be recorded. A prominent Catholic, a good, loyal citizen and a versatile wit passed away recently in Lindsay in the person of Mr. Samuel Walker. His life was an illustration of what careful, hard work can do towards raising one up into comfortable circumstances. Years ago he started a poor, uneducated lad and ended up by being able to spend his last days in well earned rest, and to leave to his family a very ample competence. Above all, the deceased was a Catholic, and what was more, a good Catholic. In a quiet way he won for himself some local notoriety, and perhaps was as well known and respected a citizen as the County of Victoria contained. He was a conspicuous figure, and many will miss him. His funeral was largely attended, and at the High Mass celebrated by Vicar General Laurent many Protestants joined with his own co-religionists in praying for the deceased's eternal welfare. -R.I.P.

C. O. F.

The smoking concert held by St. Joseph's Court on the 22nd February was most successful in advancing the interests of the Order. The address given by Bro. J. M. Quinn was replete with information and detailed all the necessary information to those seeking membership. Addresses were also given by Bros. Lee and Degrouchy, who spoke in behalf of the C. O. F. and the good work it was doing. The Rev. Chaplain of the Branch Father Bergin complimented the members on their success and offered many valuable suggestions on how to propagate and make known the benefits derived from becoming members of the C. O. F. Among the visitors who contributed to the musical part of the programme mention must be made of W. Wright, jr., who possesses a beautiful voice. His comic songs were well rendered. Mr. W. Wright, sr., sustained his well known reputation by reciting the "Battle of Alma" in capital style. As a result of this undertaking the Court has received four new applications for membership. FORESTER.

Death of a Dakota Priest.

Rev. J. S. P. Cassidy, D.D., died in St. Joseph's hospital, St. Paul, on the 9th of February after a lingering illness. For two years Father Cassidy was the pastor of the Catholic Church of Michigan City, Dakota, and "was noted by all as exceedingly kind hearted and generous to a fault giving in charity frequently when he could ill afford to do so. He was a man of fine education and a very forcible and eloquent speaker. The deceased was born in Galway, Ireland, but came to this country when quite young. He was about 47 years of age at the time of his death." Rev. Dr. Cassidy was two years in the Toronto diocese, being chaplain at the House of Providence for part of that time. Requiescat in pace.

Sacred Heart Church.

The musical vespers in this church last Sunday were a great success, the choir under Mrs. McKinnon's able direction did well. Mrs. Pelletier sang an "Ave Maria" most touchingly, Mrs. Blagdon sang also a solo in the "Tantum Ergo." Rev. Father McBrady preached a most eloquent sermon in French on "Labour."

Fancy Fair.

The Young Ladies Sodality of St. Helen's church will hold a Grand Fancy Fair on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of Easter Week from 2 to 10 o'clock. Concert every evening. All are invited to attend. Admission 10 cents (evening only). Further particulars later on.

Young Women.

Who have overtaxed their strength and men of mature years who have drawn too heavily on the resources of youth, and persons whose occupations strain their mental powers, or of business cares and of a sedentary life, will find a sure restorative in the Almoxia Wine for which J. D. Oliver & Co., 16 King street west, Toronto, are the sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

Sketch of One of the Most Noted Catholic Women of the Day.

Miss Eliza Starr is, perhaps, one of the most versatile of the talented Catholics of America. A poet, an essayist, an artist, a lecturer on art and poetry, she is an excellent type of an individuality whose abilities are conspicuous in various departments of human knowledge.

When I recently interviewed the frail little lady in the auditorium of her home, St. Joseph's Cottage, situated in Huron street, Chicago, I was surprised to find that she had nothing in common with the traditional blue stocking. She was most gentle and womanly as well as modest and unassuming in her demeanor. She rarely speaks of her own writings. It was with the utmost difficulty that I induced her to give me some interesting details of her life. She has no love for publicity; and hence it is that her name outside select and scholarly circles, is little known among the Catholic people of the United States. She had a sweet sympathetic face still almost untarnished by the wrinkles of age, and sparkling, intelligent eyes, eloquent of the hidden wealth of knowledge that is stored in her active brain. She is, moreover, the soul of courtesy; but it is somewhat difficult to keep up with a conversation with Miss Starr owing to her deafness. An ear trumpet is the only medium through which you can communicate with the lady. Her remarks to me were always interesting and sometimes witty, and displayed a true geniality of spirit peculiar to a happy temperament.

Miss Starr's illustrated lectures on art are well patronized by the Catholic elite of Chicago. She has made a special study of Catholic art in which she is at present recognized as the best living authority on this side of the Atlantic. In her treatment of the exquisite work of Michael Angelo she deals with his early studies in the Medical school, his career in Rome where he left behind him as proofs of his immortal genius the tomb of Julius II, the statues of Moses and the dying slave, the wall pictures of St. Peter's, the frescoed ceilings of the Sistine chapel, and the famous tableau of the Last Judgment. She also discusses Angelo, the poet, in this interesting series of lectures. Another of her intellectual entertainments is devoted to Dante, the king of Italian poets. In a preface to these essays, the author justly observes that since the Relation of St. John, whose pen seemed dipped in rainbows, as on the island of Patmos he wrote of the Heavenly Jerusalem, no one has uttered or written what brings us so near to the Beautiful Vision as a reality as Dante's *Paradiso*. What Fra Angelico did for the Heavenly fields with his brush Dante did with his pen. In addition to these lectures Miss Starr holds daily in the auditorium of her cottage an art school for Catholic pupils. She is marvellously successful in teaching her pupils to secure complete accuracy of forms, perspective, and vigor of light and shade, as well as charm of color. Your readers will be pleased to know that six prizes were awarded to her pupils' art exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition. The commissioners expressed their regret that they had not the power to give more in view of the general excellence of the paintings. Miss Starr's qualifications as a teacher of art are unquestionable. During the tour made by her in 1875 through France and Italy she studied art at its fountain head. The Louvre galleries of Paris and those of Versailles, the art treasures of Florence, Venice, and Rome had a fascination for this American woman which gave her a valuable insight into the glorious handwork of the great masters.

Miss Eliza Allan Starr is originally a New Englander. She was born in

Durfield in 1824. The founder of the Starr family in this country was Dr. Comfort Starr of Ashford, County Kent, England, who left that country in 1694, and settled in Cambridge, Mass. The son of this pioneer, the Rev. Comfort Starr, graduated from Harvard University in 1647, and was one of the five Fellows named in the college charter dated May 10, 1650. On the maternal side Miss Starr is descended from "the Allens of the Bars," originally of Chelmsford, Essex, England, who were distinguished in the colonial history of Durfield during the time of King Phillip's war and afterwards. They were a race of soldiers and scholars. The domestic atmosphere breathed by Miss Starr throughout her childhood, was of that rare kind in which both heart and mind alike develop vigorously, stimulated by the tenderest family affection, the union of intellectual interest and a noble ideal of social obligations, while the passionate love and knowledge of nature, so noticeable in her poems, and her highly cultivated artistic propensities found their first impulse among the beautiful woodlands, the verdant vales, and other picturesque surroundings of her pleasant New England home.

Early in life she received a broad and ample education which was subsequently developed and completed in Boston where she resided for some time. After having endowed herself with much of the culture peculiar to the "Hub," she proceeded to Philadelphia where her cousin, George Allen, LL.D., was professor of Greek and Latin in the University of Pennsylvania. While living in this Quaker city Miss Starr was privileged to number among her most intimate friends the illustrious Archbishop Kenrick, who was widely known as a translator of the Holy Scriptures. Thanks to the encouragement of his Grace, she began to woo the Muses, with the result that several high toned religious poems were printed from her pen in the pages of various magazines.

I should have mentioned that Miss Starr, who was born and trained a Protestant, was received into the Catholic Church by the late Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston in the old cathedral on Franklin street in that city. She was thirty years old when she abandoned the communion with which her early life was so much associated. In doing so she had to part with old friends, break old ties, and give over old traditions. She willingly accepted this sacrifice on being convinced that Catholicism suited her tastes and temperament much better than the cold rigid creed of Puritanism. Moreover, thanks to constant study, she discovered that all the accusations made by unscrupulous Protestant scribes against the Catholic Church were not founded on fact, and were the most malicious of calumnies. She had asked like Pilate—but a higher and holier object than he—"Where is the Truth?" She found it eventually in the bosom of that sublime *alma mater*, the Catholic Church.

Miss Starr proceeded subsequently to Chicago, where she entered on a literary career, while at the same time developing those artistic talents which have been her most distinguished characteristics. In the latter department her work in form, scope and execution is entirely unique. It is not confined to the original and brilliant articles on art and artists that emanate from her pen with which readers of various periodicals are familiar, nor to the training of pupils in drawing and painting, but to the propagation of her ideas through conferences in the houses of friends in Chicago and other great Western cities. Miss Starr is in fact an art enthusiast, but more particularly so on its Catholic features.

In 1867 her maiden volume of poems appeared from the printing press, and

was very well received by the critics. Miss Starr's effusions are veritable gems in their way. They are the simple but yet eloquent musings of a cultured mind, and the outcome of a good and generous heart. Miss Starr could no more suppress her penchant for adding chaste ideas to verse than the bird of the forest could the tuneful faculties with which it is endowed by the God of nature. Her poems are marked with a grace of devotion truly admirable, and are confined mostly to her two favorite subjects, religion and art.

It has been said that in order to become a writer of musical prose, one must needs be a poet. The poetry in Miss Starr's nature enables her in her prose volumes to treat us to a series of pen and ink pictures which are poetically beautiful. Her style of writing is as limpid as a mountain brook, and flows along as sweetly as a calm and crystal river. Her first prose volumes were entitled "Patron Saints" in which she displayed a truly religious fervor of thought.

In 1875, Miss Starr visited the old world, spending most of her time, as I have already said, in the art galleries of that continent, but she nevertheless devoted a few weeks of recreation to sketching the vineyards of the sunny land of France, the hoary peaks of the Alpine mountains, the cathedral of Milan, the Duomo of Florence, the lagoons and the Piazza San Marco of Venice, as well as the cathedral of San Pietro in Rome. On her return to this country she immediately set to work on a volume entitled "Pilgrims and Shrines" based on the materials which she had collected during her transatlantic tour. It was on the whole a charming contribution to literature and art, and was moreover illustrated from the etchings taken by her on the most interesting of the sites which she visited. The glimpses of Western Europe, which she was thus enabled to present to the American public, were vivid and interesting, and differed from other books on the same subject by their breezy freshness and originality.

Miss Starr's later volumes were: "Songs of a Life Time," published in 1887, "Isabella of Castille," "Christmas-Tide," "Christian Art in Our Own Age," and "What We See." In 1885 the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, conferred upon her the Laetara medal as a recognition of her services to Catholic art and literature. During the Catholic Congress, held in Chicago last summer under the auspices of the World's Columbian Exposition, Miss Starr read a paper on "Woman's Work in Art."

