

**PAGES
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NO. 355

CLERICAL.

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Father Hennepin at the Falls of Niagara.

BY JOHN A. LAMGAN, M. D.

Far down behind the woodland the sun was slowly sinking. The joyful waves kept blinking as if dazzled by his light. Till at last, as if forever, he kissed the golden river.

And resigned his holy mansion to the mistress of the night.

Whistled with loud and deep commotion, worse than billows of the sea, and thundered down the stream, came pilgrim pure though slowly.

An old man, to the river, and his hair was white as snow.

And the night grew fast around him, o'er his scene the garb descended.

Till his mystic stillness blended with the waters flowing on.

As there above the thunder of that God-created wonder.

Like a lone star in the heavens stood God's anointed one.

Down on the cold sward kneeling, this aged priest uplifted.

His voice, as gently drifted his grey locks to the breeze.

And soft, as shades grew denser, like incense from a censer.

Around the grass "Te Deum" among the startled trees.

Above the thunder of waters he sang that ancient anthem.

And down along the river its music seem'd to glide.

As if some unseen spirit, in passing by, had listened.

And caught the sweet strains falling and bore them o'er the tide.

And he said, O mighty waters! in your course unto the ocean.

Let a hymn of praise be sung even in your waves resound!

To the great God who dwells yonder, in whose eyes ye are no wonder.

But whose mighty presence ever can in your voices be found.

'Tis two hundred years and over, since above this fitting waste.

Stood that hoary-headed Jesuit, with cross and book in hand.

Now he lies with strangers—the sad and joyous heeded.

And the angel who departed is forgotten in the land.

TRUE TO THE POPE.

Great Speech of the Patriot Prelate of "Royal Meath."

IRELAND TRUE TO HER SPIRITUAL LEADERS, AND THEY TO THE POPE.

Last Thursday was a day which will long be remembered in the annals of the Mullingar. Upon that day the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty returned home and met with at the hands of his faithful and grateful people, a reception which no Prince of England could have met with even in his own country much less in Ireland. The return of the Bishop from a similar visit upon an ordinary occasion would bring around him hosts of friends, admirers of his public and private career, all eager to congratulate him upon his return from a perilous voyage. But the circumstances which surrounded his lordship's departure, the glorious result of the visit of himself and his colleagues in the Episcopacy, as well as the backward manner in which he has been assailed by the English and anti-Irish Press on account of his recent able and now historic pastoral issued on the eve of his departure for the Chair of Peter, at the call of the Holy Father, all urged upon the people the necessity of showing in a practical and unmistakable manner the love with which the patriot prelate of Meath is regarded by his spiritual children, over whom he watches with the anxiety of a devoted father. During the past few months his lordship has been the object upon which the bigoted Press of England, and still more bigoted anti-Irish Press, poured forth the vials of their filthy abuse. But surely when Dr. Nulty came out from the precincts of the railway station and looked upon the sea of faces that gathered around him; when he saw the love and devotion to him which beamed upon every countenance, he might well feel nothing but pity and contempt for the wretched bigots who assailed him. It would be useless to endeavor to give anything like an exact account of the numbers of people who came into town on Thursday to greet the Bishop. His lordship was met at the railway station by a large number of his priests. Messrs. Sullivan and Harrington, M. P.s, the Reception Committee, the Town Commissioners, the Holy Family, the Board of Guardians, the Ancient Order of Foresters, all of Mullingar, and several deputations and public bodies from the various towns near Mullingar. The appearance of his lordship on the way to the carriage in waiting for him was the signal for a great outburst of cheering which was almost uninterruptedly continued from the railway to the chapel. The procession had been formed with the Holy Family Societies in front of the carriage containing the Bishop and Very Rev. Dr. M'Alroy, P. P., V. G., Tullamore, Very Rev. Dr. Higgins, P. P., V. G., Trim, and Very Rev. Peter Egan, P. P., V. G., Rochford Bridge; and was about to move off, when ready and willing hands were put to the carriage, and the horses being removed the carriage was drawn to the chapel by the people. During the passage of the procession, the streets were lined with people. Out

of almost every house in the town floated flags bearing such mottoes as "Welcome Home," "Cead Mille Failte," "The Star of Meath," "You saved Ireland," "When the chapel was saved the crowd very quickly filled the streets and the lordship having taken a seat upon a small platform outside the altar railings, the addresses were then read. They were from the Mullingar Town Commissioners, Tullamore Town Commissioners, Mullingar Confraternity of the Holy Family, Tullamore Confraternity of the Holy Family, Mullingar Irish National League, Tullamore Irish National League, Dublin Board of Guardians, Mullingar Board of Guardians, and Mullingar National Working Men's Club. The address from the Holy Family and Workingmen's Club were beautifully illuminated by Master Vincent Brien, under the direction of the Rev. E. N. Casey, Superior St. Mary's College, Mullingar.

BISHOP NULTY'S REPLY.

