

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XIV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1892.

NO. 708.

WAITING FOR THE MAY.

For the Catholic Record, Father Russell, the Jesuit poet-editor of the *Irish Monthly*, writes that if he were to make a collection of samples of Irish poets, the following "lyrical lyric" would be selected from Denis Florence MacCarthy. He calls it "MacCarthy's Best." It first appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine* for May 1818, and its charm, like Father Russell, he critics who cannot, like Father Russell, be suspected of bias on account of national sympathy.

Ah! my heart is wearily waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is wearily waiting,
Waiting for the May.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer's day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May—
Sighing for their sun returning,
When the summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying
All the winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.
Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May—
Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water-wearing and in sobbing
Where the waves are breaking,
And the streams are away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May—
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings,
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away—
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May.

Shortly after the death of the poet, his beautiful lines were echoed by his gifted daughter—Sister Mary Stanislaus, of Sion Hill Convent, who inherits her father's gift—in the following elegy:

All his patient life he waited,
Waiting for the May—
When the airy heights he builded,
When the golden beams that gilded,
Fading from his pinions,
Left it cold and gray—
Still with trustful heart he waited,
Waiting for the May.
Oh, his heart was made for gladness,
Made for sunny May—
Like the joyous songbirds singing,
Like the tender flowers springing,
Nought should have known of sadness,
All along life's way—
Yet what human heart has had less
Of the joys of May?
Now at least his eyes elated,
Gaze on his own May—
All his long-sought hopes have found him,
With his darling treasures round him—
All his weary longings satisfied,
There he lies, he waits,
Ah! he sees 'twas well he waited—
Waiting for the May.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Irish World.

Lord Macaulay's prophetic warning of the dangers threatening the social fabric from the barbarians in the midst of civilization is recalled with new force by the series of murderous outrages being committed in various parts of Europe by red-handed and bloodthirsty anarchists, whose avowed object is the overturning of society and all Christian civilization and the reduction of law and order into black chaos and savagery. How any human creature endowed with the power of observation and reason can harbor any feeling of sympathy with that school of destruction can only be accounted for on the plea of insanity or deliberate perversity and thirst for blood natural in the tiger or the bloodhound, but essentially savage and contrary to all human instincts. That the overthrow of authority means the overthrow of liberty for all except the destroyers is as apparent as that the liberty of the wolf means the peril of the lamb. But, after all, is it not the logical result of the teachings of atheists of Colonel Ingersoll's stamp, who delight in making a mockery of the most sacred convictions of Christianity, and with the fool say in their hearts, "There is no God." "When I believed in no God," said Orestes Brownson, "I believed in no Government." This is the only logical deduction, and anarchists are simply a development of the school of blasphemy which seeks to relieve man of all moral responsibility by telling him there is no Eternal Judge to hold him to an accountability. They assume a fearful responsibility who preach such demoralizing doctrines for profit, or who encourage them by listening for entertainment.

Antigonish Casket.
The Presbyterian *Witness* undertakes to defend Rev. Dr. Parkhurst's action in entering disguised a house of ill-fame in New York and hiring five of the inmates to go through a performance in his presence which was not less sinful than shameful. True, Dr. Parkhurst's object was to secure development of the school of blasphemy which seeks to relieve man of all moral responsibility by telling him there is no Eternal Judge to hold him to an accountability. They assume a fearful responsibility who preach such demoralizing doctrines for profit, or who encourage them by listening for entertainment.

case of Dr. Parkhurst, that one may do evil that good may come of it, or, in other words, that the end justifies the means. The *Witness* next goes to Scripture to find a precedent for Dr. Parkhurst's course—and finds it! "It was like Gideon spying the camp of the Midianites." May the Lord forgive thee, brother Murray, this perversion of sacred Scripture! Truly has Shakespeare said:

"What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?"

Boston Republic.
An Orange lodge in Montreal has settled a long disputed question in a very prompt and summary manner. It has resolved that the Roman Catholic Church can in no way be considered as a part of the Christian Church, and that the Pope of Rome is identical with the anti-Christ of Scripture. Now, if this omniscient body will declare by resolution what particular form of Christianity is adorned by Johnson of Ballykilbeg, the infamous De Cobain and the Orange thugs of Toronto, it will do a great service to the cause of modern research.

N. Y. Catholic Review.
In spite of his ownership of the *Tablet* and of his aristocratic family connections, the new Archbishop of Westminster will be found not hostile to Ireland's aspirations for justice. It was his advice that finally influenced the appointment of Dr. Walsh as Archbishop of Dublin, and for absence and rack-renting landlordism on one side and tyrannical coercion on the other, he has only feelings of opposition. He is a man after Cardinal Manning's own heart in love for religion, in loyalty to the Holy See, in favor for the poor; and the great diocese to which he has been called will soon be convinced that it has in him a great Archbishop.

Another "crisis" is reported from official Italy. The Ministry has resigned with the exception of Premier Rudini and another set of officials have taken hold of the government. The country is bankrupt, yet the last ex-Minister of War and the last ex-Minister of the Navy wanted larger appropriations than ever for repeating rifles, artillery and new war ships. Rudini is considering the advisability of imposing a tax on flour. The Italians are already oppressed with taxes on everything except light and air and macaroni, and now the last must pay tribute to the powers that be. No one can tell how long the wretched people of that misgoverned land will endure the drain that is impoverishing them, but the end must come before long, and it will be then—Good-by to the monarchy, for the day of the Carbonari republic will have come!

London Catholic News.
On the ninth anniversary of the death of Louis Veuillot, the valiant Catholic writer, a few lines from his writings were reprinted in the *Univers*, and they would seem to have been written for the present time: "It is not the Medal, the Crucifix, or the Rosary that our enemies hate, it is simply and solely the Catholic religion. If we make our Catholicity as silent, as timid, as hidden as we possibly can, they still will never learn to suppress our processions, they will bid us silence our church bells. When these are hushed, the bell towers will displease them, let us pull them down, the churches will have to follow; and when every church has been razed to the ground, wherever a priest or an altar remain, our adversaries will still protest. Therefore, as by keeping silent we cannot obtain even a precarious and dishonorable peace, let us speak out boldly and defend our Faith. In every land and through all ages the Christians and the Church have given us this example, and we cannot do better than follow it."

Catholic Columbian.
In the opinion of Mr. H. C. Filler, who is superintendent of the Franklin County, O., Infirmary, seventy-five per cent. of the inmates of almshouses are through the use of intoxicating liquor. That opinion is held, also, by others who have studied the careers of paupers and criminals. They concur in the belief that alcohol is an enemy to health, to prosperity and to virtue.

As some persons, mostly young women, do not seem to know why the contribution box is carried around at Mass, we wish to break the news gently to them by saying that it is put before them to receive their weekly offering for the support of their pastor and the needs of their parish church. If this explanation should lead them to drop a dime or a quarter of a dollar into it every Sunday from this out, this item will not have been written in vain.

The general intention of the Apostleship of Prayer for May is the cultivation of the young by the sacraments. Without them there can be no supernatural life for our children. Without them, their souls are dead. From Baptism and Confirmation, the frequent reception of Penance and the Eucharist are most useful as a means of making them good. When they are old enough to discern the Body of Christ and approach the Holy Table with the proper disposition, then the oftener they receive Holy Communion the better. Once a month is becoming

a general practice; may the Lord hasten the day when they will open their hearts to the Sacrament of Sacraments once a week!

Boston Republic.
Miss Cusack, formerly known as the Nun of Kenmare, is still crusading against the Church in England. Her recent performances indicate either a mental collapse or an acute aggravation of her propensity to falsification. During an Easter meeting at Folkestone, this demented person made the absurd statement that while lecturing in America a Jesuit Father came to her, saying: "We know you are pretty hard up; and, producing a roll of dollar notes, he continued: 'If you will promise to give up all the money you want.' Then she heroically replied: 'There is the door!' Of course no names are given, nor is any intimation furnished touching the localities. Those who have followed Miss Cusack's career in America will hardly believe this yarn. The chief aim and object of her existence while in this country was to make money. She joined the Protestant Church for this purpose. The *Republic* is in a position to state that even after she had begun to backslide she was endeavoring to raise funds in Catholic circles. We had numerous appeals from her for aid, and we rejected several manuscripts which she requested us to publish, urging as justification for her importunities that she was in dire need.

A GREAT SERMON.

The following is a full report of the beautiful sermon preached by Rev. Father Campbell, S. J., on the occasion of the consecration of the Bishop of Brooklyn on Monday of last week, in St. Patrick's cathedral, New York:

To-day we are assembled in this glorious temple for the consecration of another Prince of Holy Church; it is the festival of St. Mark. And to-day every priest has repeated in his matins the story of how Mark was the disciple and interpreter of Peter and wrote a gospel according to what he had heard Peter narrating, which the Apostle approved and gave to the Church, stamped with his own authority; and taking what he himself had written, Mark went to Alexandria, establishing the Church with so much learning and so much holiness that all were constrained to follow his example.

There is a peculiar fitness, I think, in the coincidence here recorded with the consecration of to-day.

St. Mark could not have been sent to found the Bishopric of Alexandria, unless he were an interpreter and disciple of St. Peter, and the fact of his being so careful an interpreter and so faithful a disciple, is sufficient to explain the importance which Alexandria subsequently acquired in the Church of God.

For to be the interpreter of St. Peter was to be the echo of Jesus Christ, and hence from the time that the Chief of the Apostles stood up in the Council of Jerusalem till to-day when the voice of Leo is commanding the attention of a world, he stands as the oracle of the truths which men need to know.

"Happy Church of Rome," says Tertullian, "on whose soil the Apostles wrote their doctrine in their blood, and where the death of Peter was so like that of the Lord."
"Amid the clamor of contending factions," exclaims St. Jerome, "I cry out: Who belongs to the chair of Peter is for me. Therefore do I implore your Beatitude by the Cross of the Lord and by the necessary glory of our faith, the passion of Christ, if you who follow him in merit, if you are to sit in judgment with the twelve on the throne, if you are to be girded like Peter in your old age, despise not my soul which Christ died for, but tell me with whom I am to communicate in this strange and barbarous land."

"Tossed to many tempests, I have come late to this venerable synod," says the Apostle legate at the Council of Ephesus, "and have heard the holy acclamations of this august body greet the letters of our Blessed Pope. Read then the decrees which you have made that we may act upon what you have imposed."

And so it has been in every age of the Church, and in every battle which the Church has fought. The appeal has been always to one man, and only one who could speak with the voice of Him who conquered the world. His place was in the centre of the world's civilization, and it is by the faith which He taught that the Son of God has conquered—and conquered with an irresistible force—that made Tertullian exclaim: "We are only of yesterday and have filled the world!" *Hesterni sumus et impetimus omnia.*

It is that faith which has made idolatry a condition of soul which can never occur again; it is that faith which was uttered like the creative word over the chaos of Paganism, and which said: "Let there be light," and there was light. With it the Holy Spirit moved over the void, and multitudes of every race rose up to testify of the holiness of their lives and the shedding of their blood to the truth of

its teaching. That faith taught the world to be free, not only from the thralldom of passion, but in what affected the soul, made it independent of the greatest powers that ever wielded an earthly sceptre; and it emerged from the first great struggle to see its symbol glittering on royal diadems, and the rulers who had persecuted it accepting its mandates with veneration and love.

In the great disaster that fell upon the civilized world when the invading hordes of Vandals and Huns and Goths descended in a whirlwind of fire upon Europe, what was it but the faith of Peter that made the world anew? It is one of the commonplaces of history how he met those unfamed spirits in their wild career, sent the ministers of peace back with them into their northern fastnesses, bent their necks to the yoke of the gospel, built them up as nations and made the thrones of their rulers bright with examples of royal sanctity.

Hence it is that Proudhon was forced to say: "Theology is at the bottom of our laws." The dogmas of the gospel formed for centuries the bases of the jurisprudence of Europe, the Episcopal body held the highest place in the national assemblies, the profession of faith was deemed essential to legitimize the possession of power, and the ruler sought and received a religious consecration. As with David of old, the Prophet of God poured the oil upon his brow and made him sacred, imparting the divinity which "did hedge round the king." Among the nations the Father and the Sovereign, habituating them to the ways of peace and averting bloodshed by the veneration he inspired and the awe with which his anathema was regarded. So that if Europe to-day is not the blighted wilderness of Asia and Northern Africa, once the splendid in the glory of their civilizations, it is because there has reigned in its centre for centuries a power that has always been and will ever be the champion of human liberty, the defender of the oppressed, the light, the guide and the inspiration of all that is elevated and pure, noble in the individual, the family and the State.