Though this Catholic writer is entering on the seventieth year of her age, she is as active as a woman of thirty-five. Her frail frame is a mask, so to speak, for a spirit full of indomitable energy, like a gleaming sword sheathed in a delicately wrought scabbard. Miss Starr continues her work, unconscious of the march of time, for she is too enthusiastically devoted to it to have a moment to spare to count the years as they pass. She has all the charms of perpetual youth—not those of *non de l'Enfer* which attracted the eye—but the youth-hood of mind and temperaments.—Eugene Davis in *Catholic Columbian*.

Gladstone had 20,000 books in his library three years ago. He has given most of them away, chiefly to the general library at Hawarden Church. He claims to be able to pack more books in a given space than any man he knows.

A Simple Way to help Poor Catholic Missions

Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. M. Barral, Hammoncton, New Jersey. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammoncton Missions.

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HOME RULE.

The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has now in press, and will shortly have published, a verbatim report of the speeches delivered on the occasion of the first and second readings of the Home Rule measure now before the

ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The collection embraces the speeches of Gladstone, Clark, Sexton, Sanderson, Balfour, Bryce, Collings, Redmond, Russell, Labouchere, Chamberlain, Blake, Hicks-Beach, McCarthy, Davitt, Morley, &c., &c., furnished by a first-class stenographer employed on the spot; and as they are the reproduction in book form of controversies that are destined to become of historic interest, the undersigned relies on his friends and on the reading public for their patronage. A further announcement later on.

P. MUNGOVEN.

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The Legend of the Two Thieves.

By JOSEPH T. NOONAN.

It is a legend, only a legend of the mythical long ago,
 When the Promised Land was humbled by the Roman's iron blow,
 When the earth was torn and disheartened by blood-shed's fearful way,
 And the voice of peace was silenced by war's tumultuous fray,
 That there from the land of Israel a sweet faced child must flee
 From the wrath of the heartless ruler, King Herod of Galilee.
 Far away from his country, with his parents tender, wise,
 To other lands he journeyed, and under other skies,
 Neath the fostering care of Joseph and Mary's loving eye,
 He girded himself with wisdom and buckled the panoply
 Of grace about His shoulders to enter the awful fray,
 Where Error would be defeated and Truth would rule the day.
 Now, as they travelled onward, one day at the twilight hour,
 When the rich red sun of summer was losing his regal power,
 When all the land seemed smiling and the sky was burnishing bright,
 While in the east lay the shadows, the portent of the night,
 Two thieves they met on the roadside—how trembled their hearts with fear—
 Who rough demanded their money with angry scowl and jeer.
 "Silver and gold we have none," St. Joseph answered mild,
 While close to her virgin bosom the Virgin pressed her child.
 One of their hearts was softened with a glance from the infant babe,
 The other was stern and unyielding, like death at a new-made grave.
 He, like a merciless tyrant, one steeped in infamy's slough,
 Would take their little possessions and harm the infant, too;
 But he of the gentler feeling, still gazing with wond'ring eyes
 Upon the face of that infant, as a seraph from Paradise,
 Would list not this deed of robbery, but rebuked his comrade old,
 And vowed to protect the travellers were they freighted with countless gold.
 "Go, happy family," he whispered; "go little infant sweet,
 In some bright day hereafter may you and the robber meet."
 A number of years had vanished and Judea was all aflame
 At the wonderful deeds of a Prophet—all honoured His august name.
 A legion of people listened each wisdom-ingrafted word;
 Sweeter than purest honey were the lessons ennobling they heard,
 But, oh! misguided creatures, how fickle, unstable unkind!
 Ye doomed your God to a gibbet, Him to the Cross consigned.
 Behold on Calvary's summit, between the murderers twain,
 With body bruised and bleeding in an agony of pain,
 Was raised that same sweet infant, but now the Crucified,
 And, doomed to death, the murderers were the thieves on either side,
 How strange! the thieves, the infant—*one free from the smallest dross,*
 Should meet on Calvary's summit to die the death of the Cross.
 Now, as the legend runneth, the thief on the right-hand side,
 Who asked for a remembrance ere the guiltless Saviour died,
 Was the self-same one who would not despoil the travellers mild,
 But firmly vowed to protect them—the family and the child.
 And the one on the left the robber with heart of hardest stone
 Would take their all and heed not the beautiful infant's moan.
 This, too, they say, is the reason why the head of the Crucified
 Rests gently on the shoulder of His suffering right side,
 That when the chief repentant, touched by the hand of grace,
 With the gentle Saviour pleaded, turning His Godlike face,
 Said with voice that was like music from the kingdom of the skies,
 "This day thou wilt be with Me in the realms of Paradise."

An Attempt to Print a Perfect Book.

About one hundred years ago a number of professors of the Edinburgh University attempted to publish a work which should be a perfect specimen of typographical accuracy. Every precaution was taken to secure the desired

results. Six experienced proof readers were employed, who devoted hours to the reading of one page; and, after it was thought perfect, it was pasted in the hall of the University with a notification that a reward of fifty pounds would be paid to any person who would discover an error. Each page was suffered to remain two weeks in the place where it had been pasted before the work was printed, and the professors thought they had attained the object for which they had been striving. When the work was issued it was discovered that several errors had been committed, one of which was committed on the first line of the first page.

A Tale of the Angelus.

A writer in the *New York Herald* weaves this romance:

I was coming down town on an elevated train from One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth street. It was a cold Christmas afternoon.

It was the hour nearing the Angelus, and as I saw the sun sinking to sleep in the west, Millet's painting of the "Angelus" came before me—the two lone figures in the field; of what had they thought? Suddenly a woman's voice said, interrupting my meditations:

"Why were you so late?" and a man's voice replied:

"I was only a half hour late, and besides, you were not where you said you would be."

I was mounting the stairs as these words reached me. The woman was tall and handsome, dressed superbly. The man also was richly clothed, but his face did not coincide with his apparel. It was dark and attractive with strongly-marked features.

I became interested and followed them closely. The woman still upbraided him for being late. I concluded, as I listened to his replies, that they were man and wife.

At last they were seated opposite me in the *vis-a-vis* places in an elevated car. When I looked at him more attentively, I decided he was not completely satisfied with what life had given him. She, on the contrary, was complacently happy, as if she had attained her aim in life. His eyes always seemed to be looking beyond her at something which had never come to him.

The woman took out a paper and began to read, but he remained thoughtfully gazing at the glorious rays of the departing sun. His lips moved, he was murmuring to himself. I was afraid he would turn out to be one of those cranks which go about, and I very nearly decided to move my place when the train stopped at Ninety-third street and a girl came in, taking the vacant seat next to me.

I drew into closer quarters, for I saw she was evidently a bourgeoisie or, in other words, a peasant, with braids of black hair, straight brows outlining her soft, dark eyes. She was wrapped in a red shawl, which answered for her hat as well. Her cheeks were rosy as the clouds above.

She, too, suddenly became aware of the dreariness of the hour. The man opposite was observing her with great interest. She was not aware of it. He became so engrossed watching her that for a while he ceased whatever he had been saying to himself.

I glanced at her. She began also to move her lips, her eyes fixed on the sky. Again I felt a timidity at being so near two cranks, as I imagined them to be. Yet how mistaken I was! Presently I heard a gentle sound like the clink of jewels. I looked involuntarily at the peasant girl, and in her hands she held a white ivory rosary. She had come to the cross, and this accounted for that holy beatific light which shone in her eyes.

She bent her head, kissed the rosary, and, making the sign of the cross, put her beads away. She did it all in a

childish, earnest way, utterly unconscious of any observation.

The Angelus came once more before me. It was the hour, and she was saying her beads. The man had evidently been doing the same when he entered the car.

Now as I looked at him I saw he might have been of the peasant type if he had been clothed differently. His face would have fitted this other sphere. Doubtless when he saw the peasant girl with her beads numerous memories rushed into his mind. I looked from the girl to the man for the third time. I could see Millet's painting of the "Angelus." He probably dreamed of his old life when he saw the girl—of that far-away time when the hour of the Angelus meant so much to him. His companion read her paper quietly. She appeared to see nothing of the scene enacted so near her. I considered her very dull not to observe more closely. You see I did not know whereof I thought. I supposed she was reading some silly society news; but no; she surprised me by suddenly turning to her husband and saying:

"See, the 'Angelus' is to be seen again. We must be sure to go."

He started visibly and tried to arouse himself from his dream.

Had she observed him? I was at a loss to decide. Perhaps she had half surmised his thoughts. He may have seen, in that vision of the past, a fair and lovely maiden, who had stood by his side and listened to the Angelus. Where was she now?

Something in his face as he answered his wife pleasantly told me he spent his life trying to forget.

O'Connell as a Criminal Lawyer.

O'Connell and other great lawyers always conducted the defense in criminal cases on the assumption that the law or the government was always presumably guilty and the defendant in a case always presumably innocent.

It was in a case of this agrarian character that O'Connell was engaged to defend a man named Hogan, charged with murder. A hat, believed to be the prisoner's, was found close to the body of the murdered man. This was one of the principal reasons for supposing Hogan the perpetrator of the crime. The deceased was murdered, clearly enough. So that the case for the defense required the exercise of O'Connell's utmost powers if the man was to be acquitted. The hat was produced in court. O'Connell cross-examined the neighbor of the prisoner, who identified it.

Said O'Connell. "It is not different from other hats." "Seemingly it is not," said the witness, "but I know the hat." "Was it found near the body?" "Sure," replied the witness. O'Connell then proceeded to inspect the caubeen. Turning up the lining, he peered into the interior. "Was the prisoner's name, Pat Hogan (slowly spelling each letter), in it at the time you found it?" "Twas, av coorse." "You could not be mistaken?" "No, sir." "And all you swore is as true as that?" "Ivery word of it." "Then go off the table this minute," cried O'Connell, triumphantly. Next addressing the court, he said: "My lord, there can be no conviction here. *There is no name in the hat.*" The prisoner was at once acquitted. This was in a country in which the masses, rightly or wrongly, believe the government to be against them. It is not, however, a mode of defense in criminal cases to be commended in a country in which the people are at least supposed to govern.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1894.

Calendar for the Week.

March 8—S. John of God, Confessor.
9—Feast of the Precious Blood of Our Lord.
10—Forty Martyrs.
11—Passion Sunday.
12—S. Gregory I., Pope, Confessor and Doctor.
13—S. Peter Damiani, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor.
14—Ferial Office.

The devotion of the "Forty Hours" will open in St. Patrick's Church, next Sunday.

Hon. Mr. Fraser.