When all the addresses had been read, his Lordship made the following general reply: His Lordship said, in reply to the addresses—I have preached so often and made speeches so seldom, that I feel tempted this evening to commence with the old familiar beginning, "Dear and beloved brethren." But, ladies and gentlemen, and dearly beloved brethren, too, I can assure you that the magnificent demonstration that I have witnessed to-day, and the wonderful manifestation of kindly, cordial, and affectionate feeling with which you have greeted and welcomed me home have all completely overpowered me. I feel unequal to the task of acknowledging the honour you have done me as it deserves, and I feel still more unequal to the task of replying to the very numerous and very beautiful addresses which you have offered me. I am, from my position, and also from my feelings and my principles and my instincts, a man of peace—a man of order, of subjection and submission to lawful authority, and, therefore, I am certain that no one would willingly or unnecessarily insert in any one of these addresses any passage that would cause me pain or in any way compromise me (hear, hear). But there is one great and leading idea which pervades them all, and which dominates conspicuously in each of them, and it is this—that they all repudiate, reject, reprobate, and condemn the lying, violent, offensive, and indecent attacks that have been made on me by the anti-Irish Press of London and Dublin during my absence (groans). For alluding to these attacks I thank you from my heart, and why? Because you have not condescended or sympathized with me as if these attacks made on me were a misfortune; but you seem rather to have rejoiced and congratulated me upon these attacks as an event of which I ought to feel proud (hear, hear, and applause). And I do feel justly proud of these attacks on me (cheers). I ask myself what have I done—what have I written—what service have I rendered my country or my religion that I should bring down upon myself the full torrent of the violent vituperation of the anti-Irish and anti-Catholic Press of London and Dublin. After referring to the criticism of his writings his lordship said: Now, the last pastoral that I wrote leaving Ireland's shores seems to have thoroughly frightened them all (laughter). It seems further to have infuriated them, and in the blindness and passion of their anger, they bring out of it a charge against me which only proves that they themselves were simply demerited by passion and anger. That pastoral was written very hurriedly; I had no time to finish it at home. I finished it on the steamboat between Kingstown and Holyhead. Everyone of them—all—the *Times*, the *London Times*, the *Morning Post*, the *Standard*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Whitehall Review*, the *St. James's Gazette*, and a whole lot of others I cannot remember, winding up, of course, with the *Irish Times* and *Evening Mail*, every one of them accused me of intimidating the Sovereign Pontiff. If I had time I would read some of the extracts. My friend, Mr. Sullivan, has collected them altogether. However, I won't waste time by reading them, but I will reply to them. I intend to intimidate the Sovereign Pontiff! A humble country bishop to think of intimidating the Sovereign Pontiff! Why, I should not have a particle of faith, or religion, or even a vestige of common sense if I was silly enough to do so. Intimidate the Sovereign Pontiff! Why, you could not. Ladies and gentlemen, you would feel the moment you enter into the august presence of the Sovereign Pontiff a feeling of indescribable awe come over you. You feel you are standing on the spot, the highest point on earth, the point where earth almost touches heaven, and you cannot help veneration, revering and loving the Sovereign Pontiff; loving him not merely for his high and exalted position, loving him not merely because he is the highest representative of God's law on this earth; loving him not only on account of the great erudition and wisdom which he possesses, but Irish men will feel compelled to love him on another ground, and that is, because Leo's heart, as we Irishmen say, is in the right place (cheers). Leo's heart beats fervently, warmly, and affectionately for the Irish race and the Irish nation (loud cheers). Therefore, the idea of intimidating the Sovereign Pontiff is simply absurd and ridiculous. To intimidate the Sovereign Pontiff! Why, there were great and mighty kings and despots, Alaric, the King of the Huns, the mighty Emperor of Germany, and lastly, in our own times, the powerful Napoleon I. This man, with countless legions at his back, he and every one of them failed ignominiously. At the single word of "non possumus"

these despotic tyrants quailed. These words paralyzed the arms of legions. At these words the sword fell from their hands and they were rendered utterly powerless. I, then, to think of doing what these mighty emperors failed to do, is simply absurd and ridiculous. Both ladies and gentlemen, what is the meaning of intimidation? Every one of these writers accused me of this crime. Why, to intimidate anyone is to do him an injustice and injury. That is the wrong it does. It causes him pain and gives him displeasure. Now, what is my intimidation? My letter did not intimidate the Sovereign Pontiff. My letter, instead of causing him or doing him an injustice of wrong, conferred a great benefit on him. Instead of causing him pain, that letter filled his heart with joy and gladness, for, ladies and gentlemen, the answer you gave to that letter was simply this—that in two weeks you collected and sent to me in Rome the splendid contribution of the Sovereign Pontiff—(great cheering and cries of "We'll do it again!")—and in sending that contribution you proved incontrovertibly and unanswerably to the world that your love and affection and devotion to the Holy See is as deep and solid and as strong and as affectionate as could warm the bosoms of Irishmen in any part of the world. (Great cheering.) The Holy Father, when I presented him with your gift, was overpowered and astonished by your munificence and said, "when you return tell your people that I am grateful, most grateful and most thankful to them, and that their munificence and generosity of their gift has touched me most profoundly. Tell them I reciprocate their feelings and affection and love in all their strength, their sincerity and their earnestness; that I reciprocate from my heart; that I cannot show my love for them as they have shown their love for me; that I have not gold nor silver with which to express to them how deeply I love them; but that I will give them all I have, and that is my apostolic benediction. (Cheers.) When you return assemble your people, not only those of your own parish but of all the parishes adjoining, and tell them that I send them my apostolic blessing from the bottom of my heart, and that I hope that blessing will strengthen their faith, will form their resolutions in accordance with God's Holy Law, will support them in their onward march to glory, where, perhaps, we may all meet hereafter, and where I may thank them again for the favor they have bestowed on me." (Great cheering.) I said, "Holy Father, I have been assailed by an organized combination of the anti-Irish and anti-Catholic Press. I don't fear them. I am a humble man, but I am not afraid of them; I am only afraid of you, Holy Father, and where I may thank you for the favor they have bestowed on me." (Great cheering.) I said, "Holy Father, I have been assailed by an organized combination of the anti-Irish and anti-Catholic Press. I don't fear them. I am a humble man, but I am not afraid of them; I am only afraid of you, Holy Father, and where I may thank you for the favor they have bestowed on me." (Great cheering.) I said, "Holy Father, I have been assailed by an organized combination of the anti-Irish and anti-Catholic Press. I don't fear them. I am a humble man, but I am not afraid of them; I am only afraid of you, Holy Father, and where I may thank you for the favor they have bestowed on me." (Great cheering.)

these papers and accuse them of many crimes of which they are really guilty, for I say that they have done more to create dissensions between the Irish and English people than any other agency with which I am acquainted. I love them, reverence and respect the mass of the English people. I think they are naturally honest, industrious, truthful, generous, and brave as lions in the battlefield, and I believe if the English people and the Irish people were left alone to their own natural instincts they would live in peace, and hardly require a divine precept to make them love each other. One of the consequences of those writings assailing me, and one which, perhaps, the writers did not anticipate, they have introduced me to the people of England, Dublin, Nulty, as they called me. They have given me a notoriety amongst the people of England in representing Bishop Nulty as defying the Pope, they made me, as it were, a hero; therefore, if I find any opportunity to address the people of England, and before I die I have a weighty message to deliver to them, I am sure, not only will they hear me, but that I will get a friendly and impartial hearing—I am sure even of a favorable hearing at their hands, and I may thank my slanderers for that benefit, as I have said before. If the people of England were left to themselves they would be the noblest people on the face of the globe, but the minds of the masses are poisoned and prejudiced and embittered against us by the wholesale petrifaction that are circulated by these journals. Amongst them they have succeeded in inspiring them with hatred and contempt against Irishmen. These journals have vilified me and my opinions, and, ladies and gentlemen, they not only vilify us to the people of England, but they vilify and calumniate us through the whole globe, for these London journals have the ear of the whole world. Foreign editors never read the Irish newspapers at all, and Irish journalism, able, enlightened and talented as it is, is entirely ignored. Anyone that reads these foreign journals will see that they take all the knowledge and information on Irish public affairs directly and immediately from the prejudiced and slanderous columns of the London newspapers. We have no means of replying to the present moment. Yet, notwithstanding all this, this epoch appears to me to be the grandest and happiest that I have known in our history for several hundred years. We have now, if we wisely avail of it, an opportunity of recovering our civil and religious rights, and of recovering our reputation and character, too. (Cheers.) Why, the Gladstone Government has gone down. (Loud cheers.) Referring to the change of Government, his lordship remarked that in making Mr. Gibson Lord Chancellor of Ireland they had shown some discernment. One enemy we have to fear, and that is the man who commits an outrage. A couple of dozen miscreants can create an amount of crime and outrage that in a very short time would blacken our fair fame again, give any Government a mean opportunity of annihilating our liberties, and imposing fresh Coercion Acts. (Hear, hear.) Therefore, let every man be a policeman (cheers), and if any man arrests and seizes any of those criminals, or miscreants, I say don't lynch him, though he would deserve it, but bring him to justice, and if you succeed in having him transported for life, you will have done a great service to your country. (Great cheers.) Let us observe the laws; let us detect offences; let us set our faces against crime; let us give no Government, whether Whig or Tory, the opportunity of coercing us, of annihilating our liberty. (Loud applause.) In conclusion his lordship said—Again, my dear people, I thank you from my heart for these beautiful addresses. Now, hereafter, given me a welcome home that I did not deserve, that I did not anticipate. I regret exceedingly the amount of expense gone to in this demonstration. I know that you could not well afford it, but your generosity was always beyond your means. (Cheers.) I am with you now over thirty years; I have labored and toiled amongst you when you were sick; I visited you when you were ill with fever and cholera, and never shrunk from the danger. (Applause.) I never abandoned my post; I clung to my people, and the people respected and loved me, and I see proof of their respect and love for me to-day. (Cheers.) I respect and love them back in return and I hope that the union between the people, the priests and bishops, and between the Sovereign Pontiff and the Irish people, will remain for ever.