Not only is this true of Europe, but of our own country as well, which has borrowed its legislation and derived its traditions from the same source. And though it is slightly beside our present topic, it may not be amiss now that the thoughts of the world are engaged with the anniversary of the great discovery to call attention to what you are aware of as well as I, that the faith of Peter has put its stamp upon our country, centuries before the birth of the nation.

It was the hand of the Pope that traced the line across the globe to mark the course of the early discoverers. It was as the honored ambassador of sovereigns, whose proudest title was that of "The Catholic," conferred on them by the Sovereign Pontiff, that Columbus set sail in his "Santa Maria" to spread the faith in these and other lands. The first religious ceremony in our country was the solemn Sacrifice of the Mass offered under the shadow of the cross. The most daring and successful voyagers were priests bound by a special vow to the See of St. Peter. There was sacerdotal blood mingling in the waters of the Mohawk when the Dutch were entrenched at the Battery and Fort Orange was only a stockade. Priests were preaching to the Indians in Maine before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, and were consecrating the soil of Virginia by their martyrdom long before the Cavaliers entered the River James. From Pascua, Florida, to the St. Lawrence, from St. Mary's Bay in the Chesapeake on San Francisco in the Pacific, there are everywhere on our lakes and rivers and mountains and cities, towns which can never be effaced and claims that can never be disputed, that the Catholic religion sent apology to any one in this land, but is above and beyond all others to the manner born and native to the soil.

But times have changed since Catholicity was an official power in the assembly of nations and since Catholic navigators set sail with the blessings of the Pope on their caravels. The great religious revolt of the sixteenth century, which was in fact mostly a political rebellion against the See of Rome, has effected a disintegration which promises to be as disastrous as that which swept away the last vestiges of the earlier civilization of Europe. For what is the condition of the intellectual world outside of the Catholic Church to-day?

"A little careful memory," says a recent writer, who knows whereof he speaks, and who is not a Catholic, "a little careful observation will reveal a spectacle that indeed is appalling, and the more carefully we examine it the more shall we feel agitated at it. There has been a gradual dereligionizing of life, a slow sublimating out of its concrete theism, and at present a denial of religious dogma, more complete than has ever been known." Nor could it be otherwise. For the enemy that assailed the Papacy meant the destruction of Church, the rejection of all authority, civil and religious. And now, under the teachings of Positivism, Agnosticism or Pessimism, or what-

ever the new evangel may be called (and they were all hailed as such), is making God Himself only a reminiscence, and the spirituality of the soul only one more of the delusions that have drifted away into the past. And the Will follows soon where the Mind points to evil, and from a widespread denial of religious belief comes a widespread moral depravity and corruption. For why?

"Am I to be overawed
By what I cannot but know
Is a juggler born of the truth?"

Men have ceased to be overawed and the "juggler born of the truth" is making sad havoc with the fierce passions of the soul.
In the matter of personal purity what awful strides have been made in the feelings and words and methods, both public and private, from the reserve and delicacy and restraint of a few years ago. Vice is brazen in its publicity, and the literature of the day (which is a fair test of morality) has sounded depths in not only what is called realism, but in what claims to be refined, that even the blasphemous Renan has felt himself called upon to deprecate with horror and dismay.

Look at the family, outside of the Church, how it is waning and disappearing. Divorce no longer forms a ban in society, nor brings a blush to the cheek of woman. The consequence of this and other things connected with it are so disastrous as to threaten the very existence of nations. And the governments of the world? Whither are they drifting? Drifting? They are driving, and like Jehu driving furiously over the dead they have strewn in their pathway. They are all seeking, professedly or thoughtlessly, not only to ignore but to eliminate the memory of everything they understand in their executive actions, in their legislation, in their schools, in their very hospitals, and on their battle-fields with the dying and dead. Take France as an example, which is foremost in the mad race. "One hundred years ago," said Clemenceau in a recent debate, "we said to the Tiers Etat: 'What were you yesterday?' Nothing. What will you be to-morrow? Everything.' To-day we reverse the question and ask of the Church: 'What were you yesterday?' Everything. What will you be to-morrow? Nothing.' We cannot destroy you, for you are a spiritual power but in all we do you shall have nothing to say."

And the governed. What of them? For the answer to that, listen to the anarchist dynamite exploding in church and court, and legislative chamber, from Madrid to St. Petersburg. What are the thoughts of the famishing millions in Russia, and of the hungry multitudes escaping from bankrupt Italy? What is the meaning of the rattling sabres in the streets of Paris and Berlin, of the angry murmurs, and the fierce unrest of the toilers in every land? What is the purpose of the mighty armies taken from the labors of peace and waiting for a signal or an accident to bring ruin upon the civilization of to-day. More complete than did the Huns and the Vandals of other times? They were disorganized hordes, but their successors are trained for destruction. They were freebooters, but the very priests to-day are dragged from the altar to the barracks, and the sad sight is presented to this age of maniactions of a great part of the civilized world in the enforced slavery of military life and another begging for bread.

Religion blaspheming, tells her sacred fires,
And unawares morality expires.
Lo! thy dread Empire, restored,
Lies in ruins before thy uncreative word!
Thy hand, Great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all!

Who is the one who is to deliver us from all this? Who but the one who did it before. Leo confronted the wild Attila when he was burning the cities of Europe, making his track a wilderness; Leo and his successors can alone avert the disaster, and if salvation is refused, and the end comes, can construct another civilization out of the ruins, if indeed there is to be another.

Listen to his words, addressed to the infidel governments of to-day: "If the State refuses to give God his right, it will refuse its citizens theirs," and that by the very fact, implies self-destruction. And as an echo of this warning, scarce a month ago, in the columns of the *British*, as if in mockery of its name, *The Right*, under the name of the Pontiff is held in defiance comes the exhortation to the people to use their knowledge of the chemistry of explosives to destroy the governments which they cannot overcome, and the governments themselves are now in consternation as each returning May-day once comes freighted with clouds foreboding ruin. And so it must always be. Where God is not there is ruin.

It is precisely this exclusion of God from the State that so alarms the Catholic mind; it indeed on every point where this conclusion is exercised, but most of all, in that question so agitated to-day—the education of youth. There, if anywhere, it must enter or the State will infallibly perish. It is an alarm prompted by the purest patriotism and the plainest wisdom, for it can be said without fear of contradiction that there are no true patriots, and none with a clearer vision for such dangers, than those who are in

touch with the teaching of the Catholic Church.

Whose voice is it that speaks to the world of the sanctity and inviolability of the marriage tie, so recklessly disregarded outside of the Catholic Church? It is the successor of Peter, who, while he points to the evils of the most awful kind that flows from its violation, reminds the world that around it revolve all that is pure in man or woman, all that guards the innocence of sweet childhood, and makes the home even of the poorest an earthly paradise. It was the successor of Peter who raised above this adulterous generation the beautiful figure of the Immaculate Mother and Virgin, and made the world see in her what is truly worthy of love and honor in man and woman-kind.

It is He who speaks to the toiler of to-day, and points to Him who was Himself a toiler—Jesus Christ. And finally, with a special reference to the needs of this age of bewilderment and doubt, did he promulgate the doctrine of his own infallibility. It started the world indeed, and so did the pillar of fire startle the Israelites in the desert, but it led them to the promised land.

It is through such as you, Right Rev. Father in God, by calling you to such a distinguished position in the illustrious hierarchy of the Church in America, that the successor of St. Peter preaches this Gospel of salvation. Like St. Mark, in the early day, you are His disciple and interpreter. You are going, not like him of Alexandria, into a strange land, but into a great Church which a noble pioneer of the faith planted and strengthened into a territory that has scarce a cross on a spire when he raised his crozier above it forty years ago, and now, after a lifetime of toil, continued till the very end, when he lay down in his coffin with the royal robes of poverty about him, having given all to God, he hands it over to you, rich in his magnificent churches, strong in his splendid charities and schools, with a large-hearted, devoted and generous clergy, who, with him, share the merit of the work, backed as they are by a flock of now more than a quarter of a million, all on fire with zeal for the glory of the Church of Christ.

All this, I know, only fills you the more with consternation. But there are many things which seem like bright harbingers of a great and happy episcopate.

It was to you that almost the last words of the dying prelate were unexpectedly addressed, giving to you for a moment almost episcopal power. Perhaps at that solemn hour it was vouchsafed him to penetrate the darkness that was closing round him. Why should it not be so, for the one who had stood long before the mystic veil of the altar of sacrifice?

There has come spontaneously from every side evidences of the warm and enthusiastic welcome, increased by the quick honor of your elevation, and who can doubt but that it is a prophecy of the future, and that the brightness of to-day will remain with you, not merely as a memory, but as a widening and deepening reality through the labors and difficulties of your new and great career. It is the realm which alone you care to live in, and the sweetness and gentleness of your own nature will reflect the sunshine even more abundantly than it is bestowed.

You are leaving a most honored and beloved prelate who is tenderly attached to you, but who finds consolation, no doubt, in the thought that the white spires of St. Patrick's will hail with delight the towers of the Immaculate, as they rise heavenward to be together perpetual reminders in sunshine and storm, to the millions that look up to them, that it is the faith which they represent, and it alone which can strengthen the walls of freedom to the individual, honor and perpetuity to the family, protection and stability to the State.

Your diocese lies upon a beautiful island, with the life and action and freshness of the mighty ocean around it. On both sides of its long expanse, the wealth of all the world is brought in stately ships; the travelers from every land first gaze upon your city, when the mists of ocean lift from their eyes. With the great metropolis bound to it, not only by its mighty bridge of iron, but by the ties of kinship and religion, the influence that must be exerted upon the Christian Church, is almost defies calculation. Greater is the number of Catholics, more gigantic in the work of evangelization, more cosmopolitan and consequently more Catholic than any other religious centre upon our hemisphere, their united voice must ever command the greatest attention, their course be noted with the greatest concern and their action invariably followed by the most stupendous results. May we not rest assured that like the Church of Alexandria, both doctrine and holiness will ever distinguish these mighty Sees, the Mother and Daughter who sit by the shores of the ocean, and that the waves that break at their feet will ever bear to the Rock upon which the Church is built, the Gospel of Peter, the glad tidings of Christ, brought into the souls of man, into the sacred circles of families and into the destinies of our great and glorious nation.



Dep. Sheriff Wheeler Does Not Care to Live If He Cannot Have HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

It would be difficult to find a man better known in the vicinity of Burlington, Vt., than Mr. R. D. Wheeler of Winslow Falls, the efficient Deputy Sheriff of Burlington county. He says: "Dear Sirs: If Hood's Sarsaparilla cost \$10.00 a Bottle I should still keep using it, as I have for the past ten years. With me the question as to whether life is worth living depends upon whether I can get Hood's Sarsaparilla. I don't think I could live without it now, certainly I should not wish to, and suffer as I used to. For over ten years I suffered the horrors of the damned with Sciatic Rheumatism for if ever a man suffers with anything in this world it is with that awful disease. It seems to me as if all other physical sufferings were compressed into that one. I took about everything man ever tried for it but never got a dollar's worth of help until I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have taken it now pretty regularly for ten years and have no more pain and can get around all right. I have advised a good many to try Hood's Sarsaparilla." R. D. WHEELER, Deputy Sheriff, Winslow Falls, Vt. Hood's Pills Cure Liver Ills

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The New Man at Rossmere.

CHAPTER XVI. FACT AND PREJUDICE.

"After all, Ursula, Yankee thrift was at the bottom of Major Denny's extraordinary efforts to save the levee. His place would have been entirely ruined by an overthrow, and he would have lost a thousand bale crop, where your uncle George would have lost only four hundred. I wonder though how many crops it would have taken to pay your uncle for that jump into the ditch."

Mrs. Southmead was gracious enough to hold this opinion in abeyance until their neighbor had been pronounced entirely out of danger from the attack of pneumonia that followed his immersion. The temporary stoppage of the sewing machine Mrs. Ralston was operating had been improved by her aunt to express the above sentiment. "Sula slowly creased a tuck in the garment under her fingers. She did not turn her head as she said: "Gratitude is the shortest lived of all the emotions, and the one most susceptible to the chilling effects of time."

