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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. I.—No. 1.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## CATHOLIC DIGEST FOR 1892.

A YEAR is but a short time in the existence of the Universal Church; but it is well worthy of notice, as it gives an idea on a small scale of the reverses and triumphs of that great body on earth. The year of grace, 1892, which has just gone from us, was a year of hope and promise. In its general tendencies it was similar to the other years of this half century, in which men seem disposed to make the Church some reparation for the ravages their predecessors of the past century had made in her fields. It was signalized also by the tightening of the bonds which, since the days of her Divine Founder have united the Church of Christ to the cause of the poor and suffering. The enlightened Pontiff who sits in the Chair of Peter has set the example of accepting what is good in modern life and thought while repressing its evil tendencies, and he has been ably assisted in this policy of conciliation by the circle of eminent men who compose the Sacred College of Cardinals.

In Italy, however, and in Rome itself, the Sovereign Pontiff has not been successful in gaining that liberty of action so necessary for the proper administration of the affairs of the Catholic world; and the Italians, though weighed down by an immense debt, excessive taxation, an oppressive military system, and organized misgovernment, have not yet learned from their troubles to do justice to their spiritual head. The country is daily going from bad to worse; and brigandage, suicide and divorce, those daughters of atheism, are daily becoming of more frequent occurrence; and yet, on account of the strange inertia of the large Catholic population, a Liberal Government still misrepresents the country in Rome. One occurrence will go to show the blind hatred of these men against everything Catholic. During the Columbus celebration a collection of Catholic societies, which were paying honor to the great discoverer as an Italian and a Catholic, were attacked in the streets of Rome by a mob urged on by a member of the Chamber of Deputies. It was an act worthy of these would-be apostles of enlightenment, that they should seek to dishonor the memory of the man who was one of the most important agents in bringing about our boasted modern civilization.

Another event will also go far to dispel the idea some Catholics have held that the Holy Father has sufficient liberty in his own sox. Some peaceful French Catholics, who had made a pilgrimage to Rome to testify their loyalty to the Sovereign Pontiff were mobbed on the streets on a trumped-up charge of insulting the usurper who sits in the Quirinal.

On an appeal being made by French citizens to their Government, that public-spirited body responded with an order to the bishops not to form any more pilgrimages, out of regard doubtless, for the feelings of their brother-infidels in Italy. The Bishop of Aix, M. Gouthe-Soulard, firmly but respectfully asserted to the Minister of Public Worship his right as a Catholic and a citizen to act freely in this matter. In consequence of this spirited declaration

of his rights, he was placed on trial and fined 3,000 francs for insulting that most august functionary.

This proceeding on the part of the French Government was all the more uncalled for, since His Holiness, in a letter to the hierarchy of France, decided that French Catholics should accept the republican constitution of France, and turn their efforts to repealing the obnoxious laws which disgrace their statute book; and the Cardinals, as well as many leaders of the Right, had already announced their intention of adhering to the policy of the Pope. Indeed, the immediate cause of this was the action of Cardinal Lavigerie in proposing the toast of "The French Republic" on board the flag-ship of the squadron at Algiers. In spite of this friendly attitude, however, the Government has blindly pursued its course of petty persecution, just enough, perhaps, in the Providence of God to rouse the Catholic people to the fact that they should imitate their brethren in Belgium and Germany in doing their duty at the polls, and turning out the scoundrels whose misdeeds even now cast disgrace on the French nation in the eyes of the world.

In the internal administration of the Church the most important changes were the appointment of Cardinal Ledochowski as Prefect of the Propaganda and the election of Father Martino as General of the Jesuits. The now Cardinal Prefect was prepared for his exalted dignity by the trials of persecution. When he was Archbishop of Posen he was imprisoned by Bismarck under the notorious May Laws for maintaining his rights as a Catholic prelate. And now the once mighty Cancellor is in danger of his own liberty in the Empire he formed, and his victim is second in authority in the Universal Church. Truly the Lord "hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble."

The condition of the Church in Germany to-day is a subject of consolation to every Catholic heart. It is only twenty years since the inauguration of the Kulturkampf, or Penal Laws, against the Church, and now Bismarck is deprived of power mainly through the influence of the great Catholic party, and all the obnoxious laws have been repealed except that relating to the Jesuits. And there is now a strong probability that the Centre may force that act of justice also from the Government, in return for their support on the Army Bill. But the most favorable sign of the times was the bill introduced by the Prussian Government for the education of every child in the kingdom according to the religion of its parents—to the end, as the Emperor remarked, that no child in Prussia might be brought up without a knowledge of God. The bill, though supported by the Centrists and Conservatives, was withdrawn on account of the violent opposition of the Liberal parties. However, the fact that such a sweeping measure could be introduced at the express desire of the Emperor himself is a refreshing sign of the progress of religious education.

The happy state of affairs which exists in the German Empire is mainly due, under God, to the zeal and abilities of the great Catholic leader, Windthorst, who, twelve months since, went to his rest covered with years and honors. In his case, the good he did

was not "interred with his bones." It lives after him in the great party which his energy constructed, and in the example he has set to persecuted Catholics of every age and clime to use the means Providence gives them to free the Church from oppression.

In England the Church is shadowed by a sense of loss, though it is a loss which has long been expected. In the month of January Henry Edward, Cardinal Manning, passed to his rest. His loss was not felt by the Church alone—a nation mourned him. But he will be missed in a special manner by the Church, which he found an infant and left strong and beautiful, worthy to take a place in the cennel of the Lord. His successor, Archbishop Vaughan, is fitted in every respect to fill the position his death left vacant; but it will be long ere the people of England forget the great English Cardinal, Catholic in every sense of the word, who showed to this unbelieving generation that the cause of Christ and the cause of suffering humanity are one.

The stream of conversion which he did so much to set in motion is still flowing in; and though the sanguine expectations of many Catholics have been disappointed, the position of the Church has in every way been much improved, and there is still great reason to hope that in the Providence of God Catholic England—the dream and prayer of so many pious souls for 300 years—is reserved as a future triumph of the Church.

A gratifying occurrence was the election of Ald. Stuart Knill as Lord Mayor of London. As he was a staunch Catholic, and unwilling personally to attend the services of the Established Church in connection with his position, there were some objections against his election; but a sense of justice and respect for his conscientious action carried the day, and he was elected by the almost unanimous vote of the Livery.

Among other European occurrences the celebration by which the Spaniards honored the memory of Christopher Columbus is worthy of special mention. It was a splendid tribute of an intensely Catholic nation to the great discoverer. The year was also marked by a grand Catholic Congress at Seville. The outbreaks of anarchy early in the year were the work of foreigners, and have quite died out among the people. His Holiness paid a beautiful compliment to the Queen of Portugal by presenting her with the Golden Rose. In Belgium, the elections resulted in the return of the Clerical party to power, and the census of Switzerland shows that the Church is gaining ground even in the strongholds of Calvinism.

But to give any proper idea of the history of the Church in these times, attention must be given to her missionary labors which may remain as the important events of history among nations yet to be, when the petty persecutions of European potentates have become but a disagreeable recollection of an unwise past. The Sacred College and the religious orders have been making strenuous efforts to propagate the truths of the Gospel among those who sit in darkness. One of the most gratifying triumphs was the conversion of the Patriarch of the

Nestorians, with most of his followers. This heresy has been in existence for fourteen centuries, and the thought that the grace of God has reached them at last will give new strength to those who hope the day will come when Northern Europe will see a second Age of Faith.

In China the Church has been a church of suffering. In many places secret societies, actuated by the same anti-Christian spirit as their brethren in Europe, burned the mission buildings and slaughtered priests and neophytes. A Catholic, however, never sees any reason to despair on account of persecution; he knows that in more ways than one the Church suffering approaches nearest to the Church triumphant. The time may come for China when the martyrs of 1892 are honored on the altars of the Church throughout the length and breadth of that vast Empire. In Japan the year was signalized by the creation of a hierarchy with titles drawn from the Japanese Secs. It is not an event important in itself; but it is significant of the progress of the Church in that land, where, three centuries ago, St. Francis Xavier preached with so much fruit. The progress of the Church in Japan is peaceful at present. The sprinkling of the blood of her Martyrs has been on her doorpost there these 300 years, and the angel of destruction respects the sign and passes over in silence.

The work which Father Damien carried on among the lepers is being continued as quietly and unostentatiously as he began it. Catholics, who are accustomed to such examples of self-sacrifice among their missionaries, find in this no reason for wonder, but the admiration of the Protestant world shows that such deeds of Christian heroism are the exclusive glory of that Church which holds in her keeping the fountains of supernatural favors.

Africa, which is to this 19th century what America was to the 15th, is a special field of missionary endeavor. The soldiers of Christ have shown themselves even more eager in enlarging His dominions than the temporal powers in acquiring new possessions. In the north, Cardinal Lavigerie has been doing wonders to restore the ancient glories of the church of Augustine and Cyprian. His new missionary body, "The White Fathers of the desert," have had great success in carrying out his wise designs for the conversion of the tribes of the Sahara and the suppression of the slave trade. It is indeed fitting that a prince of that church which abolished slavery in Europe should be the instrument in wiping out the last vestige of that curse in its very home. The death of their great Cardinal a few months ago will be a severe trial to his young community, but there are many men in its ranks quite capable of carrying out the work he began.

In Central Africa the Church has been suffering persecution. The majority of the people of Uganda, with their King, had been converted to the faith, and the Protestant minority rebelled, and, with the aid of the Mohammedans and the officers of the East Africa Company, massacred the Catholics and deposed the King. The British Government has the affair at present under consideration; and there is every reason to hope that they will

make suitable reparation, as far as lies in their power, for the wrong done to the King and people of Uganda.

The President of the Liberia Republic, though a Protestant, requested the Holy Father to send him missionaries, which he, with his usual zeal for souls, has already done. This leads to a consideration of the great work which the Josephite Fathers and the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament have commenced among the Negroes of the United States. It has been a reasonable subject of complaint that the Catholics of this continent have not devoted themselves sufficiently to this branch of God's work; but if zeal will receive its reward, as it surely will, Father Slattery and Sister Catherine will soon remove that reproach from the American Church.

The most important event in the history of the continent for the year was the celebration of the Columbus Centenary. It was a splendid opportunity of instructing our Protestant friends as to the part Catholics have played in the history of this continent, and we think every advantage was taken of it. The Holy Father ordered a High Mass in each church in Italy, Spain and America; processions were organized by Catholic schools and societies; and from the pulpit and the platform and the press, people were informed that Columbus was a Catholic, sailing for a Catholic power, with the blessing of a Catholic monk, in the interests of a Queen who is known to history by the title of "The Catholic." The Pope has also blessed the World's Fair to be held at Chicago next year. He has sent out Archbishop Satolli to represent him there, and also to settle any questions of dispute in the Church in the United States.

Among the questions which arose was the famous compromise system of education, which has become known as the Faribault system. Archbishop Ireland, moved by the poverty of his people, allowed the Catholics in two parishes to give over their school buildings to the common school trustees, thus sharing in the public funds for their support—the only condition being that Catholic teachers should be employed and religion taught after school hours. Much controversy was aroused over this plan, but Rome's decision was "*tolerari potest.*" But the Archbishops of the United States, in council assembled, decided only lately to carry out the decrees of the Council of Baltimore to give every Catholic child as thorough a Catholic training as possible.

In Canada also we have had our school troubles, and we find that the great battle for the rights of the parent in education is not yet ended among us. The Act passed for the secularization of the schools of Manitoba has been declared *intra vires* by the Privy Council, and now the distressed Catholics of that province are appealing to the Dominion Government for the remedial measures to which the Manitoba Act justly and manifestly entitles them. We hope that fair-minded Protestants will join with us in seeing this act of justice done to our brethren in Manitoba, not only on their account, but also to give a needful rebuke to those firebrands who seek to disturb the principle of mutual forbearance on which Confederation is established.

The year has been a year of jubilees. The venerable Archbishop of St. Louis celebrated his golden jubilee as bishop, an event which has occurred but thrice in a century; the festivities at Scranton in honor of Bishop O'Hara have just been finished; and nearer home the citizens of Toronto and London have joined in congratulating the Archbishop of Toronto on the occasion of his silver

jubilee. It was also the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of Toronto as an episcopal city.

It has been also to high and low a year of death. Many distinguished Catholics have been called to the reward which their faith and works have merited. Besides Cardinals Manning and Lavigerie, the Sacred College has lost Cardinal Simeoni, who was so long identified with missionary effort as Prefect of the Propaganda. Cardinal Memmillod, the distinguished representative of the Swiss Catholics, and Cardinal Howard, the venerable English Cardinal, Father Anderledy, the General of the Jesuits, closed a life of labor and zeal in the cause of religion. Bishop Treppel, best known as member of the French Chamber of Deputies, has left the scene of his labors; and the Church in Scotland mourns the loss of Archbishop Smith, who held the Sees of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh. In Germany the historian Janssens, whose history of the Reformation caused so much confusion in Protestant ranks, passed away before his work was quite completed, and in America we mourn the loss of two distinguished laymen—John Gilmary Shea and Daniel Dougherty—who, in their respective capacities as historian and orator, upheld the honor of their race and religion among the people of the United States. And besides these are the countless thousands of those whose simple faith and earnest work have gained them a place in the history which no man can know as yet—the history which the Recording Angel the written in the Book of Doom, and will remain as the true history of the world in the annals of the Church triumphant.

#### Death of a Venerable Priest.

There died recently in England an Oblate Father who had a somewhat varied career. Born in Upper Canada, 1819, of French parents, Father Pinet was educated for the bar, and practised law for a number of years. In 1848 he entered the Oblate novitiate at Longueuil, P. Q., made his profession the following year, and was ordained priest in 1851. Shortly afterward he was sent to the Oblate mission on the coast of Labrador, where he remained two years. Twenty-four months is a comparatively brief period; but twenty-four months spent in missionary work among the Labrador Indians in the Fifties might well be deemed equivalent to a lifetime of ordinary labor. Labrador skies are not the most hospitable, and Father Pinet for weeks at a time knew no other roof. He often had to choose between raw meat and starvation; in a word, he fared as the savages among whom his lot was cast; and if his success in converting the Indian was phenomenal, it was won at the cost of an heroic endurance that completely shattered his health. In 1854 he was sent to England, with the hope that the climatic change might save his life. He occupied many important positions in his Congregation there, among others, that of Provincial and Provincial Procurator. His death, which was somewhat sudden, bereaves his brethren of an exemplary confrere and the Church of a devoted son. R. I. P.—*Ave Maria.*

The Catholic students attending the Ohio State University have formed a Newman club. Twenty-five young men and women form the present membership. A similar society flourishes in Cornell University.

Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax will observe the tenth anniversary of his consecration next month, he having been mitred Jan. 21, 1883. Dr. O'Brien is quite a litterateur; he has written at least one novel, and contributed verses to several Catholic publications. Bishop Moreau of St. Hyacinthe is another Canadian prelate who has an anniversary, the 17th, of his consecration to celebrate in January. He was consecrated Jan. 16, 1876, in succession to Dr. La Rocque, deceased.

### CARDINAL LAVIGERIE.

Panegyric Delivered at Lille, France, by Mgr. Banaend.

Translated from L'Univers.

MY BRETHREN—The time has not yet come for taking the just measurement of the eminent man who has so lately disappeared from the scene of this world. It is with him as with the grand mountains of his native country which require to be seen from afar in order that it may be possible for the gaze to take in their obain and estimate exactly their height. So likewise is it true to say that by the general outlines of his physiognomy as by the bold initiatives of his thought, this bishop, although modern, is however less the man of the present than contemporary of the future. When then the future will have dawned for him and this sun will have made grow, and will have ripened the seed of works and ideas which he cast into the world, then will people wonder how his genius and his heart were in advance of all the undertakings and of all the conceptions which the future will see realized. It is then, my brethren, and then only, that he can be presented to the judgment of history, as it is said that, the just man is presented at the judgment seat of God, with the entire train of his works; "*Opera enim eorum sequuntur illos.*"

We should therefore have waited until it became possible to glorify in a worthy manner so rich a memory. We should likewise have waited, brethren, out of charity to myself, in order that I might at least be able to glean in so vast a field something which would deserve to be laid, as a homage, upon this illustrious tomb just closed to-day. But does admiration wait? And in fact has it waited till this hour to proclaim this name by the thousand voices of the press, in every part of the globe? And does gratitude also wait? And has not ours been for a long time pledged to him, to him who gave us in this city of Lille a colony of his priests, a school of his children, and a short time ago also the mission of preparing those of his Africans whom he destined to be physicians of the desert.

