# Record. Catholic

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

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# TWO MARTYRS.

Father Damier and Sister St. Martin.

(Ethelyn Leslie Huston, in Brann's Iconoclast.) When Father Damien voluntarily turned his face for all time to the living horror and physical degradation of Hawaii's lazaretto-when his shrink ing foot touched the Molokai ahina, the desolate island with soil reeking with hideous disease, the air heavy with festering, living death, the people ghastly nightmares of rotting limbs brain and memory chained in a charnel-house of putrid flesh—the whole world rung with his name. He was defied, this humble Belgian priest. who for seventeen long years toiled and suffered till strength slowly sank and his body, too, was sucked into the maelstrom of leprosy. This "coarse peasant," as the Rev. Dr. Hyde of Honolulu charitably termed him, rose to heights that left the Rev. Hyde and others of his ilk but cowardly pigmies close to the earth, fattening their porcine bodies and snarling like mongrels at the solitary eagle soaring alone toward the forked lightning of pain and thundrous clouds of blackness and despair. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote an Apologia-an open letter to the Rev. who traduced Damien as only contemptible envy can, and this letter has been published in book form, Stevenson declining all remuneration for elequent and most potent defense. Father Damien was human, yet touched the stars. He died a heroic death, but his name has become immortal. It will live in song and story. And on the tonsured head of the dead priest

young girl, fair as a poet's dream, stead the tenderness of a prayer. dowered lavishly by all the graces and With her pure refinement the has lift with all the luxuries of great wealth and the dazzling allurements of social life before her, deliberately closed the flower hung gates that opened wide to her girlish form, and laying her wealth at the feet of the Lady of Sorrows, exchanged the silvery tissues of the debutante's gown for the heavy serge of the sacred order. The world did not heed as the pitiless steel swept the silken hair from the fair brow. There was no breath of reverential awe from ocean to ocean as the heavy challenge the defamer and give honor shadows of the Black Veil fell over the where honor is due. In ode and epic bright head. There was no acclaim as and history are shrined and immortal the low chant sounded its requiem for as the altar gave back its dead and a pale nun lifted her eyes to the stars.

will rest the tender green of the death-

less laurel-always.

Father Damien had been schooled in self-renunciation and reared in the shadow of the monastery. Awful as was his sacrifice, yet he but left the horror, but he had already renounced group of shrouded figures kneeling bethe world. This young girl knew noth lirium of youth and joyous music. Her arc of triumph the pale sunshine riven veins thrilled with the sweet, warm by an upright Cross. wine of young life and fancies light a Titania's butterflies fluttered through her waking dreams. Life opened a wide vista of wondrous delights, peopled with laughing nymphs and radiant with golden sunshine. whispered her sweetest fairy tales and at her white breast nestled the winged god pressing the pomegranate to her warm lips. But beyond the to her warm lips. But beyond the golden head of the Child she saw visions that startled the girl dreams forever from her frightened eyes; through the vibrating sweetness of the bird's songs she heard the low wail of lost women and in the golden blaze of a world's glory she saw a veiled form children would be received, baptized, whose mask was Love and whose kiss And then her heart awak ened to an infinite pity, and, like the Belgian priest, she renounced the world and gave her life to ministering in the great Lazar house. the low voices of culture and sweet laughter of pure women, she turned to the gasping cry of agony and bitter curse of despair. From the Gardens of Pleasure, bright as her girlish eyes, she turned to the Desert that cowered, face downward, naked upon its thorns. From the softness of love's caress and the warmth of love's kiss she turned to the bare walls and brooding silence of a sacred tomb. She strangled the torturing heart-hunger of her womanhood and with a metal cross crushed back in her breast the yearning pain for the touch of baby lips-the thrilling sweetness of wandering baby fingers. Her girllife, rich in promise, she crucified upon a cross for women whose lives were lived-who had loved and sinned and suffered and cursed, and in their infamy and shame she buried in pure youth, her life, her hope for all time and there was left only to-wait. Outside of her order few know of Mother St. Martin. I had heard her story and in the house of Magdalens, in New Orleans, when the black grat-ing swung back I saw a face still very beautiful, eyes soft and tender, with the fires of the South burning still

woman. The black veil contrasted sombrely with the creamy serge hanging in heavy folds to her feet and the face and figure of this holy woman, framed in the black bars, was worthy the pen of a laureate, the brush of a master. Ritual and dogma, church and creed, belief and unbelief query and theory, Christian and Pagan-all fade and pale into insignificance before the unwritten history of this woman's life. A worshipper of false gods, a visionist or a Bride of Christ—it does not matter. Before her task strong men would quail. At what she sees, pure women would shrink. From what she has endured good women would turn, afraid and appalled. Her work was not lighter than Damien's, and it has extended over nearly three times the number of years. His was a martyr's death. Hers is a long martyrdom living.
He was an humble peasantpriest tending pitifully the diseased in body. She is a cultured woman ministering tirelessly to half a century of distorted minds and leprous Before the nobility of her life, the infinitude of her sacrifice, the sweet ness and tenderness of her personality one pauses, humble and silent. Some may criticise her creed—they must rev-

erence her deeds. Some may revile what she holds holy—they must honor holiness that is sublime. Some may censure the Church-they must bow to the woman. Damien helped tortured wretches to die. She helps tortured women to liv. With her delicate, patrician hand she has touched lives that reeked with vileness and degrada tion, and softly drawn them back from the vortex that casts us ghastly refuse on the slimy slabs of a city morgue. he he and In the city of New Orleans is the old, old order of the House of the Good Shepherd. Nearly fifty years ago a young girl, fair as a poet's dream, stead the tenderness of a prayer. ed from the gutter's filth these female animals and walked with them through the via doloroso till they were again within the pale of womanhood. this woman, infinitely great and infinitely pitiful, is almost unknown. eyes, patient and tender and saddened by the long pilgrimage of pain, are rarely seen beyond the cloister walls. And while there are Dr. Hydes base enough to cast mud at the marble of her order, there is no Stevenson to ized the memories of our Jeannes

a maiden's death. There was only d'Arc and our Molly Pitchers, our silence, profound as the sea at night, Clara Bartons and our Florence as the altar gave back its dead and a pale nun lifted her eyes to the stars. this white robed nun who gave her wealth to shelter our homeless Magdalens and her life for their redemption. Over her dead Christ is written "Hombare walls and austere life of the hum-ble priesthood behind him. He faced only the black veil. And the silent fore the sculptured Nazarene are her ing of life's bitterness. The world laughed with her and showered its roses with royal hands at her dancing Christ, and her epithalamium is the feet. The birds sang round her in de- saddened chant of cloistered nuns, her

New Orleans, La., Feb. 12

# A FAMOUS JEWISH CONVERT.

From the moment of his conversion Alphonse Ratisbonne, like another Francis Xavier, burned to win souls for Christ. The command to "go first to the perishing sheep of the house of Israel "stirred his heart to its inmost depths, and he longed to begin the work of the regeneration of his people. Again and again he urged his brother Theodore to take a house where, with the consent of their parents, Jewish and brought up in the Faith of Christ. Touched by Father Marie's representa tions, hesitating, yet not daring to combat what might be Divine inspiration, the saintly priest who was then with M. Desgenettes, Director of the Arch-confraternity at Notre Dame des Victories, had recourse to the Bless d Virgin and besought her to make known the will of God. "If this design be inspired by you, O Mary, give rlish eyes, she turned to the Desert me a sign. Send me a child—one Eternal Night, dark as the souls single Jewish child—and it will be to at cowered, face downward, naked me a proof of your intervention." The answer was not long delayed; the sign was given. That same day a Jewish lady at the point of death sent for him, wishing to leave her two little girls in Christian hands. With emotion too deep for words the priest accepted the trust—Mary's sign—and had the joy of pouring the waters of baptism on the head of the mother. The week was not over when another Jewish lady, touched by the account of the miracuous conversion of Father Marie in Rome, called on Father Theodore and committed to his guardianship her three little children. Others continued to flock in, and soon it became evident that the work so happily begun should now be organized. Gregory XVI., in an audience which he granted to Gregory XVI., in Father Theodore, warmly blessed and encouraged the enterprise, and in May, 1843, several ladies desiring to sanctify themselves under a religious rule embracing the special mission of through the long years of the chill our Saviour, hitherto unrepresented austerity of her holy calling, and an in the Church by any community of outstretched hand, soft and white and men or women, offered themselves to exquisite—the hand of a gentle Father Theodore to become the spirit-

ual mothers of the Jewish children he had gathered together. Thu, under Mary's auspices, began the institute, now so widespread, of Our Lady of Zion.-Liverpool Catholic Times.

# CRUCIFIXES.

Nowhere is a crucifix more appropriately placed than in the confessional, above the place where the pentient kneels. He who comes to cast his borden of sin at the feet of Jesus and receive His plentenus forgiveness, from His appointed minister and representative may be moved to a more perfect contrition, and a juster conception of the significance of the sacrament of penance, if he finds himself visibly kneeling at the foot of the Cross. If there is no crucifix above the pentent's place in the confessionals of your parish church, it would be a pious work peculiarly acceptable to the Sacred Heart in this penitential season to offer to supply the deficiency. Your pastor will appreciate the gift, and you will have a share in all the conversions to God in which it may be instrumental.—Church Progress.

# PATRICK TO PERCY.

A young man out West recently asked the Court to permit him to change his name from Patrick to Percy. We recently published an American opinion in regard to the matter. Here is another one. Mr. Brann, editor of Brann's Iconoclast, writes:

"The court should hasten to ameliorate the young man's misery. The name is too big for the little motorman, it is a mill stone slung about the gaant neck of a Chollie Boy, the load of Atlas placed upon the shoulders of a pigmy. Saints and martyrs, soldiers and statesmen have proudly borne the name of Patrick, hence it is not an easy one to live up to, and we can scarcely blame an intellectual featherweight for wanting to exchange it for the sweet stillance of Percy, suggesting only pink temonade, tooth pick shoes and chewing gum."

# AN OPEN TREASURY.

Granted that you have made a good confession at Easter and received forgiveness, what about the temporal punishment still due? Conscience still persists in whisper-ing "Pay what thou owest?" and how due? Conscience still persists in whispering "Pay what thou owest?" and how pray? By good works? alms giving? or is there another easy method? There is. Holy Church in the plenitude of her power, like an indulgent mother, opens her treasury and invites us to come and receive the Papal Benediction with the accompanying Plenary Indulgence. All can receive it, but only on condition that we are in the state of grace and are determined to avoid the least sin in the future. What a great boon! but alas! how many of us are ready to take advantage of it? On Easter Tuesday by a privilege granted by the Holy See the Papal Benediction is given in all churches in charge of the Carmelite Fathers.—Carmelite Review.

# THE CHURCH IN FRANCE.

At times everything would seem to point to a coming conflict between Christianity and the powers of darkness. Political and social upheavals are the devil's opportunities. In France the condition of things is most serious and pitiable. It is pleasant, therefore, to hear words of hope—one prophecy which has no sound like a funeral knell. A Frenchman of learning and sound judgment, who has lately made a tour of the United States, records his impressions of it in a calm and discriminating way; and, in comparing our country with his own, takes occasion to make this prediction: "Intielity is doomed. Before the year 1900 the Lord God will be the fashion in France."

The world takes her fashions from France; so we may pray—we say it with all reverence

so we may pray—we say it with all reverence—that the genial Frenchman's assertion may be verified, and that the eldest daughter of the Church may return to her mother.—Ave Maria,

# A RASCAL EXPOSED.

Ecce iterum Crispi! Again the great statesman of the Italian Revolution occupies the public stage, as the recipiout of some of his deserts, but not by any means the whole. What is more disappointing is the fact that there he has been adjudged quilty, he has What is more disappointing is the fact that though he has been adjudged guilty, he has escaped the just penal consequences of malfeasance—evidently through his judges lacking the courage of their convictions. A committee of the Senate has been investigating his connection with the Italian Bank robberies and the charge of trafficking in the sale of decorations, and found him guilty. But it was recommended that there be no prosecution of the culprit, and this singular report the Italian Parliament last Wednesday adopted by the tremendous majority of 207 to 7. We are free to surmise that some mighty esoteric influence has been exerted to secure this glaring non sequitur. But it is some consolation to know that rascality has been at last hunted to earth, and one of the most daring and able foes of religion and decency exposed in his true colors to the scorn of markind.—Standard and Times.

# GLADSTONE.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The dispatches concerning the health of Mr. Gladstone indicate that his illustrious career is approaching its end. It may be delayed for a time, but there is no cure for old age. Gladstone is one of the three very great men of the century. The other two are Leo XIII. and Bismarck. It is difficult to calculate the immense influence the lives of these three great men have had and will continue to have on the world, social and political. Of the three, Leo alone continues to have a voice that is more than an echo or a memory. The other two have drifted out of the current of active affairs, and the world a memory. The other two have drifted out of the current of active affairs, and the world thinks not on what they do, but on what they have done; just as it thinks on the great dead. But Leo remains in full activity, more potent than in any of the past years of his pontificate. But even he, as he hints in his latest poem, looks forward to the inevitable:

One last ray, Leo, sheds thy sun And pallid sets; its course now run, As murky night descends; Descends on thee, whose torpid blood Can withered veins no longer flood; Thy body fails, life ends.

# HEALTHFUL OPTIMISM.

Rev. Henry E. O'Keeffe, C. S. P., writing in the April Catholic World, takes an optimistic view of the chaotic condition of religious agitation, and sees hope of better things as a result of even the charlatanism now so rife and rampant. "The appetite for the curious, the mystical, the occult, prompts emotional natures to listen and accept," he says. Even the popularity of the quacks and takirs does not discourage him. The spread of spiritualism, faith cures, the osophy and palmistry he regards as developments of latent religious forces. He writes: "Just where the diabolism in these beliefs begins and where deception ends, and what part hysteria plays over all, it is difficult to determine. However, these weaknesses argue not the lack but the excess of faith. Doubt is the lack of faith, superstition its excess."

While others are grieved and sorely tried

by the prevalence of so much that is discouraging and depressing in the atmosphere of the pulpit and the platform, and while sensationalism and charlatanism hold the attention of the unthinking and the votaries of unbelief. Father O'Keeffe is firm in the conviction that truth will eventually triumph. "Is it unreasonable," he asks, "to hope that below this complete religious disturbance there is throbbing something more than human, an energy which it pleases me to call the new leaven in modern life?"—Boston Republic.

# A CONVERSION.

Col. John T. Haynes, a former resident of Round Rock, Texas, died at Gatesville, Sunday, January 39. Col. Haynes was taken sick at his farm about two weeks ago, but went to Gatesville where he could get better medical attention. It is children were telegraphed for, but all did not reach in time to see him before Death claimed him as harown. Col. Haynes was a non-Ca'h dic until a few days before his death, when he requested his daug hter to send for a Catholic priest, as he wished to see one immediately. Rev. Father Clancey, of Waco, was wired to come to Gatesville, and ha responded at once, getting there on Thursday last, and received him into the Ca'holic Church.

Col. Haynes 'conversion was brought about," atter God," by reading Catholic books and papers and he often expressed to the writer his astonishment at Catholics for not distributing their literature as Protestants do, so people could learn the doctrine and not be left in uncertainty and doubt as to its meaning. He always contended that the prejudice against the Church was the result of ignorance or misrepresentation, and that there were thousands in Texas who would read our books if they could get them.

He contended that the only logical ground to stand on was either to be a Catholic or an Infidel, reasoning that if Christ ever established a Church. — Southern Mes senger.

# ONE GLASS A DAY, AND NO MORE.

I knew a young man who had for many I knew a young man who had for many years been a total abstainer. On one occa ion he said to a friend of mine: "I think it s a stupid thing to be a total abstainer and io one's self down so much. I don't see why man can't make himself a definite allow more from day to day. It would do no harm. Now I am going to alter my system, and take just one glass a day, and no more." "Well," said my friend, "you are perfectly well without it."

"Oh, yes, I'm very well in health."

"Then, why not let it alone?"

"Oh, one glass a day won't hurt."

"But you are a great deal better without it."

it." Well, I don't know; I shall try just one glass a day, and keep to it.".

For twelve months that man did keep to his one glass a day. That indicates that he was a man of very considerable natural self control. But at the end of twelve months he said: "I think it a foolish thing for a man to lay down any hard and fast line for himself. A man ought to be able to say, 'I will take as much as is good for me, and as little as is not good for me." I will restrict myself to what my requirements need! He aimed at that.

sen to what my requirements need: he aimed at that.

Six mouths afterward that young man was picked up, reeling drunk, in the street. His employers forgave him the first offence, as he had borne an excellent character up to that time; but the first offence was followed by a second, and he was eventually dismissed from his position and became an outcast from society. He then plunged into a life of intemperance, and within a few short years of that first fall delirium tremens hurled him in to eternity! This is how the fatal drink habit of drunkenness grows, little by little.—Sacrel Heart Review.