"Have you your book of 'Beautiful Thoughts' open in front of you there? That retort sounds so tremendously booky, Sula." "Sula laughed at the insinuation. "No," she said, "nor does one need printed authority for finding you very ungrateful and ungracious auntie, in this matter at least."

"Ungrateful and ungracious! Why, I have as good as made the man a present of my husband and my two sons. Mr. Southmead and the boys have almost lived at Rossmere since the day of that wedding. Of course, I appreciate the fact that he saved us from another overflow, but he really has been lionized ad nauseam."

"I think in the long run you will receive full compensation for your loan of Uncle George and the boys. You know uncle says Carl does the major good and the major does Fred good."

"Yes, I know he says so, but I was not aware of the fact before that my son stood so much in need of healthful influence."

The offended tones of Mrs. Southmead's voice were supplemented by an irritated toss of her handsome head. "I think his moral and mental condition stand in decided need of doctoring," Sula says boldly, hitching her chair a little closer to the machine, and carefully adjusting her work under the presser-foot. "Sula!"

She faces about in preparation for the controversy she perceives to be inevitable. "Now, Aunt Amelia, why not look facts squarely in the face? Our Fred is the creature of circumstances, and, as such, is very much to be pitied."

"I do not intend to try to refute that bit of mother-logic, but for Fred's own sake I wish you could be brought to take a broader view of the matter. The men of the South in ante-bellum days had an assured position in the world, and, although frowned upon by one class in the North, they were fawned upon by another; and they had wealth and leisure which enabled them to cultivate certain social graces that rounded to their attractiveness. Moreover, they mingled with the world on a footing of flattering to the pride of the large majority. Now all that is changed, and the youth of the present generation are in a predicament of the worst possible complexion. Divested of the factitious dignity which environed the old slavocracy; minus the revenues drawn from the institution of slavery; born amid the convulsive throes of a tremendous revolution; reared in an atmosphere thick with the notes and beams of unhealthy traditions and prejudices—what can they expect to know of their own inherent strength, or the inalienable rights and privileges of true manhood? The Southern boy of the present day must needs have something far beyond the

common order of brain to be able to strike a happy mean between the social and political prejudices which are his by inheritance, and the radical spirit of reckless progression which is abroad in the land, and which appeals strongly to his restless and untrained energies. "Then I suppose the inference is, that it is only by the aid of such a well-balanced prodigy as the new man at Rossmere that my son can hope to find that happy mean."

"He will certainly find it all the sooner for such association," Sula says, giving the wheel of her machine such an emphatic whirl that conversation is rendered practically impossible. Mrs. Southmead rocked energetically, in the perturbation of her spirits. She was angered to think that no one took it for granted you were under bond to finish those dresses by Sunday."

"I believe I am," says Sula, laughing merrily. "Sunday is Uncle Josh Hick's funeral, and this dress," holding up a brilliant purple alpaca, "is for his widow. Won't she be clad in the royal?" "To my certain knowledge Josh Hicks died and was buried three years ago," Mrs. Southmead says, emphatically. "Speaking after the manner of men, he was; at least he received his fleshly interment so long ago that, but his manes will presumably be appeased only after the ceremonies on Sunday, when his funeral will be preached."

"Ursula! That is a God-forsaken life we are leading! The white people with no regular opportunities for worship, and the blacks desecrating the very names of religion with their barbaric practices." "I think that is the very gravest aspect of our lives. But such matters were slightly regarded before the war, when the building of a church would have been play-work, the support of a minister a trifling tax, and attendance easy enough, what hope is there now?"

"You may well say 'what hope now?' And to think I am the only person in the house who sees any in our woes into our bosoms?" "Major Denny the author of all our woes!" Sula repeats, with flushed cheeks and well-opened eyes. "He is a Yankee! That is enough for me—and ought to be for you."

"Aunt Amelia," says Sula, with grave reproach, "I predict the day when you will recall every one of those words with regret and remorse." "Perhaps! I will notify you when I feel the preliminary pangs of regret and remorse." Mrs. Southmead resumed her crochet with renewed energy, rocking and brooding over the batch of grievances that no one either understood or cared to understand, much less sympathize with, and finally convincing herself that she was an unrecognized martyr.

CHAPTER XVII. WIVES, AND HOW TO MANAGE THEM. The period of co-ventureship was sure and rapid with Stirling Denny, and the time soon came when he could no longer claim the friendly services of his neighbors on the score of invalidism. "It is worth while being sick once in a while," he said, holding Mr. Southmead's hand in a cordial farewell clasp, "to discover that one has such true friends. I shall miss your daily visits, and I am loath to give up the boys."

"Oh! but, by George, you know we are all so tremendously in your debt. We couldn't do too much for you. We'd have been four feet under water but for that plucky jump of yours. You're mighty firm on your pegs, eh? I'm not half satisfied at leaving you here alone. When is your friend Craycraft coming back to you?" "A dark shadow swept suddenly over the major's face. "He should be at home now. Squire Thorn reported him as in a helpless condition from a broken arm when I was first taken down, and he has been over to see me once in a while only. He certainly must have worn his welcome out with the Thorns by this time."

"Craycraft seems to be such capital company that he's not apt to do that soon. The squire's infirmation over him is something extraordinary. I should think the young man could afford to spare you a little time now. But you know my Fred is entirely at your disposal." There seemed a deeper significance in the words than appeared on the surface, or perhaps Stirling Denny, ever on the alert where his brother was concerned, fancied there was. Suddenly placing his hands upon stalwart George Southmead's shoulder, he said, seriously: "My illness has made me selfishly oblivious of other matters. Craycraft is my guest, and I must recall him to a sense of what he owes me. Will you be going that way soon?" "I shall be going there to-morrow. The squire and I have a swap of a pair of steers for a mule pending."

"You will say to Craycraft, then, will you not, that I need his company, particularly just now?" "Would you not prefer to send him a note?" "No, I know him of old. A casual remark, apparently emanating from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills containing in condensed form the elements for building up the blood and nerve system. When broken down from overwork, mental worry, abuse or excess, you will find them a never-failing cure. Sold by dealers, or sent on receipt of price—50 cents a box, 6 boxes, \$2.50—by addressing The Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Brockville. Take no substitute.

from you, might bring him. The formality of a note might impress him as a command. Craycraft is petulant in his resentments." "As you will. You know the young fellow better than I do. Appearing in the neighborhood as your friend, it's queer what a fancy old Thorn has taken to him."

Stirling felt more than ever responsible for Manton's staid walking. The two men understood each other without any more words. Mr. Southmead's last injunction was that he should not remain out on the gallery, where they parted, after the sun should go down. The major sat where he had left him, dreamily recalling the confused events of the past six weeks, so long a time seemed to have passed since he and Ursula Ralston had looked into each other's hearts for one brief, passionate moment. He hungered for the sound of her sweet voice once more. It would be days yet before he could ride over to Brevin. With conscientious intention to keep his promise to Mr. Southmead, he turned his eye toward the grape myrtle in the southwest corner of the yard, that always caught the last gleam of sunshine. He started with surprise. Coming straight toward him from his front gate was one of the women who had occupied no inconsiderable portion of his thoughts for the past hour—the squire's wife. How handsome and self-poised she looked, her easy progress unimpeded by the long riding habit whose tight, plain cut displayed her beautiful shoulders and bust to the very best advantage. A round face, with a crimson bird-wing for ornament, was pressed rigidly down over her forehead, leaving a more line of white forehead visible between its brim and the fine, straight eyebrows. There was no embarrassment in her manner as she came forward and held out one small, gauntleted hand—only an air of quiet determination. "I have thought of you very often," she said, "in your long sickness. I am glad to see you so far on the road to recovery."

Of the two, the major was the more embarrassed. "You have not asked me to sit down," she said, with well-invented gaiety, lightly helping herself to a seat beside him, "and I know you are consumed with curiosity to know why I am here. 'To what are you indebted for the honor of this visit?' is the way you should word it."

There was an undercurrent of excitement in her voice, and a flush on her cheeks that made her handsomer than ever. "I confess to being more anxious than curious," said Stirling, with grave frankness. "I am compelled to believe that something very urgent has secured me the honor. You are not unattended?" There was a ring of reproach in the inquiry. "My faithful Jim is with me, out yonder, with the horses."

"I should have thought—" She interrupted him almost petulantly: "I know. You should have thought that my husband would have been a better escort. He and his friends have gone back on the Mason Hill for a bear hunt. Perhaps, but for their all-day absence, I should not have mustered the courage to put into execution a resolution I formed some days ago." She was silent for a moment, tapping the heavy folds of her habit nervously with her riding-whip. "If I can be of any service to you, my dear madam—" She interrupted him with vehement rapidity: "You can, or, at least, if you cannot, no one can. Try not to misjudge me, please. I have pondered over it alone so much that perhaps my ideas of propriety are getting all confused. I know I can trust to your honor. I wish you to recall your friend Mr. Craycraft. His presence is injurious to my husband. The encouragement of a boon companion who has such boundless influence over him is ruinous. You will wonder why I am not equal to the task of expulsion. I wonder myself. I am a coward who shrinks from discord and contention. I am powerless against my husband's expressed opposition in this matter. This was the only device I could hit upon. It was a desperate resource, but it was my only one. Perhaps it has robbed me of your respect. I should be sorry if it has, for I value it highly. Your friend is robbing me of more—the spirit of peace, which is the nearest approximation to happiness some of us ever attain."

In a few words of earnest sympathy Stirling assured her of his entire comprehension and sympathy. "Had it not been for this unfortunate illness of mine," he said, "you should not have been subjected to this annoyance so long. My illness has made me oblivious to everything not relating to self."

Then she rode away, with the gloom of the short twilight closing in about her. Through the darkening woods, whose fast-gathering shadows seemed but so many sombre reflections of her own gloomy experiences, Agnes rode homeward, followed at a respectful distance by Jim Doakes, her most faithful servant and main dependent. The unfamiliar aspect of a blackened tree-stump caused her horse to start violently and break her saddle-girth. The delay caused by repairing it made her still later reaching home. When she came in sight of the house and caught the glimmer of lamps through the windows, she inwardly confessed

to a decided sensation of nervousness. While conscious that she had done nothing reprehensible if it could be explained, the impossibility of explaining it made her uncomfortable and irritable. TO BE CONTINUED. "God's Great Angel, Pain."

With whatever ill we are afflicted, we are apt to think it is the worst there is, and be quite ready to exchange it and fly to ills we know not of. Have we a headache, so much better is a toothache, where we can have the tooth extracted and the pain done away with; but have we a toothache, then all other ails dwindle into insignificance beside that piercing pain. If our pain is physical, we would rather it were moral or mental; and if moral or mental, then the fiercest bodily pang seems to us slight in comparison. Let our ail be of what it will, it appears to us, for the time being, that we would rather have our neighbor's ail, be that what it may. The fact is, we are impatient of any ill; we have a fancy that it is not intended for us; if we seldom or never have been ill, the exception is our right; if we have already had illness, then we have had our share. Submission is not the first and easiest step in pain, nor any consideration of the value of pain as discipline, or as a method of development; we would rather be undisciplined and undeveloped, and be at ease and free from suffering. Why there should be pain in the world is one of the chief mysteries that will perhaps always remain a mystery. All that we can do is to accept it and use it, and try to rid ourselves of it by the means provided, and rest content with the knowledge that we are not governing the world. When we of our own will and deed, can send a sphere floating through space, and relate it to the movements of suns and moons and stars, so that the seasons shall come in their time, and flowers and fruit and life appear, we can begin to question the wisdom that has made the earth and those upon it what they are. Till we can govern ourselves, are we going to talk about governing the world? Physical pain is, after all, only an undue excitement of the nerve affected—an over-action of it. Any one who has never been able to command the calmness, and has had the curiosity, can see for himself that the beginning of the sensation of pain is not unpleasant; to a certain extent it is indeed a pleasurable sensation; and only when carried on degree by degree does it become disagreeable, then annoying, at last agonizing—too swift in many instances for analysis—but with any merely common and gentle pain, so to speak, they can be recognized. We have said that the existence of pain in the world is a mystery. Yet when we see the work that is sometimes wrought by it in full measure, its reason appears less dark, for often it has not only made saints of them that were not saints before, but it has even given people who had only a little of it a deep sympathy with suffering, and so with humanity, that is not only beneficial in itself and enriching to the possessor, but is of vast use and service to that person's fellow-mortals. Anything which puts us into closer, more intimate, and dearer relations with our fellow-beings is not an evil but a boon; anything that enables us to be of service to them puts us into the line of those who are carrying out the divine purposes; and all this, pain, well suffered, patiently accepted, does—sometimes does when not patiently accepted but only undergone.