A MEMORABLE DAY AT MAYNOOTH.

REJOICING OVER DR. WALSH'S ELEVATION—SOME IMPORTANT RESOLUTIONS.

New York Sun.

Maynooth, July 1.—I wish telegraph or telephone could enable me to give through to-morrow's Sun every word of this letter, to communicate to the millions of hearts in the United States the feelings of satisfaction and pride inspired by what has taken place at Maynooth to-day—a day forever to be remembered.

The Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, on their homeward journey from Rome, met here to transact business in connection with this great national seminary, with the change occasioned by the elevation of the President to the Archbishopric of Dublin, and with the momentous question of public education in all its branches. This is also what we in America should call commencement day at Maynooth. The 520 clerical students, who are here spurred on by a noble rivalry to maintain the traditional eminence of this great school, met in the college oratory, or chapel, about 10 a.m., with the President and faculty, and twenty-two members of the Episcopal hierarchy, for at Maynooth an enlightened liberality has done much to stimulate an ardor for study by founding prizes open to yearly competition in various departments of sacred and profane science. Besides, to students distinguished for uncommon capacity and proficiency there is, at the end of the four years' course of theology, a further period assigned for special culture in the Dunboyne establishment.

On commencement day, therefore, all the landable ambition is crowned by public acknowledgment in presence of the assembled hierarchy. The exercises are not open to the public. No invitations are sent; consequently there is no crowd of lay or clerical visitors to be seen in the vast quadrangles or the spacious and shady grounds.

The Archbishops and Bishops occupied an elevated platform under a dais at the northern extremity of the chapel; near them were the President and faculty. A pulpit stood near the dais, from which the successful essayists read a portion of their compositions. The 520 students were seated on benches and filled every inch of the remaining space. I had often heard it said that no Irishman could listen to the reading of these essays without feeling a thrill of just pride. This year there was a special motive for the contestants to aim at uncommon excellence in the fact that the illustrious President of Maynooth had drawn on himself the eyes of the civilized world. The long and agonizing period of expectancy which elapsed between Dr. Walsh's election by the clergy of Dublin and his confirmation by the Pope was that during which the essayists had done their best, and their labor bore the impress of the feeling that stirred the national heart and powerfully moved their own. This emotion was in the atmosphere of Maynooth to-day, like a high electric tension, affecting even the most callous, if indeed anyone could be so callous among the 500 of the chosen future guides of the Irish people.

Every one of the successful candidates was greeted by the cordial applause of his fellow students. There was about the proceedings a simplicity and a dignity very becoming in a great ecclesiastical and national school.

It is customary for the commencement proper to be closed by a discourse from the President, setting forth the condition and prospects of the establishment at the end of the scholastic year, and dwelling on the peculiar incidents which mark the sessions. As Dr. Walsh, now Archbishop elect of Dublin, arose to account for his stewardship during the last eventful twelve months, there was one of those impressive outbursts of enthusiasm, half sad in spite of their joyousness and exaltation, which tell of separation from one long and sincerely loved. All these young men are devotedly attached to the great prelate whose name sheds such a lustre on their alma mater. They are proud of him. Their hearts, like those of the entire Irish race at home and abroad, yearned to see him placed in the metropolitan chair, as the leader of the Irish people and clergy. And just that very morning the tidings had come that the Holy Father had summoned Dr. Walsh to Rome to receive there episcopal consecration.

As he rose and waited till the heartfelt applause had subsided, he was visibly affected. He is one who is remarkable for the utter absence of self-consciousness, both in private conversation and public discourse. He is gifted with great grasp of mind and lucidity of statement. "How qualities were displayed in his address. You could feel the intense heat which glowed beneath the surface of his discourse. But it flowed on in unbroken directness and unvarying simplicity. Only at the close when speaking of the change in his own position, did he allow his heart to speak out in true sentiment about the noble institution over which he had presided, but whose welfare should be now more than ever dear to him. His words, his counsel, his forecast of the future went home to every one of his hearers, never to be forgotten, any more than the affecting scenes of leave-taking which followed.

And now let me convey my own impression of what I have seen and heard to-day in Maynooth. My letters, of late, have been tinged with a sadness I found it impossible to conceal. The whole power of the British Government, and all the influence of the Vice-regal administration here, were used in Rome to prevent the confirmation of Dr. Walsh; and Ireland was threatened not only with the Archbishop of Dublin who should form a

new link in the chain of "Castle Bishops," but with a renewal of the Coercion Act. I should willingly have come from the ends of the earth to read in the attitude and the words of the twenty-two prelates assembled to-day in Maynooth the assurance for the future that the Irish clergy, Bishops and priests, are heart and soul with their people in their constitutional struggle for justice and self-government.

Dr. Walsh did me the honor of taking me into the room where the Archbishops and Bishops were deliberating on the weighty questions of public education and church policy, and there introducing me to their lordships. Later in the day, during dinner and afterwards, I had the opportunity of conversing with them. They are men whose culture reflects glory on Maynooth, and whose virtues are known to both hemispheres. Whatever difference of opinion may have existed in the past among them, either about the attitude to be taken to ward the National party or about the policy to be pursued towards the Government, these have now given place to a firm and practical unanimity. All agree that their stay in Rome has resulted in conveying to the Holy Father a full and accurate knowledge of the Irish question, and in ending his warmest sympathies in the cause of Ireland.

