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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. II.—No. 2.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1894.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

The Roman correspondent of *The Irish Catholic* sketches in a very interesting way the return of Crispi to power. Two reasons worked to prevent Zanardelli forming a Cabinet: He had refused to promise that he would increase the taxes, and no one would assume the ministership of Finance. Again he had given serious offence to Austria by offering the portfolio of Foreign Affairs to Baratieri, an implacable enemy of Italy's north-eastern neighbor. The choice had been made, and had been confirmed by the crown before the blunder was perceived, and rather than show the complete helplessness of Italy with its allies King Humbert threw over Zanardelli and recalled Crispi whom he had driven from his presence only a few years ago.

How degrading King Humbert's position is, appears from the interview which took place between him and Zanardelli, when the minister told the King to his face that his Majesty was in no small way to blame for many of the scandals which have reduced Italy to such misery and disgrace. Then the King has to recall a man who is hated by the Court, and loved by none, the fraudulent possessor of 240,000 francs—but a man of tenacious will, and supported by those only who have a material interest in the Piedmontese occupation of Rome.

A remarkable letter from the Anglican Monk, Father Ignatius, was sent to the Editor of the *Liverpool Catholic Times* on the Holy Father's latest Encyclical. Father Ignatius says: "Every Protestant and Anglican, every Roman Catholic and Orthodox Oriental, must thank God for inspiring Pope Leo XIII. with such glorious courage. I was startled beyond expression as I read on. It was the Holy Ghost alone, who nerved the mind and hand of this Second Leo the Great, to pour forth such a torrent of heavenly faith and courage, such consolation and reassurance for the benefit of all sincere disciples of Jesus Christ, whether Catholic or Protestant." And again he upbraids the Archbishop of Canterbury for not taking notice of a memorial that was presented to him in Convocation to allay the unspeakable pain now existing in the church (Anglican) by reason of false teachers (the 'Higher Critics') within the fold." He asks, "Why is it? Have our spiritual fathers lost faith in the Bible? If the English Church authorities do not come forward soon in defence of the Sacred Scriptures and silence their opponents within the ranks of our authorized clergy there will certainly be an exodus to the Church of Leo

XIII, far greater than all that have gone before." The publication of the Holy Father's defence of the Holy Scriptures must indeed make an impression on all Protestants who read it, and who have always held the opinion that Catholics do not read the Bible.

In an interview at the bedside of the Abbe Lemire, Comte de Mun expressed the opinion that the existing laws can be effectively utilized to deal with the Anarchists without any sudden and arbitrary measures, thus proving that charity of heart and great prudence for which this eminent Frenchman is distinguished.

The members of the Catholic Workmen's Congress who assembled in Turin, a fortnight ago, have entered a solemn protest against the attacks on Christianity by the anti-religious press of the continent. They called on their brethren to shun these newspapers, which, while professing enlightened principles are doing their best to undermine all religious faith.

The Cardinal Archbishop of England is very interested in various social schemes for the amusement of the working people. Recently in Tower-hill was opened a social club for the benefit of the Catholic people. "The Catholic young men and young women require to be amused," says the *Catholic Times*, "as well as young people of other denominations. If amusement is not to be had in connection with the parish they will seek it elsewhere." Cardinal Vaughan approves of innocent amusements combined with religious duties, and takes an enthusiastic part in aiding the establishment of these clubs. A little recreation makes the path of religion less ascetical looking than it appears to be, and places of this kind draw all classes together, and here the cultured and learned help the poor and ignorant on the toilsome road of life.

On the 29th December Mr. Gladstone celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday. He was in excellent health and the dispatches say rose bright and early, looking strong and well. The scene at his official residence in Downing street that morning was one of unusual animation. The hourly mails were extraordinarily heavy, and messengers were arriving and departing with great rapidity. Telegrams, messages and cards of congratulation were constantly arriving. The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales and prominent members of both political parties tendered their congratulations. A large number of greetings were sent from America and Australia. When Mr. Gladstone entered the House of Commons that afternoon a perfect ovation was given him by his supporters.

As he passed down the aisle to his seat the Liberals sprang to their feet and waving their hats cheered him over and over again. The Prime Minister smilingly bowed an acknowledgment and took his seat, after which Mr. Balfour on behalf of himself and party offered the Prime Minister their sincere congratulations.

The Catholics of Milwaukee numbering several hundred, and representing twenty-six parishes in that city, met and formed a society called the Columbian League. The following explains the purpose of this League: "Its object shall be to sustain the rights which all Americans enjoy in common under the constitution and in accordance with the spirit of our free institutions. It shall aim to promote the good will, confidence and harmony which have existed and should continue to exist among Americans, and, by diligent and open discussion, remove all misapprehensions and oppose all influences which secretly or otherwise antagonize the American principles and the constitutional right of American citizens." This is the proper stand for Catholics to take, and if a union like this could be accomplished there would perhaps not be so much in the power of the P.P.A.

We learn from the *New World*, Chicago, that the Hon. W. J. Onahan of that city has received a very great honor from the Holy Father, on the recommendation of the Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor Satolli, and is made a "Supernumerary Private Chamberlain of the Sword and Helmet." This honor has been bestowed in appreciation of the services of Mr. Onahan in organizing the Catholic Congress, which was held at the World's Fair.

The anxiety felt in Italy concerning the state of Sicily, has turned out a stern reality. The people showed dogged resistance to the carrying out of the law relative to Custom house duty, and are now in open riot. Both Sicily and Sardinia are covered by a network of Socialists called the *fasci*. The Government does not know what policy to pursue with regard to the *fasci*, and the conciliatory spirit which it has so far displayed towards them cannot be looked upon as anything but a lenitive, which can never subdue the angry passions of an infuriated and tyrannized population.

The riots were very grave, the troops were called out, eight men were killed. The peasants in the mob tried to disarm the soldiers who were compelled to fire at close quarters. In a village in the province of Trapani, the anti-tax rioters burned several houses, and when a notorious usurer tried to pacify them, he was shot dead. The

situation in Sicily is regarded with increasing alarm by the Italian Government. The troops there number 40,000, and it is reported two hundred reserve officers have been called out for service.

At Berlin the Foreign Office is gravely pre-occupied with the uprising in Sicily, with regard to its probable effect on the European situation. Although the reports are thought to be exaggerated it is felt that the situation is full of peril and a source of weakness to the triple alliance.

Details have been received from Free Town, the capital of Sierra Leone, of the killing of British troops by the French near Warrina. When they were fired upon, the British at once responded, and the French shortly afterwards retired. Lieut. Moritz was wounded and captured by the British. When he was questioned by his captors for his reasons for firing on them, he explained they had mistaken them for members of the Sofas tribes, as their troops were all blacks, and their European officers, who were tanned with the sun, were taken for Arabs. Lieut. Moritz died from the effect of his wounds. The British loss was less than was at first reported.

Another report of the engagement says it took place by moonlight, and that it was owing to this fact Lieut. Moritz was unable to distinguish the uniforms of the British troops. Before his death, Lieut. Moritz said that natives had told him that the British were Sofas whom he was pursuing, that he had no idea who they really were. This serious mistake has not only been the loss of life, but there is a danger of whole nations being implicated.

Several London papers print an interview with Lieut. Mizou, the African explorer and French traveller in the French service. He said he was not surprised when he heard of the battle of Warrina. The territories of France and England were not adequately defined in Northwest Africa and there was deep hatred between the Senegalese sharpshooters and the West Indian soldiers. Lieut. Mizou could not believe the fault lay with the French.

The death is announced of the Rt. Rev. Dr. McNierney, Bishop of Albany, N. Y., which took place last week after a short illness. The Saturday before Christmas day, he ordained seventy five students of the Troy Seminary, and on the Sunday he ordained another to the priesthood at the Cathedral in Albany. Christmas morning he attended the services, although having a slight cold, in the afternoon he was much worse, and Tuesday morning his physician declared it a severe attack of pneumonia, from which he never rallied.

LEO XIII.'S ENCYCLICAL.

On the Study of Holy Scripture.

(Continued from Last Week)

THE GOLDEN AGE OF BIBLICAL EXEGESIS.

As a confirmation of our arguments we may recall the example of multitudes of men remarkable for the sanctity of their lives and for their knowledge of Divine truth, who were sedulous students of the Scriptures. We may cite the disciples nearest to the Apostles, amongst whom may be mentioned Clement of Alexandria, Ignatius of Antioch, and Polycarp, and we may point also to the Apologists, especially Justin and Irenæus. All these, in their letters and in their books, whether they were treating the preservation or the propagation of the Divine dogmas, set forth the power, and the piety of the Holy Scriptures. In the schools of theology founded at the side of so many episcopal sees, whereof the most famous were at Alexandria and at Antioch, the instructions given consisted of little else than the reading, explaining, and vindicating of the written Word of God. From these schools went forth the greater number of those Fathers and those writers whose profound studies and wonderful works succeeded each other during three centuries in so great abundance that this period has been called the golden age of Biblical exegesis. Amongst the men of the East, the first place is filled by Origen, a man most admirable for the quickness of his mental conception and by the persistence of his labours. From his immense and multiple works almost all his successors have drawn. Others must be named who extended the boundaries of the science. Amongst the most eminent are Clement and Cyril, produced by Alexandria; Eusebius and the second Cyril, the sons of Palestine; Basil the Great, Gregory of Nazianzen, and Gregory of Nyssa, from Cappadocia; and from Antioch that great Chrysostom, in whom wonderful learning was joined to wonderful eloquence. Nor has the Church of the West gained less glory. Amongst many Doctors of her own, illustrious are Tertullian and Cyprian, Hilary and Ambrose, Leo the Great and Gregory the Great, and, above all, Augustine and Jerome. The one proved his possession of an admirable penetration in interpreting the Word of God, and of a consummate ability in drawing therefrom proofs of Catholic truth; the other, master of an extraordinary knowledge of the Bible and author of magnificent studies of that sacred book has been honoured by the Church with the title of the Great Doctor.

THE MIDDLE AGES.

From that time down to the eleventh century, although study was neither so fervently pursued nor so fruitful in results, it nevertheless went on steadily, thanks, above all, to the zeal of the clergy. These were careful both to gather together the works of their predecessors and to spread abroad the knowledge of them enriched with the fruits of their own labours. Thus acted, amongst others, Isidore of Seville, Bede, and Acuin. The clergy furnished the sacred manuscripts with commentaries—thus did Valafride Strabo and Anselm of Laon; or they put into practice new methods for safeguarding the text—thus did Peter Damian and Lanfranc. In the twelfth century several undertook with great success the allegorical interpretation of Holy Scripture. In this St. Bernard was conspicuous amongst all others. His sermons are based upon almost nothing except the Sacred Writings. New and abundant progress, moreover, was made by the efforts of the scholastics. These men, although specially devoted to research, into the veritable text of the Latin version—as appears from the "corrected Scrip-

tures" which they produced—applied an even greater zeal and more extreme care to the interpretation and exposition of those Scriptures. With lucid learning equal to that of their greatest predecessors, they distinguished the various meanings of the Latin words, established the value of each term for theological use, marked off the several chapters of the books and the subjects thereof, traced the significance of Biblical words, and explained the coherence of all Scriptural precepts. All men know how much light they throw in this manner upon dark places. All her works, furthermore, whether theological or Biblical, manifest a profound knowledge of Scripture. And amongst them all the palm is borne by St. Thomas Aquinas.

THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING.

When Clement V., our predecessor, had attached chairs of Oriental languages to the Athenæum of Rome and to the most important Universities, the Bible began to be studied in the original as well as in the Latin. When, afterwards, the monuments of Greek learning were recovered, when the art of printing was invented, the study of Holy Scripture spread still further. The editions multiplied to a wonderful number in astonishingly short spaces of time. This was especially the case with editions of the Vulgate. The Catholic world was filled with them. So dearly, in times that have been decried by the enemies of the Church, were the Holy Scriptures beloved and honoured. We must not forget the great number of men of learning, belonging mostly to the Religious Orders, who between the time of the Council of Vienna and that of the Council of Trent, laboured for the furtherance of Biblical studies. Using the new means they had gained, using also their high talent and their great erudition, these men not only added to the riches accumulated by their predecessors, but also prepared, in some sort, the way for the students who were to succeed them in the age then drawing near—the age when the Council of Trent seemed to be followed by the promise of a return to the prosperity of the early Church and the early Fathers. No one can be ignorant of the fact that it is sweet to us to recall now—the fact that our predecessors, Pius IV. and Clement VIII., caused to be published important editions of ancient versions, the Alexandrine and the Vulgate. Those which appeared later by order and authority of Sixtus V. and of the same Clement are to-day in general use. It is known that at that time appeared, together with other versions, the Polyglot Bibles of Antwerp and of Paris, carefully arranged for the study of precise significations. There is no book of either Testament that did not then form the subject of some thorough interpretation. There is no question arising from those subjects that did not then exercise the learning and ability of students, many of whom—especially those following most closely the methods of the Fathers—made themselves memorable names. Finally, the zeal of our exegetists has not failed since that day. Distinguished men have deserved well of Biblical learning, and have preserved Holy Scripture against the attacks of Rationalism—attacks founded upon philology and kindred sciences, and to be refuted by arguments upon the same ground.

All those who will consider this review, without prejudice beforehand, will certainly accord to Us that the Church has never been lacking in foresight, that it has always let flow towards its children the healthful springs of Holy Writ, that it has always depended on this support, to the guardianship of which it has been pre-ordained by God, that it has fortified it by every species of protection, so that it has never needed, nor never will need, to be stimulated by those who are foreign to it.

The plan We have traced for Ourselves, Venerable Brethren, demands that We should have an understanding with you as to what seems the best means for the good regulation of these studies. But, at first, We must single out those who oppose obstacles to Us and the methods and arms to which they trust. Formerly the Holy See had to do, above all, with those who relied on private judgment, and, repudiating the divers traditions and authority of the Church, affirmed that Scriptures were the unique source of revelation and the sovereign judge of faith. At present Our principal adversaries are rationalists, who, sons and heirs, so to speak, of the men whom We mentioned above, and basing their notions on their individual opinions, have rejected wholesale even the doctrines of Christian faith still accepted by their predecessors. They absolutely deny all inspiration; they reject Holy Writ, and proclaim that all sacred objects are human inventions and artifices; they regard the Sacred Books not as containing the exact narrative of real events, but as inept fables and lying histories. To their eyes there are no prophecies, but predictions forged after the occurrences had taken place or, rather, presentiments due to natural causes; miracles really worthy of the name do not exist; they are not manifestations of the divine power, but surprising facts, which by no means transcend the forces of nature or of illusions and myths; finally, they hold that the Gospel and the writings of the Apostles do not emanate from those to whom they are attributed. To reinforce those errors, by means of which they believe they can annihilate the holy truth of Scripture, they invoke the decisions of a new free science. Those decisions are so dubious to the clouded visions of those rationalists that they vary and often contradict each other on the self-same points. And while men judge and speak in so impious a fashion of God, Christ, the Gospel, and the remainder of the Scriptures, there are not wanting among them those who wish to be considered Christians, theologians, and commentators, and who under the most honorable of names, dissemble the audacity of a spirit abounding in insolence. To those are added a certain number of men who, urged by similar aim and co-operating with them, cultivate other sciences, and whom a like hostility to revealed truth leads to kindred attacks on the Bible. We cannot too deeply lament the extent and hourly increasing violence which these attacks assume. They are directed against informed and intelligent men, although these are thoroughly competent to defend themselves; but it is particularly against the crowd of the ignorant that these implacable enemies employ every weapon of assault. By means of books, pamphlets and newspapers they spread the deadly poison; by meetings and speeches they sink it more profoundly into the public mind. Already they have carried on a general invasion, and possess numerous schools ravished from the Church, where, descending even to the miserable corruption by mockery and jibe of the still fresh and credulous hearts of youth, they excite them to the contempt of Holy Writ.

In that, Venerable Brethren, there is much to move and animate the common zeal of pastors so that to this new and false science should be lifted up the antique and voracious doctrine which the Church received from Christ by the intermediary of the Apostles, and which, in such a struggle, is always displayed by the able champions of Holy Writ.

This, then, should be our duty, that in the seminaries and the universities divine literature should be taught in every respect as the importance of the science and the requirements of the actual epoch demand. For this

reason prudence in the choice of professors should be held nearly to heart. For this function must be selected not men taken amongst the crowd but those who are recommended by a great love and a long practice of the Bible, and a veritable scientific culture—men, in a word, who rise to the height of their mission. Less care must not be expended in the preparation of those who are to succeed them. It is Our pleasure, therefore, that everywhere that it is possible those should be chosen as disciples who have traversed in a satisfactory manner the cycle of theological studies, a certain number of whom will devote themselves entirely to the acquisition of knowledge of the Holy Book, and to whom the possibility of giving themselves up to more extended familiarity will be furnished. When the masters shall have been thus singled out and formed, they should enter on the task confided to them with confidence, and that they may be able to discharge their duties well and obtain the results to be expected, We wish to impart to them more developed instructions.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"St. Peter's Cross."

In a recent address, Sir Stuart Kail, the last lord mayor of London, spoke interestingly about some obstacles which he encountered on account of his Catholicity. He said:

"I was, by the way, strangely attacked over the banquet to the hospital managers. It is one which is given annually, and with the arrangement of which I had nothing whatever to do, the secretary and committee of the hospital's fund sending out the invitations. You will scarcely believe that a vicar of a West end parish wrote to me to say that as Cardinal Vaughan had been put up to reply for the hospital, he should not in future allow his pulpit to be used for a plea on behalf of the fund. I took no notice of the letter. I did not know Cardinal Vaughan was coming till I saw him there. And while I am on this subject, showing how suspicious a few people were of me because of my religious views careful though I was to keep them in the background, I may tell you an experience I had which involved an attack on my loyalty. I received a communication from some one connected with the stock exchange declaring that now Cardinal Vaughan had put England under the patronage of St. Peter I had altered the city flag and put a St. Peter's cross on it. Naturally I was astonished but I found a solution of the puzzle. You know that in the city arms the sword of St. Paul occupies the top left-hand quartering. Sometimes it is called Sir William Walworth's sword. The sword bearer carries it with the crossed keys of St. Peter, as you know, the position of the keys on the dexter or sinister side of the sword depending upon whether, in the particular circumstances, St. Peter or St. Paul is prominent. The sword on the quarterings of course, looks like a cross upside down—a St. Peter's cross, and this man knew no more about his own city arms than to fancy I put a cross in it."

The continual succession of boils, pimples, and eruptions from which many suffer, indicates an impure state of the blood. The most effective remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It expels the poison harmlessly through the natural channels, and leaves the skin clean and clear.

Mr. Patrick B. Ryan, of Cathedral street, Ennisorthy, son to the late Mr. Patrick Ryan, proprietor of the Carley's Bridge Mills, passed away on Nov. 23th. Mr. Ryan was one of the most popular young men in the town of Ennisorthy.

A Simple Way to Help Poor Catholic Missions

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

ARCHBISHOP CLEARY.

