

The Catholic Record.

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

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London, Saturday, Sept. 26, 1891.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The dangerous and wicked purposes to which hypnotism may be put by evilly-disposed operators have had a new illustration in Buda-Pesth. A boy at the Public school confessed to his father that he had been taking money from the till in his shop to give to a man who had practiced hypnotism upon him, and had ordered him to get the money for him. A whole class of boys were found to be doing the same thing at the suggestion or command of the same man. They were mediums under his influence. All Christians, especially all Catholics, should carefully avoid the experiment of putting themselves under the power and influence of hypnotizers, mesmerists, biologists, spiritualists and other operators in this mysterious influence, by whatever name these people may call themselves.

The German Government have prosecuted the editor of the *Kladderadatsch* newspaper for ridiculing the Holy Coat of Treves by means of a cartoon headed "The Gull snaring pilgrims." The furnisher of this piece of Catholic news for the secular press acknowledges that the pilgrims who have visited that city are of good class, his test of which is that "they stay longer and patronize the hotels;" but he insinuates that former pilgrims on a similar mission were different, as he says "Treves is now visited by a better class of people, etc." As it was in 1844 that the last visit of pilgrims to the city was made with the same purpose in view, we may safely presume that the correspondent is drawing on his fancy for his reference to former pilgrims. The persons who make visits to Catholic sacred shrines are not of the rowdy class which pours into our cities and towns to sing "Croppies lie down," on the 12th of July, nor even of the class which gathers to have fun at camp meetings and similar assemblages.

CARDINAL GIBBONS, at the request of the Latin-American Bureau of the World's Columbian Exhibition, has requested the Superiors of the various religious orders in Europe and America to have their archives searched for historical records bearing upon the discovery and settlement of America. Every ship which left Spain from the first voyage of Columbus had on board a friar or priest who sent to his Superior voluminous reports of what occurred on the voyage and during his stay in the New World, and very few of these have been published, so that there is little doubt that from these sources much valuable information may be obtained bearing on the history of the discovery; and the occasion of its fourth centenary celebration having awakened much interest in the history of the continent His Eminence has already engaged zealously in the desired work. The Very Reverend E. V. Boursaud, S. J., President of Woodstock College, Maryland, is also working strenuously with the same object in view.

A most interesting pilgrimage of English Catholics visited the ancient shrine of our Lady of Bonlogne, France, during the latter part of August. Eleven priests accompanied the pilgrims. They were welcomed on landing by the priests of Notre Dame, the English residents and several French religious associations. Father Fletcher, one of the pilgrims, preached an appropriate sermon in which he deprecated on the zeal which France had displayed in ages past in the cause of religion, and it had in this respect been of great benefit to England, especially as it was the highway to Rome for English visitors to the Eternal City; and during the revolt of England from the Holy See France had opened her arms to the persecuted exiles and had sent from Douai many a brave priest to work for religion. He said also that the Ritualists of England, who hold that the Anglican Church is a branch of the Church Catholic, had looked to France to recognize them, and had imitated the French ecclesiastical customs. But when they come here they find themselves "cut off from the communion of the faithful equally with the extreme Dissenter. But if

they could see this pilgrimage of Catholics, whom they despise, welcomed to the Church and allowed to approach the Holy Communion, the priests also being allowed to say Mass at the same altar as the French priests, they might understand that the true Catholics of England are those in communion with the Holy See." Prayers were also offered at the holy shrine for the conversion of England. The people of Rouen were both surprised and edified by the piety of "Les Anglais."

The Provincial Government of Chili have given a new proof that they wish to govern in accordance with the will of the people. It is announced that a decree has been issued fixing the date for the elections for the Presidency and Congress. The principle on which the elections are to be held is that of universal suffrage.

HERR CAHENSLEY, who was the most prominent of the Luzerne petitioners who asked the Pope to appoint national Bishops throughout the United States, had one audience with the Holy Father, who told him that their plan is not practicable, as there are regular rules for the appointment of Bishops in America. He approves, however, of the appointment, as far as possible, of priests of the race and language of large groups of any particular nationality where such groups occur. This is what is done already, so that the Holy Father's reply indicates that there will be no change in the present arrangement.

MISS VERA AVA, the "wealthy English lady" who made up the cunningly devised story that she was beaten and robbed by the Chicago Jesuits, has been identified. It is now certain, as was before suspected, that she is the Mrs. Dis De Barr who swindled Lawyer Marsh in New York, and who before that was a no-Popery lecturer under another name. Her blood-curdling story has fallen flat, but as the police of Cincinnati and New York are equally unwilling to have anything to do with her, she has been allowed to depart from their custody in peace. When she was told of the suspicion entertained about her that she was Mrs. Dis De Barr, she disclaimed it with combined indignation and energy, but she has been identified by her brother; and so the attempt at blackmailing the Jesuits has turned out to be a fiasco.

SCARCELY a week passes without some alarming despatch being sent by Roman correspondents representing that the health of the Holy Father is in a most precarious state, and in some cases it is added that his death must be looked for soon. Of course at the age which the Holy Father has reached, it is not to be expected that he would have the vigor and sprightliness of a young man, nevertheless the numerous witnesses whose duties bring them constantly into the presence of the Pope state that he is remarkably active, and that he takes the most intelligent interest in all affairs which concern his sublime office, the administration of the Church. He is not at all in the feeble state of health which the newspaper correspondents are accustomed to describe. Of one of the rumors thus circulated, the *Monteur*, of Rome, said in its issue of 29th ult.: "The Liberal German papers have had the news telegraphed to Rome that the Holy Father's health is very greatly shaken, and that he is not any longer able to attend to the administration of the affairs of the Church. It is needless to say that this news is an absurd and treacherous invention. We can assure those papers that the Sovereign Pontiff is found to be as well, as vigorous in body and mind as he has been during this summer." This should set at rest, once for all, the sensational statements which are constantly being repeated for the purpose of making it appear that a new conflict between the Italian Government and the Church is at hand.

A letter was read in the Catholic churches of Quebec on September, 13 from His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, condemning the visits of Catholics to the pretended curer of diseases, the little girl to whom reference has already been made. His Eminence says it is not only folly, but sin, both on the part of the girl and all who go to see her, and urges that such superstitions are exceedingly foolish and wrong.

Editorial Correspondence of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE UPPER OTTAWA.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

Steaming out from the pier at Pembroke into the bosom of the Lake Allumette, in truth only the right or strong arm of the Ottawa, which folds itself around the island of that name, you cannot help noticing the brownish color of the waves through which the ship is cutting her way. Whatever be the cause of it, whether its color is taken from the extensive debris of fallen forests, or from the mineral, possibly ferruginous soils through and over which it pushes its way to the St. Lawrence, certain it is that the waters of the Ottawa are of a very deep brownish color and form a strong and pleasing contrast with the greenish blue of the latter river for many miles after their confluence above Montreal. Above five miles up the lake the left arm of the Ottawa is seen to circle around Allumette Island and separate it from the mainland or township of Chichester, in which the village of Sheen, or Sheenborough, is situated, with its quaint little old-fashioned Catholic church and its appropriate, unassuming, good-natured parish priest, Father Shalloo.

On the south side Allumette Island boasts of a thriving village called Chapeau, with its fine, spacious, beautifully constructed new stone church lately erected by the indefatigable pastor, Father Ledue, at a cost of \$21,000, of which \$21,000 have already been paid the contractors.

Continuing our course up the great stream we pass by several beautiful islets with summer cottages peeping out from the thick shrubberies of cedar and stunted pine trees. On the left, about ten miles from Pembroke, we are shown the rapids of the Petewawa river, which here falls into the Ottawa. Formerly immense rafts were brought down the river and its banks resounded to the turmoil of the Irish raftsmen employed in the pinceries, or to the whoop and shout of the French-Canadian voyageurs. Now silence reigns supreme on these desolate shores. The forests have all disappeared and the hardy axe men have moved hundreds of miles further west and north. Oneboom, however, is still seen on the west side of the river's mouth. It was worked down stream in sections last winter. It is composed of white pine all squared, and is said to be worth \$95,000. Several more islets seem to block the way and booms are floating for guidance of the steamer through the narrow defiles. A landing-place, Fort William, is now reached; several passengers leave the steamer and others come on board, while Captain McCoil, who inhabits a large two storied brick house, the only one visible for miles around, comes down with his family to exchange civilities with Captain Duggan and hosts of friends and acquaintances aboard the steamer "Ottawa."

Again we are off through another archipelago.

Here the Ottawa loses all the characteristics of a river. It is a wide-spreading, tranquil lake, dotted all over with beautiful, picturesque islands. On both sides, as far as the eye can reach, wooded hills slope down to the water's edge and on the Quebec, or northern shore, the Laurentide mountains, wreathed in mist, complete a picture of landscape grandeur and loveliness that cannot be surpassed for beauty, if equalled, in any part of this continent.

The citizens of Pembroke must be very jealous of the possession and enjoyment of these wooded isles, sparkling waters and lovely scenery. They keep them all to themselves; they never advertise them, or attempt to boom them in any way, as the Thousand Islands, the Lachine Rapids and the Saguenay are boomed year after year.

Hundreds, aye thousands, are searching in directories, and looking over maps at the approach of summer each year, and are undecided whether to escape and where to enjoy cool breezes, delightful scenery and bathing facilities. They would not hesitate a moment if they knew anything of the Upper Ottawa and its advantages. Pembroke would gain immensely by such knowledge, and more than one steamer would have to ply daily between its piers and the "Hundred Isles."

On seeking information from those on board the steamer as to the name of this charming locality I was told that so far it has no name, so I venture to name it the "Hundred Isles." I did not count them. I could not see them all. I was told there are between two and three hundred of them; but I fancy the newly spot could be easily distinguished on the map from all other places of enchantment, by the appellation of Ottawa's Hundred Isles.

Before leaving the archipelago the steamer rounds to the north up a bend of the river called Downie's Bay, whence all exit seems impossible. You are in face of a high wooded bluff that appears to end further navigation. On the left one isle is remarkable for its high land, on which a turret stands similar in shape to the stone erections

seen topping the hills in some parts of Ireland. It is called High View Turret, and was built by Mr. McAlister of Pembroke who owns the island. Emerging, in fine, from the labyrinth of islands, the vessel, hugging the shore, steers very close to a stupendous rock of granite that rises up perpendicularly from the waters edge to a height of five hundred feet, reminding one of Cap Trinity, on the Saguenay, or the cliffs of Mohar, on the west of Ireland. It is called "Oiseau Rock," from the quantity of birds of prey that build their nests on the escarpments of its rocky summit. The captain steers his vessel as closely as possible to the rocky shore, so that his passengers on board may have a proper conception of the sublime altitude of "Oiseau Rock," which towers to the skies overhead. It is said that the depth of the river underneath is equal to the height of the granite rock above. However this may be, from Downie's Bay to the rapids of the Joachims, twenty miles above the Ottawa, is styled the "Deep River." And here a magnificent stretch of water one mile wide, unbroken by any rock or islet, gives one the idea of a grand majestic flow of deep waters suggestive of the Ganges or the Amazon, which, if not interrupted and broken by rapids every ten or fifteen miles, would make the Ottawa one of the most useful and most magnificent rivers of America.

Meanwhile, the young lady passengers were enjoying themselves playing from memory popular selections on the piano, or accompanying each other or some gentlemen present in the rendition of some favorite ballads. The married ladies were spreading table cloths, laying out dishes and emptying their baskets of the simple provisions they had laid away for the noontide repast. It was both refreshing and exhilarating to sit down to the well-furnished table laid out on the lower deck, and long enough to accommodate all the members of the excursion party, twenty-five in number. The appetizing appearance of the delicacies furnished, intermingled with fragrant bouquets and fruit stands, the freshening breeze from the river, the pleasant repartees and laughter of the guests, formed, with the distant sounds of music from the main saloon, a most enjoyable scene, one never to be forgotten, and most probably for some on board never to be renewed.

At 2 p. m. we reached the portage or rapids of the Deux Joachims. The first time I heard of this locality, about twenty years ago, some raftsmen of Irish origin were telling of their exploits and dangers in running the slides. The word "Swashins" was several times mentioned. They were rafting on the "Swashins." They ran great risk of their lives, and were hurried from the logs they were guiding into the "Swashins." Later on I listened one day to French-Canadian raftsmen discussing similar subjects, when "Swashins" was pronounced. After scientific enquiry I discovered that in the early settlement of the Upper Ottawa two brothers were thrown from a canoe and drowned in the turbulent rapids. Their name was Joachim, and as there were two carried off at the same hour, the river at this point was called "the two Joachims," or Les Deux Joachims, the latter name having the French pronunciation of "Jwashins."

No wonder the boys fresh from Ireland would call the place "Swashins." I heard some people in Pembroke say we were up to the Swishash, as they call the rock mentioned above the "Wiso Rock," instead of the true word Oiseau, pronounced in good French *Wasso*.

After landing, the excursionists formed themselves into groups, some running up the grassy hills to gather wild flowers and fern; some directing their steps to the grand stone bridge, with its five arches, that spans the arm of the Ottawa, called the Deux Joachims, and under which roll and dash the upheaving waves of the rushing torrent. With a few companions I sought the little Catholic chapel of which the spire and cross could be discerned from the high ground on which we stood, to take a survey of the little village, with its quaint and wild surroundings. As we advanced in the direction of the chapel, suddenly a priest in cassock and broad sash with a large crucifix run through it, appeared, and making a most gracious salute, announced himself as the pastor, Father Nedelee, O. M. I. He resides at the mission of Mattawa, on the C. P. R., and visits the Joachims once a month in the summer season. We were conducted by him to the little chapel—26x43 feet—with a vestry, to which is attached a sleeping room, with stove and hard bed, a few pictures, and pine board floor. The good Father contrasted these luxuries with the wigwags or bed of snow he lay in last winter on the desolate shores of the Hudson Bay, when the storms, he told us, confined him to the shelter of a rock and hard-tack with snow water for his sole nourishment during six long weeks.

Father Nedelee had men and boys very busy at work moving planks, driving posts and fitting up seats and trestles in the chapel yard. He was making preparations for the annual gathering of Indians, and the mission,

which he or some of the Fathers preaches on the 1st and 2nd Sundays of September every year. He expected that at least five hundred Indians would be encamped around the chapel by the following Sunday. They would come from all the distant lakes and rivers, some travelling fifty, some more than a hundred miles, with wives and children, to see the Black Robe and listen to his sweet words of comfort and encouragement, and then to partake of the holy and vivifying sacraments of the Church.

We asked the Father where he took his meals. "Here," he said, "in the vestry; some little Irish boys and French boys will be here in a little while with all the bread and milk I require; some will bring fruit, and some cold meat." "You have some Irish families here?" I suggested. "Oh, certainly; the village is pretty evenly divided between French and Irish. Next Sunday I shall have to preach in three different languages, but the biggest part of my two hours' sermon must be delivered in dialects which my faithful Indians understand best."

There are ten thousand Catholic Indians in the Vicariate, all under the jurisdiction of Bishop Lorrain. We were still conversing with much interest awakened by the information received when a messenger came to say the steamer's shrill whistle was piping all aboard. With hurried adieus to the saintly missionary Father, and after asking and obtaining his blessing, we made haste for the wharf, where all was ready for departure, when Captain Duggan, watch in hand, was waiting for us impatiently. He did not swear at us, however, for the reason that he never swears, and for the reason also that he is a good Catholic and expected a little share of the blessings we brought from our short pilgrimage to the house of God in the wilderness.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

There is nothing like carrying out principles to their logical conclusions. A correspondent of an English Protestant paper has done so in the case of the principle of Protestant condemnation of crucifixes; and says that if a crucifix is an idol, then every representation of Our Lord, including photographs of the works of the old masters—"without exception all papists,"—must be idolatrous too. Having the courage of his convictions, this zealous individual is burning all such pictures that he can procure; and he moreover calls for a league "for the destruction of this idolatry in the land." He will undoubtedly achieve the distinction of being set down as what is colloquially termed a "crank;" but, as a matter of fact, he is not more silly than were and are iconolasters of more pretensions to sanity.

It has often been asserted by Anti-Catholics that Cardinal Newman never found in the Church that peace of mind which he had longed for. It is well, therefore, to reiterate his repeated denial. A correspondent of the *London Register* lately sent to that journal portions of a letter addressed by the great Cardinal in 1870 to a friend who had written to him stating certain difficulties in belief. Cardinal Newman declares: "I came into the Church to save my soul, which considered that I could not do in the Establishment; nor have I (since you make the inquiry) ever had a single doubt for a moment that I have found in Catholicism what I sought there."

The town of Bradford in Pennsylvania has just received an object lesson in agnosticism. A number of its most aged and respected citizens formed an agnostic circle some years ago under the direction of one Dr. Stuart. It was a theory of this gentleman that when a man became useless to himself and others death was a necessity and suicide lawful. He preached this theory to the circle until a month ago, when he committed suicide. A few days later Frank Davison, a disciple, took poison, but was saved by the stomach pump. Ten days ago Charles Cannon, a member of the circle, ended his life by poison at the age of sixty-eight, and last week Elias Heasley, aged sixty-six, passed away after suffering great agony from the poison he swallowed. These incidents are referred to our respects to Prof. Felix Adler.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH.

The patrons of this institution will be pleased to learn of its continued prosperity. Within the first two weeks of its opening over one hundred and sixty names were on the roll. Of these just one hundred are following the classical course, the others the commercial.

The annual games, which for well nigh twenty years took place on the 9th of October, the feast of the late Superior, Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor, will for the future be held on September 27th, the feast of the present Superior, Rev. D. Cushing. As the 27th falls this year on a Sunday the celebration takes place on Monday, the 28th. On that day the students and professors hope to see the usual gathering of the rev. clergy, the invitation, as in the past, being a standing one.