# FAILURE OF THE SHAKERS.

How difficult it is for a co-operative com-munity to exist outside the Catholic Church has been illustrated in a multitude of in-stances. The organization flourishes for a time; but invariably, owing to one cause or another, succumbs. A frequent cause of failure is internal discord; jealousies and antanine is internal discord: jeanousles and antagonisms arise and the experiment ends in rupture and disintegration. There are other causes—the absence of an exalted motive, causes—the absence of an exatted motive, for example; the neglect to place any dependence upon man's spiritual nature. A very large volume might be written giving an account of the various colonies that have sprung into being, lived for a while and vanished.

ished.

The latest illustration is that furnished by the Society of Shakers at Pleasant Hill, Kentucky, and this is all the more remarkable, as the Shakers comprised a religious body. This curious sect was founded by an English woman named Ann Lee, the daughder of a blacksmith of Manchester. In her girlhood she was a very violent, hysterical girl, and after some distressing experiences which evidently disordered a mind naturally not strong, she was seized with the idea that Christ had come upon the earth for a second time and had chosen His abode in her person. She went about preaching her crazy dectrine and finally emigrated to America, where she established a number of societies. Ann Lee died in 1784; but her followers declared that she was not really dead; had only withdrawn from common sight; to eyes exalted by the gitt of grace she was still visible.

The Kentucky society of Shakers flourished remarkably. Every one throughout the South knew of the excellence of the Shaker wares—the garden seeds, the fruits, the brooms, the baskets, the straw hats and bonnets. The Shakers were houset in their dealings, and anything purchased of them might be depended upon. Hence they made money out of cattle, horses, the culture of silk worms and articles of food.

But now all is gone; the Shaker factories are abandoned, the industries have stopped, house has been sold and by the irony of fate, converted into a ball-room. That seems the fund dead and the converted into a ball-room. That seems the fund dead and the converted into a ball-room. That seems the fund dead and the converted into a ball-room. The seems the fund dead and the converted into a ball-room. The seems the fund dead and the converted into a ball-room. The seems the fund dead and the converted into a ball-room. The seems the fund dead and the converted into a ball-room. The seems the fund dead and the converted into a ball-room. ished.

The latest illustration is that furnished by

house has been sold and by the irony of fate, converted into a ball-room. That seems the final humiliation, for if the Shakers detested and dreaded anything it was worldly amusement. The quaint followers of the fantastic Ann Lee are about to be scattered and will soon be lost sight of in the busy multitude from which they once lived apart.—Baltimore Mirror.

# FULTON AND CHINIQUY.

The Army and Navy Journal of March 5,

The Army and Navy Journal of March 5, says:

"There is a wild Ishmaelite of a Baptist minister in Boston, named Justin D. Fulton, who has long wearied that city with his insane utterances. In a recent sermon he thus explodes: "McKinley has deserted God and betrayed Americans. The same I say of Tom Reed. Since the assassination of Abraham Lincoln by Rome there has not been such a horror as the destruction of the 'Maine,' Rome has in every chaplain in the Navy, a man who would toss a torpedo into the magazine of any ship in the Navy if he was so commanded. Has Rome Hoodooed McKinley?"

We believe that the wild Ishmaelite does We believe that the wild Ishmaelite does

not just now honor Boston with his presence. He fell into disfavor with the A. P. A. contingent when he went out to Chicago at the time of the International Exposition to capture the World's Congress of Religions.

He was accompanied by \$800, contributed by his admirers. He returned without having accomplished his mission: and the \$800—but that is another story. When last heard of in this section he was reluctantly obeying an enthusiastic request to give up his pastorate in Somerville. His assertion that "Rome" blew up the "Mane" does not praceed from insanity, but just from pure cursedness; like his other statement that "Rome "assassinated Lincoln. But Fulton, with all his versatile unveracity, is only an amateur in comparison with the venerable impostor, "Father" Chiniquy, who has just been astonishing a Montreal reporter with a long story of his many escapes from death at the hands of "Rome" during the past forty or fifty years. The American liar lacks the daving imagination of the Canadian. Hence it is that so many "patriotic" American bodies have tallen under the control of imported patriots from Nova Scotia, Ontario, the North of Ireland and other allen places. Maria Monk located her imaginary "awful experiences" in Canada; Slattery and others give free rein to their fancy in placing their experiences anywhere in N. Mar's Land, and Margaret Shepherd can cook up a tale of horror in a Roformatory for fallen women, and call the institution a convent; but our native humbugs are so lacking in imaginarion, or perhaps so fearful of keen American ridicule, that they can concoct only fables that would not deceive a nursery. Wherefore it happens that the imported "patriot" gathers in all the shekels and the native is told to "move on" by parish after parish. There should be a law to protect native born frauds from the competition of such cheap foreign labor.—Boston Pilot.

# MYTHICAL CONVERSIONS.

Every year we receive reports of what the Independent calls the growth of Protestant sentiment among the Catholic clergy in France. It may be generally said that there is no such growth at all. It only exists in the imagination of those ardent American Protestant proselytizers abroad, who have scarcely a bowing acquaintance with truth. They are mentally short-sighted. Occasionally these fellows may capture an unfortunate, who for some reason has been unworthy to fill a sacred office, or some infidel who pretends he was a priest, for the sake of gulling the fanatical seeker after Catholic converts. The French society of Protestant clergymen and laymen, whose object is to take care of priests who have left the Catholic Church, must be seriously humburged on all sides. Quite as much as were our Boston A. P. A.'s and bigots when they patronized Mrs. Shepherd. She claimed to be an escaped nun, when she never wore the habit of a religious, and was simply a woman who had been in a Catholic reformatory, but who failed to appreciate the efforts made to reclaim her. To return to the so called French movement of Catholic priests toward Protestantiems, we are told that there is great interest among Catholic priests in imbibing Protestant ideas. If this means that priests generally are ignorant of Protestantism than Protestant ministers have concerning Catholicity. Many of the latter make the most astonishing and unpardonable blunders regarding it. The reports of the wholesale conversion of Catholic priests in France seem to be deliberately manufactured, when the makers of them have not been deceived by imposters, to create an impression on this side of the Atlantic. The result desired is the sending of more funds to support a band of useless missionaries, who, probably, could not find remunerative employment at home.

not find remunerative employment at home.

The McAll mission is another complete farce. Its workers, apparently, believe, because their tracts or leaflets are received with a smile, that they are making a religious impression. The smile is, probably, only one of good-natured tolerance. One might give the same kind of a reception to a circular for a quack medicine. The colporteurs are the objects of inward contempt to the French, whose politeness will not allow them to betray outwardly the scorn in which they hold these religious adventurers from another land. A report in an American newspaper says that colporteurs on bicycles are cheered as they pass through French villages distributing religious literators, harmless old creature named Daniel Pratt. He used to be cheered when he distributed an incoherent mass of stuff in a recovery collect the Cridition of which he was tributed an incoherent mass of stuff in a paper called the Gridiron, of which he was the editor. The comparison need not be ex tended further than to say that Pratt and the tended firther man to say that I raw and the colporteurs have a strong family resemblance. They probably need care at home, for they cannot realize when they are the objects of ridicule, especially to the native French Protestant ministers, who, we are informed, poch poch the McAll movement,—Sacred (Moser Peach) pooh pooh the McAll n Heart Review.

# PROF. STARBUCK.

Catholic Universe.

Catholic Universe.

Catholic Universe.

Catholic Universe.

Prof. Charles C. Starbuck of Andover University handles very severely slanderous fellow ministers who deliberately misrepresent the Catholic Church and fasify history. This remarkable Protestant scholar his contributed a series of papers to the Sacred Heart Review exposing and refuting the callumnies intered against the ancient faith by a class of preachers and writers whose performances cannot in charity be be regarded otherwise than as sins against the light. Among other counts of the indictment framed by Professor Starbuck is this one:

"Lansing, therefore, and the whole brood of his fellow-slanderers and plotters against civil and religious peace, are authentically shown to be guilty of utter perversion, inversion, retroversion, and distortion of the declarations of Pius IX. and of the doctrine of the Catholic Church. They bring forward, in utter defiance of the clearest proof to the contrary, an indescribably odius charge, calculated, above all others, to fire the blood of Protestants. They turn away from all enlightenment, spurn the very suggestion of temperate pause and inquiry, and lest this hideously efficacious weapon of evil should be wrested from them, their editors disdainfully retuse to publish clear explanations of the authentic doctrine of Rome. And yet these are the men that rend the air with their howlings about the obliquities of Jesuit morality, and the dreadful designs of Rome against our social peace!"

We should think that with God's grace, such acts on the part of his tellow preachers would force the Andover professor into the fold of Rome, if anything would.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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It is a mystery how a scholar who writes as Prof. Starbuck of Andover, has been writing on Catholic subjects for the last few years can remain outside the Catholic Church. He is following the example of William Cobbet. It is to be hoped that he will not follow it to the end. Let him rather follow Dr. Brownson. Even he hesitated for a time, thinking to convert the world to the Catholic faith and then march triumphantly in with the crowd. But he did not take as long a time as Prof. Starbuck has taken to see the inconsistency of such an enterprise. He soon saw that he needed the Church more than the Church needed him, and that his eternal salvation was at stake. When his great mind and profound learning led him up to this point, he saw that he could not procrastinate with a good conscience, and he hesitated no longer.

Had human interests and pride of intellect led him to disregard the time and tide of God's grace he would in all probability have died like Cobbet, an infidel. Prof. Starbuck has, as his writings show, come to a degree of knowledge of the Catholic Church that imposes on him an awful responsibility. It is better to be invincibly ignorant than to know the truth and not live it. It is an admirable thing to stand for fair play for the Church and to rebuke those who, ignorantly or otherwise, misrepresent her, but personally it is vastly more important to the Professor to be an humble member within her fold. She will get on in spite of her enemies. Can he get on without her? That is the vital question for men of Prof. Starbuck's mind and knowledge.

# FAITH AND ORGANIZATION.

In a recent address before some of his own co-religionists, Dr. Patton, the President of Princeton University, made the following remark: "The axis of the Catholic Church is organization, while the axis of the Protestant Church is faith." Which only goes to show how superficial even a president of a university can be.

For the past hundred years, we may say, Protestants have been admiring the organiza-

ity can be.

For the past hundred years, we may say, Protestants have been admiring the organization which they have observed in the Catholic Church. They have recognized its great power for good; they have seen the great results that have come from it within the Church, and many of them have tried in vain to introduce it into their own churches. But while many of them have acknowledged the existence of organization in the Catholic Church, and have paid tribute to its efficiency, they have refused to see or admit the cause of it. So, when men like Dr. Patton see the great works accomplished by the Church they will not admit that faith has anything to do with them, but seek some other explanation such as organization, just as if it were possible in a Church to have organization without faith. We must admit that many effects come from organization which would not be produced if it were wanting, but the basis, the principle of organization in the Church, is faith. Why is it that priests and people admit the authority of Pope and Bishops and pledge obedience to them? It is because of their firm faith that Christ gave Church, is faith. Why is it that priests and people admit the authority of Pope and Bishops and pledge obedience to them? It is because of their firm faith that Christ gave to the Bishops of His Church the right to command. Why is it that Bishops, the world over, recognize the authority of the Holy Father and submit themselves to him in all things that pertain to the morals, doctrine and government of the Church? It is because of their clear faith that Christ gave to St. Peter and to his successors in office charge over the brethren. Take away this bond of unity—this faith in the authority with which Christ endowed His Church—and there would not be—in fact there could not be—anything like organization. Disintegration, dissolution, corruption and decay would follow just as surely as they follow in the human body when the vivifying principle of life—the soul—has left it. To attribute good results to organization, unanimated by the spirit of faith, as Dr. Patton evidently meant to do, is like giving credit to a dead body for a day's work, which is an absurdity too evident to need exposition.

Christ established a visible society on earth to carry out the mission of salvation to

dent to need exposition.

Christ established a visible society on earth to carry out the mission of salvation to the world. In carrying out this mission the Church was to come in conflict with the organized powers of darkness. A sorry spectacle the Church would make in the world with a mission to fulfil, an object to attain, and noshead or officers to direct it! A gallant fight, indeed, it would make against the organized armies of evil if it, an undisciplined and unofficered crew, went out to give battle! Christ preached: "Every kingdom divided against itself shall be brought to desolation, and house upon house shall fall." Without order and without authority short would have been the days of the Church upon earth. Therefore did Christ give it organization. And if the Church for nineteen hundred years has preserved this organization and made it fruitful of much good, credit must be given not to the organization but rather to the divine faith that animated it and made it Productive.—Catholic Witness.

# SUICIDAL ADVICE.

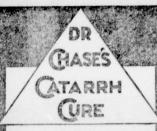
It is rather queer to find the Dean of Canterbury, Dr. Farrar, commending to the readers of the Independent the study of the Fathers. The English divine could not possibly have pointed out to them a weapon more destructive of Protestantism than the writings of the Greek and Latin Fathers of the Church. In fact, it was the study of their works that chiefly led to the Tractarian movement in England, half a century ago, when the Anglican Establishment was shaken to its center, and the pride of her universities took up their pilgrim staff and journeyed homewards.

In those days the Patristic writings were being translated in Oxford from their Greek and Latin originals; and the learned menengaged in the task were set all agog by finding in those writings doctrines taught by no other Church save that of Rome. A critical examination revealed to them the astounding tact that St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. John Carysostom, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, and so many others up to the apostolic age of St. Clement, St. Lynatins and St. Pelycarp

no other Church save that of Rome. A critical examination revealed to them the astounding fact that St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. John Carysostom, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, and so many others up to the apostolic age of St. Clement, St. Ignatius and St. Polycarp—Greeks and Latins—were the veriest of "Papists"—teaching the seven sacraments, the doctrine of purgatory, sacramental confession, the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist and the universal primacy of Peter. Here was food for thought; and the question naturally suggested itself, What has become of those doctrines so emphatically proclaimed by the early Fathers—when the Church concededly was pure? They are not to be found in Auglicanism, or in any other form of Protestantism. They are only proclaimed in the Church of Rome.

And thus the momentous discussion was opened up in which the learned Wiseman took part, until, through God's guiding light, the flower of the Anglican Establishment went back to the old, intallible and incorruptible Church which their tathers bade abandoned, and there found rest for their troubled souls.

The conversion of these luminous hosts had a marvelous influence on the popular mind in England. In the language of Gladsione, "When Newman fell (!) he drew with him three-fourths of the stars in the Anglican heavens." While the English masses reasoned somewhat in this fashion: Here are the glory of our university and the pride of our national Church, who, after long and critical research, and even in the tech of bitter prejudice, and large personal sacrifice, all going over to Rome! Surely, they averred, there must be something, after all, in that much-hated Church. This step they took, not in ignorance, for they sacrificed exalted stations and brilliant natures; yea, even incurred the crucial displeasure of cherished family and friends. But, true to conscience, they heroically gave up all and lived foreished family and friends. But, true to conscience, they heroically gave up all and lived foreished family and friends. But, true to



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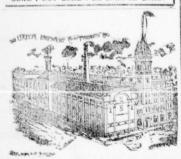
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CURES

# LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance

BY M. M'D. BODKIN, Q. C.

CHAPTER XX.

" A KEEPER BACK OF DEATH -Richard II. Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with -Much Ado About Nothing.

> " Hang there like fruit, my soul, Till the tree die." -Cymbeline.

Silent, pale, with lips shut tight, and quick-beating hearts, Norah and Lord Edward waited for Dr. Denver's verdict

He paced the room impatiently, never easing for a moment. She sat apart, in easing for a moment. She sat apart, in darkened corner, quite still, with trained eyes fixed on the door through high the pages may

At the first sound of many feet and whispering voices in the half, a strange instinct had told her what had happened. As clearly as if she looked upon his ghast-ly face, she knew the man she loved was

wounded nigh to death.

For a moment she had reeled under the blow, which drove the frightened blood to her faltering heart, leaving cheek and lips ghastly pale. But that nobler instinct of thastly pale. But that nobler instinct of yoman's nature — the instinct that compands to aid and soothe — conquered rief and fear.

grief and fear.

Quietly, calmly, as though it were some customary household duty, she had directed the men to lift their senseless burthen to her father's commodious bedroom on the ground floor. With her own hands, which never trembled, she set the pillows softly under his head, wiped the lacel string from the near cald line. lood-stained foam from the poor cold lips f his which she longed to kiss and dare ot. With deft skill she helped and ended her father, who marvelled at her almness, while he examined the wound t were hard to say if the practised surg-on, whose nerves had been strengthened y sad experience of grief and agony at a thousand bedsides, or the young girl, whose very heartstrings were breaking in her first sharp misery, seemed the more

When the wound was skilfully bound. and the bleeding stopped, Dr. Denver administered a strong cordial through the lightly-closed teeth. Then, with eyes on his patient's face and finger on his wrist, watched and waited. Only trained eye and hand could see life in that ghastly face, or could find the faint quiver of the ad-like pulse that told the heart still

For five minutes — for ten, the doctor watched and made no sign. Looking up, he saw his daughter's pale face, pitied the silent anguish in it, and motioned her

Onietly she left—quietly and without a cord she found Lord Edward waiting ilently for the verdict, and waited with im. Each knew and shared the terror the other's heart, each feared to speak heir common thought — the message would be death.