W. in the West.

The Archbishop of Kingston's graceful address in the Academic Hall on the 19th ult. won him such golden opinions among the students of the University, that we are certain they will be pleased to see his portrait and a short sketch of his life in our Christmas number. The little time and data we have, do not permit us to prepare for this number of the *West* the lengthy and elegant article on the Most Rev. Dr. Cleary's remarkable career, which we feel many of our readers would be glad to see; these few lines, however, will show that the subject of this sketch is a model for all engaged in imparting or acquiring higher education, and an ornament and a tower of strength to his country and to the Church.

James Vincent Cleary was born on the 18th September, 1828, in Dungarvan, a seaport town in the County of Waterford, Ireland. He received his early education in a select private school of his native town. The Latin and Greek classics, prose and verse, were studied more diligently in that and similar private schools in Ireland in those days than in many colleges of high repute at the present time. The future Archbishop was early noted for his assiduity and brilliant parts. He completed the classical curriculum of studies in Dungarvan School at the early age of fifteen, and was then sent by his parents to the Irish College in Rome to begin his ecclesiastical studies.

Under the guidance of Dr. Cullen, subsequently Cardinal-Archbishop of Dublin, then rector of the Irish College, the talented young student from Dungarvan distinguished himself in the Eternal City. He was recalled, after a few years, by the Bishop of Waterford, to whom he was subject, and placed in the Royal College of Maynooth. Here he passed five years in the pursuit of ecclesiastical sciences: philosophy, history, dogmatic and moral theology, Scriptural exegesis and canon law constituted the curriculum. During his course in the renowned Irish institution, he won the highest prizes of the college in each department of study. He was still too young to be admitted to the priesthood when he finished the course in Maynooth, and returned home, and was later on ordained priest in his native town, the day after he had completed his twenty-third year, which is the proscribed age.

Immediately after his ordination, Father Cleary proceeded to Spain, where for three years he further stored his mind with sacred science in the famous University of Salamanca. On his return to his native land, he for some time occupied the chair of dogmatic theology and Scriptural exegesis in St. John's College, Waterford. Soon his health gave way under the strain of excessive labor, but in 1869 he had regained sufficient physical strength to enable him to go through an exceptionally severe ordeal. The authorities of the new Catholic University of Ireland, to silence the objections of those who argued that that institution should not receive a charter from the British Government because it was without gradates and without a faculty, resolved to exercise the Papal charter of conferring theological degrees, and to make a public demonstration in connection with it. The professor of dogmatic theology in St. John's College, Waterford, was selected as a candidate for the degree of divinity, and required to pass a public examination in the entire curriculum of Catholic theology, on three successive days. Friend and foe were invited to attend and controvert any thesis. The profoundest interest was manifested in the intellectual contest, the scholarly candidate successfully disposed of all objections, and on the

third day, in the presence of all the Bishops of Ireland, and amid enthusiastic applause, the Rev. James Vincent Cleary was decorated with the cap, ring, and other insignia of the doctorate in divinity. Seldom or never in our times has a degree been conferred with the same severity of test or solemnity of circumstances.

In 1873 Dr. Cleary was appointed President of Waterford College; in that capacity he did much to elevate the standard of studies in that centre of learning. He had become known throughout Ireland as a ripe scholar and an eloquent preacher, and bishops of different dioceses not infrequently invited him to fill their pulpits. In 1876 he was promoted to the living of Dungarvan and received a most warm welcome from the people who had known him from infancy and were justly proud of him. Whilst a professor Dr. Cleary manifested no interest in politics, but as a pastor he deemed it his duty to direct his parishioners in the discharge of what he propounded as a high conscientious obligation—the honest exercise of the suffrage. In this reference, he published some letters on the grave criminality of giving or receiving bribes in exchange for the suffrage. His teachings on this subject attracted considerable attention, and are still well remembered in all parts of Ireland.

An order from the Holy See reached Dr. Cleary in September, 1880, by which he learned that he was appointed Bishop of Kingston, Ontario. He had no voice in the matter; he had not been consulted; twice he remonstrated with the Roman authorities, pleading feebleness of health, the danger of facing a Canadian climate, and his unacquaintance with church affairs in Kingston. The sole reply received by him was an unconditional mandate to renounce his benefice in Ireland and go to the See of Kingston. He went straightway to Rome, and was there consecrated Bishop on the 21st November, 1880, in the chapel of the Propaganda by his Eminence Cardinal Simeoni.

Kingston is the oldest diocese in the Dominion after Quebec, yet, during the last thirteen years it has made great religious progress; new parishes and missions have been established, the clergy has been multiplied, convents, schools and many new churches have been built, and the stately cathedral has been completed and handsomely adorned. The great advancement of the diocese warranted its being divided three years ago, the parishes of the eastern portion becoming the diocese of Alexandria. At the same time the first pastor of the diocese of Kingston was raised to the rank of Archbishop.

Outside of his diocese, Archbishop Cleary has been considered one of the most scholarly and saintly prelates in the land. He generally eschews politics, but when the rights of Catholics are attacked, scheming or bigoted politicians have learned to dread his trenchant pen and forcible eloquence. He is, as he should be, a staunch supporter of the claims of his native country to self-government.

Long may the distinguished Archbishop of Kingston be spared to champion the noble causes of Old Ireland, of the land of his adoption and of the Church Universal!

Provide yourself with a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and so have the means at hand for contending successfully with a sudden cold. As an emergency medicine, it has no equal, and leading physicians everywhere recommend it.

Benziger's Catholic Home Annual, 1891.

We have just received a supply of this very popular annual. It contains the usual good things in the shape of stories, poems, historical and biographical sketches, and plenty of pretty, interesting pictures. Price by mail 25cts., in stamps or scrip. Address, CATHOLIC REGISTER Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Catholic Devotions.

Love is the life and soul of all Catholic devotions. Love of God and of His Blessed Mother, love of Jesus in the Sacraments of the altar, of the angels and of the saints. Now, it is one of the characteristics of love that it is always seeking new methods by which to show its strength and reality. It does not argue, "What must I do," but "What can I do?" A child that loves its mother, a flock that loves its pastor, a man that loves his friends, is on the watch to find what pleases the object beloved, and to gratify its wishes.

This spirit is the real and only explanation of these devotions and practices of the Catholic Church which Protestants do not understand. Take, for instance, the Blessed Sacrament. The Catholics of the first ages showed their veneration for it chiefly by the care with which they shielded that sacred mystery from profanation. Later on, when this peril had passed and the Church became more free and was endowed with greater wealth, the same veneration displayed itself in costly altars, splendid vestments and more elaborate ceremonies. Later on still, a great festival, that of Corpus Christi, was appointed in its honor, and confraternities and associations were formed. Still later on the Devotion of the Forty Hours was established.

Now, these manifestations all declare one and the same faith, belief in the real presence of our Blessed Lord in the Eucharist, one and the same love of the Church for our Divine Lord. The faith that prompted a Panoratus to die in ancient times, sooner than deliver up the mysterious something to a Roman mob, was the same that induces us nowadays to go to a Forty Hours' Devotion, or attend the solemn rite of Benediction. The method has changed, the devotion is still there.

The same truth is well illustrated in the history of devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. At the time of the Council of Ephesus, fourteen hundred years ago, she was chiefly venerated under her title of Mother of God, whilst in our day her Immaculate Conception has become prominent. Did the faithful in that time, therefore, disbelieve in her Immaculate Conception? Liturgies of that date prove the contrary, for in them she is hailed as "spotless," "undefiled," while ancient writers compare her to Gideon's fleece, and salute her as above all women.

Again, at one time we see that it is to the Holy House of Loretto that the pilgrims bent their steps, but in our day, though Loretto is not forgotten, Lourdes and La Salette are the favorite places. But the same veneration for Mary which existed in so great a degree in the fourth century that we read even of some that they were rebuked for offering sacrifice to her, this same devotion, regulated and directed by the divine wisdom of the Church Catholic, still exists in our days, and is the cause of the numerous sodalities and the countless devotions that are the expression of its strength.

The same may be said of our devotion to the Sacred Heart. Our Lord said: "Learn of Me, because I am meek and lowly of heart, and you shall find rest to your souls," and He declares that He has loved us, so we should have love for one another. Is it not most natural that at a time when Rest and Love are the things most wanted; rest for the weary and the wounded who can find no comforters, and when love is more than ever necessary, that the instinct of Christianity should form in a more loving manner a figure of that meek and lowly heart which bears with love for man?

But the Church is always misunderstood. When she bows at Mary's shrine, the cry is "Idolatry."

"Creature Worship;" when she presents the Sacred Heart, then the cry is "Priestcraft," "Political objects." But her children know her better, and heed not the senseless rabble. They cry aloud to Mary, "Make our hearts like unto the Heart of Jesus."—*Standard*.

The Priesthood.

In a pastoral letter announcing the annual collection for his Diocesan Seminary, Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minnesota, writes thus of the education of the priesthood.

The building up of the priesthood of the Church is the chief act of Christian piety, the most meritorious before God and the most fruitful in holy results that we can perform. The priest is consecrated in Christ's name to be the teacher of divine grace. He is the ruler and leader of the people, who look up to Him for guidance and inspiration. Where is the priest, there is the Sacrifice of Calvary, there are the Sacramental channels of divine grace, there is the source of heavenly light and of heavenly life. The action of the Church of Christ upon the world is through the priest, in whom her power becomes active, and upon whom she relies for the exercise of this power. The Church earnestly desires that her priests be multiplied, each priest is a new medium of action for her in glorifying God and saving souls. And since the more thorough the fitness of priests for their vocation, the more abundant and the richer shall be the fruits of their ministry, she demands that those of her sons who are called to the dignity of the priesthood be prepared for their office during long years of prayer and study. The priest, indeed, cannot be considered a mere passive instrument of divine influences. Vast room is left for his own personal energy, for the play of his personal qualities of his mind and heart. Whoever the priest, he is Christ's minister, and sacramental graces flow from his official acts. Most true, however, must it ever be that the greater his personal power the wider shall be the sphere and the more marked shall be the result of his ministrations.

The diocese which possesses a numerous and well-trained clergy finds all Heaven's blessings showered upon it. Good works of all kinds spring up as if by magic; churches and schools are built, asylums for the afflicted cover the land; the sacraments are frequented, the Gospel is announced to Catholics; the full power of the church is brought into action. In every age and country the tide of religion ebbs and flows with the action of the priesthood. Hence all our energies must be bent, if we would correspond with the designs of Almighty God, to increase the number of priests, and to bestow all possible care upon the levites of our seminaries.

But the building up of the priesthood pre-supposes ability to dispose of large material means. The expenses of educating seminarians must be paid, as a rule, from the Diocesan Seminary fund. This is true in nearly all cases of students in the preparatory course. The expenses of the clerical education of young men are heavy, and parents usually are unable or unwilling to bear them. The nation educates its military officers, and so the church must educate the priests who are to serve her, and to devote to her in love their strength and life. Vocations to the priesthood, heaven be thanked, are not wanting, and few things prove better than this fact the vigor and the fecundity of the faith of the people.

Young Women.

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

LETTER FROM LONDON.

Weekly Correspondence of the Register.

LONDON, Eng., Dec 22, 1893.

This week the Parliamentary barometer, like its kinsman of the weather, has varied from set fair to stormy. In the early portion we had a full dress debate on the burning question of the Navy, then came the attack of the House of Lords, and finally last night a fierce discussion on the allowance to the Duke of Edinburgh, and Mr. Vesey Knox's breach of privilege. Anything that can do service for the purpose of obstruction is eagerly seized upon by the Opposition and made the most of.

Accrington has remained true to its traditions, and another encouraging impulse has been given to the Home Rule cause. Mr. Leese has been returned, to use his own words, "as a Home Ruler, who had no desire to shirk the question," and as an unequivocal opponent of the hereditary principle in the House of Lords. He has been consistent, which is more than can be said of his opponent, and the Accrington electors have shown that they prefer a man who does not shift his position at the bidding of every wind that blows to one who, in the expressive phraseology of Mr. Michael Davitt, has written himself down as the champion political weathercock of the age.

Mr. Sexton has resolved not to proceed with his resolution of censure on the Chairman of Committees for suspending him when he resented Mr. Broderick's allusion to the Irish as an "impunctious and garrulous race." It was believed from the moment that the Government declined to give a day for the discussion of the motion, that it would be dropped, and Mr. Sexton has acted wisely in removing it from the paper, where it has appeared regularly every week since it was put down in the summer.

The continued indisposition of Mr. Peel makes the customary Speaker's procession through the corridors of the lobbies a very ghostly affair. It is the play of "Hamlet" without the prince. And an additional spectral touch is imparted to the ceremony by the absence of the sergeant-at arms, who is also a victim to the prevailing malady. The procession is headed on ordinary occasions by one of the attendants, wearing a massive chain of office. Strangers generally take these officials to be Privy Councillors, so stately is their mien and so gorgeous their get-up. Then comes the sergeant-at-arms, carrying the mace, with the Speaker and the Chaplain (Archdeacon Farrar) following, and a few members bringing up the rear.

As soon as the lobby is reached the stentorian voice of Chief Inspector Horsley is heard, bidding strangers to take off their hats—the few strangers present are usually Pressmen on the lookout for lobby news—and the doorkeeper being thus made aware of the approach of the procession cries, "Mr. Speaker," as a signal for members in the House to be prepared for his arrival. One would think, judging by ordinary rules, that in the absence of the Speaker his deputy would take his place in the procession, but then, customs in the House of Commons are very different from those which obtain elsewhere. It is true that the Deputy Sergeant is allowed to bear the mace aloft in the absence of his chief, but Mr. Mellor, the Deputy-Speaker, does not appear until a later stage. The Speaker's procession, therefore, now daily consists of the Deputy Sergeant, the Chaplain and the minor officials, and when Inspector Horsley says, "Hats off, strangers," the doorkeeper does not respond with "Mr. Speaker," but with the equally magic word "Mace." The Deputy-Sergeant reverently deposits the "bauble" on the table, but the Chaplain remains standing at the bar,

while the clerk at the table informs the House that the Speaker is unable to attend through illness. This communication having been duly made, Mr. Mellor, who has been in convenient concealment somewhere in the dark recesses behind the chair, suddenly makes his appearance, clad in evening dress, and proceeds to the table. Simultaneously Archdeacon Farrar advances up the floor, members rise in their places, turn their faces to the wall, the usual prayers are read, and then Mr. Mellor takes the chair. Such are the preliminary proceedings before the House gets to the regular business.

We may here speculate as to what would happen if the Deputy Speaker were also to fall ill—and there has been a tremendous strain upon his physical energies this year. No one seems exactly to know. The Speaker has come in for a large share of sympathy on account of the exceptionally arduous nature of his duties, but I really think Mr. Mellor is entitled to the greatest compassion, as he had the enormous responsibility of conducting the business of the House when the Home Rule Bill was in committee, and the Speaker had, comparatively speaking, a free time. It was a most harassing task that he had to perform, and now he has not only to take the Speaker's place, but he has also to discharge the duty of presiding when the House is in committee on the Parish Council's Bill. It would not be a surprise if he were to break down at any time, and then it is generally believed the business of the House would be brought to a standstill. Happily that crisis has not yet arrived.

All admirers of the "Scapegoat," which won such high praise from the Premier, who declared in particular that the hero was a nobly conceived character, will be glad to learn that Mr. Hall Caine is at work on a fresh tale. It is to be published in one of the monthly magazines, and Mr. Caine is at present writing it at his fine residence in the Isle of Man. The Rev. Baring-Gould's new novel, which is now being inquired for at the London libraries, also furnishes a literary topic of interest. It is really a beautiful work of fiction, though perhaps not up to the level of some of his previous stories which depict with such strength and directness the life and scenery of Cornwall and Devonshire. Baring-Gould straying from the west of England seems almost as irregular as Bret Harte dropping the wild west of the American gold diggings, or Besant leaving the shadow of St. Paul's. But doubtless the author of "Mehalah," will presently turn westwards again like a giant refreshed.

A mild and unseasonable Christmas now seems almost certain so far as the Metropolis is concerned. Yesterday, when the rain cleared off, was as mild and pleasant as the awakening spring in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, and to-day again it has been almost too warm for anything save the lightest of overcoats. The parks and gardens of London, by the way, are rarely more delightful than in mild weather and clear days in winter. The difference between the air in these "lungs of London" and in the crowded thoroughfares is remarkable. You seem to feel it almost directly you go through the gates of Hyde or Regent's Park. Keats might almost have written his sonnet

"To one who has been long in city pent
The very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven."

on the strength of a stroll in Kensington Gardens, had it not been for the "Notes of Philomel" to which he refers. I am afraid one would have to go quite as far as Devonshire nowadays to hear the nightingale in spring and summer, and even then it would be only by chance that your ear would be charmed with its dulcet note.

Impertinent Curiosity.

An American statesman long dead, whose name will have a place in the history of his country as a sincere patriot, had a petty trait of character which often blinded his intimate friends to his real greatness. This was a persistent and annoying curiosity.

He had a gnawing desire to know the private affairs of his family, his servants, and even of strangers.

His name was once suggested as a member of the President's Cabinet. There was no question of his ability or integrity. He was requested to call at the White House. Arriving there, he was shown into a private room, across a recess of which hung a red curtain.

To know what was behind that curtain was too much of a temptation for the curiosity of the statesman. The President, entering the room quietly by another door, was amazed to see the eminent senator tiptoeing softly across the floor, and poking his head between the curtains. He drew back and announced his coming by a cough. The interview was a pleasant one, but no tender of a Cabinet position was made to the visitor.

"I cannot have a Paul Pry in my Cabinet," the President said, afterwards.

Napoleon tormented his court by a paltry curiosity. He was not satisfied with seeing kingdoms at his back, he must also master the petty concerns of his officers, and know the secrets of the women of the court, even opening their letters to discover them. Hence the English ambassador pronounced him "a mighty genius, but not a gentleman."

The old code of gentility held that the personality of each man was sacred. In theory it protected him as effectually as chain armor. Only the coarse, vulgar fellow would pry into his neighbor's affairs, or read his letters; even to touch his person with rude familiarity was a sin against good breeding.

The present age has little or no reverence for the reserve that is the right of a neighbor. There may have been some excuse for gossip and curiosity among our forefathers, when communities were isolated and knowledge was scanty. Yet now, when the affairs of the Antipodes are known to us in an hour, and art and science offer to the world their stores of knowledge, our newspapers insist on prying into every personal detail of the private lives of people about us.

The verdict upon this age, we fear, like that upon Napoleon will be, "Eminent in genius, but not gentle."

Tridium at St. Patrick's.

It is the rule amongst the Redemptorist Fathers that when one of their departed brethren has been canonized each house has a tridium in the giving to God and in honor of His favored servant. In accordance with this rule a solemn Tridium will be celebrated at St. Patrick's Church in this city, beginning on Sunday next at High Mass (10.30, a. m.) when His Grace the Archbishop will preach. Solemn vespers will be sung at half-past seven, and a sermon preached by the Rev. Father Teffy. The Very Rev. Father McCann, V. G., will preach on Monday evening at vespers; and Rev. Father Ryan on Tuesday evening, who will close the Tridium.