LATEST CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Catholics of Scotland are making brave efforts to repair the ravages of the past by enlarging the Cathedral of Edinburgh to recall the days when Scotland was notable among notable countries for the splendor of its abbies and churches.

A large pilgrimage of Poles is visiting Rome during this month. Russian Poles were forbidden under heavy penalties to join with their countrymen on this occasion, so the visitors are from Austrian and Prussian Poland only.

The heir of that illustrious convert, the Marquis de Dute, who is the Earl of Dumfries, commenced his public life recently. The occasion was the laying of the corner-stone of a Catholic church at Cardiff, in which ceremony he acquitted himself most creditably and gracefully.

The French Canadians of the parish of Notre Dame de Lourdes, Flint Village, Fall River, Mass., are erecting one of the largest and costliest churches in New England. It will be of granite, will cost about \$300,000 and will be nearly four years in building. The style is the Corinthian.

Bishop Brondel, of Helena, Montana, has in his diocese six thousand Catholic Indians, who are all well provided with priests, convents, teaching sisters, churches and schools. They are in a good state of civilization, and have all the comforts of civilized life. They have been brought to this condition by the Catholic missionary priests.

The total property valuation of the Catholic Church in the United States in 1850 was \$9,266,558; in 1860 it was \$26,774,119; in 1870 it was \$60,285,365. That is to say, the aggregate value of the property of the Catholic Church increased about 18 per cent. from 1850 to 1860 and about 128 per cent. from 1860 to 1870. In 1880 the total valuation was \$118,381,516.

Rev. Julius Pickett is a Baptist preacher, and at the same time one of the largest distillers in the State of Georgia. He makes whiskey all the week and preachers sermons on Sunday. The Baptists of his section, however, have awakened to the fact that it does not look well for a preacher to be a distiller. At the meeting of the association it was resolved that all preachers engaged in distilling should choose between the still and the pulpit. The Rev. Pickett announces that he will continue to do both, and defies the brethren.—*Ex.*

The Onondaga tribe of Indians were ministered to by Catholic missionaries as early as 1651; but they fell back into their old ways, still retaining, however, a respect for the "black robes." But recently the Sachem and many others of them have been converted again to the faith by Rev. Father Lockmann, of Freedom, Wis., whither the tribe has removed from New York state. The converts are now at work building a church.

Since 1853, when the Catholic hierarchy was re-established in Holland by Pope Pius IX., the Church has progressed rapidly. New churches have been erected to the number of 115, and 134 others have been enlarged or renovated; 134 charitable institutions have been founded, which relieve 11,000 poor persons. The number of Catholics in Holland is now about 1,600,000, being about one third, or perhaps slightly over a third, of the whole population. In the Catholic schools there are about 165,000 children.

Rev. Father Thomas C. McMahon, who died at Toronto on the 5th of August, has left real estate valued at \$2,000 and personally \$20,711. His executors are Archbishop Walsh and M. W. Mills of Toronto. Nearly all the personalty is cash in the bank. Ann Gaffney, of 29 Ruth street, gets the household effects and what cash is in the Dominion Bank, and the rest is divided as follows: House of the Good Shepherd, \$4,000; House of Providence, \$4,000; General Hospital, \$3,000; Home for Incurables, \$2,000; St. Vincent de Paul Society, \$2,500; Masses for the repose of the soul of the testator, \$500. The Sunnyside orphanage gets the Ruth street property.

A correspondent of the Boston *Pilot* tells of a miraculous cure which was wrought at the Mission Church of Roxbury, Mass. Mrs. Catharine Gartland, of Stoughton, Mass., was afflicted with chronic paralysis, and she related to the *Pilot's* representative the following account of her remarkable recovery: About three years ago she became afflicted with paralysis, which within the last year and a half took a severe form. She was practically helpless, being unable to lift her right arm, or to raise herself when reclining, and only with great difficulty and pain could she walk a short distance with her crutches. Her doctors pronounced her case hopeless, but she determined as a last resort to make a novena at Mission Church. On her tenth visit during Mass she felt a strange sensation, and began to walk to her pew without crutches. On the conclusion of Mass she left them at the altar of the Blessed Virgin and walked out unaided. Mrs. Gartland related a pleasing incident in connection with her recovery. As she was leaving Stoughton, a friend, a Protestant lady, said to her, she knew she would come back cured as she had such strong faith.

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Weary.

I am weary of all this sin and sadness, Weary of pleasure, joy and pain, Weary of all who have proven vain, Weary of hoping that I shall be saved, Weary of smiling to hide the sorrow, That deep in my heart is closely pressed, Weary of wishing a bright light to rest, Weary of laughing and giving meirth, Weary of treading the dark paths of earth, Weary of thoughts that were once loved well.

Earth is at best but a wearisome place, Time ever teaches this—it must be true— Many are they who are left in the race; Those who reach home, alas! are few, Death in life's morning how gladly I greet it, Home to my dear loving Father above; With joy and not sorrow my spirit shall meet it, For I know He is not angry—but calleth in love, And often while musing I picture the meeting With those who have gone home a little before; And their low, tender voice I seem to hear greet- ing, Helping me on to Eternity's shore.

TED BRAYLEY'S SACRIFICE.

A Story of the Australian Gold Fields, by B. L. Farjeon.

At the bottom of the shaft little Dick Million looked scarcely human. To begin with, the shaft he had sunk was thirty-six feet deep, and black darkness would have enveloped him had it not been for the dim light shed by one sickly tallow candle—the candlestick being a flat piece of silver bark shaped like a bat, so that he could hold it conveniently in his hand or stick it in the clay wall while he worked away with his short-handled pick. Into the broad oval of this bat four nails had been driven and within these four nails the candle was fixed. To go on with, little Dick Million was literally in tatters and his face, his hair, his body and his ragged garments were bespattered with the soil in which he had been industriously digging since sunrise. Still further, the man himself, as he squatted on the ground, was in a state of the most tremendous excitement. In his outstretched palms lay some crumbling lumps of earth, in which bright gold was glittering, and he was gazing upon this treasure in delirious exultation. There was a sufficient reason for his frenzy. He had just struck the gutter.

"If this is a fair sample," he muttered, "it will wash fifty ounces to the tub at least. A hundred tubs at that rate will be five thousand ounces. Twenty thousand pounds! Hoorah!" Poor Man's Gully had been rushed six months ago, and in less than a month it swarmed with gold diggers. Dick Million himself was the discoverer. Tramping thither with his wife and child, a pretty little girl scarcely five years old, he set about prospecting and had found gold. Not in large quantities, but in his judgment the indications were promising, and he had let some mates at a distance into the secret. They circulated the news, gliding it richly, and "Rush, O!" was the cry. But the eager miners were doomed to disappointment. With the exception of Dick Million's claim only a few specks here and there were found, and Dick Million's earnings were nothing to boast of. He made at the most two ounces a week, and this lasted but a short time. The new gold field did not have a name, and the disappointed diggers christened it "Poor Man's Gully," and then began to scuttle away as fast as they had down to it. Dick Million, however, did not lose faith in it.

"There's gold about," he said to his wife, "and I'm going to stick to Poor Man's Gully till I find it." "All right, Dick," said his wife. "You're not often wrong."

A few other miners, though with less faith than Dick, also stuck to it and scattered themselves over the hills and gullies and marked out claims and sank shafts with dispiriting results. Their numbers gradually thinned, one and another dropping away to seek a new Tom Tiddler's ground, and at the present time the population of Poor Man's Gully comprised forty souls, all told. Dick Million was glad for their sakes that he had justified himself. True, their faith was lukewarm and his was steadfast, but he had in a measure lured them to Poor Man's Gully, and now he was in a position to reward them.

He had been in Victoria six years, and his little daughter was born in the colony. With that exception he had met with ill luck hitherto, but his little Georgie (short for Georgina) was a nugget far more precious than the largest that fortune-gold-digger ever found, more precious even than the "Welcome" nugget, which had been sold for £100,000. A hundred thousand would not have purchased little Georgie of him, and supposing an impossibility, and that he was willing to sell her for a hundred thousand, there was his wife, who would have turned her back upon all the gold that had been dug out of the bowels of the earth since the creation, and hugged her darling Georgie to her breast to prevent her being spirited away. Upon this point, and upon most others, Dick Million and his wife were in perfect accord; but there was certainly one upon which they did not agree.

Ten years ago, in the old country, by which endearing term England is known to all Englishmen in the Australian colonies, Mrs. Million, being a maid, and a pretty one into the bargain—elsewhere should Georgie have got her good looks?—had half a dozen sweethearts, two of the most earnest of whom were Dick and a man older than he, by name Ted Brayley. Now, Dick was an honest, steady, plodding young fellow, and Ted Brayley was an out-and-out scamp. He was a dissipated, idle, worthless fellow whom no efforts could reclaim, and it was perhaps his misfortune that

he had a bit of money. This he ran through quickly, all but an income of thirty pounds a year, paid to him in quarterly installments, and so tightly guarded that it was out of his power to dispose of the capital; otherwise he would soon have squandered it. He had, however, one good spot in him—he loved Charlotte Littlewood, Mrs. Million's maiden name, with a very genuine love. Had not Dick Million been in the way, it is not at all unlikely that she would have married him and tried to reclaim him, and thus have insured for herself a life of misery. But Dick stood first, and his wife, chafing at the bottom of her heart a sneaking regard for him. She and Dick did not agree in their estimate of Ted Brayley.

Dick could see no good at all in him, and declared that he was utterly, irremediably a bad lot. Lotty shook her head, and declared on the other hand that there was a great deal to admire in Ted, and that if he had had proper guidance in his youth he would have turned out a worthy and good fellow.

"When he does something to prove your words," said Dick to his sweet-heart, "I'll believe as you do. Till then I stick to my opinion. Let us talk about something else; I'm sick of his very name."

Which did not in the least affect Lotty. She was a pertinacious young person and she still kept a little corner in her heart for worthless Ted Brayley. Perhaps because he loved her so well. Women are strange creatures and have strange ways of reasoning.

When Dick Million and his wife made up their minds to emigrate and try their fortunes on the gold fields Ted came to wish them good-bye. He was not sober—he rarely was—but he wished them good luck, with his eyes all the time on Lotty's pretty face and with an expression on his own which savored somewhat of pity for himself.

This angered Dick; it was almost like making love to Lotty while her husband stood by. He could not boast of good looks, whereas Ted Brayley was really a fine, handsome fellow.

"Good-bye," said Ted, "and God bless you." "Good-bye," said Dick, adding under his breath, "and good riddance to you."

Lotty stood with her hand in Ted's, "Try and reform," she said, and added boldly, because it was said in innocence, "try and be a better man, so that I may think well of you."

"You and you only," said Ted, gloomily, "could have made me a better man. But I don't blame you, I don't blame you."

He turned away, and that was the last they saw of him in the old country. II. That was six years ago, and now Dick Million was squatting at the bottom of his shaft, delirious with excitement of his discovery. He had sunk the shaft alone, having only the occasional assistance of his wife, who had grown strong in the free air of the gold fields, and who would stand at the windlass for a couple of hours a day, hauling up the stuff which Dick had dislodged.

Under such conditions the digging of the shaft had been a laborious job, but Dick was the sort of a man who made light of difficulties. When his wife was not with him Dick would make the rope fast and lock the handle of the windlass, leaving sufficient loose rope hanging down the shaft to enable him to reach the bottom. Large foot holes in the sides of the shaft assisted his descent, and were of still greater assistance when he climbed back over hand from bottom to top. Controlling his excitement, Dick set to work upon a further examination of the golden gutter he had discovered. It was wide enough for riches, from eighteen to twenty-four inches, and every inch he laid bare sparkled with gold. He picked out a number of nuggets from a pennyweight to half an ounce, and presently he came upon one which could not have weighed less than seven or eight ounces.

"Poor Man's Gully, indeed!" said Dick. "Why, if this goes on long enough I shall be a millionaire!"

The fortunate discovery had come just in time, Dick being pretty well at the end of his resources; but he was all right now. He could make certain of a hundred ounces at least even if the lead ran out; if it did not, there was no telling what he would be worth before a month was over. At the end of an hour Dick prepared to climb upwards to the earth's surface. His pockets were filled with lumps of the golden gutter, and with small nuggets, which with the large one he had unearthed, would probably make up a total of twenty ounces. A capital beginning. Up he climbed, grasping the rope firmly with his clay-crusted hands, and scrambled to the surface.

It was now within an hour of sunset, and he believed himself to be alone. The canvas tent in which he and his wife and their little Georgie lived was a quarter of a mile away. In order that no one in his absence should be able to get without difficulty to the bottom of the shaft he detached the rope from the windlass and slung it across his shoulder. Then turning his face towards his tent he saw he was not alone. Upon a hillock of rubble, some ten yards from where he stood, sat a man, and by the man, gazing at her master with patient loving eyes, stood a dog.

"Hello mate," said Dick. "Hello," responded the man in a thick voice, and looking up revealed to Dick Million the face of Ted Brayley. "Why, Brayley!" cried Dick, who was in a good humor with himself and all the world.

"Dick Million!" cried Ted. The dog barked. "Be quiet, Miss Quilt." "Well," said Dick, "you're the last man I should have expected to see in these parts."

"Same to you," said Ted. He rose, and then Dick perceived that he was drunk. "Ah," said Dick, his bitter feelings against Ted reviving, "the same old game."

"Yes," said Ted, unsteadily, "the same old game. Won't last much longer, Dick. I'm booked." The man was a perfect wreck. His limbs trembled, his eyes were blood-shot, his lips twitched. Dick Million was in tatters, certainly, but they were honest, respectable tatters, of which no man need have been ashamed. Ted Brayley's tatters were disreputable to the last degree, and with his shaking limbs and bloodshot eyes proclaimed his degradation. All at once Ted observed a bottle sticking out of the pocket of Dick's blue gurnsey.

"I'm in luck," he said, "Give an old pal a drink."

"You're welcome," and with a grin handed Ted the bottle.

Ted put it to his lips and made a dry face.

"Tea!" he muttered, with a shudder of disgust.

"Don't suit your complaint," said Dick.

"Not by a long way. Haven't you got any brandy?"

"No, and if I had I wouldn't give it to you."

"Wouldn't you!" said Ted, without the least trace of resentment. "How's Lotty?"

"You drunken beast!" cried Dick, with a sudden fury. "How dare you mention her name?"

"More I am—more I am; but how is she?"

The answer came from the near distance.

"Dick! Dick!"

It was Lotty's voice and there was a note of trouble in it. She traveled almost as quickly as her voice and reached her husband's side. She was in evident distress of mind, but Dick now thought of nothing but his discovery of the golden gutter.

"Look here, Lotty. I have found the gutter. It will wash fifty ounces to the tub."

He pulled the nuggets from his pocket and held them out to her with joy in his face.

Ted Brayley stood aside, tipsily observant. Lotty had not seen him.

"Never mind the gold, Dick," she said. "Where's Georgie?"

"Where's Georgie?" he echoed. "Why, isn't she at home?"

"She hasn't been home all day," replied Lotty, rapidly, "and I've been so busy washing that I hardly missed her. She went away this morning saying she was coming to you, and she knows her way so well that I didn't stop her. She's done it before, you know."

"Yes," said Dick, gazing around in a bewildered fashion, "but I haven't seen her."

"My God!" cried Lotty. "She must be lost! It's four hours now since she went. O Georgie, Georgie!"

"Don't lose your head, Lotty," said Dick, thinking no more of his gold. "We'll soon find her. Come along."

They turned in the direction of their tent, and Ted, accompanied by his dog, Miss Quilt, followed them leisurely.

"Who's Georgie?" he asked of himself, as he went along unsteadily.

"Miss Quilt, who's Georgie?"

Miss Quilt looked up into his face and wagged her tail.

By this time Dick and his wife were out of sight.

"That's a nice way to treat an old friend," said Ted, pausing. "What do you say, Miss Quilt?"

Miss Quilt wagged her tail again.

"There's a tent at the foot of the hill yonder," said Ted, still addressing his dog, "and when we passed it a couple of hours ago I saw a woman washing clothes. Her back was turned towards me, and I didn't know it was Lotty. If I had, I would have asked her for a drink. Let us go there, Miss Quilt. But who's Georgie, eh, my dog?"

In addition to the man's gait being unsteady he seemed to be in a weak condition; therefore they made but slow progress and it was quite half an hour before they reached Dick Million's tent.

"This is it, Miss Quilt," said Ted. "Let us see if she's at home."

No one was about. He called for Dick and then for Lotty, but received no answer. Unceremoniously he lifted the canvas door and entered, Miss Quilt following him gravely. On the rough mantelshelf was a photograph of a little child. He took it in his hand and gazed at it in the uncertain light, for it was now sunset and night was coming fast.

"It looks like Lotty when she was a little child," he said. "Did you ever see a sweeter face?"

when she was a little girl, I take away with me, having no right to it? It isn't an honorable action, is it? But I'm going to do it and risk the consequences. But it is really puzzling, is it not, who Georgie can be? What's this? Half a bottle of brandy! We're in luck, Miss Quilt. Spills of war. I appropriate it. Take a drink, Miss Quilt."

He went through the performance of pretending to give Miss Quilt a long pull at the bottle by putting it to her mouth with the cork in it. Miss Quilt, who stood on her hind legs to reach the corked bottle, dropped on all fours when the pretense was finished, and instantly began to roll about as though she were drunk. She lurched on one side, then lurched on the other, then rolled over, then dragged herself to her feet again, and stumbled tipsily about with a most perfect imitation of a dog who had taken more than was good for her.

Ted Brayley shook with laughter at the performance.

"Well done, Miss Quilt—well done," he cried. "There's a fortune waiting for you on the stage. But you must reform your ways, my dog. This sort of thing will never do."

He took the cork from the bottle and put the liquor to his mouth. It was a long drink and he took a deep breath after it.

"That done, I am a man again. Come, Miss Quilt, let us go."