I will therefore speak: you have desired it. And in a concise description which I had wished to make short, I will, if it pleases you, show you the great bishop, the great missionary, the great Frenchman. Such indeed has appeared to me, and will appear to you in the life of his Eminence Charles Martial Allemand Lavigerie, Cardinal of the holy Roman Church, Archbishop of Algiers, Archbishop of Carthage, Primate of Africa, founder and superior of the Missionary Fathers of Algiers, eminent servant of God, the Church, his country.

#### I.

Such august destinies are not without providential preparation. There was firstly, my christian brethren, a preparation for the ministry of his priesthood in those brilliant studies which rapidly led this child of the Pyrenees to the doctorate of literature, to the doctorate in theology, to the chaplaincy of Saint Genevieve, to the chair of ecclesiastical history in the Sorbonne. To these first ports of his brilliant career, the Abbe Lavigerie hastened at a running pace, and without delaying at them, pressed as he was, unconsciously, by a mysterious vocation, wishing only to open to his priestly action those necessary horizons of theological, literary and historical learning without which a priest is no longer the light of the world.

There was another preparation, a preparation for his missionary career in his direction of the work of the Schools of the East. This star rising upon the East, he understood was the star of his destiny:

"It was in this work, that I at length found my real vocation," he wrote afterwards; "it was there that I found myself for the first time in touch with the infidel world." He had already preached in favor of this work of charity's crusade in all the great pulpits of France, drawing towards this desolate and devastated East, the gold and the heart of Christians, when in 1860 we see him embark himself and set sail for Beyrouth.

It was the period of the horrible massacres of Syria. The vengeance of 60,000 Maronites who were under our protection, called forth the sword of France. The distress of a multitude of widows and orphans appealed to the alms of France. The Abbe Lavigerie arrived at Lebanon with three millions (francs) to distribute amongst the victims. He himself during six months often at the risk of his life traversed on horseback this unfortunate country smoking with fire, red with blood and black with devastation and ruin. What days, what sights! brethren, I think I still feel the shiver which his words sent through an audience in which I was, when on his return one day he related in the pulpit the discovery he made of the field of carnage of *Kair-el-Damar*, at the thick cloud of ravens which flew around and with cries of joy hovered over the countless dead.

The two great orphanages of Beyrouth and Tahlou were opened to the children of the victims. This priest was for a whole people in their mourning the angel of the resurrection; and when he returned to France, he brought back to it not only the enthusiastic gratitude of Lebanon, the admiration of the world, the blessing of Rome; he brought the soul of a great missionary. He became orient soul in the East as we shall see him later transforming his soul into an African soul in Africa. From the time of Saint Paul apostles have the art and the duty of such transformations. "*Omnibus omnia factus sum.*" "I became all things to all men."

There was an apprenticeship of his life as cardinal which he afterwards led at Rome, in his position of auditor of Rote, but without at any time abandoning his works in the East; the apostolate ever held irrevocable possession of him. God, who was leading him by the hand, brought him to this centre of all things catholic, to strengthen him in the source of pure doctrine and devotion to the Roman Pontiff. And when soon after it was necessary to tear himself away from Pope Pius IX. whom he had very much loved, he protested that nothing would blot out from his soul the memory of a Pontiff whose virtues were equalled only by his misfortunes. He carried away from there the name of Rome engraved in his heart and love; we know whether he was faithful.

But behold him a bishop! And here, brethren, shall I dare to qualify simply as prelude and apprenticeship this episcopate of Nancy, so fruitful by itself in ecclesiastical institutions which I have only to mention? Organization of a diocesan court, provident fund for aged or infirm priests, episcopal freedom, creation or extension of ecclesiastical colleges, what things in so few years! But then already his genius is ahead of the present. He feels the threats of a near and dark future; he foresees it and he prevents it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The American archbishops, at their recent conference, voted to invite the Basilian monks to establish themselves in this country and assume charge of the United Greek parishes, which are becoming quite numerous in certain sections of the country, notably down in Pennsylvania. The Basilians, who have houses across the line, are one of the oldest of our Catholic orders, dating back to the fourth century, when they were established by the great saint whose name they bear.



### The Parting Soul and Her Guardian Angel.

(Thoughts During Sickness.)

By Mrs. J. L. LARKINSON.

SOUL.

Oh! say, must I leave this world of light,  
With its sparkle of streams and sunshine bright,  
Its budding flowers—its glories in sky;  
Vain 'tis to ask me—I cannot die!

ANGEL.

But, my dear, list, in realms above,  
That happy home of eternal love,  
Are flowers more fair, sunshine more clear,  
Than those thou cling'st to so fondly here.

SOUL.

If so, still, to reach that home of light,  
I must pass the fearful vale of night;  
From that, my soul doth shuddering fly;  
Angel, I tell thee, I dare not die.

ANGEL.

Ah! mortal loved, in that path untried  
Will I be forever at thy side,  
Through its gloom to guide, till thou dost bend,  
Before the throne of thy Heavenly Friend.

SOUL.

Alas! too many close ties of love  
Around my wavering heart are wove,  
Voices fond, tender, pray me to stay,  
Think'st thou, from them I would pass away,  
Dally my mother, with angelic wild,  
Bonds o'er the couch of her dying child,  
Whilst one dearer still, in silent tears,  
Retracts his anguish, his wild deep fears,  
Yes, even now, whilst to thee I speak,  
Do those burning drops fall on my cheek,  
Think ye, I'd break from so close a tie?  
No; angel away, I will not die!

ANGEL.

Poor child of earth! too closely cling'st  
Thy heart to earth and earthly things;  
Wilt still revolt? I, but whisper low,  
Thy Father in Heaven wills it so;  
Wills that wilt Him at once thou should'st dwell,  
To pray for those thou lovest so well,  
Till a time shall come ye'll meet again,  
To know no more life a grief or pain.

SOUL.

Spirit, thy words have a potent power  
That reaches my soul in this awful hour;  
And thy soft breath d' hopes, with magic night,  
Have chased from my soul the shades of night,  
Console the dear ones I part from now,  
Who hang o'er my couch with pallid brow;  
Tell them we'll meet in yon shining sky,  
And, Angel Guardian, I now will die.

### RT. REV. BISHOP O'HARA.

#### Impressive Ceremonies at His Silver and Golden Jubilee.

A despatch from Scranton, Pa., dated Dec. 21st, says: One of the prettiest of all church ceremonies was the pontifical mass with which Right Rev. Bishop William O'Hara this morning celebrated his silver and golden jubilee. The mass was celebrated at 10.30 o'clock at St. Peter's Cathedral, in the presence of the most distinguished of all the Catholic clergy of this section of the country, Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, assisted in the ceremony.

One of the most impressive events of the celebration was the presentation to the Bishop by the clergy of the diocese of an address, setting forth their love and respect for him, and a check for \$15,000 as a further indication of their esteem. The voice of the Bishop faltered as he responded with thanks.

Features of the mass were the singing by an immense choir, which included distinguished soloists, and the jubilee address by Archbishop Ryan, which was exceedingly eloquent. In concluding, he said: "And now it remains for me to announce to you, my dear people, that our Holy Father, the Pope, crowns this event by his benediction. There has been received by cablegram the hearty congratulations of His Holiness in St. Peter's chair. And now it remains for me, dear Bishop, in behalf of His Holiness, Leo XIII., in behalf of His Eminence the Cardinal, in behalf of the venerable Bishops here assembled, in behalf of the priests and the faithful people here to-day, in behalf of your beloved old parish of St. Patrick's, of Philadelphia, where you spent twenty-four years of your life, to congratulate you on this, your golden jubilee, and to hope that your days may be spent in holy peace,

and that in the end, the Divine Master, whom you have served so long, so faithfully and so well, may transfer the mitre of your episcopacy into a crown of eternal glory."

At the conclusion of the mass, Cardinal Gibbons spoke briefly, expressing his deep regard and respect for the venerable Prelate, in whose honor all had assembled.

After the Mass came the dinner of the clergy, which was private. Brief remarks were made by Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan, and Bishops Keane, Horstmann, McGovern, Ryan, O'Hara, Phelan and O'Donnell.

At College Hall this evening a reception was given by the Bishop to guests from a distance, his parishioners, and the people of the city. From 8 to 10 o'clock the reception was for the visitors and the non-Catholics. After 10 the Bishop received thousands of Catholics of Scranton and surrounding towns.

In all its history Scranton never saw such a procession as that which moved along the principal avenues on Thursday in honor of Right Rev. William O'Hara. Over 14,000 people, coming from every town and hamlet in the valley, turning out to do honor to the venerable prelate, who for twenty-five years has with great piety and signal ability presided over the destinies of this diocese.

The great pageant was reviewed from a point near St. Peter's Cathedral by Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop O'Hara, Archbishop Ryan and five other bishops. The skies were clear, even though the air was cold and active exercise in the marching line was a pleasure. Along all the principal streets were thousands of people, coming from all parts of Northeastern Pennsylvania. Special trains were upon all the railroads and their capacity was strained. For over two hours the procession was in motion, the parade ending a little after two o'clock.

Four hundred people attended the banquet at College Hall this evening. It was a most delightful event, though marred somewhat by the absence of two of the announced speakers, Cardinal Gibbons and Governor Pattison. The Cardinal was compelled to leave for home in the afternoon in a special car. Governor Pattison, after agreeing to come, broke his engagement at the eleventh hour.

Judge F. W. Gunster presided over the feast and made the opening address. One of the principal features of the night was the address of the laity to the bishop, which was delivered by Chairman P. F. Smith, of the committee of arrangements. At the conclusion of this address the bishop was presented with a check for \$15,000, the second for that amount given him.

The other speakers of the evening included Archbishop Ryan, Judge Lynch and John T. Lenahan, of Luzerne; Editor E. J. Lynett, Editor John E. Barrett and Joseph O'Brien, of this city, and James J. O'Neill, of Carbondale.

Governor Pattison's place at the banquet was taken by Lieutenant-Governor Waters, who responded to the toast, "The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania."

The Queen Regent of Spain has sent Padre Brudignon, rector of the new church of St. Gioachino (to be offered to the Pope for his jubilee), 25,000 francs as her personal gift, and 5000 francs on the part of the ladies of Madrid.

Archbishop Janssens, who recently celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination, is a Hollander by birth, and began his American ministry in the Richmond diocese, whence he went to Natchez in 1881; and he was transferred to New Orleans four years ago. Dr. Janssens has made an enviable reputation for himself in every locality where he has labored, and he is especially beloved in the Crescent City, despite the short time that he has resided there.

### Towards the End of the Year.

M. F. Egan in the Ave Maria.

The intellectual and the æsthetic are great helps to the religious. The simple faith that asks nothing, knows nothing, only believes, is beautiful and rare. But so careful is the Church that all powers should lead to faith as her handmaids, that she insists on the exercise of reason. Whoever denies that the existence of God can be proved by reason is condemned; this is the meaning of the sylabus and of the Vatican Council.

One observes among some really good and devout people a desire to underrate both the intellectual and the æsthetic. The catechism, they cry—the catechism; that is enough. "If the catechism will not keep a young man or young woman in the right track, nothing will." And, consequently, there is a supreme indifference or a contemptuous tolerance shown when there is a question of higher education for young Catholics. This is true especially of the education of women. "Dear me!" says Mr. Oldboy, "what does a woman want with books and studies? Can she sew? Can she make me comfortable? That's the question." The question for him, and many like him, but not an answer to the main question, which is: How can all the powers of men's and women's mind be brought to the service of Christianity? How can such logical qualities as they possess and such æsthetic tastes be all turned to the greater glory of God and to the betterment of their own peace?

Catholic education stops, as a rule, on the day the young people leave school. One may say that the environment of the young Catholic after he leaves school is an education in itself, as life is the best educator. He learns new lessons each Sunday from the symbolism of the Mass; he learns of the greatness and glory of the Church from her music and her pictures; and each holiday or anniversary strengthens his love and admiration for the Spouse of Christ, who is the regenerator of the world. But to get even a small portion of the meaning of the Church, we must be prepared for it.

No man can read a great poet well unless he brings to the reading something more than a knowledge of grammar. We all know that it is better to read Homer in a translation than to read the Iliad only for its technical value. The scholar who had devoted his life to the study of the genitive case and died lamenting that he had not given it to the dative, is a type of the men who narrow themselves and neglect the talents God has given them. That all intellectual narrowing is bad, we see every day. It is a false reaction against intellectual narrowness which gives Mr. Ingersoll his audiences.

It is not true that the environment of the Catholic young man or woman will educate him or her in the right direction after he or she leaves school; for the atmosphere of our social environment is full of miasma. Who can help breathing it? Why is it that vocations for the religious state are fewer among men in our country than in Catholic countries? It is because the boy after he leaves school ceases to be educated in the right way.

A stupid man may be a good Christian. The legend of the lily growing out of the heart of the poor idiot who loved Our Lady is doubtless true. It ought to be; the whole life of St. Francis of Assisi shows us how true it is that simple-minded men bear the lilies of Christ in their heart of hearts. Our Lord did not die only for the clever people; He did not come on earth to spread culture. The old French Jansenist crucifixes represented Him with His arms nailed aloft, to symbolize the assumption that He

died only for a few. The attitude of the Jansenist is the attitude of some of our modern intellectual people. It is unconscious, but it is absurd. Nevertheless, the other extreme—that Christianity is only for the lowly and the ignorant—is just as bad. It takes all the forces of a Christian to corroborate with divine grace; and the more truly intellectual he is, the more really æsthetic development must go in the right way.

"In my time," says an old man, in one of Augier's plays, "there was God." There always was and always will be God, and the people are coming more and more to recognize this truth; but is not the knowledge of the ways that lead to God worth as much attention as the knowledge of practical things? Must one be content with the rudiments? There are the Catholic school should not give the pupil the idea that he is "finished," but the idea that he is only beginning; not the idea that he is to be like the world around him, but that, if he can not lead the world around him, he is to be different from it. "In some communities," Emerson says, "it is our duty to be eccentric." St. Bernard expresses a like thought.

If to love the things of the soul and the mind, if to prefer the beautiful and fine, rather than money and luxury and feverish excitement, is eccentricity, the Catholic, who surrounds himself with the atmosphere of his faith ought to be glad to be different from the rest of the world. It must come to him: he need not go to it. His atmosphere will be like steam, which, surrounding a man in a fire, keeps the flames from touching him. His differencia is like the wet handkerchief that saves his life in the smoke.

#### Separate School Board.

The separate school board held a special meeting at the De La Salle institute last night to consider the annual financial report and discuss the plans of the new high school which it is proposed to erect on Bond street. Vicar-General Rooney took the chair, and there were present Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V. G., Jas. Ryan, Thos. O'Connor, Very Rev. Dean Cassidy, M. Walsh, John O'Connor, C. Burns, Father Rohleder, and Rev. Father McCarthy, C. S. S. R.

Before the business of the evening was taken up the meeting was addressed by Mr. J. J. Murphy, representing the St. Vincent de Paul society. Mr. Murphy was introduced by Vicar-General Rooney, and gave a most interesting and encouraging report of the work that the society is doing amongst the Italians of the city. The number of applicants for the classes of the night school had increased very largely, especially amongst the English speaking children. So much so, that the society has been unable to provide the necessary accommodation for them, and had in consequence of a suggestion by his grace the archbishop resolved to ask the assistance of the school board. It was decided to appoint a committee to consider and report on the matter.

The secretary, Mr. J. S. Hall, was now called upon to present the financial statement of the treasurer, Rev. Father McCann, which was a bulky document, giving an itemized account of the receipts and disbursements. The total receipts were \$36,048, made up of government grant, \$2,290; municipal assessment, \$33,090; street railway income, \$325 25; taxes, West Toronto Junction, \$331 17; rent of fence, \$12; total, \$36,048 42. The financial items of the disbursements were:—Salaries, \$18,710; general purposes, \$4,082; capital account, \$10,465. The disbursements exceeded the receipts by \$77. The report was adopted on the motion of Trustee Burns, seconded by Trustee Walsh.

The report of the sites and building committee stated that they had received plans for the new school on Bond street from the architects, Messrs. Post and Holmes, and recommended that the plans should be accepted. The committee also recommended that the architect be directed to prepare specifications and advertise for tenders for the building. The report was adopted, with certain modifications regarding the tower. The meeting then adjourned.—Globe, Dec. 31.

Bishop Bronnan, of Dallas, Texas, has resigned his See. Bishop Fitzgerald, of Little Rock, has been appointed administrator, and has named Father J. Blum as his vicar-general.