The minutes dragged on slowly; the olemn ticking of the marble clock on the mantelpiece made the dead silence in the house more silent. To Norah's strained fancy it seemed to tell of the life she oved so, ebbing slowly away. She found herself half-unconsciously counting the

She had reached to ninety-eight, when he door opened noiselessly, and her father ntered.

Their eyes questioned him eagerly. Their eyes questioned him eagerly.

"Neither despair nor hope," he said in
answer to their questioning look. "The
wound is deep and dangerous. I fear the
sword's point has grazed the heart. Another half an inch death had been certain. With any n certain now. H drained of blood. With any man but him death were n now. His body had been quite ed of blood. But he has a wonderful reserve of vitality hoarded up by free air, health and exercise, and never yet

air, health and exercise, and never yet drawn upon."

Norah hid her face in her hands while he spoke, and hot tears — tears of joy swelled through her white fingers. The revulsion from despair was complete. She had had no hope. She tad no fear now. He would live. He must live. If her feeling might be traced to its source it would be found to be a trusting confidence in Maurice. He was so strong and brave he would conquer death itself. Yet, mingling with her joy, a sad whisper at the bottom of her heart kept repeating, though she strove to stille it, drawn upon."

Norah hid her face in her hands while

ating, though she strove to stille it, Oh! how I love him. How I love him, nasked, unloved! how shall I hide my

For days and weeks Death and Life ght at close quarters, over Maurice ake's prostrate body, and the victory Norah Denver was Life's best ally in

hat silent struggle.

Fever followed lassitude, and the body, rained of the vital blood, struggled, at

earful odds, against this fierce invader.
The distracted soul forgot itself. As Korah watched by his couch night after ight "like Patience smiling at grief," she ound that his body only was subject to ner ministrations. His soul, for the time triven out by the hot fire of the fever, wandered at large through the scenes his outh had known, and visited the hunt-ig-grounds, battlefields, and encamp-ents of the byegone days in the wild, ents of the byegone days in the ild, free forests of the New World.

As she listened to his rambling words at told of the sport and danger his outh had known, or the more recent ials of his manhood, ever and again her wn name would drop from his uncon-cious lips in accents of such plaintive enderness that, for a moment, her heart enuerness that, for a moment, her heart would thrill with vague, delicious hope; and she blushed and trembled, sitting there alone, till cooler reason came to kill her hopes, and whispered that it was pity only spoke. Then maiden modesty would fight and conquer love, and lead it captive, and strive to hide it even from herself.

Yet through all this weary time, when even the doctor was tempted to despair she never doubted he would live, and the event justified her confidence. Five anxi us weeks she watched and tended very patiently, grudging Christy Culkin every nour of his share of that long vigil.

Sir Valentine was more than a month sir valentine was more than a month in his grave, resting peaceably in Irish ground after his sore troubles and long wanderings; and the spring daisies were beginning to blossom on the green sod that covered him, when the fever that threatened his son's life was at last driven out, and banished reason returned to its out, and banished reason returned to its

Very faint and feeble was the conqueror in that desperate strife. His eyelids had scarce strength to open, his lips had barely power to falter a single word, when, returning from his long, painful wanderings in the vague region between life and death, he found himself, with faint surprise, lying between white sheets in the chearful heat hadroom of Dr. Denver, with cheerful best bedroom of Dr. Denver, with spring flowers in the vases, and spring sunshine streaming through the open windows to the lightsome room.

windows to the lightsome room.
Slowly, very slowly, he crept from death to life, often faltering and turning back upon the road. Norah no longer kept her place at his bedside, only now kept her place at his bedside, only now and again she peeped in at the door when he was in deep slumber, and heard the countersign "All's well" from the faithful sentinel Christy, who had relieved her quard. Yet her spirit seemed to hover about the place, amid the sweet spring buds that made the city room smell as frach and as expect as a country flower.

buds that made the city room smell as fresh and as sweet as a country flower garden. It may be that Christy, with that quickness which love lends to all eyes, had surprised her precious secret. But he made no sign and said no word.

It is certain she surprised his. How or when neither he or she could tell; for a woman's mind gathers a love secret as the conductor gathers lightning from the air. Christy, nothing loth, told her of his sweetheart, Peggy Heffernan, the truesthearted coileen in all Ireland, and how she saved the priest's life and Master Maurice's, God bless her! when the priest-hunters were on the track. If he sometimes mingled the praises of "the young master" with his sweetheart's, Norah listened none the less eagerly, be Norah listened none the less eagerly, b

when Maurice Blake, still very white when Maurice Blake, still very white and feeble, made his way to the drawing-room, Norah welcomed him to her own domain with sieterly joy, clasped his thin hand warmly, and looked frankly in his pale face. But he, searching those clear eyes of hers with a longing look, could find no love there.

find no love there. ind no love there.

For women can hide their wounds astiently as the Spartan boy, and smile when the pain is most.

Thenceforward they were much to the state of the state of

gether. But the same impalpable barries was still between them—impalpable, im-penetrable, separating their souls as comeletely as if they lived in different vorlds. Maurice had hoped something from his wound—and hoped that syn pathy might help to open a way for love and in a curious way rejoiced in pain and danger for the hope they gave. But at their first meeting the hope died.

So they lived apart, though together for neither could quite forego the pleasing the other is company. Their talk

oain of the other's company. Their talk when they talked, was for the most par civil and strange, a little awkward, too and nervous, as conscious how thin the ce and how deep the gulf below. But for the most part he read in silence

stealing a stray glance at her fair face and she sketched or painted, silent also Sketching was no mere school girl ar with Norah. The artistic taste was born with her. Nature and training equally

pefriended.

As a child, her pictures on slate and paper were not as other children's, mere black or white dots and lines. Hers had a meaning. Her horses galloped, and her birds flew. Her houses looked as if they might be lived in, and her people were live people, with character in their faces.

She was fortunate to find a master eager to guide, not cripple, her taste. So she learned to make Nature's beauties, animate or inanimate, her own. She most delighted and most excelled in quick, slight snatches from art or Nature Her sketching book was a treasury of al things living or dead that pleased her fancy. It seemed as if she caught up a scene or face with the point of pencil or paint brush, and lifted it right on to the paint brush, and lifted it right on to the paper. Here was a tall, slim spire piercing the blue air with one white bird flying close to it; there was a ragged street cherub, with fluttering rags, and a yard of rough pavement for him to stand on; a cluster of wild flowers, primroses and violets intermixed, sprinkled through the violets intermixed, sprinkled through the

self by bright pictures of what mighave been, to make sad atonement afte wards in the bitter thought of what counever be. The narcotic that numbed h pain brought its punishment in reacti pain brought its punishment in reaction
But he was powerless to abandon i
Sometimes he had a curious feeling the
her gaze was on him, while he sat reaching in the deep arm-chair, close to the
window that looked into the street, ar
she sketched, standing for the most pa
at her easel in the far end of the roor Though his eyes were on his book, seemed to feel her glances search face. But looking up, however sudder he found her intent upon her work, ar so dismissed the idle fancy for the m ment, to recur to it again and again.

But his life was not all love and idle ness. Lord Edward Fitzgerald visited him frequently, full of life and spirit, and told the fresh, wholesome news of the outer world. The hopes inspired on that eventful day on which he braved the wrath of the hostile majority in Parlia ment had not deceived him. The combined towards of the hostile majority of the property of France, and of armed revolution at home had sobered the Government and rer dered them meek and amenable to readered them meek and alternate to rea-son. The moral effect of the great Catho-lic Convention, and the rapidly cemented alliance between the Presbyterians, victims of the Established Church, and the tims of the Established Church, and the Catholics, victims alike of Church and State—all these motives pressing together had, at the beginning of the Parliamentary Session of 1792, produced a sudden accession of conciliation on the part of the Government for the people, which greatly surprised alike its officials in the Contra and its bigides in the University.

Castle and its hirelings in the House. But those servile instruments of tyranny did not allow surprise or disgnst for one instant to block the way of selfinterest. They endeavored at the word of command to promote justice and con-ciliation, as they had up to the week before labored to promote bigotry and op-pression. They wheeled right round and came up to heel with a whining servility that brought discredit alike upon author-ity and its supporters, and rendered them hardly more respectable in the right than in the wrong. nore labored to promote bigotry and oppression. They wheeled right round and came up to heel with a whining servility that brought discredit alike upon authority and its supporters, and rendered them hardly more respectable in the right than in the wrong.

In the course of the summer months violent declarations had been issued by most of the Grand Juries and Corpora-

tions, denouncing fiercely not only the re igious, but the moral and political teneta of the Catholics, and proffering prodigally the aid of their own lives and fortunes in excluding them from all liberty. At more than one of these inflammatory meetings persons high in official trust as-sisted; and the greater number of them,

it was supposed, had received sanction and impulse from the ruling powers. Almost in the very face of this move-ment, with that blind recklessness of ment, with that blind recklessness of character by which such a Government forfeits the confidence of its friends, without in the least degree conciliating the good-will of its opponents, the present sessions opened with a recommendation to Parliament to take into its "wise and liberal" consideration the condition of His Majesty's Catholic subjects. The measure of grace was, in this instance, represented as originating in the bounty of the Crown: and a deputation from that of the Crown; and a deputation from that ately execrated body, the Catholic Con-cention, was now seen, day after day unicably closeted with the Minister, Minister had so contemptuously dislodged

nestions that agitated the country ymptoms of a more just and liberal pol-y were manifested, on the other no less ital subject of Parliamentary Reform ar imission had been, for the first time, ade on the part of the ruling powers of the principle and practicability of such a easure, by their consenting to the ap ointment of a committee to inquire int

he state of the representation.

Lord Edward rejoiced in the reform egardless of the motives which comward, regarded war or slavery only as a

oice of evils of which slavery was joiced still more keenly in the

reater, rejoiced still more keenly in the rospect of a peaceful revolution.

But deep grief for his father, so sudenly found and lost, combined with the itterness of hopeless love, gave a soberinge even to his rejoicing.

His troubled mind reacted on his feeble with the interest of the solution of the solution of the solution.

Halfway up the gentle slope of conval-escence stealing back to health, he stuck fast and got no further. He seemed to have lost purpose and interest in life, and pined and moped, languid and listless. The Doctor, who found convalescence at a standarill at the point where it ought to a standstill at the point where it ought to be most rapid, could make nothing of his

In vain Lord Edward Fitzgerald tried In vain Lord Edward Fitzgeraid tried to rally him out of his despondency, painting the future in glowing colors.

Love is blind, and Lord Edward, though now nearly a year married, was still as much in love as ever with his sweet girl-wife Pamela. He did not see—he could not see—that the raptures of his love made Maurice Blake's hopeless leaving barder to bear.

ging harder to bear. He raved about Pamela, lamenting lways that her delicate health, to which always that her delicate health, to which he alluded very shyly, prevented her from coming up from Carton to visit his friend. He had no doubt that the sunshine of her presence would revive Maurice Blake. There was nobody, there was nothing, that could resist her witchery.

"Why, the very flowers look brighter and smell sweeter, and the birds' song arrows now in visit when she walks abroad the sunshing that the same walks abroad the sunshing that the same walks abroad the same wa

grows more joyful when she walks abroad amongst them," cried the enthusiastic one-year-old husband.
"You have never seen Pamela," he

went on, in reply to a few words of kindly curiosity and regret from Maurice Blake. "Never seen Pamela!" this in a tone of the most intense pity. "But surely you have seen the portrait of her that Norah sketched. It comes as near to doing her justice as a picture can, still a long way off, of course. You'll forgive me, Norah; but next to my darling her-self—and the artist, of course—that pic-ture is the prettiest object in the world. And Maurice has not seen it

"It is not worth his looking at," said Norah quickly in a startled voice, from the corner of the room where she sat the corner of the room where she calculated the sketching. "It is only your good nature, sketching. Edward, that - "

TO BE CONTINUED

Blagden, Ingersoll and the "Bibli-

Says the Revista Catolica of Las Vegas, N. M.: "Let us hear what says Rev. S. Blagden, Protestant min-ister at Boston, when referring to the little appreciation which meet those whose object it is to uphold the sayings of the Holy Scriptares. He says as follows: 'With the exception of the Catholic clergy, whose members I have always found invariably true to the adherence to the word of God, and with the exception also of a few of our clergymen, the world full of heretic masters and preachers of every belief and denomination, full of unbelieving spiritually blind men who sow everywhere the devil's dis

"This testimony corroborates the one of Colonel Ingersoll, namely There are to day so many agnostic ministers that it is quite useless for me to remain any longer in this vocation

and to preach agnosticism.'
"And we add: It is odd that it is repeated in all manners of speaking by ministers and would be ministers, by 'apostles and evangelists,' by honest and by would be Protestants, that we-the Catholics-are the enemies of Holy Scripture : that we, the Catholics, repudiate the word of God in order to follow exclusively the traditions of man; while they

"Oa! let us not repeat for the thousandth time the ignorant and untrue praises which they bestow upon themselves with regard to their pretended love for the Bible and for the word of God ! "Is it not true that to give contin-

ual corrections to a child is the best mode of showing it the affection which one feels towards it?'

A Banker's Experience.

# "LET US FOLLOW HIM."

BY HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

Caius Septimus Cinna was a Roman patrician. His youth was spent in the hard life of the camp. Later he returned to Rome to enjoy his honors and to spend in luxurious living his large but rapidly diminishing fortune. He enjoyed to his full bent all that the great city could give him. His nights were spent at feasts in magnificent su-burban villas; his days were passed in polemical controversies with the lanists, in discussions with the rhetors at the trepidaria, where they had debates interspersed with gossip of the city and the world; at the circuses, at the races, at the fights of the gladiators, at the with the Thracian fortune tellers, and with the wonderful dancing girls brought from the islands of the archi-Being a relative, on his mother's

side, of the famous Lucullus, he inherited the tastes of an epicure. A his table were served Greek wines, oysters from Neapolis, locusts from Nuwidea, preserved in honey from Pontus, and all that Rome possessed he obtained, beginning with the fishes from the Red Sea, to the white birds from the banks of the Boristenes. He used the good things of this world not only as a soldier who boisterously feasts, but also as a patrician who daintly selects. He persuaded himself to, or perhaps awakened in himself an admiration for beautiful things; for statues excavated from the ruins of Corinth, for the epilychnia from Attica, for Etruscan vases or those brought from the misty sericum; for Roman mosaics, for textile fabrics from the vicinity of the Euphrates, for Arabian incense, and for all those small things which go to fill up the emptiness of patrician life. He knew how to speak of them as a connoisseur with the older patricians who ornamented their bald reads with garlands of roses and who chewed heliotrope after their feasts. He felt equally the beauty of the periods of Cicero, of the verses of Homer or Ovid. Being educated by an Athenian rhetor, he spoke Greek fluently, memorized whole chapters of the Iliad, and during the feasts would sing the songs of Anacreon until he was either drunk or hoarse. Through his master and the rhetors he became familiar with the philosophies to such an extent that he understood the arch itecture of the different mental structures reared in Hellas and the Colonies; he further understood that they were lying in ruins. He knew per sonally a great many stoics who were not congenial to him because he regarded them rather as a political party. and also as tetrics, who are opposed to the joys of life. The skeptics were the joys of life. often seated at his table, where between courses they upset whole systems of philosophy, proclaiming, by the craters filled with wine, that the delights of life were vanity, that truth was something unattainable, that absolute quietude was the true aim of all sages.

He heard all this, but it made no deep impression on him. He did not profess any particular principles, and did not care to do so. He looked upon life as upon the sea, where the wind blew as it pleased, and wisdom to him was the art of trimming his sails. Be sides, he valued the broad shoulders which he possessed, his healthy stom-ach, his handsome Roman head, with its strong profile and mighty jaws with these he felt sure he could pass safely through the world.

new that luxury was not happiness Being ignorant of the true teachings of Epicurus he regarded himself as an epicurean. Generally he looked upon this philosophy as a kind of mental gymnastics as good as that taught by the lanists. When he was tired of de bates he went to the circus to see blood low at the gladiatorial contests.

In the gods he did not believe, nor in virtue, truth or happiness. He be-lieved only in auguries; he had his superstitions, and the mysterious faiths of the orient aroused his curios He was of the opinion that life was a great amphora, the better the quality of the wine it contained the richer it looked, so he was trying to fill his amphora with the richest wine. He loved no one, but he liked many things, and amongst them his magnificent head and his handsome patric ian foot.

In the first years of his elegantly riotous leisure he was ambitious to astonish all Rome, and he succeeded in this several times. Later he became indifferent to such conquests.

CHAPTER II. In the end, by his manner of living

His property was he ruined himself. seized by his creditors and in its place was left to Cinna a sense of great weariness, as if exhausted after hard labor satiety, and one more very unexpected thing, namely, a feeling of deep un-rest. Had he not enjoyed riches, love, as it was understood by his surrounding world, luxury, the glory of war and military honors, dangers? Had he not obtained a knowledge, more or of the Circle of human thought had he not come in contact with poetry and art? Now he thought that he had gleaned from life all that it had to give. et he had the feeling that something had eluded him, and that something of most importance. He knew not what it was, and vainly he questioned himself and tried to solve the enigma. Often he tried to free himself from these obtruding thoughts which increased his restlessness; he tried to convince himself that life contained nothing more than that which he had tasted, but the restlessness instead of decreas-

ing grew to such an extent that it seemed to him that he was not only disturbed on his own behalf, but also on behalf of all Rome. He envied the skeptics, at the same time condemning them for their opinion that the yearnings of life could be satisfied with vacuity. In him were two personalione of which seemed to be as tonished at his restlessness and the ther recognized its justness.