With the photograph in his pocket and hugging the bottle close, he went out of the tent, Miss Quilt, now some what recovered, treading at his heels. A digger ran towards the tent and stopped at sight of Ted and his dog.

"Has she come back?" asked the man breathlessly.

"Has who come back?" inquired Ted.

"Georgie."

"And who may Georgie be? It's what I've been asking Miss Quilt this last hour and more."

"Mrs. Million's little girl. She's lost—wandered away half-a-dozen hours ago. If she's got among the Nuggety Ranges, Lord have mercy upon her! Once you get in, there's no getting out, unless an angel shows you the way. Dick Million and his wife are almost mad. Every man in the gully is searching for the little one!"

III. He was gone, and Ted and Miss Quilt were left alone. The bright colors of the sky were dying quickly away, but there was still sufficient light to enable Ted to see, hanging on some lines near him, a number of small garments such as a little child would wear. He touched them softly.

"Little Georgie's clothes, Miss Quilt—Lotty's daughter. The clothes Lotty was washing when we passed her. Miss Quilt there's work before us."

He took a small flannel petticoat off the line and gazed at it with much tenderness.

"No, this will not serve. The scent is washed out of it. Is there anything in the tent?"

He re-entered the tent, and lifted a hanging of green baize which divided the sleeping apartment from the living apartment. There were two beds in it, a little crib for Georgie, and a stretcher for Dick and his wife.

Under the pillow on the crib was a child's night-dress. He drew it forth, kissed it, and sat down on the stretcher.

"Stand up, Miss Quilt."

The dog obeyed.

"Listen, my faithful dog, to what I am going to say to you. A little child has wandered God knows where, and if she is not found to-night she will die. We must find her, if no one else does. Do you hear? Do you understand? Good dog, good dog! Now mark. We go from this tent, you and I, and if you don't lead me to little Georgie never look me in the face again."

He enveloped Miss Quilt's head in the night-dress, and when he removed it the dog whined restlessly, and looked intelligently at her master, then moved to the door.

"Can you do it, my dog?"

Miss Quilt jumped up to his shoulder and barked, seizing his trousers with her teeth she pulled him towards the open door.

"Good. We will pay for the picture of little Georgie and for the liquor I have pilfered."

They passed out of the tent, the dog leading the way. It was not quite dark. For a moment Miss Quilt stopped, with nose in the air, and then she made a sudden bound forward. Ted followed her, but his movements were not so rapid as hers.

"Gently, Miss Quilt, gently. Remember I cannot see in the dark."

They met no one on their way. Those who were searching for the child were hunting in other directions. For an hour and more they walked on, Ted stumbled sometimes over obstructions he could not see, but always picking himself up cheerfully, and encouraging Miss Quilt by the sound of his voice, the growing weakness of which made no impression upon him. On they went, and another hour passed.

"Are you sure you are right, Miss Quilt? We have been out a long time now, and Lotty is growing more and more anxious. She is a mother, my dog, and we are going to find her child for her—we are, are we not? Thank you for that assuring bark. We are on the trail, I am sure. You are not the dog to deceive a master who loves you. I do love you, Miss Quilt—and Lotty—and little Georgie. What are you stopping for? Don't say you've lost it, or I'll never believe in dog or woman again, either in this world or the next. You don't think you have. You are preparing for something. What is it? A man's heart is as strong as a dog's, I

hope. Oh, a jump, is it? Here goes after you."

He jumped in a clumsy fashion because of his increasing weakness, after the dog, and fell floundering into a turbulent creek. He scrambled out as well as he could and reached the opposite bank.

They were mounting a steep and rocky range, and when they got to the top they plunged into a valley, covered with huge boulders; then up another range of similar kind, and down another valley. Many a wound did Ted receive as he followed Miss Quilt; the blood ran down his legs, but he did not feel the pain.

"We are among the Nuggety Ranges, I suppose. I remember reading of two strong men being found dead in these parts, having been entangled in this stony wilderness of valley and mount, and unable to find their way out. Poor little Georgie—poor little Georgie! O, the little tender feet, the bewilderment, the despair! What is this you are thrusting into my hand? A child's shoe! Georgie's! Then you are on the right road, my dog! O, Georgie, Georgie! O, my poor child! There is a light in the sky. Thank God, the moon is coming out. Come quickly—come quickly! Angels of mercy, drive it forth!"

The faint light broadened, grew brighter, and now the bright moon sailed forth in peace and majesty. The scene around them was indescribably wild and majestic. Far as he could see stretched great hills and valleys of disintegrated rocks, and so much alike as to baffle the judgment which sought to find a road to safety out of them.

They had been out now at least four hours and Ted's limbs trembled and his head fluttered at the thought that a child of tender years must surely meet her death in these wild regions. Happily their search was soon to come to an end.

Miss Quilt ran forward with the swiftness of a deer-hound, then ran back, and whined pitifully. Ted went forward, saw stretched upon the ground the body of a little girl. He fell upon his knees by her side.

Her clothing was literally torn from her; there was blood upon her; her sweet face was as white as death.

"O Georgie, Georgie! O, my poor, poor dear! But is she dead? O God, for Lotty's sake let her live!"

He rubbed her hands, her limbs, her body; he took the pilfered bottle of brandy from his pocket and chafed her with the spirit, and succeeded in forcing a few drops down her throat.

"Miss Quilt! Miss Quilt!" he cried, in a voice choked with joy. "She breathes—she moves—she will live! But I? Great God, what darkness is this that is coming upon me? Is it death? No, not yet! I must live—I must, till Lotty comes to receive her child. I cannot carry little Georgie back; my strength is gone. I am dying."

By a sheer force of will he arrested the coming stroke.

"Quilt, my dear doggie, listen to me. With you gets my salvation. With you rests my forgiveness for an ill-spent life. Take this shoe in my mouth. Good, my dog, good! Hurry swiftly to the tent and bring little Georgie's mother here. Hurry—hurry! Now, go!"

Miss Quilt sped back, leaping as though she were mad.

Ted pressed the form of the little girl to him, to give her warmth.

"Georgie, Georgie! Can you hear?"

"Yes," faintly whispered the little one.

"Who is it? I am so tired, so tired!"

"Mother will soon be here, pet. Have patience—patience!"

The brandy he administered to her overpowered her senses, and she lay in his arms asleep.

The night passed, the eastern skies were filled with light. Over the stormy ranges came the sound of anxious voices and the bark of a dog. But no voice answered them.

When Lotty bent over her sleeping child she saw that the man who had saved little Georgie had passed away. With her child in her arms, saved from an awful death, she kissed the face of Ted Brayley and bade God bless him.

They bore him back tenderly, and to this day his name is a treasured remembrance with her and her husband and little Georgie. The child often sits down with Miss Quilt's head in her lap and talks to her of the master whose flower-covered grave is within sight of the dwelling in which she is growing up to a fair and sweet womanhood.

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THE BATTLE OF ENISCOORTHY.

Brave Father Murphy.

On the banks of a pleasant Irish river is a pleasant little Irish town. The river flows down from the white mountain. Green elms hang over it; willows, too, and now and then a stately, smooth-barked beech. Sallows are on its banks also; and the tall reeds they call in Ireland flags rise above the rushing stream. But there are sand and pebbles beneath the bright waters beside, and here and there a large round stone, beneath which the trout lurks as if he wished to avoid the sunlight. Nevertheless, when the evening comes and the trout insects drop upon the stream, the trout jumps up and takes his evening meal, and frequently becomes a meal himself for that biped man.

This little Irish town is called Enniscorthy; and it is famous in Irish history. Americans have no idea how picturesque it looks with its great old castle and its houses with the tall, slanting roofs. Everything is so big, the pure picturesque is simply impossible. The eye goes so far to look to catch its image of the beautiful, and we cannot see the sublime short of that spot where George Francis Train stood when he shouted to the most restless race in the world, "passengers for China this way!" and there was nothing sublime in that.

They have got no Rocky Mountains in Ireland; but they have got pleasant hills and valleys and bright streams—hills and valleys for average men to live upon, and crystal streams for boys and girls of the old race to wander by and whisper their love-tales as they went along. No man who has lived in Ireland can cease to love it, in spite of the alien rule that still lies heavy on its breast.

One of the brightest of those trout-streams of Ireland is the Stoney, and near its mouth lies the little town of Enniscorthy. It might be a big town worthy of the brave men of Wexford if Ireland were free of the English tyranny and embraced in close alliance with America. I hope to see an Irish college there yet where youths of this republic shall be educated in such scholarship and manhood of the old "insula doctorum" as shall give the great Commonwealth of America a new lease of generations of patriotism and loyalty.

"Soldiers!" exclaimed Cromwell, as he stood upon that Irish mountain and gazed down on plain and valley and river below, "this is a country worth fighting for!"

And it is not a country worth, to Irish exiles here in America, the labor of fighting for and conquering again?

But let me tell what occurred in that little town of Enniscorthy seventy years ago.

A British army was there drawn up in the line of battle; and an army of Wexford peasants was coming down to meet them. It was a bright day in early summer, and the bayonets of the British glittered in the sunlight. The Irish had few bayonets and few guns; but they had the courage of brave men who had already trampled the red uniform and the blood-stained flag of England in the dust. Their leaders, too, were a couple of patriotic priests, true as steel to the cause of their country, and brave as lions.

The enemy stood before the gates of the town, infantry and cavalry; and they saw with contempt that Irish peasant "rabble" approach. But they had not sufficiently estimated the strength of Irish peasant arms and the valor of Irish hearts.

Their cavalry rushed down upon that advancing crowd of Irish, tired and hungry with their long march. A whole day these peasants had been coming on, armed with any chance weapons they could get—guns, pikes, pitchforks, anything. On rushed the cavalry with fiery steed and glittering steel. But hastily they retreat again; with all their scarlet bravery, they find these ragged Irish peasants too much for them.

The infantry give them shelter, and stand in solid array, ready to open such a fire on the advancing peasant as shall scatter them over the three roads that meet at that particular point. But the priestly general, who commands the Irish, has a game on his cards worth two of theirs. There is a herd of horned cattle following in the rear of the peasant army; he orders it up, and charges it full upon that proud and insolent military array of the enemy.

The results are ludicrous but decisive. The cattle, goaded by John Murphy's laughing pikemen, rush headlong and bellowing against the British ranks. The infantry discharge their firelocks at random. They become a rabble; the peasants, with their pikes, charge upon the British with a wild Irish cry; and the scarlet-clad minions of the Sassenagh are driven headlong over the bridge. In five minutes a hundred of them lie outside the town, never to enter it again.

The British rallied when they got back into Enniscorthy; but in vain! They rushed into the houses and opened a deadly fire on the advancing patriots. In vain still. Those fiery Irish peasants pursued them up staircase and landing, and from chamber to chamber, and slew them hand to hand.

The English, brutal and savage to the last to their Irish foes—to whom they never showed quarter, but always killed as they would kill wild beasts, whenever they fell into their hands—attempted one last act of cowardly vengeance as they fled pell-mell from the town. In the jail a hundred or

more prisoners were confined, old men and females principally, arrested "on suspicion," as is the infamous English system in Ireland to the present hour. The flying royalists stopped at the gates to murder the unhappy inmates—a favorite custom of theirs. But, fortunately, the governor and turkeys had been struck with a fit of terror early in the day; they had locked up all the gates and fled to Wexford. The ruffianly soldiers had no time to break open the gates, for upon them; they coming down fast upon them; they accordingly continued their flight helter-skelter.

Such is the story of the capture of Enniscorthy in 1798, in the face of a formidable foe, by a band of almost unarmed peasants, driven to madness by the fearful cruelties they endured at the hands of the English supremacy.

This one incident shows what could be done in Ireland to-day by an orderly and disciplined force of Irish soldiers led on by such veterans as have been disciplined in the four years' war of America.

A curious and significant event contributed to the defeat and dispersion of the royal forces. It may as well be mentioned here that they were marching out through the Duffray Gate in fully and imposing military array, they loudly swore that they would not return whilst one of the "rebels" was alive. They did return, in a very un-military fashion, actually before one of the rebels was dead. They naturally thought that the poor, ragged peasants, who had snatched any arms, as Virgil says, which fury suggested to them, were a rabble rout, whom it would be easy to disperse and slaughter at pleasure; and what pleasure that foul murderous atrocity would be to them their previous conduct had proved.

But when that sublime Irish joke was perpetrated (Father John Murphy had been a careful reader of classic lore), of driving a herd of maddened cattle into their midst, they were pretty soon a rabble rout themselves. They fled headlong, as I have said, and they left a hundred dead behind them. Irishmen are accustomed to rush headlong on the bayonet's point, and cut down their enemy with sword, or pike or any weapon in hand. This accounts for the unusual slaughter of the foe wherever they fight, and for the amount they themselves suffer in killed and wounded.

When the enemy got safe across the ridge and lodged themselves in the houses, from which they could keep a sharp fire with comparative safety, I have mentioned how the patriot force suffered. But the tide of battle was finally changed in this way: A number of inhabitants of the poorer region of the town, whose sympathies, of course, were all with the "rebels," actually set fire to their own dwellings, destroying what little property they possessed to cause a diversion in favor of the patriot army. The result was all that could have been wished for; an alarm spread among the English that a new army was advancing, and that the town had been set on fire.

"Twas now *saucis qui pent* with them; and they fled from the town in the disorder of a frightened mob. It is a curious instance of the wild panic which prevailed in this flying army, that the officers, who regarded themselves as chief objects of popular wrath (and naturally, for they were great criminals who led their brutal and ignorant subordinates to incendiary and slaughter), actually tore the epaulettes from their shoulders and flung their scarves away that they might not be distinguished from the common soldiers.

But those who escaped the weapons of the patriots in the town were safe in their flight. For Father John's little army had no cavalry to pursue them; and the yeomanry cavalry in the service of the English were, as usual, the first to fly. These men who represent the dominant Cromwellian and Williamite landlord element in the country, were notoriously as cowardly as they were blood-thirsty. But yeomanry and militia they were the same, with their English and German hiring allies. The great British General, Abercrombie, exclaimed of them, when in sheer disgust, he flung up his command in Ireland: "They are formidable to everybody except the enemy." I need not stop to mention that the "enemy" so spoken of was the rabble of infuriated peasants who thrashed them in so many a field. Again I say what a lesson is to take a fall out of the ancestral foe!

The anti-Irish tyrants who fled from the captured town left their wives and daughters behind them. The peasant victors, led on by their gallant priest, treated their captives with every respect. Vengeance might have tempted them to commit any crime; but with the holy self-control of authorities, they stayed their hands; no woman was insulted—no home was plundered. The humble patriots contented themselves with peacefully collecting all the arms and ammunition they could find. After that they quietly retired from the town and encamped on Vinegar Hill.

And these were of the noble old race which is so shamefully libelled by its malignant foes!

Nine Long Years. Mrs. John McLean writes from Barrie, Ont., March 4, 1889, as follows: "I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia for the last nine years, but, being advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, can now heartily endorse it as being a most excellent remedy for this complaint, as I have been greatly benefited by its use."

Timely Wisdom. Great and timely wisdom is shown by keeping Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry on hand. It has no equal for cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, cramps, and all summer complaints of loose bowels.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF FAITH.

Our esteemed contemporary, the New York Tribune, in giving space to a communication from a staff-correspondent who writes pleasantly "about the exhibition of the Holy Coat at Treves, forgets itself to the extent of joining with the superficial pettifoggers of bigotry and agnosticism in a sneer at what it affects to call "the good old days of faith." In certain schools of modern literature in which the sensational journalist is wont to luxuriate, it is considered a mark of cleverness to make sport of all that is held sacred by the vast majority of the Christian world. The deep veneration now manifested in the Cathedral of Treves by devout Catholic pilgrims from all parts of the world for the sacred relic which they believe to have once covered the person of our Divine Redeemer has afforded the Hessians of the pencil an inviting theme upon which to exercise their peculiar talents.

In one particular those would-be humorists who write so "pleasantly" on sacred subjects are all alike. Their disregard of obvious facts is only surpassed by their vulgar and unmannerly disrespect for the convictions of their fellow-men. Although the sacred relic which had been so vigilantly guarded for over fifteen hundred years in the venerable sanctuary of Treves has not been exposed to public view as often as once in a century, and then only in response to urgent appeals from pious Catholics throughout the world, they associate with the rare occasions when that appeal of the Christian world is granted the same mercenary motives which inspire their vulgar criticisms. Although the most eminent intellects of the world, whose names are regarded by enlightened men of all denominations as the synonyms of sincerity and regard for truth, have proclaimed their conviction after investigation that the Holy Coat of Treves is the same worn by our Saviour, those anonymous intellectual pigmies of infidelity affect to sympathize with the credulity of the pious and the believing, and dishonestly suggest a similar claim to identity for other relics treasured in other sanctuaries. Although it is generally held by Catholics, and was distinctly proclaimed by the Bishop of Treves several weeks ago when announcing that the holy vesture would be exhibited for the veneration of the pious, that "the authenticity of no relic, be it the most eminent of the oldest church in Christendom, falls under any precept of Catholic faith;" but that, on the contrary, the authenticity of a relic is proved on human testimony, "like any other historical fact," nevertheless, the scoffers at religion insist on conveying the false impression that Catholics are under spiritual obligation to accept the genuineness of those sacred relics, whether satisfied by their own judgments or not.

This flippant and discourteous treatment of the religious convictions of our fellow-men may take with facetious and superficial cynics, who would destroy if they could all forms of Christian religion, but "the good old days of faith" still continue, and their light is the beacon of Christian civilization.—*Irish World.*

The Religion of the Irish Soldier.