## MOST REV. DR. WALSH.

Sermon by His Grace on Christmas Morning.

The following is a substantial report of the sermon preached by his Grace Archbishop Walsh at St. Michael's Cathedral on Christmas morning:

"And the word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us, and we saw his glory, the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." JOHN I, 14.

The Incarnation of God the Son was the greatest manifestation that even God could make of His infinite goodness, love and mercy for the human race. He had created man through love—He redeemed him through mercy. The creation was a manifestation of Almighty love—the Redemption was a manifestation of infinite and all-pardoning mercy.

Man was originally created and constituted in justice and innocence. He was a child of God and an heir of heaven. By his fall he lost his innocence and justice and forfeited his Sonship of God and his heirship of heaven. He was banished from Paradise, and was driven into exile—a fugitive from the face of God, his offended father. Jesus Christ, the Son of God incarnate, comes down from heaven, to restore to man the Sonship of God and the heirship of heaven, and to bring him back from his exile and his flight from God to an union of friendship and of love with Him. The incarnation of Christ was in principle the redemption of mankind, and their restoration to their place in God's eternal plans and to their own immortal destinies.

In the Eden dispensation the fear and dread of an offended God ruled and overpowered the hearts and minds of men. In that dispensation God ruled his people by the manifestation of Almighty power, by the force of stupendous miracles, by signal and tremendous chastisements of guilt, and in the might of His outstretched arm. When Adam sinned he was seized with fear, and he hid himself from the face of God. "I heard Thy voice in Paradise, and was afraid, and because I was naked I hid myself." This unholy fear, which carried away man from God, was transmitted with life to all the posterity of fallen Adam—banished and proscribed and expelled from Paradise by a sword of fire. All antiquity fled and hid itself from the face of an offended and angry God. And this fear which dominated antiquity was different in kind from that holy fear of God which is the beginning of wisdom, and which inspired the sinner at the same time with a dread of divine justice, a hatred of sin and a loving hope in the divine goodness and mercy. The fear of the ancients was a slavish fear, that had its origin in hatred of God, who punished sin and in hatred of the penalty inflicted on the sinner and not in repentance for the sin that merited the divine chastisement. And what were the bitter fruits of this unholy fear, that eventuated in the flight of mankind from God? Under its blighting influence the world had become thoroughly corrupt and out of joint with the purposes of its Creator. Men had for the most part lost the knowledge of the true God and of the priceless value of the immortal soul. Paganism, with its degrading rites and superstitions, and its vast system of idolatry, held the world enthralled. A dead sea of moral corruption covered the face of earth—vice became deified, for each had a God for its author and patron—whilst the great and eternal God was unknown and unchangeable. He was an outlaw in his own creation. The human family had lost its unity and sanctity, and became disrupted and broken up. Slavery held in its chains two-thirds of the Roman world, and degraded, demoralized and corrupted it. Human

life had become a dark and perplexing mystery enshrouded in impenetrable darkness, with all its problems unsolved and its destinies and purposes unexplained; and man, "noble in reason, infinite in faculties; in form admirable, in action like an angel, the beauty of the world, the paragon of created things," became worthless in his own eyes—the sated slave of his sensual pleasures, and ignoble passions. Such is the appalling picture which all sacred and profane writers draw of the moral state of the world in the days of Augustus Caesar—such was the moral condition of the world that the Saviour of mankind came to redeem and save. But how is this to be accomplished? How are justice, peace and mercy to be made to work together in this divine work of human salvation and restoration. "Behold," cries out the prophet, "God himself will come and save you." "Ecco Deus ipse veniet et salvabit vos."—Isaias c. xxxv., 4. God himself will come down from heaven in the Incarnation to seek his lost children, to dissipate their unholy and destructive fears, to bring them back from their banishment, and to win their confidence and their love. He will not come in great power and majesty as he did on Sinai, when he was clothed with the lightnings of heaven and spoke in a voice which was as a roll of thunder, and when the terrified people cried out to Moses, "O Moses, speak thou to God for us, but let not God speak to us, lest we die." No; God the Saviour will veil the splendor of His majesty, the awfulness of His power, the terrors of His justice, and will come gently as the dew of heaven falls on the thirsty earth—silently as the footsteps of the dawn descending the eastern hills. He will become man, He will become our brother, nay, He will come in the sweetness and tenderness and dependence of an infant; and with the pleading outstretched arms and the winsome and irresistible smile of a child, He will destroy our fears and will bring us back again to faith and hope and love in God our Father who is in heaven. This is the divine philosophy of the Incarnation and birth of Christ, in which "mercy and truth have met each other and justice and peace have embraced each other." *Misericordia et veritas obviaverunt sibi justitia et pax osculatae sunt.*—(Ps. lxxxiv., 11.)

The birth of the Incarnate God was the visible manifestation of the divine bounty and goodness. Hence, St. Paul says of it, that in it "the grace of God the Saviour hath appeared to all men." (Titus 2. ch.) And again "the goodness and kindness of God the Saviour appeared." (Titus, 3 chap. 4th verse.) Hence, also, St. Bernard, commenting on St. Paul's words, asks, "How could God better command or manifest his goodness than by assuming our flesh? How could He more strongly declare His mercy than by clothing Himself with our miseries?" As Moses made known to men God the Creator, God the Master and Sovereign Lord, God the All powerful and the infinitely Just and Terrible, so the Incarnation and birth of Christ revealed to the world God the Saviour, the God of love, and tenderness, and mercy—God the Father and the Brother and the Friend of man. "The grace, the goodness and kindness of God the Saviour hath appeared to all men."

The Incarnation and birth of Jesus Christ gave hope of pardon and confidence to the guilty fallen world. He was the day-star from on high that rose above the horizon of time and shed the light of hope and radiance of pardoning love like the smiles of God on the darkness of human misery and despair. "Fear not," said the angel, announcing the birth of Christ to the shepherds, who on the first Christmas night long ago were guarding their

flocks on the hill-sides of Galilee, "fear not, for behold I bring you tidings of great joy that shall be unto all people. For this day is born unto you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." His name shall be called Jesus, for He is come to save His people from their sins. (Matt.) And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army praising God and singing, "Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will." Luke II. The object and purpose of the Saviour's mission was announced by the angel's voice at the same moment as His birth. He is a Saviour Christ the Lord; He is Jesus because He has come to save the people from their sins, and His birth brings to all humanity glad tidings of great joy; and the angelic hosts of heaven rejoice, and they make the midnight air resound with their heavenly music, and the hills and dales of Galilee echo the glad refrain, and the burden of their song is: "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will." He has come to destroy the kingdom of Satan and the reign of sin on the earth, and establish instead the kingdom of God's peace and love. All power is given to that Divine Child in heaven and on earth, and He will use that divine power to destroy the reign of Satan, to forgive sin, to save man and to restore a fallen guilty world to the friendship of God. The bruised reed he will not break, and the smoking flax he will not extinguish; He will have pity on human sufferings and compassion for human sorrows and afflictions. Under the beneficent exercise of His almighty power, the blind will see, the lame walk, the lepers will be cleansed, the deaf will hear, and the poor will have the Gospel preached to them, and that gospel will bring them hope and comfort. He will bring light to the intellect, love to the heart, strength to the will. He will reveal to the world saving truths till then forever hidden in the mind of God; He will establish His Church, and will empower it to represent Him in the world when He shall have returned to His eternal throne. That church He will commission to teach all the truths He taught and He will make it the storehouse of His sacramental grace. That church will feed the hungry, will clothe the naked, will relieve the poor, will visit the sick, will bring hope and peace into the prison cell, will, like another Veronica, wipe the sweat and tears and blood from the face of suffering humanity, and, like the angel of consolation, will enter every Gethsemane of human sorrow, to comfort and to strengthen man in his deepest agony.

She will feed man with the food of divine truth, will heal the sin wounds of his soul, will nourish him with the bread of life, will, with a mother's care, guide him safely through the darksome journey of life, will comfort and strengthen him on his death-bed, and, having finished her task of saving and sanctifying him, she will accompany him to the divine judgment seat, to plead with a mother's voice for a favorable sentence. The Incarnation and birth of Christ brought confidence and the hope of pardon to the guilty world.

The third effect of the birth of God made man was to inspire mankind with the love of God, and to bring them into relations of friendship and union with Him. Man was made for God, and it is his normal condition to adore and serve Him and to love Him with all his heart and mind and strength. The human intellect was made for the supreme truth, the heart for the supreme good. The soul and its energies were made for union with God and for the possession of Him, just as the eye is made for the light. There is a stream of tendency in the human soul that makes God-ward and

heavenward just as streams and rivers rush onward from mountains, plains and valleys, ever, ever to the ocean. "Thou hast made our hearts for Thee, O God, and they cannot rest until they find rest in Thee," said St. Augustine. "As the hart panteth for the fountains of waters," said the Psalmist, "so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth after the great and living God; when shall I come and appear before the face of God." 40th Psalm. "What is there in heaven and besides thee what do I desire on earth; thou art the God of my heart and the God that is my portion forever." "O that Thou wouldst bend down the heavens and come. Come, Lord, and do not delay. Distil in dew, ye heavens, and let the earth open and bud forth a Saviour." Isaias. The great hearts of the Prophets in their passages did but give expression to the aspirations, to the cravings and the cries of man at all times for union with and the possession of God by friendship and love. In man's unfallen state God walked with him in Paradise, and conversed with him as a friend, and the memory of that happy intercourse haunted him in his exile like that of a happy dream that can never be forgotten, like the recollection of a vision of unutterable beauty once seen in the far off years, but has never faded from memory.

But whilst this hunger and thirst for God still racked the human soul and furnished the human heart, and parched the whole moral being of man with unquenchable desires and unutterable longings, there was in his being centrifugal force at work, the result of the fall carrying him away from the God he had offended and pushing and driving him farther and farther from him. This force was the original fear and terror of divine justice that first caused man to hide from God and kept him far away from Him. The result of these conflicting forces in man's spiritual being was idolatry, or the worship of man made Gods. Man could not live without God—he ran away and hid himself from the true God—he therefore made gods unto himself. Now, the birth of the man God in the flesh reconciled these two conflicting forces in man's moral nature, for it satisfied the desire of man for God and disarmed his fears that kept him away from him. It was the restoration of the human race to their place in the original design of God and to their true and immortal destinies. Jesus, in becoming man, and clothing himself with our flesh, became one of ourselves—a fellowman and a brother. And in doing this he appealed to the best and strongest feelings in our nature for our confidence and love, for there is that within us that prompts us to give out our confidence and heart's affections to those who try to assimilate themselves to us. When Alexander the Great conquered Darius and made himself master of Persia, he clothed himself in the national costume, to win the confidence and gain the affections of the Persians. Kings and rulers do the same thing even now when visiting subject peoples, and even missionaries in strange and far off lands wear the national costumes of the countries they are evangelizing, in order to conciliate their feelings, to disarm their prejudices, and to win their confidence and affections. Now, the Son of God, in becoming man, acted on this principle. In order to win our hearts He clothed himself with our hearts. He clothed himself with our flesh. "He was made," said St. Paul, "in the likeness of man, and formed in fashion as a man. God sent his Son in likeness of sinful flesh." (Rom. 3rd chap.) He allowed Himself to be tempted in all things like unto ourselves, except sin. "Therefore" says the same Apostle (Hebrews II., 14), "therefore because the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also

Himself in like manner had been partaker of the same, that He might deliver them who, through the fear of death, were all their life subject to servitude, for nowhere doth He take hold of the angels, but of the seed of Abraham he taketh hold. Wherefore it behooved him in all things to be made like unto his brethren that he might become a merciful and faithful high priest before God, for in that wherein He himself hath suffered and been tempted, He is able to succor them also that are tempted. Thus, Christ, in the Incarnation, has humbled Himself, taking upon Him our form and our likeness, and has thus banished our fears, has won our confidence, and gained our love and affections, and in this way has undone the evils of the fall. In this mystery heaven is united to earth and God to man. He became the Son of Man that we might become the sons of God. He came down on earth that He might lift us up into heaven. He was born in time, that we might be made sharers of a happy eternity. He became poor and suffering and an exile here on earth, that, through Him, we might one day be rich and happy in our eternal home in heaven.

But lest, after His ascension into heaven, we should lose sight of Him, and would cease to be attracted towards Him by the chords of Adam, that is, the bonds of confidence and love, He instituted the Sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist, in which and through which He would still remain in a mystic but a real manner amongst His earthly children. This Sacrament is called by theologians an extension of the Incarnation; it is the incarnation applied to the wants of all men. In this Sacrament we become one with Him. We receive Him into our souls and hearts—we feed upon Him—we live of His life, and form a most intimate union with Him. "As the Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me the same also shall live by Me, He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in Me and I in him, and I will raise him up on the last day." (St. John vi.) So that the Catholic church is in a spiritual sense Paradise regained and restored. In it we may converse daily with God, and God is daily with us, as he walked with our first parents in the cool of evening in the olden Paradise. In it we eat of the tree of life so often as we partake of that living bread which came down from heaven and giveth life to the world. And the waters of life are there—those fountains of the Saviour the sacraments, through which the blood of Christ is applied to our souls to cleanse, to purify and invigorate them and to make them fair and beautiful and fruitful in all virtue and holiness of life. And the sun of truth shines therein and maketh a perfect day, for the glory of God enlighteneth it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof. And the nations walk in the light of it, and the kings of the earth bring their glory and honor into it, for it is the tabernacle of God with men, and he dwelleth with them, and his children are His people and God Himself with them is their God. (Apoc. c. xxi.)

O, dearest brethren, let us forever thank and praise and bless God for His infinite goodness and His boundless mercies to us in the incarnation and the birth of His only Son, for He loved us as to give us His only begotten Son—the greatest gift that even He in the omnipotence of His goodness and the infinitude of His riches could bestow. Let us forever sing His praises, saying with the holy David, "The mercies of the Lord I will sing forever and I will show forth the truth with my mouth to generation and generation." (88th Psalm.) Let us say with the church, "O how inestimable thy love, thou hast delivered up thy Son to redeem a slave."

And let us obey the voice of the Baptist, which the Church re-echoes in the holy time, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight his paths. Every valley shall be filled up and every mountain and hill shall be brought low; the crooked shall be made straight and the rough ways plain, and all flesh shall see the salvation of God." Let us fill up by virtue and good works the valleys and low places in our spiritual lives—let us bring down and level the mountains of our pride and the hills of our self-esteem and vanity. Let the crooked ways of sinful habits be made straight into paths of rectitude and virtue, and the rough ways of our frequent sins and falls be made smooth and plain by penitential deeds and good works, and then we shall see the salvation of God and share and rejoice in its eternal blessings. Amen.

Fancy Fair at St. Paul's.

The fancy fair in connection with St. Paul's Roman Catholic church was opened last night in St. Paul's hall, Power street. A large number of the city clergy and the laity from other parishes were present. The old hall presented a pleasing appearance bedecked in finery from the needles of the ladies of the congregation. On either side were arranged rows of stalls laden with beautiful work. Miss Kennedy, Miss Mallok, Miss Delaney and Mrs. Curry had charge of these. Misses Milady and O'Connor presided over the refreshment booths, while the members of the St. Paul's Literary Society made themselves useful in other ways. The opening night was marked by a highly entertaining programme of vocal and other music, to which Mr. Wallbridge, Miss Thompson, Mr. Driscoll, and the orchestra Italiana contributed liberally. The committee in charge received a letter from Sir John Thompson yesterday in reply to an invitation to visit the fair. The Premier promised to be present if possible for a short time during his visit to Toronto this week. The programme until Saturday, when the fair will be closed, is as follows: To-night, concert by St. Paul's Literary Society; to-morrow night, "A Regular Fix," by the St. Paul's Catholic Literary Society; Thursday evening, a concert by the ladies of the same society; Friday evening a concert by the boys of St. Paul's school; Saturday evening, a grand promenade concert. The fair should, and no doubt will, be well patronized. The proceeds will be devoted to the church fund. — Empire, Jan. 3.

Tennysonianana.

The Review of Reviews says that of the American magazines, the Catholic World has really done the best in Tennysonianana. In its November number it publishes an excellent critical article by Maurice F. Egan, preceded by the frontispiece portrait of the poet. Mr. Egan's estimate is pretty nearly contained in his concluding lines: "No poet ever wrote fewer weak verses, though he wrote a few; no English poet was at once so much of an artist and so correct. He had the best of Keats and the best of Coleridge; the best of Shelley, and the simplicity without the simpleness of Wordsworth. He was as clear as Shakespeare and sometimes as strong as Milton; he was the true Pre-Raphaelite, and with him legitimate Pre-Raphaelitism stopped. To Newman and to him we owe the preservation of the purest traditions of English expression. If a poet, like a creed, may be judged by its exaltation of true womanhood, Tennyson may pass unchallenged into that rank in which stands first the poet of the most immaculate Virgin and of Beatrice."