Shortly after the loss of his property, through the powerful influence of his family, Cinna was appointed to a government post in Alexandria, in order that in this rich country he might re gain his fortune. His restlessness em-barked with him on a ship at Brundisium and was his associate during the sea voyage. In Alexandria Cinna thought that his governmental occupation, meeting with new people, another world, fresh impressions, would free him from this importunate associate but he was mistaken. One month passed—two—then, as the grain of Demetra brought from Italy waved stronger in the rich soil of the delta so this restlessness from a small bush grew into a mighty cedar tree, and threw darker and darker shadows on

At the beginning Cinna tried to suppress this feeling by indulging in the same kind of life that he had led in Alexandria was a luxurious Rome. city, full of Greek maidens with golden hair and light complexions, which the Egyptian sun coated with amberplored transparent hues. In their embraces he sought surcease.

Even this satiated him, and he began to contemplate suicide. By this means many of his friends had escaped the troubles of life, and at a much less provocation than Cinna's-often from nnui, emptiness, or for absence of desire for further enjoyments. A slave holding in his hand a sword, strongly and dexterously, in one moment would finish all. Cinna was haunted by these thoughts, and when he had nearly decided to follow their beckoning, a wonderful dream he had restrained him. It seeemed to him that he was crossing a river, and there on the opposite bank was his restlessness awaiting him, in the form of an emaciated slave who bowed low before him and said: "I came before you so that I might meet you." first time in his life Cinna was sore afraid, because he understood that inasmuch as he could not think of a future life without this restlessness they would be there together. As a last esource he decided to approach the philosophers who swarmed in the Serapeum, thinking that perhaps with them he would find a solution of the problem. Truly they were unable to answer him, and they titled him "ton mouseiou," which title they often gave to Romans of high birth and station. At this time it was very little consolation to him ; the stamp of wisdom given to one who was unable to answer a most vital question seemed to Cinna ironical. Yet he thought the Serapeum might unveil its wisdom gradually, and he did not entirely lose hope.

Most active among the philosophers in Alexandria was noble Timon, the Athenian, a man of great wealth and a Roman citizen. He had lived over a decade in Alexandria, where he came to study the mysterious Egyptain sciences. It was said of him that there was not a manuscript or papyrus in the Biblioteka which he had not read, and that he was possessed of all human wisdom. He was a man of pleasant and reasonable temperament. Although not belonging to the school a multitude of pedants and small comof the skeptics, he practically was a mentators Cinna at once recognized skeptic, and also a hedonist, though he his worth and associated with him, which relation after a time into a near in imacy and even friend-ship. The young Roman admired his skill in dialecties, the elequence and logic with which the old man spoke of the sublime things pertaining to the destiny of mankind and the world It appeared to him as if his logic were combined with a certain melancholy Later, when their relations had becom closer. Cinna often desired to inquire of the old man the cause of this melan choly and at the same time to open his heart to him. Somehow in the end he came to it.

One evening, after a heated discussion on the question of transmigration of souls, they remained alone on a terrace overlooking the sea, and Cinna, taking Timon by the hand, openly confessed to him the great torture of his life and the cause that lead him to seek near relations with the scientists and philosophers of the Serapeum: last I have gained this much," he said in the end; "I have got to know thee Timon, and now I am sure if thou canst not solve the problem of my life, no one else can. Timon, who had been watching the reflection of the new moon on the smooth surface of the sea. said:

" Dost thou see, oh Cinna, the flocks of birds which came from the dreary north, dost thou know what they seek

"I know they seek warmth and

light."
"The human soul also seeks warmth which is love, and light, which is truth. But the birds know where to fly for their good; human souls fly in the desert, are astray, restless and melan-

choly."
"Noble Timon, why can they not

"Formerly people found peace and rest in the gods, but now faith in the gods is burned out like the oil in the lamp. Later they thought that osophy would be the sun of truth for human souls-to-day, as you know best yourself, on the ruins in Rome, in the academy at Athens, and here, sit the skeptics, and it seems to them that they have brought peace, but they have brought only unrest. For to announce

the warmth and light is to leave the soul in darkness, which is restlessness. So with outstretched hands we gropingly seek the exit."
"Have you found it yourself?"

"I sought and did not find it. Thou soughtest it in luxury, I in meditation, and both of us are surrounded with darkness. Know, therefore, that not only thou sufferest, but that in thee suffers the soul of the whole world. No doubt, long ago thou didst cease to believe in the gods."

'In Rome they worship the gods still publicly, and even get new ones from Asia and Egypt, but perhaps only the vegetable venders, who in the morning come from the country to the city, believe sincerely in them.

And they alone are peaceful." "Just as they who here bow to cats and onions.

'Just as the animals who after gorging themselves desire sleep. In such a case is life worth living?

"Do you know where death will "So what is the difference between

the skeptics and you?"
"Skeptics accept the darkness or
they pretend to accept, while I am tor-

in it." And you see no salvation?" Timon remained silent for a time

then answered slowly and with a cer tain hesitation: "I wait for it." "Where from?"

"I do not know."

He leaned his head upon his hand, and as if influenced by the silence that reigned upon the terrace, he began to speak in a low, gentle voice :

'It is a wonderful thing and seems to me sometimes that if the world had contained nothing more than that which we now know, and if we could be nothing more than that which we restlessness would not be in Thus in sickness we have the hope The faith in Olympus and philosophy is dead, but the health is perhaps some new truth which I know

Contrary to his expectation, to Cinna this conversation brought great relief Learning that not only he, but the whole world, was weighed down with sin and sorrow, he experienced the feeling as if a heavy load was taken from his shoulders and shared by thou sands of others.

# CHAPTER III.

Since then the friendship between Cinna and the old Greek became closer They visited each other more frequent ly and shared their thoughts as bread is divided at a feast. Although Cinna felt that sense of weariness wrich always follows enjoyment, still he was too young a man for life to lose all its attractions, and such an attraction he found in Anthena, the only daughter of Timon.

Her fame in Alexandria was not less than that of her father. She was adored by honorable Romans, who visited the house of Timon. She was adored by the Greeks, she was adored by the philosophers of the Serapeum, and she was adored by the people. Timon did not shut her up in the gyn aceum as other women were confined and he carefully instructed her in all his knowledge. When she had passed his knowledge. When she had passed her childhood he read with her Greek books, and even Roman and Hebrew being gifted with an extraordinary memory, and reared in polyglot Alex andria, she had learned to speak these languages fluently. She was his companion in his thoughts, often took part in discussions, which in the time of the symposiums took place in the house of non: often in the labyrinth of difficult problems, she never lost herself, and, like Ariadne, she safely led out others. Her father regarded her with great admiration and honor. Besides, she was surrounded by a mysterious en chantment verging on holiness for the reason that she had prophetic dreams and visions in which she saw things in visible to the eyes of mortals. The old sage leved her as his own soul, and for that reason he was afraid to lose her, because she often said that in her dreams appeared some malignant spirits and a wondrous light. She knew not whether it were the fountain of life or death.

Meanwhile she was surrounded by love. Egyptians who visited the hous of Timon called her Lotus, because that flower was worshipped on the banks of the Nile, or perhaps because he who saw her once might forget the whole werld.

Her beauty was equal to her wisdom Egyptian suns had not bronzed her face, in which the rosy rays of dawn seemed to be inclosed in the transparency of a pearly shall; her eyes were as blue as the Nile, and her glances seemed to come from distances as un known as do the waters of this mysteri cus river. When Cinna saw and heard first time, on returning to his home he felt inclined to rear an altar to her honor in the atrium of her house, and sacrifice on it white doves. He had met in his life thousands of women, beginning with the maidens of the far north, with white eyelashes and hair of the color of ripened corn, to Numidians, black as lava, but until now he had never met such a form, nor such a soul. The more he saw of her, the better he knew her; the more he heard her speak, the greater grew his astonished admiration. Sometimes he who did not believe in the gods thought that Anthea could not be the daughter of Timon, but of some god, and that she was half a woman and half an im-

mortal. Soon Cinna found that he loved her with a great and unconquerable love, as different from any feeling awakened before as Anthea was different from all other woman. He wanted to possess duestion him about it. Meanwhile the her only to worship her. For this he patient was fading like a nower in swered Cinna.

that he would rather be a pauper with her than Cæsar without her. the vortex of an ocean whirlpool engulfs with its irresistible power all that approaches its circle, so Cinna's love absorbed his soul, heart, thoughts; his

At last this great love engulfed Anthea.

"Tu felix, Cinna," said his friends him. "Tu felix, Cinna," he reto him. peated to himself. And when at last he wedded her, and her divine lips had uttered the sacramental words, 'Where thou art, Caius, there am I, Caia," then it seemed to him that his happiness would be as an inexhaustible and limit

### CHAPTER IV.

A year passed and the young wife continued to receive honor and homage as if accorded to one divine. She was to her husband as the apple of his eye. love, wisdom, light. But Cinna, com paring his happiness to the sea, forgo that the sea ebbs and flows. After a year Anthea was afflicted with a cruel and unknown disease. Her dreams changed into terrible visions which ex hausted her life. In her face died out the light of dawn and there only re mained the transparency of the pearly shells; her hands became translucent, her eyes sank away, and the rosy lotus became as white as a marble statue. It was observed that the buzzards hovered over Cinna's house, which was considered an omen of death in Egypt. Her terrifying visions increased When in the mid-day hours the sun flooded the world with its brilliant whiteness and the city was submerged in silence, it appeared to Anthea that she heard around herself the quick steps of some invisible beings, and that in the depths of the air she saw a dry yellow, corpse like face, looking on her with its black eyes. Those eyes looked into her piercingly, as if calling her to follow it somewhere into gloomy darkness, full of mystery and terror. Then Anthea's body began to tremble, as if in a fever, her forehead was covered with pallor and drops of cold sweat and this worshipped priestess of the fireside was changing into a defense less and frightened child, who, hiding herself on the breast of her husband. repeated with whitened lips, "Save me, Caius! defend me!

Caius was ready to fight every spec tor from the subterranean caves of Proserpine, but vainly his eyes searched space. As usual at the noon hour the place was deserted. white light flooded the city; the sea seemed to burn in the sun, and in the silence was heard only the cry of the buzzards, circling over the house.

The visions became more frequent, then they occurred daily. They per-secute 1 Anthea no less outside of the house than they did in the atrium and living rooms. Cinna, by the advice of physicians, brought Egyptian Sambucins and Bedouins to play on porcelain flutes, so that their noisy music might drown the voices of the invisible beings. But this was of no avail. Anthea heard these voices in the midst of the greatest noise, and when the sun was so high in the heavens that shadows lay around the feet as a robe dropped from the shoulders, there in the heated, trembling air appeared the corpse like face gazing on Anthea with its beady eyes receding slowly, as if saying, "Follow me."

Sometimes it seemed to Anthea as if the lips of the corpse moved slowly. Sometimes it seemed that there issued from them black, repulsive beetles, which flew to her through the air The very memory of this vision filled her eyes with terror, and in the end her life became so frightful a torture that she implored Cinna to hold his sword so that she might kill herself, or that he would let her partake of

poison. This he knew he could not do. He was willing with his sword to let out his own life's blood, but kill her he could not. When he imagined her dead face, with closed eyelids, pale with the cold quietude of death and her breast torn with his sword, he felt that to do so he must first become mad.

A certain Greek physician said to him that it was Hecate who appeared to Anthea, and that those invisible beings whose rustlings terrified the patient belonged to the band of that baneful divi-ity. According to him there was no help for Anthea, since all those who saw Hecate must die.

Then Cinna, who not long ago would have sneered at a belief in Hecate, offered sacrifices to this goddess of a hecatomb. But the offering availed not, and the next day the spectral eyes gazed at Anthea.

They tried to veil her head, but she cor, se like face even through the thickest covering. When she was confined in a darkened room the face looked upon her from the walls, dispelling the darkness with a pale, ghostlike phosphorescence. In the even-ing-tide the patient felt better. Then she lapsed into such a profound sleep that it seemed to both Cinna and Timon that she would never awaken again. Soon she got so weak that she could not walk unassisted. They carried her in a litter.

The old restlessness of Cinna returned again with a hundredfold force, and completely took possession of him. There was in him a great fear for Anthea's life, and a strange feeling that somehow, in some way, her sickness had a mysterious relation to those unsolvable problems which he had discussed with Timon in their first serious conversation. It may have been that sage thought likewise, but Cinna did not wish and was afraid to question him about it. Meanwhile the

was ready to give his life. He felt whose cup nestles the poisonous spider.

Cinna, battling with despair, yet tried all means to save her. First, he carried her to the plans in the vicinity of Memphis, but when the deep silence of the pyramids did not relieve her, he days, nights and all that composed his returned to Alexandria and surround ed her with fortune-tellers and mag c ians, soothsayers and a motley crowd of pretenders, who duped credu ous people with their so call d miraculous medicine. He had no choice and grasped every means in sight.

At this tire there arrived in Alexandria from Caesarsa a famous Jewish physician by the name of J seph, son of Khuza. Cinca brought him at once to his wife, and for a moment hope re-turned to his heart. Jo-eph, who dinot believe in the Greek and Roman gods, discarded with derision every thought of Hecate. He contended that t was demons that possessed the pa tient and advised them to leave Egypt. where beside demons, the miasma o the swampy Delta impaired her Lealth. He advised also, pert aps for the reason that he was a Jew, they should go to Jerusalem, as a city to whice demons have no access, and where the air is dry and healthy.

Cinne still more willingly followed this advice, first, because he had noother advice to follow, and, secondly, that over Jerusalem rules a Procurator who was known to him, and whose ancestors in the olden tiges had been clients

of the house of Cinna. When they arrived in Jerusalem, Procurator Pontius Pilate received them with great hospitality, presented them his summer villa, near the walls of the city, in which to reside. Even before his arrival the hope of Conna was shattered. The corpse-like face looked on Anthea even on the deck of the thip, and af er their arrival at their destination the patient awaited the noon hour with the same deadly fear as previously in Alexandria.

Thus their days were passed with feelings of oppression, fear, despair and exp ctation of death.

# CHAPTER V.

In the atrium, despite the fountain near by, the shady portice and the early hour, it was intensely hot; the marble radiated the heat of the verna sun, and close by the house grew an old and large pistachio tree, which threw its shade over a great space. The breeze played in the open space, and Cinna commanded a chair, decked with hyacinths and apple blossoms, to be placed under the tree for Anthea Then seating himself by her side he placed his palm on her white and wasted hand, and said: "Is it good for thee, here, Carris-

sima? "It is good" answered she in a faint voice.

She closed her eyes as if sleeping Silence ensued; the breeze gently sighed through the branches of the pistachio tree and on the ground around the chair played golden circlets of light falling through the leaves and the locusts chirped in the crevices of the stones.

Shortly the patient opened her eyes. "Caius" she said, "is it true that in this land appeared a Philosopher who healed the sick?'

"Here they call this one a prophet," answered Cinna. "I have heard of Him and intended to call Him t, thee, but it appears that He was a false mir acle-worker. Besides, He blasphemed against the temple and the law of the land, therefore Pilate gave Him up to death, and to day He will be crucified."

Anthea bowed her head. "Time will heal thee," said [Cinna, seeing her sorrow, which was reflected on his face.

Time is in the service of death, not life," answered she slowly.

Again silence ensued; around her constantly played the golden circlets the locusts chirped still louder, and from the crevices of the rocks glided small lizards and chameleons seeking

sunny spots. Cinna's glance rested tenderly on Anthea and for the thousandth time despairing thoughts passed through his mind, that all means of help were exhausted, that not a spark of hope remained, and that soon this loved form would become only a fleeting shadow and a handful of dust inured in a columbarium.

Reclining there in the blossom be decked chair she looked as if death had called her his own. "I will follow thee, too," thought

Cinna.

Suddenly was heard the sound of ap proaching footsteps. Anthea's face became at once deadly white, her half parted lips breathed convulsively, her breast heaved quickly-the unhappy martyr felt that it was the band of her invisible tormentors which always heralded the appearance of the hideous corpse with the horrible glaring eyes. But Cinna, taking her hand, reassured her, saying: "Anthea, fear not. I also hear the

footsteps.

Shortly he added:
"This is Pontius, coming to visit

And truly there appeared in a bend of the path the Procurator, accompanied by two slaves. He was not a young man. He had a round, carefully shaven face, which showed an assump tion of authority commingled with an air of weariness.

"I salute thee, noble Cinna, and thee, divine Anthea!" said he, entering under the shade of the pistachio 'After the cool night the day is now warm. Oh, that it would be fortunate to you both that the health of Anthea would bloosom as the hyacinths and apple buds that adorn her chair."