There is still another, and more important than any sustaining power which the Irish soldier has; he believes in his religion. With him it is a faith and a reality. It is not a fashionable infidelity or a formal observance. His priests are always with him ready to give him advice and religious comfort in his life, and shrive him in death, and bear his last message to those near and dear to him, far away. He sees and knows that the hand of his Church is around him and above him; that her intercessions with his Saviour, in whom he trusts, will plead for his sin as he passes through the dark valley and shadow of death, and in full faith, he relies on her for his hereafter. He listens to her offices and recognizes her ordinances, and partakes of her sacraments in the field, and commits his soul to her keeping before the humble and rude altar, raised perhaps with drums piled one on top of the other, and draped with the flag that he is about to follow in battle, as cheerfully and implicitly and reverently as he does in the arched cathedral, where the Holy Mass is intoned with the accompaniment of the rich swelling music of the pealing organ, before an altar decorated and enriched by all that art and piety can best bestow to make it worthy of the service of God, to which it is dedicated.

Without intending to institute any comparison between the chaplains of the Catholic regiments and those denominations, I may be permitted to say that the Catholic clergy were fully equal to the duty imposed upon them, and in all their ministrations seemed to show that they strove to do their whole duty to those whose souls were entrusted to their care, rather in obedience to the ordinances of the Church of which they were members than with any regard to army regulation or the authority of temporal power.—*Gen. B. F. Butler.*

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GREASING THE GROWLER.

A Trick by Which Its Operators got Good Measure for a White.

The "growler rushers" all over Philadelphia, and notably in the vicinity of Lombard and South streets, by an ingenious scheme have succeeded in out-witting the wily saloon-keepers for a couple of weeks past. About two weeks ago the saloon-keepers noticed a wonderful and new characteristic concerning the beer they had on draught. One night about that time a stalwart negro, black as a coal, came into a saloon with a pitcher nearly big enough to hold a keg of beer and called for "ten cents wuff."

The barkeeper eyed the pitcher for a moment, and then proceeded to draw the beer. To his surprise the beer would not foam in the pitcher, which heretofore had been its principal characteristic. No amount of shaking and sloshing around would make the amber-colored beverage assume a frothy appearance, and before the bar-keeper could realize it the pitcher was brimming full. The negro remarked in an off-hand manner:

"Dat beer done looks dead an' flat, but I laik dat kaine ma'nself."

With that the barkeeper handed him the pitcher, and the grinning darkey walked out of the room. He was met just outside the corner by half a dozen other dusky citizens, all carrying pitchers, and at once divided up.

It was noticed that the beer immediately came to life when it was poured out of the big pitcher, and the colored rascals laughed immoderately as the creamy foam ran down the sides of the vessels they were carrying. Directly after this another customer walked into the same saloon and the beer was found to draw all right.

Here was a mystery indeed, and it took two long weeks to solve it. The saloon-keepers in the vicinity always noticed that the beer would not foam when put into pitchers. As a result these same persons got about fifty cents worth of beer and only paid ten cents for it.

An investigation was started, as the saloon-keepers knew that some trick was being played upon them. No solution was arrived at, however, until Friday, when a colored man under the influence of liquor told how the scheme had been worked.

On the same Platform.

Catholic Columbian. Three Protestant ladies attended the convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, which was held in Washington last week, and three delegates from the Union were chosen to visit the meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, which is to be held in Boston next November.

This friendly association of Catholics and Protestants on common ground, is a pleasant sign of the times, and the honor of bringing it about is due to the Protestants and to the women among them.

It would be a good thing for the cause of Christianity in these days of Agnosticism and Infidelity, if Catholics and Protestants would beridderily personally and as bodies, and admit one another's sincerity while holding as tenaciously as they choose to their respective ideas of truth and right. They should try to find out how much they have in common, not how widely they can stand apart. By personal friendliness, by the removal of prejudices, by mutual explanations, they could draw closer together, and so present a less broken front against the common enemy of Christ.

Twenty Years a Protestant Bishop—Now a Catholic Priest.

Two years ago the secular papers announced the conversion to the Catholic faith of Bishop Joseph Legard, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who, at the time of his conversion, resided in Rome.

Through the kindness of a student of theology who has been living with Joseph Legard the past year, we are able to give our readers some interesting facts.

Like L. Silliman Ives, once Protestant Bishop in North Carolina, so Joseph Legard, acting in the capacity of Episcopal Bishop for eight years in China and twelve years in the city of Rome, became a Catholic. Attracted by the learning and deep religious spirit of the Fathers of the Resurrection, who have their central house in Rome, and also a flourishing college in the same city, Joseph Legard asked for admission into the congregation.

After his time of probation, Joseph Legard spent some time in the study of Catholic theology and was ordained priest.

Father Joseph Legard met with insults of all kinds from those who opposed his entering the Catholic Church, and, finding his life threatened, his superiors sent him to America.

Father Joseph is acting as professor of foreign languages at St. Mary's College, Ky., a position he filled many years ago at Williams College, New York.

He has relatives who are very wealthy living in North Carolina and Massachusetts, all of whom are Protestants. May the spirit of God enlighten

their minds, too, and bring them into the true fold!—*American Catholic News.*

A Family Shave.

A Maine family consists of six brothers so exactly alike that no one but their closest friends can tell which is which. One day they happened to be in a strange town and all wanted a shave. One of them went into a barber shop, was shaved, and paid the customary ten cents. Five minutes later apparently the same man came back into the shop very wrathful, his beard bristling with a three days' growth. He swore that he had not been shaved, and demanded that the work be done over.

The astonished barber apologized and complied; but judge of his horror when not ten minutes later his customer came back madder than ever, his beard still showing on his face, and he demanded another shave. Again the barber, after some protest, complied, but when his man returned the fourth time it was too much.

"See here!" he cried, "if you're trying to sell me some patent hair-raiser I'll take your whole stock, but if you're an escaped museum freak, either you've got to get out or I'll have to close this shop."

The fifth and sixth brothers had to pay for their shaves.—*Buffalo Express.*

Clerical Beards Not Allowed.

A writer in the *Pittsburg Catholic* thus discusses a newly-opened subject: The article, "Clerical Beard," taken from the *Church Progress*, and appearing in your edition of the 20th, is in error on this subject. The Church in her canons forbids the growth of beard to its priests, either secular or regular. The wearing of the clerical beard was forbidden in the Latin Church as early as the Council of Carthage, and has been repeatedly condemned by Popes and councils until the present time. It is expressly forbidden in this country by a second Council of Baltimore, decreed 151, page 95, in accordance with the letter of Pius IX., cited in the second Council of Baltimore, page 286. In this letter of the late Pontiff, which was promulgated throughout Bavaria by the Apostolic Nuncio, Most Rev. Mathias Eustachius, the wearing of the beard was expressly condemned as contrary to the modern and prevailing discipline of the Latin Church. "And since these things are true," the nuncio says, "it was pleasing to the Holy See that I should signify to all the priests in Bavaria to take the greatest caution that the aforesaid use of wearing the beard should be forbidden, and that in dress and beard and tonsure the custom of the Latin Church be observed and any new custom arising be avoided."

By special privilege the monastic orders are allowed the wearing of the beard. This privilege is granted them in accordance with their ancient customs. The modern congregations of clerics, however, come under the regulations of the Church in this matter of not wearing the beard, the rule applying to the Jesuits, Redemptorists, Passionists, etc.

For special reasons the Bishop may extend the privilege of wearing the beard. For instance, to priests who may suffer from a throat disease, or whose tender skin would not permit of shaving, or from eruptive diseases on the face. To secure this dispensation, good and sufficient causes must be given.

It may be asked whence arose this custom of not wearing the beard. It would be difficult to give a precise answer, but it is generally supposed to date from the earliest history of the Church. The early Christians, to manifest their dislike of pagan vanity, in the effacement of long and curling hair and carefully cultivated beards, shaved their faces and kept their hair cropped close. In the time of Tertullian this was a mark of the Christian. The early tonsure, known as St. Peter's of Rome, had the entire head closely shaved, leaving but a narrow rim. Custom nowadays takes but a small lock of hair from the head.

John Hays, Credit P. O., says: "His shoulder was so lame for nine months that he could not raise his hand to his head, but by the use of Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptic Oil the pain and lameness disappeared, and although three months has elapsed, he has not had an attack of it since."

Messrs. Stott & Jury, Chemists, Rowman Way, writes: "We would direct attention to Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery which is giving perfect satisfaction to our numerous customers. All the preparations are manufactured by this well-known house and are among the most reliable in the market."

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TO EDUCATORS.

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Persons writing for a change of address should invariably send us the name of their former post office.

London, Saturday, Sept. 26, 1891.

TOO ONE-SIDED.

The Opposition are deserving of credit for the industry, energy and perseverance which they have displayed, during the present session of Parliament, in unearthing and exposing abuses, frauds, etc., as well in connection with the Government contract system as in relation to the public service. We appreciate and approve of the good work that has been done. While doing this, however, we cannot refrain from noticing the very singular and significant fact that, with very few exceptions, it is only Catholic contractors and civil servants who have been pitched upon to serve as examples to evil-doers and to be sacrificed by the Liberals to damage the Conservatives, and by the Government to placate public opinion and their opponents in Parliament. It is right to punish fraud or the abuse of public trust, no matter whether the guilty party be Catholic or Protestant; but we contend that this system of purgation and punishment should be carried out in a fair and even-handed manner, without favor or prejudice. That this has not been hitherto done is manifest and is causing surprise and widespread dissatisfaction. That there are offenders among the Protestant employees of the Government, and among Protestant contractors, goes without saying. We therefore suggest, and in a friendly spirit, that those who are engaged and interested in the ferreting out of "boodlers" and "boodling," in connection with the Committee on Public Accounts, would carry on their good work with due regard to distributive justice and fair play. The Catholic contractors and office-holder are not ambitious of having a monopoly of the disgrace and punishment which others equally deserve and from which they appear to be designedly and effectually shielded. This jug-handled plan of reform may, like the boomerang, recoil upon those who pursue it with damaging, aye, disastrous results.

DOCTRINES AND SPECIAL DEVOTIONS.

Writers on any topic usually try to know something of their subject before they pretend to write anything on it, but this pre-requisite seems to be quite unnecessary when the Protestant religious journals write about the Catholic Church and her doctrine. Thus the Christian Guardian of the 9th inst. says:

"We do not see how any obedient Catholic can refuse to believe in the genuineness of the 'holy coat' of Treves. Yet some who would doubtless resent the imputation of disobedience—the editor of the Chicago Catholic Home, for example—have declared that such belief in the relic is not obligatory, though they know that the exhibition of it was authorized by the Pope. It is safe to say that wherever Catholic thought has made progress in recent times, the Treves exhibition will produce criticism, apology and regret."

Will the Guardian say that every obedient Methodist must believe in the razors of the Methodist Bishop Asbury, and the locks of hair of the Bishop and his mother, which are to be on exhibition for the veneration of the reverend and lay delegates who will attend the Methodist so-called Ecumenical Council at Washington in October?

The exhibition of relics which is to be made at the Methodist council, and for which earnest preparations are now going on, is a sufficient acknowledgment, officially made, by the Methodist Churches of the world that they have hitherto been wrong, and that Calvin, Luther, Knox, and other coryphoi of Protestantism have been wrong in condemning as superstitious the respectful preservation of relics of those whom we love and venerate as saints of God; and much more should we look with respect upon that sacred relic of our Lord of which there is special mention in Holy

Scripture, a relic, too, through which at least one miracle was wrought which is recorded in Scripture:

"And behold a woman, who was troubled with an issue of blood twelve years came behind Him and touched the hem of His garment. For she said within herself: If I shall touch only His garment, I shall be healed."

Her faith, and her reverence for that holy relic were rewarded by our Lord, who, "turning and seeing her, said: 'Be of good heart, daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole.' And she was made whole from that hour." (St. Matt. ix, 20, 21.)

The Methodists herein differ from the Catholics: that the former are but a young religion which has no relics which date back further than a century, because it had no existence before; but the Catholic Church has preserved carefully sacred relics which pertained to her Founder, Jesus Christ, and His saints who lived more than eighteen hundred years ago. Catholics venerate the relics of saints. But as the Methodists have none of those great heroes of Christianity to venerate in this way, we leave to them the veneration of the relics of their founder who, in 1780, instigated a howling mob of sixty thousand Londoners to pillage and burn the churches and houses of Catholics, and to murder the inmates, and who afterwards defended them with his pen.

We are among those Catholic journals which have made a statement identical with that which is referred to by the Guardian as having been made by the Chicago Catholic Home. The Holy Father, in approving of the devotion of the Catholics who will visit the Cathedral of Treves, knows that their piety and love for Jesus will be increased by seeing this relic of our Lord, and devoutly reverencing it, but his approval amounts to this only, that he testifies thereby that he is convinced that the evidence that this holy relic has been preserved carefully, and that it is authentic, is satisfactory, and as the Church holds that it is proper to venerate sacred relics, he encourages the faithful to venerate this one. He by no means defines the authenticity as an article of doctrine.

The Bishop of Treves himself in his pastoral on the Holy Coat also declares that belief in it is not obligatory, as we showed in our last issue. It will be seen, therefore, that the writer of the note in the Guardian does not know the difference between Catholic doctrine and a special devotion—or he misrepresents it. We are convinced that this note, published, we believe, in the absence of the regular editor, whom we usually find courteous and as fair as might be expected, was not written by him.

We have said that the new devotion of Methodists to relics is an acknowledgment that they have hitherto been wrong. It is an admission, in acts if not in words, that the Catholic Church has been always right on this subject. But, of course, we are aware that the Methodist Church uses the privilege of changing its creed according to the times. It is the privilege of error to change in this way; but the Catholic Church does not claim it, because she is the "pillar and ground of truth" spoken of by the Apostle.

But, it may be asked, "If we are not bound to believe this relic authentic, are not those who venerate it guilty of superstition, should it prove to be unauthentic?"

We answer, decidedly not. On excellent grounds, it is believed to be authentic. It has been carefully preserved since it was brought by St. Helena from the Holy Land, and it had been preserved there with equal care by pious custodians from the time of our Lord's death. But if there were any error there would be no more superstition in the matter than there would be among the Methodist delegates next October if it were discovered that Bishop Asbury's razor, instead of belonging to the Bishop, had been used to shave the hangman Dennis, who, according to Dickens, was one of the poor dupes executed for the deeds which, as we have said above, were instigated by John Wesley. It would be a mistake of the fact, but as there is no adoration intended, except the adoration of our Lord by the pilgrims, when they are thus brought near to Him, there would be no harm done. Nevertheless the authenticity of this relic has an additional testimony which we may safely regard as that of God Himself, as only He could operate the miracles which have been wrought in favor of pilgrims who have venerated it.

Twenty-one Sisters of Charity received teachers' certificates in Austin, Tex., from the City Board of Education, and several of them have been employed to teach in the Public schools.

MR. BALFOUR'S OFFERS AT CONCILIATION.

Many of the Irish Conservatives who have sustained Lord Salisbury's Government through all its measures for coercing the Irish people are much disappointed with the promises set forth by Mr. Balfour in his recent Plymouth speech concerning the nature of the Local Government which the Ministry propose to give to Ireland.

The Daily Express, of Dublin, is one of the chief organs of the party, and is recognized as the principal organ of those who are dissatisfied, and it has stated that the result of the Bill which Mr. Balfour intends to introduce will be to alienate the Irish Unionists from the Government. It declares that the Bill would hand the Unionists over, bound hand and foot, to a populace hostile to them, and that no one of them would take the trouble to go to the polls to support a Government which is willing to have such a measure passed. It adds that the result of the establishment of County Councils will be slow strangulation to which, in the opinion of many Unionists, Home Rule would be preferable.

On the other hand, the Nationalists feel that this measure is but a poor dole of that justice which the Irish people demand, and now that they are more confident than ever of final victory they will certainly not accept Mr. Balfour's offer as a final settlement of the all-important question. They will accept as a partial measure any Bill which may better the condition of the people, and to this extent will make a truce with the Government while the latter are making concessions; but their hope for full justice is in Mr. Gladstone, whom they will not desert for the sake of the scent of a red herring drawn across the track.

The Unionists need not fear any such injustice as they pretend to expect when Ireland shall obtain self-government under either form. They mean, of course, that the Catholic majority will oppress Protestants when this will occur, but the Catholics of Ireland have not the least intention to do anything of the kind. Their liberality has been shown in the past by their readiness to elect any Protestant on whom they relied as willing to join with them in their demand for justice; but the Protestants of the country will gain equally with the Catholics on their demand being acceded to. Nevertheless the trouble which the Unionists appear to be ready to give the Government will put the latter into the awkward position that they will entirely please neither friends nor foes.

If when Lord Salisbury assumed the reins of authority his Government had shown a willingness to conciliate by granting a moiety of the Irish demands, he might perhaps have disarmed the Nationalists, and have made friends among them. With their large majority over the Irish Unionists in Parliament, such action on the part of the Government might have resulted in strengthening Lord Salisbury's administration. But they displayed their hostility to the Irish people from the first by scourging them with scorpions when they should have offered them solid nourishment. It is no wonder, then, that the Irish people and their representatives regard them with suspicion now, even when they are offering pretended conciliatory measures.

There is no doubt that Lord Salisbury miscalculated greatly by supposing that he could rely upon it that the English people would delight in seeing that the misrule of centuries should be continued in Ireland; or at least that they would remain indifferent to the sufferings of their sister island. But he overreached himself. The cruelties enacted in Ireland under the pretence of sustaining law and order there called more attention to the wants of Ireland than the English and Scotch had ever accorded to them before, and His Lordship saw with dismay by the gradual diminution of his Parliamentary majority, that the British public will not tolerate any longer that Ireland should be treated with such heartlessness.

This is the secret of Mr. Balfour's announcement in Plymouth; but it comes too late to save the Government. Ireland will receive justice when Mr. Gladstone will return to power, and she is not likely to accept less, at the cost of throwing obstacles into his way, and of besides losing her chances at the very moment when victory is within her reach. There is, besides, strong reason for the suspicion that Mr. Balfour's proposed Bill will resemble his other measures of relief by increasing the power of the absentee landlords,

instead of relieving the tenants, in which case it would be a mere sham. This, however, will be better known when its details are announced.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE TRUE CHURCH.