A Petrified Priest. While breaking new ground for a farm on the left bank of the Arkansas, half a mile from Booneville, Arkansas, the laborers exhumed a petrified body of a man clothed in the habit of a Catholic priest, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Times. The dress and the hair might have passed for cunning handiwork of some great master of sculpture. The two hands were clasped about an ivory crucifix, which hung from a rosary suspended about the neck, while the head of an arrow, still protruding from the breast, told the story of how the worthy Father met his death; and in fact, so plain to be seen, that the body was hastily buried without a coffin, and the grave was marked by the smallest tomb, showed that he and his brethren fled from the Indians when he was killed. The petrified body was removed to the church of the Annunciation, where it was visited by crowds from all over the country. The face is that of a young man of refined and intellectual features, and the hands and feet are of elegant proportions. Those who profess to know declare that his show are of a fashion worn in the latter part of the seventeenth century, at which time, as is well known, devoted Spanish missionaries visited the country for the purpose of converting the Indians. A crippled man is helpless; frost-bites cripple and St. Jacobs Oil cures frost-bites promptly and permanently. A fact without dispute. An Enterprising Hotel Man. It is stated that a hotel man in Toronto has posted up a notice stating that all diners at his place who use Barlock Blood Purifier will be charged 20 per cent. extra. We do not know how true this is, but B. B. B. undoubtedly does the work and does it quickly. Turn the Harems Out. We refer to such ailments as dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, constipation, sick headache, etc., interesting the human system. Turn them out and keep them out by using Barlock Blood Purifier, the natural foe to disease, which invigorates, tones and strengthens the entire system.

that action and the exponent of the ideas that lead directly to it. Plainly, it was her duty not to yield to the blandishments of this man. A treaty of amity with him was condoning the crimes of his section; she really had been weak in not combating more strenuously the hold he had gained upon her husband's affections. Failing to discover any easy solution to the muddle, she took refuge in a sort of diffusive asperity, of which Sula, as the only culprit close at hand, received the full benefit. "Ursula, do you ever oil that machine? It makes more noise than a corn-sheller, and I have a most abominable headache."

"Why didn't you say so before?" Sula rose and closed the machine immediately. "I would have stopped long ago."

"I didn't suppose you dared stop. I took it for granted you were under bond to finish those dresses by Sunday."

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The Catholic Record.

Published Weekly at 484 and 486 Richmond street, London, Ontario.

Price of subscription—\$2.00 per annum.

REV. GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVES, Author of "Mistakes of Modern Infidels," THOMAS COFFEY.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, and the Bishops of London, Hamilton and Peterboro, and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London not later than Tuesday morning.

London, Saturday, May 14, 1892.

LUTHERAN ACRIMONY.

We had occasion to mention recently the action of the Austrian officials in Vienna who closed a Methodist church on the complaint of the Lutherans, who were displeased because a prominent member of their sect had joined the Methodist Church and had given large contributions towards its funds.

The matter was at first recorded by several journals as an act of Catholic hostility to Protestantism; but it was soon made evident that it was, instead, an act of hostility on the part of one Protestant denomination towards another.

In Austria there is complete religious liberty; but as the population is very much mixed between Catholics and Protestants, Greeks and Jews, there is a law which is intended as a safeguard against gross attacks of one denomination upon others, lest such attacks may lead to breaches of the peace.

This law is no more intended as a protection for Catholics than for Protestants; and in fact, since Catholics are considerably more than two-thirds of the population, there is so much the more restraint upon them than upon the non-Catholic population.

It was of this law that the Lutherans took advantage to have the Methodist Church in question closed; and it was the intolerance of Methodist dogma which afforded them the opportunity.

One would reasonably expect that the body of doctrine taught by a Church claiming to be strictly founded on the Gospel, would not contain a doctrine calling the Sacrifice of the Mass, purgatory and prayers for the dead, "blasphemous fables." They are all Scriptural doctrines; and though Methodists do not profess to discover them in Scripture, at least no Protestant denomination should condemn them as blasphemous, while professing to permit the greatest latitude to individual judgment.

But the articles of Methodist faith, being borrowed from the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England, contain this condemnation, and the Lutherans took advantage of this fact to complain of language so insulting to Catholics, and thus succeeded in having the Methodist church closed by the officers of the law, under the statute above mentioned.

Now the Methodist papers are reproducing from the Methodist Times an article translated from one of the Lutheran religious journals, the Austrian Protestant, of Klagenfurt, in which the most bitter language imaginable is indulged in against Methodism.

The article says: "The political authorities have forbidden the 'Speaker' of the Methodists, (they have no legally ordained ministers, although they assume the title,) any further ministerial activity with the well-known Methodist penitential struggles and hysterics inseparable therefrom, and have closed their place of meeting. If this news be correct, the authorities, no doubt, had good reasons for their action. The Protestant Church in Austria rejoices in the highest patronage and in legal protection. Among some hundred Protestant sects, the Methodists are the most impudent, the most intrusive and the most treacherous; and whosoever they insinuate themselves they cause nothing but discord and strife in the Protestant Church. To cherish a serpent—and a very poisonous one, too—at one's breast for the sake of a ridiculous craze, 'Liberty of Worship,' forsooth, would be folly. . . . It is said that one of their Speakers, (whether the one in Vienna, I cannot tell,) was formerly a ventriloquist and acrobat in a company of rope-dancers. He was converted somewhere, and became Speaker, etc."

There is much more of similar Billingsgate, a portion of which we cite merely to illustrate the hatred which one of the sects can entertain for the other.

It is of course perfectly true, as the Lutheran writer asserts, that there is no ordination of any value in the Methodist ministry; but the same is true of Lutheranism. Ordination, to be of any value, must be derived by actual succession from the Apostles, who were commissioned by

Christ to perpetuate the Church and the ministry, but the Lutherans lack an Apostolic succession and jurisdiction equally with the Methodists. Indeed none can have a valid authorization to teach and preach Christ's doctrine and administer His sacraments, without union with the See of Peter, the fountain-head of all ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

It is evident that the Lutherans of to-day are as intolerant as was Luther himself, of any who would presume to make use of the privilege of separating from the Church, which he did not hesitate to claim when he set himself up as the leader of a new sect, in opposition to the only Church which can show that it has existed continuously since the days of the Apostles.

THE CENSUS, THE REDISTRIBUTION BILL, AND THE QUEBEC EXODUS.

In common with all patriotic Canadians we before now expressed our regret that the Canadian census does not show that increase in population during the last decade which was reasonably expected. Up to 1861 there was but little difference between the percentages of increase of Canada and the United States; but since that time there has been a steady and alarming decrease in the percentage of the Dominion during every decade.

On the causes which have contributed towards this state of affairs it is not our purpose to expatiate here, as they have been sufficiently dwelt upon by the secular press; so that our readers have data enough on which to base their own conclusions. At present we need only express the indisputable truth that it is a matter of grave importance, to the consideration of which our Government should address itself with earnestness, that we may not fall behind our neighbors in prosperity.

We are aware that there are causes of this condition of things which are beyond the control of our Government, but there are others which can be controlled, and we hope the Government of the Dominion will apply itself with energy to retain the population which naturally belongs to us. This can be done only by making Canada in every respect as desirable a country as possible to live in.

We have stated that it is not our intention to discuss at present the political causes of the actual state of affairs, nor to propose the remedies. We trust that there is sufficient wisdom among our legislators, and especially among the members of the Cabinet, to discover these causes and to apply an effectual remedy to the evil complained of.

The introduction of the new redistribution Bill by Sir John Thompson calls attention to one feature of the case to which we feel it our duty to refer here: that is, to the frequent references which have been made in the past by the Francophobe press of Ontario to the "exodus from Quebec," which we must confess has been alarming to us as Canadians; for increase of population is the best evidence we could have of increased prosperity. But the curious thing about the matter is that since the partial publication of the census returns for 1891, there has been much less harping upon the Quebec exodus than before, on the part of the Mail and other journals we might name.

It was the custom of these journals to say that the French-Canadians were driven out of the country by the horrible exactions of the Quebec clergy, which impoverished the people, and made it impossible for them to earn a living.

We several times proved by undeniable statistics that this impoverishment is mythical. The Province of Quebec is not naturally so favored as Ontario, yet it is a fact that in the matter of wealth Quebec falls very little short of Ontario, and is far ahead of the Protestant Maritime Provinces.

Ontario is also much more heavily taxed for the support of its fifty or more jarring sects than Quebec. The salaries paid the Protestant parsons are largely in excess of those of the Catholic priesthood, and the former are by far more numerous. We proved also, by the greater prevalence of mortgages, and the smaller number of freeholds in Ontario, in proportion to population, that the masses in Quebec are really more prosperous and happy than those in Ontario.

But the Redistribution Bill which was last week brought before Parliament by Sir John Thompson puts before us very strongly the fact that the exodus from Canada is not confined to the Province of Quebec, nor to the French-Canadians.

It is known to our readers that the representation of the Pro-

vinces in our House of Commons is made to depend upon their relative population, the representation of Quebec being fixed at sixty-five. From this it follows that the Provinces which outstrip Quebec will have decennially an increase of representation, while those which fall behind will have their representation diminished. Yet the diminution will not take effect unless the Provinces in question fall behind at least five per cent. in their comparative population during the decade. The Redistribution is therefore nearly an index to the comparative increase. Now what is the actual state of affairs in this respect? While Quebec is to retain its sixty-five members in the next Parliament, the whole Dominion is to lose two.

This shows at a glance that the general per centage of increase is not very different from that of either Ontario or Quebec. As a matter of fact, the percentage in Ontario is 9.65; in Quebec 9.53; in the entire Dominion 11.66. But if we exclude the new Provinces, we shall have the increase of the rest of the Dominion 8.13. If we are to attribute the exodus from Quebec to the tyranny of the clergy, how will this rule work as applied to the Protestant Provinces? Their clergy must be as oppressive as Turkish Bashaws.

We believe, however, that the census has effectually silenced the Francophobists on this subject.

But we must not forget that these journals have been repeating the statement that the French percentage is increasing greatly even in Ontario as well as Quebec, and much more rapidly than the English. If this be so, the force of our reasoning will be increased in the same ratio. The argument of the bigots has therefore been like a shotgun in the hands of an unskilful hunter—it does more execution on the hunter than on the hunted.

THE E. B. A.

We were very much pleased last week to be honored with a visit from the head officials of the Emerald Beneficial Association—Grand President D. A. Carey, Grand Secretary W. Lane and Grand Treasurer C. Burns, of Toronto. To the business-like management and fact of these gentlemen may be attributed the great success which has attended this association. It is most satisfactory that the meeting of the Grand Council, held a few days ago in London, was of a most harmonious character, and the result will doubtless be a continuance of that well-deserved prosperity which has attended the society in the past. We have now in Canada an abundance of Catholic associations into which both young and old may with profit enter. The multiplication of Catholic societies, would, we think, be a mistake. Far better would it be to fill up the ranks of those now in existence. For the particular object which the E. B. A. has in view no better organization can be found.

THE CHURCH AND THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

The municipal elections took place throughout France on the 1st inst., except in Paris, and the result was not unexpected that the Republicans should gain a decisive victory. The cable despatches show that this has been the case. The Republicans, it is said, have gained every seat in the Department of the North, with a single exception. The Conservatives came next in order, and the Socialists last. Revolutionists have been elected in some departments, but it would appear that they have shown but little strength throughout the country.

We are not to infer from the meagre reports which have as yet reached us that the result is a victory for the anti-Catholic party which has heretofore ruled in France under the name of the Republican party; for though it must be admitted that the opposition to religion which has hitherto been manifested by the rulers of the country has come from the ranks of the Republicans, the Catholics of the rural districts have shown an apathy in regard to the elections which can scarcely be realized by people on this continent who have been all along accustomed to exercise the franchise under a constitutional form of Government.

It is indubitable that France is Catholic at heart, notwithstanding the fact that infidels have managed to control the reins of governments. The infidel party have been active, and through the thorough organization of the Freemasons and other Free-thinking associations, they have made matters look as if they were the representatives of

public opinion, while in reality they are but an insignificant minority. It requires only that the Catholic sentiment should be aroused to secure a truly Catholic government; and we believe that this sentiment has been fully aroused. We feel confident, therefore, that the arrival of the mails will confirm our opinion that the triumph which has just been achieved by the Republicans will be proved to be a triumph of Catholic Republicanism.