The announcement made by the Premier on the floor of the Legislature that the Hon. Mr. Fraser had retired from the Cabinet is a source of sincere regret to political friends and foes alike. A member of the House for twenty two years, and of the Government for twenty, Mr. Fraser has won for himself respect by his talents and the services he rendered the Province. The leader of the Opposition, Mr. Meredith, joined the Attorney-General in the compliment he paid the talents of the retiring Commissioner of Public Works "as a public man, as a legislator, as a debater," and expressed the hope that rest and quiet would have the effect of restoring the Honorable gentleman to health, and he (Mr. Meredith) should hope that some important position somewhere in the public service could be provided for the Honorable gentleman, where he could still find opportunities for the exercise of his abilities." For us Catholics it is an especial matter of regret. Throughout the many years in which Mr. Fraser has been in power he always maintained with earnestness and a marked degree of success the rights and privileges of the Catholics of Ontario. True the new Parliament buildings are a monument of Mr. Fraser's efficiency and economy as a minister of the Cabinet, but there are other things. There is his stand upon the Orange Incorporation wherein he displayed himself a master of debate, a stand which will live as a monument of his love of principle. Again, many of the details in the working of the Separate School system, which have greatly improved its working, are due to his talents and friendly office. For these and for many other reasons his grateful co-religionists will remember the Hon. Mr. Fraser's successful career with satisfaction. They regret that now in the prime of life he takes his farewell; and they join in the wish that his health being restored, his services may yet be at the disposal of the public.

Goldwin Smith on Newman

A brief review by Goldwin Smith in the *Nineteenth Century* of the Biography of Dean Stanley alludes in sneering terms to Cardinal Newman's conversion, and repeats an oft uttered calumny against his memory.

Stanley describes the rumour of Newman's secession to Rome as producing an effect like that of the crack of doom. It seemed, he said, that the sun was about to

hide its rays and that darkness was falling on the scene. To us the confluence of Newmanism with Romanism seems as natural as the confluence of two drops of water on a window-pane, and fraught with consequences little more momentous to humanity. We have far other questions now before us. Stanley, by the way, assures us that Newman, after his conversion, never proselytized or countenanced proselytism: a pretty clear proof, surely, that he felt his own position to be hollow, and that he had not found his ideal Church of the Middle Ages in the modern Church of Rome.

It is very natural to Goldwin Smith to sneer at the acts and opinions of those who differ from him. His impudence has seldom attained a greater height than at present, when he slipperily compares Newmanism and Romanism to two drops of water on a window-pane, without any momentous consequence to humanity. No movement since the Church of England was "framed by statecraft" was so fraught with consequence to England and countries wherein English people live as the movement begun by Newman, and of which he was the centre. It did not terminate in the conversion of the great and saintly leader. It has not terminated yet. The consequences may not be felt by a cynic like Goldwin Smith, or he may close his eyes to them; but their last chapter will be written when the more thoughtful portion of England seek rest where John Henry Newman had sought and found it, and the other portion flounder in the stormy tide of doubt and unbelief.

One can only wish that this criticism had appeared during Newman's life. He would have answered it as none other can. He saw such critics arise when, thirty years ago, answering Charles Kingsley in his celebrated Apologia, he wrote:

"It is not pleasant to reveal to high and low, young and old, what has gone on within me from my early years. It is not pleasant to be giving to every shallow or flippant dispectant the advantage over me of knowing my most private thoughts, I might even say the intercourse between myself and my Maker. But I do not like to be called to my face a liar and a knave; nor should I be doing my duty to my faith or to my name, if I were to suffer it. I know I have done nothing to deserve such an insult; and if I prove this, as I hope to do, I must not care for such incidental annoyances as are involved in the process."

Again we are told that Newman felt the hollowness of his position because we have Stanley's word that he never proselytized. What is to be said about the grammar of Assent, Loss and Gain and Callista? These certainly are controversial in their character. But because the charitable Cardinal did not turn round upon his Anglican friends with bell, book and candle; because he did not shout it from the church steeples and printing house squares that they were all astray, then he must be thought ever to have felt his position. And this is a proof that he felt his own position to be hollow. What logic! What desecration of Newman's sainted memory! Newman should be judged by his own words and conduct, not by Stanley's supposition and Smith's irrelevant conclusions. Read the first paragraph of his general answer to Mr. Kingsley:

"From the time that I became a Catholic, of course I have no further history of my religious opinions to narrate. In saying this, I do not mean to say that my mind has been idle, or that I have given up thinking on theological subjects; but that I have no changes to record, and have had no anxiety whatever. I have been in perfect peace and contentment. I never had one doubt it was like coming into port after a rough sea; and my happiness on that score remains to this day without interruption."

Could the man who wrote these words, knowing his simplicity of life

and earnestness of purpose as all do who know aught of contemporary history, be accused of feeling the hollowness of his position? Professor or Smith is safe enough in slandering the dead; but he knows, all of us know, that Cardinal Newman, time out of number, stamped his heavy heel upon this calumny. It is the act of a coward to warm it again to life. We would as soon think of turning to the pages of Lothaire for an estimate of the Oxford Professor's character.

Now that Newman's name and memory are upon us—thrust forward by one who, even out of self respect, ought to have been less spiteful—let us turn to some other of the Cardinal's writings as most appropriate for our subject, and indeed, the circumstances under which we Canadian Catholics are now living.

"Fancy," he writes, "how great has been their indignation that we Catholics should pretend to be Britons; should affect to be their equals; should dare to preach, nay, to controvert; should actually make converts, nay, worse and worse, not only should point out their mistakes, but, prodigious insolence! should absolutely laugh at the absurdity of their assertions and the imbecility of their arguments. We, who ought to go sneaking about, to crouch at their feet, and to keep our eyes on the ground, from the consciousness of their hold upon us—is it madness, is it plot, what is it which inspires us with such unutterable presumption? They have the might and right on their side. They could confiscate our property, they could pack us all out of the kingdom, they could bombard Rome, they could fire St. Peter's, they could batter down the Coliseum, they could abolish the Papacy, if they pleased."

"It is an easy thing to slander those who come of the old Catholic stock, because such persons are unknown to the world. Here is the fit work for those prudent slanderers, who would secure themselves from exposure, while they deal a blow in defence of the old Protestant Tradition. Ye Protestant champions, if there be an urgent need at the moment for some instance of Catholic duplicity or meanness, be sure to shoot your game sitting; keep yourselves under cover, choose some one who can be struck without striking, whom it is easy to overbear, with whom it is safe to play the bully. Open your wide mouth and collect your rumbling epithets, and sound your pretentious sentences, and discharge concentrated malignity on the defenceless."

English Politics.

Few events of a peaceful nature have so disturbed the state of affairs in England as the announcement that Mr. Gladstone had really resigned. Countless thousands of the English speaking world were hoping that the rumor would prove false; that the Grand Old Man, even if he had resolved to resign, would reconsider it; that anything, rather than that, would happen. It was hoping against hope. Physical ailments of a very serious nature threatened a constitution which, however strong it might be, could not help bending beneath the weight of eighty years and four. Politics are more trying to a leader in England than people are ready to admit. A divided Irish party, a Radical contingent ready for revolution, attacks made upon the defensive power of the Empire, all prevented the position of England's foremost Commoner, being any longer endurable, and if anything were wanting to fill up his cup of bitterness it was the unreasonable, never-flagging opposition which Liberal measures were meeting with from the House of Lords. Time and again the scions of lordly houses had jeered at him, while their sires in the Gilded Chamber with a snap of their finger rejected his pet scheme, and now delayed the Parish

Councils' Bill by inserting trivial amendments. It was a game in which his life was at stake. Put off Homo Rulo. Amend every Act. Send them back to the Commons. It did not matter that they were alienating one who is really a friend, and drawing upon themselves the wrath of a generation that will heed them less and hate them more. They were too stupid to think of it, and too haughty to acknowledge it. They therefore, Lords Spiritual and Temporal, went on with their amending legislation. No man with the spirit of Gladstone could stand it. On Thursday last he stood in the House of Commons and delivered what is likely to prove his valedictory. It was a declaration of war against the Lords, whose action upon the bills of the unexceptionably long and arduous session produced a very painful impression and imposed the very gravest obligation. Mr. Gladstone thought that the time had come to appeal to that authority which was higher than the House of Commons, viz., the authority of the nation, the decision of the people.

We might wish that a great man like Gladstone had delivered his political peroration upon a subject in which his heart was set more than an attack upon the Lords. It was a rallying cry. But the captain will not be there to lead on his men, to moderate them in their victory, or show his foes how magnanimous he knows how to be. His party will miss him, the Lords themselves will miss him, England will miss him—and Ireland most of all.

Poor Ireland! What of the night? With a ministry not yet constructed, with such a cataclysm as the present, it is impossible now to tell. The Irish leaders are standing loyally to the party, and trusting in a guarded way to the new leader.

Thus with his grandest plans not yet carried out the most illustrious of England's sons retires from the busy scene where for sixty years he has taken a great part. Not the respect of the Commons only will follow him now, nor the regret alone of his party who looked to him for guidance, but the prayers of unknown thousands who look beyond his great political talent to his deeply religious soul, and trust that a hope of an age long past and a buried generation may be fulfilled in the retiring Premier of England, the Hon. William Ewart Gladstone.

The new Premier is Sir Archibald Philip Primrose, Earl of Rosebery in the peerage of Scotland and Baron Rosebery in the peerage of the United Kingdom. Born in 1847 he still looks younger than his years. Scarcely had he attained his majority and succeeded to his estates than he entered public life as a Liberal. In 1872 he held a seat on the Scotch Educational Endowments Commission. In 1881 he became Under Secretary for Home Affairs. In 1886 for two brief months he held the Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs. Although no grave question came up, Lord Rosebery showed special qualifications for this important position. When Gladstone again returned to power the portfolio was offered to Lord Rosebery with the

confidence not only of the Liberals but of the Tories and Unionists. He entered the London County Council in 1880, and was made chairman, where he displayed such marvellous talent for managing men that his claim for the premiership rests very largely upon his three years' experience in this position. His work here as well as in the coal strike of last fall is fresh in the minds of the English people; and both entitle him to gratitude and the assurance that the helm of state is safe in his hands.

For any man to come after Gladstone is no easy task. His name was a spell, his experience was wisdom, his eloquence was magic, his personal character was power. And though Lord Rosebery has his share of these qualities he has youth where Gladstone had age; he has a title where Gladstone refused a coronet. That he is a Peer is an objection avowed against him by the Radical wing, as well also that he is not so amenable to their advice as they would wish. In a word Lord Rosebery will be leader and not Mr. Labouchere.

Going to Rome.

Fourteen Anglican clergymen have seceded to the Church of Rome since the Lincoln judgment was passed, and it is said that several well-known novelists have also gone over. A few allowances do not make the summer, but we are very much persuaded that the full significance of the spread of sacerdotalism in England is not being adequately realized. We referred last month to Mr. Haweis having adopted the surplice in preaching. That incident may be balanced by what we are told of Canon Lister of Liverpool, who, having been recently presented with a black gown and other things, replied: "I am much pleased with the gown, because I shall never preach in a surplice, and with this determination your gift is an express concurrence. The collegiate gown is the proper vestment everywhere for teaching, and its place in the pulpit is—to teach." In Mr. Lister's view, the surplice makes the minister a priest, not, as Mr. Haweis thinks, a mere Conformist.