There has been recently much said in the non-Catholic religious and secular press on the subject of Christian union, yet there is perhaps no subject on which Protestantism is more astray than on the nature of the unity which should exist in the Church of Christ on earth.

A recent paper in the Presbyterian Review by Rev. Professor W. Henry Green, of Princeton College, New Jersey, is strikingly illustrative of this. The professor begins with the acknowledgment that "the efficiency and power of the Church of Christ is greatly obstructed by the divided state of Christendom," and this is undoubtedly true; for though the Catholic Church presents a picture of perfect unity, the diversity of Protestant beliefs has been found to be a great obstacle to the progress of religion in heathen lands.

When the gospel is brought to an uncivilized nation by Catholic priests, if Protestant missionaries are there also, it is natural to suppose that the heathens will be unable to easily see the difference between the true and false forms of worship, and they are very liable to draw the inference that Christianity itself is a tissue of inconsistencies, and a very serious obstacle is thus placed in the way of their conversion.

The Professor maintains the strange doctrine that "the Church of Christ is not in its essence an external organization," and that denominational differences are "entirely consistent with unity in all that is essential to Christian life and character," and that they are "not only compatible with, but even conducive to, increased effectiveness and larger results."

Hence he proclaims that the true way to bring about the Christian unity which is desirable is not to adopt one creed, but "to bring true Christians of every name to recognize each other as such, to love one another as disciples of the same Lord, to regard all as forming together one body in Christ, whatever may be the external organization to which they are attached."

It is scarcely necessary to say that these notions concerning the nature of the Church are entirely alien from the doctrine held by Catholics.

That the Church is an external organization is most clearly indicated in Holy Scripture, and the same is confirmed by all the ancient Fathers who have written concerning her constitution.

From the commission given by Christ to His Apostles we learn that they were teachers of His truth. Christ Himself was sent by His Heavenly Father to preach His gospel, for we are told in St. Luke iv, 18, that when He went into the synagogue according to His custom, He declared that the words of the prophet Isaiah were fulfilled in Him: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me. Wherefore He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor." For the same purpose for which God the Father sent Him, He sent His Apostles: "As my Father hath sent Me, I also send you."

To His Apostles He revealed all Divine truth, for He said: "All things whatsoever I have heard from my Father, I have made known unto you." (St. John xx, 21.) His commission, then, was to "preach his gospel to every creature," and "to teach all things whatsoever He had commanded." (St. Mark xvi, 15; St. Matt. xxviii, 19.)

The Apostles were therefore appointed a teaching body, and their work was to be continued by their successors; for it was impossible that they could personally carry out the command to teach all nations, and, in fact, they did not. Hence we find that St. Paul declares that Christ sent him to preach the gospel also, and, besides, charging Timothy to do the same, he also told the latter to appoint other faithful men to do likewise. (1 Tim. ii, 7; 2 Tim. iv, 1; ii, 2.)

That the Church was made an external organization for the purpose of carrying on the work of Christ is clear from the whole history of its establishment. St. Peter was chosen as the rock upon which Christ built the Church, and thus its unity was ensured. (St. Matt. xvi, 18.) We find St. Peter exercising his authority visiting the Church in all the cities of Judea, Galilee, and Samaria, and when Saul and Barnabas were chosen by God for the work of the ministry, they were

ordained for that purpose by the imposition of the Apostles' hands, and were so appointed to their office. (Acts xiii, 3.)

If the Church had not an exterior organization, these missionaries would have been able to take their office on their own responsibility, and they would not have been under the necessity of receiving their mission from the Apostles. But St. Paul says in Hebrews, v, 4, "Neither doth any man take the honor to himself but he that is called by God as Aaron was." There is therefore an organization in the Christian Church, just as there was in the Church of the Old Law, and the Christian Church was ruled by the Apostles in accordance with the laws which God had appointed for their observance. All this implies an organization.

Another evidence of this is to be found in the meeting of the Apostles and ancients, as mentioned in Acts xv, to consider the question whether or not circumcision were obligatory on Christians. If the apostles were not an organized body, they would not have had such a meeting and for such a purpose; nor could they in issuing their decree, on the subject under consideration, have prefaced it with those words of authority, "for it hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us to lay no further burden upon you than these necessary things."

The texts of Scripture which prove that the Church has from Christ authority to preserve complete unity of doctrine in submission to one head are to be found in all parts of the New Testament. St. Paul says to the chief pastors of the Church at Ephesus, "Take heed to yourselves and to the whole flock wherein the Holy Ghost hath placed you Bishops to rule the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood." (Acts xx, 28.) This ruling of the Church implies the whole pastoral authority, which, according to Eph. iv., consists in "perfecting the saints," which means constituting rules for their guidance in Christian perfection; 2, "for the work of the ministry, which consists in preaching Christ's gospel, and administering the sacraments"; 3, "for the edifying of the body of Christ," which is the establishment of such ordinances as are needed for the public worship of the Church, for preventing all breaches of her discipline, and preserving that unity of faith which is strongly insisted on by the Apostle St. John: "We are of God, he that knoweth God heareth us, he that is not of God heareth not us; in this we know the spirit of truth and the spirit of error." (1 Jn. iv., 6.)

We infer from all this that the aspirations for Christian union which are indulged in by our Protestant brethren are fallacious if they be not founded upon the basis of obedience to that body of pastors which began with the Apostles, and is continued in their successors in an uninterrupted line from them to Pope Leo XIII, and the Bishops and priests of the Catholic Church of the present day.

The true Church must preserve a unity of faith which is not to be found elsewhere. This implies that the Church shall be inerrant and infallible in her teachings, and it excludes the theory which Dr. Green indeed does not favor, but which many other Protestant divines advocate, that a creed be patched up which shall be acceptable to the various denominations, and that on this basis missionary work be carried on. Such an agreement, if it were possible to reach it, might, indeed, produce an apparent harmony, such as existed in P. T. Barnum's happy family, in which animals of incompatible dispositions were taught to lay aside their natural animosities for awhile so as to appear harmonious in public, but it would not be the harmony of the one faith which the Apostles were sent to preach to all nations.

Dr. Green's suggestion is equally opposed to the true character of Christian unity. He proposes that the sects shall retain their diversities of views, and shall work together for the conversion of the heathen. It is almost needless to say that such a compromise as this would not present to the nations to be converted a religion of truth, but a conglomeration of errors which they would not be slow in rejecting for its evident absurdity.

It is worthy of remark that though Dr. Green's article apparently proposes a general union of denominations for the spread of the gospel, he must be supposed not to have the intention that Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, etc., shall work in harmony with Catholics. This hypothesis would be too alien from the character and history of Pres-

byterianism, which even in its creeds accuses Catholics of gross superstition and idolatry. But as Catholics have by far the greatest number of missions in heathen lands, and the greatest success as missionaries, his plans would go but a small way in solving the difficulties which he proposes to remove. And here we might ask the doctor why Catholics are stigmatized so strongly, if what he says be true, that "every man must be allowed freedom to worship God according to his own conscientious convictions, being responsible for the right use of his freedom to God alone?" The fact is the reverend Professor is ready to cover with his mantle of charity even the Rationalistic teachings of the New York Theological Seminary and of Unitarianism. Catholics only are to be left in the cold.

SWITZERLAND'S SIXTH CENTENARY.

It was on the 1st of August, 1291, that representatives of three Cantons met and formed the alliance which was the nucleus of the present Swiss Republic, the oldest Republic now existing; and the sixth centenary of the event was recently celebrated.

At Schwytz the celebration was eminently of a religious character, and the festival was opened with a solemn High Mass celebrated by Mgr. Denez, Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva, the See lately vacated by Mgr. Mermillod, who had suffered a long imprisonment for resisting the interference of the Federal Council in ecclesiastical matters.

Mgr. Denez congratulated the clergy on their belonging to a country where God is remembered and not laid aside in the celebration of their national holiday.

The chaplain of the Pope's Swiss guards was also present, and made a brilliant speech replete with patriotism, and inciting his countrymen to fidelity to their flag, and unity, which, under their constitution guaranteeing to each Canton liberty of conscience, is a duty which it is pleasant to fulfil. Towards the close of his speech he quoted from the national poet, Gottfried Kelles, an invocation that the brightest of stars might always illumine their native land.

Schwytz is one of the three original Cantons which formed the Swiss Republic, the other two being Uri and Unterwalden.

Since its establishment this little Republic has extended its boundaries by the adhesion of other small communities, until now there are twenty-two Cantons. Of these, some are preponderatingly Catholic, others preponderatingly Protestant, and others are almost equally divided between the two religions. When Bismarck commenced his policy of persecution against the Church he instigated the Federal Council of Switzerland to do the same, and as the Protestants have a considerable majority in the whole Republic, Bismarck's imitators were able to secure the ascendancy, and the Bishops of Basle and Geneva felt the weight of their interference in ecclesiastical matters; thus the former was driven from his See, and the latter imprisoned. He was an exile for many years even after his release. Many priests were also expelled from their parishes for disobeying the command of the Federal Council to cease their relations with their Bishops who had been disposed by Federal authority.

The Catholics in the Cantons had always respected the liberty of conscience of Protestants, but there have been frequent violations by Protestants against the Catholics, and this was one of the most glaring, based as it was on the fact that the Bishop of Basle had promulgated in his diocese the decrees of the Vatican Council.

The time of persecution, however, has passed over, and when Bishop Mermillod returned to his diocese in 1890 special honors were paid to him by the Governor of his Canton and by the representative of the Federal Council, as an act of reparation for the violence to which he had been subjected.

The Swiss have maintained their independence with great determination, against both France and Austria. Their success was, indeed, varied, but they have well succeeded in maintaining their autonomy, and in all the Cantons there were great rejoicings on the occasion of the celebration of the national sixcentenary.

The Canton of Schwytz, which is one of the three original Cantons which combined, is almost entirely Catholic.

The Greek Catholics (styled Uniates) are about to establish a congregation in Cleveland, O.

The Toronto Canada though no before exist employee in conversion, gospel "was more fruitful trains." T Mr. McNeill more lucid rousing; reason for th of the flock London, Eng make a nam self in the where Sam to listen to s city by som "Vestibule that Rev. J run two chu the church v salary insis though hei the congreg paid him a bargained ing and ev not willing being limit salary; so cured. O transferring pulpit mini Montreal, w refuse, and will depend thousands th able and w services.

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REV. JOHN McNEIL.

The Toronto Globe hails the advent to Canada of Rev. John McNeil as though no such preacher had ever before existed. He was a railway employe in Scotland, who, after his conversion, felt that preaching the gospel "was a greater vocation and more fruitful for God than despatching trains."

They were! The priest is beginning in again with Ritualistic and sacerdotal functions, coming between God and man. Deal kindly but firmly with him. Oh my brothers, tell him what o'clock it is since he, poor Rip Van Winkle, fell asleep. Oh hunt them out. Hunt out the priests who would enter into the New Testament temple that is filled with the glory of God! Hunt them out.

This was spoken in thundering tones and with flashing eyes, and the depth of the speaker's convictions against Ritualism was shown in the prayer that followed, in which the suppliant said that the people had come to God with no gorgeous ritual, with no ringing bells, no swaying censers.

An address of this savage nature exhibits the Scotch preacher as a veritable Rip Van Winkle, who fancies that he is living in the days of John Knox and Theodore Beza, and not in the enlightened toleration of the nineteenth century. The Iconoclasts of the early Reformation made war upon Ritualism and encouraged by word and example the demolition of churches and altars, the pillage of God's temple and the smashing to pieces of crucifixes and the images of Christ and His saints.

Rev. John McNeil is described as of medium height, like St. Paul, "broad-shouldered and athletic." Just the man to

Prove his faith orthodox. "Apostolic blows and knocks" says the Globe, "with deep, wide-set dark eyes and a forehead that ends abruptly in two knots just over the eyebrows."

This description would indicate that, like Joe Hess, Mr. McNeil had some experience in the prize-ring. "With ruddy flush of health on his face and a somewhat pawky expression in his countenance," continues the Globe, "he might well pass for a moorland farmer from the covenanting west. His broad accent, with the ringing R sound, strengthens the impression and gives force to his words."

equal to the proposed cost of the work is already on hand. The Archbishop was much pleased at this, and in token of his satisfaction, handed the treasurer \$100, as his offering towards the good work.

In fine, the Archbishop thanked the people of both congregations, Spencer-ville and Throop-town, for having effectually and in substantial and elegant form carried out his wishes by the erection of the priest's residence beside the handsome new church in Spencer-ville. Less than three years have elapsed since this mission was formed, and already it is fully equipped, and may be regarded as one of the first class missions of the Archdiocese.

The address of welcome to His Grace was signed by Messrs. D. McNeil, (Reeve), John Baker, Thomas Brickland, Thos. Hogan, Patrick O'Reilly, Terence Murphy, Thomas Dawson, James McAllister, Alexander Docteur, Archibald Staley, George Morgan and D. J. Macdonald.

The following was read from the pulpit of St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, at the several Masses last Sunday, the Archbishop presiding at the High Mass in capta magna: "The Archbishop asks the congregation to offer a Pater and Ave to Almighty God through the Blessed Virgin Mary to-day for his special intentions. It is the anniversary day of his baptism and also of his ordination to the priesthood forty years ago. He feels how much he is indebted to God's goodness for the special helps of light and strength that have been accorded to him by divine bounty for the fulfillment of his baptismal and priestly vows; and for these he desires to give God thanks, and to unite his people with himself in humble thanksgiving. He also feels how much he is indebted to God's justice for his 'sins, offences and negligences' throughout all those years of his personal and priestly life; and for these he begs of you to join with him in beseeching God's pardon. He feels, moreover, that his mission as a priest, and especially his mission to you and the people of this Archdiocese generally, as chief pastor of this flock, has not yet been fully accomplished. What ever may have been done in the past eleven years in the city and diocese of Kingston, and whatever part God may be pleased to credit him with having had in the execution of religious works, he feels and is assured that the whole purpose of his appointed mission to the people of Kingston city and diocese has not yet been fully accomplished; and, therefore, he requests you to unite with him in this day's Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in humbly begging of God to direct him by the light of His Spirit and to strengthen him for the opportune beginning and successful direction of the works preordained for him to do in the days that remain of his life amongst you."

The entire congregation knelt and recited the prayers in loud and fervent tones. The choir sang the "Vivat." All were deeply moved.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

Goderich Signal, Sept. 18. Sunday last was a red-letter day in the life of a large number of the young people connected with St. Peter's Church, Goderich. On that day forty-three candidates presented themselves for confirmation, forty-two of whom were juveniles.

The services in connection began at 9.30 a.m., when the children were examined by the Bishop in accordance with the tenets of the Church. All of the candidates were found duly qualified and were accepted primarily. High Mass was celebrated at 10 a.m. by the Ven. Dean Murphy, of Irishworth, singing the service. Miss MacCormac presided at the organ most effectively, and excellent solos were rendered by Miss Nellie MacCormac and Thos. Griffin. Immediately after the celebration of High Mass the sacrament of confirmation was administered, and a pledge of sobriety was obtained from every lad amongst the applicants, which was to hold good until the age of twenty-one years was reached.

Bishop Dowling's visit to Mt. Forest. Last Sunday was a day of memorable joy to the Catholics of this town, commemorating as it did the pastoral visit of Right Rev. Dr. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton, and the consecration of the altar of St. Mary's Church, of which Father Cassin is the esteemed pastor, by His Lordship, together with an able and brilliant lecture, which the zealous and eloquent Bishop delivered in the evening.

Archdiocese of Kingston. His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston made his official visitation of the parish of Spencer-ville. He was received at the Canadian Pacific station at Spencer-ville by the pastor, Rev. Father Walsh, and a large number of the Catholics of the district, and was driven thence to the handsome church of Saint Lawrence O'Toole, where the customary prayers prescribed in the ritual for episcopal visitation were publicly and solemnly recited. His Grace then arranged and announced the order of exercises for the next day. According to a promise made by the Archbishop a few years ago the sacrament of confirmation was to be conferred in the outside mission of Throop-town on this occasion. In fulfillment of his promise His Grace left Spencer-ville at 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning. A procession of one hundred and thirty-seven carriages formed the escort to the distinguished prelate and accompanied him the entire distance of nine miles. After a rigid examination of the one hundred and twenty-three candidates presented to him, His Grace required them to take the temperance pledge until they should have completed the twenty-first year of their age. The children promised also that they would attend catechetical instructions for another year. Confirmation was then administered by His Grace, assisted by the Rev. Father Masterson, of Prescott; Rev. Father Kelly, of Kingston; Rev. Thomas P. O'Connor, of Stanleyville; and Rev. Father Walsh.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

His Grace the Archbishop at Spencer-ville.

On Tuesday, the 8th of September, His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston made his official visitation of the parish of Spencer-ville. He was received at the Canadian Pacific station at Spencer-ville by the pastor, Rev. Father Walsh, and a large number of the Catholics of the district, and was driven thence to the handsome church of Saint Lawrence O'Toole, where the customary prayers prescribed in the ritual for episcopal visitation were publicly and solemnly recited. His Grace then arranged and announced the order of exercises for the next day. According to a promise made by the Archbishop a few years ago the sacrament of confirmation was to be conferred in the outside mission of Throop-town on this occasion. In fulfillment of his promise His Grace left Spencer-ville at 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning. A procession of one hundred and thirty-seven carriages formed the escort to the distinguished prelate and accompanied him the entire distance of nine miles. After a rigid examination of the one hundred and twenty-three candidates presented to him, His Grace required them to take the temperance pledge until they should have completed the twenty-first year of their age. The children promised also that they would attend catechetical instructions for another year. Confirmation was then administered by His Grace, assisted by the Rev. Father Masterson, of Prescott; Rev. Father Kelly, of Kingston; Rev. Thomas P. O'Connor, of Stanleyville; and Rev. Father Walsh.