After the unequivocal and urgent advice tendered by the Holy Father to the Catholic people of France to give their support to the Republic, it was to be expected that they would support the Republican candidates wherever they could do so consistently with their duty to religion. This advice was strengthened by the fact that it was fully concurred in by Cardinal Lavigerie and a large majority of the French Bishops. The Republicanism which the Holy Father and the Bishops unite in recommending to the people is a Republicanism which shows due respect to religion; and it is to us an omen that this is the kind of Republicanism which has gained the ascendancy at the recent elections, when we find that the Socialists will be weaker than ever in the new Municipal Councils. Among the Infidel Republicans, the Socialists are a potent factor, and their practical annihilation betokens a triumph of Christian principles, which we trust will now prevail.

That our confidence is not misplaced seems to us a certainty, as the Catholic people of France are more on the alert now than they have ever been before, to save religion from the persecution to which it has hitherto been subjected. The Bishops and clergy have been a potent influence in stirring up the people to energy and activity in the struggle. Recently the socialistic element has been very active even to disturbing public worship in the churches. We have been informed week after week that Socialists had interrupted the Bishops and priests in the delivery of their sermons, or while the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was being offered up. Such outrages would naturally recoil against the perpetrators of them; and we have no doubt that the discomfiture of the Socialists has been the more complete during the recent elections on this account. A large number of Bishops have also recently issued pastorals to their dioceses urging them to vote at all elections against candidates whose sympathies are with the Infidel party.

These pastorals were issued especially with a view to the securing of Municipal Councils of a better class than had hitherto been elected. Some of the Councils had even passed violent resolutions against religion, and the Bishops explained to their flocks that if through the votes of the people any candidate be elected who will in future propose measures hostile to religion, the supporters of such men, and all who through apathy shall have neglected to vote against them, will be responsible before God and their own consciences for such opposition to religion, and for having put such Councilors into a position in which they were able to persecute the Church.

In giving this advice, the Bishops are fulfilling a sacred duty. The persecution of the Church has been so outrageous that energetic measures were needed to counteract the evil, which can be corrected only through the ballot-box; so it is at the ballot-box that the Infidels must be met. It is there that good Catholics will meet them.

It has been announced in the Chamber of Deputies by a member of the Cabinet that the Bishops who have issued the circulars regarding the elections are to be prosecuted, and that their stipends will be stopped.

This threat of the stoppage of the stipends of the clergy is the means to which the Government now resorts habitually to ensure the subserviency of the clergy, and to prevent them from exposing the acts of persecution to which they are being daily subjected; but the very fact that the Government finds it so frequently necessary to resort to this means of coercion is evidence that they cannot gag either Bishops or priests by resorting to it. The Bishop of Mende is now especially threatened with it; but he will undoubtedly treat the threat with the same indifference as his colleague, the Bishop of Carcassone, exhibited when his stipend was cut off because he visited the Pope. He told the Minister who informed him by letter of the punishment which had been inflicted on him: "I have visited the Pope, and I will do the same whenever

I shall deem it useful. You may deprive me of the money, but I can forfeit that rather than my self-respect and liberty of action."

The French clergy are not hostile to the Republic as a form of Government; yet it is not a matter for surprise that many of them look upon it with some suspicion, whereas from the Republicans they have experienced unceasing persecution. The bulk of the clergy understand, however, that all that is needed is a proper change in the personnel of the Ministry to ensure a Republic in which they can confide. This change they are determined to bring about so that they may have a Republic which governs truly in accordance with the wish of the people. We expect to hear that the first actual step toward this consummation has been taken in the municipal elections held on May-day.

A CABINET-MAKER'S ERROR.

When Mr. Abbott, Premier of the Dominion House, resolved to reconstruct the Cabinet, the people generally entertained the hope that some new member of first-class quality would be appointed. In the shuffle that has taken place, faulty planks have simply been removed from one spot to another. This hands-all-round-balance-all-back-to-folios mode of rehabilitating the worn out structure may satisfy the cravings of that unlovely animal known as "political expediency," but surely our rulers in their cooler moments must realize the fact that indulgence in such a course will sooner or later result in a galloping attack of phthisis pulmonaris on the body politic of the powers that be. Politicians have at times a desire to indulge in methods which, as my Lord Dunderbary would say, "no fellow can understand," and such seems to be the case in the work of recent Cabinet patching. A cloud labelled "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," has hung over some of the departmental heads for the past few years, but somehow the banner of "expediency" has penetrated the vapor and brought them a message to the effect that they may retain their places if they send their reputations to the laundry.

A very important section of the people of the Dominion have for some time expected that Mr. Curran, member for Montreal Centre, would be given a place in the Cabinet, and not a little disappointment has been felt and expressed that he has, to all appearances, been ignored. As a purse-proud millionaire may imagine he can ignore and defy those whom he would characterize as the "common people," so may a majority-proud Premier dare to do wrong; but in both cases, as sure as the sun rises and sets, right, honor and truth will in the end have its revenge. We hope the Conservative leaders will take warning before the dark days come upon them. Mr. Curran's career in the Dominion House—the fact that he represents perhaps the most important constituency in the country—that he has ever been faithful to his party, and that he has, by his rectitude, his honor and his talent, been an honor to the House and a tower of strength to his political friends, should, in all fairness, be the means of gaining for him promotion to the ranks of the Cabinet. The Irish Catholics of the Dominion would look upon such a move with especial favor, and we may frankly say to the Government that the continual setting aside of that gentleman, to make room for infinitely less worthy men, will some day lay upon them as a serious mistake.

LORD SALISBURY ON CIVIL WAR PROSPECTS.

"Lord Salisbury presided" on the 6th inst. "at a meeting of the Grand Habitation of the Primrose League, held at the Covent Garden Theatre."

Such is the announcement made in a cable despatch of the date mentioned; and there can be no reasonable objection why His Lordship should not air his political programme before meetings of the League whose one purpose is to sustain the Tory Government. Neither have we objection to the high-sounding titles of Grand Habitation and the like assumed by the League; but the purpose of Lord Salisbury's speech is of some importance, as it refers to the great issue on which the electorate will pass their verdict very soon, perhaps within two months from the present date—Home Rule for Ireland.

It will be remembered that but a few weeks ago Lord Salisbury, speaking on this same subject, appealed to the religious prejudices of the people of England and Scotland especially,

asking them to oppose Home Rule, because the oppressed and persecuted exiles from their native soil had fought against England in France and the United States nearly or fully a century ago. Surely nothing else than this could have been expected from men who had been down-trodden under the most brutal penal code which had ever oppressed a people, not excepting the laws by which Nero and Diocletian hoped to exterminate Christians nearly two thousand years ago. But if Irishmen should be oppressed now on account of the deeds of their ancestors, surely some consideration should be shown to them for their having fought the battles of England during the present generation, in the Crimea, in Abyssinia and Egypt. And it appears that so think the people of London itself, who have hitherto been the chief support of Toryism, but who, just after Lord Salisbury's appeal to their religious prejudices, responded by routing the Tory candidates at the municipal elections of the great metropolis.

The appeal to religious prejudice has fallen flat, so the British Premier makes now an appeal to the timidity of Britons. He said at the Primrose League meeting that "Ulster has dread been submitted to the despotism of her foes;" and "any attempt to subject Ulster to Archbishop Walsh will send society to two. Home Rule is not a message of peace, but of civil and religious war."

His Lordship omitted to state that even Ulster has declared for Irish Home Rule by sending to Parliament a Nationalist majority. But His Lordship means to say that the Protestant moiety of Ulster will rebel if Home Rule be granted.

Britons are not what they profess to be if they are to be terrified by such threats, from doing a tardy act of justice to an oppressed people. If England is to be frightened by the rebellious threats of Colonel Sanderson and Ballykilbeg Johnson, her soldiers and sailors should cease to sing their song of "Britons never shall be slaves."

THE LETTER-CARRIERS.

We have been more than astonished to notice that it has been decided not to increase the wages of the letter-carriers of the Dominion. The opinion of the Postmaster General, it seems, is that, considering the class of work the men have to do, and the fact of their receiving uniforms and boots annually, the present rate of pay is very good. Press despatches tell us that whole parishes in the province of Quebec are being depleted of their population, while everywhere in the West we hear only too frequently that the very flower of our people—young men the cost of whose education in the High Schools is a heavy tax upon us—are packing their valises with a view to taking up their residence under Uncle Sam; and doubtless in a few years their allegiance will be transferred to the stars and stripes. What, we may ask, is the cause of the exodus? The immigrants will undoubtedly answer: "We are going to a country where we can get plenty of work and where our salaries will be much greater than we can ever expect to get in Canada." We state but facts. Politicians may wrangle and wrangle over the cause of the exodus, and it is to be hoped they will some day be able to devise a scheme which will enable us to boast that the conditions of life in Canada are as bright and promising as in the American Republic. Our rulers may tell us that they cannot understand why the young men should be going away and why wages do not rule as high in Canada as in the United States. But let us bring the matter home to their own doors. How does the Government treat the men in the civil service? Here are the figures for the letter carriers:

Table with 2 columns: U. S. Canada, and rows for First year, Second year, Third year, Fourth year, Fifth year, Sixth year, Seventh year, Eighth year, Ninth year.

We must not forget, however, to give the Postmaster General of Canada due credit for the boots and the clothing, but it must be remembered that the Yankees are equally considerate. We doubt very much if the Government is wholly to blame for the niggardliness so painfully evident in the Post Office Department, but it should, we think, become alive to the fact that the old foggy fog of Downing street, which still lingers over that branch of the service, should be speedily swept out of existence. A fair day's wage for a fair day's work should be the rule.

If we expect faithful service pay a salary which will allow to live in comfort letter-carrier supporting paying rent and defraying incidental expenses of a home a year, a pair of boots clothes!

EDITORIAL NOTES.

At the Quarter Sessions held in Donegal, Carlow and the Judges were each wearing a pair of white kid gloves no criminal business calendar of the Court. This kind are quite common and stand out in striking state of society in every of United Kingdom. Those the granting of Home Rule people appear, indeed, to leg to stand upon.

We are glad to note that the Board of Aldermen have requested of the Knights of Pavillion being placed during the coming year that body Fifteen has also been voted the for the purpose of helping the expenses attending entertainment of the Board of Aldermen des their manly course. T acted in a just fashion, ings have been similar; it required some pluck ation on their part to do at the indecorous element Ball seems to be the William.

The English papers in quite an amount of pence of the Ulster Pall Mall Gazette says possess a good deal of I and a vast deal of I When it comes to b within them generally of the Orangeman wis counsels of discretion also of opinion that a the elderly and busi men who tell us they a the last ditch are i suited to line an arm are quite confident th happen under the com ment to prevent them an undisturbed repos thing our Ulster fe can do is to accept the good-natured smile. them that there will b and wooden shoes in the Irish House makes and they will have attend divine service July and 5th of Nove

It is the custom of Protestantism to take fishing flights when members of oath-bound and in this regard, a thing else, we find the seven. It has been of late to hear vigor of such associations lo gospel, on the groun were playing havoc. The latest pronounc Rev. W. R. Barker who maintains, in lodges are all right all wrong. He says of the Church to car the distressed and given rise to moder ties." Our reveren it, must have had i churches, and Pr only; for Cathol work is to take c Christ, dot the lan institutions designe suffering, which ex apart from those Catholic Church, a ments, founded an matter of necessity, love of God's poe for them for God's ing into the calcul ers.

REV. MR. BARKER'S anonymous thrust at land in this wise: "Had the Church faithful in caring for the rich, the state of towns would have been day. But if she will instrumentalities will respect of peace and masses; and other be the wall of human w in England proved a seventeenth century was raised up to ster quity that deluged th

But will not a minister be justly question: "My de I grant that you up," etc., where a

A Glimpse of Heaven.
 Sometimes in heaven-seen dreams I behold
 A city with its towers high in air,
 Its gates that gleam with jewels strange and rare,
 And streets that glow with burning of red gold;
 And happy souls through blossoming groves
 Thrill with their praises all the radiant air,
 And God Himself is light, and shines there
 On glories tongue of man have never told,
 And in my dreams I linger, hush, nor stay
 To heed earth's voices howling at my call,
 Or profane of the joys of this brief day,
 On which so soon the sunset shadows fall;
 I see the gleaming gates, and toward them
 Press—
 What though my path lead through the wilderness?