A WONDERFUL CURE — Mr. David Smith, Coe Hill, Ont., writes: "For the benefit of others I wish to say a few words about Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. About a year ago I took a very severe cough, had a virulent sore on my lips, was bad with dyspepsia, constipation and general debility. I tried almost every conceivable remedy, outwardly and inwardly, to cure the sore, but all to no purpose. I had often thought of trying Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, so I got a bottle, and when I had used about one-half the sore showed evident signs of healing. By the time the bottle was done it had about disappeared and my general health was improving fast. I was always of a very bilious habit, and had used quinine and lemon juice with very little effect. But since using three bottles of the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY the biliousness is entirely gone and my general health is excellent. I am 60 years old. Parties using it should continue it for some time after they think they are cured. It is by far the best health restorer I know."

Mr. Gladstone says that the four authors who have had the greatest influence in the formation of his mind are Dante, Aristotle, Bishop Butler and St. Augustine.

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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has saved many a precious life. Croup and Pneumonia are diseases that must be treated promptly, if at all. While you are preparing to call the doctor for your child, your neighbor has cured his little one with a dose or two of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This medicine should be in every household, especially where there are young children. Taken at the first symptoms, it checks the progress of disease, and cure soon follows.

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"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has had a wonderful effect in curing my brother's child of a severe and dangerous cold. It was truly astonishing how speedily they found relief after taking this preparation." — Mrs. Annette N. Moen, Fountain, Minn.

"I was cured of a sudden and dangerous cough, last fall, by the use of one bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, Mass. It is the most popular cough-cure in this country." — August Robitienau, Neguac, N. B.

"I am never without a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. It is the best remedy for croup that can be had." — Mrs. J. M. Bohn, Red Bluff, Cal.

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## PRINCE BISMARCK.

Chief of the Bandits of Europe.

James Darmesteter in *Revue Neve, Paris, November 20.*

If there were a tribunal to pass upon crimes against Europe, the first criminal who would be put at the bar, in obedience to the outcry of France and Germany, would be the forger of the 13th of July, 1870.

Prince Bismark is not the only statesman who has lied and used forgery as a weapon of war. He is the first and the only one who has lied to bring on war, to set upon each other two nations who wanted peace, and with the full knowledge that such a war must be horrible at the time and full of disasters for the future. Those few strokes of the pen across the dispatch sent by his King not only meant the death of 800,000 Frenchmen and of 200,000 Germans; they not only meant the misery of 2,000,000 human beings; they meant misery and terror, perhaps for centuries, between the two nations at the head of human progress. They meant the education of new generations to love war and scorn right, the cultivation of hate, and a war of extermination set up as the ideal of wars to come. They meant the recasting of Europe in such shape that hate should prevail and common humanity be ignored. No great work, no pregnant word, not a step in moral advance, has been made during these twenty years—years passed in a nightmare of preparation for a morrow still more terrible, that may leave Europe exhausted and a prey to anarchists and barbarians. This man, by one lie has stained with blood the coming century.

France did not want war, she wanted to suppress the Empire, to reconquer her own liberty, to devote herself to the ideal, always missed but always sought, of democracy and fraternity. France, which had made Italy—and she does not regret it even to-day—was ready, and is still so, to give her hand to a Germany which shall be really German.

Germany did not want war. She had to come united. The treaties which gave to King William the command of all the German forces made sure her independence as against outside enemies, and left her independent at home. To arouse her to war, it was necessary that she should be provoked or made to believe that she had been provoked. Two men in Europe wanted war—one vaguely, and as in a dream. One, the dreamer of the Tuileries, exhausted by disease, by disappointments, by the plebiscite, feeling his throne sinking under the tide of revolution, and catching wildly at any straw. The other wanted war, but coldly, with clear sight and a will of iron. He wanted it not for the unity of Germany, which was accomplished, but to transform this defensive union into an offensive and a conquering one, to transform the free union of States into an autocratic empire. He wanted it in order to tear from France those of her provinces the most French at heart, in order to make sure of a dictatorship which should be perpetual, because of the threat of possible vengeance. In a word, he wanted it because he was sure of victory, because he knew the weakness of the Empire, had counted its soldiers and captains, he knew that he could put three men in the field to one on the other side, and had a Moltke against a Leboeuf.

This war, which the two nations did not wish, had to be made inevitable, and had to be declared by the captain of France, so that in the eyes of Europe, formal and indifferent, the legal side should be on the side of Prussia, and that great Germany, heavy and honest, might be stirred to the depths of its conscience, and throw itself into a crusade against the

aggressor, backed with the conviction that God was behind its legions. The occasion came; King William let it slip through his fingers. "The affair was spoiled." Bismark sent out his falsified dispatch. War followed. It still lasts. When will it end? France does not attempt a justification of her Emperor, nor of the men who acted for him. He knew that the dispatch was falsified, and yet accepted it. He recognized an insult which he had never received, in order to gain the right of revenge. He was able to unmask the Chancellor, and yet he became his accomplice. But he, at least, has paid the debt, in person and in his posterity. Nemesis waits for the other head. The inevitable Nemesis is often late, and is fond of visiting the crimes of the father upon the son. In this instance, however, she came soon; the criminal himself was chosen as the agent of her work, and she did not wait for Bismark to get to hell.

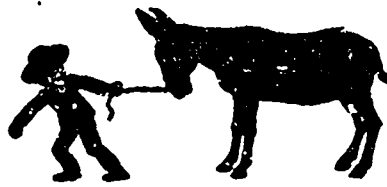
A tremor of indignation and shame has shaken Germany from end to end; and this hardy Bismark is astonished. Is it possible that all Germany does not roar with laughter between two mugs of beer over the story of the trick he played upon France? Would it not have been madness to have missed so good a chance, when failure was impossible and there were two provinces to be won and so many millions? Could a better and more plausible pretext have been found, or one which was more sure to win the sympathy of Europe? Without it, could "the young flower of the Confederation of the North," as the poetic *Journal de Hambourg* puts it, "have borne imperial union as fruit?" And Germany stands aghast before this hero to whom she owes so much, and whom she sees at last as he was—a robber baron of the Middle Ages. She feels the flush of victory upon her brow, and also her loss of faith in her cause.

Already it had been asked upon many sides, without an answer having been given, whether the conquests of 1871 have not cost too much; whether the pleasure of forcing into the family circle, at the point of the bayonet, children who hate this family, was worth the butchery of the past, the sacrifices of the present, the terrors of the future. Moreover, has not Germany abused her victory? Has she not drunk too deeply of this bad wine of success and glory? Would it not have been better to let the Empire fall of its own weight and allow peace, years, and liberty to cement the German union? What has war brought that peace would not have given her, with the exception of a sort of Franco-German Poland, a war without end, and the new draft of men and blood now asked by Caprivi? Her only consolation was that she did not invite the war, that it had been imposed upon her as a duty, and she found relief from past miseries and future distress in the thought that Divine right was on her side. She repeated the words pronounced by the old Emperor at the inauguration of the Germania of Niederwald: "The German armies, under the lead of their princes, were the instruments of Providence. In the years of 1870-1871 we felt the help of the Divine Will." And now Germany awakes from its dream of saintly glory to discover that instead of having been the soldier of God, she was but the instrument of a brigand, and to find in the place of the finger of God the hand of a forger!

In a moment she sees all her past glory poisoned by this Bismarkian canker; the monument of Ems changed into one of shame; the Germania of Niederwald that has withstood anarchist dynamite, shaken and soiled at its foundations, because the Empire was dishonored at birth, and Europe repeats with Faust "Am

Anfang war die Lüge"—at the beginning was a lie.

In this memorable week something has sunk into the German soul which, notwithstanding the weak denials of Caprivi, works for reconciliation more powerfully than cannons or rifles or treaties—namely, doubt. Can Germany keep with a clear conscience what Bismark has stolen? As to the uneasy idealist who holds in his hands the destinies of Germany, this irresponsible heir of the victories of his grandfather and of the treachery of the Chancellor, it would be interesting to know what thoughts stir his soul. Yet history knows but one prince who, of his own free will, as a matter of justice, in obedience to right, and for the sake of future peace, gave up an iniquitous conquest. His name is Saint Louis.



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## NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN, that at the next Session of the Parliament of Canada, application will be made for an act to incorporate the society known as "The Grand Council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada," the objects of which society are to unite fraternally all persons entitled to membership under the constitution and by-laws of the society; to improve the moral, mental and social condition of its members; to educate them in integrity, sobriety and frugality; to establish, manage and disburse a benefit and a reserve fund, from which a sum not exceeding Two Thousand Dollars shall be paid to each member in good standing, his beneficiary or legal representatives according to the constitution and by laws of the society.

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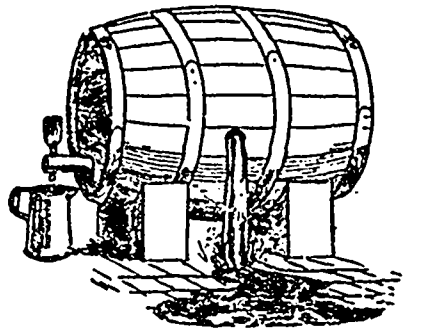
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**THE ETERNAL CITY.**

**Speculation as to the Holy Father's Italian Policy.**

The following Associated Press despatch comes from Rome, dated Dec. 3, 1892:

The fact that the holy see has addressed an encyclical to the Italian people in the popular tongue has caused much more comment than the document itself. It is the first time that the Pope, departing from ancient usages, has addressed himself directly to the people. This step is regarded by close observers as a fresh testimony of the more and more pronounced democratic, modern and social character of the change in the pontifical policy which Leo XIII. has brought about, and also as a manifestation of the evolutionary changes which are operating in the central government of Catholicism. An influential cardinal recently speaking on this subject remarked, "The monarchic era of the administration of ecclesiastical affairs is passing away, and is being succeeded by the popular and democratic era."

In connection with this solution of the papal policy in a democratic sense the effect that the unearthing of the Panama scandals has produced at the vatican is of special importance. Considerable anxiety is felt at the vatican both in view of the anomalous position occupied by the vatican in France since the pope has displayed so much friendliness towards the republic, and on account of the possibility of the Franco-Russian entente becoming less close or altogether endangered. On the other hand, it is pointed out by the ultra Francophile party at the vatican that the collapse of the present Republican party will facilitate the formation of a Republican-Conservative party which will be strong enough to assume the direction of affairs, and the present object of the pope's policy in France will thus be attained. Up to the present the attitude of the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics has not been of a conciliatory character, notwithstanding that the pope himself is showing a spirit more and more favorable to a policy which aims at bringing about an understanding with Russia and a future re-establishment, more or less distant, of the ancient unity. On the side of Russia numerous ecclesiastical and political personages and professors of the universities of Moscow and St. Petersburg, and public opinion in general, manifest a most favorable disposition towards an understanding with Rome on condition that the ancient privileges of the Greek church are maintained. In several of these letters of which mention has just been made it can clearly be seen that Rome is the centre of the unity, and the reconciliation with the holy see would raise the orthodox church to a higher intellectual and moral level, while at the same time the alliance with Rome would carry with it inestimable advantages to Russia in her diplomatic intercourse with foreign powers.

At the vatican closer relations with Russia and Austria would be hailed with considerable satisfaction, especially as it is believed here that Russia is seeking a friendlier understanding with Austria and England. Intimate relations between Russia and Austria, the ecclesiastical party here are convinced, must result in the dissolution of the triple alliance, the bete noire of the curia, in the near future, and with extinction of this political alliance would disappear the greatest barrier to the restoration of the temporal power. These political considerations will have considerable weight in any formal negotiations for the reunion of the Roman Catholic church and the Russian orthodox churches.

The vatican has been informed that at a recent council of the Italian ministry it was decided to take special measures to protect any pilgrims coming to Italy on the occasion of the jubilee of Pope Leo. It is expected about 40,000 pilgrims will visit Rome in the latter part of January and in February to attend the celebrations in honor of the 50th anniversary of the pontiff's elevation to the episcopal dignity. Of those it is expected not less than 4,000 will be from the United States. The people of Rome, irrespective of their prejudice for or against the pope, are anxious to see as many pilgrims as possible, as it is anticipated that they will spend considerable sums of money in the city, where trade is now depressed and taxes are oppressive. The cabinet therefore is desirous of having it understood abroad that ample precautions will be taken for the security of all who come, and that there will be no repetition of the scenes which attended the French pilgrimage to Rome.

Mr. Potter, the new American minister, has leased the Antici Matteo palace for his occupation during his term of service. It is a notably beautiful structure, blending ancient and modern art. Mr. Potter had an interview with Signor Brin, minister of foreign affairs, before being received by King Humbert. Signor Brin congratulated Mr. Potter on the felicitous relations between Italy and America and the happy settlement of difficulties that had formerly existed. The subject of immigration restrictions was not touched, the interview being of a formal introductory character, but it is reported that the Italian government is ex-

tremely concerned about the measures already taken and contemplated in regard to the restrictions upon immigration to America. Although not openly avowed, it is understood that the solicitude is largely, if not wholly, of a financial character, as Italy receives a very large inflow of money from the emigrants in America, and a stoppage of the traffic would have a serious appreciable effect. Thousands of Italians who have become affluent in America have returned to Italy and helped to increase the prosperity of their native land. The constant current of going and returning emigration has a beneficial effect in Italy besides the financial, as the returning emigrants have usually become trained and enlightened by their contact with American civilization, and make better Italian subjects. The closing of American ports to the large emigration from southern Italy would be felt as a calamity throughout the kingdom. It is believed that Italy will demand that at least no discrimination shall be made against Italian emigrants to the United States, but that they shall be treated on a par with other emigrants.

**Tribute to the Great O'Connell.**

Wherever an Irishman is placed, all the world over he boasts of the name of O'Connell. That name is raised higher in our national history than the eternal mountains of our country, and it will last as long in imperishable existence, and when the Romans talk of their Cicero, and the Greeks of their Demosthenes, we point to the Irish Forum and the British Senate, to a name that has rivalled the one in classic eloquence, that has equalled the other in patriotic fire, and that has surpassed both in national virtues. And not alone has Ireland learned from him the science of freedom and the art of national independence, he has taught all the nations of the earth, by the science of reform, by a moral and peaceful combination. He placed himself at the head of ideas—not soldiers; he took command—not cannon; and by the triumph of reason he gained victories such as no conqueror ever achieved by the flashing sword or the thunders of artillery. Twenty-three French peers, with Count Montalembert at their head, presented to him a humble address, in which, after offering to him their homage, they acknowledged that he had invented a new political strategy; that he was the author of a new principle of national reform; that he had discovered a mighty plan, by which the greatest advantages to man could eventually be acquired by the steady application of the primary laws of God, and that, by carrying out his ideas, the combination of men's hearts would be in the end more successful than the united terrors of the sanguinary steel. From Ireland, as from a professor's chair, he delivered his lessons to universal mankind—all the nations of the earth were his people, and his voice was heard from east to west, from north to south, and for half a century, along the boundless horizon. No man can ever again take his place. He filled the whole world with his fame—he was the light of our skies, the undying creation of our age, the ornament of our race, and the imperishable monument to the name and character of Ireland.—*Dr. Cahill.*

**Cardinal Lavigerie's Tomb.**

This sepulture of the late Cardinal Lavigerie took place in the tomb in the Cathedral of Carthage, that he caused to be prepared years ago, which bears the epitaph cut in stone:—"Here lies he who once was Cardinal Lavigerie, but who now is dust, pray for him"—and which he himself blessed. The only part wanting of the inscription was the date, which will now be filled in. When he founded his "Brotherhood of the Sahara," he said that in no long time the open tomb at Carthage would receive him. The remains, which were embalmed, lay in the Mortuary Chapel at his house at Saint Eugene, Algiers, when they were removed from the basilica of Notre Dame d'Afrique, from whence they were transferred to the Cathedral, where the first obsequies took place. They were then taken to Tunis in a vessel assigned by the French Government, which directed exceptional honors to be paid the dead prelate.


**Wealthy and Aristocratic.**

A New York despatch recently related the following: "Rains have laid bare the interior of Cole's burial vault at—and exposed a ghastly array of skeletons. The Cole family, once wealthy and aristocratic, has long since disappeared. Boys in the neighborhood were caught to-day using the skulls for footballs."