The Archbishop, replying to an address which was presented to him, spoke eloquently and forcibly of the beautiful example given to children in the humility and filial obedience of the Child Jesus, and the necessity of their following it as long as their parents lived. He showed that the education of a child began at the mother's knee, and that salutary home influences governed its entire future career in life. Christian schools were necessary to complete and perfect the home training. He then spoke at great length on the baneful results and irreparable injuries done by innocent children in schools where the holy name of God was never mentioned with reverence. His Church and His revealed truth are treated with contempt, and the names of His saints are too frequently reviled. At the conclusion of his grand instruction he commanded the Catholics in the immediate vicinity of Throop-town church to establish a Separate school at as early a date as possible. They in turn promised a faithful compliance with His Grace's orders. Steps will be taken at once to erect a suitable building for the purpose.

In Wolfe Island.

On Friday afternoon the Archbishop of Kingston proceeded to Wolfe Island for visitation, accompanied by his Secretary, Rev. Thomas Kelly, and Rev. Thomas Murray. On arrival of the steamer, he was received by Father Spratt, pastor of the island, Rev. Charles McWilliams of Loboro, Rev. Michael Spratt, of Kitley, and Very Rev. Vicar-General Gauthier, pastor of Brockville, and a large number of the laity, with the candidates for confirmation. A procession being formed, they moved to the church, where the prescribed ceremonies were observed; after which His Grace arranged the order of proceedings for the next two days, and dismissed the congregation with his blessing. On Saturday he spent the forenoon in examining and carefully instructing the children in the forms of daily prayer appointed by him for the children to memory by the youth of every parish, and in the catechism of Christian doctrine. At the conclusion he expressed himself highly delighted with the remarkable excellence of the children's answering, which gave evidence of the care bestowed on them by the pastor and their parents and by the teachers in the three Separate schools of the island. Here, as in every other mission, His Grace extracted from the children a two-fold pledge, viz., to attend the class of catechism every Sunday for at least one year after confirmation, and to abstain from tasting alcoholic drink of any kind till after the completion of their twenty-first year of age. Next day (Sunday) he presided at High Mass and confirmed the children, numbering exactly one hundred. An affectionate and heartily loyal address of welcome was then presented to the Archbishop by the congregation, in the course of which they proclaimed their admiration and grateful feeling towards him for the eminent services he had rendered to religion in Ontario by his powerful and persistent defence of the educational rights of Catholic parents and of Holy Church, the loving mother of both children and parents, to have and to hold their Separate schools for the training of youth morally and religiously, as well as mentally and secularly. This passage in the address supplied a text to His Grace for a long and lucid exposition of the true principles and methods of youthful training, by which the child is fully formed and all its faculties developed in the right direction for attainment of the end of human existence and the safe passage through this vale of tears to the home of everlasting bliss in the kingdom of the heavenly Father. Another passage in the address assured the Archbishop that the congregation had cheerfully complied with the suggestion heretofore given by him, to prepare for the enlargement and ecclesiastical adornment of their church. A fund almost

Another evil, nay, one of the greatest,

was intemperance, and a solemn warning was entered against it by the Bishop. No vice was working greater harm than that of intemperance. In the world at large its baneful influence was felt, and he regretted to know that even amongst his own people it had got a foothold, with terrible results in some cases. For that reason it was that at confirmation it was now the invariable custom to pledge the male candidates to abstain until they had formed their twenty-first year in the hope that habits of sobriety would be so formed by that time that strength to resist the temptation would prevail. Turning to the girls, His Lordship said he did not think it was necessary to pledge them to total abstinence, as from their appearance he did not think they would ever be subject to so foul a vice; but while saying this to them he would say that even amongst women drunkenness was too prevalent, for even if one woman fell by the evil that was too many. No matter how degrading drunkenness was in a man, it was a thousand times worse in a woman. Another evil that it was well to warn them against was the reading of bad books. An infallible rule in this regard was that when a book was found that made the reader blush, or made her feel that she would not like to have her parents know that it had been perused, it was time to throw it away at once. It was not a fit book to be read. A general admonition was given to all to remain at home as long as possible, and not to be tempted to go to the cities. God alone knew of the many young people who had gone to ruin by leaving the old hearthstone to follow the bent of city life. In conclusion he advised parents to keep their children around them as much as possible. The presence of parents worked a restraining and healthy influence upon the children and kept them from falling into evil habits.

At the conclusion of the confirmation service a delegation from the congregation consisting of Judge Doyle, B. MacCormac, Jos. Kidd, E. Campion, J. A. McIntosh, T. Carroll and James Luby went forward and presented the following address to the Bishop which was read by Judge Doyle: "To the Right Rev. Denis O'Connor, C. S. B., D. D., Bishop of London: My LORD—It affords us a very great deal of pleasure to extend to you a most cordial and happy welcome. Though this is your first official visit to our parish we beg to assure Your Lordship that you do not come a stranger amongst us; your reputation for zeal and energy in the discharge of your high, sacred and onerous duties has preceded you and has already won our warmest affections and highest admiration. Our parish, though now comparatively weak and unimportant in the midst of so many large and flourishing parishes of your diocese, is, we venture to think, entitled to a place in the history of the Church in this Province. This was the parent trunk that supplied spiritual nutriment to the neighboring branches for many years throughout the adjoining counties North, South and East of here for many miles around; and that, too, at a time when it was a most serious undertaking to travel, owing to the lack of roads and means of conveyance and to the absence of communication by the waterway. It is in the memory of many of us when Stratford was still a station attached to Goderich, an angry contest had to minister to the spiritual wants of its people as well as to those of all intermediate points. Though we cannot boast of material wealth we assure Your Lordship that we feel spiritually rich, indeed. We have a most devoted, a kind and zealous pastor who spares no effort for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his flock. We have a prosperous Separate school most ably and successfully managed by the good Sisters of St. Joseph. We possess a branch of the O. M. B. A., and the League of the Sacred Heart is flourishing in our midst as is also the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin; and Your Lordship's appointment to the chief pastorate of the diocese is our crowning happiness. We are, therefore, as we feel we ought to be, a contented and a happy people. While, while thinking Almighty God for His abundant mercies we unite in earnest prayer that He may long be pleased to spare Your Lordship's valuable life, and continue to pour out His blessings upon us. Signed on behalf of the congregation by B. L. Doyle, J. P. Luby, E. Campion, Jas. McIntosh, P. O'Leary, B. MacCormac, Thomas McBride, Xavier Baschler, M. V. Chilton, Thomas Carroll.

THE REPLY. His Lordship thanked the congregation for the complimentary tone of the address, and said although this was his first official visit to Goderich, the people were not strangers, for he had always heard a good report from the parish. He was glad to see that credit was given to those who had gone before, for it was a good sign to see people who were able to look back to good work done. It was another good sign to see that the present congregation claimed no credit for what they had done themselves, for self-praise was not at all times a desirable commendation. Goderich had always held a good position in the diocese, and though it might not be as materially wealthy he was aware of the fact that the parish was an important one and always held a prominent place. He was glad to see the people pleased with their pastor, and giving him full credit for faithful ministrations. Whilst he performed not to refer to Rev. Father West in his presence, he (the Bishop) was fully aware of the good work he was doing in the parish, and knew that God would bless him for the

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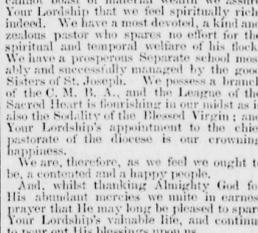
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No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence.

Pride is one of the seven deadly sins; but it cannot be the pride of a mother in her children, for that is a compound of two cardinal virtues—faith and hope.

It is a great gain for a young couple to be compelled to economize, for, rich as they may afterward become, habits of thrift never quite leave them.

Perhaps a gentleman is rarer than many of us think. Which of us can point out many such in his circle, men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind but elevated in degree, whose want of meanness makes them simple, who can look the world honestly in the face, with an equal manly sympathy for the great and the small.

If our faith is strong, and our star of hope shines brightly, we shall be found always at the post of duty, contending for the right; and though to human view the results of our labor seem small, still let us work, and still let us hope, for we know that above all the confusion and strife and misjudgment of the world, the voice of God will one day be heard proclaiming that the right has prevailed.

That the man is rarely won by the girl who seeks to capture him matrimonially.

That among the "living curiosities" is the man or woman who mind their own business.

That a free bed in a hospital is a better memorial than a lot of stained glass.

The Hurry to get Rich.

A New York exchange says: "Some 7,500 failures this year as against 6,500 for the corresponding period of last year are more indicative of the progress of monopoly than of the prevalence of financial distress. With laws fitted to that end it is a comparatively easy matter for the big fish to swallow the little one."

The Broken Circle.

The doctor had gone. He had left word that she must have quiet and rest, and all would be well. They had kissed the pale cheek and slipped out of the room—all—but one. He sat at the bedside, his hand resting softly on the quaint log-cabin quilt—a rough hand, seamed by the toil of many summers struggle with the fruitful fields, yet, as it softly stroked the wan hand to which it had unconsciously drawn, it had its language of love and gentleness.

The bird call in the wood beyond, and now and then a hushed whisper from the porch below the window, mingled with the night sounds of the farm. It was coming night—the night that rests and refreshes, and there in the fading of that summer day he sat. He spoke no words, but if the tears that slipped away had not been there, the soft lines about the mouth and the quiver of the caressing hand would have told that he feared another night—a night of loneliness when he should no more hear the step that made his house a home.

She lay asleep—no, for the lids unclose, and, with a look of ineffable love, she swept the face of the one whose life was woven with hers.

"Reuben."

The whispered word sprang like a harp's soft note into the silence of the gathering night.

"Yes, Mary."

And the chord was made complete.

"It all comes back to me, Reuben. I see the old log church in the hollow, and you and I are standing there. My hand is in yours and you place the ring upon my finger here. It was all gold, Reuben; see it is a tiny thread now. I have often looked at it and wondered if it would last as long as I did, but it has, Reuben, and words can not tell how dear it has been to me. When Daisy died I thought my heart would break, but no, Reuben, that golden circle told me of a tie to earth; and then those cruel days when trouble came—then I would have hoped to go, but for its promise. It has lasted through it all and now I am going—hush—to wait—to wait—Daisy—for you. Let me take it from the place where it has rested so long, ah! it snaps—Reuben—kiss me—Daisy—wait for you."

And when the watchers came, the brown, stained hand lay upon the one so wan and white—they had gone together—as tender hands drew them apart, the broken circle tinkled on the floor like the faint chime of a far-away wedding bell.—Charles B. Morrell.

Led by Logic.

'Till I had commenced writing the series of essays (on the Mission of Jesus) I had no thought of ever becoming a Catholic; and it was not till I saw my articles copied in a Catholic journal that even the possibility of such a determination of my researches presented itself to my mind. I found myself with my starting-point led by an invincible logic to assert the Catholic Church as the true Church, or the living body of Christ. To be logical, I saw I must accept that Church, and accept her as authoritative for natural reason and then take her own explanation of herself and of her doctrines as true. All my principles required me, and my

first impulse, in the enthusiasm of the moment, was to do it; yet I hesitated, and it was over a year before I made up my mind to submit myself to the Catholic Church, but the fact is I betrayed inexcusable weakness in not submitting to her much sooner than I did.—Dr. Brownson.

Thomas Addis Emmet.

The Albany Law Journal contains the following anecdote of Thomas Addis Emmet, the Irish patriot and lawyer, taken from a recently published article by Mr. L. B. Proctor: "During Emmet's early practice at the American Bar he found it impossible to divest himself of the manner and habits of the Irish Bar. This was particularly the case in addressing the judges, whom in conformity with the custom in his own country, he often addressed as 'my Lords,' instead of 'your honors,' according to the American custom. On one occasion in an argument before the United States Supreme Court, Chief Justice Marshall presiding, he said: 'And now, my lords, I will attempt to answer the argument of my distinguished opponent.' Webster, who was opposed to him, courteously said: 'The eminent gentleman forgets that we have no titled aristocracy in this country, and no lords sit on the American bench.' 'I am happy to be thus reminded of that,' said Emmet, 'and yet,' he continued, 'all American judges before whom I have had the honor to stand, if they do not in reality have the title of 'my lords' bestowed upon them by subservience to an oppressive aristocracy, are by the sovereign power of a free and enlightened people, and their own virtues, learning and purity, made lords of the jurisprudence of a great nation.'

Sir Thomas More and his Daughter.

Margaret More's devotion to her father, Sir Thomas, forms one of the most touching stories in history. There were in the family three Margarets (called Meg after the quaint fashion of the time;) Margaret More herself, Margaret, daughter of her step-mother, and an orphan named Margaret, who had been adopted. Margaret More became the wife of William Roper, a young lawyer, whose love for her father rivalled her own.

It must have been a merry house, the one at Chelsea, in whose garden bluff King Henry walked with his arm about his Chancellor; with its pleasant lawn sloping down to the Thames, and with the children and grandchildren busy with their work and games. The greatest men in the kingdom loved to go there at regular intervals, and drink in the wisdom of the kindly man who so gently ruled that household. There Erasmus, the erudite and eccentric Dutchman, was fond of staying, discussing every subject under the sun with Sir Thomas.

The household were all talking together one day and telling whom they would wish to be. "I," said Erasmus, "if not myself, would be a country gentleman, neither too rich nor too poor, beloved by my sovereign, idolized by my family, and respected even by my enemies. I would have a store of learning and a merry heart." "Why, then, you would be father!" exclaimed Meg. And Erasmus laughed and said he surely would.

The merry heart was to have sad trials. There came a coolness between the King and his Lord Chancellor, who would not approve his sovereign's infamous divorce and re-marrriage. The story has been often told. One pretext after another was trumped up, and Sir Thomas—Lord Chancellor no longer, for he had long before that resigned his honors—was cast into prison. There was but one way out of that cruel place for those who defied Henry VIII., and Sir Thomas knew it. But he never lost heart. He was tried at the great Westminster Hall, found guilty, and sent to the Tower to wait for his execution.

As he passed along Margaret broke through the crowd of soldiers and threw her arms about his neck. "O my father! Oh my father!" was all she could say. He kissed her and blessed her, bidding her submit to God's will; and even the guards wept with sympathy. The night before his death he wrote her a little letter with a piece of charcoal, telling her how glad he was that she had braved the guards.

Her devotion did not end with his death. It was the custom at that time to place the heads of those who had suffered death by command of the King, upon some high place, that the populace might jeer at them, besides taking warning. The head of the saintly Sir Thomas was affixed to a pole on London bridge; and the serene face, which in life looked so calmly down upon his fellow-men, was in death mock at by Henry's brutal followers.

Margaret endured this as long as she could; then, with a poor servant whom her father had befriended, she went in a boat one dark night, and received the precious head in her apron, as the faithful man lifted it from the horrible pole and let it fall.

This is not a pleasant incident, and people have grown so refined that they shudder as they listen to it; but the brave deed of Sir Thomas More's daughter will live in history, with many another of which the world was not worthy.

The sacred head was embalmed, and was never far away from the intrepid heroine; and when she died it was laid beside her in her coffin in St. Dunstan's Church in Canterbury.

As for Sir Thomas, Holy Church has called him Blessed, and further honors will doubtless be his in time. So it was the relic of a saint as well as martyr that Margaret's love and bravery

saved from further desecration.—Irish Catholic.

THE MATERNITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

London Universe, Aug. 29.

On Sunday morning the pulpit at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Holloway, was occupied by the Rev. Father Dolan, who said that he thought most Protestants—at all events, most educated Protestants—persons of religious minds, profess to have a certain amount of reverence for the Virgin Mother of God. Some of them, especially those who belong to Ritualistic sects, even betray some kind of devotion to our Blessed Lady. But, however true this might be, there is one thing in which all Protestants are agreed, and that is the withholding from the Blessed Virgin the title of Mother of God. This is surprising to us because the honor which is due to Mary is intimately connected with that dependent upon the belief of our Lord's Incarnation. Now, we know that outside the pale of the Catholic Church, in this country at least, there are not many persons who have a distinct perception of the doctrine of God and man in one person. It is true they believe in a sort of way the term of "Our Lord's Incarnation," of our Lord's divinity, but when the meaning, or at least their meaning, of this expression is sifted you find them very slow to commit themselves to any statement sufficient to show that it is Catholic.

THEY TELL YOU AT ONCE THAT THE SUBJECT IS NOT TO BE INQUIRED INTO,

knowing that they cannot inquire into it at all without being technical and subtle, and when they enter upon any field of argument they speak of Christ not simply and consistently as God but as a being made up of God and man, partly one and partly the other, or between the both, or, again, as a man inhabited by a special divine presence. Sometimes they go further, and say that He was not the Son of God in heaven, but that He became the Son only when He was conceived by the Holy Ghost. And they are shocked, and think it a mark of good feeling to be shocked, when a man is spoken of simply and plainly as God, and they cannot bear to hear the expression spoken at all except as a figure of speech that God had a body or that He died. They think that the atonement and justification by the spirit (as they call it) is the same in substance and reality as Christianity, and they are very shy of any dogmatic expression which goes beyond this.