'Peace to thee, and welcome," an

a fragment of rock, looked at Anthea

anxiously and said: "Loneliness gives birth to melan choly and sickness, and in the midet of crowds one cannot be afraid, so I will give thee counsel. To our misfortune his is neither Antioch nor Casarea bere are Lo gladiatorial contests or aces, and if a circus should appear hese fanatics would tear it to pieces the second day. Here you hear on y opposes everything. I wo ld rather be in Scythia than here."

"What speaketh thou about, Pilate?

"True 'tis, I wanderel away from the subject. But my troubles are the cause of it. I said that in the midst of crowds there was no place for fear To day you have a chance of witness ing a sight. In Jerusalem we should be satisfied with that which we can get, and above all it is necessary that t noon time Anthea should be amidst the crowd. To day will die on the three men. It is better to see Besides, on ac this than nothing. the Passover, there has gathered in the city a strange, grotes ue crowd of religious fanatics from all over the country; you can observe them. I will order a good position reserved for you near the crosses. hope the condemned men will die bravely. One of them is a strange character; he says he is the Son of He is sweet as a dove, and truly has done nothing for which He could serve death.

"And thou condemnedst Him to the

I wished to drop trouble from my hands, and at the same time not to arouse the nest of hornets trat swar med around the temple. They are se. ding emplaints to Rome about me anyway esides, why bother about One who is ot a Roman citizen?

"He will not suffer the less on that

Tha Procurator did not answer and hortly began to speak, as if to himself: There is one thing I do not like; hat is, extremism. When this is prothat is, extremism. When this is pro-claimed to me it robs me of my pleas are for the whole day. The golden nean, according to my opinion, is what common sense commends us to bserve. There is no place in the world where this principle is more eglected than here. Oh, how all this ortures me! Oh, how it tortures me! here is no quietness, no equilibrium, ither in man or nature ; for instance, now it is spring, the nights are cold, and in the day time it is so hot that one cannot walk on the stones. Noon is far off-look how it is! And as for people—let us not peak of them! am here since I cannot help it—why speak of it? I would again wander from the subject. Go and see the Crucifixion. I am sure that this Nazarene will die bravely. I ordered Him scouraged, thinking by this to save Him from death. I am not a cruel man. When He was scourged He was as patient as a lamb and blessed the people. When His blood was dripping He lifted His eyes upward and prayed. He is the most wonderful man I have seen in my life. On His account my wife did not give me any peace or on moment's rest. 'Do not let the inno cent die,' from the early dawn she con stantly said. I wished to save Him. Twice I climbed the Bima and addressed the fanatical priests and this unclean crowd. They clamored with one voice, throwing back their heads and opening wide their mouths, 'Crucify Him!'"

"And thou didst yield?" said Cinna. "Because in the city would have ulent riots, and I am placed here to preserve the peace. must do my duty. I do not like ex cesses, and besides I am very ired but when I once decide to do something I do not hesitate to sacrifice, for the general good, the life of one Man, especially if He is an unknown man about whom none will inquire. bad for Him that He is not a Roman citizen.

"The sun shines not over Rome

alone," whispered Anthea.
"Divine Anthea," replied the Procurator, "I would answer thee that over this whole earth the sun shines on the Roman empire, and for its good it behooves us to sacrifice all, and riots undermine our dignity. But before all I pray thee, do not ask from me that I change my decree. Cinna will tell thee also that it cannot be, and when a decree is once promulgated Casar alone could change it. Even if I desired I could not. Is not that the truth, Caius ?"

'It is so. To Anthea These words caused a visible agitation, and she said, think ing perhaps of herself: 'So, then, it is possible to suffer and

die without guilt. " No one is without guilt," answered Pontius. "This Nazarene did not commit any crime, therefore as Procurator I washed my hands. But as a man I condemned His doctrine. For a purpose, I conversed with Him freely, purpose, I conversed with Him freely, desiring to examine Him, and I was convinced He proclaimed unheard of things. It is difficult! The world must rest on cool reason. Who denies that virtue is needed? Certainly not I. But only the stoics teach us to bear adversity with serenity, and they do not require us to renounce every thing, from our estates to our dinner. Cinna, thou art a reasonable man wouldst thou think of me if I should give this house in which thou livest to the ragged beggars who sun themselves at the city gates? this is what He requires. Again he says that we should love all people equally; Jews the same as Romans Romans as Egyptians, Egyptians as Africans. I confess I have had enough

The Procurator, seating himself upon of it. At the critical time when I spoke with Him He did not seem con erned about His life, but He behaved as if the question concerned some one else : He was preaching and praying I am not called upon who cares little to save Himself. He calls Himself the Son of God, and destroys the foundation upon which the world rests, and therefore harm men. Let Him think what He pleases in His own mind, but not destroy. As man I protest against His doctrine. It I do not believe, for instance, in the gods, 'tis my affair. Yet, I acknowledge the need of religion, and an Yet, I acknowl nounce it publicly, since I recognize that religion for the people is a b The horses must be securely fastened. Besides, to this Nazarene death should have no terrors, for He affirms that he will arise from the dead.

Cinna and Anthea looked at each other with astonishment.

"That He will arise from the

dead ? "No more, no less; after three days So at least announce His disciples. forgot to ask Him. That is of little consequence, as death frees us from all promises. Even if He does not arise from the dead He will lose nothing, for according to His teachings true happi ness, together with life eternal, begins only after death. He really speaks of it as one who is certain. His hades is more bright than our sunny world, and the more one suffers here the more surely he will enter there, he must only

love, love, and love."
"A wonderful doctrine," said Anthea

"And they clamored to thee,
'Crueify him?'" queried Cinna.
"I even do not wonder hatred is the soul of these people. What then, if not hatred, would clamor for the cross,

Anthea placed her wasted hand upon her forehead.
"And is He sure that we will live

and be happy-after death? "On this account neither the cross

nor death affrights him." "How good that would be, Cinna. Shortly she asked again: "How does He know all this?"

The Procurator, making a dissenting gesture with his hand, answered: He says that He knows it from the Father of all men which is for the Jews the same as Jupiter is to us, with this

that He is One alone and all merciful. "How good that would be Caius, repeated the patient. Cinna opened his lips as if he would

difference, according to the Nazarene

speak, but remained silent, and the onversation ceased. Pontius evidently meditated further on the strange teachings of the Nazarene, for he shook his head nega teachings of the

tively, and at intervals shrugged his shoulders. At last he rose and began saying farewell. Suddenly Anthea said: "Caius, let us 50 hence and see this

Nazarene." "Hasten," said the departing Pilate, 'soon the procession will start.'

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London, Saturday, April 2, 1898.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

The hierarchy of Ontario, comprising the Mos. Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, and the Right Reverend Bishops of Peterborough, Alexandria, London and Hamilton, met at Toronto on Friday, the 25th ult., for the purpose of selecting three names from among which the Holy Father will probably choose a successor to the late Most Rev. Archbishop Cleary. The names will, as usual, be kept secret by the Bishops until the appointment be made by the Pope.

A recommendation signed by all priests of the Archdiocese Kingston was laid before the Bishops, praying that the Rev. C. H. Gauthier of Brockville be appointed. Father Gauthler was selected by the priests at a meeting held in the palace at Kingston on the previous Thursday.

# ILLITERATES.

A recent article in the New York Sun, in reply to a correspondent, refutes by undeniable statistics the pretence on which those who have been demanding an educational test for immigr nts in order that the standard of which the Church begins the commem-American citizenship may not be degraded by the illiterate population of Saviour Jesus Christ. Europe coming to America to make their homes on this continent. The figures are taken from the last census, and they show that the States in which the period during which the Church the American element is strongest have reminds us in a special manner of the the largest percentage of illiterate whites, while those in which the foreign element has a very high percentage have a very small percentage of white illiterates.

The two Carolinas have an exceedingly small foreign population, while in the two Dakotas the percentage of foreigners is very large. The figures presenting Him as a disturber and are the following :

Percentage of foreigners. Percentage of white illiterates. North Dakata... South Dakata... North Carolina... South Carolina...

# THE DELUGE

The learned men of Europe and America, especially those who take an interest in the monuments and inscriptions which have been discovered in Egypt, Babylon and Assyria, are giving much attention to a recent discovery made by the Rev. Father Scheil. the renowned French Assyriologist. This consists in a new Babylonian account of the Deluge. It is a writing on clay brick tablets which are said to date from five or six centuries before the time of Moses, or about the time of Abraham, or at least of Isaac. The story has been deciphered for the most part, and it is found to be polytheistic, as it makes the heathen gods bring about the deluge, but when stripped of its polytheism, the history of the deluge which it gives is very similar to that recorded in the book of Genesis. In all these respects the story is very like that which was discovered by Mr. George Smith in Nineveh, and which was brought over to England and placed in the British Mussum a good many years ago. These discoveries show that the history of the deluge was known at a very remote period to the Asiatic nation from Syria to Persia. They go far, also, in confirming the authenticity and antiquity of the writings of Moses.

# CONCESSION.

pears that the Manitoba Government you would indeed love me, for from is showing a disposition to operate the God I proceeded and came; for I came schools of that province on the plan not of Myself, but He sent me." adopted in Nova Scotia, namely, to themselves under the provisions of the the time.

Pablic School law. This mere tolerance of Catholic education is not all that is guaranteed under the Constitution, but as long as the Government may be willing to put a liberal construction on the school laws, the plan adopted may prove so acceptable to the Catholic minority that it may not be deemed necessary to insist upon further legislation. The plan is precarious, but it is the substance-freedom of religious education-which Catholics require, and if this be practically conceded there may be no further agitation, even though the letter of the law entrenches upon Catholic rights.

# SAYING GRACE.

A correspondent calls our attention to the fact that some Catholics say the prayer which is called "grace" before and after meals, standing, whereas others do so sitting, and requests us to tell which of these is the proper prac Prayers, generally, may be offered in any respectful posture, according to the circumstances of the case, but kneeling is the posture generally to be recommended, because it is the most respectful towards God. This position, however, would not usually be convenient for the prayers recited before and after meals, and it is the usual Catholic practice to recite these standing. There is not, however, any condemnation against their being said sitting, and our correspondent will be safe in following the practice of the community in which he lives in this regard.

# PASSION-TIDE.

Sunday last, the fifth Sunday in Lent, is called by the name Passion Sunday, from the Latin word passio, which signifies suffering or enduring, though the English word passion is commonly used in a somewhat different sense. The name Passion Sunday therefore, is applied to the day on oration of the sufferings of our Blessed

These two weeks which precede Easter are named Passion-time, or Passion-tide, because they comprise sufferings and death of our Lord.

From the gospel of Passion Sunday and from the whole chapter, from which that gospel is taken, we learn that the Pharisees were plotting against Jesus, and that they had suc ceeded in embittering the minds of many of the Jews against Him by reblasphemer, so that, notwithstanding the admission of the Pharisees on another occasion that He "did all things well," they now endeavor by all means within their power to entrap Him in His speech, and to bring opprobrium and public hatred upon Him. Nevertheless, they had not hitherto laid hands on Him, and the Evangelist tells us that the reason of this was that "His hour was not yet come," that is to say, the great festival time of the Jews, which Almighty God designed to be the period for the consummation of our redemption, had not yet arrived. On this festival day there would be a great multitude of Jaws gathered together in Jerusalem from all parts of the great Roman Empire, and it was appointed in the idesigns of Providence that while this multitude would be there, the ineffable mystery of our redemption should be accomplished, so that the circum stances of Our Blessed Lord's miraculous life, His trial and unjust condemnation, His death on the cross, and glorious resurrection from the dead. might become generally known to the Jewish nation first, to whom God had originally made known his revelations and who were now to be first called upon to embrace Christian truth, and obtain salvation through the preaching and teaching of the long expected Messias.

Already the Jews are seeking to put Jesus to death, for He said to them : "But now you seek to kill me, a man who have spoken the truth to you, which I have heard of God: this Abraham did not." They claimed to have God for their Father; but Jesus said If reports do not exaggerate, it ap- to them : "If God were your Father,

When Jesus proclaimed to them His allow Catholic schools to participate in divinity by referring to His eternity, the public grants for education, pro- saying: "Before Abraham was, I am," vided they are up to the standard re- they were exceedingly angry, and quired by law. As this arrangement took up stones to cast at Him, this will secure to Catholics the privilege of being a method by which they were having religious education in their went to put criminals to death. But schools, it is said that nearly all the He hid Himself from them and left the Catholics schools are labout to place temple wherein He was speaking at possible for us to fall.

It is to symbolize this concesiment of Himself from the Jews that the crucifixes and pictures of Jesus in the churches are covered with purple during Passion-tide, and other pictures are covered also, because the devotion of this period is to be specially directed toward Christ crucified for us.

It was but a few days after this when Jesus, who had in the meantime gone to Bethania, returned to Jerusa. lem for the Paschal solemnity, and the multitudes, which are always fickle in their likes and dislikes, assembled to meet Him and greet Him as their Saviour and King. They cast branches of palm and other trees be fore Him as He came toward the city. humbly riding on an ass, and they cried out "Hosanna, blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord, the King of Israel.

The Jews from all countries who thus received Him in triumph as their King, were aware of His good and inherit from parents many wonderful works, and thus they testified their belief that He was the prophet whom they expected to come to deliver them from the power of the for. haps eigners who ruled Judea. At this time, when many asked to have sight of Him for a moment, He foretold His death on the cross, but declared that this ignominous death was the prelude to His glory, thus foretelling, as He had done on several other occasions, His glorious resurrection. It is to remind us of these events.

and that we may profit by them to sanctification, that the Catholic Church observes the festival of Palm Sunday, on which palm branches are also blessed, that retaining them in our houses we may also bear in mind the sufferings of Christ and His death. which are symbolized by the palm branches, inasmuch as these are afterward reduced to ashes to teach us that Christ died and that we also are mortal They remind us also of the triumphant reception accorded to Christ on His entry into Jerusalem, that we also may receive Him and joyfully accept His graces and benedictions.

The Holy Week, beginning with special penitential dispositions, as it is the period when Christ atoned for our We should do penance for those sins. sins, which necessitated that we should be redeemed at so great a cost.

# THE MYSTERY OF OUR RE-DEMPTION.

It is not given to man to penetrate into the mysteries of Almighty God. God is infinite in all perfections, and to know Him thoroughly an infinite intelligence would be needed. As we are but finite creatures, knowing that our intelligence is confined within narrow bounds, it would be the height of folly for us to suppose that we can understand all the things that relate to God. We should be infinite ourselves, and therefore equal to God if such knowledge were within our grasp.

Those truths which relate to God, nature and to human salvation, but mysteries of religion, and though it would be the extreme of rashness to scrutinize them irreverently, and an injury to God, a calling of His truth to question, to deny them, it is an act of piety to meditate upon them reverentially, and to endeavor to extend our knowledge and appreciation of them.

During this Holy Week the Catholic Church directs our attention specially toward the mystery of our Redemption through the blood of Christ, shed for us upon the cross. It is impossible for us to understand fully the intimate union of the Godhead with human nature, and the resulting infinite value of Christ's actions, and especially of His submission to an ignominious death for the sake of blotting out the sins of mankind. There are, however, many points in connection with this mystery which we can understand, and we may see also its complete conformity with the power of reasoning wherewith Almighty God has endowed

1. The enormity of mortal sin is appreciable by us to some, but not to the fullest extent. Sin is a turning away from God, an act of wilful disobedience to our Creator and Sovereign Master. It is contrary to God's law, and it prevents us from attaining the end for which we were created, which is, of course, the most important business we have to transact on earth : and because the God from whom we turn away is infinite in perfection, the sinner deserves the everlasting punishment to which his sin dooms him. Mortal sin is, therefore, very justly declared in the catechism to be the greatest of all misfortunes into which it is

2. It is of Catholic faith, and is

clearly revealed in Holy Scripture, that the sin of our first parents has been transmitted to us. This transmission of sin is more difficult of understanding, but the reasonableness of the doctrine will be seen in the fact that in the natural order of creation human nature is such that it is dependent in many things upon our associations, and especially on our relations to our parents and other members of our family. We may not be able to account for it why such should be the case, but experience must convince us that it is a state of things which exist; inseparably with our nature. We grow up learned or ignorant, according to the care which has been bestowed by others, and especially by our parents, in our education. We become good or wicked, according to the moral principles which have been inculcated upon us, and the company we have kept. We their characteristics, some of which are advantageous to us during and others are perlife, physical or intellectual, or moral defects. The transmission of original sin, and the resulting loss of God's grace and favor, until we are restored through the merits of Christ as our Redeemer, and by means of the sacrament of baptism, is another form of the same general law by which we are made dependent upon rarents and oth rs.

3. We have need of a Redeemer. for it is of the nature of sin that it deserves punishment, and must be ex piated. Penitential works have always been necessary in order to atone for sin.

The punishment inflicted on our first parents, as far as it was accepted by them in a proper spirit of submission, partook of the character of a penitential work. The sin-offerings or sacrifices for sin under the Old Law were also expiatory, and by penitential works the people of Nineveh averted the anger of God so that their city was not destroyed, even though Almighty God had sent His prophet to announce Palm Sunday, should be observed with to them its imminent destruction on account of their sins.