**In a Day.**

Mrs. J. Ringland, Kincaid St., Brockville Ont., says: "I was confined to my bed by a severe attack of lumbago. A lady friend of mine sent me part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which I applied. The effect was simply magical. In a day I was able to go about my household duties. I have used it with splendid success for neuralgic toothache. I would not be without a bottle."

**A LITTLE GIRL'S DANCER.**

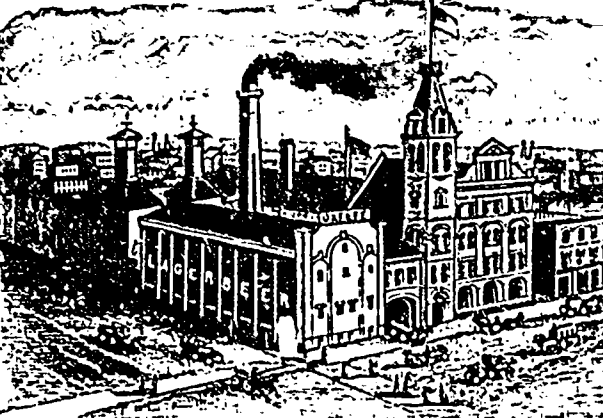


Mr. Henry Macombe, Leyland St., Blackburn, London, Eng., states that his little girl fell and struck her knee against a curbstone. The knee began to swell, became very painful and terminated in what doctors call "white swelling." She was treated by the best medical men, but grew worse. Finally

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

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1893.

### Letter from the Archbishop.

To all whom it may concern, greeting:

It has been already announced that it is intended to publish in this city a new weekly Catholic journal, to be entitled THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, having as editor-in-chief the Rev. J. R. Teefy, B.A., Superior of St. Michael's College, who will be assisted by other able writers.

It will be the mission of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER to promote, according to its ability, Catholic interests, to vindicate Catholic rights—religious, educational and civil—and to defend the Church against the falsehoods and calumnies of which she is too frequently the object.

Whilst thoroughly loyal to the form of Government under which we live, and devoted to the welfare of our country, it will be perfectly independent of all political parties, and free to approve or condemn them according to their deserts.

It will labor to promote peace and good will amongst all classes of the community, but it will not cry "peace where there is no peace;" peace through the truth, through right and justice, it will aim at promoting to the best of its ability, in the conviction that charity, right reason, and the best interests of the country demand it.

Far from antagonizing or attempting to crowd out the Catholic papers already in the field, it will be happy to co-operate with them in the furtherance of the sacred cause they all have at heart; and if mayhap any rivalry should exist between them, it doubtless will be but the rivalry of striving to excel each other in conscientious, zealous and judicious labors in the noble vocation of Catholic journalism.

We bespeak for THE CATHOLIC REGISTER a generous and hearty support from the Catholic public; and we recommend it in a special manner to the patronage, encouragement and support of the Clergy and Laity of this Archdiocese.

† JOHN WALSH,  
Archbishop of Toronto.

St. Michael's Palace, Toronto,  
New Year's Day, 1893.

### SALUTATORY.

It is with a certain fear, and yet, with much hope and confidence that we take our place amongst the Catholic weekly newspapers, and offer our salutations to our constituents. Our timidity arises from our own lack of ability and experience in journalistic work; our confidence springs from the purpose we have in view, the cause we espouse, and the friends who surround us and who have already shown themselves active and encouraging. The task of delivering our inaugural is rendered more easy and pleasant by the season at which we are opening the first volume of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER.

We therefore hasten, good reader, to offer to you our best wishes for a

very happy New Year, with the unwritten but heartfelt prayer that all blessings may descend upon you and yours from the Father of light and Giver of every good gift. As time advances our acquaintance, we trust, will increase; we trust also that we shall be a mutual support; and that you will kindly introduce us to your friends, in whose homes so we hope to find a hearty welcome.

With this brief but sincere New Year's greeting we proceed to give a history of the steps which led to our establishment, and to outline in general the policy by which we feel it our duty and honor to be guided.

The want of an earnest, thoroughly Catholic newspaper in Toronto, the metropolis of this energetic Province of Ontario, had long been felt by the leaders of our people. The venerable Archbishop felt the want of a reliable medium through which his opinions upon religious and other questions of interest would reach the wider bounds of a journal's circulation. The clergy felt this want. But the thoughtful of the laity felt it perhaps most of all; for the circumstances of their business surroundings exposed them to the first attack, to the severest trial, and the most trying danger. It was with the idea of taking steps to satisfy this want that a couple of gentlemen interested in the *Catholic Weekly Review* called upon his Grace and some of the priests of the city. Amongst other advice which they received, it was suggested that *The Irish Canadian* and the *Catholic Weekly Review*, then prosperous concerns, should be amalgamated, and that one Catholic journal should be started. *The Irish Canadian* was approached upon the subject; and with a most deserving spirit of sacrifice, our old and respected friend agreed to give up his identity of thirty years, and cast his lot with the plan suggested. Arbitrators were appointed, a valuation was agreed upon, and a joint stock company was started to take over the plant and holdings of both the above named journals, and to assume the issue of a new paper which was to be called THE CATHOLIC REGISTER.

We are a Catholic journal—Catholic first, last and always. This shapes our life and orders all our thought. From this standpoint we survey events; upon this ground we discuss questions, and to this fact we owe our being, our usefulness and our importance.

It brings us into closer relations with our co-religionists throughout the whole country, and it should not, and, as far as we are concerned, will not, alienate us from the rest of the community. To be more explicit: the fact that we are a Catholic journal will not by any means lessen the interest we take in the institutions, the growth and prosperity of our country. We are one with every patriot whatever be his creed, not in any destructive policy, but in the constructive policy of this young land—in safeguarding its institutions, in building up its future, in developing its energies, in fulfilling our duties and respecting the rights of all. For this work we join hands with every fair-minded man from Halifax to Van-

couver. We look for the same, for we are not strangers who came yesterday and who are leaving tomorrow. We do not purpose entering the ranks of party politics, but we do not purpose being silent when the interests of our religion or of its members are at stake; for we are not Helots whose sole right consists in being allowed to serve and pay taxes. We ask no favors; and we fear no wrong. The end we aim at is

"Our God's, our country's and truth's."

Upon this course we enter, not rashly or imprudently, but courageously and with all charity.

The functions and importance of a Catholic newspaper may best be treated by the following extracts from the greatest thinker this continent has yet seen, the late Dr. Brownson: "The press, taken in its largest sense, is, after speech—which it repeats, extends and perpetuates—the most powerful influence, whether for good or for evil, that man wields or can wield; and however great the evils which flow from its perversion, it could not be annihilated or its freedom suppressed without the loss of a still greater good, that is, restrained by the public authorities. In this country we have established the *regime* of liberty, and that regime, with its attendant good and evil, must be accepted in its principle and in all its logical consequences. If a free press becomes a fearful instrument for evil in the hands of the heedless or ill-disposed, it is no less an instrument for good in the hands of the enlightened, honest and capable. The free press in the modern world is needed to defend the right, to advance the true, to maintain order, morality, intelligence, civilization, and cannot be given up for the sake of escaping the evils which flow from its abuse."

Again: "The press honestly conducted under a proper sense of responsibility, by men who are above the petty ambitions and petty jealousies of little men, by men who are up to the level of their position, and equally free from a tendency to false liberalism and from a slavish servility to routine, by men of generous culture, enlarged views, who understand their age and their religion, offers a medium for that sort of education and instruction of the people far superior to any hitherto possessed by the Catholic world. Through it the faithful may be taught the philosophy of their religion, learn its place and office in this world, its rights and relation to the various speculations and tendencies of the age—learn also true Catholic politics, and be stimulated and encouraged to the defence of Catholic interests. It cannot and ought not to supersede any of the old and established means and methods of instruction, for they have been instituted by our Lord Himself, but it may be ancillary to them, as philosophy is ancillary to theology."

By the fact that we are a Catholic newspaper, we are also brought into more direct relations with the head of the diocese. These relations may be briefly described as those of a dutiful son to a loved and respected father. Not to mention a bishop's authority, which will ever be to us the voice of

heaven; not to speak of the grace of his high and holy state, which will ever be to us light and strength, we owe very much to his Grace's zeal and fostering care. Gratitude, therefore, as well as a Catholic spirit, will always keep us in touch with the Archbishop, our reverend father in Christ. We hope to serve him, to strengthen his hands, to work under his suggestions, wish and advice for the most glorious cause that ever engaged the energies of man—the cause of the Catholic religion in this young country. His Grace has kindly written a letter of encouragement, which appears elsewhere, and which speaks for itself. But while we are anxious always to work in perfect harmony with the learned and venerable Archbishop, and while we have his *imprimatur*, our readers will bear in mind that he is personally accountable only for what appears above his own signature. For all else we assume the responsibility, confident in our own good will and desire to carry from beginning to end our love for, and obedience to episcopal authority and Catholic truth.

As one of our journalistic predecessors was especially devoted to Irish affairs, it may not be out of place to touch briefly upon our own position in this regard. We disclaim all desire to draw Irish politics into our domestic concerns; but our heart is large enough to sympathise most earnestly with our people—for they are our people in kinship and affection—in their struggle for Home Rule. We shall watch for our readers the deeply interesting events which the next few months will surely reveal; and with these events, and with Irish news in general, we shall give response to that noble sentiment which long-standing memories and old traditions preserve so well. If asked more definitely what stand we propose to take, we reply that we are followers of Justin McCarthy, as the Irish party is at present constituted, but hope most sincerely in that ultimate union which alone implies strength and promises success.

A word to the Catholic press of Canada, and we are done! As we have not entered upon our undertaking with selfish motives or with any desire to crowd others, we extend to our elder brethren of the craft the right hand of sincere friendship. To the *Catholic Record* of London we tender a special greeting; for he who by his encouragement started you upon your career of success and usefulness, is now giving us in another field the benefit of his authority and advice. Bound by a common origin, and having a common cause, we hope to work with you, your rival only in doing good.

A despatch appeared some days ago in various papers announcing that Dr. Snell, private secretary to Mgr. Keane of Washington University, did not believe in celibacy and had taken to himself a wife. It would have been wise and just, if the despatch had explained that Dr. Snell was not a priest but a simple layman; and was therefore free to enter the matrimonial state; the uncharitable imputation contained in the item would thereby have been taken out. The despatch went on to state that the Doctor was about to start a sect of his own. It may be: that is the way a great many of them have started. Why do not our separated brethren read the moral aright?

## ABOUT CATHOLIC CLUBS.

The Catholic Church is the most perfect organization on earth. She is a most perfect organization, and the fruitful mother of organizations. She has her great Religious Orders, her Congregations, Communities, Confraternities, Sodalties, and that latest splendid manifestation of organized prayer and work—the League of the Sacred Heart, now counting its members by millions.

But though the Church so favors the creation and development of these special organizations, indeed perhaps because she does, our Catholic people and their pastors too are liable to forget the need as well as the power of purely social organization.

The Catholic Church is a supernatural society founded by Christ for the salvation of souls. But the Church of Christ is not supernatural only. Like her master and model she is human and divine. Her members on earth are mortal men, united by social ties, and the Church is for the salvation of human society as well as for the salvation of immortal souls. Now it is this social part of the Church's work that Catholics may not sufficiently value. Those who have strayed from the centre and source of revealed truth and supernatural life, are forced as it were in self-defence, to make their religion entirely social. While Catholics, who feel secure in their certainty of faith and unity of worship, may be too easily content with the merely supernatural. By all means let pastors and zealous missionary priests exhort the faithful, and get all they can, to join Sodalties, Confraternities and Leagues of Prayer. But let them remember for that not in bread alone doth man live, though that blessed Bread be divine, and that He who told us to pray always, did not tell us to be always at prayer. Christians are not to be of the world, but they are to be in the world, and they must learn how to utilize this life while fitting themselves for the next. It is true indeed that Catholics have secular societies, that exist chiefly, if not only, for earthly interests. Such are our beneficial, financial, and protective associations. But besides the societies that are purely spiritual, or primarily secular, we need organizations that shall be principally social; that will fit in, as it were, between the religious and the secular, and taking something from each harmonize both. It is often said and truly that this is the age of the people, and preachers talk to us about the apostolate of the laity. But if the Catholic laity are to use their power and be worthy of their apostolate, they must be more united socially. The meeting in church for prayer, or in the hired hall for business, bazaar, or public lecture, is not sufficient for their social needs. Amongst the foremost of those social needs, is a mutual and more intimate knowledge of each other. Such knowledge and friendly companionship as should lead to social harmony and civic strength; two things that are not as characteristic of Catholics as they should be. Then, our people, espec-

ally our young people, must have amusement. And legitimate recreation and innocent pleasure should be one of the principal objects of a social organization. Man is not all muscles but neither is he all and only mind. Physical culture may be unduly exalted, but it may be as unduly ignored, or unjustly condemned. There is really nothing heretical or anti-Catholic in a well equipped gymnasium, a bowling alley, or a billiardroom, or even in a quiet game of cards. But there is much in all these that will bring and keep our young men together. The world knows this work, and the children of the world are, in this particular, wiser and more practical than the children of light. There is no reason why we should not have in each of our large cities, at least one first-class Catholic Club. The difficulty sometimes brought forward against such an organization seems to us one of the strongest arguments in its favor. The difficulty is this; our Catholic people are separated off into distinctly marked classes it is said, and could never be got to unite in the easy and familiar companionship of a club. That's just it. There is unfortunately too much of this social separation, and the very best way to bridge over the chasm is by the union and equality that club life gives—equality not of wealth or class, or condition; but a nobler equality or friendly rivalry, in talent, industry, energy and skill. A more practical difficulty in starting and supporting a club is lack of funds. But this could be met by the financial ability, experience, and energy of the members, and by the generous patronage and co-operation of our more wealthy Catholics, who would thus become public benefactors as well as model members of social and civic life. In this matter of public and practical beneficence we may learn some useful lessons from our non-Catholic friends. As we may also indeed, in the matter of social organization, which with them is such a source of strength. We have incidentally given a name to the Catholic organization we contemplate: we have called it, a Catholic Club. We are aware that some object to the name. They find fault with the term Club, are somewhat afraid of it in fact, as they think the terms Club and Catholic, are incompatible. Well, here we must hold, there is something in a name, because it but expresses and specifies the social idea, which should be of the essence of this special organization. If this idea be carried out we should not quarrel about the name. To those who think, this compound idea, Catholic Club, cannot be carried out, cannot be successfully realized, the best answer is—it has been. Catholic Clubs have already had splendid success in some of the leading cities of the United States; and we have seen enough to believe that a like success awaits them in Canada. There is no city on this continent better situated for such a club than the Queen City by the lake: no place better suited than, the "city of conventions," and of "generous contributions."

## THE EPIPHANY.

To-morrow, January 6th, the Church celebrates the great feast of the Epiphany, which is closely connected with Christmas not only by reason of the mystery of Bethlehem, but also by the history of the two days.

For some centuries several local churches consecrated this day to the Feast of our Saviour's birth. But when in A. D. 376 the Holy See decreed that the Nativity should be celebrated on the 25th of December, Epiphany was somewhat, though not altogether, stripped of its original glory. It still bore its name, which signifies *The Manifestation*, and carries with it the hallowed memory of our Lord's baptism by St. John, which also took place, according to tradition, on this day. Another mystery honored on the Epiphany, is the first exercise of the Divine power of Christ in changing water into wine at the marriage feast of Cana, when our Lord "manifested his glory, and His disciples believed in Him." But the mystery which is honored the most by the Roman Church on this feast, although in the Greek Church it is placed in the office of Christmas, is the adoration of the Magi or Wise men. This was the manifestation of the Messiah to the Gentile world: on which account the day has been termed the Christmas of the Gentiles. Then while the star rested over the manger, shedding its pale silver light upon a scene upon which the stars had never looked before, there shone over the souls of the great men who had come to adore the King the mighty light of Christ's truth and love divine. The holy Gospel tells us that they brought with them gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. Gold was due to Him as the King of Kings, the sovereign master of all treasures. And they offered it to Him as we offer our charity, our earnest, mine-developed love. Frankincense was due to that wondrous Babe, because He was the high God towards whose infinite being every man should ascend by the incense of humble prayer. Myrrh was offered to our Lord as a profession of faith in His holy humanity, which one day was to suffer death upon the cross.