We clip the above item and comments from the *Presbyterian Review*. Whatever or how great may have been the propelling influence of the Lincoln judgment, we are not prepared to say, but certain it is that the stream of enlightened conversion from Anglicanism still flows onward and Rome-ward smoothly and continuously. It would be preposterous for the disgruntled ones to cry out: "ignorance did it," or "lack of Scriptural knowledge caused the defection." Clergymen and authors may not be classed in either category. It is history repeating itself. The learned, the pure and the unworldly, from the days of Newman, have been seeking Truth, and finding, with Truth, comfort, rest and as far as it may be felt this side of Heaven, happiness under the protecting arm of the One True Church.

The *Presbyterian Review* discovers a reason for so many conversions among the clergy in "the spread of Sacerdotalism in England," and "is very much persuaded that the full significance of the fact is not being adequately realized." We have no doubt there is a good deal in what the *Review* holds concerning the spread of Sacerdotalism in England, as well as in other Protestant countries, and perhaps more even than the *Review* is prepared to admit.

The religious world is becoming sick and wearied with the cold formalities of Evangelical simplicity in worship. It is in the nature of man to worship

the Deity, but to worship Him with his whole being, and with his talents and his wealth and with all the faculties of his soul and body. He must give expression to his love of God, and to his longings of being near the Creator, in canticles and by hymns, in liturgy and sacrifice. He must have a temple and an altar, and a High Priest to offer gifts. "For it was fitting that we should have a high priest holy, innocent, undefiled, separated from sinners and made higher than the heavens; who needed not daily, as other priests, first to offer sacrifices for his own sins; and then for the people's; for this He did once by offering Himself up." It must strike those who give thought to the subject—and they are many—that there was no possible excuse for breaking away from the old solemn forms of Divine worship in the early days of the Reformation and that even three hundred years' trial has not been able to reconcile the Christian world to the cold, empty formalism of bare walls and altarless sanctuaries.

It is the people who are calling for Sacerdotalism. Hearts that are hungering for Truth and solemn worship of God must have an altar and a high priest, and consequently sacrificial worship. It was established by God from the beginning. Abel and Cain offered sacrifices. Under Moses, Aaron was appointed High Priest, and the Levitical or priestly order was instituted. The sacrifices of the Old Law had in themselves no virtue to cleanse the conscience—"For it is impossible that with the blood of oxen and goats sins should be taken away." (Heb. x. 4.) Yet they had a shadow of good things to come; and as a shadow implies a substance, they implied the sacrifice of Christ as their substance—as the real sacrifice which they foreshadowed, and without which there could be no real sacrifice. What was wanting in them was supplied by the one offering of Christ. "And every priest indeed standeth daily ministering, and often offering the same sacrifices, which can never take away sins; but He, offering one sacrifice for sins, for ever sitteth at the right of God."

And all these, under the old law, received not the promise (the real sacrifice), God having provided something better for us, that they should not be perfected without us." (Heb. xi.)

From all of which it is plain that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which is the one offering of Christ, perpetuated through the ages, gives reality to all the sacrifices of the old dispensation, and completes or fulfils them.

The sacrifice of the New Law makes it absolutely necessary that Sacerdotalism should be established and spread over every Christian country as well as England. Priests and altars must every where be found, if there be truth or realism in the Prophecy of Malachias: "From the rising of the sun even to its setting there is sacrifice, and a clean oblation is offered every where to my name; for great is my name among the Gentiles, said the Lord."

Canon Lister's action is set up against that of Mr. Haweis, who adopts a surplice in preaching, where-

as the Canon is satisfied with a collegiate gown, as it is the proper vestment for teaching, "and our place in the pulpit is to teach." It is well there is no provision made for the altar, because Calvinism abolished the altar, and Anglicanism retains but its shadow. And yet we are told that "every high priest is taken from amongst men to offer gifts and sacrifices," and that all true priests shall be known, as the risen Christ, was known at Emmaus, by the "breaking of the Bread." Sacerdotalism shall and must always prevail where priests are taught to consider themselves as "ambassadors of Christ, and as dispensers of the Mysteries of God." (1. Cor., iv. 1.)

Rome in Canada.

The task which the *Mail*, the Rev. Mr. Madill and the Protestant Persecuting Association have marked out for themselves is no small contract. Rome is either to move its tent out of Canada, or to close up that life will be unbearable. If the parties more directly concerned were willing; if they would not stand upon the order of their going, but get up and go—it would not be so hard. But Catholics are not built that way. To tell the truth they are somewhat cross-grained. When they are treated justly either in society or in politics they understand the virtue that is practised, and act fairly in return. When on the other hand a brute majority tries to play the bully Catholics do not bend: centuries of that kind of treatment have inured them to persecution, and instead of making them cowards, it has always strengthened them.

At one moment our enemies are going to protect us with the ballot. At another they are going to devise new methods for crushing the whole system—Church, schools and all. Now Romanism is the foe of all civil liberty. Again, Rome is courting every politician in the country, or every politician is courting Rome. Jesuits are all over the country—dreaded, hated Jesuits—never a word from them, deep and dark. Let us be more serious. We tell you where you will find those Jesuits—upon the Manitoulin Island, along the northern shores of Lake Superior, silently toiling laboring out of love for the salvation of poor Indians—there will you find those who once occupied high positions in society but who out of zeal for Christ's cause gave up all to follow the Master. You will find their blood upon our soil and their memories and names in the heroic chapters of our country's history. Look not for such men in legislative lobbies. It is only the foul imagination of prejudice or the greedy grasp of selfish pride that would belie the Jesuits as the *Mail* has done for years.

One thing is certain Rome is in Canada, in its early history, in the foundations of its institutions, in the rank and file of its social life. We came to stay, to build up our homes and our country. Neither the bigotry of the *Mail*, nor the ignorance of Mr. Madill, nor the loud mouthedness of the dark and secret Protestant Persecuting Association can move Rome out of Canada.

The Mail's Quotations.

We criticized last week an article from the *Mail* dealing with an essay written by a Dr. McCreary in the *American Journal of Politics*. Mr. McCreary is not at all particular. He gave from Canon Law quotations which are on the very face false. He quoted the following from the *Catholic Review* of New York.

"When a Catholic candidate is on a ticket and his opponent is a non-Catholic, let the Catholic candidate have the vote, no matter what he represents."

As any one might expect no *Catholic Journal* ever advocated such a sentiment. And the *Catholic Review* of the 25th ult., comes out with an explicit denial. Will the *Mail* do *Catholic Journals* the justice to publish the denial, since it did the wrong in spreading the spurious quotation?

The Early Church.

We commend to the consideration of the Church of historical continuity the following quotation from Harnack's *Dogmatic History*. He writes: "If we compare the Church in the middle of the third century (A.D. 250) with the condition of Christianity 150 to 200 years earlier (between A.D. 50 and 100), we find that there is a religious community . . . we find the same furnished with fixed forms of every kind. We find a Church as a political commonwealth and institute of worship, a formulated faith, a theology, a new revealed document, the New Testament, and Christian priests."

Dr. Fisher an equally high authority says: "The Church stood forth, after the middle of the second century, as a distinct body. It claimed to be, in opposition to heretical and schismatical parties, the 'Catholic' Church. Membership in this one visible Church was believed to be necessary for salvation. Within the Church and not beyond it, the Holy Spirit had His abode. The unity of the Church was secured and cemented by the episcopate by the bishops viewed as the successors of the Apostles. The episcopate, like the apostolate, in which Peter was the centre of unity, was a unit.

"We are the heirs of all the ages, in the foremost files of time." Come and share the inheritance, of which a voluptuous Tudor sovereign robbed England's noble people.

The Imperial Parliament was formally prorogued on Monday last.

Recently a gorgeous club house was opened in New York city, the club is composed exclusively of millionaires. The New York papers were teeming with glowing accounts of the decorations, the bric-a-brac and general appointments of this social retreat for the weary millionaire. On the same day was reported in their columns, that several thousands of deserving people were threatened with starvation. They did not know where to go to find a crust of bread. This state of affairs must be the result of these large combinations which seem to paralyze trade and commerce. The *Republic* says, "Twenty-five years ago, if a club for millionaires were built in New York, its membership would not exceed fifteen or twenty. To-day it would reach 800 or 400. Twenty-five years ago one could not find 1,000 men in New York who could not get profitable employment for the seeking. To-day there are 30,000 or 40,000 of them.

Weekly Retrospect.

"The desire of pleasing makes a man agreeable or unwelcome to those with whom he converses, according to the motive from which that inclination appears to flow. If your concern for pleasing others arises from innate benevolence it never fails of success; if from a vanity to excel, disappointment is no less certain," thus wrote happy Dick Steele in the old "Spectator," well on to two hundred years ago. How well the words apply to us all to-day. Some of us possess the happy faculty of being agreeable on all occasions without any motive whatever except kindness of heart, and charity towards our fellow beings. While others make us feel the insincerity of their smiles, their unmeaning words are soon forgotten by us, and we feel resentful towards them for the use they intended to make of us.

One of the distinguished Catholic literary women of the present day, who has recently taken up her abode in London, or rather near London, as the city proper is only within the sound of "Bow Bells," is Mrs. Hinkson—formerly Miss Katharine Tynan, so well known to all Dublin people. In a report of an interview with this clever and distinguished lady, she is described as "a woman of a deeply religious nature, and when a girl was educated in a convent school, of which she highly speaks." Mrs. Hinkson is surrounded in her new home by everything which bespeaks the refinement and the literary taste of the occupant. "Behind her secretaire is a bookcase, in which are her favorite volumes. Speaking first of her native literature Mrs. Hinkson said: 'For the first time Irish literature has a chance, owing to the present lull in politics. Political strife has strangled literature in Ireland. The Irish literary Society started at a fortunate time, and the literature it issued has had an unexpected sale. Two volumes have been issued, O'Grady's *The Boy of Stars*, and Thomas Davis's *The Patriot Parliament*. The fact that the Irish lost their language kept their literature from growing.' She then spoke of the artistic genius of the Irish people. It was diffused over the whole population rather than concentrated in one or two persons. All over the country there are literary societies, where the members write decent verses. The insight into poetry is far more widespread than in England. But politics have spoiled the people's taste for reading. The diffusion of which I spoke does not refer generally to culture and education, but to the imagination, and yet the Irish peasant is not nearly as illiterate as supposed.'

'Yes,' continued Mrs. Hinkson, 'there is great hope for Ireland, because its poetry is accompanied by spiritual exaltation.' When asked, what she thought of journalism as a profession for women? "I think in some respects they are well adapted for it. They have observation and other necessary qualifications. But it is very hard for some women; they have to tramp about in all weathers, and they get very wearied. If you can sit at home and write articles and reviews it is all very well. I believe that the advance in the position of woman has been an advance in the position of humanity. If women are high-minded the world is high-minded, because they have the training of children."

Mrs. Hinkson is publishing two volumes, one is a collection of short stories, to be called "A Cluster of Nuts," and the other is a volume of poems, called "Cuckoo Songs." Her home at Ealing bears the pretty name of "The Laurels," and her huge St. Bernard "Pat" is generally in waiting to welcome all visitors.