> Under the New Law penitential works are also necessary, for St. John the Baptist commanded his disciples to do penance though he also announced that the Messias was already come, and would soon make Himself known. Christ commanded works of renance when He declared that His disciples should take up their cross, as He did, and He gave the example of penance by His patiently endured sufferings, that we might follow His example.

But our finite sufferings and selfmortifications are insufficient of themselves for the expiation of even a single mortal sin, which is an offense against an infinite God, and, therefore, in order that atonement should be adequate, it was necessary that an infinite person should atone for us, which could not be done by any one but God Himself. For this reason, God the Son, the Word, the secon Person of the adorable Trinity, was made flesh, that He might endure the sufferings and death which could not be inflicted upon Him in His divine nature, and thus on Good Friday He paid for us the penalty to which we were subject by sin. Therein consists the essence of the mystery of our Redemption. Thus St. Paul says in his Epistle to the Colossians ii, 13:

"And you, when you were dead in your sins, and the uncircumcision of your flesh, He hath purchased together with Him, forgiving you all offences blotting out the handwriting of the de cree that was against us, which was contrary to us, and He hath taken the same out of the way, fastening it to the ross

Again we learn from Rom. v. 10 .. that the satisfaction thus made by Christ for sin was more than sufficient o cover all the sins of mankind; for where sin abounded, grace did more abound." Nevertheless it was not His intention to free us from the performance of works of penance, as we have already seen. He did what was necessary for us in the way of atonement. and what it was impossible for us to do, leaving to us the obligation of performing the finite atonement which is within our power.

THE JEWISH EXPECTATION OF THE MESSIAH.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.—The Jew believes the Messiah is yet to come. Would you kindly inform me through your valuable paper what would be the best proof a Christian could use in an argument with such a person? and oblige,

To answer G. I. fully would require a long essay, but we may indicate here as briefly as possible a few of the many proofs which may be adduced on this point, and which may be used especially with the Jews.

and His Apostles, wrought to prove the divine mission of Christ and His Messianic office.

It is conceded by the Jews, and it is deception attempted. clear from reason that evident miracles are the divine confirmation and sanction to a mission which comes from God. Thus Moses was commissioned (Ex. iv, 1, 8,) to work miracle to prove to Pharaoh and the Jews in Egypt that his mission was divine. (Ex. vii to xii.) Many other miracles are re corded in the same book of Exodus and throughout the Pentateuch. We may here specify chapters 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 34, of Exodus; Lev. 9, 10, the standing miracle promised in Lev. xxv, 20, 21, that every seventh year the land should be allowed to rest, and that on the preceding sixth year the fruits of three years should spring out of the earth to supply food for the seventh year.

It is further seen from Ex. xiii, 9 that these miracles are God's proof of the divinity of Moses' mission, and a sign that God speaks through him: "And it shall be as a sign in thy

hand, and as a memorial before eyes: and that the law of the Lord be always in thy mouth, for with a strong hand the Lord hath brought thee out of Egypt. Again: the divine mission of Moses

was shown by the punishment of three leaders who presumed to dispute his authority and to assume the priestly office. Moses said: "By this you shall know that the Lord hath sent me to do all the things that you see . the Lord do a new thing, and the earth opening her mouth swallow them down, and all things that belong to them, and they go down alive to hell, you shall know they have blasphemed the Lord." (Num. xvi. 28, 80.) It was done as Moses forecast, and his divine mission was authenticated.

The miracles whereby Christ's mis sion was accompanied exceeded those of Moses under many aspects. The miracles of Moses were performed by special command of God in each case those of Jesus were done spontaneously. They showed the obedience of all created nature and of God the Father to His will. Diseases of all kinds were cured, sometimes by His word of command, sometimes by an act of His will only, and it was the same whether He were present or absent, as is shown by the case of the centurion! whose servant he healed. (St. Luke vii, 7.) The winds and seas obey Him, the barren fig tree is withered at His word, and the dead are raised to life, even though they are in the tomb, and in a state of corruption.

Christ's resurrection from His sepulchre, by His own power, and after He had foretold it publicly, is rightly regarded as the climax of miraculous manifestation, and this occurred though the Jewish and Roman authorities took every precaution to prevent it. Farther, Christ transmitted to His

Apostles and to others who believed in

Him the same power of working miracles which He possessed : even He promised that they should do more vonderful works than those He usually performed, and His promise was kept. Now the question arises, were Christ's miracles and those of His disciples genuine? Did they really occur? We have all the evidence to prove their reality, which can be demanded for any fact we have not seen ourselves. All the Apostles and Evangelists who have written an account of Christ's life or of the Apostolic work, and who have given instructions on Christian doctrine and morality, were eye witnesses to nearly all the events narrated by them, except two who witnessed them only partially, but even these two being on the spot where they occurred, had every means at hand to know the truth of the matter. These witnesses who have given us the books of the New Testament are eight in number, and their twentyseven books or epistles, though written at different times and under various circumstances, are in perfect accord in regard to the facts related, being so harmonious that they form a grand whole, both as to doctrine and the events upon which that doctrine is based.

Premising that we make no reference here to the sublimity and excellence of the doctrine of Christ as they taught it, we say that these witnesses tell of facts or events which were public and palpable to the senses. They could not have been deceived regarding them, and even if they could have been in error, they could not have induced the Christians of their day to accept them, for thousands of these Christians had been themselves eye-witnesses of the same [events. Neither could they have persuaded Jews and Pagans to become Christians, 1. We have the miracles of Christ for many of these were also eye wit-

nesses to the events, and those who were not were in a position to ascertain the falsehood, if there had been any

The only hypothesis which remains whereon it could be maintained that there was any deception, is that the Apostles and Evangelists conspired with the thousands of first Christians to propagate a fraud. This supposition is simply an impossibility. It is unheard of that a conspiracy of fraud should have been undertaken for the purpose of propagating a pure and holy doctrine which forbids all fraud. especially as in the present case there was absolutely nothing to be gained.

So far were the original propagators of the gospel from hoping for any gain through teaching a false gospel that they were told by Christ Himself that they would be persecuted for His sake, and so truly did He speak that all became martyrs in testimony to their sincerity. St. John the Evangelist can scarcely be called an exception. though he died a natural death : for if he survived the persecutions to which he was subjected it was because he was miraculously preserved from death when thrown into a caldron of boiling

Men, particulary a large number of

persons at various times in different countries, and under varying circumstances, are not disposed to suffer death in attestation of the same facts which they know to be false. We admit that there have been comparatively a few enthusiasts or fanatics who died for their erroneous beliefs or opinions; but beliefs and opinions are speculative matters on which it was easy to be in the wrong. But these martyrs of Christianity attested public and sensible facts concerning which there could be no mistake. The enthusiasts we have referred to, by suffering for their opinions, proved their sincerity at least, though they were mistaken. The Christian martyrs showed their sincerity also, but in matters concerning which they could not be mistaken. It is evident, therefore, that we have witnesses to Christ's miracles who were not deceived, who had no wish to deceive, and who could not have deceived others, even if they had so desired. Therefore their testimony is true. The miracles of which they speak are facts. The doctrines of Christianity are, therefore, attested by God, and Christ, who frequently appeals to His works to prove that He is the Messias foretold by the prophets, is truly what he represents Himself to be, as when He said to the Samaritan woman, "I am He who am speaking with thee." (St. Jno. iv., 26)

Here we might be told that the gospels and the other books of the New Testament are a recent fabrication not written by the authors to whom we attribute them. We have not space here to more than indicate that there is a chain of more than one hundred testimonies during the first three centuries, showing that the apostles and evangelists wrote them, and some of the witnesses quote from them so copiously that the books themselves could be almost reproduced from the writings of two or three of these witnesses, if the originals had been lost. There is, therefore, no doubt that the New Testament is the work of those who knew of the matter of which they wrote; and there are intrinsic evidences of this, among which we may mention the one fact that they always incidentally refer to the temple of Jerusalem as existing when they wrote, whereby it is seen that the books making these references were written before the temple was destroyed in A. D. 70.

This proof would not be invalidated if all the witnesses referred to were Christians, but it is greatly strengthened by the fact that they comprise not only Christians, but such heretics as the Gnostics, Ebionites, Montanists. Marcionites, and Pagans, such as Celsus and Porphyry, who attempted to refute Christianity.

2. We have treated this part of our subject somewhat lengthily on account of its importance. We have room only for a short reference to some other weighty proofs to the same effect. We may state that there are numerous prophecies in the Old Testament which refer to Christ very plainly foretelling incidents of His birth of a Virgin, His miracles and teachings, HisIncarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension, and the wonderful propagation of the gospel. We will specify four of these prophecies which are peculiarly striking, and which have been applied even by the Rabbis to the coming of the Messiah.

3. In Gen. xlix, 19, the blessing imparted by the patriarch Jacob to his son Juda announces that the sceptre cr royal power of taken from Judes shall be sent : tha the Messiah. Th with the fact th Christ, Judea h nation. 4. In Daniel phecy of great

APRIL 2 1

occur within se weeks are necess as in Leviticus x of days would not complishment of It follows that f rebuild Jerusaler xes, B. C. 453, ascertainable sy to the beginning sixty-nine week eighty three yea in the middle of years, the Jewis succeeded by the cross, and that v and a half year should be firmly has been literally 5. In the tw

Haggai) ii, 8, a is foretold that t shall fill the new usalem with glor this temple was the seventieth era, the Messiah earth before th alone has fulfille

TH How it Was V the Catholic

In his series Catholic Church Reason," Father ing to the world knowledge clot language and

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royal power of Judea shall not be taken from Judea till He come that shall be sent : that is till the coming of the Messiah. This exactly accords with the fact that from the time of Christ, Judea has ceased to be a

nation. 4. In Daniel ix, 24, we find a prophecy of great events which must occur within seventy weeks. These weeks are necessarily weeks of years as in Leviticus xxv, 8, for the weeks of days would not give time for the accomplishment of the events predicted. It follows that from the command to rebuild Jerusalem issued by Artaxerxes, B. C. 453, according to the best ascertainable systems of chronology, to the beginning of Christ's mission, sixty-nine weeks, or four hundred and eighty three years, should elapse, that in the middle of the next week of seven years, the Jewish sacrifices should be succeeded by that of Christ on the cross, and that within the next three and a half years the new covenant should be firmly established. All this has been literally fulfilled in Christ.

5. In the two prophecies, Aggeus (Haggai) ii, 8, and Malachias iii, 1, it is foretold that the Desired of Nations shall fill the newly built temple of Jerusalem with glory by visiting it. As this temple was utterly destroyed in the seventieth year of the Christian era, the Messiah must have come upon earth before that year; and Christ alone has fulfilled these prophecies.

## THE BIBLE.

How it Was Written-Preserved by the Catholic Church, Which Alone Vouches For its Divine Authority.

In his series of sermons on "Tre Catholic Church before the Tribunal of Reason," Father Pardow, S. J., is giv-ing to the world a mine of historical knowledge clothed in the choicest language and so clearly stated, so logically established, that denial

shrinks away.
His last sermon was on the Bible. Histext was from Chap. XV of the Acts of the Apostles, which gives an account of the first council of the Church, held in Jerusalem very soon after the sacrifice to redeem fallen man. The Disciples and the seventy were there. From that council the Church came. Those who attended it had themselves seen, heard and talked with "the Christ." And yet the Bible tells us that at this council "there was much

disputing."
Father Pardow says of this:
"But why should there be any disputing if Christ is ever with His Church to guide it? I answer, Christ wishes His Apostles and their success ors to use their own natural powers of mind; He wished them to study the question before them thoroughly, and He only promises to be with them so that they (teach nothing but what is true in matter of faith and morals. But listen to the decision, as we read it in the Acts: 'It hath seemed good to the Holy Spirit and to us.' Does not this sound like presumption? How co nounce on what the Holy Ghost thinks? It is only because they remember the words of the divine charter of the Church: 'Go and teach all things whatsoever I have commanded you. and behold I am with you all days fro even unto the consummation of the world.' They thus pronounce judgment on a very weighty matter and

all discussion is at an end. The Father then showed how the Bible was made. He said some people seem to think that the New Testament was all written up and printed before Christ ascended to Heaven. The fact is that the various writings which go to make it up were selected from a large num ber, by a Supreme Council of the Church. That council, like the first held in Jerusalem, could rely upon what Christ said: "I am with you what Christ said: all days even unto the consummation of the world "

of the world.' And then the distinguished Father

said : Our separated Protestant brethren refuse to admit the infallibility of the Church, and yet they unhesitatingly admit all the writings now found in the New Testament solely on the au-thority of the Church. Now, the hurch is either infallible or she is not. If she is not, then she may have admitted into the Bible what is not really the word of God, but only human words, and so the divine authority of the Bible disappears. If she is infallible, and can be fully trusted for so allimportant a work as the selection of the real Word of God, how inconsistent it is not to trust her for the other things

which she teaches? "If the Bible were simply a good book to read; if its principal use were to occupy a conspicuous place on the centre-table in a drawing-room, it would not matter so much whether merely human words crept into it or But the difference between the Bible and all other books is this: That what other books tell me to do or to believe, I may do or not do, believe or not believe, and no great harm will come of it; but what the Bible tells me to do and believe I must do and believe under pain of damnation. Heaven and earth will pass away, but God's Word will never pass away. Now, the Bible is what the Bible means, hence the tribunal of reason declares the necessity of an infallible interpreter of the Bible.'

It is seldom that anyone has more clearly demonstrated the necessity of an infallible interpreter than was done by Father Pardow. The fact that outside of this doctrine—that is, among those who admit the Bible as the Word of God but deny the right of the Church to interpret it, there are several hundred differing interpretations of almost every sentence—is the strongest proof that man's fallible reason is not capable of the work it claims to do.

# DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

LECTURED ON FINE ARTS,
Rey, J. R. Teefy, Ll. D., of St. Michael's
college, Toronto, lectured in St. Mary's church
last night under the users St. Mary's
Altar Society. There was a very large
Altar Society. There was a very large
ance and the people had the privilege of listening to one of the finest addresses ever delivered
in the cathedral. Bishop Dowling was present,
and in the sanctuary with him were Mgr.
McKvay, Rev. Fathers Holden and Mahony,
The offering went to the Altar Society, of which

Mrs. Jessop is president, Mrs. J. T. Routh treasurer, and Miss Long secretary. During the offertory, which was taken up by the ladies, T. Sweeney sang an "Ave Mpa' most ac septably.

Dr. Teefy's lecture was upon the "HolyChurch in its Helation to Fine Arts." He introduced his subject by a reference to the Virgin Mary, the spouse of God, telling of her glory and high position in heaven. Said her: "Spouse of the Most High, she was associated with the Redeemer in the great mystery of the Incarnation. But there is another spouse — it is the Church of God. The heart of man has ever sought for worship. The highest form of his worship was sacrifice. Man has ever sought the ideal. He has groped around in days of darkness and found it not. Even in classic Greece it was not to be found. Their philosopher, Plato, looked for it. Socrates had some conception of it when they described it in their tragedies, but the Greek ideal was not the one we look for now. Rome, with its practical ideas, sought it but found it not, and the world did not find the ideal in worship until the day of the linearnation. Therefore, the Church, with the abiding presence of Christ on the aitar, possesses the beauty spoken of by the p-almist, It is true that religious worship is the end and aim of the Catholic Church. She is here for the cory of God and the eslavation of man. She will send forth her missionaries cast, west, north and south, but there is more to be done for humanity than that. Man has something more ta do than kneed and pray. We cannot spend all our time adoring. The poor have to be attended to, the orban caree for. Sold works of charity and head for heavy works has been to take the stones from the work has been to take the stones from the work has been to take the stones from the work has been to take the stones from the work has been to take the stones from the work has been to take the stones from the work has been to take the stone from the work has been to castence she found herself face to face with two distinct classes of her

the country whose churches are decorated with the nictures of the artists of the church. For centuries these paintings have looked down, inspiring the worshippers. And also has the Church appropriated music. In the earliest ages hymns were sung by the Church. The early Christians are known to have used music, and St. Anders systematised the church music. St. Green at the end of the sixth contry, arranged the Gregorian chant, which has tasted on down to the present time. There is no worship coming from the fergorian chant, and in the last and others have leat their aid to enrich the music of the Church, and there is no music so herefully, so divine or so effectual in speaking to the souls of men.

But the sent the sent their aid to enrich the music of the Church, and there is no music so herefully so divine or so effectual in speaking to the souls of men.

But the souls of men.

But the sent their and the rest—lead up to and control the church that the painting, literature, music, sculpture and the rest—lead up to and control the church that the painting it the souls of men.