High Mass will be celebrated on Monday and Tuesday morning at 9 00. The Blessed Gerard Majella in whose honor these services will take place, was beatified, the 19th of January last. As any lengthy notice of this chosen servant of God might forestall the ceremonies and sermons of the tridium we postpone till next week, a notice of this holy lay brother who is known as the Thaumaturgus of his community. He was born in 1726, began his religious life in 1749, and died at the early age of twenty nine years and six months.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes, this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used, it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adult like it because it relieves and cures the disease.



Saved Her Life.

Mrs. C. J. Wootton, of Wortham, Texas, saved the life of her child by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"One of my children had Croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it struggling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines given, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and, in a short time, she was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved her life."

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Twelve to the lb. Fifteen to the lb.

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HOME RULE!

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

ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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

P. MUNGOVEN.

TEACHER WANTED,

FEMALE, for Separate School No. 3, Glenelg, Hoiland and Sullivan. Must hold a second or third class certificate. One who is willing to teach a choir and play the organ in the church. Must come well recommended. State salary. Address, TIMOTHY McKENNA, Dornoch P.O., Ont.

THE IRISH AGE OF GOLD.

William O'Brien's Article on an Important Chapter in Irish History.

The Duke of Argyle was at the pains of writing a book to deride the superstition that there ever was a body corporate worthy of being called an Irish nation. The fun of the thing is that the Duke himself is a pure Irishman not many centuries removed, and that the history of his own family is the best confutation of his thesis. His plan to this day converse in the self-same Irish tongue which their ancestors brought out of Antrim. The planting of the Highlands with rich colonists is an historical fact, as well ascertained as the landing of the Pictish Fathers at Plymouth Rock. So powerful was the instinct which attached them to their ancestral state that purely Celtic Scottish colonies retransplanted themselves in Ulster, hundreds of years before King James' plantation, and Highland soldiers, led by the Duke's forbears, fought on the Irish side in all the last great battles for the re-establishment of the Brehon institution. A daughter of the house of Argyle was married to a rebel O'Donnell, a son led the troops of the Isles in the army of O'Neil. For all his pamphleteering there is nothing in Inverary Castle which the Duke prizes so well as the family tree which proves him to be the descendant of princes more genuinely Irish Nationalist than the Prince of Wales is genuinely English. When such a man as he can argue for the purposes of a Unionist pamphlet, as if it were nonsense to talk of the Ireland of his Grace's ancestors as a country better bound together than the Roman Empire, and gifted with a jurisprudence, literature, and civilization of its own, how can we wonder if the Cockney journalist imagines that he shows his wit by pulling the beard of King Brian Boru, and treating Finn MacCool on the same historical level as Jack the Giant Killer.

The part which Ireland took in saving Western civilization (says William O'Brien in the *Speaker*) during the break up of the Latin Empire is recognized by every European historian who is not an Englishman—Thiers, Guizot, all the learned historic excavators of Germany. Irish troops pressed the effeminate Imperial legions in the passes of the Alps. Irish scholars occupied as eminent a place in the court of Charlemagne as Greek scholars in the Italy of Renaissance.

Irish history is the only department of human knowledge as to which ignorance is not only permissible among educated people, but is cultivated, obtruded and gloried in. The treatment of Ireland is as shameful to English scholarship. The statesmen, out of one of the most fertile islands in the seas, have fashioned one of the most unhappy.

A great romance might be written of how the old Gaelic literature was saved from the persecuted of ages. Bonnie Prince Charlie's adventures amongst the Scottish crags were not a bit more exciting or more touching in their appeal to gentle hearts. There descended a yellow manuscript volume from unknown times through generations of a Tipperary peasant family, half farmers, half poets. Its existence came to the knowledge of Edmund Burke. The great Irishman was not a Gaelic scholar himself, but his Celtic genius enabled him to divine a Celtic national treasure in its ragged pages. By his means the manuscript was purchased for a few pounds. Then came a pathetic discovery. It was written in a lost tongue. Its ancient law dialect had been obsolete for ages. The learned puzzled over its crumbling pages in vain. The task was given over until there arose four scholars consumed with a sacred passion for the Gaelic learning. They dug up old crosses—so many that they discovered

30,000 Irish words to be found in a modern dictionary. They compared, and guessed, and bit by bit deciphered. The manuscript of the Tipperary cabin turned out to be the only existing copy of the "Shanachus Mor"—that venerable Gaelic law code which is far away the richest European body of laws that is not borrowed from the Romans," and the Brehon Law Commission (good, worthy men, of whom, I believe, only two understand a word of Gaelic) have ever since been engaged in purchasing dribbles of translations of the priceless manuscripts which the MacEgans for generations risked their goods and lives in order to preserve. The of the MacEgans, however, is one which most educated Englishmen are not ashamed to think of as the enemies of learning and the spawn of barbarism. They would be greatly amused if they were told that it was to the Irish schools and Irish colonies Anglo-Saxon England owed the better part of its poetry, its religion, and its civilization. They have only to ask any well informed Gorman man of letters, nevertheless, to know that to deny it would be like denying that William won the Battle of Hastings.

From the sixth to the ninth century speaking roughly, Ireland was a more compact body of united states than Britain, Gaul, Spain, or the Western Empire. For the one Roman Emperor who died in his bed, ten sovereigns of Ireland lived and thrived, and hunted and feasted, to a hale old age. Life was simple, pious, healthy, wholehearted. Law and order were enforced with a minuteness that moves the astonishment of modern law givers. Every parish had its social house of public entertainment, whose curator was obliged to keep a fire ever burning, and a pot full of good cheer over cooking thereon. The size of an hospital ward, the bath arrangements, the physicians's fees, were all rigidly dictated. The law apportioned the support of shipwrecked mariners carefully amongst the people of the district who would have any claim for salvage. The full university course for doctors of law, poetry, or music extended over twelve years. The power exercised by the Order of Poets, although it led to abuses, was perhaps the most extraordinary triumph of culture over arms to be found in the history of the world. In most other European countries the Church was the only power that stood between the brutal barons and the enslaved masses. In Ireland barons and even monarchs shrank before the bards—the fourth estate of their day—even as an English Ministry shrinks from a chorus of condemnation from the London newspapers. Picture the terrors of a hostile judgment from a learned versifier one of whose satirical incantations, according to the popular legend, could visitory "raise the three blisters of his grace," upon the cheek of his victim. Loch Derg derives its name from the bloody eyeball which King Eochy plucked out of his head as the price which an insolent bard demanded for his performances. Power so great, of course, brought its abuses. Notwithstanding, the learned doctor degenerated into the scurrilous balladist. A national parliament was summoned for the expulsion from the country of the libellous crew. It took the pleading of the saintly Columkille to save them.

The other elements of the population were scarcely less worthy of a high state of civilization. The workers in gold were a more numerous body than they are to-day. The artists who fashioned the Cross of Cong would see no human handiwork so fine if they could have visited the Chicago Exhibition. The royal cemeteries along the Boyne, are in their simple way, as kingly as those of Heliopolis. The population of each barony formed one family, who chose their own chief and pastured their lands in common. The first tenancies that began to be formed were rather freer tenancies than those of the

nineteenth century, before the act of 1881 was passed. The people's houses were of precisely the same pattern that the tourist still sees in tens of thousands along the Western seaboard, after seven centuries of English domination. The Church formed a beneficent Third Estate, checking the rich, feeding the poor, investing every portion of the island with consecrated associations, and sending forth over distracted Europe as many gentle saints as St. John and Germany sent Attila and Alarics. Civil wars during those centuries were not frequent and not at all grave. A tribal moat chiefly the transfer of a cattle prey from one valley to a neighboring one. The details were principally the deaths of chiefs and knights, who went out to encounter with the full-blooded appetite with which modern sportsmen hunt lions and tigers, and did not much of honor meet with serious mishaps. The five united states, into which the island was divided, were loosely and pleasantly held together by national feasts, fairs, pilgrimages, genealogies and (occasional) parliaments. In a general way the strongest of the five kings ruled and the weak went to the wall. So they did elsewhere, so unhappily, they do still.

It was the three centuries of invasion by the Danish barbarians that brought all this fair civilization to ruin and interrupted the natural evolution of the five States into one. No country in Europe resisted the vikings so effectually as Ireland. No country, consequently, suffered so bitterly from their ravages. Nevertheless, it was only a disastrous accident that prevented Ireland from being consolidated into a united kingdom on the field of Clontarf. In all Ireland's ill starred history there is no more pathetic mischance. It might well have been the subject of a National epic, if the eight centuries of unbroken warfare, oppression and intellectual darkness which followed did not give the Order of Poets their *coup de grace*. The case of Irish nationality does not depend upon whether the Ireland of the twelfth century was, what no other country in Europe was, a perfect homogeneous state, policed like a modern English shire. But at least let us not make fun of the most incontrovertible evidence of its exceptionally good record. I hope Englishmen for the future, at least, will be ashamed not to know something of the glory and tragedy enacted upon the day of Clontarf. By and by they may find the story fascinating enough to lead them on to the discovery that even a century and a half after that fearful blow, when Strongbow and his French knights came to Leinster, the Irish race was still a freer, more civilized and cultured race than their contemporaries of Anglo Saxon blood, and had again and again all but completed the fabric of national unity, centuries before the King of Paris ruled in Burgundy, or the King of Castille among the minarets of Granada.

Separate School Board.

The first meeting of the Separate School Board for 1894 was held last night. Rev. J. J. McJann, V.G., who has for eight years filled the position of secretary-treasurer, was appointed chairman; Rev. Father Rohleder, secretary-treasurer; His Grace the Archbishop, local superintendent; Bro. Odo, inspector; J. G. Hall, assistant-secretary-treasurer; J. J. Mallon, auditor. The committees appointed were: Finance—Rev. Father Cruise, W. Ray, D. A. Carey (chairman). Sites and Buildings—Very Rev. Dean Casady, James Ryan (chairman), M. Walsh, Rev. Father Bergin, P. J. Mulqueen. School Management and Supply—Rev. Father Hand, V. P. Fayle and William Ray. The chairman and secretary treasurer are ex officio members of each committee. The chairman of each of the standing committees, the ex-officio members and Rev. M. Cruise were appointed a committee to amend and arrange the by-laws. J. J. Foy, Q.C., was appointed solicitor. H. T. Kelly representative on Public Library Board, and J. M. Mallon representative on High School Board.



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

| | Close | Due. |
|---------------------|-----------|------------|
| G. T. R. East | 6.15 a.m. | 7.20 a.m. |
| O. and Q. Railway | 7.45 a.m. | 8.00 a.m. |
| G. T. R. West | 7.30 a.m. | 7.35 a.m. |
| N. and N. W. | 7.30 a.m. | 12.40 p.m. |
| T. G. and B. | 7.00 a.m. | 10.55 a.m. |
| Midland | 7.00 a.m. | 12.30 p.m. |
| C. V. R. | 7.00 a.m. | 12.15 p.m. |
| G. W. R. | 6.15 a.m. | 10.30 a.m. |
| U. S. N. Y. | 6.15 a.m. | 12.00 p.m. |
| U. S. West'n States | 6.15 a.m. | 12.00 p.m. |

English mails close on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10 p.m., and on Thursdays at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for January: 1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 22, 23, 25, 27, 29, 30.
N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Savings Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such Branch Postoffice.
T. C. PATTISON, P.M.

THE LAZY MONKS.

It is hardly possible to open a modern book or a newspaper of the day in which any reference is made to the Middle Ages or to monastic institutions without finding a sneer at the "lazy monks," the "ignorant monks," or the "monkish superstition." These lies, like the other great lies upon which the Protestant tradition rests, are woven into our every day life. We see them in the illustrations of our books, in the prints in the shop windows, and in the songs of the common people. The wells are poisoned. The atmosphere is so charged with falsehood in this matter that Catholics are often imperceptibly tinged with the prevalent view.

Truth is at the bottom of a well, is the oft quoted expression of an ancient philosopher; but in regard to the monks and many other Catholic matters, truth has been purposely sunk fathoms below the surface, stones and rubbish have been deliberately piled upon it, in the hope that it would never rise again. The Protestant Lie on this matter has lived tenaciously, helped on its way by Law, by Literature, by Art, by the historian, by the poet and the ballad singer. Yet, just as "murder will out," so too will Truth prevail in the long run. Truth in regard to the monks is slowly but surely gaining ground.

That the monks chose pleasant places for their monasteries is one of the charges brought against them. But, as Newman says, "they were not dreary sentimentalists to fall in love with purling brooks and nodding groves. Their poetry was the poetry of hard work and hard fare. They could plough and reap, they could hedge and ditch, they could drain; they could lop, they could carpenter, they could thatch, they could make hurdles for their huts, they could make a road, they could divert or secure the streamlet's bed, they could bridge a torrent. They found a swamp, a moor, a thicket, a rock, and they made an Eden in the wilderness. They destroyed snakes, they exterminated wild cats, wolves, boars, bears, they put to flight or they converted rovers, outlaws, robbers."

All this is agreed to even by non-Catholic writers. "We owe the agricultural restoration of the greater part of Europe to the monks," says the Protestant Hallam. To the "Lazy Monks!" be it remembered! "The monks were much the best husbandmen, and the only gardeners," says Forsyth. "None ever improved their lands and possessions more than the monks by building, cultivating, and other methods," so says Wharton. "Wherever they came," so says Mr. Soame, "they converted the wilderness into a cultivated country, they pursued the breeding of cattle and agriculture, labored with the hands, drained morasses, and cleared away forests." M. Guizot says:—"They were the agriculturists of Europe, they cleared it on a large scale, associating agriculture with preaching."

All these testimonies could be strengthened indefinitely. There was no limit to the blessings conferred on the people by "these lazy, immoral" monks. They copied the Bible and the best ancient literature. Their beautiful manuscript remain even until now the treasures of Protestant museums, speaking witnesses for the monks, and eloquent accusers of the Protestant Lie. Art and science were cradled and nurtured by these "ignorant monks." Music, painting, astronomy, every one of these owe a debt to the monks. Architecture—but why go on? Look at our noble cathedrals now in the hands of the false teachers, of wolves in sheep's clothing, who defame the me that raised these poems in stone, wherein a mutilated gospel is preached, and

from which the Altar and the Sacrifice have been banished. The spoilers have come in and have lied in the face of heaven and before men in order to justify their infamy.

Writing the other day of the Matabele war, a London daily paper said that "modern civilization when dealing with savages could not wait for the slow methods of the Jesuits," referring of course to the great work of that glorious order among native races in Paraguay and elsewhere. No, we civilize nowadays with machine guns and whiskey. The "Christian" seeks out the native, not to bring him to a knowledge of God, but to steal a concession and float a company on the strength of the theft. The slow, but humane and successful, "monkish method" is not in vogue in this Protestant age. The difference between the methods of "modern civilization" and the methods of the monks is just the difference between the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity.

I often wonder what would have been the result if our forefathers had been "civilized" by a chartered company, instead of being taught by Augustine and the monks of Iona and Lindisfarne. The conquest of the monks endure to day despite the revolt of a great part of modern Europe against the rule of Christ's Church. Protestantism has done its worst to bring us back again to the days when force only ruled, and but for the spirit of Catholicity—which still exists, even where hardly discernible amidst much that is evil and barbarous—but for Catholicity Europe would be to-day as revolting to the true Christian as it was in the time of Nero.

But this is a digression. We hear much about the lands owned by monks and monasteries. Who are the owners of the land to-day? And are they kindly lords of the soil? Do the descendants of the men who despoiled the monks use their tenantry as well as the monks did? It was needful that the plunder should be justified, hence the ruffians who robbed the monks, or rather, who robbed the poor, for the monks were but the guardians of the poor—hence these robbers and receivers of stolen goods, who have been our law-makers and rulers of the land, have fostered the traditional lie, that the monks were idle, and lazy, and superstitious.

Just as a burling preacher, in a desecrated abbey raised by monks to the honor and glory of God, will go up into his pulpit, and, taking his text from the Bible handed down to him by the monks, will thunder forth against the "ignorance and superstition" of these men, who, perhaps, founded the college in which he was educated. So, too, will the defenders of the spoliation of the monks contribute out of their ill-gotten wealth the means wherewith to circulate lies against the Catholic Church, and poison the minds of the poor, whose heritage they now enjoy, against the monks, who were the guardians of the poor and the constant advocates and champions of their claim. And so the world goes on!

Can any one deny that the monks were good landlords? Protestant writers are all agreed on the matter. Some of the abbots were in debt and could not pay the levies of the secular power, because they had "remitted the rents of many of their tenants." A pitiful tale, a bad season, always appealed to the kindly monks. There were no evictions, no rack rents, no demands for grants of public money, no squandering of income on the race course, or worse; no evasion of public duties. The land was for the support of the poor, and the monasteries fed the poor. Large sums were constantly handed to the king in time of war or stress. The monks did not lend to the State at five per cent. They did not throw the burdens properly their

own upon the people at large, as the modern landlords have done. And yet the poor who have been despoiled in denouncing the monks with the false teachers join in the State Church, and the men who hold the plunder, and the State which bound the monk and hanged him for preaching the Gospel to the lowly and standing up for freedom of conscience and human liberty!

We can see then what a powerful combination of interested parties it was that started the Protestant Lie, and still allied against the monks and the Catholic Church. Yet truth will prevail. Who can doubt it? The poor want champions to-day as much as ever they did. Where shall they find them? In the newspapers that merely make capital and circulation for themselves out of the people's misery? Wait till the workers on these same papers take up arms against their employers for higher wages and shorter hours. Then we will see where the shoe pinches.

Or will they find their El Dorado in State Socialism, with an army of officials and a central authority, managed, as it needs must be, by a handful of men? Is salvation to be found there? Who will watch the policemen? Who will see that the officials are kind and generous and incorruptible? Not there, indeed, is the cure for our social ills to be found.

And can we look for it in a Church which is a mere State department, like the Board of Trade or the Home Office? Can we look to a Church with a married clergy, saving up for their sons and daughters, hunting for places for their relatives and preferment for themselves? There, also, we look in vain.

When we have tried our modern civilization for all it is worth, and when the State and the State Church, and the Municipality and the world of paid officialdom have all been found wanting, as they will be found wanting, then, perhaps the monk and the nun, the Sister of Mercy and the Catholic priest—the men and women who freely give up all, riches and friends, home and ambition, to devote themselves to the service of mankind for the love of God—then the turn of these will come once more, and the ruined abbey will be rebuilt and will again team with its ministering monks, and matin bell and the vesper hymn will again be heard in many a quiet country place, and better still, in the crowded centres of busy life, where fester and rot the savages and outcasts, the products of a civilization without religion, a civilization that despises "the lazy monks," and cannot wait for the "slow methods of the Jesuits," in its hurry to get ahead.—*Charles Diamond in Glasgow Observer.*

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Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

V. O. R.

Father and Friend Eternal
 Swift, the day has gone,
 Passed on its way for ever,
 Light shafts are hastening on,
 Clinging to Thy protection,
 Coming to Thee, we pray
 Give us Thy evening blessing,
 Star of the closing day.

Silence and darkness round us,
 Thou who art Love and Light,
 Send Thru Thy Benediction
 Over the lonely night,
 Lay Thy blessed Hands upon us
 While, with bowed heads, we pray,
 Give us Thy evening blessing,
 Star of the closing day.