REV. FATHER DAMEN, S. J.

CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.

Me, the same also shall live in Me. He does not say, he that eateth the remembrance of Me, or he that eateth the figure of Me. He says, he that eateth Me. You say, my dear Protestant friends, you do not believe in mysteries. Well, now I think it is a very great mysterious thing to eat the figure of a thing. I do not believe there is a man in New York who could do that, for it would be pretty hard to know how to go about it. Yes, my dear friends, I think that is

A VERY MYSTERIOUS THING.
 "He that eateth Me," says Christ, "the same also shall live in Me. This is the bread that came down from heaven, and he that eateth this bread shall live forever. Many, therefore, of His Disciples hearing it, said: 'This is a hard saying, and who can believe it?'"

Some of His Disciples, therefore, you see, understood our Saviour to say that they must literally eat His flesh and drink His blood; for, if the Disciples understood Him as Protestants understand Him—that they were merely to eat a piece of bread and drink a cup of wine—none of the Disciples would have made any fuss about it. But they understood Him in the literal sense of the word, and, therefore, they said: "This is a hard saying." Now, the Disciples were to be the teachers of the world. Christ had chosen them for that purpose to go all over the world, and to teach all nations of the earth; and it was, therefore, all-important that His Disciples should understand His doctrine—that they should have a correct idea of His doctrine—for if He left them in error, then He Himself would be the cause of the whole world going into error. Then, if He was not to be understood in this manner, He was bound, by the laws of justice, to explain Himself to His Disciples. Did He do it? No; but He insisted, more and more that it was His body and blood. And Jesus, knowing in His heart that His Disciples murmured at this, said to them: "Does this scandalize you? Do you think this is beyond My power? You have seen Me giving sight to the blind, hearing to the dumb, speech to the dumb, restoring the lame and reviving the dead." Well, now, says Christ, if I can do these things, why can I not also change bread and wine into My body and into My blood? You believe that I have changed the dust of the earth into a living man, at the creation of time, and that I took

A RIB OUT OF ADAM'S BODY
 and changed it into a woman. Now, says Christ, as it were, I changed the dust of the earth into a living man, and a bone into a living woman, why cannot I also change bread and wine into My body and blood? "If then," says Christ, "you shall see the Son of Man ascend up where he was before, it is the spirit that quickened, the flesh profited nothing. The words that I have spoken to you are spirit and life." They are realities—not dead figures, not dead remembrances. "The words that I have spoken to you are spirit and life; but there are some among you that believe not, for He knew who were that did not believe and who would betray Him. You see Christ put those who did not believe on a level with Judas. And He said, therefore, 'I say to you that no man can come to Me, unless it be given to him by the Father.' Some of the Disciples could not believe what Christ said, and they left Him, and Christ never called them back; but, turning to the twelve Apostles, He said: 'Will you also go away? Will you also abandon Me, because I teach a doctrine that you do not understand?' And Simon Peter, the first Pope, answered Him: 'Lord, to whom shall we go? My God, says he, if we cannot take Thy word, whose word, then, shall we take? We know and we have believed that Thou art the Son of the living God, and therefore, says Peter, we believe it, because Thou, the Son of the living God, hast said it. We believe it, says Peter, in the name of all the rest of the Apostles, whom we understand it or not. Thou, oh God! Thou infallible truth and wisdom, Thou hast said it, and we believe it. Well, is it not a reasonable thing to believe, my Protestant friends, what God has said? Did the Apostles believe as we do? Did the primitive Christians believe as we do? They did; they believed that it was the real body and blood of Christ.

WHERE IS YOUR PROOF?
 The Bible is my proof. You will take nothing but the Bible, and so you must have the Bible. I will now read from St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians—First Epistle and tenth Chapter—where St. Paul exhorts the Christians to lead holy lives; and he gives them as a motive that they should lead holy lives because they were permitted to receive the body and blood of Jesus Christ, (Chap. x., v. 14.) "Wherefore my dearly beloved, fly from the service of idols. I speak as to wise men. Judge you yourselves what I say."

I leave it to your own judgment—you are wise men, you are intelligent men. Is it not fair? Is it not reasonable, that you should fly from the service of idols, and from everything that is sinful, because, said he, "The

cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the Communion of the blood of Christ; and the bread which we break, is it not the Communion of the body of the Lord?"—I read it as it is in the Protestant Bible. You see, St. Paul takes it for granted that they all believed it, and that therefore they should lead pure and holy lives, because they were daily permitted to receive the body and the blood of Jesus Christ. And in chapter xi. of the same Epistle to the Corinthians St. Paul says, after instructing them to receive worthily: "I have received from the Lord that which I also deliver unto you, that the Lord Jesus, the night in which He was betrayed, took bread, and giving thanks, broke and said: 'Take ye and eat—this is My body which shall be delivered for you. Do this for a commemoration of Me.' This cup of chalice is the new testament of My blood. This do ye, as often as you shall drink, for a commemoration, or in memory of Me." "Oh," says my Protestant friend, "that explains all. Do this in remembrance of Me." Do what? "Take and eat," says Christ, "this is My body; take and drink, this is My blood; and do this in remembrance of Me?" "Take and eat, this is My body," and drink, "this is My blood." Here is

THE SOPHISTRY OF OUR PROTESTANT FRIENDS.

In their explanation of the Bible, Christ did not say: Take the bread in remembrance of Me; take this wine in remembrance of Me. But He said: "Take and eat; this is My body," and "take and drink; this is My blood," and do this eating of My body, and this drinking of My blood, in remembrance of Me. He did not say, take a sup of wine and a piece of bread, and remember Me; but He said: "Take and eat; this is My body, and take and drink; this is My blood." Remember Me as often as you shall eat My flesh and drink My blood—remember My suffering and My death. This is precisely the explanation which St. Paul gives of these words of Jesus Christ; for, says St. Paul, "As often as you shall eat this bread, and drink this chalice, you shall show the death of the Lord until He cometh"—you shall remember the death of Christ, whenever you take your Holy Communion. "Wherefore, whosoever shall eat this bread and drink this cup unworthily shall be guilty of the body and the blood of the Lord"—shall be guilty of the profanation of the body and blood of Jesus. But, my Protestant friend, how can I profane the body and blood of Jesus, when the body and blood of Jesus are not there at all. It must be there or I cannot profane it. If you would give the Bible the proper construction you would have to acknowledge it is the body and blood, but you deceive yourself in an incorrect construction. "But let a man prove himself, and so let him eat of the bread and drink of the chalice; for he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, not respecting the body of the Lord." "I eat," says St. Paul, "my own damnation for I eat and drink unworthily, because I do not respect the body and blood of Jesus there."

Now let me call your attention once more to words of the Institution of Jesus Christ, recorded in St. Matthew, xxvi, 26: "And while they were at supper, Jesus took bread in His blessed and venerable hands, and He blessed and broke and gave to His Disciples and said, 'Take and eat, this is My body.' This was the night before He died on the cross—the night which for the last time He was to be with His Apostles in the flesh. Who shall His Apostle say that Christ ever spoke anything else but the truth? Who shall attempt to call into question the truth of the words of the Son of God? "TAKE AND EAT," SAYS HE, "THIS IS MY BODY; TAKE AND DRINK, THIS IS MY BLOOD."

Did He speak the truth at that time? Why, of course He did. Christ ever spoke the truth, for He is Truth itself. If, then, Christ spoke the truth, the Catholic doctrine is the true one. If you say it was not His body and blood, then, my dear friends, you give the lie to Jesus. And who is the man who has the daring insolence and the daring blasphemy to accuse the Son of the living God of a lie?

Will you, my dear Protestant friends, give the lie to Jesus? Do you believe in Jesus Christ? "I do," you say. Do you believe what He says? "I do not," you say. Then if you do not believe in Jesus you are not Christians. Do not be talking any more about the Bible, for you do not believe in either. Throw overboard all Christianity, or become converts to the Catholic faith. You cannot believe in Jesus and the Bible and hold on to your Protestantism, and deny that Christ spoke the truth. He did speak the truth. He said it was His body and it was His blood, and to say it is not His body and blood is giving Him the lie.

Now this doctrine of the Catholic faith is as old as Christianity itself. It has been believed from the beginning of the Christian world, before Protestantism came into the world. You have only to read the works of St. Ambrose and St. John Chrysostom; and they are referred to by Protestants also as men of great learning, of extraordinary sanctity and virtue. These men have written whole books, fifteen and sixteen hundred years ago, on the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Adorable Sacrament of the Eucharist; and I think God that many of our Protestant friends believe in the Bible, and that many Protestants are giving up their heresy and their error, and are admitting now the doctrine of the

Catholic Church; and even in Germany, and in spite of all the persecutions against the Catholic Church, under Bismarck, hundreds and hundreds of Lutherans, hundreds of learned men, of ability and wealth, are coming over to the Catholic Church—Protestant ministers among them. And in England, how many Protestant clergy, within the last thirty-five years, have been converted to our holy Faith? Not less than two thousand five hundred. By what? By reading those books that were written sixteen hundred years ago in Latin and Greek by our holy ancestors of the faith, and which contain the Catholic doctrine precisely as it is to-day. "We have been led astray, we have been separated from our mother, the original Church; we have done wrong, we have gone into the way of eternal perdition; and we must go back," they say. Hundreds and thousands are coming back at the present day to the Catholic Church in Germany, in England and in the United States. Many men who were once Protestant ministers are now Catholic priests, and several of them are Catholic Bishops, and even Cardinals, because they were men of intelligence,

MEN OF LEARNING AND EDUCATION.

They were not carried away by blind prejudice; they did not follow the road of the vulgar crowd. "I hate Catholicism, anyhow," you say. The Jews hated Jesus Christ, and that did not save them. And so you hate the Catholics anyhow, and that is not going to take you to heaven. Let me tell you that. When you are in eternity you will remember it, and then you will say, "Ah! that I had taken the advice of that old man; but then it will be too late, for when you are once in that 'lock-up' there is no getting out of it. Of course, there is no use of joking about these things. It is a very serious matter, and you have a soul to save. Save that soul; and the only way to do so is by the true religion; and no religion established by man can be that. Therefore, I would recommend to all of you to pray fervently to God to draw you into the right path. Get the books which I have recommended—these three books which I call a set—read them and study them, that you may be able to understand the doctrine of the Catholic religion. When I gave a mission at St. Joseph's there was a young Virginian who went to his preacher and said to him: 'You must answer the questions contained in this pamphlet of Father Damen, and if you do not do so to my satisfaction I am going over to the Catholic religion; and he proposed the questions. "Well," said the preacher, "you must not be thinking about these things; do not be bothering your head about them." "Well," says the young man, "I am not going to damn my soul; I must know the truth, and I want you to prove to me the truth." "Well," says the preacher, "I cannot do that, and there is no man in the world that can do it." "Well then," says he, "good-by to you; I shall become a Catholic, and he became a Catholic, and a very highly educated Catholic. Now, was he not a sensible young man? He wanted proof and when he could not get it, he went where he could get it. I say, then, get the pamphlet containing my lectures, and read it attentively, and take it to your preacher and ask him to refute it to your satisfaction; and if he does not satisfy you, come to me, and I will make you sure of the truth."

A REMARKABLE ARTICLE.

One of the most influential Protestant papers in this country is the *Christian Union*. It was founded by Henry Ward Beecher. It was, later, edited by Dr. Lyman Abbott, his successor as Pastor of Plymouth Church. In its issue of March 5 it has a notable leader on the "The Roman Catholic Church," which opens with the sentence: "The crusade of the polemical Protestants in this country against the Roman Catholic Church is saved from being a crime only by being a folly." Further on it says: "What would be polemical Protestants do? Have they ever seriously reflected what would be the condition of the United States if their warfare were to succeed, if the Roman Catholic Church were to be uprooted, and every Roman Catholic church were razed to the ground, and every Roman Catholic priest exiled? There are, in round numbers, ten millions of people in the United States whose spiritual sympathies are Roman Catholic. The Roman Catholic Church furnishes those people with all the religious instruction and inspiration which they receive. If they did not attend Mass, they would exercise no religious reverence; if they had no Rosary, they would offer no prayers; if they had no Father confessor, they would receive no moral instruction; if they had no priests their marriages would be civil contracts contracted before justices of the peace, and their dying beds would be unvisited by the consolations and the hopes of the Gospel.