There is no longer any fear of the Government's attaining, directly or indirectly, the right of vetoing the nomination of Irish Bishops.

One of the most important steps ever taken by the assembled Irish hierarchy is indicated by the solemn resolutions adopted in their meeting to-day. This step, to my unspoken satisfaction, justifies what I ventured to predict in my last about the movement to be energetically inaugurated against the monopoly so long enjoyed in Ireland by Trinity College and the other magnificently endowed anti-national schools. The resolutions number seven in all. The first affirms the unquestionable right of the Catholic population of Ireland to a fair share of the public endowments for education, without being obliged in return to make any sacrifices of their religious principles.

The second states the fact of their being able to benefit by these endowments only at the expense of conscience. The third points out that such practical exclusion is not only a serious obstacle to the progress of education, but is a great and irritating grievance. The fourth calls attention to the glaring disproportion between the small number of students in the Queen's Colleges and the lavish endowments bestowed on them. The fifth once more calls on "the Irish Parliamentary party to press forward by every constitutional means in their power the just claims of Irish Catholics in the matter of university education." The sixth claims "a due share in the public endowments for intermediate education on such conditions as are consistent with Catholic principles." The seventh, finally, asserts the existence of a general and enormous injustice in Ireland, namely, "that on Commissions and other public bodies appointed for educational purposes, there is nothing like a fair proportionate representation of Catholics; and hints that the few existing Catholic members do not always enjoy the confidence of the Catholic body. The same unfairness and exclusion apply to commissions and Boards of every description.

It is remarkable that Dr. Crooke was absent from an assemblage destined to be historical. But the explanation of the absence is in the fact that he knew the Archbishop elect of Dublin was, in spite of his youth, the man to guide the Bishops in taking the most important steps ever yet taken by them in public matters.

No wonder that while all Ireland is preparing a triumphant welcome to the returning prelates, her most fervent prayers and deepest love accompany Dr. Walsh to Rome. BERNARD O'RIEHL.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

On Tuesday evening a meeting of the Catholic young men of the city was held in the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society Hall for the purpose of organizing a commandery of the Knights of St. John. Rev. Father Danphy occupied the chair and explained to those present the aims and objects of the society, which were to create and foster a brotherly love between the Catholic young men of the city and to aid and assist by every means in their power the advancement of its members. The society gives a sum of money weekly to its members during sickness, and has also in connection with it a widow and orphan's fund—so that a member may insure his life by the payment of a small sum of money at each death. The society bids fair to take the lead, about 25 having joined already, and as 42 members constitute a commandery those wishing to join had better do so at once. The society is to be known as the St. Peter's Commandery of the Catholic Union of the Knights of St. John, and will meet every Tuesday evening. The following officers were elected:

President, Christopher Hevey; 1st vice, Chas. McCarroll; 2nd vice, John Tracy; secretary, A. Birmingham; treasurer, John Dwyer. These constitute the civil officers. The military officers are: Commander, Arthur Conway; 1st vice commander, Patrick Flannery; 2nd vice, Thos. Dwyer.

His Lordship Right Rev. Bishop Walsh has been asked to condescend to be spiritual adviser and also to appoint a chaplain. We wish the society every success and hope ere long to see the members turn out in uniform and make as creditable a display as did the Wind-or-Knights at the opening of the cathedral.

"Sometimes."

Sometimes, not often, when the days are long. And golden is the ripening fields of grain. Like cadence of some half-forgotten song. There sweeps a memory across my brain: I hear the landfall far among the trees. The drowsy murmur in the scented times; I watch the radiant butterflies that pass. And I am sad and sick at heart some- times— Sometimes.

QUEBEC. The old town of Quebec has a peculiar interest from the circumstance of its having been built by the French in the times of the early history of the colony. Some of the remarkable large stone buildings in the city date from these days. Such are the Hotel Dieu and the convent of the Ursulines. The first military adventurers, fired with the desire to discover new lands and to place them under the dominion of the French crown, sought also the conversion of the heathen. Whenever they founded colonies, the religious communities came in their wake, sending forward devoted missionaries and founding houses for sisters, where the sick might be tended and the children instructed. Of singular interest is the establishment of the Ursulines, where most of the young ladies of Quebec receive their education, and where the skull of the Marquis Montcalm, the brave defender of the town against the English under General Wolfe, is kept, and in the chapel is a monument to him. Of still greater interest, on account of the memorials it contains, is the Hotel Dieu. Here the marks of British cannon balls may be seen in the rafters in the passages. A fine bust of one of the first martyrs slain by the Indians, named Brebeuf, and autographs of SS. Vincent of Paul and Francis of Sales, and other great men, who sent forward on their successful campaigns the soldiers of the cross, are preserved. The names of each of the sisters who have lived here since the time of the foundress, the Duchess d'Arquillan, are written on tablets kept since the first of her followers died. Devoted to the cause of God, and intent on sending out missions, she and other women of her day appear to us now, as among the brightest and best of the children of France of the time of Louis XIII.

It is difficult at this day to realize the dangers to which the first colonies here were exposed by the incursions of savage Indians. At one time the threats of massacre by the Iroquois kept the garrison of Quebec in alarm. A state of siege was not uncommon; it was rumored that the savages meant to destroy the town and carry away the sisters who were ordered to be lodged in the Jesuit quarters near the cathedral. The mother superior wrote: "We are between life and death. No one can be assured of safety from the fury of the barbarians;" and this is followed by the strongest expressions of dependence on the hand of God.

There were told amid the distress of the colonists of the power of religion. Two French soldiers had been surprised in the woods by a party of Iroquois near the hamlet of Three Rivers and carried off into captivity. One of the soldiers had received a bullet, which remained imbedded in his body. An Iroquois warrior, in order to prolong a life which was to be sacrificed under the refinements of cruelty which were inflicted on prisoners, probed the wound and cleverly extracted the bullet. He then bound up the wound, applying wild herbs to it, and tended the man so well, that before the end of the journey there was the promise of a complete cure. As the party approached the Indian quarters, one of the band was sent ahead to give notice of their arrival. The Indians poured forth and ranged themselves in two lines at the entrance of the village. The two unhappy prisoners were stripped, and made to run the gauntlet amid a hail of blows. They were then left on the ground almost dead. At nightfall they saw stealing along a human being, whom they recognized as a Huron Christian. He came to them and exhorted them, in words of admirable faith, to endure their pains with patience, and to recommend themselves to the care of the God who had so marvellously protected himself. He added that the time of their sufferings was nearly over and that they would soon receive their recompense; "for,"