May the fond thoughts we bring Thee
 All the night these holy hours
 Shine like the altar tapers,
 Bloom like the altar flowers,
 Will not Thy Heart accept them,
 Watching us while we pray,
 Give us Thy evening blessing,
 Star of the closing day.

Parton the just and strengthen
 Hope for the days to come,
 Let not the tempter's shadow
 Darken Thy children's home,
 Guard us in joy and sorrow,
 Raviour and Friend, we pray
 Give us Thy evening blessing,
 Star of the closing day.

Work of an Irish Nun.

The Carmelite nuns of the Third Order have been working for the last twenty-three years in the missions of the Malabar coast, southern India. In 1868 the father general of the ancient order commissioned a sister—who years before as the daughter of a Protestant clergyman in England had been received into the Catholic Church—to found a community of the Third Order for the missions in India. At first failure seemed to threaten the entire project. After five years the little community had to be broken up. But out of apparent failure came great success. From the little mustard seed of only two European sisters who remained have sprung eight or nine religious communities, with over eighty nuns, who are educating more than 1,200 children, all classes, castes and religions.

But the most remarkable character of these noble workers for God's glory is an Irish religious whose name is held in veneration in Malabar. This is Mother Elias of Jesus, who, after laboring ten years in the Mangalore mission, then belonging to the Discalced Carmelites, was afterwards placed in charge of the Convent of the Holy Angels, Trivandrum. Concerning this admirable woman, whose name ought to be known and esteemed in Ireland, a Belgian periodical, *Chroniques du Carmel*, wrote thus;

"Rev. Mother Elias is an Irish-woman, a religious of pre-eminent merit, enjoying the highest consideration of the Maharajah and of all the authorities of Trivancorn. For twenty-three years she has devoted her life with admirable generosity to the education of the young natives of the Carmelite missions."

Two or three years ago Mother Elias returned for a short time to Europe to recruit her shattered health and strength, and also hoping to find some missionary vocations for her beloved Malabar. Unfortunately she had to return alone as she came.

We shall now quote, from one eminently qualified to speak with authority, an account of this wonderful woman and her extraordinary activity, which will be read with interest and sympathy. Our correspondent writes:

"The establishment at Trivandrum is very flourishing, but depends entirely on Mother Elias, and if anything happens to her there is no one to take her place. There are nearly 800 children, boarders, day scholars and orphans, who are separate, divided into fifteen classes. Each class has its teacher; and, as the whole community consists of only eight nuns, of whom only five are capable of teaching, the

reverend mother is obliged to pay teachers, and some very highly, in order to maintain a standard equal to that established by the Protestant government school, otherwise, as the Catholics of Trivandrum are very careless in religious matters, they will make no difficulty in removing their children from the convent school and sending them to the Protestant. This is, and has been ever since its establishment, a perpetual struggle.

"Thanks to Mother Elias' zeal and educational talents, but above all to her Irish faith and trust in God, and also to the esteem and unbounded affection she has gained from all, the schools are an honor to the missions of Quillon; but as a missionary just come from thence told me the other day, 'I do not know how Mother Elias exists. She works so hard all day both in giving lessons, and with all her duties as superior, that she is obliged to sit up at night for her correspondence, and besides she eats scarcely anything, and this life has been going on for the last thirty years.'

The pecuniary resources in this mission are extremely small, as you may see from the allocation of the propagation of the faith. In the convent they have just enough to live, and all they gain by the pupils' fees goes to pay the teachers, and is not even sufficient.

"For this reason Mother Elias is obliged herself to take the first classes in English, French and music, which occupy at least six or seven hours every day; but as she tells me she is gradually weakening down from over work, and the poor sisters with her, notwithstanding their good will and their heroic efforts. She needs if possible some good religious vocations, at least two or three young ladies with a good education, who can be found to help them in their arduous work, and who for the love of God and the salvation of souls will not fear to undertake the long journey, and bear the tropical climate to lay up treasures in heaven. The harvest is very ripe and plentiful, but the laborers are few, and these few are almost falling under the burden which is above their strength.

"I see the prioress of the Dominican convent has succeeded in carrying away twelve postulants. If poor Mother Elias could obtain only two or three how very thankful she would be!

"Oh, if God would inspire some one like Mlle. van Yperale to devote herself to our Indian missions! Her touching history brought tears to my eyes, and I have not failed to pray for this dear soul. Would that her spirit might rest on many others!"

"Let me tell you," our esteemed correspondent concludes, "my special reason for troubling you. In your last August number the first article was 'An Echo from the West Indies,' which touched me greatly, and the thought came strongly across my mind, 'Why should I not try and do for our Carmelite missions in the East Indies what a charitable soul is doing for the West?'—*Exchange*.

The Midnight Mass.

Charles Dickens, who has written so much about Christmas, has this to say about the observance of the festival in Bavaria:

I never should have had strength to rouse myself out of that delicious sleep, had I not kept saying to myself, "You'll repent to-morrow morning! you'll repent to-morrow morning, if you don't hear that organ—don't see that exquisite chapel all lighted up!"

So I rose, dressed myself in great haste, and found myself as fresh as though it were morning, instead of midnight. And when we stepped out into the cold frosty night, how beautiful it was. The crisp snow beneath our feet, and above our heads such a dark-blue frosty sky, with its myriads of glorious stars. The air was filled

with the sound of bells—such holy music! And as we passed along, the trees, covered with hoar-frost, shone out like strange phantoms. There were numbers of people hurrying along the streets to various churches.

Our way lay through the courts and galleries of the palace, till we came to the Hof Kapelle of Munich. Lights shone from the palace; the whole place seemed astir; the warmth of incense met us as we approached the chapel. Priests were already chanting and prostrating themselves before the altar, and the organ was fitfully pealing through the chapel. The altar was one blaze of tapers; tapers fixed in all the candelabras around the walls, like tall fire lilies, cast long glittering reflections upon the marble walls and pavement. And how grand did the prophets, saints and martyrs appear by this brilliant, artificial light, gazing down upon you from their golden grounds!

Soon the two kings, Max and Otho, and their queens, and all the court, appeared in the golden and frescoed galleries on either side the high altar, and the archbishop, in his mitre and brocaded robes, attended by a train of priests, young and old, and a train also of young court pages, lads of from 12 to 15, some score of them, dressed in court suits of blue and silver, all entered by a side door near the altar, and bowing first before the altar, then bowed before the king, and passed on. A second train of court pages also entered in the same dress, but apparently some three or four years older, and each carrying a tall waxen taper. These stood before the steps of the altar, with their burning lights, and they were. Fraulein Sauchen assured me, every one high nobility; and their fresh young faces seemed to have a vast charm for my poor, old, wrinkled and timeworn companion.

The service lasted about an hour, and was impressive. But the sudden change from the warmth, the light, the music, the color and the intoxicating incense within the chapel, to the silence, the snow, the frosty sky, with a brilliant moon without, was much more impressive. What with the excitement of the midnight mass, the heat, the cold and the beauty, I was so wide awake when I once more found myself in my own little room that I did not attempt to go to bed till it was about time to get up in an ordinary way. And then came a packet of English letters, greetings from my beloved ones, and they have been the joy of the day!

"She Looketh Well"

to the ways of her household." Yes, Solomon is right; that's what the good housekeeper everywhere does, but particularly in Canada.

But her ways are not always old ways. In fact she has discarded many unsatisfactory old ways. For instance, to-day she is using



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THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1894.

Calendar for the Week.

- Jan 11—Fifth day within the Octave of the Epiphany.
12—Sixth day
13—Octave of the Epiphany
14—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
Feast of the Most Holy Name of Jesus.
15—S. Paul the Hermit.
16—S. Marcellus I. Pope and Confessor.
17—S. Antony, Abbott.

Principal Caven and the Syllabus.

We do not expect Principal Caven to be an authority upon the Syllabus or Papal utterances of any kind, but we do expect, and rightly too, that in order to support or justify any real or hypothetical opinion of his, he will not, in treating such subjects, distort, mistranslate and misapply them. The matter deserves more respect at his hands. His own reputation and position as scholar, gentleman, and professor of Christianity require him to be more careful than that he should sacrifice justice upon the altar of popularity. And last, but by no means least, the circumstances of the times and the feelings in Ontario to-day demand most imperatively that he like all leaders and formers of public opinion should be just if he cannot be generous, and silent if he cannot be either just or generous.

Now we charge Dr. Caven with distorting, mistranslating and misapplying three propositions of the Syllabus of 1864, issued under the authority of His Holiness Pius IX. When asked his opinion on the P. P. A., the Principal of Knox College gave a statement to the *Globe* from which we quote the first two paragraphs:

"I am not," he says, "accurately informed as to the principles, aims and methods of the Protestant Protective Association, and I should be sorry to say anything unjust or injurious regarding it. The association is organized to counteract the political influence of the Church of Rome, which is regarded as inimical to civil liberty. Loyalty to the church is considered to be inconsistent with loyalty to the State; and therefore, it is held the full rights of citizenship should not be accorded to Roman Catholics; they should not be appointed to any public office."

"The Syllabus of Errors (1864) condemns the following among other propositions: 'The ministers of the church and the Roman Pontiff ought to be absolutely excluded from all charge and dominion over temporal affairs'; 'The immunity of the church and of ecclesiastical persons derives its origin from civil law'; 'Whence it has been wisely provided in some countries called Catholic that persons coming to reside therein shall enjoy the public exercise of their own religion.' A Protestant has, of course, great difficulty in seeing how the condemnation of these propositions can be harmonized with the principles of religious liberty and the conception of civil government which we feel bound to maintain."

As these three propositions thus stand, the reader would naturally infer that they are in juxtaposition in the Syllabus itself, and that the third is a consequence of the other two. "Whence" is an illative conjunction and has reference to something else,

of which the sentence introduced by *whence* is the conclusion. Is this the case? Not at all. The first proposition quoted is No. 27, the second, No. 80, while the third is No. 78. What right has any person to take such liberties with a state document as Dr. Caven has done with these propositions? It must be further observed that these propositions are taken from Papal allocutions issued at various times and under different circumstances. In fact the Syllabus itself is a collection, arranged and divided, of propositions condemned from time to time in Allocutions, Encyclicals and like documents. The first is taken from an allocution delivered on the 9th of June, 1862; and the second from one delivered on the 10th of June, 1851. Why connect so closely things which are so widely separated? Again the two propositions, and more especially the second, refer particularly to the Roman States. A priest of Lima had written a work of six volumes against the Curia Romana which the Sovereign Pontiff very severely and very justly condemned for its errors against the rights of the Church. As a condemned proposition the second is local in its origin. Its acceptance as a universal proposition involves the relation of Church and State, the meaning and extent of the word *immunity*, &c., &c. No immunity in this country has ever been claimed upon the strength of the contrary of this proposition, and it is most unfair to place it as a support for the organization of such a society as the P. P. A.

The first proposition clearly refers to Italy and has no significance out side of the claim for the temporal power of the Pope. This proposition has been mistranslated by Dr. Caven. As it stands in the original Latin, it reads:

"*Sacri Ecclesie Ministri Romanusque Pontifex ab omni rerum temporalium cura ac dominio sunt omnino excludendi.*"

"The Sacred Ministers of the Church and the Roman Pontiff ought to be absolutely excluded from all charge and dominion over temporal affairs."

The omission of the word "Sacred" is an important one, and affects the proposition most materially. Although the distinction between Minister and Sacred Minister may not be admitted by Dr. Caven, he should know that the Catholic Church makes a very important distinction between them. The Pope, we suppose, can make a minister of any one, i.e. he can give the administration of temporal matters to anyone. No writer, therefore, would state such a stupid proposition as that all ministers of the Pope, and the Pope himself, should be excluded from all charge of temporal affairs. Still more absurd is the proposition seen to be, when made universal and applicable to the whole world. If this were the case, no priest could sit with Dr. Caven on the Senate of Toronto University and discuss its finances.

Coming to the third proposition we think that Principal Caven's last state is worse than the first. We have already pointed out that the *whence* in this proposition has nothing

whatever to do with the others, and that forty-seven propositions separate them. Furthermore the third proposition is taken from an allocution delivered on the 27th of September, 1862. Had this latest teacher of specious logic connected propositions 77, 78 and 79 together he might have seen that the condemnation of 79 is the reason for condemning the others. All refer to Catholic countries where, as in Spain, the people are of the one fold. We object to the word *hinc* which is in the original being translated *whence*, we object to *laudabiliter* being translated *wisely*, and we also object to the words *hominibus illuc immigrantibus* being translated "persons coming to reside therein." This translation includes too much; for the condemnation applies to foreigners, "who," as Cardinal Newman puts the case, "had no right to be in a country not their own at all and might fairly have conditions imposed upon them during their stay there." "It was," quoting still from the Eminent Cardinal, "only the sufferance of their public worship, and again of all worships whatsoever, however many and various, which the Pope blamed; further the Pope's words did not apply to all States, but specially, and, as far as the Allocution goes, definitely, to New Granada."

These are some, but by no means all, the points upon which we call Dr. Caven to account. If men like Dr. Langtry's "uncrowned King of Canada" place our principles thus before the public; if men like him mangle the official utterances of our supreme ruler, what hope can Catholics have of receiving justice from the hands of the less enlightened; and what hope can any patriotic Canadian have that prejudice based upon falsehood, and bitterness based upon distortion, mistranslation and misapplication will ever die down and die away?

Positive Faith in Germany.

The *Christian Guardian* rejoices over the fact that "Recent discussions, in Germany, for and against the Apostle's Creed—show that the great majority of pastors and people in the churches hold fast to positive Christianity, and do not accept the negative speculation of the critics." The *Guardian's* opinion is shared in by the *New York Independent*—of which journal a recent correspondent mentions a number of facts which strongly "sustain this view of the state of things." He says, "that many pastors have come out strongly in defence of the historic belief in the Creed, and against the negative theories of Harnack and other disciples of the Ritsche school." It is very evident from the foregoing that the Apostles' Creed is not accepted in all the churches nor by a large number of Protestants in Germany. We firmly believe that just as much can be asseverated of the Protestant churches and Rev. pastors of Canada and the United States. It is not in every church or by every Protestant Rector that the venerable formula of Christian faith, known as the Apostles' Creed, is accepted and its dogmatic teachings inculcated. Nor are we aware if it be required that every minister of the Gospel subscribe

to it, or give unqualified adhesion to it before ordination or induction to a new parish.

The essence of Protestantism is freedom to think for yourself, full permission, or *carte blanche*, as it were, to be allowed to form your own opinion, no matter what the church may teach or the pastor propound. Protestantism being built up on the principle of private interpretation must be naturally opposed to Dogma or Positive Faith in Religion. Thus we hear it often said by our Protestant friends in social chat—"Give me all the religion you may—but do not attempt to dogmatise."

The fact of a large number of Protestant ministers coming out strongly for positive Faith—or the maintenance of the Apostles' Creed—betrays a woful lack of Faith among the generality of Preachers whose mission and duty it is to spread the Faith. How can they spread or communicate what they have not, or how can they have the conscience to accept salaries for preaching truths which they do not believe in themselves, or of which they have no positive assurance? All positive Faith or Dogma is revealed of God either immediately—as to the church or the Apostles—or mediately to us by the authority or through the agency of the church or living teachers divinely appointed. As private interpretation admits of no authority or divinely appointed teacher, it never can be expected to produce positive Faith, which is a gift of God. It is useless to look for it in Germany or any other portion of the Protestant world.

An Editor in Difficulty.

We see by accounts from Lindsay that the redoubtable editor of *The Warrier*, Mr. Sam Hughes, has been figuring before the police court of Lindsay with strong facial evidence of having received a share of what he has long deserved for his bullying ways and abusive pen. *The Warrier* in its usual style attacked a member of the Town Council of Lindsay, Mr. Kiely, for a vote which he in union with several other councillors had given. Mr. Kiely meeting Mr. Hughes on the street asked for an explanation why the latter was abusing him in his paper. There followed no "court courteous," or "reproof valiant," but "the lie direct." After one or two returns of this complimentary method of address, the gallant editor struck Mr. Kiely. This gentleman was not expecting such an argument, and it was only after receiving a second blow that he went for his antagonist with energy. He threw Mr. H. down, and was giving him a sound beating, when some bystanders interfered. It is always a sore day for a bully when he meets his match, but it does him good. This may prove to be the case with Brother Sam.

Personal.

Besides the Most Rev. Dr. Cleary, Archbishop of Kingston, who has been spending a few days with his Grace Archbishop Walsh, their Lordships, the Bishops of Hamilton, Peterboro' and London, were also in Toronto this week on a New Year's visit to our venerable Archbishop.

The Governor-General's Speech.

Although the Banquet of the Toronto Board of Trade never lacks for large numbers of assembled representative men or for eloquent speeches, still the one held this year on the 4th inst was exceptionally brilliant in both respects. But a religious journal might well pass the whole event by with a very brief notice were it not for the chord struck by His Excellency the Governor-General in reply to the toast in his honor.

After touching upon several points in a very happy manner, and recognizing Ontario's claims to energy and success in various subjects, Lord Aberdeen said:

"I do venture to express the hope that Ontario will take the lead also in other respects, the lead in discouraging anything that savors of bigotry or intolerance, the lead in promoting the broad, tolerant, sympathetic spirit, which is the true and necessary result and sequence of true civilization, enlightenment, and especially of true Christianity. I will venture once more to read from a speech of that distinguished man who has already furnished me with a text for some of my remarks. On a very important occasion—the last time he spoke in Canada—the Marquis of Dufferin used these earnest words: 'Divided as you are into various powerful religious communities, none of which is entitled to claim either pre-eminence or ascendancy over the other, but each of which reckons amongst its adherents enormous masses of population, what hope can you have except in mutual forbearance and generous liberality of sentiment?' It is in the application of that principle of religious toleration to public affairs, as well as to private life, that we alone can look forward to that condition of happiness, equality and peace to which we all aspire. I shall earnestly hope that nothing ever in Ontario will be prominent which would imply a contrary spirit to that tolerance and that broad, comprehensive, sympathetic spirit which is the best kind of patriotism."

That is language worthy of the man who uttered it, worthy of his exalted position and his generous noble character.

It is language which sinking into the hearts throughout the land should produce the fruit it is intended to produce. Has it fallen amongst briars or on stony ground? Time will tell. It is lesson number two which our Governors-General have given lately the bigots of this Province. Many of those gentlemen, the Equal Righters, who called upon Lord Stanley and were snubbed by him, must have felt a chilly sensation as they read Lord Aberdeen's speech. A bright prospect lies before the P.P.Aists and the scattered subjects of Dr. Langtry's uncrowned King of Canada, Principal Caven, if ever they propose to interview his Excellency upon any of the supposed points of Rome's aggression. We commend this paragraph of his Excellency's remarks to Dr. Langtry, Principal Caven, Provost Boddy, and all the other busy bodies in Ontario who regard Rome as an enemy and Catholics as people who should be hunted and driven out. For ourselves we are confident of the outcome of this torrent of bigotry and persecution as long as the fountain of justice and authority is pure and undefiled.

Rev. Mother Ball.