But the sent themselves upon that one grand act of worship—the holy sacrifice of the Mass—that we may faitfil the vision of St. John in Patmos, when he heard the heavenly Host every groyt on the Lord God, who is worthy to receive glory, honor and power forever and fore the content of the commence of the commence

ver.—Spectator. Mr. Owens, of the Owens Dramatic Co, with

indness. Mrs. Martin sang "Calvary" at St. Patrick's hurch, at Vespers last Sunday night. Her inging was much praised by those who heard

Many people in Hamilton will hear with pleasure of the ordination to the priesthood of the Rev. Hugh Wright. The crdination took place at the Alumni chapel, Niagara University, N. Y., Saturday, March 26, Bishop Quigley of Buffulo officiating. A number of Father Wright's Hamilton friends were present at the ceremony. The reverend gentleman lived in the Ambitious City some ten years ago and by his gental and unassuming manner made many friends, who wishihim every happiness in his new calling. Father Wright will be connected with Buffalo diocese.

# NEW BOOKS.

A new edition of the Baltimore Catechism, with word meanings preceding each lesson, and the questions numbered according to "An Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism," by fev. Thos. L. Kinkead, has lately been published by Messrs. Benziger Bros.

Hished by Messrs. Benziger Bros.

The Little Altar Boy's Manual, just issued by Benziger Bros, contains complete instructions for serving at Mass, Vespers, Benediction, etc.; together with the proper responses; also Prayers at Mass, Vespers, Morning and Evening Prayers. The book is solidly bound, nicely illustrated, and the print is large and clear. It bears the imprimatur of Archbishop Corregan. Price, 25 cents.

# DEATH OF MRS. PARNELL.

Dublin, March 27.—Mrs. Delia T. Stewart Parnell, leader of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, leader of the Irish Home Rule party, was fatally injured at the Parnell homestead, Avondale, County Wicklow, Saturday. She was sitting by the fire when her clothing was caught by the flames, and in an instant her garments were ablaze. Assistance was near at hand, but before the flames could be extinguished the venerable lady was so badly burned that she died this evening.

# ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

The beautiful and imposing additions to Loretto Abbey are rapidly approaching completion, and when these are ready for occupancy this well-known institution will be able to accommodate very nearly three-hundred boarders. One of the two wings, the dimensions of which are Haxis feet, is made up solely of the concert hall and chapel, the former of which occupies the ground floor and the latter the first floor. The chapel is built in Romanesque style of architecture. The other wing, which is 130x55 feet, will be devoted more exclusively to academic purposes. Everything here is admirably arranged. All modern improvements are being introduced which tend towards the health, comfort, and convenience of the inmates and which will be of material assistance to the work of the institution. One of the Sisters very kindly showed me through and I could not help being struck with the up-to-date aspect of everything I saw - 100my class-rooms with all modern appointments for educational work, large airy dormitories and spacious study halls. It is expected they will be ready for occupancy by Easter. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. B. Jarvis, the architect. The work of the contractors has been very well done. These are Messrs, Wickett Bros, for the masonry and stone work; John Hanrahan, for the carpenter and woodwork; W. Hinds, for the plantering (Matthew O'Connor, the panning; Prudy, Mansell and Machinter, the heating and plumbing; Douglas the roofing, and Strickiand, the electric lighting.

# DIOCESE OF LONDON.

Lecture by Rev. Father Brady.

# Drawing for Handsome Crayon Portrait of Very Rev. Dean Murphy, Irishtown.

realt of Very, Ikev. Dean Murphy, Irishtown.

For many years has Rev. Father Keals striven to establish a parcelaid library, one that both pastor and people of Irishtown might be proud of and 28 has at leas seen his efforts crowned with success. This, his first appeal theory and cheery response; financially, it far the content of the transportation of the particular of the transportation of th

# OBITUARY.

Mr. Francis Fuerth, Woodslee.

Mr. Francis Fuerth, Woodslee, one of our oldest and most respected parishioners, Mr. Francis Fuerth, departed this life on the 17th day of March, at the age of seventy-one years. Deceased was born at Erlinghagen, in Prussia, in 1827.

Bereft of his parents at an early age he was left almost without means to fight single-handed the stern battle of life. At the age of twenty-one he began the prescribed training for twenty-one he began the prescribed training for the German Army, and when that term was over he still continued in the service for some little time, after which he determined to try his fortune in the then much-talked of America. Accordingly he set out in 1854, and coming to Upper Canada, settled in the old county of Oxford, where he worked at the mason trade for a number of years. Here, on the 15th of January, 1858, he was joined in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Christina Wiechert, who with six grown-up children still survives him. In 1871 he moved to Essex, purchased one hundred and fifty acres of bush land, and became one of the pioneers of that county. He, at different times, held offices of trust in the township of Maidstone, and for a number of years previous to his death was a Justice of the Peace.

He had for eight years been troubled with west quo.

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astal secret, who

still surviveshim.

Essex, purchased one
yeares of bush land, and bebush sind, and betownship of Maidstone, and for a number of
Peace.

He had for eight years been troubled with
bronchitis, and this, in conjunction with a
severe oid, contracted about three yeeks ago,
brought about his last illness. Feeling the
end approaching, he had administered to him
ill the spiritual comforts of holy mother
funch, and on the day above mentioned, suryearnly yielded un his soul to God.

Te leaves to mourn their loss his widow, two
s at home, two married, one son Joseph at
distone Cross, Ont., and one daughter,
r M. Anastasia of St. Joseph's convent,
on.

easal are quoted at 30c, and north an
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on. Anastasia of St. Joseph's convent.
on. cased was loved and respected by all who
him, a devout member of the League of
acred Heart, a ready and able defender of
uth whenever it was called into question,
hful friend, a wise father and a loving
and. The bereaved family have the symyof a large circle of friends and relatives,
efuneral took place on St. Joseph's Day,
riay, when the remains were interred in the
ly lot in the Catholic Cemetery at Woodsont., after the funeral rites and a solemn
Mass performed by the pastor, Rev. E. J.
kinson. Requiescal in pace!

MRS. JOHN O'HARA, MT. CARMEL. Our lives not by years, but actions tell; That one lives twice, who lives the first life well."

# C. M. B. A.

At a regular meeting of Branch No. 13, Stratford, heid March 9, 1898, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:
That whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove by death the mether of our respected brother, Past Chancellor Jas. Markey,
Resolved that we, the members of Branch No. 13, hereby express our heartfelt sorrow for the loss sustained by him, and extend to him our most sincere sympathy and condolence in his sad affliction. Also
Resolved that a copy of this resolution be inserted in the minutes of this meeting, and sent to him, and also published in the official organ,
John O'Donoghue, President,
E. J. Kneitl, Secretary.

seek While Jesus prostrate bleeds at every pore.

My added guilt of mispent years He bore,
Though loving care had compassed me since
birth.
My sin was greater, for forgiven more
I still continued faithless—tied to earth.
Thy tears, dear saint, wore furrows down thy
cheek
I pray thee, Jesus, give me tears to weep.
Mesch 92 1808

# March 28, 1898. MARKET REPORTS.

8 to 9c per dozen; lard, 6 to 7 cents per pound; noney, 7 to 10 cents per pound; cheese, 10] to 11 cents per pound.

Hay and Straw.—Hay,\$4.00 to \$6.00 per ton, on the city market; baled hay, \$3.00 to \$6.50 per ton in car lots; straw, \$2.50 to \$3.00 per ton. Vegetables and Fruits.—Potatoes, 90 to 65c per bushel; apples, green, \$2.50 to \$4.00 per barrel; dried, 3 to 4 cents per pound.

Dressed Meat.—Beef, Michigan, \$5.00 to \$6.50 per cwt.; live weight, \$3.50 to \$4.00 per cwt.; Chicaro, \$6.00 to \$7.00 per cwt.

Pork—Laght, \$4.75 to \$5.00; heavy, \$3.75 to \$4.50; live weight, \$3.55 to \$5.00 per cwt.

Mutton—\$6.00 to \$6.50 per cwt.

Veal—\$7.00 to \$8.00 per cwt.

Poultry-Chickens, 9 to 10c per pound; fowls, 7 to 9 cents per pound; dicks, \$15 to 8 cents per pound; cents per pound; cents per pound; cents per pound; per pound; per pound; per pound; per pound.

Latest Live Stock Markets.

# Latest Live Stock Markets.

Latest Live Stock Markets.

East Buffalo, N. Y., March 31.—Cattle—Receipts all consigned through; nothing doing, Hogs—Receipts, 30 cars; market dull and slow, and prices ruled lower; good to choice Yorkers, \$4.00 to \$4.05; mixed packers grades, \$4.05 to \$4.10; medium weights, \$4.05 to \$4.12; heavy hogs, \$4.10 to \$4.12; roughs, \$3.25 to \$3.85; stags, \$2.90 to \$3.15; pins, \$3.25 to \$3.80. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 18 cars; fair inquiry from all sources and prices were steady for wooled stocks; native lambs, choice to extra, \$6.15 to \$6.30; fair to good, \$5.80 to \$6.10; culls to common, \$5.25 to \$5.75; yearlings, common to choice, \$4.20 to \$5.35; native sheep, choice to selected wethers, \$4.90 to \$5.35; common to choice, \$4.20 to \$5.35; native sheep, choice to selected wethers, \$4.90 to \$5.00; good to choice sheep, \$4.60 to \$4.85; common to fair, \$4.35 to \$4.50; culls to common sheep, \$3.50 to \$4.25.

## "STORY OF A CATHOLIC MIS-SION."

and Made \$215 00 the First Month selling Self Heating Flat Irons. My hus-band was awfully hard up, and having read of how much money could be made selling Self Heating Flat Irons, I decided setting set in the discussion of the troops and friends, and soid 160 the first month.

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any canvassing, as people send to you for the irons. They are lovely to sell, and every lady wants one. With the Self Heating Flat Iron a

With the Self Heating Flat Iron & week's ironing can be done in half the time, and at a cost of 3 cents for fuel. Any person who needs money can make it by addressing the New Departure Mfg. Co., St. Louis, Mo. They will start you in the business. I get my irons from them.



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Just published, a new edition, including another Lecture by Father Damen, entitled "Answers to Popular Objections to the Catholic Church.

CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE,



SOULANGES CANAL. Notice to Manufacturers of and Dealers

CEALED TENDERS addressed to the under-bigned, and endorsed "Tenders for Gement," will be received at this office up to noon on Saturday, 3th April, 1898, for the supply and delivery of 120,000 barrels, or any portion thereof, of Portland Cement. Specifications and forms of tender can be ob-tained by the parties tendering at the office of the Chief Engineer of Railways and Canals, Ottawa. the Chief Engineer of Railways and Canals, Ottawa.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the same, and, further, an accepted bank cheque for 10 per cent, of the total amount tendered for must accompany the tender. This accepted cheen must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The accepted cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order.

L. K. JONES.

Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 8th March, 1898.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it. 1015 2

A GENTS. "THE BEAUTIFUL LIFE OF Miss Willard." by her secretary and literary executor. Anna A. Gordon; introduction by Lady Henry Somerset; sells to everybody. Great snap. Prospectus, fifty cents. Books on time. Bradley-Garretson Company, Limited, Toronto.

WANTED: FARMERS' SONS OR OTHER industrious persons of fair education to whom \$50 a month would be an inducement. I could also engage a few ladies at their own homes. T. H. Linscott, Toronto.

# TEACHERS WANTED.

I WISH TO SECURE A NORMAL trained, Roman Catholic teacher, to teach in a village school in the North West Territories at \$50 per month. The preference will be given to one who has some musical ability and can speak German. Address, with full particulars. W. O. McTaggart, Bank of Commerce Building, Toronto. Building, Toronto.

CANCER | Tumors and all Biood Disorders conquered; settentific vegetable treatment at home. No knife or plaster. Full particulars by mail or at office; much valuable matter in 100 page book, all free. Write Dept. "C.R." The Abbot Myron Mason Medical Co., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

On Knowing One's Self. When phrenology was more of a fad than it is now, the professors of that so called science used to have over so called science used to have over their door or in some other conspicuous place the motto, "Man, know thyself." It was a very good legend in its way, though a man could never learn much about himself from having the bumps or protuberances on his head manipulated by a follower of Spurzheim. There is something suggestive in a well formed head, but, now and then, an intellectual looking cranium, through some freak of nature, has very little under its expansive dome. This was shown in the case of the man the said nothing at a dimon party. who said nothing at a dinner party, but who was regarded as a mine of knowledge, because he had a head which resembled that of a celebrated man. The illusion was dispelled, however, when this person of bulging forehead opened his lips and said, after some apple dumplings were put upon the table, "Them's the jockeys for

But I have strayed somewhat from my subject, which is, that knowledge of one's self is an important factor in be one s sen is an important factor.

keeping a young man in the right path. Too many young men are lead astray by imagining that they are something very different from what they really are. They sometimes believe that they are frank, free hearted fellows when they are really the most selfish creatures in the world. They let fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters support them, while they play the part of Prince Prodigal or Prince Charming in disreputable resorts with money that they never earned. Among their vile associates they get the reputation of being whole souled, but they are nothing of the kind. Follow them to their homes after a night of debauchery and you will find me toil worn mother or some gentle sister, who has been long awaiting their return, and who has been listen ing wearily for hours to approaching footsteps, hoping they might be those of the wayward son or brother. And what is usually the reward of these A curse, sometimes, per women? haps, even something more brutal-s

And these fellows, not infrequently think themselves very good men, when they are lower in action than the They have never indulged in any self examination, and, consequent ly, they do not know themselves. depth of their depravity has never been fully revealed to their mental eyes Here is a case in point. A young man who had endeavored to get rid of his wife and child by poison, so that he might marry the object of a guilty love, was arrested unexpectedly, and when he found the nature of the charge against him he exclaimed, impulsively, "Oh, I am a bad, a bad man!" He had evidently never realized this before, but was so swallowed up in his devilish pleasures that he failed to look at things from the standpoint of religion and morality He simply got into the devil's boat and drifted. He deceived himself as thou sands had done before him.

Now there is nothing in the world more destructive of all that is good in man than self-deception. It is the cancer that eats away all those thoughts which are the mainsprings of virtuous actions, and leaves him at last festering in moral rottenness. Avoid it as you would the plague, for it leads to death of soul, and often to death of body. And there is only one way to overcome it, and that is by striving to know one's self. A little self examination, now and then, will do a young man the utmost service. I do not mean by this that he should be morbidly in trospective, for that produces flabbiness and inertia, but that he should try to get a manly knowledge of himself and his temptations and weaknesses, and guard against them like a sane and healthful image of his Creator.

When a young fellow is more than ordinarily well satisfied with himself I should say that he was in danger. There is a rock ahead! Let him look out for it, by taking a tumble to himself, as the popular saying has it. A little self catechising at this point may save him a deal of trouble and miser and prevent shipwreck of his possibili Know yourself and you will know others, and thus put yourself on the highroad to success morally, intellectually and physically. - Benedict Bell in Sacred Heart Review.

The Folly of Discontent.

I was walking in the fashionable quarter of the town not long since, but whose members have, as yet, little to show in actual achievement. "fresh lipped men" are only the clay waiting to be modeled into some definite shape, by time, opportunity and experience. This young friend had a very discontented look upon his face, as if he were lamenting his sad fate, and when I accosted him, I asked him the cause of his dissatisfaction.
"Well," he said, "I am contrasting

my fate with the lot of the people who live in the mansions that surround us. They have everything, and I have less than nothing, for every cent of my wages last night went for the payment of my board bill, my washing and other honest debts." "Nonsense, man," I replied, "you are little of a philospher if you allow the apparent prosperity of your neighbors to trouble You have your health, your strength, and a long future, probably, before you, that you can mould to your purposes if you take the right methods. They have a long past to look back , much of which they would wish,

hastening rapidly to that country where their riches will count for nothing, and where the poorest beggars may be more than their peers. Think you these people are happy? If you knew much of life, in what is called high society, you would know that they were not blest."

were not blest."

"Lut they have luxuries," my young friend answered, "of which I have never even tasted."

"Luxuries," I said, "what are

they? Things that pall upon the appetite with repetition. man with his jaded palate does not en-joy his choice viands half as much as you do your simple ones. You have the sauce which a good, unperverted appetite gives, and he is cloyed with rich condiments that do not increase his pleasure at the table. Everything is stale, flat and unprofitable to him, because the richest and best are to him a common, everyday experience. If you had quail on toast, partridge, woodcock and canvas back duck every day you would soon tire of them. You enjoy your Christmas dinner simply ecause you do not often have the like Pleasure usually ceases with the attain ment of the object we desire. There

is generally more in hope than in realization. "But the rich man is independent, interrupted again my young friend.

"Ah! he is far from that, thoug Bobbie Burns thought differently. He is a slave to the conventionalities of his order, and he is in constant fear that his riches will take wings, for he does not like to give up the power over his inferiors that they give him. So he has to bend to financial magnates who are little stronger than he is, and who might with one stroke of the pen wipe his wealth out of existence. Then think of the price that he may have paid for his riches. Think of the widows and orphans he may have ruined in the pursuit of millions. Their cries may sometimes disturb his sleep at night, as the ghosts of the murdered princes made miserable the dreams of Richard III, before his death on the fatal field of Bosworth.

"Do you mean to say," my young friend asked, "that all riches are un lawfully obtained?