Now, if you would witness against these un-Christian opinions, if you would point out most clearly, beyond all pretense and evasion, the simple idea of the Church that God is man, could you do it better than by laying down the words of St. John that "God became man?" Or, again, could you express this more emphatically than by saying that God was born of man, and that He had a mother? The world allows that God is man, because He is everywhere, and it says, but says falsely, that God is everything. But the world shrinks from the profession that Mary is the Mother of God. It shrinks because then

IT IS CONFRONTED WITH THE SEVERE FACT

which violates and shatters its own belief, views and opinion. It shrinks because the revealed doctrines takes its true shape, and receives the garb of historical "reality." So that to profess that Mary is the Mother of God is the test whereby we detect all the pretense and evasions of those who deny the Incarnation of the Son of God. In the sixteenth century certain men outside the pale of the Church plotted the complete overthrow of religion, and they could find no more certain expediency for their purpose than by reviling the prerogatives of Mary, because they knew full well that if man could once be got to dishonor the Mother the dishonor of the Son would closely follow. For once, in a way, the Catholic Church and Satan were in perfect agreement that the Son and Mother were one together, and the experience of nearly four hundred years has confirmed that testimony; for what do we now see? Why, those who honor the Mother—that is, Catholics—still continue to honor the Son; whilst those who (as we see by the controversies) have ceased to honor the Son had begun by scoffing at the Mother. Now, what ought she to be, what should be done to a person thus highly honored? Such

A QUESTION WAS ASKED OF A CERTAIN KING,

when he would place one of his servants in a dignity suitable to the relationship in which that servant stood to him. That servant had saved the King's life, and what was to be done to him in return? The King asked, "What shall be done to the man whom the King desireth to honor?" The answer came, "Let him be clothed in the King's apparel, and be mounted in the King's saddle, and let him receive the royal diadem on his head, and let the first Kings, Princes, and Presidents hold his horse, and let them go through the streets in the city and cry out: 'Thus shall the man be honoured whom the King desireth to honour.'" So also stands the case with Mary. She gave birth to a Creator, and what should be her recompense? What the accompaniment of one whom Almighty God has deigned to make, not His servant, not His friend, not His intimate, not His superior, but the source of His sacred Being, the nurse of His helpless infancy, the teacher of His opening years? I answer as the King was answered; nothing is too high for her to whom God owes His life. Let her, then, be clad in the King's apparel;

let the influence of the grace of God flow into her heart that she may become the image of the incommunicable grace, the beauty and glory of God Himself; let her receive the real diadem on her head as Queen of Heaven, as Mother of all Christians, as the Refuge of Sinners, and the Comforter of the Afflicted. And all the first Kings, Princes, and Presidents should walk before her, and let the angels, patriarchs, and prophets, and martyrs, and saints kiss the hem of her garment and rejoice in the shadow of her throne. Mary's attributes were not for the sake of her Son alone—they were for our sakes also. We ought therefore to copy her faith, and, above all, imitate her purity.

The Fisher Boy.

FREDERICK J. CHAMBERLAIN.

"La Tribune," a British frigate, bound for Quebec, but, having strayed from her convoy, was run ashore on the outermost edge of Thru Cap, off Halifax, Nova Scotia, on the 23rd Nov., 1877. Captain Story Barker, to save his professional character, sacrificed the crew, which consisted of about three hundred able seamen, he having refused to land them. The cannon were cast over the lee rail to lighten her, but the storm and flood tide rolled the gallant frigate till she broke her ribs on her own guns.

On the rocky coast of Herring Cove, Which ocean waves have won, Is written a deed which is written above On a fisher lad, child of the storm.

How his brave young heart, like the Osprey's wing, When the crested waves were high, Dashed in the storm, with his boat so slim To rescue or to die.

The great waves snatched his fragile form, High lifting him to fame; On the deck he has done, no post born Has writ on his glorious name.

He stood on the coast where the breakers roared, And brave men stood there too; Mid the signal fires to the drowning horde Of "La Tribune's" perishing crew.

Mid the debris of the crashing wreck, Torn lodges of British tars, With an angel's glance he viewed the deck That is strewn with the sailor's spars.

Greater than Neptune's Trident, his oar He grasped with a lesson of hope, And the sea birds screamed as he leaped from The shore, And the Angel of Mercy spoke.

The waves dashed him back, but his strong arms, Their scorn that cursed his pride; Another stroke and his body is lashed To the towering, raging side.

And raising aloft his dripping length, Like He of Galilee, with strength, Saved—saved—two beings were.

They were lowered down by stouter hearts, For they were their comrades true, And the gleam of their shining warship parts With the lives of its valiant crew.

Now adrift with his boat, the fisher boy Turned his look upon the shore, And over the surges shouts of joy Nerved his brave heart more and more.

And his oars, like the angel's wings of speed, Lashed the foamy billow's face, And he laid them safe on the shore seaward On that rock-bound dismal place.

Men whom the gales of fifty years Have bronzed and hardened as rock, Stood gashed at the strapping's scorn of fears, As he stood on that wreck-strewn spot.

He raised his eyes to the troubled clouds And then, towards ocean turning, He sees again the crowded shrubs With a bosom of pity burning.

The waves alone can assuage the flame, No comfort or danger corner, On the ocean's breast he has written his name, Though forgotten to those on shore.

Again his bosom breasts the storm, Like a lion with his foe, But he halted ocean wakes in scorn At a fisher lad so low.

On a massive wave on the rocky shore— Atlantic's tempest's strength Sweeps the frail form that dared to lower The pride of its glorious self.

Mangled and almost lifeless there, Seath the feet of his rocky pier, The youth lies stretched on his rocky bier With the gale his requiem.

And no man dared to face that storm, But, fired by his noble deed, His spirit with his form was new-born— To the rescue it did lead.

"Bring forth the lad," a kindly voice Of Abilion wakes to praise, "Bring forth the lad," Prince Edward's voice In gratitude he raised.

"And is this he? a rippling boy? No wonder of his hand is weak, Within thine own thou givest me joy Thy presence here to meet."

"Name thy reward; 'tis not for me That honor to bestow, Each son as these of heavy arms Are priceless, do you know."

The mild eyes gazed upon his sire, The kindly eyes bent low— "I'll tell thee what I most desire, 'Tis to cover you with snow."

They clothed him with the naval blue, Proudly they then was he, He left for where, they never knew, But his grave's the deep blue sea.

—Prince Edward, the late Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria.

When the prince asked him what he most desired, he replied, "A new pair of corduroy breeches."

The Parting of the Way.

Wilkins and Watkins were college chums and close friends. They had been hard students and had taken little out-door exercise. When they shook hands and said good-bye, at the end of their college career, they were in impaired health. Both had dyspepsia, liver troubles and troublesome coughs.

Wilkins had plenty of money, and decided to travel for his health. Watkins was poor, "I must go to work for my living," said he, "but I'll try the remedy that Robinson talks so much about—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

In less than two years, Wilkins came home in his coffin. Watkins, now in the prime of life, is a bank president, rich and respected, and weighs 300 pounds. "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' saved my life at a critical time," he often says. "Oh, if poor Wilkins had only tried it!" For weak lungs spitting of blood, all lingering coughs, and consumption in its early stages, it is an unequalled remedy.

Regina Ripples. "I took six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for liver complaint, headache and dull stupid feeling, but now I am entirely well and healthy, having also a good appetite which I did not have previously."—Mrs. T. Davis, Regina, N. W. T.

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A Cure for Leprosy.

Miss Louise, daughter of Charles D. Richards, the prominent tea broker, was in the habit of eating tea without being cooked. It is possible that in this way she contracted leprosy. Dr. Debevoise discovered an entirely new remedy in the cure of this horrible disease. The patient was buried in oxygen gas diluted with air. She was made to breathe the gas also through a tube. This gas is known to be a great purifier and an antiseptic. By a new combination of machinery in the old oxygen gas apparatus the gas could be increased in power almost to the extent of burning the flesh and exploding. In this way the microbes of leprosy were actually burned to death in their little cells in the flesh, and if any of them were in the blood they were destroyed by the contact of the blood with the oxygen in the lungs. The patient was kept in the oxygen bath for about a month, and when she was taken out her skin was as white as snow. Every ulcer had healed, and the contracted muscles in the extremities regained their power. This case goes on the record as the first one of leprosy that has ever been cured, and Dr. Debevoise has been asked to explain his treatment to the County Medical Society.—New York Letter to Buffalo Tidings.

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DIARRHOEA DYSENTERY AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS. IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

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Have always in stock a large assortment of every style of Carriage and Sleigh. This is one of the largest establishments of the kind in the Dominion. None but the best work turned out. Prices always moderate.

St. Dominic's happy death. Settling out for Milan, he said, "You now see before the Virgin Lord the Lord." In the heart with a burr beginning. Nevertheless he desired

Sketch of the Order of Preachers.

The Order which has been of its founder some of the most faithful mission of souls for men; its zealous are familiar the Christian 1215 was the work of St. Dominic Italian who honors to co-sacred mission and charity remarkable by grown man, he not only goods, but manuscripts He was subse Dominic preaching in 1215 he four of Preaching he had med He had regula of a regular and followed nestly desire spirit in the With this vie of religious monks of the men and me who with the assiduous ex should join a studies and a ical life, esp He prescribed abstinence fr formed mona observe), and ordaining their course of the faithful not forbidden enjoy in comm

THE PRINCIPAL by this insti the Church's spirit and ex more easily to and the fir of the C1 inauation o St. Dominic copy of his He found acc for some time a vision recopied by Fle Pope Hon order and its dated Sept. 2 St. Dominic 1217, and the order should gave him the whilst a con the saint, b read lectures palace and in St. Peter quence and attention au city. The r by which God thanaturg Among oth a certain ge dona coming ing his serm dead. In he arms out of him to St. Si of the saint. sorrows spok vant of God and after s made the sig and restore would have the confusion of St. Dominic, sound a ma to death by in buildin Sixtus. He ions man, vent, whilst by his belet for one in ag In 1218 he through L founded a another at curate of St. consent, be saint, and doctors and ENTERED TH

In 1220 he III, at Viter Rome in their comm succeeding name of Gre Order of S bishops, one eight legen then taken superior, nanded him the saint re held a chap this order year.

St. Domi happy death Settling out for Milan, he said, "You now see before the Virgin Lord the Lord." In the heart with a burr beginning. Nevertheless he desired

ST. DOMINIC.

Sketch of the Saintly Founder of the Order of Dominican Friars and Preachers.

The Order of Dominican Friars, which has been celebrating the feast of its founder this week, has produced some of the most eminent saints and scholars of modern history.

He was subsequently made Bishop of Languedoc, in southern France. St. Dominic had spent ten years in preaching in Languedoc, when in 1215 he founded his religious Order of Preaching Friars, the plan of which he had meditated some time before.

He had till then worn the habit of a regular canon of St. Austin and followed that rule. But he earnestly desired to revive an apostolic spirit in the ministers of the altar.

With this view he established an order of religious men not like the ancient monks of the desert who were laymen and merely contemplatives, but who with the strictest retirement and assiduous exercises of contemplation should join a close application to sacred studies and all the functions of a pastoral life, especially that of preaching.

He prescribed austere fasts, perpetual abstinence from flesh (which the reformed monasteries of this order still observe), and the most severe poverty, ordaining that his friars should receive their course subsistence from the alms of the faithful, though their houses are not forbidden, like the Franciscans, to enjoy in common small rents in money.

The principal aim of the saint by this institution was to multiply in the Church zealous preachers, whose spirit and example might be a means more easily to spread the light of faith and the fire of divine charity, and to assist the pastors in healing the wounds which the Church had received by the inundation of heresy.

St. Dominic arrived at Rome with a copy of his rules in September, 1216. He found access to His Holiness difficult for some time, but was encouraged by a vision recorded by Theodoric, and copied by Fleury.

Pope Honorius III. confirmed his order and its constitutions by two Bulls, dated Sept. 26, the same year. St. Dominic went again to Rome in 1217, and the Pope, desiring that his order should have a house in that city, gave him the Church of St. Sixtus; and whilst a convent was building there, the saint, by order of His Holiness, read lectures of theology both in the palace and in the city, and preached in St. Peter's Church with such eloquence and zeal as drew on him the attention and admiration of the whole city.

Among others, Theodoric relates that a certain gentleman named Gaudon coming one day home from hearing his sermon found her little child dead. In her grief she took him in her arms out of the cradle, and carrying him to St. Sixtus laid him at the feet of the saint. She said nothing, but her sorrows spoke words. The servant of God was moved to compassion, and after saying a fervent prayer made the sign of the cross on the child and restored him to life.

He restored to health a religious man, the procurator of his convent, whilst the brethren were reciting by his bedside the prayers appointed for one in agony.

In 1218 he took a journey from Rome through Languedoc to Spain and founded a convent at Segovia and another at Madrid. At Bologna the curate of St. Nicholas, with the Bishop's consent, bestowed his church on the saint, and he and several archdeacons, doctors and eminent professors entered themselves into his order.

In 1220 he was on Pope Honorius III. at Viterbo, and met St. Francis at Rome in the house of Cardinal Hugolin, their common friend, who, afterwards succeeding Honorius III., under the name of Gregory IX., chose out of the Order of St. Dominic thirty-three bishops, one patriarch of Antioch, and eight legates. St. Dominic had till then taken no other title but that of superior. In 1229 Honorius III. commanded him to be styled general, and the saint returning to Bologna, there held a chapter of all the superiors in this order at Whitsuntide the same year.

St. Dominic had a foresight of his happy death long before it happened. Setting out on a journey from Bologna for Milan, he said to his friends there: "You now see me well in health; but before the glorious Assumption of the Virgin Mother I shall depart hence to the Lord." He returned to Bologna in the heat of summer, and was seized with a burning fever which, from the beginning, was judged mortal. Nevertheless, according to his custom, he desired to pass a great part of the

night in the church at prayer, but after matins was obliged to retire to his chamber, though he did not lie down on a bed. During his sickness he continued always cheerful in his countenance. When he was grown very weak he assembled his religious brethren, and in a moving discourse, which he called his last testament, and the inheritance which he left them, he exhorted them to constant humility, poverty, fervor and watchfulness in particular against the enemy of purity. Seeing them weep about him, he promised never to forget them when he should be gone to God. After having received the last sacraments he continued in secret prayer till he calmly expired on August 6, 1221, being fifty-one years old.

Catholics Win Again.

The St. Louis Post Dispatch has a very poor opinion of the public educational establishments of its city. In a literary contest which it conducted recently, the first prize for the best essay was won by a Catholic girl educated in a convent. Among the winners of other prizes were two students of Catholic colleges. The editor says that the quality of the compositions submitted by pupils of the Public Schools was inferior, and had reflection upon the educational system maintained there.

We have kept our readers informed from time to time of the success achieved by scholars from the Parochial Schools in contests with scholars from the Public Schools. Every vacant cadetship in West Point and Annapolis that was open for competition in New York in two years has been captured by Catholic young men educated in parochial schools or Catholic colleges.

A similar result is recorded in Manchester, N. H. The victory in St. Louis shows that the Catholics of the West are not behind their brethren of the East in proficiency and scholarship.

And with all these facts staring them in the face our Protestant friends continue to denounce the Catholic schools, and to demand that Catholic children be compelled to attend the inferior and Godless Public Schools.

The Girl to be Avoided.

She is the girl who takes you off in one corner and tell you things that you wouldn't repeat to your mother. She is the girl who is anxious to have you join a party, which is to be "a dead secret," and at which, because people are very free and easy, you are uncomfortable and wish you were at home.

She is the girl who tries to induce you, "just for fun," to smoke a cigarette, or to take a glass of wine, and you don't know, and possibly she doesn't, that many of the sinners of today committed their first sins "just for fun."

She is the girl that persuades you that to stay at home and care and love your own, to help mother and to have your pleasures at home and where the home people can see them, is stupid and tiresome; and that spending the afternoon walking up and down the street, looking at the windows and the people, is "just delightful."

She is the girl who persuades you that slang is witty, that a loud dress that attracts attention is "stylish," and that your own simple gowns are dowdy and undesirable. She doesn't know, nor do you, how many women have gone to destruction because of their love for fine clothes.

She is the girl that persuades you that to be on very familiar terms with three or four young men is an evidence of your charms and fascination, instead of being, as it is, an outward visible sign of your perfect folly.

She is the girl who persuades you that it is a very smart thing to be referred to as "a gay girl." She is very, very much mistaken.

And, of all others, she is the girl who, no matter how hard she may try to make you believe in her, is to be avoided. — Ruth Ashmore in the Ladies' Home Journal.

Cardinal Manning's View.

His Eminence summed up his experience of the Temperance movement since he was about fifty-seven or fifty-eight years of age, when a deputation from the United Kingdom Alliance succeeded in convincing him that, though he thoroughly understood the whole question of the drink traffic, he was only on the threshold of the study of it. Being convinced of his ignorance, the first thing he did was to buy two folio Blue Books, containing the Report of a Commission, of which Mr. Villers was the Chairman, in 1853-54.

When he had finished reading these two books he could honestly say that for the first time in his life he felt that he thoroughly understood the enormous evil of the drink trade, and the conclusion he called upon those who had heard the stirring words delivered by speaker after speaker that evening to give him their help in the work of the League of the Cross. In that they had a most powerful organization, both north and south of the Thames.

PROTESTANT TESTIMONY FOR MONKS AND NUNS.

A great change is evidently taking place in the public mind in reference to the character and influence of the religious orders at the time of the so-called Reformation. It is true that the popular, Protestant tradition in regard to their corruption still holds sway among the masses, at least to a considerable extent. The very names of monks and nuns have to many a sinister sound. So thoroughly has history been penetrated with the mendacious misrepresentations of the early historians, who took their cue from the brutal Henry VIII. and his satellites, that it will probably take a long time to do away entirely with the impression that monks and nuns were a bad lot, or at least in those days, whatever it may be in modern times.

Fortunate is being re-written; new light is being cast upon that disastrous period, and Protestant, as well as Catholic, writers are showing by incontestable evidence, derived from public documents, that there never was a more deliberate, wilful and wicked series of misrepresentations than those that were put forth by the agents of the avaricious king in justification of his seizure of the religious houses and the wealth belonging to them.

Father Gasquet's splendid work, "Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries," is a revelation to the uninitiated. It is a mine of historical wealth on that subject, derived from a careful and conscientious examination of the State papers and public records of the period. The Protestant Gardiner, too, who is called the national historian of England, especially of the period of the Reformation, and who devoted a whole year to the arrangement of the State archives of Henry VIII.'s reign, gives valuable testimony on this subject.