he said, "your fate has been decided; to-morrow at dawn you will be burned. Be of good courage and remember me when you are in heaven." The two victims were consoled by this; they passed the night in prayer and in mutually encouraging each other to bear all for the love of Christ. At length came the dawn. The sun rose, and the morning wore on without any unusual movement taking place. It appeared that an envoy had arrived from the district of Montague. He had assembled the chiefs and had endeavored to persuade them to deliver the two prisoners to his tribe to be used as a help in procuring a treaty with the French. The prisoners were brought before the council and heard with surprise that instead of being roasted at the stake they were to receive their liberty. But their danger was not yet over; an Iroquois warrior, furious at hearing that they were to escape, went in pursuit of them with a bow in hand, and they would have perished had not a friendly Huron given them shelter and hiding in his hut. When this peril was over they were conducted out of the village and pursued their way to Montague. In spite of the fatigues of the journey and the wounds which they were covered the two Frenchmen were thankful that the end of their captivity was near, when one morning they found that their guide had deserted them. Not knowing in what direction to proceed they became lost and walked at random, a prey to terrible anxiety, to privation and to cold. Trembling lest they should be discovered by the camp of a hostile tribe which they found themselves near, they entered a hut which seemed abandoned by its owner. When about to hide they found that it was tenanted by a squaw, who, when she looked at them, recognized them as fugitives, and received them with kindness. She addressed them in good French, and said she would take them under her protection. The name of this woman was Margaret, she was a Christian captive taken from among the poor Hurons, who were scattered among their enemies. She had formerly received instruction from the Ursuline sisters at Quebec, and in her girlish days had often entered the Hotel Dieu, and witnessed the motherly care bestowed upon the patients in the hospitals. Profoundly moved she had determined to imitate the sisters. She hid the Frenchmen in a corner of the hut, lit a fire to warm them, gave them good food and dressed their wounds with healing plants of which she knew the virtues. She spoke much of what she had seen in Quebec, and said the marks of the example she had witnessed there, was a great encouragement to persevere in the Christian faith. But their retreat was suspected and discovered. Still they were well treated by the tribe, who had never before been friendly to a white man, and conducted to Montague. Here they came under the authority of a great chief, whose policy it was to be friendly to the French, and he gave over to the Governor de Mesy the men who had so often given themselves up as lost.

ST. VINCENT OF PAUL. St. Vincent was born A. D. 1576. In after years, when adviser of the Queen and oracle of the Church in France, he loved to recount how, in his youth, he had guarded his father's pigs. Soon after his ordination, he was captured by corsairs, and carried into Barbary. He converted his renegade master, and escaped with him to France. Appointed captain-general of the galleys of France, his tender charity brought hope into those prisons where hitherto despair had reigned. A mother mourned her imprisoned son. Vincent put on his chains and took his place at the oar, and gave him to his mother. His charity embraced the poor, young and old, provinces desolated by civil war, Christians enslaved by the infidel. The poor man ignorant and degraded was to him the image of One who became as a leper and no man. "Turn the medal," he said, "and you will then see Jesus Christ." He went through the streets of Paris at night, seeking the children who were left there to die. Once robbers rushed upon him, thinking he carried a treasure, but when he opened his cloak, they recognized him and his burden, and fell at his feet.

Not only was St. Vincent the savior of the poor, but also of the rich, for he taught them to do works of mercy. Like St. Philip, he knew the power of association. He made them do good in the sight of others to spread the sacred contagion of charity. When the word of the foundings was in danger of failing from want of funds, he assembled the ladies of the Association of Charity. He bade his most fervent daughters be present to give the spur to the others. Then he said: "Compassion and charity have made you adopt these little creatures as your children. You have been their mothers according to grace, when their own mothers abandoned them. Cease to be their mothers, that you may become their judges, their life and death is in your hands. I shall now take votes: it is time to pronounce sentence." The tears of the assembly was his only answer, and the work was continued.

The Society of St. Vincent, the Priests of Charity still comfort the afflicted with the charity of St. Vincent of Paul. He died A. D. 1660.

A Lesson Ruined. In 1877 Bishop Bowman went to Boise City, Idaho, to hold conference. One Sunday afternoon he got the Sunday schools together and had a splendid time talking to the children. He was an admirable teacher, and soon had all the little ones answering questions. He tried to explain the operations of the mind through the brain, but finding it difficult to make them understand, he put his forefinger on the top of his head, saying, "What is there?" After a moment's dead silence a little boy screamed out, "Nothin'!" The lesson in mental philosophy came to an end for that time; but nobody enjoyed telling the story better than the Bishop himself.

TEN O'CLOCK GIRLS

PULPIT ALLUSION TO THE BEHAVIOUR OF CIDDY STREET PROMENADERS. Preaching at St. Joseph's church at high mass yesterday morning Rev. Father Pallier opened his remarks by saying that all his hearers were acquainted with the history of two scenes, one of which occurred in Eden and the other in Nazareth, and of the two women who played the leading part in each. In the first in Eden, Eve was visited by a tempter in the shape of an angel of light, and fell, while in Nazareth, Mary received an angel of light, and behaved with reserve and circumspection and was the blessed means of repairing the evil done by her common mother's frailty. History repeats itself. From the earliest days down to the present it has been the same. Every day thousands are redeemed from error by woman, and every day thousands are ruined by her. Her great influence in saving or ruining souls was the characteristic of woman-kind and was the habit of her common mother, the woman of heaven and earth. From this it must not be inferred that man has no influence in the education of his fellow man. He had his own will and duties he could not abdicate. To man belonged the duties of the field and the store. To him was given the muscular strength, energy of thought, and mastery of the sciences and agriculture. His mission was to prepare man for society. To woman belongs the moral, man, the man fit for eternity, the saint. She received from God great qualities for good or evil. Records of the heroism of women were many, for instance, Judith, Esther, the mother of the Maccabees, and others. Great and many are the conquests of the cause of the downfall of many; even the woman, the greatest and wisest of monarchs, fell under the influence of evil women. The manners and morals of women at home or abroad make the standard of public morality rise or fall. Accordingly, if one wanted to find a thermometer to gauge the public morals of any country or city, it was supplied by the behavior of its women, by the books they read and the way they dressed at home and in the streets.

Ottawa had recently acquired a not very enviable reputation, continued Father Pallier, but far be it from him in any way to palliate such deeds or excuse the ruffians, who would meet with richly deserved punishment. The question remained whether blame was not to be given to the women of the city. Although the weaker sex, were they ways paragons of virtue? Walking the streets in threes and fours talking and laughing, were not the characteristics of Christian maidens. They walked in 10 o'clock p. m. girls, who were very often that they were under the protection of proper young men. God forbid he should imply evil when he existed, but was there not very often in these young men some levity of manner, some use of language which should make the weaker vessel suspect that under the appearance of an angel of light, there really lingered the angel of darkness. It was the duty of the fathers to take away their daughters' shoes at night to keep them at home, and he thought it would be advisable if parents would give means to do so now. It would be much better for the morals of the city if, instead of walking on the streets, and in the park the young women would study to become better Christians, more fitted for home duties, for life more serene.—Ottawa Free Press, July 15.