The centenary of this venerable religious, which took place on Monday last, is an event of more than passing interest to her many spiritual children and their pupils scattered throughout the English speaking Catholic world. Mother Mary Teresa Ball was born at Dublin Jan. 9th, 1794. At an early age she was sent to York in England

to a convent of "The Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary" a pious sisterhood long existing in the city of York under the great trials and persecutions of penal laws. Its origin is in Germany, where many Catholic families took refuge in the time of Charles I. Several ladies from these families who were at Munich adopted community life and devoted themselves to the education of young girls. After many years earnest and successful work their rules were approved by Pope Clement XI. in 1701. Encouraged by Catharine of Braganza, Queen of Charles II., they looked towards home with the ardent hope of soon establishing a house in England. Mrs. Frances Bedingsfield, who was amongst the first of the German sisterhood, established a little colony in 1680 at London. They were discovered, the foundress arrested, but she escaped through the assistance of friends. About ten years after Mrs. Bedingsfield established a convent at York, where they still carry on their great work after more than two hundred years, the first hundred of which were years of trial and suffering for the faith.

It was in this convent that Miss Frances Ball was educated and where she formed a noble religious vocation. She took the habit, assuming the name of Sister Mary Teresa, and made her profession in 1816. Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, who had been her guide and friend for years, retained his interest in her, and looked to her to advance the religious education of young ladies in his Diocese. Sister Mary Teresa was equal to the task. A woman of great religious fervor, zeal and character, she after many difficulties established a house in Dublin which in turn became the mother house of many others. It was from this convent that five Sisters came to Toronto to establish the Sisterhood of Loretto. What work these good religious have done in the ranks of Catholic society in our midst, is too well known to be dwelt upon.

Returning to Rev. Mother Ball we find her multiplying houses and advancing her work with the zeal of an apostle. Not in Ireland alone nor in Canada, but in England and distant India her children rose up to count her blessed. She landed in Ireland in 1821 with only two companions to inaugurate her great work. When death called her to her reward, on the 19th May, 1861, she could reckon thirty-seven convents founded by her in different parts of the world, tenanted by about 800 Sisters devoted to the great work of Catholic education. The influence of her life, her character, is far-reaching—and those of her children who are in Canada may well revere her memory, thank God for the work she did in which they now share, and rejoice that they are called to continue her task with the same singleness of purpose and marked success.

St. Michael's College.

The classes of this well-known educational institution resumed on Tuesday last. It would be useless to present to our readers any word of praise of a College whose work has been so marked with success as has St. Michael's College. We are glad that so far as numbers are concerned the ranks of students, notwithstanding the times, still keep up. But if this can be said of boarders it is not the case with day pupils. It has often been a wonder to us where the young Catholic boys of Toronto receive a

higher education. And taking the small number who frequent either St. Michael's or any other Catholic College, the only conclusion which can be reached is that they do not receive such education. They do not go in for classical training, for there are not one hundred Catholic Toronto boys studying classics altogether. As a consequence, the professional ranks, as well as those of the clergy, are recruited from the country or from abroad. Toronto parents ought to reflect seriously upon the subject.

For Ireland's Cause.

In another column will be found the statement of the Hon. Edward Blake published in the *Globe* of the 14th inst. As these facts and figures speak for themselves, and as the cause depends so much upon the response to this appeal, it is useless to waste time or words in sentiment or exhortation. If Irishmen at home or abroad do not reply in the manner in which they always have done, it will be an execration to their memory, and a stain of ingratitude to the gallant band who are fighting for years in the trenches of Parliament. This stain would sink all the deeper upon the Irish in Canada by reason of the noble, generous example of our fellow countryman, the Hon. Mr. Blake, who has sacrificed so much for the cause. We know that Canada has done much in the past, and that now when once more appealed to, she will show her sympathy, her generosity and her love of liberty. We have already had evidence of what the Toronto people will do.

On Friday evening last a number of gentlemen were kindly invited by his Grace the Archbishop to meet Mr. Blake and hear his explanation of the situation. Besides our own venerable and patriotic Archbishop who occupied the chair, the zealous Archbishop of Kingston, the Most Rev. Dr. Cleary, was present. We noticed amongst the laity the Hon. Frank Smith, the Hon. T. W. Anglin, Messrs. T. Long, W. T. Kiely, F. Anglin, C. V. McBrady, J. Lee, M. J. Ryan and several others from various societies. The clergy of the city were represented by the Rev. Fathers Hand, Teefy and Ryan.

His Grace introduced Mr. Blake and the purposes of this meeting in a few well chosen remarks. After the Most Reverend Chairman sat down the guest of the evening rose and made an explanation, the substance of which is contained in the interesting statement now before the public. The Most Rev. Dr. Cleary followed Mr. Blake with the earnest and well-founded hope that we would all be true to this important call of duty. Although his Diocese was poor and had already done much, still they would make one more effort. After the Archbishop of Kingston the Hon. Mr. Smith rose, spoke briefly and came to the practical point.

A subscription list was started with the following good examples.

- Hon. F. Smith.....\$1,000
- G. W. Kiely, Esq. 1,000
- Hon. Ed. Blake..... 1,000

Archbishop Walsh suggested that the Societies should take the matter in hand—and make a collection through the city. A preliminary meeting is

to be held for the purpose of arranging the details of the canvas in St. Vincent's Hall this evening, the 11th. As for the country the collection will be made through the churches. His Grace promised as liberal a subscription as his means and many calls would allow.

Let the young men to whom this matter is now entrusted rouse their enthusiasm and show that Toronto Irishmen have sons worthy of their sires. Let every Irishman, and every one in whose veins flows Irish blood, respond to this appeal, made stronger by the example and sacrifice of the Hon. Edward Blake.

Obituary.

It is our painful duty to chronicle the death of Mrs. Patrick Boyle, wife of our respected Manager. About a month ago Mrs. Boyle was stricken down with la grippe which in a few days developed into pneumonia of a grave form. The physician succeeded in allaying the lung trouble, but a more serious difficulty presented itself when the disease attacked the heart. For some time the patient gave slight hope that she would rally. It was, however, hoping against hope. Never very strong she astonished her friends at the struggle she did make against her illness, but yielded on Saturday, the 6th, when death claimed its victim. The funeral took place from St. Basil's Church on Tuesday and was well attended, a mark of respect for one whose retiring disposition and love for home commanded all the more the admiration of the few who know her.

Mrs. Bridget Helen Boyle, third daughter of the late Adjutant John Hynes of Kingaton, was born at Cornwall on April 1, 1835. The family moved to Dundas, whence, in a few years, Miss Hynes came to Toronto. Here she married Mr. Patrick Boyle, Nov. 28, 1861. Of her nine children only three survive, one married daughter, Mrs. Dowdall of Almonte, Ont., and two younger daughters still at home.

We extend to our stricken friend and his now motherless family our sympathy for the great loss they have suffered. May her soul rest in peace!

"Kit" in the Mail.

A kind word goes a long way, and many a kind one comes from the pen of the amiable and deservedly popular editor of the woman's column in *The Mail*. Her reply last Saturday to one of her correspondents is the kindest which the *Mail* of that day contained.

You tell me many Irish people are the first to sneer at everything Irish. I am sorry for them. As Scott said, a man's soul must be a dead thing when he can run down and deny his country. No, indeed, I do not gush over escaped nuns and renegade priests. I have the greatest contempt for them. When a man or a woman quarrels with the beliefs they hold from childhood, and change them for other creeds, they ought to have the decency to make the change in silence. This "expose" of one's former religion is very paltry, and poor, and mean. I cannot speak too strongly of the women who go to "ladies only" lectures. Surely if God has time to listen to the ringing of the different church-bells, we need not quarrel with the sounds. And who has ever measured heaven? Is there not room for all? Bigotry is the curse of this country. Tell me the incident about the Galway chats.

We think *The Mail* ought to hand over its bigotted correspondents to "Kit," or better still make her editor-in-chief.

Weekly Retrospect.

The second week in January, '94, is fast approaching to a close, how soon we cease speaking of the New Year, it is almost grown up already, an infant no longer, and the happy greetings heard in the first week of the year are things of the past. How many are heard grumbling at the weather. Hard times may assail us, but we only speak casually of them, all our vituperation must be vented out on the poor old weather, and what a relief it must be for those who have no other subject to talk about, except sometimes we hear of the outrageous way Mrs. so and so neglects her poor husband, by running to afternoon teas, at homes, &c., and then she dresses with such bad taste, "would you really believe it," says a charming society lady to a friend, "she actually wears the same gown to every place she has been invited to this season. It is really no wonder her husband is ashamed to accompany her." Yes, poor man, no doubt, he is enjoying himself at his club; and, perhaps, his wife in her heart is yearning for a little more of his society than his lordship is pleased to give her. And as to the gown, which has been worn so often, and is becoming now such an eyesore to her numerous society friends, it has to be remodelled over and over again, or she must be content to do without, and her lord and master pleading hard times when any additional money is asked for; and he, poor man, in his leisure hours, is having a quiet game of poker in his club. Just a little recreation, you know, from the business cares of the day, and the little worries of home life.

The children of St. Basil's Sunday School seemed to enjoy the treat given them last week, in honor of this festive time, if their merry and bonny faces were anything to judge by. About two hundred children were given candies and oranges from a pretty, bright Christmas tree. The Sewing Society of the same parish must indeed have been pleased at the large audience which turned out to see the World's Fair Views, displayed in the College Hall, on Wednesday evening of last week, not only was a pleasant evening passed, but the results will gladden many a poor heart.

Women are coming to the front in educational institutions, both in America and the Old World. We read the other day of the appointment of a Miss Alice Cooke, as lecturer in History, at Owen's College, Manchester, England. This, we believe, is the first appointment of a woman in a University College in England as a lecturer to mixed classes of men and women.

Not only in educational affairs are women distinguishing themselves, but in all other walks of life, and especially is journalism a great field for her; and many women have attained high distinction in this particular arena. We were pleased to see the following account of Mrs. Alice Meynell in the *Ladies' Pictorial*, among the fourth series of articles headed "Lady Journalists." "Mrs. Meynell though most widely known by her two volumes of "Essays and Poems" has contributed occasionally to many newspapers and magazines. Her ambition to be a writer dates from childhood as did her sister's, Lady Butler, to be a painter, and the year which saw the "Roll Call" had hardly passed before the younger sister's volume of "Preludes" won a warm welcome from Mr. Rossetti and Mr. Ruskin. Of late years Mrs. Meynell has written only prose, and some of her prose has been republished in the *Rhythm of Life*—a volume which lives in the praises of Mr. Coventry Patmore. Mrs. Meynell has done some work as a reviewer of books and as a reviewer of pictures. She has contributed to the *Art Journal*, the *Magazine of Art*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Architect*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Among the paragraphists of the *World* she was what may be called the gram-

marian-in-chief for many years, taking anonymous vengeance on many male authors for the slur cast on 'feminine' grammar whenever slips occur in books that happen to be written by women and reviewed by men. She is also a frequent contributor to the several Catholic Journals—especially the *Weekly Register*, of which her husband, Mr. Wilfred Meynell, (John Oldcastle) is proprietor."

At a very fashionable wedding recently at St. Margaret's, Westminster, when one of the American beauties was married to a scion of the English nobility, the costumes were of unusual splendor. The bride's mother wore a beautiful dress of ruby-velvet trimmed with chinchilla fur, a neat and becoming bonnet of velvet embroidered with black and ruby jet. Lady Randolph Churchill wore a pelisse which was pronounced a thing of beauty, it was of pale electric blue velvet, half-tightly fitting, with a chasuble shaped frill at the back, and with a turned down collar and lapels faced with Russian Sable. A toque of velvet the same shade, was worn with sable tails and black ostrich tips at one side.

Love.

Love must have expression or it will die. It can be kept for ever beautiful and blessed, as at the first, by giving it constant utterance in word and act. The more it is allowed to flow out in delicate attentions and noble service, the stronger and more satisfying and more blessed it will be. The house becomes home only when love drops its heavenly manna in it fresh every day, and the true marriage vow is made not once for all at the altar, but by loving words, and helpful service, and delicate attentions to the end.

It has always seemed impossible for the mind to reflect upon home without uniting it with mother—unless a mother's hallowed presence blesses, or has left a benediction behind, it cannot in my mind be the ideal home. A mother's unselfish love must, at some time, have shed a fragrance of delight upon all within its precincts. From her the children learn to be good, true, honest, and upright, to love truth, in nocence, and all the virtues that should adorn the young heart; what she is, in a great measure, the children will be.

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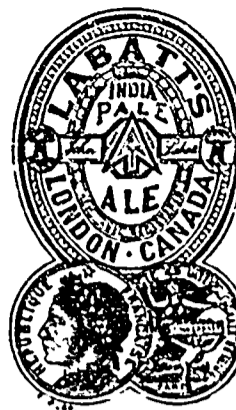


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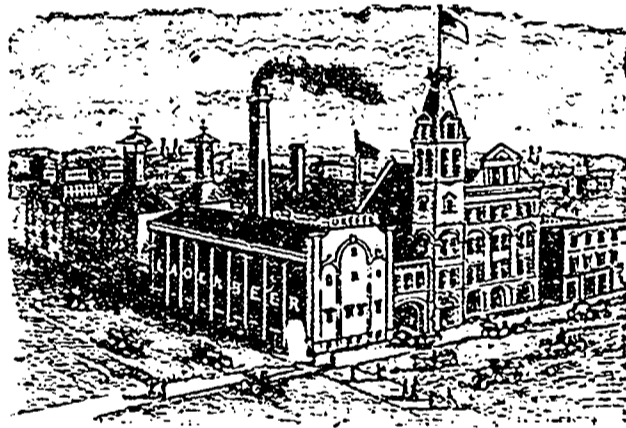
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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

The Post Office authorities are making arrangements for opening a public telephone between Dublin and Belfast. On and after the 1st of January, 1894, persons will be enabled to speak from the General Post Office in O'Connell street, Dublin, to the General Post Office in the northern capital.

The meeting of the Nationalist delegates which was held in Belfast on Dec. 11th to consider the question of the proper organization of the Nationalists of Ulster is, we trust, the herald of a sustained effort to secure for them the place that ought to be theirs in the politics and political representation of the North. The Nationalists of Ulster are on the outpost, and their advance is always genuine and telling of victory. The patriotic Bishop of Raphoe sent a most encouraging message to the assembled delegates, laying down the lines of friendship, loyalty, and discipline upon which their movement, and the whole Irish movement, must be carried on if success is to be won. The best results may be anticipated from this activity of the men of Ulster.

Clare.

At the sitting of the Munster Winter Assizes on December 12th, before Justice O'Brien, James Morey, a boy of sixteen, and Patrick Clune were charged with firing, with intent to kill, a loaded gun at Charles Weldon Moloney, on the 1st June, at Kiltannon, County Clare. Morey was sentenced to 20 years' penal servitude.

Patrick Corry, a farmer residing at Kilkoe, pleaded not guilty to an indictment charging him with the manslaughter of James Hasset on the 21st of August last. He was acquitted.

Cork.

Lady Pope Hennessy, the widow of the late Sir John Pope Hennessy, is about to be married to M. Edward Thackwell, whose father's property, Aghada, adjoins Rostellan, the charming residence of the Hennessy family.

On Dec. 7 a storm of unusual severity and violence swept over Cork and surrounding districts. The new chapel of Ballybunion was stripped of its slates, also a new house belonging to Mrs. Young was much injured.

On December 11th a largely-attended convention from all the parishes of North Cork was held at the Trades' Union Hall in Kanturk to take practical steps toward the prompt collection in aid of the Evicted Tenants' Fund in all parts of the district. The proceedings were of a most enthusiastic and harmonious character. Mr. James C. Flynn, M.P. for the division, presided.

Derry.

A conference of Tory-Unionist delegates was held recently at Limavady, at which it transpired that Mr. John Atkinson, late Irish Attorney-General under the Tory government, had been put forward for the representation of North Londonderry, now held by Mr. Mulholland. Accordingly, the sitting member will, it is stated, shortly retire, so as to make room for Mr. Atkinson.

Dublin.

The Board of Trinity College has appointed Mr. John Muunsell Law Agent to the College, in the place of Mr. Nunn, who has retired from the post.

Mr. Thomas Condon, M.P., is the latest victim of influenza, and was compelled to leave the House of Commons on Dec. 9th, after attending the first division. Mr. Michael Austin, M.P., is also indisposed.

The warrant of the Lord Lieutenant has been received at the City Hall, appointing Mr. Richard Francis McCoy, T.C., Grenville House, South Circular Road, to be High Sheriff for the County of the City of Dublin for the coming year.

The Lord Lieutenant has assigned the Commission of the Peace for the city of Dublin to the following gentlemen: John Carolan, Esq., Chairman, North Dublin Union; William Anderson, Esq., Secretary United Tramways Company, Gleason, Merrion; Alderman Michael Flanagan, Portmahon House, South Circular road; Alderman Mulligan, 51 Manor street; F. McBride, Esq., 39 Grosvenor sq.; Michael Murphy, Esq., 6 Lansdowne road; Terence P. Kelly, Esq., Greenogue, Merrion; E. P. Monk, Esq., Cavendish House, Rutland square.

A highly respected citizen of Dublin, Dr. George Atkinson, died on December 8, at his residence, 84 Drumcondra road. He graduated at Trinity College, taking also the degree of M.B., and practiced in Dublin as a physician for some years until he became with Sir John Gray (another retired practitioner), joint proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*. From this position he withdrew after some years of active literary life, in which he displayed remarkable ability. Since the death of his wife, Mrs. Sarah Atkinson, which occurred five months ago, Dr. Atkinson, who, before that sad event, had been a splendid specimen of an octogenarian, drooped and faded, and on the date mentioned he passed away, leaving a melancholy blank in the lives of those who knew and loved him.

Galway.

The Earl of Beve, son of the Marquis of Headford, died at his residence Underley Hall, Kirkby, Lonsdale, England, on Fri-

day, December 8th, at the age of 40 years. Good news for the Tenants' Defense Fund comes from Connacht, where the undertaking has received the cordial approval and support of his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, who has contributed £10 to the local committee which is organizing the fund in Tuam, and this generous and patriotic action will have excellent results. Connacht has already done well, and the encouraging sympathy of his Grace the Archbishop will prove an incentive to those who have yet their duty before them to discharge it in a manner worthy of the cause and of their selves.

Longford.

At the Leitrim Winter Assizes, on Dec. 14, a Longford farmer named O'Reilly was found guilty of the manslaughter of his servant, John Higgins, by the accidental discharge of a revolver, which he was cleaning when he had returned home from market, after having taken some drink. He was released on his own recognizances, to come up for judgment if called on.

Limerick.

The order has been received in Limerick from the Lord Lieutenant appointing P. Kenna, Esq., T.C., proprietor of the Glenworth Hotel, High Sheriff of the City for 1894. Mr. Kenna has appointed C. H. Fitt, to be Sub Sheriff during the same period. On the nomination of the Most Rev. Dr. M'Rodmond, Bishop of Killaloe, the Very Rev. Dr. White, P.P. V.G., Nenagh, has been made Dean of the Diocese of Killaloe, in succession to the late Dean Bugler.