Pretty frocks for school girls at home for holidays are made of dark blue wool, with the round waist cut in front in lengthwise straps, below a yoke showing in the spaces between a

shirt waist of cherry colored silk or of liberty satin. For a girl of twelve years is a chestnut brown crepon made with a round waist gathered to a belt of brown moire ribbon. The front opens on a plastron of *ceru* embroidery, edged with a fichu of crepon, finished with scalloped embroidery. This fichu crosses high in the back, and falls wide and full over puffed sleeves. The full straight skirt without trimming falls below the knee and is simply hemmed. Black stockings and patent leather slippers complete the toilette.

It Was All Love.

A writer for the *Boston Transcript* was the witness the other day of a very pretty scene on a street car. There was an old negro woman—a very black old woman—whose face, besides being black, was pockmarked. No doubt a superficial observer would have called her repulsive, but there was a sweet and kindly look in her eyes and a benevolent expression about her black features which, as you looked at her, gave you a glimpse of something beautiful.

At her side, with his sweet child face toward the window, knelt a little white boy—a handsomely dressed little chap with blond curls and blue eyes. He asked the old black woman questions now and then, which she answered with a deep, grave, kind voice, and she called the little fellow "honey."

Presently this little Caucasian leaned over tenderly toward the old woman, put his arm lovingly around her neck and laid his pink and white cheek against her black face. That obliterated every bit of repulsiveness the woman might have had with every person of sentiment in that car. To this little boy the old black face was entirely beautiful, because it was all love. The beauty that he saw was a good deal more than skin deep.

Wit and Humor.

Rev. Mr. M.—Good morning Johnnie. Is your father a christian?
Johnnie.—Yes Sir, but he hasn't worked at it since he joined the P.P.A.

The following conversation is given as having occurred between a plain-spoken Scotch woman and her pastor:

"Good morning, Janet. I am sorry to hear you didn't like my preaching on Sunday. What was the reason?"

Janet.—I had three vera guid reasons, sir. Firstly, ye read the sermon; secondly, ye didna' read it well, and, thirdly, it wasna' worth readin' at a'!

A Scottish congregation presented their minister with a sum of money and sent him off to the Continent for a holiday. A gentleman just back from the continent met a prominent member of the church and said to him: "Oh by the by, I met your minister in Germany; he was looking very well; he didn't look as if he needed a rest." "No," said the church member, very calmly, "it was na' him; it was the congregation that was needin' a rest."

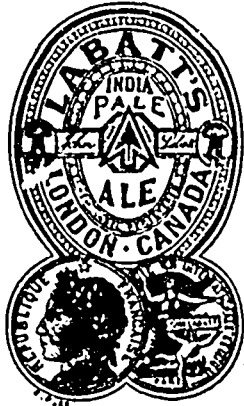
A noted wit at the court of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria was one Saphir, a Hebrew by birth, who became a Catholic and finally a Protestant. The emperor one day said to him jokingly:

"Saphir, you seem to have tried many religions; which do you like the best, the Jewish, the Catholic, or the Protestant?"

"Your Majesty," answered Saphir, "when I was a Jew God saw me and I could not see him; he was angry with me always and punished me severely for my sins. As a Catholic, God saw me and I saw him; he loved me, and my sins made me feel ashamed of myself and I was not happy. As a Protestant, God does not see me and I do not see God, and I get along very nicely and do as I please. I prefer the Protestant religion."

Elderly people remember their spring bitters with a shudder. The present generation have much to be thankful for, not the least of their blessings being such a pleasant and thoroughly effective spring medicine as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is a health-restorer and health-maintainer.

On February 6th, Mr. H. B. Prior Wandesforde, D. L., J. P., Castlecomer House, county Kilkenny, was sworn in as High Sheriff of the county. At the same time Mr. James J. McCreery, of John street House, was re-sworn as Under-sheriff. Mr. James Poe, jan., solicitor, Patrick street, has been appointed by the High Sheriff as his Returning Officer.




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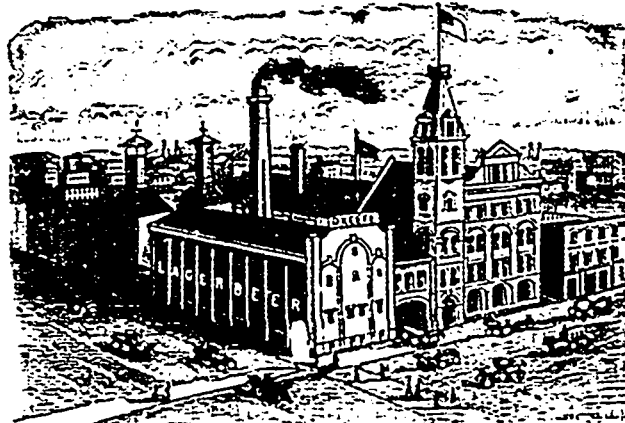
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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

On Monday, February 5th, the spinners in the works of Messrs. Stewart & Sons, the eminent thread manufacturers, Lisburn, went out "on strike." Eight hundred operatives are idle. A deputation met the manager on the 1st, to ask for an increase of one shilling, which was granted, but, as alleged, in the form of a bonus. The workers wanted it as wages. The manager stated that he gave them all they asked. The strikers perambulated the neighborhood of the mill, carrying a black flag.

Armagh.

The Lurgan Waterworks, which have been constructed at a cost of £26,000, for the purpose of supplying the town with water from Lough Neagh, were successfully started on February 7th.

Carlow.

We record with deep regret the death of Rev. P. F. Nolan, P.P., of Rathoe, who died, on February 5th, at the parochial residence, at the comparatively early age of 56 years. His death severs a link with one of the most unselfish political characters of latter Irish history. The deceased priest was the brother of John Nolan—the famous "Amnesty John"—whose name and labors for Irish freedom and its martyrs Mr. Davitt has commemorated over the patriot's grave in Glasnevin. Father Nolan himself was a lover of his country. During his administration of the mensal parish of Tullow, the first branch of the Land League established in Leinster was founded there, and Father Nolan was foremost in the electoral struggle which routed the Tories from Carlow in 1880. He was a zealous and devoted priest, loved by the poor, trusted by his superiors, and respected by the members of the community of all creeds. On February 8th, the solemn Office and High Mass of Requiem, for the repose of his soul, were celebrated in the parish church, Rathoe, in presence of a large congregation of sorrowing friends and parishioners. Most Rev. Dr. Comerford, Coadjutor Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, presided, and the Mass was sung by the Rev. Matthew Lalor, of Carlow College (nephew of the deceased), assisted by Rev. Edward O'Leary, P.P., Ballyna, as deacon; Rev. M. Treacy, C.C., Clonegal, sub deacon; Rev. John Delaney, Vice-President, Carlow College, officiated as master of ceremonies, and Rev. P. Goig, C.C., Carlow, and Rev. John Murray, Chaplain, Carlow, as chanters. A large number of clergymen were present in the sanctuary.

Cavan.

At the last bi-monthly meeting of the Dundalk Harbor Board, Mr. W. M. Patterson, J. P., in the chair, Mr. E. Carlton drew attention to the Midland Railway scheme for connecting Kingscourt with Cookstown. He said their board would not be justified in opposing a railway connection which would give traffic and travelling facilities to an important tract of country hitherto unopened up. For the general good, Boards such as theirs must, like individuals, sometimes suffer, but he contended that were the Midland line to be made without having connections with Castleblaney and Carrickmacross it would be very damaging to their trust, and would not be for the benefit of the general community. If these connections were not made, the traffic for which Dundalk was the natural outlet would be diverted to Dublin or Belfast, to the injury of the Dundalk and Newry Steam Packet Company, and hence as Harbor Commissioners they should jealously watch the progress of the proposed scheme. On his motion, a committee of the board was ordered to employ a railway engineer, if necessary, and to take steps to have the connections made.

Clare.

Richard J. Stacpools, of Edenvale, and Major F. Cullinan have been sworn in as High Sheriff and Sub-Sheriff, respectively, of the county Clare for the ensuing year. The High Sheriff has appointed Mr. John Cullinan, Crown Solicitor, Ennis, and Colledge green, Dublin, as the returning officer. They were sworn in by Mr. John Harvey, Clerk of the Crown for Clare.

Cork.

Lady Pope Hennessy, widow of the late Sir John Pope Hennessy, was married on February 3d, at Rostellan Castle, near Middleton, to Walter Thackwell, son of General Thackwell, of Aghada Hall. The marriage was private, being celebrated in the Roman Catholic chapel attached to the Castle. The couple left for Paris, on their honeymoon trip, in the afternoon.

Mr. J. J. Mahony, of Cork, who has just sold his fine collection of "war medals," obtained £512 for the lot. In some cases the prices realized were remarkable. Thus, the Victoria Cross of Sergeant McSweeney, of the 44th Regiment, and four other medals, fetched £50. The Victoria Cross of Duncan Millar, of the 42nd Highlanders, for conspicuous gallantry at Maysah Ghaut, during the Indian mutiny, brought £25 10s., and the Army of India medal, with three bars, the same as awarded to the Duke of Wellington, only thirteen of which were ever issued, brought £31.

Down.

A dispatch from Newry states that on the evening of February 9th, a fishing boat was

capsized during a storm, when returning to Killybeg from the deep sea fishing, and that the crew of six men were drowned. Their names are—John Cousins, John Balanco, John Hogg, Robert Cousins, Joseph Collins, and Patrick Cunningham.

Dublin.

On February 3d, the Irish foot-ball team beat the English team, the best England ever produced (Rugby Rules), on their own grounds at Blackheath, by one goal and one try (7 points) to one goal (6 points) in presence of twenty thousand spectators. The English papers are loud in their praise of the skill and strength and pluck of the Irish team that so splendidly wreathed victory from their English opponents. The victory was certainly most decisive. Ireland beat England. England had previously beaten Wales, and Wales beaten Scotland. Much greater, therefore, as our old friend Euclid has it, is Ireland than Scotland or Wales. The English papers confess that the English team was completely outmatched, and that brilliant as is the victory it conveys only a slight notion of the brilliancy of the Irish play. Young Mr. Crean, late of Clongowes, probably one of the youngest men on the team, singularly distinguished himself.

Fermanagh.

Sir Arthur Douglas Brooke, of Colebrook Park, has been appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for Fermanagh.

Galway.

Kylmore Castle and estate, the "Arabian Nights" palace erected by Mr. Mitchell Henry in the most picturesque part of wild and beautiful Connemara, is advertised as being for sale! The castle is a building of exquisite whitelime-stone, erected on a richly-wooded slope, with its back to the mountain and its face to the lake. All round, the high hill-tops make great curves, sweeping upwards against the sky. The pleasure-grounds are superb; and there are acres and acres of conservatories, in which the rarest fruits and flowers are produced. The cost of the castle garden, conservatories, and pleasure-grounds is estimated to have been £450,000 (two and a half millions of dollars). Aladdin's wonderful lamp could not have created a greater miracle in the wilderness. But it may be doubted if the proprietor will readily meet with a man who has at the same time the taste to desire and the capital to purchase this earthly Paradise.