England's Disgrace. The Pall Mall Gazette sensation has fairly eclipsed politics in London. The numbers of that paper containing the exposures have had an enormous circulation, many copies selling at a premium. The government has under consideration the question of taking action in the matter, but the Christians, more fitted for home duties, for life more serene.—Ottawa Free Press, July 15.

Are there any parallels to it in Christian America? Are we who may be disposed to throw stones over these horrible disclosures living in glass houses. Perhaps the combined debasing influences of wealth, luxury and indulgence have not led our so-called better classes, meaning the rich, into such wholesale and systematic debauchery as the Pall Mall Gazette's revelations have disclosed, but the history of all prosperous nations proves that the tendency of riches and luxury is in that direction. An equitable distribution of wealth is infinitely more to be desired than the concentration of vast fortunes in the hands of a small and privileged class.—Rochester Herald.

Drowsiness in the Day-time unless caused by lack of sleep or from over-eating, is a symptom of disease. If it is accompanied by general debility, headache, loss of appetite, coated tongue and sallow complexion, you may be sure that you are suffering from biliousness and consequent derangement of the stomach and bowels. Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Furgative Pellets" are a sure cure for all ailments of this nature. They cleanse and purify the blood and relieve the digestive organs. Children starving to death on account of their inability to digest food will find a most marvellous food and remedy in Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. Very palatable and easily digested.

FAITH THAT WORKS MIRACLES.

Buffalo, Ont. The simple fervid faith of the Irish people received a strange and miraculous glorification in the effect which its manifestation produced upon the mind and character of Montalembert. The Archbishop of Sydney, New South Wales, in an address delivered by him before the Corporation of St. John's College, discoursed thus eloquently and touchingly upon this subject: "There is no brighter name in the literary annals of modern France than that of Montalembert. His eloquence and the greatness of his soul were on a level with his ancestral dignity among the peers of France, and throughout the ever-varying phases of the political struggles in his afflicted country he was to be found for almost half a century in the foremost ranks of the champions of Christian liberty. In his youth it was his misfortune to have been caught up by the whirlwind of passion and to have adopted the fashionable tone of infidelity of the University of France. It was during a tour in Ireland that the gift of divine faith was again bestowed upon him. Travelling through the most neglected parts of the country, he was again and again struck by the earnest piety and heroic spirit of sacrifice engaged upon the very heart of its Catholic people, and producing such abundant fruits of virtue. Gradually the conviction grew upon him that the Christian faith was not a mere matter of theory but rather a divine life, which, through God's mercy, is given to man, and which purity of conduct, the spirit of sacrifice and self-denial, and the practice of the virtues which the Catholic Church commands, can alone preserve. Finding himself on a Sunday morning in a retired rural district, whilst the season was particularly inclement, he resolved to test for himself whether the Irish Catholics had foregone their traditional heroism of enduring hardships for the faith. In his carriage he accompanied the crowd as they streamed along the road to mass. When they turned to the hill-side path he followed them on foot. At length the chapel came in sight, it was a small thatched house, barely sheltering the aged priest and a few of the congregation. All the rest knelt in front of the little chapel, under the broad canopy of heaven, with naught to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather. The wind and mud and rain, however, had no terrors for them. Bared to the waist, whilst their minds and hearts were absorbed in God. The prophet Isaiah's lips were hallowed by an angel with a spark of heavenly fire from the golden altar before the throne of God. It was from the lowly hill-side altar, whilst the fervent crowd were kneeling down in humble adoration, and a throng of pious worshippers through every heart that a ray of heavenly light descended, the almost eery gift of divine faith in the soul of Montalembert. Till his last breath he ever cherished the warmest affection for Ireland, and he loved to repeat that to the heroic spirit of sacrifice displayed by Ireland's sons he was indebted for the priceless treasure of the Catholic faith."

A Woman's Fight with Mountain Lions as A. J. Bruner, of Houston, Idaho, tells a most remarkable story of the experience of a woman rancher with mountain lions. The foothills of eastern Idaho are admirably adapted to the raising of Angora goats, and many stockmen are finding them more profitable than sheep. Among these is D. B. Hawley, who pastures his goats along the Little Lost River. In his employ is a young German woman named Theresa. Besides being good-looking, she is as lithe and active in mounting her cayuse as the most daring cowboy. She had charge of 500 of the goats, and lived alone in a cabin built contiguous to a strong stockade, in which the goats were placed every night. Last week, while Miss Theresa was occupied in her cabin, the animals came home pell-mell an hour ahead of the usual time, and raising a great cloud of dust. They were frightened, and the woman, divining that some wild animal was in pursuit, locked them in and rode out a mile or so to reconnoitre. Seeing no intruder, she returned, and after preparing her evening meal she retired. She had been asleep about three hours, she said, when her slumber was awakened by the low growl of her dog Badger, who occupied the cabin with her. Rubbing her eyes, she heard the goats ranging around the stockade. She seized an axe, and gliding around the back way entered the gate and crouched against the cabin, the long eaves of which obscured the light of the rising moon. Scarcely had she done so, when four mountain lions dashed past in pursuit of the terrified goats. She dashed at them and so surprised even the beasts that they turned and fled over the stockade wall. Hardly had they disappeared when two others, from the centre of the corral, came bounding toward her. Never wavering, the heroine wielded the axe so effectively that she cut one on them in the ham to the bone, whereupon they also leaped the barriers and escaped. Next morning 50 of the goats lay dead upon the ground, while 20 more were so badly wounded that 14 have since died. The throats of the dead had been cut by the teeth of the mountain lions.

This story is also vouched for by Frank Lamb and Ed. Schofield, who purchased some of the skins of the slain goats. The stockmen of eastern Idaho are organizing to kill off the mountain lions, now grown so plentiful.

It Never Fails. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry will never fail you when taken to cure Dysentery, Colic, Sick Stomach or any form of Summer Complaint. Relief is almost instantaneous. A few doses cure when other remedies fail.

Is It Acting Right? If you are troubled with inactive Liver, your complexion will be sallow, frequent sick headache, aching shoulders, dizziness, weakness, irregular bowels, and many other serious complaints. Burdock Blood Bitters regulate the Liver and all the secretions to a healthy action.