"Can a Protestant campaigner furnish for those ten millions of worshippers a substitute for the Church which he desires to destroy? Can he get the attendants on Mass into his meeting-house? After he has abolished the Confessionals, will those who attended it come to his preaching? When the Pater Noster is silenced, will the voice of extempore prayer be heard in its place? The polemical Protestant cannot get his chambermaid or his garber into to family prayers, and does not often even try. The Roman Catholics are in our households; and some of them in relations of intimacy with our chil-

den. Yet we rarely attempt to pass over the intellectual gulf which separates us from them, and we still more rarely succeed. Not infrequently their conscientious devotion shames our spiritual carelessness, and we are forced to acknowledge that they can impart to us of the spirit of self-sacrifice.

"It is, however, as a political organization that the polemical Protestant attacks the Roman Catholic Church. He figures out that immigration will, in another century, hand this country over to Roman Catholic control. He even imagines the Pope transferring his residence from Rome to Baltimore or St. Louis. He warns of the undying hostility of the hierarchy to the Public school and to free institutions. He is always able to cite respectable Roman Catholic authorities in defense of religious persecution.

"History does not justify these fears. The real dangers which threaten America are not from imperialism in either Church or State. They are from anarchy; from contempt of authority and impatience at control; from demagogues flattering democracy, enthroning its passions and detroning its conscience; from greed and appetite rampant and uncontrolled; from the tens of thousands of saloons, not from the churches—of any denomination.

"The polemical Protestant inveighs against the control exercised by the priesthood. Has he ever considered what would happen to this country, especially in our great cities, were there no such control? What dangers would ensue were that control weakened any faster than a power of self-control is developed to take its place. The abolition of the Roman Catholic priesthood in any of our great cities would be almost as perilous to public peace and order as the abolition of the police. We are inclined to think that we could dispense with the police more safely than with the priesthood. The Church is a great conservator of social law. . . . No other Church is its peer as a public guardian, because no other Church has so won the respect—sometimes the fear—of those who, but for the wholesome restraints of religion, would threaten the integrity of society."

We have omitted some passages that have a taint of the old leaven in them, but the article, as a whole, is a tribute to the conservative power of the Catholic Church and an indictment of the fanatics who would like to destroy it.—*Catholic Columbian*.

In the days of the Crimean war Colonel Vaughan was one of the bravest and coolest men that England placed in the trenches, and showed true grit and courage in the face of a tireless foe as well as brave endurance in a starving siege. He is now Archbishop of Westminster and successor to the late Cardinal Manning.

"I am so Tired"

There is a common exclamation at this season, "I am so tired," which is a tribute to the fact that the weather grows warmer; and when Nature is renewing her youth, her admirers feel dull, sluggish and tired. This condition is owing to the impure condition of the blood, and its failure to supply healthy tissue to the various organs of the body. It is remarkable how susceptible the system is to the action of a broken leg, with dislocations of the foot, and in two days I was entirely relieved of the pain.

Seven Years' Suffering.
 GENTLEMEN—I had suffered very much from indigestion, which was cured through your treatment left ugly running sores on my hands and feet. With these I suffered for seven years, during which time I neither had sleep nor stocking on. I commenced using B. B. B. externally and internally, using the pills also, and I can say now that the sores are entirely cured, and have been for some time. I believe the pills were the means of saving my life.

Mrs. ANNIE BARR.
 Crewson's Corners, Acton P. O., Ont.
 Gilbert Laird, St. Margaret's Hope, Orkney, Scotland, writes: "I am requested by several friends to order another parcel of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The last lot I got from you having been tested in several cases of rheumatism, has given relief when doctors' medicines have failed to have any effect. The excellent qualities of this medicine should be made known to all sufferers throughout the world who may benefit by its providential discovery."

"Why suffer from disorders caused by impure blood, when thousands are being cured by using Norbury & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery? It removes pimples and all eruptions of the skin. Mr. John C. Fox, Olinde, writes, 'Norbury & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is giving good satisfaction. Those who have used it say it has done them more good than anything they have ever taken.'"

Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with Wild Cherry Hypophosphates combines the curative powers of the pectoral remedies mentioned in the most perfect and palatable form. Price 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.

Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with Wild Cherry and Hypophosphates is the surest and best cure for coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis and asthma. Price 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.

Bad blood breeds divers distressing diseases, Burdock Blood Bitters banishes boils and breaks up every other symptom arising from bad blood.

THE RED COLOR of the blood is caused by the iron it contains. Supply the iron when lacking by using Milburn's Beef, Iron and Salt.

STUBBORN CHILDREN readily take Dr. Low's Worm Syrup. It pleases the child and destroys the worms.

"MANY MEN, MANY MINDS," but all men and all minds agree as to the merits of Burdock Pills, small and sugar-coated.

AS AN AID to internal remedies for skin diseases, Dr. Low's Sulphur Soap proves very valuable.

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERALITY.

Rev. Dr. D. J. Stafford at the Phoenix Club, Baltimore, Md.

Boston Pilot.

The Rev. Dr. D. J. Stafford, of St. Peter's Church, lectured before the members of the Phoenix Club on the evening of April 20. The subject of the lecture was "Eloquence in Shakespeare." The novelty of the event and the liberal spirit that suggested it is explained in the concluding remarks of the lecturer, which were as follows:

"Before leaving this platform I desire to acknowledge the spirit that called me to it. It is not often that a Catholic priest is invited by a non-Catholic or non-Christian organization to lecture. In the past it was unknown. In our day it is rare. But, thank God, a better spirit is beginning to prevail. Men are beginning to understand that they can adhere to their respective religions and profess them without despising those who differ from them, and that while conviction is limited by the circle of doctrine, charity is universal and embraces all men. And while we reject the weak-mindedness of those who say that one religion is as good as another (error therefore as truth), we abhor the narrow-mindedness of those who think that to profess one religion means to despise all who do not profess it. This new spirit is abroad. You have given generous proof of it. It breathes in this community. It vibrates throughout this country, and I am sure you will agree with me when I attribute this happy condition largely to the enlightened policy and broad-minded churchmanship of the distinguished Prelate who presides over this ancient See, and influences the Church throughout the country. Let every man adhere to, and profess his belief according to the truth that is in it, and the conviction that is in him. What has that to do with our social relations or our intercourse as citizens? And the religion which has for a dogma contempt for those without, in the name of man may perish. I thank you for this invitation, and I would not have done my duty if I left this platform without acknowledging the motive which prompted it."

The Rev. Tobias Schonfarber and the Rev. M. Gutmacher were among the interested audience.

The Rescue of Miss Orsini.

The *Weekly Home News* is authority for the statement that Rev. Stephen Duren, now traveling in the Holy Land, rescued a young French lady from a watery grave in the Mediterranean sea. As the story goes, Miss Bernadette Orsini, daughter of a Paris millionaire, was dashed overboard during a storm, and would have been drowned had not Father Duren plunged into the sea and held her up until assistance from the ship arrived. The parents of Miss Orsini were so overcome with gratitude that they entrusted him to accept £100,000 as a gift in remembrance of them. Father Duren declined to receive the money, but accepted a small sum, which it is said he will devote to charitable purposes. Father Duren's name appears in Hoffmann Bros. directory as absent with leave from the Milwaukee archdiocese.

Mamma to her little boy.

"Now, Bennie, if you'll be good and go to sleep, mamma'll give you one of Dr. Ayer's nice sugar-coated Cathartic Pills, next time you need medicine." Bennie, smiling sweetly, dropped off to sleep at once.

Few people have any idea of the care with which tobacco has to be attended after it is grown. It will imbibe odors of almost any kind if placed near the source of them. A pig sty, for instance, near the place where the planter stores his crops will impart a disagreeable flavor, which no care afterwards will drive it of. Among the many precautions taken to obtain a faultless leaf of the "Myrtle Navy" brand, is to ascertain carefully the methods which every farmer adopts with his crops in the sections of Virginia where the "Myrtle Navy" leaf is grown.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is shown by its good effects on children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

"August Flower"

For Dyspepsia.
 A. Bellanger, Propr., Stove Foundry, Montagny, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower for Dyspepsia. It gave me great relief. I recommend it to all Dyspeptics as a very good remedy."

Ed. Bergeron, General Dealer, Lauzon, Levis, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower with the best possible results for Dyspepsia."

C. A. Barrington, Engineer and General Smith, Sydney, Australia, writes: "August Flower has effected a complete cure in my case. It acted like a miracle."

Geo. Gates, Corinth, Miss., writes: "I consider your August Flower the best remedy in the world for Dyspepsia. I was almost dead with that disease, but used several bottles of August Flower, and now consider myself a well man. I sincerely recommend this medicine to suffering humanity the world over." ©

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla has effected such remarkable cures as **HOOD'S** Sarsaparilla, of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and other blood diseases.



JUST A LINE

or so to tell you something worth knowing. "Sunlight" Soap will make your clothes clean and white. It will not injure the most delicate fabric. It will not shrink flannel and woollens. It will not keep you at the wash tub from morn to night, but will enable you to do a large wash in half a day. No hard rubbing is required, no hot steam, no backache, no sore hands. Give it a trial. Beware of imitations.

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We will send half a pound of Nestle's Food to any mother sending us her address. THOMAS LEEMING & CO., MONTREAL.



Good Reading For the Month of May.

- Flowers for Each Day of the Month of May. Paper, 10c.
- New Month of May. Cloth, 15c.
- The Child's Month of May. Paper, 10c.
- Mater Admirabilis. Cloth, red edges, 50c.
- Glories of Mary. Small edition, cloth, 50c.
- Glories of Mary. Small edition, cloth, 50c.
- A Crown for Our Queen. Cloth, 15c.
- New May Devotions. Cloth, 15c.
- Month of May. By Bishop Kenrick. Cloth, 50c.
- A Flower Every Evening for Mary. Cloth, 15c.
- Maria Magnificat. By Father Clark. Paper, 10c.
- The Month of Mary. (For Ecclesiastics) reduced. Paper, 10c.
- Mary of Nazareth. Cloth, 15c.
- Mary the Mother of Christ. Paper, 10c.
- Immaculate. Paper, 10c.
- History of Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Cloth, 15c.
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- Stories for Children of Communicants. Marquette 5c. cloth, 15c.
- My Happiest Day. Cloth, 15c.
- Souvenir of First Communion. Cloth, 15c.
- Lives of the Holy Saints. Cloth, 15c.
- Devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Cloth, 15c.
- First Communion. A series of letters to the young. Cloth, 15c.
- Reflections and Prayers for First Communion. Cloth, 15c.
- The Lord is My Portion. Cloth, 15c.
- An Hour Before the Blessed Sacrament. Cloth, 15c.
- Visits to the Blessed Sacrament. Cloth, 15c.
- The Child's Book of Preparation for First Communion. Cloth, 15c.
- Instructions on the Sacrament of Holy Communion. Cloth, 15c.
- Considerations for First Communion. Cloth, 15c.
- Holy Communion. By Moir de Suger. Paper, 10c.

D. & J. SADDLER & CO.
 Catholic Publishers, Church Ornaments and Religious Articles.
 1098 Notre Dame St. | 123 Church St. MONTREAL | TORONTO.

SMITH BROS.
 Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters.
 Have Removed to their New Premises 376 Richmond Street, Opposite Masonic Temple. Telephone 58

THE HURON AND ERIE Loan & Savings Company

ESTABLISHED 1864.
 Subscribed Capital, - \$2,500,000
 Paid up Capital, - - - 1,300,000
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J. W. LITTLE, President
JOHN BEATTIE, Vice-President

DEPOSITS of \$1 and upwards received at highest current rates.
 DEBENTURES issued, payable in Canada or in England, Excesses and treatments are authorized by law to invest in the debentures of this company.
 MONEY LOANED on mortgages of real estate.
 MORTGAGES purchased.
G. A. SOMERVILLE, MANAGER.
 London, Ont.

Somewhere

There's always happiness somewhere. There's always happiness somewhere. There's always happiness somewhere. There's always happiness somewhere.

FIVE-MINUTE

And he said: Concentrate (Lake 1877, p. 18).