Kerry.

Mr. James Parson, jun., has been promoted from the Tralee branch of the Provincial Bank, of which his father is manager, to the branch at Parsonstown. During his time in Tralee (which was since childhood), Mr. Parson succeeded in making himself popular with everyone, and a large crowd of friends assembled at Tralee railway station, on February 3d, to see him off.

Lestrin.

An interesting ceremony was witnessed in the parish church, Drumkeeran, on February 5th, when Mr. Louis Marcus Feehily, late of the United States, merchant Drumkeeran, was united in the bonds of matrimony to Lizzie, youngest daughter of Mr. J. Davitt, of Cloonen, Drumkeeran. The Nuptial Mass was celebrated, and the marriage ceremony was performed by Very Rev. Father Dolan, P.P., assisted by Rev. Father O'Hara. Mr. T. Palmer acted as best man, and Miss Eily Davitt as bridesmaid.

Limerick.

The Rev. Patrick Riordan was recently ordained priest by the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, in the Chapel of the Convent of Reparatrice, Laurel Hill Avenue. The Bishop was assisted by the Rev. Dr. Callinan, Adm., St. Michael's. The other clergymen present were—Very Rev. A. Murphy, President of the Diocesan College; Rev. W. O'Dwyer, C.C., Diocesan College; Rev. A. O'Leary, C.C., Diocesan College; Rev. T. Lee, C.C., St. John's; Rev. M. Murphy, C.C., St. John's; Rev. H. O'Donnell, C.C., St. John's; Rev. M. O'Donnell, C.C., St. Mary's. The newly ordained clergyman has been appointed one of the Professors of the Diocesan College.

Longford.

On February 1st the wedding of Dr. P. Slevin, of West Drayton, England, son of Dr. J. Slevin, F.R.C.S., J.P., Longford, to Miss Eugenie Dunne, daughter of the late Jeremiah Dunne, Esq., J.P., of Fitzwilliam square, Dublin, and niece of Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock, Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise, was solemnized at St. James's, Spanish place, West Drayton, England, by Canon Barry officiating. The bride was given away by her sister, Lady Penrose, and the bridegroom was accompanied by Osmond Powell, Esq. Dr. P. Slevin is a gifted young gentleman in his profession, and is well known in Longford, having been medical officer of Grandford Workhouse for some time previous to his departure from among the people of that district to fill a more responsible position in England.

THE BRIGHTEST FLOWERS must fade, but young lives endangered by severe coughs and colds may be preserved by DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. Croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, in short all affections of the throat and lungs, are relieved by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sores, bruises, piles, kidney difficulty, and is most economic.

Miscellaneous.

The Guardians of the Oailan Union have marked their appreciation of Mr. J. F. Shelly's services, as their Clerk, by granting him the satisfactory increase of £53 per annum in his salary.

William X. White, Esq., oldest son of Brigade Surgeon White, of Tralee, has been sworn in as a solicitor of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Ireland. Mr. White served his apprenticeship with Messrs. William Roche & Sons, of Stephen's Green, Dublin.

We announce with regret the death of Mr. James Kennedy, of Naas, which occurred on February 5th. The deceased was highly esteemed for her many excellent qualities, as was shown by the large funeral cortege that followed her remains, which were interred at Maudlins on the 7th instant.

Blessed is he in whose experience each day and each hour has all the happiness and all the solemnity of a parent towards the day the hour to which it gives birth, stands sponsor for it, holds it up for Baptism at the font of God—such days are sacred in each other's eyes. The life in which such days succeed each other is a holy family, with its moments bound each to each by natural piety.—Phillips Brooks.

On February 5th, the news of the death of Mr. Bernard Brady, eldest son of Mr. T. Brady, West street, Drogheda, was learned throughout the town with general regret. The deceased, who was possessed of many amiable qualities, had been in failing health for some time past, but latterly made a wonderful rally. A relapse which occurred about the end of January, however, had a fatal termination. The interment took place in the family burial ground—the Chord—on Feb. 7th, attended by a very large and respectable mourning cortege, made up of the local clergy and citizens and friends of the deceased, who came from a distance to pay the last tribute of respect to his remains.

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In Memoriam.

Rose Ann, beloved wife of William Bourke, who died at her residence, The Russell House, Weston, on Sunday Feb. 4th, in her 60th year: May her soul rest in peace.

Dark sorrow deepens round our home to-day,
The mother we so loved hath passed away,
The tender guardian of our childhood years—
Is dead and knoweth not our bitter tears,
How patiently how calm amidst sickness sore—
How silently her sufferings she bore!
And smiled when God did call with sweet content—
That spirit of a long life is spent.

Oh mother dear our happiness hath flown,
For thou hast left us tearful and alone,
No more at morn we'll greet thy loving face,
Nor see thee in thine old accustomed place,
'Twill bring fresh grief to view thine empty chair,
For mother thou wilt never more be there,
Cold death hath filled our hearts with deepest gloom
And all is dreary on this side the tomb.

Dear mother in thy home thy children mourn,
But thou shalt ne'er again to earth return,
Thy loved ones whom thou cradled from thy breast—
Hath followed thee unto thy lowly rest,
That voice that soothed our fears in grief and pain—
On earth shall never more be heard again;
But God one solace to our grief hath given,
That we may see thy smiling face in heaven.

On earth obedient to God's holy will—
In heaven thou wilt be a mother still.
Then look upon thy children from above,
Whom thou didst guard on earth with tender love;
And when this life of weariness is o'er—
Oh clasp us to thy bosom as of yore,
For though the grave doth hide thee mother dear—
Fresh shall we keep thy loving memory here.
Weston, Feb. 6th, 1894. THOMAS M. ROYAL.

Selected Receipts.

CAMPOR ICE.—1 ounce lard, 1 ounce spermaceti, 1 ounce camphor, 1 ounce almond oil, half a cake of white wax. Melt all well and pour into moulds.

PEARL CAKE.—The whites of 4 eggs, 1 cup of white sugar, half cup butter, half cup cornstarch, 2 teaspoons of baking power, 1 cup of flour, half cup of milk.

COOKIES.—1 cup of sugar, 1 cup of butter, 1 egg, three-quarters cup of sour milk, 1 teaspoon of soda, flour enough to roll, flavor with a little nutmeg, cut thin.

GINGER CRISPS.—1 egg, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup butter, 1 tablespoon of soda 1 cup of vinegar, 2 tablespoons of ginger and other spices, flour enough to roll.

CUP PUDDINGS.—2 eggs, half cup sugar, 1 cup sweet milk, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 cups flour, put a little jam of small fruit in each cup, then fill with the batter. Steam twenty minutes—this makes eight cups.

COLD CREAM FOR CHAPPED HANDS—2 ounces spermaceti, 2 ounces white wax, 2 ounces cocoa butter, 2 ounces rose water, 4 ounces sweet almond oil. Melt spermaceti, wax and cocoa butter, when hot pour in the oil and rose water; stir well while doing so, and beat it well till cold.

Catholic News.

There was a small fire at St. Francis' Seminary, Milwaukee, week before last. Damage \$500.

The closing ceremonies of the Holy Father's Jubilee were attended by over 100,000 persons.

Canon Vaughan, brother of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, preached in a Boston church on Sunday, Feb. 18.

A Catholic Congress was opened at Rome in the hall of the Academy of Arcadia, under the presidency of Prince Francis Massimo, on Thursday, Feb. 15th.

Father Knipp, famous for his advocacy of the so-called water cure, had an audience with the Holy Father recently. After his examining on His Holiness, Father Knipp expressed the opinion that the Pope will probably live beyond the end of the century.

On Wednesday the 14th ult., the Bishop of Plymouth, Cardinal Vaughan's uncle, celebrated his 50th birthday. The Right R-v. Dr. Vaughan was born on the 15th February, 1814, and was consecrated in September, 1855. Owing to his advanced age much of the di-

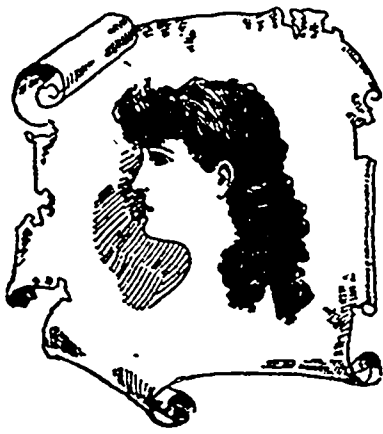
ocesan work is undertaken by his coadjutor, Bishop Graham.

Rev. Father Plessis, professor of Philosophy in the College of St. Hyacinthe, Que., is preaching in the French Catholic Church, New York, during the Lenten season. Father Plessis is not only eloquent but his gestures are graceful, his manner is impassioned and style fervid. He is a Dominican and wears the dress of that order.

Last Sunday, the fourth Sunday of Lent, is known as Lutare Sunday, and it is the day on which the Holy Father blesses the golden rose, which is usually bestowed upon some meritorious Catholic ruler or else awarded to some famous church or sanctuary. The ceremony is a very ancient and imposing one, and the bestowal of the golden rose is a great honor for its recipient.

The Marquis of Buto has set himself to discover the character of the old monastic establishment at St. Andrews. It was partly for this purpose that his lordship some months ago bought the St. Andrew's house and ground known as The Priory. The Marquis does not enter into possession of The Priory until Whitsuntide, but by arrangement with the present tenant he has begun excavations, and will in time deal with the place as he has already dealt with Falkland Palace, where for some years he has been excavating in search of the old castle of Fife, among the ruins of which palace, now itself a ruin, was built by the early Stuart kings.

A singular appointment is that of Monsignor Zardetti, who was last week transferred from the diocese of St. Cloud, out in Michigan, to that of Bucharest, in Roumania. Dr. Zardetti is a Swiss by birth; but a good portion of his life has been spent in America, out in the Dakotas and Minnesota, and it is but four years ago last fall that he was consecrated for St. Cloud. His new appointment makes him an archbishop, and creates another vacancy in the ranks of the American hierarchy. Dr. Zardetti was consecrated in Switzerland, in which country he was visiting when the mitre came to him, by Archbishop Gross, who also chanced to be across the water then.



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Archbishop Corrigan is at present in Florida on a visit to his brother.

A Spanish pilgrimage of about three thousand persons is expected at Rome for Easter. It is also anticipated that a number of Bavarians will arrive at or near that period who will first visit the sanctuary of Lourdes.

Many a brain, like buried ores, might have yielded a mine of truth for science, or beauty for poetry.