At the Winter Assizes, on December 15th, John Kennedy, a young man, was sentenced to 20 years' penal servitude for the manslaughter of a young man named Connell at a football match in County Limerick. Wm. Sweeney was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for shooting at his Nephew, near Castletownroche.

Mayo.

The Castlebar Guardians, considering the great necessity existing for the improvement of the condition of the inhabitants of the locality, have passed the following resolution: "Resolved—That we the Guardians of this Union respectfully request that the Right Hon. the Earl of Lucan will, in the interest of humanity, and for bettering the condition of the artisan and laboring class, allot them 50 acres of land within the township, in acres, half-acre, roads, &c., for tillage purposes only, at a fair con-acre rent—thus to enable the laboring and artisan classes to have a supply of potatoes and vegetables of their own to maintain their families in times of need and when employment is scarce, and thereby save them from being a burden on taxation at certain seasons of the year.

Sligo.

At the last meeting of the Tobercurry Board of Guardians, Mr. Peter Cawley brought a number of grave charges against Mr. Kane, Relieving Officer, for alleged dereliction of duty. Mr. Kane sent in an explanation and contradiction which the Guardian, by a majority, declared to be satisfactory. The result will probably be a sworn Local Government Board inquiry.

Waterford.

Robert Thomas Carew, Esq., Ballinamona Park, County of Waterford, has been appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for County Waterford.

Captain W. Gibbons, Danganvan, died on December 14, after a rather brief illness. Capt. Gibbons, as a central figure in Danganvan public life, will be generally missed. In him the National cause will lose an ardent supporter.

Wexford.

We regret to announce the death of the Very Rev. Laurence Cosgrave, O.S.F., which took place on Sunday, Dec. 10th, at Wexford. The venerable Franciscan had attained the age of 89 years, but, until a few weeks ago, he was able to celebrate Mass. Father Cosgrave was educated in St. Peter's College, Wexford, and entered the Franciscan convent there, sixty years ago. With the exception of a very short period, which he spent in mission work in the United States, he had been all his life in the Wexford house of his Order, having occupied the important position of Provincial no less than seven or eight times. Requiem Office and solemn High Mass were celebrated for the repose of his soul in the Franciscan Church, Wexford, on December 12th, and the interment took place immediately after in the burial ground attached to the convent.

On Dec. 12th, three young novices were solemnly professed in the chapel of the Convent of St. John of God, Sallyfield, Wexford. The Bishop of Ferns presided, assisted by the Rev. T. Murphy, M.A., chaplain. The names of the young ladies who have devoted themselves to the service of the Master are Sister Joseph (Miss Walsh, Rathgar, county Kildare), Sister Monica (Miss Lehane, county Cork), and Sister Agatha (Miss Manning, county Galway).

Wicklow.

At the Winter Assizes, in Wicklow, Kate Bowley, otherwise Lizzie Davis was indicted for obtaining food, lodging, etc., by false pretences from Mrs. Moore, proprietress of the Vale View Hotel, Avoca. From the evidence it appeared that the prisoner, who had been a servant with Miss Hughes, at

Marmaduke street, Liverpool, went over to Ireland in the month of August last. On reaching the Vale View she represented that she was the niece of Dr. Davis, a Canadian gentleman, that she had stopped for four days with the Archbishop of Dublin, and had been recommended to the hotel by Dr. Boyd, of Kugstown. The jury found the prisoner guilty, and she was sentenced to fifteen months imprisonment with hard labor.

Stratford.

We clip the following from an interesting account in the *Stratford Beacon* Jan. 4th, 1894, of the grand opening organ recital at St. Joseph's Church.

Somewhere in the forties the first church was built in Stratford, one of that order of Canadian Gothic which happily was not made to survive; but in this case to hold its own, until, under Father Crinnon of beloved memory, the present St. Joseph's was built and year by year added to in finish and adornment. And the church of St. Joseph has been the church of the poor. Canada has not inaptly been called the poor man's country; the land where those who had the "land hunger" might come and be satisfied; the land where, so long as people remained content to till the soil, a "poor man with a large family" was a contradiction in terms, for the man who was thus blessed, in Canada, could not be poor. But poor and all as he came, prosperous as he grew in time and by industry, the Irish immigrant has always given liberally to his church; and the Reverend Edmund B. Kilroy, D. D., this New Year's Day of '94, sees, in the last stage of completion, the work begun by the late Bishop Crinnon. It is consecrated a word wherein a whole history lies; for it means that no debt hangs over it. Altars have been given; memorial windows testify to "pious memory;" and now, crowning glory of all, Mass and requiem, chant and canticle, will move to the sound of the tuneful organ pipe.

St. Joseph's has seen many large congregations in its day but the audience Monday night taxed its seating capacity to the utmost. A well organized corps of ushers looked to the comfort of the throng which gathered for the two fold object of hearing the Rev. Father Kreidt lecture and Dr. Verrinder play; and the noble instrument which spoke under the skilled fingers of the organist found an enthusiastic exponent and admirer in the cleric. As everyone is doubtless aware, the organ has been purchased under the able financial management of Rev. Father Guam, who has worked throughout *con amore*. It is from the well-known firm of Warren & Sons, of Toronto. Placed in the choir gallery, at the west end of the church, it takes up a floor space of 18 feet frontage by 9 feet in depth, and raises its groups of pipes to a height of 27 feet. The front pipes—the largest of which is a very monster, being 19 ft long and 11 inches in diameter—are tastefully and artistically decorated, the side and centre bays having straw colored bodies, with crimson flock mouths and bands; those in the intermediate arches, bronze bodies, with black mouths and decorations. The conventionalized design embodies the generally favored *flour-de-lis*, and a happy departure is made in the principal ornamentation, being the maple leaf in lines true to nature. The bellows is under the control of an electric motor, which operates a force fan. This source of wind supply keeps a steady pressure, and is equal to every demand made upon it.

The tone, as demonstrated by Dr. Verrinder's capable fingers last night, is full and round; the soft stops sympathetic, especially the moline, which is voiced so finely that, with swell shades closed, the melody takes that tone of remoteness so dear to the ear of the organ lover. Organ builders provide us with good instruments, and good organists are by no means rare; but a lecture, such as that delivered by Rev. Father Kreidt at the close of the first part of the programme, is an intellectual treat seldom enjoyed. Had we more such lecturers, Bach and his peers would be better understood. Although a foreigner, his English denoted the scholar, the gentleman and the musician. Although we cannot go so far with Father Kreidt as to allow the ownership of all the most glorious music which has been composed on earth to the Roman Catholic church, we do most heartily agree with him in his strong commendations of the use to which Protestant churches put such compositions. He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small, and love, worship, and prayer, as embodied in congregational music, must most nearly appeal to the Divine Author of the Sacred Art; for the dear Lord, who loveth us, he made and loved them all. The numbers rendered by the choir in chorus showed painstaking work, and Miss Carlin deserves many congratulations for her efficient management. Her own voice, and that of Miss Heffernan, were shown to advantage in "Ave Verum" and "Oro Sweetly Solemn Thought," and afforded Dr. Verrinder an opportunity to display some telling solo stops. Although Mr. Kennedy's voice was effective throughout it perhaps told best in the trio.

The church, enriched from time to time and suitably finished with this last handsome piece of church furniture; filled to overflowing with a mixed, enthusiastic and ap-

preciative audience, must have been a gratifying sight to the Rev. Fathers Kilroy and Guam, and illustrated in a practical way the burden of the lecturer's theme.

The new organ was christened and blessed on Sunday morning. It has been called Catherine Margaret after Miss Kate Kennedy and Miss Maggie Dolan, the two young ladies who sold the most tickets for the concert. Dr. Verrinder presided at both services on Sunday and large congregations attended to hear the music and see and listen to the well beloved Father Kreidt.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
In the matter of the Estate of Margaret Drohan, late of the City of Toronto, Deceased.
NOTICE is hereby given that pursuant to R.S.O. Chap. 110, all creditors and persons having claims against the estate of Margaret Drohan, late of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, who died on or about the 17th day of January, 1893, are required to send by post, prepaid or deliver to the undersigned Solicitors for the Trusts Corporation of Ontario, administrators of the said estate, on or before the first day of February, 1894, a statement in writing of their names and addresses, and the particulars of their claims and the nature of their securities (if any) held by them.
And notice is hereby further given, that after the said first day of February, 1894, the said administrators will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice, and the said administrators will not be liable for the proceeds of the Estate, or any part thereof so distributed to any person whose claim the said administrators have no notice at the time of distribution of said Estate or any part thereof.
CAMERON & LEE,
Solicitors for Administrators,
Equity Chambers, 24 Adelaide st. E., Toronto.
Dated this 26th day of December, 1893.

WANTED AN ENERGETIC CATHOLIC man of business disposition and steady habits. Must travel short distances in section in which he resides. Apply with references to BENJAMIN BROTHERS, 36 to 38 Barclay St., New York.

St. Joseph's Convent.

Saturday last the Feast of the Epiphany was celebrated at St. Joseph's Convent in a special manner, the occasion being the reception and profession of several of their number.

The sanctuary presented a beautiful appearance, bedecked with a profusion of cut flowers and plants, arranged in an artistic manner, still further enhanced by the rays of numberless candles.

His Grace the Archbishop occupied a throne on the gospel side of the altar, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Marijon, C.S.B., and Barrett, C.S.S.R. Rev. Fathers Frachon and Brennan were also in the sanctuary. Music had been prepared by the choir under the direction of one of the Sisters, who during the reception sang several hymns.

The four candidates appeared first attired as brides in white robes and with long veils, accompanied by little girls beautifully dressed as train bearers. The names of the candidates received were Misses Burke, Cunningham, Johnston and Smith, who received in religion the names of Sister Dominic, Sister Boniface, Sister Magdalen and Sister De Pazzi respectively.

After the reception Very Rev. P. H. Barrett delivered a most touching sermon, taking for his text, "Go out of thy country, and out of thy fathers house and come into the land which I shall show you."

The kind and encouraging words uttered with so much earnestness by the eloquent speaker must have produced the desired effect in the souls of those who had pledged themselves to sacrifice everything that they might serve God within the seclusion of the convent walls during their mortal pilgrimage.

As the Rev. Father said, "Every one that hath left house or brethren or sisters or fathers or mothers for my namesake shall receive a hundred fold and life everlasting."

At the conclusion of the sermon the following candidates made their profession:—Sister Claudia, Sister Elizabeth, Sister Loyola and Sister St. Peter. The services closed with the holy sacrifice of the Mass, which was offered by Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., whose niece Sister Loyola was among those professed. During Mass the choir sang: Kyrie Eleison.... Wiegand. Christus Natus Est... At the Offertory. Adeste Fidelis.... At the Communion. Te Deum..... At the conclusion of Mass.

The Cause of Home Rule.

We take the following communication of Mr. Edward Blake from the Globe of the 8th, Jan.

(To the Editor of the Globe)

SIR—With your permission, I proceed to fulfill my promise of indicating the financial requirements of the Irish Parliamentary party for this year. They exceed \$240,000; and perhaps I can best show my disposition to deal frankly by quoting, in explanation of this estimate, extracts from a confidential report which I made on the 14th November last. It is substantially as follows:—

"I have personally looked into the condition of the finances of the Irish Parliamentary party, with a view to calculating the sums required to carry on the movement for next year, including the general election, which many expect to take place about the end of 1894.

"I give you my estimates, with some of the data on which they proceed:

1.—PAYMENT TO MEMBERS.

"The amount disbursed by the Treasurers this year reaches £8,575, which, however, included a small sum for arrears. The members of the Irish Parliamentary party do not as a rule grow richer as the Parliament grows older, but the reverse; and therefore we may look rather for an increase than a diminution in this item. I conjecture that for 1894 we may require £9,000, or \$45,000.

2.—REGISTRATION EXPENSES.

"The elections will probably be held on the next register. The Unionist Peers and landlords have unlimited resources, and it is absolutely necessary to make a good fight against them, as well as against Redmondite opposition, in order to show a continuing and overwhelming Irish majority for the bill, and, indeed, in order to secure votes enough to pass it into law. A large part of the National expense is borne by the localities or individuals, and the effort has been always to stimulate, as far as possible, local exertions. But in poor and exceptional districts aid must be given from central funds. Part of this aid has been provided by the Irish National Federation, but we have been obliged this year to supplement its funds by £1,450; and it remains, notwithstanding, in debt in this connection to a large amount, the payment of which will so far encroach on its receipts for next year that we shall require to provide for this purpose over £2,000, or \$10,000.

3.—BYE ELECTION.

"There cost little as a rule, there being few contests. But there are occasionally large expenses, beyond those which can be locally provided; and there is always the chance of a severe contest somewhere. It

would not be safe to estimate on this head less than £500, or \$2,500.

4.—GENERAL ELECTION FUND.

"Here, as elsewhere, the effort has been to promote, as far as possible, local or individual subscriptions. But, as you know, the expenses, which include the large charges of the returning officers, are very heavy, and it is absolutely necessary in the majority of contests to aid from a central fund. The Unionists, in order to embarrass our resources, contest even utterly hopeless seats. The last general election cost this fund £8,938 10s. 7d. I cannot estimate the cost this time at less than £9,000, or \$45,000.

5.—BRITISH PROPAGANDA.

"Home rule is to be won in the British constituencies by the work to be done between now and the general election. Perhaps the most effective instrument of the great Liberal electoral successes between 1886 and 1890 was the Irish Propaganda. Pamphlets and leaflets were most extensively distributed, and Irish speakers were constantly at work on the platform. This work, which cost in some years £4,000, has been, since the split, almost abandoned for want of funds.

"Meantime, the Irish and other Unionists have raised enormous sums for political effort. They have been systematically deluging the doubtful British constituencies with Irish newspapers, leaflets, pamphlets, letters, canvassers and speakers from Ulster and elsewhere. They claim to have effected more than one bye-election. We must meet them at bye elections in Britain, and counterwork them in the preparations for the general election. For this purpose we require £4,000, or \$20,000, and I believe no expenditure would make a better return.

6.—THE EVICTED TENANT.

"The expenditure, including administration, even after omitting, for just comparison, some special disbursements in the earlier years, was for 1890-1 £40,890. The split, and consequent paralysis, stopped the supplies. The grants have been necessarily cut down almost to starvation point.

"The expenditure was for 1891 £21,700 and for 1892 £18,300. At least £17,000, or \$85,000, is required for 1894.

7.—DEBT.

"But this is not all. We are in debt. The main items are as follows:—

- (1) Old debt, dating from before the split, say with interest, £3,680
- (2) Balance of debt to Mr. Curran, M.P., on his loan, made before the general election, say 3,100

Total..... £6,780 Or \$33,900"

The Irish Parliamentary party trust that Irishmen at home and abroad will recognize the reasonableness of their appeal, and give to it that hearty response which the interests of the cause demand.

EDWARD BLAKE.

Toronto, Jan. 6.

Catholic Order of Foresters.

At one of the regular meetings recently of Sacred Heart Court, No 201, Toronto, the following resolution of congratulation to Bro. John P. Hopkins, Mayor elect of Chicago, was moved and adopted amidst vociferous applause:

Whereas, in such an Association as the Catholic Order of Foresters, whose membership is diversified—being drawn from all ranks in the community—and in which many nationalities are represented, all held together as a homogenous and unified body by the strong ties of Catholicity and Brotherhood, that which tends to elevate the one has an influence for good on the entire body. As in a united household the success of one member, his brilliant achievements, his success and his triumphs, is, in a minor way, shared by the whole family. So, in like manner, do we of the brotherhood of the C. O. F. recognize and applaud the signal victory gained by our worthy Brother Forester, John P. Hopkins, of Holy Rosary Court, 151, Pullman, Ill., on Dec. 19th, and congratulate him upon his election to the proud position of Mayor of Chicago.

Sacred Heart Court, 201, of the Catholic Order of Foresters held its semi-monthly meeting on Thursday evening and transacted an amount of routine business. Arrangements were made for the giving of an oyster supper in the parlor of the court on the evening of the 18th inst.

One proposition for membership was received and one initiation took place during the evening. The usual short programme of music and singing was much enjoyed by the large number present.

Obituary.

On Sunday Dec. 31st, the late James Tolland died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Rigney, Queen St. east. His death was all that a Catholic might wish for. During his last illness he was frequently strengthened by the rites of the Church, and was fully resigned to the holy will of God. Deceased was born in 1814, in the County Down, Ireland; and in 1841 sailed for America, making his home in Montreal,

where he remained for thirty-one years, during eighteen of which, he carried on the carriage building, in the firm of "Dwyer & Tolland." Giving up business he went to Buffalo, remaining there for eight years. In 1880 he came to Toronto, where he remained with his daughter until his death. He was for nine years a faithful member of the St. Vincent De Paul Society of this City. He leaves a son and daughter, and a number of grandchildren, one of whom is Sister Seraphia in the community of the Sisters of St. Joseph. The funeral took place from his residence to St. Paul's church, where solemn requiem Mass was sung by Rev. Father Land, after which, it proceeded to St. Michael's Cemetery. The last sad rites were performed by Rev. Father Lynch, of Sunnyside, Rev. Father Treacy being present also. The pall-bearers were—Messrs. Hynes, O'Hara, O'Grady, Dunne, McGuire and O'Brien. May he rest in peace.

League of the Cross.

The members of St. Paul's Sodality of the above League have reason to be proud of their first meeting of the year which was held on Sunday last, the hall was crowded, and the members full of enthusiasm. Mr. Geo. Duffy presided.

The total abstinence pledge was administered to three young men by the Rev. Father Hand, who addressed the members at some length, advising them as to the best manner of working during the present year, the past year had been a successful one for the Sodality, and he was confident that if each and every one did his duty, the end for which they labored would be accomplished. He was proud to tell them that the name and influence of the League was felt, not only in Toronto but in many places outside.

Secretary Cahill followed with an address, showing the young men present in how many ways they could be of assistance to the cause of temperance. He urged them to be up and doing in the cause of rescuing those who have fallen, they would find the labor profitable, and would be assured of the blessings of heaven for their pains. Several other members spoke of the work to be done during the year. All expressed themselves as willing to continue the good work, and make the League known in all the families in the parish.

Acknowledgment.