IT LEADS ALL.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of "sufferers" and the general public as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of scrofula about you, it will disclose it and expel it from your system. For constitutions of scrofulous character, CATARRH AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the only remedy. It will stop the poisonous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin. "Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882." "At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with scrofulous eruptions on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore. Physicians told us that a positive cure would be impossible, and that the child would die. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and gave it to the child. In a few days a perceptible improvement was made, and in a few weeks the child was cured. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous taint, and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt and successful results." Yours truly, D. F. JOHNSON.

Evans Bros. & Littler PIANO MANUFACTURERS 73 DUNDAS STREET WEST. Of the above firm stands at the head of all Canadian Pianos. It is celebrated for power without harshness, purity and roundness of tone without metallic effect, and brilliancy in the upper notes, with a continuous or a singing tone. By its construction there is an equal distribution of the strain of the strings upon all parts of the frame, thus attaining the maximum of durability. The tuning-pins are cased in a bushing of wood. All covers of a fine instrument are invited to inspect these pianos and judge for themselves. They are the most expensively constructed in the Canadian market, and can be bought on very reasonable terms and at manufacturers' prices. Call or write for catalogue and terms. Pianos repaired by competent workmen. Tuning by Mr. John Evans.

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How He Made the Boy "Set."

From the Detroit Free Press. All the adult passengers in the waiting room had their attention attracted by his antics.

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Germans Should not Drink Whisky.

"I have sold hundreds, I might almost say thousands of lots to Germans," said a real estate man.

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Are generally induced by indigestion, foul stomach, costiveness, deficient circulation, or some derangement of the liver and digestive system.

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His Poor Wife Died.

From the Boston Record. Gov. Gaston had occasion to send a darning note to a client whose account was long past due.

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Shamed by a Japanese.

Christians newly converted from heathenism sometimes act in a way to rebuke those who should know more of the truth than they do.

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Christians newly converted from heathenism sometimes act in a way to rebuke those who should know more of the truth than they do.

The American Had Been There.

Chinese Mandarin—"You Americans are very smart, but you are not very consistent."

Chinese Mandarin—"You Americans are very smart, but you are not very consistent."

Chinese Mandarin—"You Americans are very smart, but you are not very consistent."

CAUTION!

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OFFICIAL ORGAN. C. M. B. A.

- LIST OF BRANCHES AND RECORDING SECRETARIES. Windsor, Toronto, London, Niagara Falls, etc.

flushing and mad waters of the great Niagara... the rapid running of its mighty course like steeds of Neptune...

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

signs of shrinking, but as an encouragement for which even the most inspired soldiers of Christ may well be grateful.

NEWS NOTES.

The Irish party are annoyed over John Bright's remarks at the Spencer banquet. Several members of the party pointed out to him the error of his speech as a breach of privilege.

Correspondence of the Catholic Record.

FRENCH SETTLEMENT.

Sunday, July 16th, this parish was the scene of a most impressive and touching ceremony. In the early morning crowds came pouring in. Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, showing each and every one by their appearance their joy and happiness, and well might they, for it was the day of First Communion.

MARKET REPORT.

Wheat—Spring, 1.35 to 1.40; Dethl, 1.00 to 1.05; Demers, 1.35 to 1.40; Clawson, 1.35 to 1.40; Timothy Seed, 1.00 to 1.05; Corn, 1.00 to 1.10; Barley, 1.00 to 1.05; Flour—Family, per cwt., 2.50 to 2.75; Family, 2.25 to 2.50; Timothy Seed, 1.00 to 1.05; Potatoes, 2.00 to 2.50; Cornmeal, 1.75 to 2.00; Shorts, 1.00 to 1.10; Bran, 10.00 to 12.00; Hay, 7.00 to 8.00; Straw, per load, 3.00 to 3.50; Butter—pound rolls, 18c to 19c; crock, 10c to 11c; tubs, 18c to 19c; Eggs, per doz., 18c to 19c; Chickens, per pair, 80c to 90c; Ducks, per pair, 50c to 60c; Turkeys, 75c to 1.00; Apples, per bag, 2.00 to 2.50; Potatoes, per bag, 2.00 to 2.50; Beef, 10c to 12c; Mutton, per lb., 8c to 9c; Lamb, 10c to 12c; Pork, per lb., 10c to 12c; Wood, per cord, 4.00 to 4.50.

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HAVE YOU

Hot and dry skin? Boiling sensations? Swelling of the ankles? Vague feelings of unrest? Frequent attacks of the "blues"? Acid stomach? Aching limbs? Cramps, growing nervousness? Strange soreness of the bowels? Unaccountable languid feelings? Short breath and pleuritic pains? One-sided headache? Backache? Frequent attacks of the "blues"? Fluttering and distress of the heart? Albumen and tube casts in the urine? Fitful rheumatic pains and neuralgia? Loss of appetite, flesh and strength? Constipation alternating with looseness of the bowels? Drowsiness by day, wakefulness at night? Abundant pale, or scanty flow of dark water? Chills and fever? Burning patches of skin? Then YOU HAVE

BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS.

The above symptoms are not developed in any order, but gradually disappear as the disease progresses. It is a disease of the kidneys, and is characterized by the presence of albumen and tube casts in the urine, and by the presence of blood in the urine.

BRIGGS' DISEASE.

College of Ottawa. UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE OBLATE FATHERS.

COLLEGE OF OTTAWA.

COURSES—Classical, Scientific, Civil Engineering and Commercial. STUDIES TO BE RESUMED SEPT. 2.

WANTED.

THREE FEMALE TEACHERS FOR second, third and fourth departments in Trenton Separate School. Services to commence Sept. 1st. Applications, stating qualifications, experience, and salary wanted, to be sent to P. J. OTOURKEL, Sec. Sch. Board, Trenton, July 11, 1906.

TEACHER WANTED.

WANTED—A LADY TEACHER FOR the Primary Dept. of the Separate School at Chatham, at a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars per annum. Applications to be considered on August 1st. BOARD OF SEPARATE SCHOOLS, TRUSTEES, 324-7 Chatham.

Farm for Sale.

First class 170-acre farm for sale in the Township of Biddeford. About 140 acres cleared, and free from stumps; 30 acres bush—beech and maple; two acres good orchard; soil, clay loam; frame dwelling house; eight rooms, etc.; two frame barns; stables, granary, etc.; R. C. Church and Separate School close by. Lott, 11 miles; Lunan, 11 miles. The above is in every respect a thoroughly good property. Price, \$11,000. For further particulars apply to C. E. BARNES, land office, Molsons Bank Buildings, Market Square, London.

MINNESOTA.

Cheap Homes on long time and Liberal Terms. The Stevens' Concrete and Real Estate Agency, One Million Acres of the Best Farming Lands, Best Dairy Land and Best Wheat and Cattle Ranges in Minnesota that are to be found in the world. For full particulars, terms and information, address: P. A. MCCARTHY, President, The Stevens' Concrete and Real Estate Agency, Lock Box 146, Morris, Minn.