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become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. Fortify and build them up, by the use of

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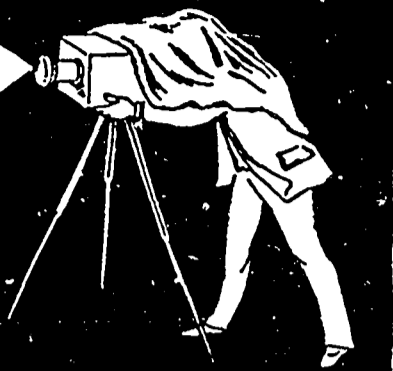
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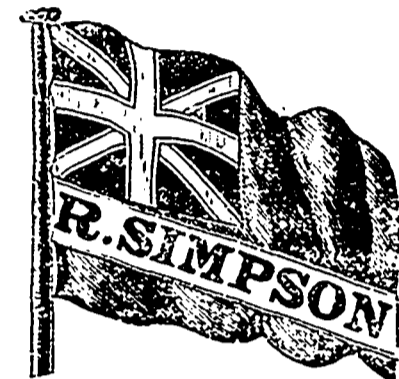
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A choice Black Tea 25c lb., regularly sold for 40c. Mixed T.e, a tasty blend, 25c lb., regularly sold for 40c. Fine Indian Ceylon Tea, 35c; will pay 50c for it other places. Very best Indian-Ceylon Tea, superior blend, 50c., regular price 75c.

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Good solid footwear will save many a cold, and much else, as the weather goes now-days.

Ladies' Am. Kid Button Boot, 1/2, \$1. Misses' Am. Kid, button, 90c. Youths' School Boots, 50c. Men's Whole Fox Bals or Congress, \$1.

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Mr. William Morris, the socialist poet, always dresses in blue serge. He dislikes modern civilization, improvements. He dyes with his own hands most of the fabrics employed in his famous apholatory business off Oxford street, and spends Sunday evening in discussing socialism.

About Gounod.

About Gounod's papers memoirs have been found in which the composer gives interesting details of the first lessons in solfeggio, which he received from Duprez, the celebrated tenor. The memoirs also state that Gounod made the acquaintance in Italy of Mendelssohn, who predicted for him a career even more brilliant than that of Cherubini. The subscriptions received by the committee of the Gounod monument now amount to 960,000 francs. The list was closed on Dec. 31, and it is believed that with the proceeds of the performance at the opera a sum of 140,000 francs or 150,000 francs was realized. The committee desires the erection of a statue to Gounod in the Parc Monceau, and it is hoped that the municipal council will authorize this to be done.

A late important conversion to the Catholic Church in England is that of Miss M. E. Braddon, the novelist. In private life she is Mrs. Maxwell, wife of the publisher. F. Anstey and T. Fisher Unwin, also novelists of note, have lately "gone over."

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, March 7, 1894.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 62	\$0 00
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 61	0 00
Wheat, spring, per bush.....	0 60	0 00
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 58	0 00
Oats, per bush.....	0 39	0 40
Peas, per bush.....	0 62	0 00
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs...	5 75	6 10
Chickens, per pair.....	0 45	0 65
Geese, per lb.....	0 06	0 08
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 09	0 11
Butter per lb., in tubs.....	0 19	0 21
Butter, per lb.....	0 20	0 22
Eggs, new laid, per dozen....	0 17	0 18
Parsley, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Parasip, per bag.....	0 45	0 55
Cabbag., new, per doz.....	0 30	0 40
Celery, per doz.....	0 45	0 55
Onions, per bag.....	1 10	1 25
Rhubarb, per doz.....	0 90	1 00
Turnips, per bag.....	0 30	0 40
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 50	0 55
Beets, per bag.....	0 65	0 75
Carrots, per bag.....	0 35	0 40
Apples, per bbl.....	2 50	4 00
Hay, timothy.....	8 25	10 00
Straw sheaf.....	7 00	8 00
Straw, loose.....	5 00	6 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO March 6—Business was quiet at the Western cattle yards this morning, and prices for cattle were inclined to weakness. There was a fair attendance of buyers, but trade dragged, except in the case of very choice offerings, which always sell quickly. A few sales were effected at 3 1/2c per pound. Good cattle sold at from 3 1/2 to 3 3/4, and inferior from 2 1/2 to 3c.

Milk cows found a ready sale at from \$30 to \$50 each.

Sheep were quiet, and some were left unsold. Prices nominal.

Lambs were weaker, at 4c per pound the top price.

Choice calves sold readily at good prices, and continue in request.

Prices weakened in hogs, 5c being the outside quotation. Prices were off from 10 to 15c per cwt., all round.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE—During the month of March, 1894, mails close and are due as follows:

	Close	Due.
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. T. R. East.....	8.00 7.30	7.15 10.40
O. and Q. Railway.....	7.45 8.00	7.35 7.40
G. T. R. West.....	7.30 3.25	12.40pm 8.00
N. and N. W.....	7.30 4.20	10.05 8.10
T. G. and B.....	7.00 4.30	10.55 8.50
Midland.....	7.00 3.35	12.15pm 9.30
C. V. R.....	7.00 3.00	12.15pm 8.50
G. W. R.....	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
	noon 2.00	9.00 7.30
	6.15 4.00	10.30 8.20
	10.00	
U. S. N. Y.....	6.15 12.00	9.00 5.45
	4.00 10.30	11pm
U.S. West'n States	6.15 12n.	9.00 8.20
	10.30	

English mails close on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10 p.m., and on Thursdays at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for March: 1, 2, 4, 6, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 22, 24, 26, 27, 29, 30, 31.

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

T. O. PATTERSON, P.M.

THE GLADIATORS:

A Tale of Rome and Judea.

BY G. J. WHITE MELVILLE.

EROS.

CHAPTER XII.

"I tracked you here," she said, "because I wanted you. I wanted you, because it is in my power to render you a great service. Listen, Esca; you must come with me. It is not every man in Rome would require so much persuasion to follow the steps of a pratty girl."

She looked very arch and tempting while she spoke, but her attractions were sadly wasted on the pre-occupied Briton; and if she expected to win from him any overt act of admiration or encouragement, she was woefully disappointed.

"I cannot follow yours," she said; "my way lies in another direction. You have yourself reminded me that I am not my own master."

"That is the very reason," she exclaimed, clapping her hands exultingly. "I can show you the way to freedom. No one else can help you but Myrrhina; and if you attend to her directions you can obtain your liberty without delay."

"And why should you be disposed to confer on me such a benefit?" he asked, with instinctive caution, for the impulsive nature that jumps so hastily to conclusions, and walks open-eyed into a trap, is rarely born north of the Alps. "I am a barbarian, a stranger, almost an enemy. What have you and I in common?"

"Perhaps I have fallen in love with you myself," she laughed out; "perhaps you may be able to serve me in return. Come, you are as cold as the icy climate in which you were bred. You shall take your choice of the two reasons: only waste no more time, but gird yourself and follow me."

Though it had never been dormant, the desire for liberty had, within the last two days, acquired a painful intensity in Esca's breast. He had not indeed yet confessed to himself that he cherished an ardent attachment for Mariamne; but he was conscious that her society possessed for him an undefinable attraction and that without her neither liberty nor anything else would be worth having. This new sensation made his position more galling than it had ever been before. He could not ignore the fact, that it was absurd for one whose existence was not his own, to devote that existence to another; and the degradation of slavery, which his lord's kindness had veiled from him as much as possible while in his household, now appeared in all its naked deformity. He felt that no effort would be too desperate, no sacrifice too costly, to make for liberty; and that he would readily risk life itself, and lose it, to be free, if only for a week.

"You have seen my mistress," resumed Myrrhina, as they hurried on through the now darkening streets; "the fairest lady and the most powerful in Rome; a near kinswoman, too, of your master. It needs but a word from her to make of you what she pleases. But she is wilful, you must know, and imperious, and cannot bear to be contradicted. Few women can."

Esca had yet to learn this peculiarity of sex; but he heard Myrrhina mention her mistress with vague misgivings, and forebodings of evil far different from the unmixed feelings of interest such a communication would have called forth a while ago.

"Did she send for me expressly?" he asked, with some anxiety of tone. And how did you know where to find me in such a town as this?"

"I know a great many things," replied the laughing damsel; "but I do not choose every one to be as wise as

myself. I will answer both your questions, though if you will answer one of mine in return. Valeria did not mention you by name, and yet I think there is no other man in Rome would serve her turn but yourself: and I know I would find you by Tiber-side, because you cannot keep a goose from the water, nor a fool from his fate. Will you answer my question as frankly? Do you love the dark pale girl that fled away so hastily when I discovered you together?"

This was exactly what he had been asking himself the whole evening, with no very conclusive result; it was not likely, therefore, that Myrrhina should elicit a satisfactory reply. The Briton coloured a little, hesitated, and gave an evasive answer.

"Like tends to like," said he. "What is there in common between two strangers, from the two farthest extremities of the empire?"

Myrrhina clapped her hands in triumph. "Like tends to like, say you?" she exclaimed, exultingly. "You will tell another tale ere an hour be past. Hush! be silent now, and step softly; but follow close behind me. It is very dark in here, under the trees."

Thus cautioning him, she led Esca through a narrow door out of the by-street, into which they had diverged, and stepped briskly on, with a confidence born of local knowledge that he imitated with difficulty. They were now in a thickly planted shrubbery which effectually excluded the rays of a rising moon, and in which it was scarce possible to distinguish even Myrrhina's white dress. Presently they emerged upon a smooth and level lawn, shut in by a black group of cedars, through the lower branches of which peeped the crescent moon that had not long left the horizon, and turning the corner of a colonnade, under a ghostly-looking statue, traversed another door, which opened softly to Myrrhina's touch, and admitted them into a long carpeted passage, with a lamp at the farther end.

"Stay here while I fetch a light," whispered the damsel; and, gliding away for that purpose, returned presently to conduct Esca through a large dark hall into another passage; where she stopped abruptly, and lifting some silken hangings, that served for the door of an apartment, simply observed, "You will find food and wine there," and pushed him in.

Floods of soft and mellow light dazzled his eyes at first; but he soon realized the luxurious beauty of the retreat into which he had been forced. It was obvious that all the resources of wealth had been applied to its decoration with a lavish hand, guided by a woman's sensibility and a woman's taste. The walls were painted in frescoes of the richest colouring, and represented the most alluring scenes. Here the three jealous goddesses flashed upon bewildered Paris, in all the lustre of their immortal charms. A living envy sat on Juno's brow; a living scorn was stamped on Minerva's pale, proud face; and the living smile that won her the golden apple, shone in Aphrodite's winning eyes. There glowed imperial Circe in her magic splendour; and the very victims of her spell seemed yet to crave, with fiery glances and with thirsty lips, for one more draught from the tempting, luscious, and degrading cup. A shapeless Endymion lay stretched in dreams of love. A frightened Leda shrank while she caressed. Here fair Adonis bled to death, ripped by the monster in the forest glade; there, where the broad-leaved lilies lay sleeping on the shady pool, bent fond Narcissus, to look and long his life away; an infant Bacchus rolled amongst the grapes, in bronze; a little Cupid mourned his broken bow, in marble. Around the cornices a circle of nymphs and satyrs, in bas relief, danced hand in hand—wild woodland creatures, exulting in all the luxuriance of beauty, all the redund-

ancy of strength; and yonder, just where the lamp cast its softest light on her attractions, stood the likeness of Valeria herself, depicted by the cunning painter in a loose flowing robe that enhanced, without concealing, the stately proportions of her figure, and in an attitude essentially her own—an attitude expressive of dormant passion, lulled by the languid insolence of power, and tinged with an imperious coquetry that she had found to be the most alluring of her charms.