Thus we see that three classes of persons receive our Lord in three different degrees—the holy, the simple, and the learned. Learning is represented by the Magi—the last illuminated—it comes from afar and by a difficult journey. Faith and the simple minded are represented by the shepherds; prayer by St. Joseph. Mary, the Mother, stands apart in a special order, too sacred and too special to be compared or explained. To which of these classes shall we belong? Prayer will always find us near Jesus and Mary; the faithful fulfilment of our daily duties, the night watching of our little flocks, will always find us prepared to pass over to Bethlehem, if only our ears are open to hear the angels' song and the word of the Lord. Will reason lead us there, where alone peace abideth? It will if we follow the star and are not deceived by Herod and his court:

better, prayer and simple faith. But to us who have been translated already to Bethlehem, what gratitude upon the great feast of Epiphany. All through the centuries the nations and the islands of the seas have flocked around the crib, and opening their treasures have offered their gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh. Be we among the number, that the light may shine and may illumine our soul forever more.

## Editorial Notes.

The mission of Mgr. Satolli to the United States seems to occupy a good deal of the attention of the public press, more than is for the edification of all concerned. Interviews are reported; opinions asked and obtained; explanations sought and given—and all tending to render the venerable legate's task more difficult and to throw open all his decisions to that criticism which is so hostile to the spirit of the Church. The following extract from the *Catholic Review* of New York is couched in devoted terms and in a tone of loyalty and respect which we hope will be more widespread than it has been for some short time past: "In spite of the wish of the Holy See that the school question should not be agitated in the Catholic newspapers, disputation still continues in some quarters from which a more prompt obedience should be expected. In controversies of this kind, which must be described by the Hierarchy, the *Catholic Review* has no part to take. Its one mission is to co-operate with the Church teaching—not to instruct the clergy, nor to lay down the law for the bishops, nor to dictate to the Pope. It does not believe in washing the family linen in public. Its own course is clear. Serene in fidelity to duty, it has no hobby to ride, no axe to grind, no views to maintain to the detriment of union and peace, and no desire to participate in any "victory" that shall have for victims any large body of devoted Catholic prelates, priests and parents."

We learn that his Lordship Bishop Dowling of Hamilton, quits that city on the 28th of the present month, on a visit to Rome, where he will assist in the celebration of the Pope's episcopal jubilee. His Lordship will, before his return to Canada, pay a visit to the Holy Land.

The other day we received a book with an accompanying note, asking us to preach in St. Basil's church upon the subject of certain marked passages. Will the donor kindly call upon us at St. Michael's College, when we shall be happy to help him in any spiritual difficulty into which the book in question seems to have placed him? We regret that no name was given, as it would have saved us calling any attention to a doubt which is more easily solved by prayer and advice, than from pulpit or editorial chair.

We have also received a long letter from an esteemed correspondent, in connection with Dr. Douglas' diatribe against Sir John Thompson. As the *Catholic Weekly Review* in its last issue dealt very fully and ably with this insolent, uncharitable and uncalled-for attack upon our distinguished co-religionist, we deem it better to drop the question for the present. Without belittling the harm which such spiteful tongues as that of Dr. Douglas do, we somehow think that they hiss like serpents, but are harmless as geese.





**Diocese of Peterborough.**

The great Feast of Christmas was celebrated in St. Peter's Cathedral with becoming solemnity. The interior of the Cathedral was most beautifully decorated for the occasion with arches and festoons of evergreen and appropriate mottoes. The high altar, emblazoned with a hundred lights and ornamented with most exquisite flowers, presented a charming and attractive appearance. High Mass was sung at 6 a.m. in the presence of a large congregation, and the celebration of Low Masses continued in succession to 9.30. At 10.30 Pontifical Mass was celebrated by His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, assisted by Revs. D. O'Connell and D. J. Scollard a deacon and sub-deacon. The choir rendered Farmer's Mass in B flat in excellent style, and a first-class orchestra played some very fine selections. The sermon, a most appropriate one, was preached by Rev. Father Collins. After Mass His Lordship thanked the choir and orchestra for their excellent music and singing, thanked the congregation in general for their generous Christmas offering, expressed his gratification at the large number who approached the Sacraments at the early Masses, and prayed that Christmas would be for all a day of spiritual joy and happiness.

In the evening Vespers were sung in the presence of the Bishop, Rev. Father Collins officiating. The altar, illuminated with lights of variegated colors, richly ornamented and artistically decorated, was a sight beautiful and entrancing to behold. The Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, who supervised all the Christmas decorations, deserve great praise for their excellent taste and the assiduous care bestowed on the work. At Vespers His Lordship Bishop O'Connor preached an eloquent sermon on the festival of the day. He discoursed on the evils brought upon mankind by Adam's sin, and the richer and more abundant graces of the Redeemer. He said in conclusion that the anniversary of the advent of so many graces should surely be a day of general rejoicing, and begged of all to prepare their souls for the blessed peace which the Redeemer brought into the world by the worthy reception of the Sacraments during the Christmas time.

**The Largest Locomotive.**

The largest and most powerful engine in the world has been built for the Mexican Central Railroad by the Rhode Island Locomotive Works of Providence, Rhode Island. Its appearance is as unique as its hauling capacity is remarkable. Viewed from a distance, the observer might infer that two locomotives were placed back to back, but in reality the immense machine is inseparable and is worked by a single crew. Designed for pulling freight trains between Tampico and Mexico over mountain grades of 154.4 feet to the mile, power, not speed, was the principal object to be attained. The two duplicate engines, bolted together back to back, have one throttle lever and one reverse lever to operate both ends of the machine. The two boilers are carried on a long rigid frame, and the cylinders are also fastened on the frames, instead of on the trucks. Power is transmitted to the driving wheels by a flexible mechanism. The water supply is held in saddle tanks, on the tops of the boilers. The driving wheels, with their frames, form two six-wheel trucks, which carry the locomotive. The weight of the machine in working order is 250,000 pounds, the tanks holding 3,000 gallons, and the coal bunkers 5 tons. The weight on the drivers is 210,000 pounds; on each truck 20,000 pounds. So advantageously is this great load distributed over the rigid wheel base of nearly 28 feet and the total wheel base of 45 feet and 10 1/2 inches that the machine is not hard on the rails. The regular load of the double bogie locomotive on the Mexican Central grades, which are twice as difficult as the steepest on the Pawtuxet Valley Road, is estimated at ten eight wheel cars each loaded with 40,000 pounds of freight, or 50 per cent. in excess of the load which a large consolidation engine could haul over the same grade with a more favorable curvature.

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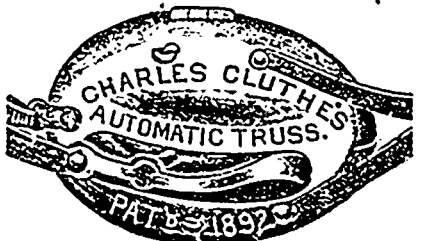
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**THE DEAF HEAR**  
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## RAMONA.

## A Story.

By HELEN JACKSON.

## CHAPTER I.

It was sheep-shearing time in Southern California; but sheep-shearing was late at the Senora Moreno's. The Fates had seemed to combine to put it off. In the first place, Felipe Moreno had been ill. He was the Senora's eldest son, and since his father's death had been at the head of his mother's house. Without him, nothing could be done on the ranch, the Senora thought. It had been always, "Ask Senor Felipe," "Go to Senor Felipe," "Senor Felipe will attend to it," ever since Felipe had had the dawning of a beard on his handsome face.

In truth, it was not Felipe, but the Senora, who really decided all questions from greatest to least, and managed everything on the place, from the sheep-pastures to the artichoke patch; but nobody but Senora herself knew this. An exceedingly clever woman for her day and generation was Senora Gonzaga Moreno—as for that matter, exceedingly clever for any day and generation; but exceptionally clever for the day and generation to which she belonged. Her life, the mere surface of it, if it had been written, would have made a romance to grow hot and cold over sixty years of the best of old Spain and the wildest of New Spain, Bay of Biscay, Gulf of Mexico, Pacific Ocean—the waves of them all had tossed destinies for the Senora. The Holy Catholic Church had had its arms round her from first to last; and that was what had brought her safe through, she would have said, if she had ever said anything about herself, which she never did—one of her many wisdoms. So quiet, so reserved, so gentle an exterior was never known to veil such an imperious and passionate nature, brimful of storm, always passing through stress; never thwarted except at peril of those who did it; adored and hated by turns, and each at the hottest. A tremendous force, wherever she appeared, was Senora Moreno; but no stranger would suspect it, to see her gliding about, in her scanty black gown with her rosary hanging at her side, her soft dark eyes cast down, and an expression of mingled melancholy and devotion on her face. She looked simply like a sad, spiritual-minded old lady, amiable and indolent, like her race, but sweeter and more thoughtful than their wont. Her voice heightened this mistaken impression. She was never heard to speak either loud or fast. There was at times even a curious hesitancy in her speech, which came near being a stammer, or suggested the measured care with which people speak who have been cured of stammering. It made her often appear as if she did not know her own mind: at which people sometimes took heart: when, if they had only known the truth, they would have known that the speech hesitated solely because the Senora knew her mind so exactly that she was finding it hard to make the words convey it as she desired, or in a way to best attain her ends.

About this very sheep-shearing there had been between her and the head shepherd, Juan Canito, called Juan Can for short, and to distinguish him from Juan Jose, the upper herdsman of the cattle, some discussions which would have been hot and angry ones in any other hands than the Senora's.

Juan Canito wanted the shearing to begin, even though Senor Felipe were ill in bed, and though that lazy shep-

herd Luigo had not yet got back with the flock that had been driven up the coast for pasture. "There were plenty of sheep on the place to begin with," he said one morning—"at least a thousand;" and by the time they were done, Luigo would surely be back with the rest; and as for Senor Felipe's being in bed, had not he, Juan Canito, stood at the packing bag, and handled the wool, when Senor Felipe was a boy? Why could he not do it again? The Senora did not realize her time was going; there would be no shearers to be hired presently, since the Senora was determined to have none but Indians. Of course, if she would employ Mexicans, as all the other ranches in the valley did, it would be different; but she was resolved upon having Indians—"God knows why," he interpolated surlily, under his breath.

"I do not quite understand you," Juan, interrupted Senora Moreno at the precise instant the last syllable of this disrespectful ejaculation had escaped Juan's lips; "speak a little louder. I fear I am growing deaf in my old age."

What gentle, suave, courteous tones! and the calm dark eyes rested on Juan Canito with a look to the fathoming of which he was as unequal as one of his own sheep would have been. He could not have told why he instantly and involuntarily said, "Beg your pardon, Senora."

"Oh, you need not ask my pardon, Juan," the Senora replied with exquisite gentleness; "it is not you who are to blame, if I am deaf. I have fancied for a year I did not hear quite as well as I once did. But about the Indians, Juan; did not Senor Felipe tell you that he had positively engaged the same band of shearers we had last autumn, Alessandro's band from Temecula? They will wait until we are ready for them. He thinks them the best shearers in the country. He will be well enough in a week or two, he thinks, and the poor sheep must bear their loads a few days longer. Are they looking well, do you think, Juan? Will the crop be a good one? General Moreno used to say that you could reckon up the wool-crop to a pound while it was on the sheep's back."

"Yes, Senora," answered the mollified Juan; "the poor beasts look wonderfully well considering the scant feed they have had all winter. We'll not come many pounds short of last year's crop, if any. Though, to be sure, there is no telling in what case that—Luigo will bring his flock back."

The Senora smiled in spite of herself at the pause and the gulp with which Juan had filled in the hiatus where he had longed to set a contemptuous epithet before Luigo's name.

This was another of the instances where the Senora's will and Juan Canito's had clashed and he did not dream of it, having set it all down as usual to the score of young Senor Felipe.

Encouraged by the Senora's smile, Juan proceeded: "Senor Felipe can see no fault in Luigo because they were boys together; but I can tell him he will rue it one of these mornings, when he finds a flock of sheep worse than dead on his hands, and no thanks to anybody but Luigo. While I can have him under my eye, here in the valley, it is all very well; but he is no more fit to take responsibility of a flock than one of the very lambs themselves. He'll drive them off their feet one day, and starve them the next, and I've known him to forget to give them water. When he's in his dreams the Virgin only knows what he won't do."

During this brief and almost unprecedented outburst of Juan's the Senora's countenance had been slowly growing stern. Juan had not seen it. His eyes had been turned away from her, looking down into the upturned

eager face of his favorite collie, who was leaping and gambolling and barking at his feet.

"Down, Capitan, down!" he said in a fond tone, gently repulsing him; "thou makest such a noise the Senora can hear nothing but thy voice."

"I heard only too distinctly, Juan Canito," said the Senora in a sweet but icy tone. "It is not well for one servant to backbite another. It gives me great grief to hear such words, and I hope when Father Salvierderra comes next month, you will not forget to confess this sin of which you have been guilty in thus seeking to injure a fellow being. If Senor Felipe listens to you, the poor boy Luigo will be cast out homeless on the world some day, and what sort of a deed would that be, Juan Canito, for one Christian to do to another? I fear the Father will give you penance when he hears what you have said."

"Senora, it is not to harm the lad," Juan began, every fibre of his faithful frame thrilling with a sense of the injustice of her reproach.

But the Senora had turned her back. Evidently she would hear no more from him then. He stood watching her as she walked away at her usual slow pace, her head slightly bent forward, her rosary lifted in her left hand, and the fingers of the right hand mechanically slipping the beads.

"Prayers, always prayers!" thought Juan to himself, as his eyes followed her. "If they'll take one to heaven, the Senora'll go by the straight road, that's sure. I'm sorry I vexed her. But what's a man to do if he's the interest of the place at heart, I'd like to know? Is he to stand by and see a lot of idle mooning louts run away with everything? Ah, but it was an ill day for the estate when the General died—an ill day! an ill day! And they may scold me as much as they please, and set me to confessing my sins to the Father, it's very well for them, they've got me to look after matters. Senor Felipe will do well enough when he's a man, maybe, but a boy like him! Bah!" And the old man stamped his foot with a not wholly unreasonable irritation at the false position in which he felt himself put.

"Confess to Father Salvierderra, indeed!" he muttered aloud. "Ay, that will I. He's a man of sense, if he is a priest"—at which slip of the tongue the pious Juan hastily crossed himself—"and I'll ask him to give me some good advice as to how I'm to manage between this young boy at the head of everything, and a dotting mother who thinks he has the wisdom of a dozen grown men. The Father knew the place in the olden time. He knows it's no child's play to look after the estate even now, much smaller as it is! An ill day when the old General died, an ill day indeed, the saints rest his soul!" Saying this, Juan shrugged his shoulders, and whistling to Capitan, walked towards the sunny veranda of the south side of the kitchen wing of the house, where it had been for twenty odd years his habit to sit on the long bench and smoke his pipe of a morning. Before he had got half-way across the courtyard, however, a thought struck him. He halted so suddenly that Capitan, with the quick sensitiveness of his breed, thought so sudden a change of purpose could only come from something in connection with sheep, and, true to his instinct of duty, pricked up his ears, poised himself for a full run, and looked up in his master's face waiting for explanation and signal. But Juan did not observe him.

"Ha!" he said, "Father Salvierderra comes next month, does he? Let's see. To-day is the 25th. That's it. The sheep-shearing is not to come off till the Father gets here. Then each morning it will be mass in the chapel, and each night vespers; and the crowd will be here at least two

days longer to feed, for the time they will lose by that and by the confessions. That's what Senor Felipe is up to. He's a pious lad. I recollect now, it was the same way two years ago. Well, well, it is a good thing for those poor Indian devils to get a bit of religion now and then; and it's like old times to see the chapel full of them kneeling, and more than can get in at the door, I doubt not it warms the Senora's heart to see them all there, as if they belonged to the house, as they used to, and now I know when it's to be, I have only to make my arrangements accordingly. It is always in the first week of the month the Father gets here. Yes; she said, "Senor Felipe will be well enough in a week or two, no thanks." Ha! ha! It will be nearer two; ten days or thereabouts. I'll begin the booths next week. A plague on that Luigo for not being back here. He's the best hand I have to cut the willow boughs for the roofs. He knows the difference between one year's growth and another's; I'll say that much for him, spite of the silly dreaming head he's got on his shoulders."