But we do not propose now to quote from these authors. We have before us the testimony of two conspicuous Protestants of such a striking and emphatic character that it is quite worth quoting. The testimony is all the more valuable because it comes from men who, to say the least, are far from friendly to the Catholic Church.

Mr. Henry George may with truth be said to be the leading Socialist of the age, and his writings have had a widespread influence. In more than one place, in his "Progress and Poverty," he speaks in terms of praise of the influence of the Catholic Church during middle ages. Commenting, in one place, on the fact that the property of the medieval Church was really held for public purposes, he says: "The Church lands defrayed the cost of public worship and instruction, of the care of the sick, and of the destitute, and maintained a class of men who were supposed to be, and no doubt to a great extent were, devoting their lives to purposes of public good," and he points out that the confiscations of the Reformation period were really a robbery of the people, in as much as estates which were "essentially common property devoted to a public purpose" were "diverted from that trust to enrich individuals."

But the most striking and emphatic testimony is given by Mr. M. H. Hyndman, a distinguished Socialist leader and writer in England. In his book, "The Historical Basis of Socialism," he frankly and truthfully says: "The relations of the Church, the monasteries and the clergy to the people were most important from every point of view. There is nothing more noteworthy in the history of the human mind than the manner in which that essential portion of the English society in the middle ages has been handled by the ordinary economists, chroniclers and religionists. Even sober, and in the main tolerably conscientious writers seem to lose their heads or become afraid to tell the truth on this subject."

"It is high time," he continues with emphasis, "that, without any prejudice in favor of that Church, the nonsense which has been foisted on the public by men interested in suppressing the facts, should be exposed. It is not true that the Church of our ancestors was the organized fraud which it suits fanatics to represent it; it is not true that the monasteries, priories and nunneries were mere receptacles for all unclean, dress and lewdness; it is not true that the great revenues of the celibate clergy and the celibate recluses were squandered as a rule in riotous living. As a mere question of religion Catholicism was as good as any creed which has ever found acceptance among men." He might well have said infinitely better, but we will give him credit for what he does grant.

He takes pains to show how Church property was held in the interests of the people; how the parish priest was obliged to spend only the smallest part of his legal income upon himself, two-thirds of it going to the poor and to the service of his Church. He tells how the existing account-books of the monasteries show how large a part of the revenues was spent on travelers, the poor, the sick and in other good works; and he adds that "the abbots and priests were the best landlords in England, and that so long as the Church held its lands and its power permanent pauperism was unknown." He also says: "Their monasteries were inns ever open to travelers, and infirmaries for the sick. They did all that is now done by our system of parochial relief. They were public almoners, teachers, doctors and nurses. They were also chroniclers, copyists of manuscripts, etc."

We should be glad, did our space permit, to give at length the author's testimony in regard to the character of Henry VIII., his motive in confiscating the religious houses, and the terrible

consequences which resulted to the people. He says it was his desire to "form an adulterous if not incestuous marriage in the first place, and to get possession of this vast property in order to fill his purse and bribe his favorites in the second place, which led him to the infamous plunder."

"When booty is in the wind it should go hard indeed, but the king and barons between them would make any monastery in the realm a den of iniquity." Thus he says: "The last hold of the English people in their soil was torn off for the benefit of a clique of oppressors. Thus the poor who had ever obtained ready relief from the Church, the wayfarers who could always find food and shelter in the religious houses, the children of the people who repaired to the convent for guidance and teaching were deprived at one fell swoop of aims, shelter and schools. This great and powerful estate which naturally sided with the people against the monarch and the aristocracy, now became a means of oppression in the hands of the land-owners and the middle class. Rack-renting and usury were henceforth sanctified instead of being denounced, and the Protestant Reformation became a direct cause of the increasing misery of the mass of Englishmen." Please observe this is not a Catholic, but a Protestant, that is speaking, and to us it is an encouraging sign that the Protestant tradition in regard to the religious orders is fast passing away, we hope never to return.

—N. Y. Catholic Review.

The Heroic Offering.

Knowing, as we all do, how grievous a sin drunkenness is, and how prevalent the vice is to the ruin of souls and the destruction of the peace of families, it is gratifying to learn from an official source that the Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart have undertaken a spiritual warfare against the giant evil of intemperance.

The sin is a great one; yet the power of the grace of God, moved by the joint prayers of so many thousands will be more powerful. As all sins have to be atoned for in some way, we can easily perceive the necessity for some reparation or atonement to be made to the justice of God for the grievous sin of drunkenness, known, alas, to be only too common everywhere.

In the spirit that animated the Crusaders of old, to rescue the Holy Land from those who profaned it, the members of the League have entered upon this modern crusade; and it is not a crusade of words, but one of silent, persistent prayer. Who, therefore, can doubt its success?

The work thus undertaken is aptly termed the "Heroic Offering." Its chief aim, in the words of Father Cullen, the Irish head director of the League, is "to band in holy alliance around the Heart of Jesus, self-denying souls who are prepared to combine with prayer the sacrifice of a legitimate indulgence in order to give greater glory and consolations to that Divine Heart." — Catholic Columbian.

After all the best way to know the real merit of Hood's Strawberry Ointment is to try it yourself. Be sure to get Hood's. Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls. The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes: 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$5; 3rd, \$3; 4th, \$1; 5th to 10th, a Handmade Book; and a pretty picture to those who send not less than 12 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, 43 Scott St., Toronto not later than 25th of each month, and marked "Competition"; also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winners' names will be published in The Toronto Mail on first Saturday in each month.

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

Mr. John Blackwell, of the Bank of Commerce, Toronto, writes: "Having often been troubled from Dyspepsia and weak stomach, and having tried numerous remedies with little effect, I was at last advised to give Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery a trial. I did so with a happy result, receiving great benefit from one bottle. I then tried a second and a third bottle, and now I find my appetite so much restored, and stomach strengthened, that I can partake of a hearty meal without any of the unpleasantness I formerly experienced."

What Say They? In popularity increasing. In reliability the standard. In merit the first. In fact, the best remedy for all summer complaints, diarrhoea, dysentery, cramps, colic, cholera infantum, etc., is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. All medicine dealers sell it.

There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Expeller for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

ST. JACOBS OIL THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN. RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Frost Bites, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Etc.

SURPRISE EVERY WOMAN Can save half the washing-out bill of wash day and be fresh and strong. Can have a clean, sweet, snowy white, more yellow. Example not fresh, cotton, or other material, but of fine white. Use the "Surprise" way. No boiling or scrubbing. Removable. Try it. READ THE DIRECTIONS ON THE WRAPPER. St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co. SOAP. Sold by 25c SURPRISE Soap and get one of our beautiful soap boxes.

NORTHERN Business College. OWEN SOUND, ONTARIO. In the Very Best Place to Study to get a Thorough Business Education. TAKE A ROUND TRIP and visit all other Business Colleges in Canada, then visit the Northern Business College, examine over them thoroughly. If we fail to produce the most thorough, practical, and extensive course of study, the best college premises and the best and most complete and most suitable furniture and appliances, we will give you a full course. FREE. For actual information, giving full particulars, free, address S. A. FLEMING, Toronto.

Coal & Camerons. YARD AND OFFICE, BURWELL STREET AT G. T. R. BRANCH OFFICE, 433 RICHMOND STREET. Farmers, Millmen and Threshers USE M'COLL'S Lardine Machine Oil Which as a Lubricant has never been excelled. CYLINDER OIL acknowledged to be the BEST in Canada. —MADE ONLY BY— McCOLL BROS. & CO. TORONTO.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE. Next Bi-Monthly Drawings in 1891—September 16th and October 7th and 21st. LIST OF PRIZES. 3134 PRIZES WORTH - \$52,740.00 CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH - \$15,000.00 TICKET, - \$1.00 11 TICKETS FOR \$10.00

Strength is what— JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF imparts. Forms Sinew and Muscle, and gives soundness to the Constitution. HEALTH FOR ALL. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT. THE PILLS Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS and BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to health debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are precious.

D. DALY & SON WILL SELL YOU THE Famous Seranton Coal AT THE LOWEST PRICES. Poor coal is dear at any price. The Seranton is acknowledged to be the best coal in the market. Office and Yards, 19 York St. TELEPHONE 318. N. B.—Orders left at Tripp's livery, Richmond street, will be promptly attended to. ONTARIO STAINED GLASS WORKS. STAINED GLASS FOR CHURCHES. PUBLIC AND PRIVATE BUILDINGS. Furnished in the best style and at prices low enough to bring it within the reach of all. WORKS: 484 RICHMOND STREET, R. LEWIS.

W. K. MURPHY, UNDERTAKER. FUNERALS FURNISHED AT MODERATE PRICES. 479 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO. JOHN FERGUSON & SONS, The leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open night and day. Telephone—House, 573; Factory, 543. JAMES KILGOUR, Undertaker and Importer of Fine Funeral Furnishings. Furnerals furnished at their real and proper value. 35 RICHMOND STREET. Residence—112 Elmwood avenue, London, Ont.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL, 51 and 53 Jarvis street, Toronto. This hotel has been refitted and furnished throughout. Home comforts. Terms \$1.00 per day. M. DONNELLY, Proprietor.

Branch No. 4, London, Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month, at eight o'clock at their hall, Albion Block, Richmond Street, Toronto, Ont., Wm. W. ...

C. M. B. A.

Resolution of Condolence.

Moved by Brother Kavanagh and seconded by ... Resolved, that the sympathy of this branch ...

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION TO DR. MCKENNA.

Tottenham Sentinel, Sept. 17. On Monday evening, on the eve of his departure for Toronto, a few of Dr. McKenna's ...

THE CHINESE ATROCITIES.

There is now a very fair prospect that, owing to the firmness displayed by the civilized powers, the murderous attacks which have, up to the present time, been made with impunity upon the Chinese mission stations will be checked ...

tion should be given to foreigners in China, equal to that which is afforded to Chinese subjects, otherwise the promises and treaties which have been made by China with Western nations will be a mere sham.

The Governor of Amoy, Tsin Chin Sung, American resident in honor of his independence day, and, being called upon to deliver a speech, made some significant allusions to the latest power of the Chinese Empire.

China having followed its own principles of advancement during more than five thousand years, is now compelled to change and move along European channels.

China has at last, for the first time, begun to open steamships and railways. Its telegraphs now cover every Province.

It has, at last, mills, forges and foundries, like those of Essex, Sheffield and Pittsburgh.

China is today learning that lesson in education which Europe has obliged her to learn, the art of killing, the science of armies and navies.

Woe, then, to the world if the scholar, profiting by her lesson, should apply it in turn.

With its freedom from debt, its inexhaustible resources, and its teeming millions, this Empire might be the menace, if not the destroyer, of Christian civilization.

There is, undoubtedly, much truth in these remarks of the Governor. When China shall have once reached a sufficiently high state of civilization to be able to use modern military appliances with modest skill, and to begin to open steamships and railways, European nations, it will be well to assert it, independently of their notions of right and wrong.

But whatever the future may bring forth, the civilized nations, while they are able to do so, must insist upon civilized treatment being accorded to their countrymen living in Chinese territory, whether they be missionaries or men in business.

It is, indeed, quite possible that even now the Chinese Government contemplates aggressive movements towards the West.

In the past barbarous nations have made such movements with a view to the destruction of ancient civilizations.

But with the advance made by civilization in the capabilities of war and the arts of defence, it can scarcely be supposed that within any very limited space of time China may be able to make the "teeming millions" of which the Chinese Governor speaks.

But, at any rate, Europe and the United States will insist on the present rights of foreigners, and will be small danger in what the distant future may bring forth.

when your feelings were particularly acted upon by the peculiar fullness of the throat. That feeling I experience so strongly at this moment that it almost renders me unable to give utterance to the few words that I wish to say to you.

So before me to-night the faces of many of my friends, twenty years ago, look me by the hand and have stood by me in my hour of need.

It is not that I have forgotten the names of those who were so long a time, but whose kindness and attachment has not been wholly forgotten.

That my own feelings be, then, when, by my own act, I have torn asunder the strong bonds that bind me to a people so affectionate and so true.

I may say, however, that this step had been foreseen by me, and that I had made up my mind to it long ago.

I felt that I was becoming physically unable to longer perform the heavy duties belonging to my position.

I know I have not deserved such kindness at your hands. You have always paid me liberally for my services, and now, in my hour of need, you have again shown your kindness.

When you are in Toronto I hope you will not forget to come to see me. I do not wish you to be surprised when you find me here.

Ladies and gentlemen, this is to me a sorrowful theme, and as I do not wish to further prolong the pain that belongs to it, I must stop.

At the close of the reply many short speeches were put in, in laudatory of the Dr. and Mr. McKenna; when the band struck up "Auld Lang Syne," nearly the entire audience joining in the chorusing strains.

Supper was then announced, and if proof of the excellent nature of the feast, the well-known generosity of host and hostess were required, it was forthcoming in the length of time spent over the board by many epicurean guests.

While supper was being served, the choir sang several songs and by some good music by the village orchestra present.

The banquet was a most successful one, and the band, and all retired after a most pleasant evening's entertainment.

The doctor and family leave with them to their homes, and the warmest aspirations of a host of friends.

The Dr. will continue the practice of his profession at 204 Spadina ave., Toronto.

THE RECENT ENCYCLICAL.

Workman's Pilgrimage to Rome - The Pope's Address.

Rome, Sept. 19. - The Pope to-day received in the vestibule of St. Peter's the first contingent of the pilgrimage of French workmen which was headed by the Cardinal Legate.

The majority of them looked like workmen in Sunday attire. The Pope was borne into the hall seated on a sedia gestatoria. He was received with fervent acclamations by the pilgrims.

He seemed exceptionally well; the usual pallor of his face was replaced by a most evident glow of excitement. Cardinal Laurana, who headed the pilgrims, read an address in the course of which it was stated that in all respects the Pope had been most cordial to the labor world for his recent encyclical.

In reply to the address the Pope, in a voice which, although weak, was clear and ringing, said: "I greet you, my dear brethren, with the same joy as I witness the ardor of Christian workers. We are happy that our encyclical has contributed to the elevation of workmen, social and labor questions will never find their proper solution in purely civil laws. Their solution is bound up in precepts of perfect justice which demand that the rate of wages shall adequately correspond with the services rendered in purely civil and industrial life. A mass of legislation dealing with the outward acts of man cannot comprehend the direction of consciences.

The Pope's remarks also the aid of charity going beyond the limits of the law, and the pursuit of the good, combined with the resources and efforts of public power and human wisdom.

The Pope's remarks were highly appreciated by the pilgrims, and they were highly commended by the Cardinal Legate.

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Peace were marked with fairness and good common sense. He died surrounded by his family and friends and in the full belief of a happy future. He was buried on the 2nd inst. in the cemetery of the celebration of High Mass by our much-esteemed Father O'Neill.

The funeral was one of the most largely attended ever witnessed in this truly Catholic settlement.

Logan, Sept. 8, 1891.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

From Dallas, Tex., the following telegram has been sent to the directors of the World's Fair: "One hundred thousand Texans protest against the Sunday closing of the Fair. The day of fanaticism is over."

At a meeting of the Dublin Freeman's Journal shareholders, on the 27th, E. Dwyer Gray was elected director by a vote of 61 to 18. The present board of directors thereupon resigned.

Two thousand three hundred persons have perished by floods in the Province of Toledo, Spain, and five hundred in other localities. Many also, were seriously injured. Property lost destroyed to the value of over \$1,000,000.

Chief Justice Galt gave his decision on the 17th inst., at Osgoode Hall, that the Toronto by-law, prohibiting preaching, lecturing, and declaiming in the Queen's park is valid, inasmuch as the Council has authority to make such regulations for the management of the park.

The horrors of a Russian prison have been again exemplified in the case of a prisoner named Chirkov, twelve of whose ribs were broken. The warden confessed at the trial that he was beaten with sticks and stones wrapped in rags, and that such castigation was continued for several days.

A terrible cyclone, lasting eight minutes, destroyed many houses, uprooted trees, and injured many persons at Saneetown, Nicaragua, on the 9th inst. Equine, Chile, was struck by a cyclone, the wind blowing for half an hour. Nine vessels were badly damaged in the harbor.

A vineyard owner of California, Mr. Edward S. Leyburn, states that his vineyard, which is inside of ten years the oldest vineyard that he has seen in America for its supply of first class wine. His travels, just completed, through the grape-growing countries of Europe have convinced him that the vineyards of California are three-fourths of them having succumbed already.

On Saturday Sarnia and Port Huron celebrated with great festivities the formal opening of the Grand Trunk Railway tunnel between them. Addresses from the two municipalities were read to Sir Henry Tyler, congratulating him on the successful success of the work, and its completion was celebrated with a grand banquet in Sarnia and a lunch in Port Huron.

Owing to the suspension under which the Quebec Premier, Mr. Mercier, has fallen, that he participated in the blackmailing in which Mr. Pacaud has figured, Lieut-Governor Angers insisted on the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate the charges. Mr. Mercier resisted at first, as it was his wish to leave the matter for a Parliamentary investigation, but he has now yielded, and the Commission will be organized at once. A serious strike occurred last week in Hull among the mill workers. They attempted to stop the works of Messrs. Eddy, Booth & Co., by obliging their hands to quit work, and in the melee Mr. Eddy was injured. The militia were called out by three magistrates, and bloodshed is feared. On the 18th inst. one thousand two hundred strikers paraded the streets and speeches were read, which would put them into the power of the militia. The strikers demand 50 cents extra per week.

A special despatch to the New York Herald states that ex-President Balmaceda still holds himself through the temple at the Argentine Legion, Santiago on Saturday morning, having been rescued from the hands of the Chilean troops. He is now in the hands of the Chilean troops. He is now in the hands of the Chilean troops.

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