It was bad enough to sit in that voluptuous room, under that mellow light, drinking the daintiest produce of Falernian vineyards, and gazing on such an image as Valeria's—an image of one who, beyond all women, was calculated to madden a heated brain, whose beauty could scarcely fail to captivate the outward senses, and take the heart by storm. It was bad enough to press the very couch of which the cushions still retained the print of her form—to see the shawl thrown across it, and trailing on the floor as though but now flung off—to touch the open bracelet hastily unclasped, yet warm from its contact with her arm. All this was bad enough, but worse was still to come.

Esca was in the act of setting down the goblet he had drained, and his eye was resting with an expression of admiration, not to be mistaken, on the picture opposite, when the rustling of the hangings caused him to turn his head. There was no more attraction now in bounding nymph or brilliant enchantress; haughty Juno, wise Minerva, and laughing Venus with her sparkling girdle, had passed into the shade. Valeria's likeness was no longer the masterpiece of the apartment, for there in the doorway appeared the figure of Valeria herself. Esca sprang to his feet, and thus they stood, that noble pair, confronting each other in the radiant light. The hostess and her guest—the lady and the slave—the assailant and the assailed.

CHAPTER XIII.
NOLENS—VOLENS.

Valeria trembled in every limb; yet should she have remained the calmer of the two, inasmuch as hers could scarcely have been the agitation of surprise. Such a step, indeed, as that on which she now ventured, had not been taken without much hesitation and many changes of mind.

No woman, we believe, ever becomes utterly unsexed; and the process by which even the boldest lose their instinctive modesty, is gradual in the extreme. The power, too, of self-persuasion, which is so finely developed in the whole human race, loses none of its efficacy in the reasonings of the less logical and more impulsive half. People do not usually plunge headlong into vice. The shades are almost imperceptible by which the love of admiration deepens into vanity, and vanity into imprudence, and imprudence, especially if thwarted by advice and encouraged by opportunity, into crime. Nevertheless, the stone that has once been set in motion, is pretty sure to reach the bottom of the hill at last; and "I might" grows to "I will," and "I will," ere long, becomes "I must." Valeria's first thought had only been to look again upon an exterior that pleased her eye; then she argued that having sent for her kinsman's slave, there could be no harm in speaking to him—indeed, it would seem strange if she did not; and under any circumstances, of course there was no occasion that her colloquy should be overheard by all the maidens of her establishment, or even by Myrrhina, who, trusty as she might be, had a tongue of surpassing activity, and a love of gossip not to be controlled.

She ignored, naturally enough, that any unusual interest in the Briton should have caused her thus to summon him into her own private and peculiar retreat; thus to surround him with all that was dazzling to the eye, and

alluring to the senses; thus to appear before him in the full glow of her personal beauty, set off by all the accessories of dress, jewels, lights, flowers, and perfumes, that she could command. If she sent for him, it was but natural that he should find her encircled by the usual advantages of her station. It was no fault of hers, that there were gorgeous, picturesque, and overpowering. He might as well blame the old Falernian for its seduction of the palate, and its confusion of the brain. Let him take care of himself! she would see him, speak to him, smile on him, perhaps, and be guided by circumstances. A wise resolution this last in all cases, and by no means difficult to keep when the circumstances are under our own control.

Valeria, woman like, was the first to speak, though she scarcely knew what to say. With a very becoming air of hesitation she kept clasping and unclasping a bracelet, the fellow of the one on the couch. She was doubtless conscious that her round white arm looked rounder and whiter in the process.

"I have sent for you," she began, "because I am informed I can rely implicitly on your truth and secrecy. You are one, they tell me, who is incapable of betraying a trust. Is it not so?"

It is needless to say that Esca was already somewhat bewildered with the events of the evening, and in a mood not to be surprised at anything. Nevertheless, he could only bow his head in acknowledgment of this tribute to his honesty, and murmur a few indistinct syllables of assent. She seemed to gain confidence now that the ice was broken, and went on more fluently.

"I have a secret to confide—a secret that none but yourself must know. Honour, reputation, the fame of a noble family, depend on its never being divulged. And yet I am going to impart this secret to you. Am I not rash, foolish, impulsive, thus to place myself in the power of one whom I know so little? What must you think of me? What do you think of me?"

The latter question, propounded with a deepening colour and a glance that conveyed volumes, was somewhat difficult to answer. He might have said, "Think of you? Why, that you are the most alluring mermaid who ever tempted a mariner to shipwreck on the rocks!" But what he *did* say was this:

"I have never feared man, nor deceived woman yet. I am not going to begin now."

She was a little disappointed at the coldness of his answer; yet her critical eye could not but approve the proud attitude he had assumed, the stern look that came over his face, while he spoke. She edged a little nearer him, and went on in a softened tone.

"A woman is always somewhat lonely and helpless, whatever may be her station, and oh! how liable we are to be deceived, and how we weep and ring our hands in vain when it is so! But I knew you from the first. I can read characters at a glance. Do you remember when I called you to my litter in the street while you were walking with Hirpinus, the gladiator?"

Again that warm crimson in the cheek—again that speaking flash from those dangerous eyes. Esca's head was beginning to turn, and his heart to beat with a strange sensation of excitement and surprise.

"I am not likely to forget it," said he, with a sort of proud humility. "It was such an honour as is seldom paid to one in my station."

She smiled on him more kindly than ever. "I looked for you again," she murmured, "and saw you not. I wanted one in whom I could confide. I have no counsellor, no champion, no friend. I said what has become of him? who else will do my bidding, and keep

my secret? Then Myrrhina told me that you would be here to-night."

She seemed to have something more to say that would not out. She looked at the Briton with expectant, almost imploring eyes; but Esca was young and frank and simple, so he waited for her to go on, and Valeria, discouraged and intimidated for the first time, proceeded in a colder and more becoming tone.

"The packet with which I intrust you must be delivered by yourself into the hands of Licinius. Not another creature must set eyes on it. No one must know that you have received it from me, nor, indeed, that you have been here to-night. If necessary you must guard it with your life! Can I depend upon you?"

He was beginning to feel that he could not depend upon himself much longer. The lights, the perfumes, the locality, the seductive beauty near him, so lovely and so kind, were making wild work with his senses and his reason. Nevertheless, the whole position seemed so strange, so impossible, that he could hardly believe he was awake. There was plenty of pride in his character, but no leavening of vanity; and, like many another gentle and inexperienced nature, he shrank from offending a woman's delicacy, with a repugnance that in some cases is exceedingly puzzling and provoking to the woman herself. So he put a strong constraint upon his feelings and undertook the delivery of the message with incredible simplicity and composure. The statue of Hermes at the door could not have looked colder and more impenetrable. She was a little at a loss. She must detain him at all hazards, for she felt that when once gone he would be gone for ever. She determined to lead him into conversation; and she chose the topic which, originating, perhaps, in the instinctive jealousy of a woman, was of all others the most subversive of her plans.

"I saw you once again," she said, but it was in the hurry and confusion of that sudden broil. It was no fault of mine that the priests committed so gross an outrage on the poor thing you rescued. I would have helped you myself had you required assistance, but you carried her off as an eagle takes a kid. What became of the girl?"

The question was accompanied by a sharp inquisitive glance, and a forced smile of very perceptible annoyance wreathed her lip when she perceived Esca's embarrassed manner and reddening brow; but she had unwittingly called up the Briton's good genius, and for all women on earth, save one, he was a man of marble once more.

"I placed her in safety with her father," he replied; adding, with an assumption of deep humility, "Will you please to give me your commands and let me depart?"

Valeria was so totally unused to opposition in any of her whims or caprices that she could scarcely believe this obvious indifference was real. She persuaded herself that the Briton was so overpowered by her condescension, as to be only afraid of trespassing too far on such unexpected kindness, and she resolved that it should be no fault of hers if he were not quickly undeceived. She sank upon the couch in her most bewitching attitude, and, looking fondly up in his face, bade him fetch her tablets from the writing-stand. "For," said she, "I have not yet even prepared my communication to Licinius. Shall you be very weary of me, if I keep you my prisoner so long?"

Was it accident or design that entangled those rosy fingers with Esca's, as she took the tablets from his hand? Was it accident or design that shook the hair off her face, and loosed the the rich brown clusters to fall across her glowing neck and bosom? It was surely strange that when she bent over the tablets her cheek turned pale, and

her hand shook so that she could not form a letter on the yielding wax. She beckoned him nearer and bent her head towards him till the drooping curls trailed across his arm.

"I cannot write," said she, in trembling accents. "Something seems to oppress me—I am faint—I can scarcely breathe—Myrrhina shall give you the message to-morrow. In the meantime, we are alone. Esca, you will not betray me. I can depend upon you. You are my slave, is it not so? This shall be your manacle!"

While she yet spoke, she took the bracelet from her arm and tried to clasp it round his wrist; but the glittering fetter was too narrow for the large-boned Briton, and she could not make it meet. Pressing it hard with both hands, she looked up in his face and laughed.

One responsive glance, the faintest shadow of yielding on those impassible features, and she would have told him all. But it came not. He shook the bracelet from his arm; and while he did so, she recovered herself, with the instantaneous self-command women seem to gather from an emergency.

"It was but to try your honesty!" she said, very haughtily, and rising to her feet. "A man who is not to be tempted, even by gold, can be safely trusted in such an affair as mine. You may go now," she added, with the slightest bend of her head. "To-morrow, if I require you, I shall take care that you hear from me through Myrrhina."

She looked after him as he disappeared under the silken hangings of the portal, her face quivered, her hands heaved, and she clenched both hands till the round white arms grew hard as marble. Then she bit her lip once, savagely, and so seemed to regain her accustomed composure, and the usual dignity of her bearing.

Nevertheless, when the despised bracelet caught her eye, lying neglected on the couch, she dashed it fiercely down, and stamped upon it, and crushed and ground the jewel beneath her heel against the floor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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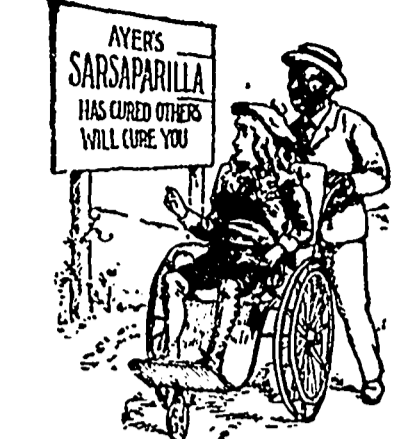
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