Juan was so pleased with this clearing up in his mind as to Senor Felipe's purpose about the time of the sheep-shearing, that it put him in good humour for the day—good humour with everybody, and himself most of all. As he sat on the low bench, his head leaning back against the white-washed wall, his long legs stretched out nearly across the whole width of the veranda, his pipe firm wedged in the extreme left corner of his mouth, his hands in his pockets, he was the picture of placid content. The troop of youngsters which still swarmed around the kitchen quarters of Senora Moreno's house, almost as numerous and inexplicable as in the grand old days of the General's time, ran back and forth across Juan's legs, fell down between them, and picked themselves up by help of clutches at his leather trousers, all unreprieved by Juan, though loudly scolded and warned by their respective mothers from the kitchen.

"What's come to Juan Can to be so good natured to-day?" saucily asked Margarita, the youngest and prettiest of the maids, popping her head out of a window, and twitching Juan's hair. He was so gray and wrinkled the maids all felt at ease with him. He seemed to them as old as Methuselah; but he was not really as old as they thought, nor they so safe in their tricks. The old man had hot blood in his veins yet, as the under shepherds could testify.

"The sight of your pretty face, Senorita Margarita," answered Juan quickly, cocking his eye at her, rising to his feet, and making a mock bow to her.

"He! he! Senorita, indeed!" chuckled Margarita's mother, old Marda, the cook. "Senor Juan Canito is pleased to be merry at the doors of his betters;" and she flung a copper saucepan full of not over-clean water so deftly past Juan's head that not a drop touched him, and yet he had the appearance of being ducked. At which bit of sleight-of-hand the whole courtyard, young and old, babies, cocks, hens, and turkeys, all set up a shout and a cackle, and dispersed to the four corners of the yard as if scattered by a volley of bird shot. Hearing the racket, the rest of the maids came running—Anita and Maria, the twins, women forty years old, born on the place the year after General Moreno brought home his handsome young bride; their two daughters, Rosa and Anta the Little, as she was still called, though she outweighed her mother; old Juanita, the oldest woman in the household, of whom even the Senora was said not to know her exact age or history; and she, poor thing, could tell nothing, having been silly for ten years or more, good for nothing except to shell beans: that she did as fast and well as ever, and was never



happy except she was at it. Luckily for her, beans are the one crop never omitted or stinted on a Mexican estate; and for sake of old Juanita they stored every year in the Moreno house rooms full of beans in the pod (tons of them, one would think), enough to feed an army. But then, it was like a little army even now, the Senora's household; nobody ever knew exactly how many women were in the kitchen, or how many men in the fields. There were always women cousins, or brothers' wives or widows or daughters, who had come to stay, or men cousins, or sisters' husbands or sons, who were stopping on their way up or down the valley. When it came to the pay-roll, Senor Felipe knew to whom he paid wages; but who were fed and lodged under his roof, that was quite another thing. It could not enter into the head of a Mexican gentleman to make either count or account of that. It would be a disgraceful, niggardly thought.

To the Senora it seemed as if there were no longer any people about the place. A beggarly handful, she would have said, hardly enough to do the work of the house, or of the estate, sadly as the latter had dwindled. In the General's day, it had been a free-handed boast of his that never less than fifty persons—men, women, and children—were fed within his gates each day, how many more he did not care nor know. But that time had indeed gone, gone for ever; and though a stranger, seeing the sudden rush and muster at door and window which followed on old Marda's letting fly the water at Juan's head, would have thought, "Good heavens, do all those women, children, and babies belong to that one house!" the Senora's sole thought, as she at that moment went past the gate, was "Poor things! how few there are left of them! I am afraid old Marda has to work too hard. I must spare Margarita more from the house to help her." And she sighed deeply, and unconsciously held her rosary nearer to her heart, as she went into the house and entered her son's bedroom. The picture she saw there was one to thrill any mother's heart, and as it met her eye, she paused on the threshold for a second—only a second, however; and nothing could have astonished Felipe Moreno so much as to have been told that at the very moment when his mother's calm voice was saying to him, "Good morning, my son, I hope you have slept well, and are better," there was welling up in her heart a passionate ejaculation, "O my glorious son! The saints have sent me in him the face of his father! He is fit for a kingdom!"

The truth is, Felipe Moreno was not fit for a kingdom at all. If he had been, he would not have been so ruled by his mother without ever finding it out. But so far as mere physical beauty goes, there never was a king born whose face, statue, and bearing would set off a crown or a throne, or any of the things of which the outside of royalty is made up, better than would Felipe Moreno's. And it was true, as the Senora said, whether the saints had anything to do with it or not, that he had the face of his father. So strong a likeness is seldom seen. When Felipe once, on the occasion of a grand celebration and procession, put on the gold-wrought velvet mantle, gaily embroidered short breeches fastened at the knee with red ribbons, and gold-and-silver-trimmed sombrero, which his father had worn twenty-five years before, the Senora fainted at her first look at him—fainted and fell; and when she opened her eyes and saw the same splendid, gaily arrayed, dark bearded man, bonding over her in distress, with words of endearment and alarm, she fainted again.

"Mother, mother mia," cried Felipe, "I will not wear them if it makes you

feel like this! Let me take them off. I will not go to their cursed parade," and he sprang to his feet, and began with trembling fingers to unbuckle the sword-belt.

"No, no, Felipe," faintly cried the Senora, from the ground. "It is my wish that you wear them;" and staggering to her feet, with a burst of tears, she rebuckled the old sword belt, which her fingers had so many times—never unknissed—buckled, in the days when her husband had bade her farewell and gone forth to the uncertain fates of war. "Wear them!" she cried, with gathering fire in her tones, and her eyes dry of tears—"wear them, and let the American hounds see what a Mexican officer and gentleman looked like before they had set their base usurping feet on our necks!" And she followed him to the gate, and stood erect, bravely waving her handkerchief as he galloped off, till he was out of sight. Then with a changed face and a bent head she crept slowly to her room, locked herself in, fell on her knees before the Madonna at the head of her bed, and spent the greater part of the day praying that she might be forgiven, and that all heretics might be discomfited. From which part of these supplications she derived most comfort is easy to imagine.

Juan Canito had been right in his sudden surmise that it was for Father Salvierderra's coming that the sheep-shearing was being delayed, and not in consequence of Senor Felipe's illness, or by the non-appearance of Luigo and his flock of sheep. Juan would have chuckled to himself still more at his perspicacity had he overheard the conversation going on between the Senora and her son, at the very time when he, half asleep on the veranda, was, as he would have called it, putting two and two together, and convincing himself that old Juan was as smart as they were, and not to be kept in the dark by all their reticence and equivocation.

"Juan Can is growing very impatient about the sheep-shearing," said the Senora. "I suppose you are still of the same mind about it, Felipe—that it is better to wait till Father Salvierderra comes? As the only chance those Indians have of seeing him is here, it would seem a Christian duty to so arrange it, if it be possible, but Juan is very restive. He cannot forget that you were a boy on his knee. Now I, for my part, am like to forget that you were ever anything but a man for me to lean on."

Felipe turned his handsome face toward his mother with a beaming smile of filial affection and gratified manly vanity. "Indeed, my mother, if I can be sufficient for you to lean on, I will ask nothing more of the saints;" and he took his mother's thin and wasted little hands, both at once, in his own strong right hand, and carried them to his lips as a lover might have done. "You will spoil me, mother," he said. "you make me so proud."

"No, Felipe, it is I who am proud," promptly replied the mother, "and I do not call it being proud, only grateful to God for having given me a son wise enough to take his father's place, and guide and protect me through the few remaining years I have to live. I shall die content, seeing you at the head of the estate, and living as a Mexican gentleman should; that is, so far as now remains possible in this unfortunate country. But about the sheep-shearing, Felipe. Do you wish to have it begun before the Father is here? Of course, Alessandro is already with his band. It is but two days' journey for a messenger to bring him. Father Salvierderra cannot be here before the 10th of the month. He leaves Santa Barbara on the 1st, and he will walk all the way—a good six days' journey, for he is old now and feeble, then he must stop at Ventura for a Sunday,

and a day at the Ortega's ranch, and at the Lopez's there, there is a christening. Yes, the 10th is the very earliest that he can be here—near two weeks from now. So far as your getting up is concerned, it might perhaps be next week. You will be nearly well by that time."

"Yes, indeed," laughed Felipe, stretching himself out in the bed and giving a kick to the bedclothes that made the high bedposts and the fringed canopy roof shake and creak; "I am well now, if it were not for this cursed weakness when I stand on my feet. I believe it would do me good to be out of doors."

In truth, Felipe had been hankering for the sheep-shearing himself. It was a brisk, busy, holiday sort of time to him, hard as he worked in it, and two weeks looked long to wait.

"It is always thus after a fever," said his mother. "The weakness lasts many weeks. I am not sure that you will be strong enough even in two weeks to do the packing, but, as Juan Can said this morning, he stood at the packing-bag when you were a boy, and there was no need of waiting for you for that!"

"He said that, did he!" exclaimed Felipe wrathfully. "The old man is getting insolent. I'll tell him that nobody will pack the sacks but myself, while I am master here; and I will have the sheep-shearing when I please, and not before."

"I suppose it would not be wise to say that it is not to take place till the Father comes, would it?" asked the Senora, hesitatingly, as if the thing were evenly-balanced in her mind. "The Father has not that hold on younger men he used to have, and I have thought that even in Juan himself I have detected a remissness. The spirit of unbelief is spreading in the country since the Americans are running up and down seeking money, like dogs with their noses to the ground! It might vex Juan if he knew that you were waiting only for the Father. What do you think?"

"I think it is enough for him to know that the sheep-shearing waits for my pleasure," answered Felipe, still wrathful, "and that is the end of it." And so it was; and, moreover, precisely the end which Senora Moreno had had in her own mind from the beginning; but not even Juan Canito himself suspected its being solely her purpose, and not her son's. As for Felipe, if any one had suggested to him that it was his mother, and not he, who had decided that the sheep-shearing would better be deferred until the arrival of Father Salvierderra from Santa Barbara, and that nothing should be said on the ranch about this being the real reason of the postponing, Felipe would have stared in astonishment, and have thought that person either crazy or a fool.

To attain one's ends in this way is the consummate triumph of art. Never to appear as a factor in the situation; to be able to wield other men, as instruments, with the same direct and implicit response to will that one gets from a hand or a foot—this is triumph, indeed, to be as nearly controller and conqueror of Fates as fate permits. There have been men, prominent in the world's affairs at one time and another, who have sought and studied such a power and have acquired it to a great degree. By it they have manipulated legislators, ambassadors, sovereigns, and have grasped, held, and played with the destinies of empires. But it is to be questioned whether even in these notable instances there has ever been so marvellous completeness of success as is sometimes seen in the case of a woman in whom the power is an instinct and not an attainment; a passion rather than a purpose. Between the two results, between the two processes, there is just that difference

which is always to be seen between the stroke of talent and the stroke of genius.

Senora Moreno's was the stroke of genius. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Certificate of Registry.

Whereas by the application of the Ancient Order of Fibermans of Ontario, made pursuant to the Insurance Corporation Act, 1892, it has been made to appear to the undersigned, the Registrar of Friendly Societies for the Province of Ontario, that the said applicant is entitled to registry as a Friendly Society.

Now therefore, this is to certify that the said Friendly Society is accordingly registered for the transaction of insurance against sickness and death in the Province of Ontario, for the term beginning on the 22nd day of December, 1892, and ending on the 1st day of June, 1893, subject to the provisions of the aforesaid Act.

Entered on Friendly Society register 43, folio 5.

Signed J. HOWARD HUNTER,  
Registrar of Friendly Societies.  
Signed WILL J. VALE, Entry Clerk.

#### What's in a Name

The so-called Benedictine abbey at Charreux, in France, which was destroyed a year ago, was a distillery, established in the buildings (which before the revolution, had been a Benedictine monastery) by a sharp man of business, who found in "Benedictine" a useful trade name for the potent liqueur he made there. On the occasion of the fire the newspapers working up the subject descriptively gave a picture of the black-robed Benedictines working with the firemen to save the place. Such is the legend that can be built upon a name.

The promptness with which Ayer's Cherry Pectoral stops a hacking cough and induces refreshing sleep is something marvelous. It never fails to give instant relief, even in the worst cases of throat and lung trouble, and is the best remedy for whooping cough.

The Pope has recently received from the converted savages of New Guinea a curious present, consisting of three crowns made of the feathers of the Upti birds. These crowns, united together, form a tiara.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

Rev. D. Danes Moore, a Protestant missionary in the East Indies, has this to say of the Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy: "I must praise the heroic Sisters of the Catholic Church, who minister in our hospitals. They fear no pestilence, but stand night and day by the poor leper, or the cholera, or the small-pox victim. They blanch at no blood-curdling sight. They turn away at no horrible stench. They stand always and do their duty till they die, and they are loved by the suffering ones of every tongue."

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**'Twill Be All The Same In A Hundred Years.**

*Dublin University Magazine.*

Twill be all the same in a hundred years!  
What a spell-word to conjure up smiles and tears!  
O, how oft do I muse, 'mid the thoughtless and gay,  
On the marvelous truth that these words convey!  
And can it be so? must the valliant and free,  
Have their tenure of life on this frail decree?  
Are the trophies they've reared and the glories  
they've won,  
Only castles of frost-work, confronting the sun,  
And must all that's as joyous and brilliant to view  
As a midsummer's dream, be as perishing too?  
Then have pity, ye proud ones—be gentle, ye great!  
O remember how mercy besemeth your state;  
For the rust that consumeth the sword of the brave  
Is eating the chains of the manacled slave;  
And the conqueror's frowns and his victim's tears  
Will be all the same in a hundred years.

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years!  
What a spell-word to conjure up smiles and tears!  
How dark are your fortunes, ye sons of the soil,  
Whose heir-loom is sorrow, whose birth-right is toil;  
Yet envy not those who have glory and gold  
By the sweat of the poor and the blood of the hold?  
For 'tis coming, how'er they may faint in their  
pride

The day when they'll moulder to dust by your side,  
Death smiteth the children of toil, and of sloth,  
And the democrat reptiles carouse upon both;  
For time, as he speeds upon his viewless wings,  
Disenamels and withers all earthly things;  
And the knight's white plume, and the shepherd's  
crook,

And the minstrel's pipe, and the scholar's book,  
And the emperor's crown, and his cossacks' spears,  
Will be dust alike in a hundred years!

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years,  
O most magical fountain of smiles and tears!  
To think that our hopes like the flowers of June,  
Which we love so much could be lost so soon!  
Then what meaneth the chase after phantom joys?  
Or the breaking of human hearts for toys?  
Or the veteran's pride in his crafty schemes?  
Or the passion of youth for him durling dreams?  
Or the aiming at ends that we never can span?  
Or the deadly aversion of man for man?  
What availeth it all? O ye sages, say—  
Or the miser's joy in his brilliant clasp?  
Or the lover's zeal for his matchless prize—  
The enchanting maid with her starry eyes?  
Or the feverish conflict of hopes and fears,  
If 't is all the same in a hundred years?

Ah! 'tis not the same in a hundred years,  
How clear soe'er the case appears:  
For know ye not that beyond the grave,  
Far, far beyond where the cedars wave,  
Or the Syrian mountains, or where the stars  
Come glittering forth in their golden cars,  
There bloometh a land of perennial bliss,  
Where we smile to think of the tears in this?  
And the pilgrim, reaching that radiant shore,  
Has the thought of death in his heart no more,  
But layeth his staff and his sandals down  
For the victor's palm and the monarch's crown,  
And the mother meets in that tranquil sphere,  
The delightful child she had wept for here;  
And the warrior's sword that protects the right,  
Is bejewelled with stars of undying light;  
And we quaff of the same immortal cup,  
While the orphan smiles and the slave looks up!  
So be glad, my heart, and forget thy tears,  
For 'tis not the same in a hundred years!

**Next Catholic Congress.**

A decision arrived at by the Committee on Organization of Catholic Congress for 1893, which was concurred in by the Archbishops of the United States, defines the scope of the Congress. The following is suggested as the order and subdivision of the subjects of the different papers, viz:—

1. The discovery of the new world, 2, Columbus, his character and mission; 3, the results and consequences to religion, and to civilization, of the discovery; 4, the missionary work of the Church in the New World; 5, the influence of the Catholic Church on the political, civil, and social institutions of the United States; 6, Isabella, the Catholic.

In considering the social question it will be subdivided into the following subjects.

1, The Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. on this question; 2, the rights of labour, the duties of capital; 3, pauperism and the remedy; 4, public and private charities—how to make them more effective and beneficial; 5, working men's societies and societies for young men; 6, life insurance and pension funds for wage-workers; 7, trade combination and strikers; 8, immigration and colonization; 9, the drink plague; 10, the condition and future of the Indian of the United States; 11, the condition and future of the negro race in the United States; 12, Supplementary questions—(1), Catholic education in the United States. (2), the independence of Holy See.