The Sisters of St. Joseph in charge of the House of Providence tender their heartfelt thanks for the following Christmas offerings: Mr. G. W. Kiely, \$100; Mr. James Walsh \$50; A Friend \$15; Mr. Alexander Macdonell \$10; Messrs. Rolph, Smith & Co. \$10; Mr. J. Coffey \$10; Mr. C. Flanagan \$10; Mr. Kew \$7; Messrs. Corcoran & Lee \$5; Mr. Jos. Connolly \$5; Master Leroux \$3; Mr. R. Wickens \$2; Mrs. Hynes \$1; Friend \$1; Mrs. F. Smith 1 sheep, 1 turkey and 1 goose; Mr. Wm. Ryan 6 turkeys, 6 geese, 2 sheep, 1 bbl. oatmeal, 1 bbl. corn meal, and 1 bbl. apples; Messrs. Cosgrave & Co. 1 bbl. ale; Messrs. Christie, Brown & Co. 2 bbls. assorted biscuit; Mrs. Kenny Tea and Tobacco, and 8 jars preserves; Mrs. E. O'Keefe 1 qr. beef; Mr. Jas. Melrick 1 qr. beef; Miss Doyle case of oranges and 3 turkeys; Mrs. Doyle iced cakes; Mrs. Morrison number of dolls and candies; Mrs. Wright dolls and candies; Mrs. O'Dea 1 bag flour; Messrs. R. & T. Watson fancy candies; Mr. J. J. McManus 2 bags flour; Mrs. O'Connor 1 turkey; Miss Coffey 1 turkey and 2 prs. chickens; Messrs. J. A. Gibbons & Co., medicine; Miss Stevens caps for old ladies; Friend quantity of candies; Mr. J. J. Walsh 2 turkeys and 6 pairs chickens; Mr. Jas. Gillespie 1 turkey; Mr. Andrew Cotton 1 turkey; Mr. Nicholls 1 turkey; Friend 1 large box of toilet soap; Miss Dalton trimmed hats; Mrs. McConkey candies, and Mrs. Gallagher parcel of candies; Mrs. Grey 2 turkeys

The Society of St. Vincent de Paul acknowledges with thanks the receipt of one hundred dollars from Dr. Goldwin Smith, as a contribution to its charitable fund. This contribution is as timely as it is generous, for the calls upon the Society are unusually numerous this season. As some of the Conferences are very low in funds and fear that they will be unable to continue their relief to the deserving poor during the winter, it is hoped that the charitably disposed will follow Dr. Smith's example.

Lindsay.

On the 2nd of January, an interesting ceremony took place in the Chapel of St. Joseph's Convent, Lindsay, when three novices received the holy habit of that Order. His Lordship, Bishop O'Connor of Peterborough performed the ceremony. The names of the young ladies were Miss Twomey of Fenelon Falls, in religion Sister Celestine; Miss Lynch of Peterborough, Sister St. John; Miss Earley, Peterborough, Sister M. Carmelita. Mass was celebrated by His Lordship, after which he gave an excellent discourse on the life of a religious, and the happiness and duties attending it. In the sanctuary, besides His Lordship, Bishop O'Connor, were the Very Rev. P. D.

Laurent, Vicar-General, and Rev. F. J. Scanlon of Lindsay; Revs. D. J. Scollard and M. J. McGuire of Peterborough; Rev. P. J. McGuire of Brantford. The singing by the Sisters' choir was excellent. The Chapel was filled with friends of those received.

Sunnyside.

The following is the complete list of the Christmas donations to the Sacred Heart Orphanage, for which the Sisters of St. Joseph are very grateful:

- His Grace Archbishop Walsh... \$ 15 00
- Mr. George Kiely..... 100 00
- Cosgrave & Co..... 10 00
- Mr. A. Macdonald..... 10 00
- Rev. Father Coffey..... 5 00
- Mr. Joseph Connolly..... 5 00
- Mrs. Kavanagh..... 5 00
- Mrs. McDonald..... 5 00
- Anonymous..... 2 00
- Mrs. Mahoney..... 1 00
- Mrs. Temple..... 1 00
- Mrs. Reeves..... 1 00
- L. Coffee and Co., 10 barrels of flour;
- Christie, Brown & Co., two barrels of biscuits;
- Mr. O'Keefe, a side of beef;
- the Misses Smith, two cases of oranges, one pair of candies;
- Mrs. F. Smith, a turkey and a goose;
- Mrs. Kenny, eight jars of preserves, twelve dozen of handkerchiefs;
- Mr. C. Flanagan, six turkeys;
- Miss Coffey, Rosedale, one case of oranges;
- Miss Lee, a quantity of candy and illustrated newspapers;
- Messrs. R. T. Watson, four boxes of candy;
- Mrs. Richards, candy;
- Mr. J. J. McManus, flour and candy;
- Mrs. Gallagher, candies and lemons;
- J. Mallon & Co., one case of oranges;
- A friend, one barrel of apples;
- Mrs. Dr. McKenna, candy;
- Mrs. Wm. O'Connor, a quantity of candy;
- Mrs. Ryan, a turkey;
- Mrs. LeMaitre a turkey and a quantity of clothing.

Ottawa.

A most hopeful sign of the times is the thorough manner in which all connection, all sympathy with the "P.P.A." has been repudiated, by each and every candidate, whether for Mayoralty or Aldermanic honours. Oh it was good to listen to their condemnation of that "unpatriotic" "anti-social" and "anti-Christian" "exotic" which that babe of purity—Margaret L. Sheppard—has planted in our midst.

The great Christian anniversary of Christmas was appropriately observed. Midnight Mass was solemnly celebrated in each of the eight splendid Catholic Churches of Ottawa, large congregations attending and the strongest devotion manifested. Immense crowds also attended the several Masses in the various Churches during the forenoon.

We wish THE REGISTER a large and prompt-paying subscription list, and many happy returns of the New Year. R.

St. Joseph's Pupils.

We point with pleasure the following satisfactory letter from the Educational Department to the Rev. Mother Superior of St. Joseph's Convent:

TORONTO, Jan. 3, 1894.

MADAM—I am directed by the Minister of Education to send for your information, the following report of the High School Inspector upon the character of the work done by your pupils in Drawing and Bookkeeping:—Drawing and Bookkeeping satisfactory.

The passing of the following is hereby certified:—Cassidy E., Dennis A., Doyle A., Foy C. A., Hamilton A., Higgins J., Judge E., Milne I., Mooney A., Muldoon M., Sullivan M. F., Woods E.

Your obedient servant, F. J. Taylor, pro Deputy Minister

Thanks.

The Sisters of St. Joseph in charge of St. Nicholas Institute beg to gratefully acknowledge the following Christmas Donations:

- Rev. Father James Walsh, 1 turkey;
- Mr. Wm. Ryan 5 turkeys, 5 geese, 2 pair of chickens, and 5 prs ducks;
- Mrs. E. Smith 1 turkey and 2 geese;
- Mr. and Mrs. O'Keefe 1 qr. beef;
- Mr. Alex. Macdonell \$5;
- Friend \$5;
- Mrs. Morrison 1 box candies and clothing;
- Mrs. Staunton, decorating paper;
- Mrs. Gallagher basket lemons;
- Mrs. Kenny quantity of preserves, and a friend \$2.

C. M. B. A.

Mr. W. T. Kernahan, of Toronto, has been appointed District Deputy of the C. M. B. A., for the County of York and city of Toronto. The C.M.B.A. is to be congratulated on selecting such an energetic member as Mr. Kernahan to fill this office.

Cool-headed citizen: "What are you running for? The dog is going in the opposite direction."

Fleeing citizen (barheaded and frantic): "A policeman is shooting at it."

Ho Leadeth Me.

In pastures green! Not always; sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In woary ways, where heavy shadows be—
Out of the sunshine warm and soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night:
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright—
Only for this - I know He holds my hand.
So whether in the green or desert land,
I trust, although I may not understand.
And by the still waters? No, not always so
Offtimes the heavy tempests around me blow
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.
But when the storms beat loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by.
And whisper to my soul, "Lo, it is I"
Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day,
In every path of thine I lead the way."
So, whether on the hill-top high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie - what matter? He is there.
And more than this, where'er the pathway leads,
He gives me no helpless, broken reed,
But His own hand, sufficient for my need,
So where He leads me I can safely go;
And in the heat hereafter I shall know
Why in His wisdom He leadeth me so.
—Exchange.

Selected Receipts.

SCALLOPED CABBAGE.—Chop fine the remains of a cold boiled cabbage, put it into a scallop or pudding dish, mix well with sufficient cream sauce to thoroughly moisten, cover with buttered crumbs and bake until the crumbs are brown.

WINTER SQUASH.—Peel the squash, remove the seeds, and steam and cook in boiling salted water. Season with one tablespoonful of butter and half a teaspoonful of sugar to every pint of squash, and pepper to taste, and more salt if necessary, and serve hot.

CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—One and one-half cups of sugar, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls (or two ounces) of butter, one teaspoonful of flavoring. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the milk and flour and beat vigorously, add the salt, flavoring and baking powder, mix well and bake in a moderate oven about thirty minutes.

FOAMY SAUCE.—One-fourth cup of butter, one cup of powdered sugar, whites of two eggs, one gill of boiling water, one gill of sherry or a teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat the butter to a cream, then add gradually the sugar and beat until white; then add the white of one egg unbeaten, beat again, then add the remaining white and beat the whole until very, very light. When ready to serve add the sherry or vanilla and boiling water, stand the bowl in a basin of boiling water over the fire and stir until frothy—no longer. Take from the fire and serve immediately or it will lose its lightness.

EGGS UPON TOAST.—Put a good lump of butter into the frying-pan. When the butter is hot stir in four or five well-beaten eggs, with pepper, salt and a little chopped parsley. Stir and toss for three minutes. Have ready some slices of buttered toast, cut round with a tin cake cutter before they are toasted. Spread thickly with ground or minced tongue, chicken or ham. Heap the stirred egg upon these in mounds and serve in a hot dish garnished with parsley or pickled beets.

TRIPLE AND OYSTERS.—Fifty oysters, one pint of cream, one tablespoonful of flour, one pound of boiled tripe, one tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Boil the oysters in their own liquor one minute; drain. Put the cream and a half-pint of the liquor on to boil. Rub the butter and flour together and stir into the boiling cream; stir constantly until it boils, add the tripe cut into pieces about one inch square; let come to a boil, add salt and pepper, and then the oysters, bring to a boil again and serve very hot.

"How old do you think I am, Mr. Parker?" asked Miss Blinks.
"I don't dare guess," said Mr. Parker.
"But whatever it is, you don't look it."

Catholic News.

The monastery of the Good Shepherd at Troy, N. Y., has received from the Chicago exhibition commissioners a gold medal for being a model reformatory.

The Holy Father has presented a hundred copies of a work containing his Latin and Italian poems to the Archbishop Seminary at Siena.

The distinguished Dominican, Padre Guglielmotti, who lately died in Rome, left behind several unpublished works which are to be brought out by his order.

Signor Iswolski, the Russian representative, had an audience with the Holy Father a few days ago, and it is said an official promise was given that Catholics under the Papal jurisdiction in Russia would for the future be treated with greater fair play.


In an address on Catholic loyalty recently delivered at Detroit, Mich., by Bishop Foley, the patriotic prelate vehemently asserted that he would blow up his Catholic Academy with dynamite if he had any doubt that it would turn out anything but devoted citizens and loyal lovers of the Stars and Stripes

Debate at Lindsay.

It is always a warm pleasure to the Church to feel that her sons are advancing themselves in the world, and commanding by their intelligence and talents high positions in the community. Throughout the country we view with a deep satisfaction, the influential place that Catholic lawyers, doctors, merchants and statesmen are attaining, and in doing this, it is certain, that they are bringing into prominence the church they revere, and are gaining for her a greater measure of fairness and more respect for her doctrines than the past has obtained. And in no small way is this being accomplished by the young men's Catholic Associations throughout Ontario, whose members by their public debates frequently win local notoriety and applause; and at the same time serve to direct the eye of an often too prejudiced protestantism to the fact that the members of the Catholic Church are not inferior in erudition, and polish to any other denomination; but on the contrary are a credit to themselves and the country to which they are proud to be loyal subjects. Such a debate took place last Thursday evening in the town of Lindsay between two members of the St. Alphonsus Club of Toronto, and two from the Catholic Literary Association of the county town of Victoria. The affair took place in the beautiful new Opera House there, than which no Ontario town has a better; and when his Honor Judge Dean took the chair, beautiful chandeliers shed their brilliant lights upon a theatre filled with a splendid audience of Lindsay's best people of all denominations.

For two hours those present lent most willing and delighted ears to the clever and scholarly dissertations, on whether or not a "Man makes his own circumstances," and when the Chairman arose and took up the thread of the argument, it was clear that in the discharge of his duties on the bench he is not used to being so pressed by counsel as in the zeal, the debaters had sought to win for their side of the question. For Lindsay Mr. Martin Kenney won rounds of applause between every other sentence of an address which was remarkable alike for a charming grace worthy of a Chesterfield, and for clear, forceable argument. He was supported by Mr. Lawrence O'Connor, B.A., who, it soon became apparent, had many admirers in the audience, and they certainly must have seen much to admire in him for his fine efforts. Mr. O'Donahoe of Toronto had the negative, and while many thought, when he rose to present his case, that he had "a rough road to hoe," he soon showed that he could use his material well, and his plucky hard fighting and persistent hammering won him lots of applause and set his auditors thinking that he had "hoed" his row into a tidy patch. As to his colleague, Mr. Cashman of Toronto, to say that he supported his leader does him a little less than justice. His style of delivery was quite unique and, at first, created the impression that his address would not be lengthy. But in a slow deliberate manner came period after period rounded with admirable nicety, each rolling point after point and gradually getting the audience alive to the fact that, though last on the programme, Mr. Cashman was not least; and when he sat down, the applause that greeted him was expressive of the feeling that he acquitted himself in a manner to do honor to the great city he represented. Judge Dean then gave the Scotch verdict of "not proven," declaring it a draw, in an address well worthy of the occasion.

The feeling of the REGISTER is that such affairs cannot take place too often, and it hopes soon to have the opportunity of hearing in Toronto a return debate between the same gentlemen.



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THE GLADIATORS.

A Tale of Rome and Judea.

BY G. J. WHITE MELVILLE.

EROS.

CHAPTER III
HERMES.

It was customary with the more refined aristocracy of Rome, during the first century of the Empire, to pay great respect to Mercury, the god of invention and intrigue. Not that the qualities generally attributed to that power was calculated to inspire admiration or esteem, but simply because he had acquired a fortuitous popularity at a period when the graceful Pantheism of the nation was regulated by general opinion, and when a deity went in and out of fashion like a dress.

At Valeria's porch, in common with many other great houses, stood an exquisite statue of the god, representing him as a youth, of athletic and symmetrical proportions, poised on a winged foot in the act of running, with the broad-leaf hat on his head, and the snake-turned rod in his hand. The countenance of the statue was expressive of intellect and vivacity, while the form was wrought into the highest ideal of activity and strength. It was placed on a square pedestal of marble immediately opposite the door; and behind this pedestal, the slave retired in some confusion when a train of maidens appeared from within, to answer the summons of Julius Placidus in his chariot.

The Tribune did not think it necessary to alight, but producing from the bosom of his tunic a jewelled casket, leaned one hand on the shoulder of Automedon, while with the other he proffered his gift to a damsel who seemed the chief among her fellows, and whose manners partook largely of the flippancy of the waiting-maid.

"Commend me to your mistress," said Placidus, at the same time throwing a gold chain round her neck on her own account, and bending carelessly down to take a receipt for the same, in the shape of a caress; "bid her every good omen from the most faithful of her servants, and ask her at what hour I may hope to be received on this her birthday, which the trifle you carry to her from me will prove I have not forgotten."

The waiting-maid tried hard to raise a blush, but with all her efforts the rich Southern colour would not deepen on her cheek; so she thought better of it, and locked him full in the face with her bold black eyes, while she replied: "You have forgotten surely, my lord, that this is the feast of Isis, and no lady that is a lady, at least here in Rome, can have leisure to day for anything but the sacred mysteries of the goddess."

Placidus laughed outright; and it was strange how his laugh scared those who watched it. Automedon fairly turned pale, and even the waiting-maid seemed disconcerted for a moment.

"I have heard of Isis's mysteries," said he, "my pretty Myrrhina, and who has not! The Roman ladies kept them somewhat jealously to themselves: and by all accounts it is well for our sex that they do so. Nevertheless there are yet some hours of sunlight to pass before the chaste rites of Egypt can possibly begin. Will not Valeria see me in the interval?"

A very quick ear might have detected the least possible tremor in the Tribune's voice as he spoke the last sentence; it was not lost upon Myrrhina, for she showed all the white teeth in her large well-formed mouth, while she enumerated with immense volubility those different pursuits which filled up the day of a fashionable Roman lady.

"Impossible!" burst out the damsel. "She has not a moment to spare from

now till sunset. There's her dinner, and her fencing-lesson, and her bath, and her dressing, and the sculptor coming for her hand, and the painter for her face, and the new Greek sandals to be fitted to her feet. Then she has sent for Philogemon, the augur, to cast her horoscope, and for Galanthis, who is cleverer than ever Locusta was, and has twice the practice, to prepare a philtre. Maybe it is for you, my lord," added the girl roguishly. "I hear the ladies are all using them just now."

The evil smile crossed the Tribune's face once more; perhaps he too had been indebted to the potions of Galanthis, for purposes of love or hate, and he did not care to be reminded of them.

"Nay," said he meaningly, "there is no need for that. Valeria can do more with one glance of her bright eyes than all the potions and poisons of Galanthis put together. Say, Myrrhina—you are in my interest—does she look more favourably of late?"

"How can I tell, my lord?" answered the girl, with an arch expression of amusement and defiance in her face. "My mistress is but a woman after all, and they say women are more easily mastered by the strong hand, than lured by the honey lip. She is not to be won by the smooth tongue and beardless face, I know, for I heard her say so to Paris myself, in the very spot where we are now standing. Juno! but the player slunk away somewhat crestfallen, I can tell you, when she called him 'a mere girl in her brother's clothes' at the best. No; the man who wins my mistress will be a man all over, I'll answer for it! So far, she is like the rest of us for that matter."

And Myrrhina sighed, thinking, it may be, of some sunburnt youth the while, whose rough but not unwelcome wooing had assailed her in her early girlhood, ere she came to Rome; far away yonder amongst the blushing vines, in the bright Campanian hills.

"Say you so?" observed the Tribune, obviously flattered by the implied compliment; for he was proud in his secret heart of his bodily strength. "Nay, there was a fellow standing here when I drove up, who would make an easy conquest of you, if, like your Sabine grandams, you must be borne off to be wed, on your lover's shoulders. By the body of Hercules! he would tuck you up under his arm as easily as you carry that casket, which you seem so afraid to let out of your hand. Ay, there he is! lurking behind Hermes. Stand forth, my good fellow! What! you are not afraid of Automedon, are you, and the crack of that young reprobate's whip?"

While he spoke, the slave stepped forward from his lurking place behind the statue, where the quick eye of Placidus had detected him, and presented to Myrrhina with a respectful gesture the offering of his lord to her mistress—a filigree basket of frosted silver, filled with a few choice fruits and flowers—

"From Caius Licinius, greeting," said he, "in honour of Valeria's natal day. The flowers are scarce yet dry from the spray that brawling Anio flings upon its banks; the fruits were glowing in yesterday's sun, on the brightest slopes of Tibur. My master offers the freshest and fairest of his fruits and flowers to his kinswoman, who is fresher and fairer than them all."

He delivered his message, which he had obviously learned by rote, in sufficiently pure and simple Latin, scarcely tinged with the accent of a barbarian, and bowing low as he placed the basket in Myrrhina's hand, drew himself up to his noble height, and looked proudly, almost defiantly, at the Tribune.

The girl started and turned pale—it seemed as if the statue of Hermes had descended from its pedestal to do her

homage. He stood there, that glorious specimen of humanity, in his majestic strength and symmetry, in the glow of his youth, and health, and beauty, like an impersonation of the god. Myrrhina, in common with many of her sex, was easily fascinated by external advantages, and she leaped nervously, while she accepted with shaking hands the handsome slave's offering to his master's kinswoman. "Will you not enter?" said she, the colour mantling once more, and this time without an effort, in her burning cheeks. "It is not the custom to depart from Valeria's house without breaking bread and drinking wine."