THE CATHOLIC NATIONAL SERIES.

Readers and Bible History. By Right Rev. RICHARD GILMOUR, D.D., Bishop of Cleveland.

THE PRIMER. 8th paper cover, 6 cts. FROM HIS HOLINESS POPE. Boards, cloth back, 166 pages, 40 cents.

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THE SIXTH READER. Cloth sides, leather back, 488 pages, \$1.25.

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THE SPELLER AND WORD BOOK. BIBLE HISTORY. Consisting of the most remarkable events of the Old and New Testament. To which is added a Complete and full History of the Church. Prepared for the use of Catholic Schools. By Rt. Rev. R. G. GILMOUR, D.D. With 145 illustrations and a Map of the Holy Land. Small 12mo, boards, leather back, 50 cents.

THE HISTORY OF THE HOLY APOSTLES. Unquestionably the most popular Catholic School Book published has been honored with a LETTER FROM HIS HOLINESS POPE. LEON XIII. Printers to the Holy Apostolic See. New York, 30 and 38 Barclay St.; Cincinnati, 143 Main St.; St. Louis, 203 S. Fourth St.

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RETIRING FROM BUSINESS—Oilcloths, cocon matting, 1000 yds. of fine Imperial matting, wool matting, India mats, at cost.—R. S. MURRAY & CO.

WANTED LADIES AND GENTLEMEN who own homes. Work sent by mail. No canvassing. Address: Mrs. W. C. VAN HORN, 200 St. James St., Montreal.

WICKS FOR SANITARY LAMPS. F. MEAGHER, EIGHT-DAY WICKS, for Sanitary Lamps, burns a week without interference. Post free, \$1 a box, with last year's catalogue. Address: F. MEAGHER, Weymouth, England.

THOMAS B. PARKER, Agent, London, Office—402 Richmond St. W. C. VAN HORN, D. MCNICOLL, Vice-Pres. Montreal.

TWO SPANISH MARTYRS.

AN EPISODE OF THE MAHOMETAN CONQUEST OF SPAIN.

"And they overcame by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of the testimony, and they loved not their lives unto death."

MISS CLEVELAND'S BOOK.

New York Jan. Miss Cleveland has provoked Roman Catholic criticism by frankly expressing in her book her distaste for religious orders—for monks and nuns. She would have men and women remain in the world to fight the battle of duty, and not retire from it to escape its temptations and enjoy the pleasures of conscience and religion.

But she has merely expressed the average notion of the people among whom she has lived, and doubtless spoke without immoderate sectarian prejudice and harsh religious bigotry. As a Catholic priest said at Albany last Sunday, she has experienced, and has given the subject too little attention to hazard a decided judgment against a system which has worked with great effectiveness for hundreds of years.

Moreover, Miss Cleveland should remember that there has never been a time within recent history when religious orders, and especially religious sisterhoods, were so active and energetic as they are now. The number of nuns in the Roman Catholic Church is increasing with extraordinary rapidity, and the Episcopal Church is tempted to adopt sisterhoods as a part of its ecclesiastical economy, because they were urgently demanded by pious women within its fold. The more the range of activities for women is extended the more women are inclined to make themselves useful to the world. They are drawn into such sisterhoods, which they enter as soldiers enlisted for the performance of good deeds only, and in which they are uniformly like soldiers, governed with military precision, and subjected to a routine which increases their power for effective work. There is, besides, a fascination in the communion of religious orders, and it is the greater the greater the inequalities and miseries of the life outside. It cannot be denied that nuns—Catholic and Protestant—are almost universally very happy women. Mrs. Stanton, the foremost agitator for the enlargement of the rights of women, has spoken of the delight she felt in observing the daily life of the nuns in France. They have their duties laid out for them, every minute has its appointed occupation, they feel that they are useful and that they are serving God with their whole hearts, and no care and no thought for the future disturbs the serenity of their existence. Whatever may have been the disorders and the failures in other communistic societies, these religious orders have preserved permanent peace and efficiency.

This is something about which Miss Cleveland will well reflect. Can any liberal think of these or such orders without adopting the idea that they meet a want of the human heart and supply a needed element in human society? We are not surprised to hear that men and women are glad to fly from the turmoil of active life, from its contentions and competitions, and seek the repose of religious communion, from self-direction to come under subjection to an order which rules their steps for them.

No, Miss Cleveland, this subject of religious orders is one over which you have not thought deeply enough. You may be right, perhaps, in the essence of your opinion, but in your reasons you are not prepared to pass judgment, but you meet for your conclusions are crude and insufficient.

THE PURE IN HEART.

Who are the pure in heart? Not those whose outward lives wear the semblance of extreme sanctity, not those whose voices are loudest in the songs of praise, and whose good deeds are blazoned forth to the world. The truly pure in heart, are sensitive, shy, unobtrusive men and women, who traverse their appointed way as modestly as some hidden rivulet flows through a quiet vale. There is no fretting or fawning, or dashing impetuously onward. Their course is marked only by the fertility and beauty which attend it. But those who, by their innocent purity of heart, most truly realize the meaning of the phrase, are little children. Watch a little child in some of those light trousers which pass like a summer cloud, over the pure mirrors of its thoughts. Is it not evident some seraph hand dries the tears as they have time to leave one stain on the rosy cheek? Watch that little child in its moments of happiness, mark its radiant eyes, listen to its accents of joy, and you will be sure that some spirit-voice is whispering ecstatic promises to its soul. Talk to a little child of Heaven, and straightaway Heaven is mirrored in his face. Watch an active healthy boy in his out-door pastimes; he is always daring, always reckless, always in peril of life or limb, yet always upheld and saved by some angel hand.

INFORMATION WANTED.

OF THOMAS AND MARY BETTY, children of Patrick Beatty and Winifred Adley. When last heard from were in Toronto, by information of whom will be gladly received by their aged father. Address: Mrs. M. J. Beatty, 100 St. James St., Montreal. Leave address, care of Rev. Father McEntee, Ottawa, Ont.

SPIRITUAL RETREAT.

A CONVENT SPIRITUAL RETREAT, at London, Ont., a retreat for Holy Men will be given by the Rev. Father G. Kenny, R.C., on Monday evening, August 13th, at 8 o'clock, and Saturday morning, August 19th. For admission apply to the Lady Superior, 100 St. James St., Montreal. Convent during Retreat, must apply before August 15th to secure them.

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS.

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Be it resolved, That the members of this Branch, while bowing in humble submission to the divine decrees, beg to testify their esteem in which they hold Bro. Mergin, by extending to himself and family their sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this sad affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be sent to Bro. Mergin and also published in our official organ, the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Montreal, July 17th, 1885. Rec. Sec. J. J. KANE.

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