The Congress will be formally convened in Chicago on Monday, September 5th.

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TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of November, 1892, mails close and are due as follows:

	CLOSE.	DUE.
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.15 7.45	7.15 10.20
O. and Q. Railway	8.00 8.00	8.10 9.10
G. T. R. West	7.30 8.25	12.40 7.40
N. and N. W.	7.20 4.10	10.15 8.10
T. G. and B.	6.50 4.30	10.45 8.50
Midland	7.00 3.35	12.80 9.30
C. V. R.	6.30 4.00	11.15 9.55
G. W. R.	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
	12.00 9.00	2.00 7.30
	6.15 4.00	10.30 8.20
	10.00	
U. S. N. Y.	6.15 12.00	9.00 5.45
	4.00 10.30	11.00
U. S. West States	10.00	
	6.15 10.00	9.00 7.20
	12.00	

English mails close on Monday and Thursdays at 7.15 and 10 p.m. The following are the dates of English mails for November: 1, 3, 5, 7, 10, 12, 14, 17, 19, 21, 24, 28.

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

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THIS Company has been formed for the purpose of establishing in Toronto a Catholic Weekly Newspaper, which, while touching upon general matters, will promote every Catholic cause and chronicle Catholic events. It is proposed to amalgamate upon a basis of arbitration the IRISH CANADIAN and the CATHOLIC REVIEW, the name of the newspaper to be

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**Advantages**

THIS concentration, under one management, of these two journals at present in active and profitable operation, the reduction of expenses, the large field for action, the impetus from increased support, the additional advertising patronage, the influence of the Archbishop and clergy, and the great necessity for an ably-edited Catholic newspaper, warrant the belief of the promoters that satisfactory dividends can be earned on the capital invested.

**Policy**

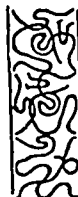
DEVOTING itself to Catholic affairs, the policy of the paper will be non-political, except in questions which involve the interests of the Catholic people and their religion. His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, who has evinced a deep concern in the project, will have the right to supervise the editorial utterances of the paper.

**Editorship**



BY the kind permission of the Provincial of the Basilian Fathers and with the approval of the Archbishop, the services of the Revd. Principal of St. Michael's College, Father Teefy, have been secured as Editor-in-Chief.

**Management**



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TORONTO, Dec. 1st, 1892.

**Municipal Elections.**

The contest for the Mayoralty on Monday last resulted in the re-election of Mr. Fleming. The figures stood: Fleming, 11,722; Sheppard, 8,647. The following are the returns for the office of Alderman:

WARD No. 1.	
Stewart	1,405
Small	1,147
Davies	1,033
Leslie	1,010
Barret	797
Macdonald	797

WARD No. 2.	
Lamb	2,090
Hallam	1,955
Franklin	1,412
Hewitt	1,379
Carlyle	1,215
Foster	1,205
Kelly	1,135
Taunt	117

WARD No. 3.	
Saunders	3,249
McMurrich	2,651
Shaw	2,558
Hill	2,372
Brown	2,356
Macdonald	340

WARD No. 4.	
Burns	2,266
Carlyle	2,192
Jolliffe	1,936
Verral	1,628
Hubbard	1,626
Jury	1,316

WARD No. 5.	
Bell	2,280
Crawford	2,028
Bailey	1,972
Verral	1,530
Graham	1,412
Peace	114

WARD No. 6.	
Orr	1,456
Lynd	1,337
Maloney	1,095
Murray	1,042
Atkinson	965
Gowanlock	850
Graham	224
Miles	117

**Elected by Acclamation.**

The following candidates were nominated for the Toronto Separate School Board on Dec. 28th, and elected by acclamation: Ward No. 1, Father Hand; Ward No. 2, Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann; Ward No. 3, James Ryan; Ward No. 4, Michael Walsh; Ward No. 5, D. A. Carey; Ward No. 6, Very Rev. Dean Cassidy.

**Sunnyside Orphanage.**

The following Christmas offerings are gratefully acknowledged by the Sisters in charge of the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside: Mr. Cousineau, \$10; Mrs. Reeves, \$5 for chapel; Mr. J. O'Regan, lamp for chapel; Mrs. Stormont, a roast, oranges and candies.

**IMPERIAL**  
 Cream  Tartar  
**BAKING POWDER**  
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 Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.  
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Catalogue Free on Application.

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## Father McGlynn's Christmas Gift.

After six years Dr. McGlynn has been restored to his priestly functions, and on Christmas day availed himself of the privilege granted to every priest not under ecclesiastical censure, and celebrated privately three masses in the chapel of St. John's College in Brooklyn.

The case was heard and adjudicated by Mgr. Satolli, the Papal legate, who authorized the publication of the following:

"To end with the many contradictory telegrams sent out to the University for inquiry, it is thought expedient to state that at 9 o'clock p.m., Dr. McGlynn was declared free from ecclesiastical censures and restored to the exercise of his priestly functions, after having satisfied the Pope's Legate on all the points in his case."

It is said that Dr. McGlynn complied with three conditions. First, he gave testimony that he harbored no doctrine contrary to the Church's teaching. Second, he expressed regret that he should at any time have manifested a spirit of insubordination. Third, he promised that at no future time would he take course in opposition to that of an ecclesiastical superior.

The Archbishop of New York, on receiving the news, gave this statement to the press:

"The Archbishop has learned with great pleasure the good news published in this morning's papers of the return of Dr. McGlynn to the communion of the Church. At the proper time he will not fail to express to the Most Reverend Delegate Apostolic his thankfulness for the good offices his Excellency has rendered in the premises."

The Rev. Dr. Brann, of St. Agnes's Church, said that he was greatly pleased to learn of the restoration of the Rev. Dr. McGlynn to his old place in the priesthood.

"Do you think," was asked, "that the Vatican was moved to do justice to Dr. McGlynn by receiving a clearer understanding of what real American citizenship is?"

"No, sir, I do not," replied Dr. Brann; "the Vatican has always understood the institutions of this country. I think that Dr. McGlynn owes his restoration entirely to Archbishop Corrigan. From the inception of this trouble the Archbishop has been the doctor's friend. He was willing to do anything for him. The Archbishop is a man of kindly impulse. He never harbored an unkind thought against Dr. McGlynn and has always stood ready to help him. If Dr. McGlynn does not know this now, he will learn it some day, and will be only too glad to acknowledge the fact."

A meeting of Dr. McGlynn's old parishoners was held at the home of Dr. Henry Cary, and a purse of \$2,000 was added to Father McGlynn's Christmas box.

As to the effect of Dr. McGlynn's restoration upon others of the Anti Poverty Society, a high ecclesiastical authority said to a Sun reporter:

"According to my interpretation of the canons his restoration will have nothing to do with the case of those who disobeyed the canons of the Church by supporting him while he was excommunicated. He was under the ban of the Church when their offence was committed, and if the ban were to be remitted in their case it would be a separate and distinct thing."

Asked about those followers of Dr. McGlynn who are buried in unconsecrated ground having died excommunicated because of the character of their relations with the excommunicated priest, he said:

"I do not see how their case will be objected. It has nothing whatever to do with Dr. McGlynn's reinstatement. When burial in consecrated ground was refused to them the issue was closed. That is my idea of the laws of the Church. They erred in supporting Dr. McGlynn while he was under the ban of the Church, and their death in that belief, in my opinion, settled the case there and then."—*Catholic Columbian*.

## Acknowledgment.

The Sisters of St. Joseph, St. Nicholas Home, return sincere thanks for the following Christmas donations:

His Grace the Archbishop, 5 large turkeys; Monsignor Rooney, 1 large quarter of beef; Mrs. Frank Smith, 1 large turkey, 2 geese and 1 bag of potatoes; Mrs. Wm. Ryan, 9 turkeys, 3 bis. of apples and 20 lbs. of beef; Mrs. J. Foy, half a sheep; Mr. and Mrs. E. O'Keefe, 100 lbs. of beef; Messrs. Jno. Mallon & Co., 1 large turkey; Mrs. M. McConnell, \$2.00; Mr. Alex. Macdonell, \$5.00; A Friend, some candy; St. Vincent de Paul Society, a number of books.

THE PUBLIC should bear in mind that DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL has nothing in common with the impure, deteriorating class of so-called medicinal oils. It is eminently pure and really efficacious—relieving pain and lameness, stiffness of the joints and muscles, and aches or hurts, besides being an excellent specific for rheumatism, coughs and bronchial complaints.

Have you tried the

# "CABLEXTRA" CIGAR?

Irish Wit.

I must admit that Irish wit is often of the most mordant and even sardonic kind, says Richard Asho King in *Belgravia*. Was there ever a more sardonic stroke of description than that O'Connell gave of Peel's bloodlessness? "His smile was like the silver plate on a coffin." Of another and lower quality, but good of its kind, is the following fish wife's sarcasm: A friend of mine was waiting his turn to be served in a fish shop, while a little weakened old gentleman priced every fish in the shop. "How much is this—and this—and this—and this?" etc., etc., until the exasperated shopwoman exclaimed, "Ah! Go on out of that with ye! It isn't fish ye want, but information!"

A journalist told me that he once overheard this passage of arms between a coachman and a beggarman outside the Four Courts, Dublin. As the beggar was whining for alms at the carriage door, the coachman turned round to cry sharply to him, "Come, my man, take your rags out of that!" The beggar, with a withering glance at the coachman's livery, retorted, "No rags! They're me own, me man!"

One more: about a dozen years ago an English fellow-traveller, with whom I was returning from Dublin to Bradford, said to me: "Really, these Irish fellows are a queer lot! In the Morrison's Hotel, where I was staying, there was a poor waiter so ill that he could hardly crawl about, and I said of him (as he stood on the steps to see me off) to the carman: 'That poor fellow looks shockingly ill!' 'Och! ill! Sure he's dead these two months, only he's too lazy to close his eyes!'"

## A Legend.

Do you know why the sea ebbs and flows? 'Tis this: The army of drowned twice daily gather their forces at the bottom of the deep and march towards the four points of the compass to lay their weary bones on earth and escape from their watery tomb. You can hear their tramping—they call it sea-moaning—and see the waves being pushed on before them in great water hills, which dash against each other in their furious flight from the escaping host; and when they break and hurl clouds of snow-white spray high in the air, it is caused by the lashings from the swinging, bony arms of the army drowned. And did you ever listen to the weird noise as these mountains of water leap up on each other? That is the cry of the victims of the sea.

On and on the waves are driven, further and further they encroach on land, and the feet of the mighty body can be heard scraping for foothold on the smooth, shifting pebbles. Only another incoming wave, and escape is theirs—but it is just too late; the reacted undertow sets in, and you hear their bony feet slip from under them, and back they are carried, the sea holding them tightly in its arms, exhausted captives.

Then look, when the tide has run far out, and see the prints of their feet, and you will know why the sea ebbs and flows.

## Efficacy of Prayer.

The ways of God are inscrutable. No doubt thousands have prayed in vain, for prayer unless perfect in its qualities, is not always granted. Yet also it is true indisputably that the prayers of millions have been answered, and are answered every day.

Catholics pray with confidence to our Lord, and to His Blessed Mother and the saints for intercession, and know from unceasing experience that it is not a futile practice. To pray is a divine precept, and prayer, if possessed of all the characteristics that it should have, is seldom denied. But, as the Church teaches, it should be made with devotion, attention, confidence and humility. This spirit our Lord implied when he said: "Every one that asketh receiveth." And there is much in persistent prayer, for this very opportunity shows trust in God—*Catholic Mirror*.

At the recent meeting of the Catholic Truth Society in Liverpool, Rev. J. S. Vaughan stated that out of 29,000,000 of people in England hardly one and a half millions professed the ancient faith.

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A GREAT DISTRIBUTION OF

Dry Goods, Millinery, Mantles and Wraps  
at 182-4 Yonge st. going on this month.

The great distribution, as it started yesterday, is caused by the reductions we have made on many lines. Dress Goods prices always get the first blow. As a pointer to how they are reduced we quote 25c All-wool Goods reduced to 12 1-2c yard. They are Fancy Checks and Plain Serges. Silk Spot Serges reduced from \$1 to 75c. Not a few pieces, but shelf after shelf of fine dress goods all reduced in price.

Mantles, Wraps and Trimmed Millinery all reduced about 40 per cent.

Dress Trimmings were 20c and 12 1-2c, reduced to 5c yard; Grey Flannels, 12 1-2c yard, worth 18c.

## St. Paul's Catholic Literary Society.

At the regular meeting of St. Paul's Catholic Literary Society, held on Wednesday evening, Dec. 28th, the debate on Mr. Murphy's resolution, "Resolved that Independence is the proper destiny of Canada," was adjourned for two weeks, after a stirring speech by Mr. Murphy.

A literary evening will be held by the Society on Wednesday, Jan. 18th, when a most enjoyable programme will be presented. A full attendance of the members is earnestly requested.

## "Philip's Restitution."

The fine serial by Christian Reid, which was running in the *Catholic Weekly Review*, will be concluded in the next number of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER.

## THE MARKETS

TORONTO, January 4, 1893.

Wheat, fall, per bush.....	\$0 65	0 00
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 63	0 00
Wheat, spring, per bush....	0 60	0 61
Wheat, goose, per bush....	0 50	0 55
Barley, per bush.....	0 40	0 46
Oats, per bush.....	0 30	0 31
Peas, per bush.....	0 54	0 55
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs....	7 50	7 75
Chickens, per pair.....	0 40	0 50
Butter, per lb.....	0 22	0 23
Eggs, new laid, per dozen....	0 27	0 28
Paraley, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Turnips, per bag.....	0 30	0 40
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 40	0 50
Celery, per doz.....	0 40	0 50
Onions, per bag.....	0 90	1 00
Lettuce, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Asparagus, per doz.....	0 40	0 00
Radishes, per doz.....	0 20	0 00
Carrots, per bag.....	0 40	0 50
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 75	0 85
Beets, per bag.....	0 50	0 70
Apples, per bbl.....	1 00	2 00
Hay, timothy.....	8 00	6 50
Straw, sheaf.....	7 00	8 00

## LIVE STOCK MARKETS

TORONTO, Jan. 3.—There was a total of 20 loads of offerings on the market at Western cattle yards this morning. The demand was fair but not very extensive; five or six loads of cattle were purchased for Montreal, and prices here were not notably changed. Though there were not many buyers on the market, everything was sold by noon.

CATTLE. The quality of the cattle offering was tolerably fair, and prices ranged from 3 to 3½c, and for very choice stuff 3½c per pound was paid. Perhaps the larger amount of deals were made at 3½c per pound.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—About one hundred lambs came in, and mixed with them were a few sheep; lambs were in better demand, and sold (mixed with sheep mostly) at from \$4 to \$4.50 each. Sheep were not in request, but a few sold singly at from \$3.50 to \$5 each.

CALVES.—A few very poor calves were here, and they went at prices not worth quoting; but a moderate quantity of good calves would sell.

HOGS.—Of the 175 hogs that came in nearly all of them sold at 6c per pound; one lot only brought 5c, but two or three deals were made at \$6.15 per cwt. Prices are firm, and all grades will sell well.

## Miscellaneous.

Several soldiers were frozen to death on the ice off Cronstadt on Saturday.

Father Lacombe, the missionary, has gone to Quebec to procure nurses for the hospital in the Blood reserve.

Mrs. McDougall, mother of Mr. J. Lorne McDougall, Auditor-General, died on Wednesday morning at an advanced age. She had been an invalid for several years.

Mr. Dillon stated at a meeting of the Evicted Tenants' Commission that the total amount received from all sources for the support of evicted tenants under the Plan of Campaign was \$234,000.

The efforts made to induce the Pope to withdraw his support of the Republican Government in France on account of the Panama canal scandal, have failed. When the matter was broached, it is said, the Pope replied that the scandals did not affect the Republic, and that it was the duty of French Catholics to endeavour to purify politics.

The residence of Dowager Lady Beatrice Orde, widow of the late Sir John Powletta Orde, and stepmother to the present baronet, was burned early on the morning of the 4th. Lady Orde and the servants were taken out of the window by the firemen. None were injured. A large quantity of valuables and heirlooms of the Orde family, which is one of the oldest in the kingdom, were destroyed.

## Wolf No More.

Watson's cough drops will give positive and instant relief to those suffering from colds, hoarseness, sore throat, etc., and are invaluable to druggists and vocalists. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop. Try them.

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(In Affiliation with Toronto University.)

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