Brethren: Suppose stand in our midst to do for each one of us, the two disciples, who converse that you hold of our conversations, rain nothing reprehend our answer be as plethors was? If so, by reason to thank God way rejoicing. But majority of men most heart. It is said that we have God and His works, wants are topics any able to most of the. And so every legitimate resort to in order to of God and spiritual all palatable.

And you, fathers families, what are the which you hold one. What are the topics treated of in your own edification and imitation? Would always so? I supposed to be occupied where God's holy nation saved to be the neighbor is never to recall his follies even his atrocious parents, beware of conversations may give, but especially to your day stepped in vicinious impulse from word, some impropriety heard in the have been the nurse And from you, an answer might be ed to this important of the conversations readily indulge in. Are they in any such that you would have them repeated your parents? If courses are not Nazareth, and you the example of His in your conversation Apostolic rule, the unbeliefness are the tions amongst you about the precious in idle, frivolous that time is but the nity, every moment highest value to you why on the last grudge held to account for Young men and women into your company, versations are unwelcome and especially let be always in harm calling.

Indeed, brethren, question of our L important lesson. load good Christian only abstain from ing scandalous, regulate with all nary commonplaces them be always su hesitate to repeat His most virtuous would have our able to God and n rule never to sp those absent, and tage of their abs which we would presence. And should follow is the presence of ot could give scandalous pressation.

Brethren, if your question of our L in following the sations will be al neighbors and Then, if called by our Lord, we disciples, Our con cerning Jesus of

Is guaranteed to Sarsaparilla fairly tions. This is the 100 Does One D was His you see Ballou Puzzle? I. Hood & Co., Lov

Hood's Pills cure business, sick head following prices: The "Sunlight" Soap, 10c. per box; "Sunlight" Soap, 25c. per box; "Sunlight" Soap, 50c. per box; "Sunlight" Soap, 1.00 per box; "Sunlight" Soap, 1.50 per box; "Sunlight" Soap, 2.00 per box; "Sunlight" Soap, 2.50 per box; "Sunlight" Soap, 3.00 per box; "Sunlight" Soap, 3.50 per box; "Sunlight" Soap, 4.00 per box; "Sunlight" Soap, 4.50 per box; "Sunlight" Soap, 5.00 per box.

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Somewhere.

It's always morning somewhere. Little heart: somewhere the sky is ever fair and blue.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fourth Sunday after Easter.

EVIL CONVERSATION.

And he said to them: What are these discourses that you hold one with another?

And they said: Concerning Jesus of Nazareth.

(Luke xlvii, 17-18)

Brethren: Suppose our Lord should stand in our midst to-day and demand from each one of us, as He did from those two disciples, What are these discourses that you hold one with another?

And you, fathers and mothers of families, what are these conversations which you hold one with the other? What are the topics most commonly treated in your Christian homes?

And from you, young men and women, an answer might be profitably demanded to this important question: What are the conversations which you most readily indulge in one with the other?

Indeed, brethren, to all of us this question of our Lord brings home an important lesson. For if we would lead good Christian lives we must not only abstain from all that is unbecomingly scandalous, but we must also regulate with all diligence our ordinary commonplace conversations.

Brethren, if we think often of this question of our Lord, if we are diligent in following these rules, our conversations will be always edifying to our neighbors and useful to ourselves.

Satisfaction

Is guaranteed to every one who takes Hood's Sarsaparilla fairly and according to directions.

100 Does One Dollar can truly be said.

Have you seen Hood's Rainy Day and Balloon Puzzle? For particulars send to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation.

Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls. The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice.

No More Bother. GENTLEMEN—I have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil for my chilblains and it cured them.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

To a Child of Mary. Praise thy title, Child of Mary. Far beyond all rank and fame.

Love thy mother, Child of Mary. With an active, fruitful love. Show it, not by high flown phrases.

In her arms, O Child of Mary! Thou wilt breathe thy life away.

Conquests of Our Lady of Victory. In the month of May, 1879, the following notice appeared in a ribald journal of Paris.

A gentleman, who had formerly been a writer for the paper, surprised at such an announcement, made it a point to be present in the church on a Thursday evening between the hours of 7 and 8.

After he had been reconciled to God, he went back one day to see the priest and said to him: "I feel such happiness that I am anxious to make an offering to the Madonna.

"Our Lady asks one thing of you," replied the priest, courteously. "You were brought here by a notice in La Laterne. On Sunday next bring the editor of that journal here."

"That is impossible, Father," answered the new convert. "I do not intend to have anything further to do with the miserable sheet, and consequently I have ceased visiting its editor."

"Miracles are performed there, without a doubt, replied the other, gravely. "but I wish you to see them for yourself. I will call for you at 7 o'clock."

The editor tried to excuse himself, alleging that it was impossible for him to spend his evening in that way; but his friend insisted, he yielded.

"Things seem nice enough here; the music is good, the church is ornamented with taste, but where are the miracles?"

"Have patience for a few minutes, and you will see," answered his companion.

Soon the pastor appeared in the pulpit. At this the editor turned to his friend and said:

This is too much for me. . . . Good-night. . . . I must go. . . . Perhaps I shall return."

"No," answered his companion, "that would never do; you must remain for the sermon, because it is then that the miracles take place."

The editor drew back into a corner, more through regard for his friend than from any other motive.

CATHOLIC FAITH.

One Convert Tells of the Paths She Trod Toward Home.

Boston Republic.

In the light of a recent event, and now when every day we read and head so much in favor of and against the Roman Catholic faith, it comes to me almost as a duty to add my testimony, slight though it may be, for the Church of Rome.

As an American, brought up among the Baptist people, and with acquaintances in all the denominations other than Catholic, I was surely not unprejudiced in the start.

For five years I have studied the Roman question, at first perhaps in a coldly critical or careless way, as a mere fascinating study, and then, as its importance dawned upon me, with all my intellect and soul.

I threw myself wholly into it as a deeply interested seeker for truth, I looked at it in its every phase, from high and low, rich or poor, ignorant and educated, priest and people.

In the privacy of home I read, in connection with the Bible, the writings of the holy fathers, history, theology, the catechism, books of prayer and devotion, the councils of Trent, the lives of the men and women whose memories are so precious to the Church.

I learned the meanings and witnessed the beautiful, solemn ceremonies of the Church; I listened to the heart-thrilling music and felt as I read of Rome, the Eternal City, how much, surely, if even of beauty alone, it had bequeathed us.

Then, turning to the present, I read the modern writers and visited the different institutions of all kinds, convent, college, Sunday school, parochial school, asylum, home and hospital. I sought conscientiously for inconsistencies—and found them not.

IGNORANT AND LEARNED ALIKE ARE WELCOME!

And I turned away from the flower-clad hills of Tibur to follow the humble fisherman and farming people to their little wooden chapel on the heights, where the same Mass was chanted as in the more stately building on Fifth Avenue.

In the narrow limits I have assigned myself I would give only my personal record. It is not for me to "prove the faith"; and of the liberalism, restlessness and growing unbelief of the different sects, none of which I am wholly acquainted with, I have nothing to say.

They speak for themselves, and each day the results are more apparent to us. It was that inconsistency, instability and liberalism which first roused me to seek the Church which alone claims authority and infallibility; and this conceded, the rest follows easily as a matter of course.

When my seeking was practically ended, I placed myself in the hands of one of fine education and noble life, who some day will merit the crown he has so labored to earn on earth.

He smoothed away the few remaining difficulties, and I was received into the Catholic Church. What my next step will be I cannot tell. I know not what lies before me, save that there is no higher calling than that of those who labor for the Church.

I present this necessarily abbreviated review in the earnest hope that some one, faint-hearted like unto myself, may be induced to persevere to the end, and be saved.

I would only speak as one soul to another, and to those who read and are restless, drifting about in the changing faiths of to-day, I would say: Seek and falter not; be not discouraged or deterred by false affirmations or sneers, but search on undaunted. Prove for yourself, and, God willing, in His own good time, you may find rest and peace as I have, where alone it is to be found, in the one true Church of God.

O Holy Mother Church, to thee at last have I come. Gladly do I give myself up, unworthy though I am, to thee, and henceforth in thee alone do I believe, live and have my being.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY

AUTHORISED BY THE LEGISLATURE

Next Bi-Monthly Drawings in 1892—March 2nd and 16th and April 6th and 20th.

3134 PRIZES WORTH - \$52,740.00 CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH - \$15,000.00 TICKET, - \$1.00 Quarter Ticket, - 25 cts.

ASK FOR CIRCULARS.

A Food that is eminently The Great Strength-Giver

Should be SOUGHT AFTER by those seeking to attain Physical Development and good powers of ENDURANCE

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT THE PILLS Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.

ANNUAL MEETING. PURSUANT to the Act of Incorporation, Notice is hereby given that the 22nd Annual Meeting of the Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Company will be held in the TOWN HALL, WATERLOO, ONT.

THE DOMINION Savings & Investment Society

MONEY TO LOAN

In sums to suit at lowest rates, and on most convenient terms of repayment. Payments made at the option of the borrower if desired Apply personally or by letter to H. E. NELLES, Manager.

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ONTARIO STAINED GLASS WORKS. STAINED GLASS FOR CHURCHES. PUBLIC AND PRIVATE BUILDINGS

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JAMES KILGOUR. Undertaker and Importer of Fine Funeral Furnishings.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL, 54 and 56 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

Send 25 cts. and get a copy of "Burglar's Home Almanac for 1892."

Address, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, LONDON, ONT.

A LITTLE GIRL'S DANGER. Mr. Henry Macombe, Leyland St., Blackburn, London, Eng., states that his little girl fell and struck her knee against a curbstone.

ST. JACOBS OIL was used. The contents of one bottle completely reduced the swelling, killed the pain and cured her.

Branch No. 4, London.

Met on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month, at eight o'clock at their hall, 270 Richmond Street, West, London, Ontario.

C. M. B. A.

Assessment No. 7 has been issued, calling for the payment of beneficiaries of 22 deaths, 14 in New York, 2 in Michigan, 3 in Ohio, 2 in Canada. Total amount, \$1,244.40.

Canada Misrepresented Again.

We cannot imagine why the editor of the Detroit Weekly is so prone to make regular and most unwarranted attacks in his journal on the Canadian wing of the C. M. B. A. It is quite evident now that from Canada comes none of the ammunition he has lately so vigorously and recklessly wasted.

Archbishops Ryan and Walsh.

Archbishops Ryan and Walsh, as members of the association, are sending their assistance to the association, and would become members were they not beyond the age at which membership is limited.

Branch 111, St. Helen's, Brockton, Toronto.

At the last regular meeting of Branch 111, Brockton, P. E. A. was presented by the officers and members of the branch with a very fine gold-leaf candlestick.

DEACONS AND BROTHERS.

The officers and members of Branch 111, C. M. B. A. have long regarded you as a faithful and devoted member of the association.

Grand Convention of the E. B. A.

The report of the Grand Convention of the E. B. A. held in Toronto, Ontario, May 1-3, 1920, is published in this issue.

Resolution of Condolence.

Resolved, That the members of the E. B. A. extend their sincere condolences to the family of the late Rev. Fr. John J. O'Brien.

INTERESTING CEREMONY IN HALIFAX.

Initiation of His Grace Archbishop O'Brien. The regular meeting of St. Mary's Branch, No. 132, Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, at St. Mary's Hall last evening was of more than ordinary interest.

THE MAN WHO GOT THE RELIC.

Called at the rectory last night and was courteously welcomed by Father Tetreau, the rector of the parish.

A Pleasing Ceremony.

A pleasing ceremony which consisted in blessing a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin and Child, the gift of Mrs. Kaiser, of Cleveland, Ohio, and the customary opening of the May devotions by Father Speer, took place in St. Jerome's Chapel on Sunday last.

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of the council chamber for the session of the convention.

The following are the list of officers for 1920: Pres., D. A. Carey; Vice-Pres., Hogan; Sec., E. W. Linn; Treas., C. G. Garry; Organizers, J. Burns, G. H. Groux, J. McNeill, R. Kennedy, H. Hagarty, J. Croft, N. Nightingale, J. Burns, G. H. Groux and J. McNeill.

WEDDING.

The most fashionable wedding of this season took place at St. Peter's church, Goderich, Ontario, on the 10th inst.

OBITUARY.

It is with deep regret I announce the death of David Kelly, of the township of...

SACRED MOMENT OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

With more than wonted reverence the feet of the workers in the Holy Land...

MARKET REPORTS.

London, May 12.—There was a large market to day and the square was filled with farmers from all parts of the country.

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