But the slave excused himself, abruptly, almost rudely, losing, be sure, by his refusal, none of the ground he had already gained in Myrrhina's good graces. It chafed him to remain even at the porch. The atmosphere of luxury that pervaded it, seemed to weigh upon his senses, and oppress his breath. Moreover, the insult he had sustained from Automedon, yet rankled in his heart. How he wished the boy-charioteer was nearer his match in size and strength! He would have hurled him from the chariot where he stood, turning his curls so insolently round his dainty fingers—hurled him to earth beyond his horses' head, and taught him the strength of a Briton's arm and the squeeze of a Briton's gripe. "Ay! and his master after him!" thought the slave, for already he experienced towards Placidus that unaccountable instinct of aversion which seems to warn men of a future foe, and which, to give him his due, the Tribune was not unused to awaken in a brave and honest breast.

Placidus, however, scanned him once more, as he strode away, with the critical gaze of a judge of human animals. It was this man's peculiarity to look on all he met as possible tools, that might come into use for various purposes at a future and indefinite time. If he observed more than usual courage in a soldier, superior acuteness in a freedman, nay, even uncommon beauty in a woman, he bethought himself that although he might have no immediate use for these qualities, occasions often arise on which he could turn them to his profit, and he noted, and made sure of, their amount accordingly. In the present instance, although somewhat surprised that he had never before remarked the slave's stalwart proportions in the household of Licinius, whose affection for the Briton had excused him from all menial offices, and consequent contact with visitors, he determined not to lose sight of one so formed by nature to excel in the gymnasium or the amphitheatre, while there crept into his heart a cruel cold-blooded feeling of satisfaction at the possibility of witnessing so muscular and shapely a figure in the contortions of a mortal struggle, to the throes of a painful death.

Besides, there was envy, too, at the bottom—envy in the proud patrician's breast, leaning so negligently on the cushions of his gilded chariot, with all his advantages of rank, reputation, wealth and influence—envy of the noble bearing, the personal comeliness, and the free manly step of the slave.

"Had he struck thee, Automedon," said his master, unable to resist taunting the petted youth who held the reins "had he but laid a finger on thee, thou has never spoken again, and I had been rid of the noisiest and most useless of my household. Gently with that outside horse; dost see how he chafes upon the rein? Gently, boy, I say! and drive me back into the Forum."

As he settled himself among the cushions and rolled swiftly away, Myrrhina, came forth into the porch once more. She seemed, however, scarcely to notice the departing chariot, but looked dreamily about her, and then

re-entered the house with a shake of the head, a smile, and something that was almost a sigh.

CHAPTER IV.
APHRODITE.

A negro boy, the ugliest of his kind, and probably all the more prized for that reason, was shifting uneasily from knee to knee, in an attitude of constraint that showed how long and tiresome he felt his office, and how wearied he was of Valeria's own apartment. Such a child, for the urchin seemed of the tenderest age, might be initiated without impropriety into the mysteries of a lady's toilet; and, indeed, the office it was his duty to undertake, formed the most indispensable part of the whole performance. With a skill and steadiness beyond his years, though with a rueful face, he was propping up an enormous mirror, in which his mistress might contemplate the whole galaxy of her charms—a mirror formed of one broad plate of silver, burnished to the brightness and lucidity of glass, set in an oval frame of richly chased gold, wrought into fantastic patterns and studded with emeralds, rubies, and other precious stones. Not a speck was to be discerned on the polish of its dazzling surface; and, indeed, the time of one maiden was devoted to the task alone of preserving it from the lightest breath that might dim its brightness, and cloud the reflection of the stately form that now sat before it, undergoing, at the hands of her attendant, the pleasing tortures of an elaborate toilet.

The reflection was that of a large handsome woman in the very prime and noon-tide of her beauty—a woman whose every movement and gesture bespoke physical organisation of a vigorous nature and perfect health. While the strong white neck gave grace and dignity to her carriage—while the deep bosom and somewhat massive shoulders partook more of Juno's majestic frame than Hebe's pliant youth—while the full sweep and outline of her figure denoted maturity and completeness in every part—the long round limbs, the shapely hands and feet, might have belonged to Diana, so perfect was their symmetry; the warm flush that tinted them, the voluptuous ease of her attitude, the gentle languor of her whole bearing, would have done no discredit to the goddess, hanging over the mountain-tops in the golden summer nights to look down upon Eadyunion, and bathe her sleeping favourite in floods of light and love.

Too fastidious a critic might have objected to Valeria's form that it expressed more of physical strength than is compatible with perfect womanly beauty, that the muscles were developed overmuch, and the whole frame, despite its flowing outlines, partook somewhat of a man's organisation, and a man's redundant strength. The same fault might have been found in a less degree with her countenance. There was a little too much resolution in the small aquiline nose, something of manly audacity and energy in the large well-formed mouth, with its broad white teeth that the fullest and reddest of lips could not conceal—a shade of masculine sternness on the low wide brow, smooth and white, but somewhat prominent, and scarcely softened by the arch of the marked eyebrow, or the dark sweep of the lashes that fringed the long laughing eyes.

And yet it was a face that a man, and still more a boy, could hardly have looked on without misgivings that he might too soon learn to long for its glances, its smiles, its approval, and its love. There was such a glow of health on the soft transparent skin, such a freshness and vitality in the colour of those blooming cheeks, such a sparkle in the gray eyes, that flashed so meaningfully when she smiled, that gleamed so clear and bright and cold when the features resumed their natural expression, grave, scornful, al-

most stern in their repose; and then such womanly softness in the masses of rich nut-brown hair that showered down neck and shoulders, to form a framework for this lovely, dangerous, and too alluring picture. Even the little negro, wearing as he was, peeped at intervals from the back of the mirror he upheld, fawning like a dog for some sign of approval from his haughty, careless mistress. At length she bade him keep still, with a half-scornful smile at his antics; and the sharp white teeth gleamed from ear to ear of the dusky little face, as it grinned with pleasure, while the boy settled himself once more in an attitude of patience and steady submission.

Nor was Valeria's apartment unworthy of the noble beauty who devoted it to the mysterious rites of dress and decoration. Everything that luxury could imagine for bodily ease, everything that science had as yet discovered for the preservation or the production of feminine attractions, was there to be found in its handsomest and costliest form. In one recess, shrouded by transparent curtains of the softest pink, was the bath that could be heated at will to any temperature, and the marble steps of which that shapey form was accustomed to descend twice and thrice a day. In another stood the ivory couch with its quilted crimson silks and ornamented pillars of dried gold, in which Valeria slept, and dreamed such dreams as hover round the rest of those whose life is luxury, and whose business is a ceaseless career of pleasure. On a table of cedar-wood, fashioned on a palm-leaf opening out from a pedestal that terminated in a single claw of grotesque shape, stood her silver night-lamp, exhaling odours of perfumed oil, and near it lay the waxen tablets, on which she made her memorandums, or composed her love-letters, and from which, as from an unfinished task, the sharp-pointed steel pencil had rolled away upon the shining floor. Through the whole court—for court it might be called, its many entrances and recesses, its cool and shady nooks, its lofty ceiling and its tessellated pavement—choice vases, jewelled cups, burnished chalices, and exquisite little statues, were scattered in systematic irregularity and graceful profusion. Even the very water in the bath flowed through the mouth of a marble Cupid; and two more winged arches wrought in bronze, supported a stand on which was set a formidable array of perfumes, essences, cosmetics and such material for offensive and defensive warfare.

The walls, too, of this seductive arsenal, were delicately tinted of a light rose-colour, that should throw the most becoming shade over its inmates, relieved at intervals by oval wreaths wrought out in bas-relief, enclosing diverse mythological subjects, in which the figure of Venus, goddess of love and laughter, predominated. Round the cornices stretched a frieze representing, also in relief, the fabulous contests of the Amazons with every description of monster, amongst which the most conspicuous was the well-known griffin, or griffin, an abnormal quadruped, with the head and neck of a bird of prey.

It was curious to trace in the female warriors thus delineated, something of the imperious beauty, the vigorous symmetry, and the dauntless bearing that distinguished Valeria herself, though their energetic and spirited attitudes afforded, at the same time, a marked contrast to the pleasing languor that seemed to pervade every movement of that luxurious lady reclining before her mirror, and submitting indolently to the attentions of her maid-servants.

These were five in number, and constituted the principal slaves of her household; the most important among them seemed to be a tall matronly woman, considerably older than her comrades, who filled the responsible

office of housekeeper in the establishment—a dignity which did not, however, exempt her from insult, and even blows, when she failed to satisfy the caprices of a somewhat exacting mistress; the others, comely laughing girls, with sparkling eyes and white teeth of their countrywomen, seemed principally occupied with the various matters that constituted their lady's toilet—a daily penance, in which, notwithstanding the rigour of its discipline, and the severities that were sure to follow the most trifling act of negligence, they took an inexplicable and essentially feminine delight.

Of these it was obvious that Myrrha was the first in place as in Myrrha. She it was who brought her mistress the warm towels for her bath; who was ready with her slippers when she emerged; who handed every article of clothing as it was required; whose taste was invariably consulted, and whose decision was considered final, on such important points as the position of a jewel, the studied negligence of a curl, or the exact adjustment of a fold.

The girl possessed, with an Italian exterior, the pliant cunning and plausible fluency of the Greek. Born a slave on one of Valeria's estates in the country, she had been reared a mere peasant, on a simple country diet, and amidst healthful country occupations, till a freak of her mistress brought her to Rome. With a woman's versatility—with a woman's quickness in adapting herself to a strange phase of life and a total change of circumstances—the country girl had not been a year in her new situation, ere she became the acutest and cleverest waiting-maid in the capital, with what benefit to her own morals and character, it is needless to inquire. Who so quick as Myrrha to prepare the unguents, the perfumes, or the cosmetics that repaired the injuries of climate, and effaced the marks of dissipation? Who so delicate a sempstress; who had such taste in colours; who could convey a note or a message with half such precision, simplicity, and tact? In short, who was ever so ready, in an emergency, with brush, crimping-iron, needle, hand, eye, or tongue? Intrigue was her native element. To lie on her mistress's behalf, seemed as natural as on her own. He who would advance in Valeria's good-will, must begin by bribing her maid; and many a Roman gallant had ere this discovered that even that royal road to success was as tedious as it was costly, and might lead eventually to discomfort and disgrace.

As she took the pounce-box from one of the girls, and proceeded to sprinkle gold dust in Valeria's hair, Myrrha's eye was caught by the gift of Placidus, lying neglected at her feet, the casket open, the jewels scattered on the floor. Such as it was, the waiting-maid owned a conscience. It warned her that she had not as yet worked out the value of the costly chain thrown round her neck by the Tribune.

Showering the gold-dust liberally about her lady's head, Myrrha felt her way cautiously to the delicate theme.

'There's a new fashion coming in for headgear when the weather gets cooler,' said she. 'It's truth I tell you, madam, for I heard it direct from Selina, who was told by the Empress's first tirewoman, though even Cesar himself cannot think Galeria looks well, with that yellow mop stuck all over her head. But it's to be the fashion, nevertheless, and right sorry I am to hear it; nor am I the only one for that matter.'

'Why?' asked Valeria, languidly; 'is it more troublesome than the present?'

Myrrha had done with the gold-dust now, and, holding the comb in her mouth, was throwing a rich brown curl across her wrist, while she laid a plat carefully beneath it. Notwithstanding the impediment between her lips, however, she was able to reply with great volubility.

'The trouble counts for nothing, madam, when a lady has got such hair as yours. It's a pleasure to run your hands through it, let alone dressing and crimping it, and plaiting it up into a crown that's fit for a queen. But this new fashion will make us all alike, whether we're as bald as old Lyco, or wear our curls down to our ankles, like Nara. Still, to hide such hair as yours,—as my lord said, only this morning—'

'What lord? this morning?' interrupted Valeria, a dawn of interest waking on her handsome features; 'not Licinius, my noble kinsman? His approval is indeed worth having.'

'Better worth than his gifts,' answered Myrrha, pertly; pointing to the filigree basket which occupied a place of honour on the toilet-table. 'Such a birthday present I never saw! A few late roses and a bunch or two of figs to the richest lady in Rome! To be sure, he sent a messenger with them, who might have come direct from Jove, and the properest man I ever set eyes on.' And Myrrha moved to one side, that her lady might not observe the blush that rose, even to her shameless brow, as she recalled the impression made on her by the handsome slave.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Correspondence of the Register.

New York, Jan. 5, 1894.

The New Year has come, but it brings few outward blessings to the many poor, except weather that is providential in its mildness. There is still acute misery in this city, as in every centre of population in the country. Many methods, some more ingenious than practical, are being adopted to cope with it, from the efforts of the 400, who waltzed so charmingly last evening in charity's cause, to the more direct attempt of generous Tammany men who are raising a purse of \$100,000 for the poor. As the real cause of the distress is want of work, both the State and City Executives are appropriating funds for public improvements on a large scale to give employment to men during the winter.

Whether the winter will end the distress is open to question. The settlement of the silver question has only left the field open for the still more disputed question of tariff reform, and business men are chary of investing their money in any business, until the tariff regulations are settled. I was informed to-day by a gentleman connected with a Trust Deposit Company that they had nearly \$2,000,000 deposited in their vaults in New York by men who are unwilling to invest until they can see clearly what prospects are ahead of them. Meanwhile, in view of the united Republican opposition and strong sectional interests in the Democratic camp, there is little probability of the Wilson Bill, or even a mutilated version of it, getting through Congress for months to come.

In civic politics, the attack on Tammany Hall has inspired Mr. Croker to open his mouth and speak, something which the great chief seldom does, though he shows he can do it well. He makes out a very good case for the rule of his organization in New York City. Of course, Tammany Hall is not defensible on every ground, and it is by no means the ideal of city government to have a political organization manage its affairs; but politics being as they are, it is doubtful if the Republicans could supply as good an article of government as the much-maligned Tammany. New York, on account of its mixed population, is very difficult to manage, yet it occupies a high position among the populous cities of the world in almost every particular. The fire department is undoubtedly the best in the world. The department of public health, in its branches of street-cleaning, water-supply, and hospital conveniences, is well administered, as is evident from the low death-rate. The police department has been much censured of late through the efforts of Dr. Parkhurst and his friends, and perhaps deservedly, but they afford at least a splendid protection for life and property. They know enough to respect the liberty of the citizen, something which a few of the guardians of the peace in Toronto have yet to learn, as many will testify. It is a significant fact that the Bowery, or any other thoroughfare which writers of sensational literature love to depict, is as safe as any street in Toronto, and when you compare the populations of the two cities, it speaks volumes for the stalwart bluecoats of New York. To grasp and carry out a large minded public policy has been a difficult task in a city which has grown in importance and population as this city has done, yet we find there have been men in Tammany Hall to do so; and New York is well abreast of its population in parks, public buildings, means of transit, and all public improvements. We may deplore anything which keeps independent citizens from a share in the management of affairs, but it is one of the evils incidental to

party government, the principle of which our neighbors here logically carry out in every election. In fact, it is doubtful if any body of men, however well-intentioned, could plan and execute the work which this staple organization has accomplished. Organization and responsibility (not boodles, as many suppose) have been the secrets of its success. Its candidates for office have been generally able men, and it works on the idea that the welfare of the city is the surest guarantee of its own continuance in power. With all its faults it is evidenced by the large majorities that Tammany Hall is in reality a government of the people, and the "blue stocking," "or silk stocking," or "sans culottes" governments of other cities might take many lessons in civic management from their despised contemporary.

In Catholic circles we hear with pleasure of the establishment of two new Catholic Clubs in the city. The Brownson Literary Union, inspired by the great success of the Catholic Club, have organized a Brownson Club, and the ladies, emulating the sterner sex, have also organized a Ladies' Catholic Club. They abjure the wines and billiards of their male friends, and will have no stronger dissipation than scandal and tea. Seriously, however, the movement is a good one. Both clubs grow out of literary societies, and their influence will do much to broaden and strengthen Catholics, not only in social circles, but in that knowledge of their faith, its history and its literature, which will make them a power to cope with the darkness around them.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, January 10, 1894.

| | | |
|--------------------------------|--------|--------|
| Wheat, white, per bush..... | \$0 60 | \$0 62 |
| Wheat, red, per bush..... | 0 60 | 0 60 |
| Wheat, spring, per bush..... | 0 60 | 0 60 |
| Wheat, goose, per bush..... | 0 58 | 0 59 |
| Barley, per bush..... | 0 46 | 0 50 |
| Oats, per bush..... | 0 34 | 0 39 |
| Peas, per bush..... | 0 57 | 0 58 |
| Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs..... | 6 50 | 6 75 |
| Chickens, per pair..... | 0 40 | 0 50 |
| Geese, per lb..... | 0 08 | 0 07 |
| Turkeys, per lb..... | 0 09 | 0 11 |
| Butter per lb., in tubs..... | 0 19 | 0 21 |
| Butter, per lb..... | 0 22 | 0 25 |
| Eggs, now laid, per dozen..... | 0 25 | 0 27 |
| Parsley, per doz..... | 0 15 | 0 01 |
| Cabbage, new, per doz..... | 0 30 | 0 40 |
| Celery, per doz..... | 0 35 | 0 40 |
| Radishes, per doz..... | 0 20 | 0 25 |
| Lettuce, per doz..... | 0 20 | 0 30 |
| Onions, per bag..... | 1 00 | 1 10 |
| Turnips, per bag..... | 0 25 | 0 30 |
| Potatoes, per bag..... | 0 55 | 0 65 |
| Beets, per bag..... | 0 60 | 0 60 |
| Carrots, per bag..... | 0 30 | 0 40 |
| Apples, per bbl..... | 2 00 | 3 25 |
| Hay, timothy..... | 8 01 | 9 50 |
| Straw sheaf..... | 8 00 | 8 50 |
| Straw, loose..... | 6 00 | 6 50 |

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, Jan. 10 - The market was a moderately good one for the time of year; there was not much cattle of really good quality, but what was here sold readily at from 3 1/2 to 4c. a pound, the latter figure being, however, only paid for picked lots.

MILK COWS—Only a few came in, the enquiry was easy, and prices were steady at from \$35 to \$50 each.

CALVES - Calves were scarce, good calves especially so, and these were wanted. Prices to-day ruled too high, and to quote them would probably be misleading. For choice calves just now good values are assured.

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Men's Silk and Cashmere Mufflers, 50c.
Men's Suspenders, leather ends, 15c.
Silk Handkerchiefs, room, hemstitched, 50c. worth 75c.
Colored Silk Handkerchiefs, 20c. worth 40c.
Best 4-ply Linen Cuffs, 20c.
Rubberine Cuff, 10c.
Rubberine Cuffs, 20c.
Heavy All wool Underwear, 50c.
Scotch Lambs-wool Underwear, 65c. worth 90c.
Pure Linen Handkerchiefs, 12c. worth 20.
Unlaundried White Shirts, 45c. worth 60.

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