"Certainly not," I rejoined, "but I do believe that many of the people hereabouts whom you envy are far from honest, though they have not fallen into the clutches of the law, and that they will have to suffer miserably for their sins hereafter, if they are not now agonized by a hell of conscience. You know the poet says :-

"Tis better to be lowly born, And range with humble livers in content. Than to be perched up in glistering grief And wear a golden sortow. -Benedict Bell in Sacred Heart Re

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART. General Intention for April.

( Named by the Cardinal Protector and blessed

by the Pope for all Associates.

THE SPIRIT OF CHARITY. Messenger of the Sacred Heart. If the elect who now surround God's throne in heaven, and drink in the torrent of delight as they contemplate, in the Beatific Vision, the infinite perfections of the Most High, had never sojourned upon earth or become conscious that the poor human heart is more impressed by the tangible than by the unseen, by the perishable present than by the everlasting future, they might well marvel that Infinite Wisdom should have deemed it necessary to impose on man a precept of thy God with thy whole heart and with thy whole soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind" (L. It should have been all-suffic ient for the creature to know that he owes all to his Creator, and that that Creator is the fountain head of all that is good, beautiful, admirable and lov-Yet, before the coming of Jesus Christ upon earth, that love, all irre sistible though it might seem, held but a feeble sway over the hearts of The true follower of the Mosaic law, with coarser impulse, too often dominated by fear alone, offered his Maker victims on the altar, but stood aloof in awe and trembled while he adored. A vain-glorious philosophy analyzed the perfections of the God head and expatiated eloquently on His but methods of analysis and subtle reasoning however search ing, were not the warmth of love. The mind, indeed, strained after the sublime, but the heart remained cold and impassive. With the Hebrew of and I met a young fellow, ordinarily a old love seemed rather a sacrifice than bright, cheerful representative type of a craving of the heart; with the his class-a class of fine possibilities, philosopher it was an act devoid of t, little feeling. Thus the union of creature These and Creator was not made perfect

until Jesus came down from His abode in heaven. Then, and only then, the dimness of long ages was dispelled, the law ceased to beget but slaves. The reign of fear and awe drew to a close with the rending of the veil in the temple of Jeru For, down the sides of Cal salem. vary rolled in great floods love that was to compass the world; the human heart was at length made amenable to its softening influence, and prodigies of love and charity responded to the

boundless love of a God-Redeemer. "Lovest thou Me?" was the thrice reiterated question the Saviou, put to the one whom He had chosen to rule His Church founded upon very love, Lovest thou Me more than these? for, the higher was the Prince of the Apostles to be placed above his brethren, the truer, the stronger and the more firmly rooted should that love be which the Master rightfully sought transports us. from His disciple. Nor was Jesus disno doubt, to blot out, and they are appointed at the diffidence and humil-

ity of Peter's answer-a humility painfully acquired from the lesson of the triple denial: "Thou knowest, Lord, triple denial: "Thou knowest, Lord, that I love Thee." Former pre-sumption and self - assertion had made way for true charity, firmly grounded in humility, in the heart of the self questioning and repen-tant Apostle. And it was given him even at that hour to foresee the man-ner in which his love for his Master was to be sealed with his blood. It was a charity manifested by deeds and not by boastful words; a charity where in self-will had no share: he was to walk where others chose, he was to be girded by others and led whither he

would not. (John, xxl, 15 19 "Ged is charity," wrote St. John, "and he that abideth in charity abideth in God and Ged in him" (I. John, iv, 16). These words are surely appli-cable to the Heart of our Lord, which is the living emblem of His love. spirit of charity, is the spirit of St. John, the first bosom friend of the Heart of Jesus; it is the very essence of the devotion to this Sacred Heart.

But what we must bear in mind is that the spirit of charity is not an iso lated act of charity, but the every day practice of it - in other words, it is the abit of this virtue; it is that charity which animates, as much as it is pos sible here below, all our actions, all our sentiments, all our thoughts. Now it is precisely this habit we should en-deavour to acquire. It is a necessity for the heart of man to love. Our life-time must needs be spent loving God or loving the world according to the choice we have made. And whence comes it that the heart, with a strange shortsightedness, tends more persis tently towards the world than towards God? This proceeds without doubt from our having so slight a knowledge of the sublimity and excellence of divine charity. A little reflection would convince us that of all virtues it is the most to be prized.

The consequences of the pitable con dition of man, since the fall, are so far reaching that everything, even his very virtues, are a sad reminder of his misery. His faith emphasizes the darkness of his understanding; his hope recalls his spiritual penury; his pen ance, his crimes; his patience, his af-flictions, his humility, his degradation, his mortification, his sensual covetous ness, his chastity, his proneness to evil But charity, transcending these and all other virtues, is divine in its object, pure in its motives; independent of sense and matter, it implies naught but what is ennobling, and reminds us of no imperfection.

It is a sublime virtue, for it suppose the most intimate and most exalted communing that man, as a wayfaren here blow, may hold with his Creator It is an all-powerful virtue, for it dis arms Heaven: "Many sins are forgiven her, for she hath loved much" (Luke vii, 47). It is a divine virtue—God's own virtue: "For God is charity" (I. John iv, 8). It is a heavenly virtue—heaven has none other. There, there is no longer faith, nor hope, nor humility, nor patience, nor mortification ; charity alone constitutes the supreme bliss of the elect. It is an eternal virtue: it reaches out beyond the limitations of time into the endless It is stronger than death: Charity never falleth away : whether prophecies shall be made void, or torgue shall cease" (I. Cor. xiii, 8) It is the all-pervading, universal vir tue, at whose torch the sacred fire of all other virtues is enkindled. Destroy charity and no vestige of super natural virtue if left on earth: "If I should distribute all my goods to feed the poor, and if I should deliver my body to be burned, and have not char ity, it would prefit me nothing."

The very precept of charity is our greatest privilege. For, if there is one thing more than another which can bring home to man his soul's priceless worth and inappreciable dignity, it is this, that each poor morta can bear witness to himself that he was created to love God. But if he is created to love God, heaven must be his final destiny. And if it be true that by centering his love on created things he embraces their lowliness and abjec tion, it must be equally certain that by centering that love on God, he puts on a heavenly and divine vesture. soul burning with divine love is wrap heavenward and lives a divine life So that, in this sense, it may be said that as it was love which made a God become man, so the love of God makes

of man a divine being. If the structure of the Christian re ligion is stately and majestic in its pro portions, it is because it is grounded on the prophecies and buttressed by innumerable miracles; but its lustre, as a master-piece of God's handicraft, derives from its having first taught mankind the love of God. In this it overshadows the Synagogue, which led the chosen people by little else than It towers above the sublimest philosophy, which, at most, led the human intellect into an endless and an ever unsatisfactory disquisition on the The teaching of Christianity is certain, but while revealing to the mind of man its own origin it, at the same time, opens up to the craving of his heart the well-spring of delights in God's love.

We all realize without difficulty that beyond all other beings, our God is a God of beauty and excellence; and when, in the contemplation of the splendors and beauty of the universe, our soul expands within us and glows with unwonted fervor, we are drawn towards God all but irresistibly and unconsciously. It is then that the idea of infinite beauty breaks upon us and

exceeding majesty, why refuse Him our love at the sight of His all exceeding beauty? Is it such a task for us to love? On the contrary, without doing violence to the promptings of our heart, can we refrain from loving ineffable perfection and beauty? Nevertheless, as perfect charity, or

love of God solely in view of His per-fections, is so exalted a virtue that is may seem at the outset too far removed from the possibilities of our weakness and seeing that the heart is captivated rather by benefits received, let us con sider God no longer under the aspect of the most perfect of beings, no longer as the fountain head of all beauty and goodness, no longer, in fine, as God merely and from afar, but as a God near to us, as our God.

What has God not done for us? time was " before the earth was made and "the depths were not as yet. (Prov. viii., 23, 24) At His flat the magnificent spectacle of the starry heavens was unrolled, and the newly created world bloomed into life. received his being and was fashioned after the image of his Creator. He was endowed with the noblest faculties, fitting him to hold sway over nature as its king. As he came forth from the hands of his Maker, he was not doomed to decay as the material objects which encompassed him around. heavenly bodies might grow old and wane, the universe might be merged again into chaos, but man was to be immortal. And through the unspeak-able munificence of his Creator he was raised, at the moment of his creation, to the supernatural order, inestimable privilege to which he could lay no claim, to that by remaining faithful to God's commands, he was sure, at the time divinely appointed, to be taken to God's bosom, and to be made a sharer throughout eternity of God's own happiness and glory.

The goodness of God to man is still

more wonderful when we consider the boon of redemption. In our last Gen eral Intention we pondered the mystery of Calvery. There it was not a God who created us that we considered, nor a God forestalling our every material want, but a God who had become our victim, a God crushed under the blow which should have fallen upon guilty man only. All the marks of God's boundless love for us seem to dwindle before this great boon of our redemption. We can conceive of nothing more overpowering; our imagination is aghast, and human utterance is dumb as we crouch in confusion at the foot of the Cross.

And yet our inconsistency is such that in our stolidity we grow used to this most harrowing of spectacles, and the most stupendous of God's benefactions fades into a far off memory. Is is conceivable that the story of our re demption, that the blood poured forth on Calvary, that the priceless graces purchased by the death of the Saviour, should have lost their deep significance for us because the echo reaches us

hrough nineteen centuries of belief! We would love Our Lord with an unbounded love. It is our wish; but our aspirations seem earthly, and we might be led to believe that our hearts are hardened against the appeals of a crucified God dying for love of us. Let us not, however, be cast down if e should fail to be sensibly affected, if we experience no physical emotion in our efforts to centre all our love on God. The flame of true charity may be burning brightly in the heart of servant of God even when the carna heart may seem cold. stone of true charity is the readiness we show in practice in the accomplish ment of God's will. Ne mihi dicas liligo Deum etiam plusquam meipsun verba sunt ista : ostende hoc ipsis oper "Do not say," writes St. Chrys. ibus. ostom, "I love God even more than These are mere words; but myself. show that love by your acts." (Hom. in Ep. ad Eph.

Now, among all other manifestations of our love for God there is one more certain than all others, for so it would appear from Christ's own After insisting, in answer to the Phari sees, on the love of God as the first and greatest commandment of the law in the same breath, added 'And the second is like to this: Thou halt love thy neighbour as thyself. Matth. xxii, 39.

Charity, under this aspect, is the love of our neighbor for God's sake. The precept that enjoins it comprises not only a kindly feeling, but all other acts which bear witness to it, such as services rendered, benefits conferred, succor, counsel, affability, commiser ation, leniency for shor comings, for getfulness of injuries, consideration so as not to wound the suscepti of our follow beings. act all this when we are concerned. consequently we owe the same to

others Fraternal charity means more than not to wish evil or not to do harm ; it should determine us even to consult the interests of our neighbor and not to devote ourselves ex-clusively to our own. This is implied by God's command. He asks us to have but one heart; and, since nothing sets men so much at variance as the selfish adhering to their own views and interests. He requires in the perfect exercise of charity, that we divest ourselves of our self-interest, as occasion requires, and that we be not relentless in prosecuting our rights.

The characteristic of love neighbor, such as is most pleasing to Jesus Christ, is something that was unknown before His coming. He calls it His new commandment: "That you love one another, as I have loved you' (John, xiii, 34). Now, how did Our Lord love us? With the most perfect While we are powerless to refuse disinterestedness. He loved us by sac-God our homage in presence of His all-

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becoming a Man of Sorrows, by bears its reward as done to the very dying for us as a criminal.

Here, then, is what we must aim at if we wish to be counted among the loved ones of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Before all, love of God; habitual union with Him by sanctifying grace, and by our active co operation with the innumerable actual graces which He continually bestows. It was to foster this spirit of charity that Our Lord revealed the devotion to His Sacred Heart to the Biessed Margaret Mary, and through her to all the faithful.

As an outcome of this love of God we must foster, as we have said, charity for our neighbor; first for those who love us: it stands to reason. even here we may perhaps improve upon the past by treating those near and dear to us with that kindliness, that considerateness which betokens a forgetfulness of self. This kind of charity is all the more necessary as it is bound up with that ever pleasing duty of gratitude for favors received.

Charity for those who do not love us or who are positively inimical. That we should be obliged to love our riends is surely no hardship: not even the publicans this?" ( Matth.

v, 46.) "But love ye your enemies. and your reward shall be great, and you shall be the sons of the Highest, for He is kind to the unthankful and to the evil." (Luke vi,

Charity for those who are indifferent to us: if a Christian by any chance could look upon a soul created after the image and likeness of God as indifferent to him. Charity for the poor, for they are the particular friends of Christ, and Christ has so far identified Himself with the poor that whatever kindness we show them

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person of Christ Himself. We shall never be really devout to the Sacred Heart, nor shall we ever be true members of the Apostleship of Prayer, united in intention and desire with Our Lord, if we do not with our

whole soul endeavor to acquire this spirit of Charity. PRAYER.

O Jesus! through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work and sufferings of this for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the holy sacrifice of the Mass in reparation of all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: in particular that the spirit of charity may permeate, vivify and render supernatural the thoughts, words and deeds of all the faithful. Amen.

THINK about your health. Do not allow crofula taints to develop in your blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now, and keep your

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nd adults. See that the purchasing.

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Hosanna t To day, n

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SERVING GOD FROM THE HEART. "Hosanna to the Son of David." (St. Matt.

To day, my dear brethren, we are reminded of that hour in the life of our Lord on earth in which He was receiv ing from the people of His own nation all the honor they could render Him He then entered the chosen city of God in triumph over all who had oppose Him. Thousands surrounded Him, went before Him and followed after They paved the road before Him with their own clothing and with

the branches of trees, that they might

thus make His entry into Jerusalem as glorious as possible.

In a few days, when He had been arrested by His enemies, where was this great crowd? Where were those this great crowd? Wholes who had cried out so fervently, "Howho had cried out so fervently, "Howho had cried out so fervently, "How who had cried out so ferven sanna to the Son of David"? could there be found. The rest had either deserted Him or joined in with the crowd that mocked Him even while He was dying on the Cross. Nearly all had abandoned Him in the day His adversity. The first test of their faith in Him, the first trial that proved

the strength of their love for Him, found them entirely wanting in that characteristic of true love, fidelity to Is it impossible for us to do as they did? No; it is not impossible, for many who are Catholics born and bred

do the same thing now.

But who are these? They are those who fail to keep the Ten Commandments of God and the precepts and laws of the Church. Every Catholic who breaks the Commandents of God and the church who breaks the Commandents of God and the Church laws of the Church refuses to obey the laws of the Church does worse than those did who deserted our Lord when He was condemned and crucified. With their lips they declare they are Catholics, and in this way cry out "Hosanna to the Son of David," but in their hearts and lives they live and associate with the ene-

But why are these men werse than the others? Simply because they received the graces of Christ in their baptism, in their confirmation, and in their first Communion, as well as in their many Communions thereafter. In Communion they receive our Lord Himself, the Lord of eternal glory who is eternal life itself. These have been in truth, members of the kingdom of but have cast themselves out by not keeping the Commandments of God, by not obeying the laws of the Church. Truly does the Scrip-ture say of many of them: "He that wandereth out of the way of understanding shall remain in the congregation of the dead." For dead many of them are apparently - dead eternally. They seem to be in the spiritual slumber of eternal death. They appear to e eternally judged; their eternal fate

already sealed. Why do I say this? Because nothing can move their hearts to return to God. Missions, sermons, exhortations, threatenings, warnings, counsels, the prayers and entreaties of fathers, and mothers, kindred, and friends are all unbeeded by them, are all in vain. Even the tears of their fathers and mothers, and the blushes of shame whenever they are alluded to by friends, have no effect upon them, none whatever. They will not return to

Poor souls! Remember that whatever excuse you make to yourselves, this is true, that those who keep the Commandments and the laws of the Church show they are the true friends of our one sure and positive test of our love for our Lord. The Ten Commandments and the laws of the Church constitute that test. All who really love Him keep this faithfully. "If you love Me," said our Lord, "keep My commandments." All who do not love Him break them and disregard them. God Himself is not their friend. . They have no part in the triumphs of our Lord on this day. It is true they cry out with us "Hosanna to the Son of but in their lives they side with His enemies and crucify our Lord.

What, then, is to be done? Let who are faithful profit by the terrible examples of these abandoned Let them dread and tremble lest they also be brought into the same state by their increasing tepidity and neglect. Let them care to secure to our Lord a complete triumph in their own souls that "He may rule there in time and eternity. "The kingdom of God is within you," said our Lord, and the Christian soul is truly the throne of None but faithful or truly re pentant souls can cry out to-day, in all sincerity, "Hosanna to the Son of

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# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE SPRINGTIME.

EUGENE FIELD.

A child once said to his grandsire "Grandpa, what do the flowers mean when they talk to the oak tree about death? I hear them talking every day, but I cannot understand; it is all very strange."

The grandsire bade the child think no more of these things; the flowers were foolish prattlers,—what right had they to put such notions into a child's head? But the child did not do his grandsire's bidding; he loved the flowers and the trees, and he went each day to hear them talk.

It seems that the little vine down by the stone wall had overheard the south wind say to the resebush: "You are proud, imperious beauty now, and will not listen to my suit; but wait til ny boisterous brother comes from the North, -then you will droop and wither and die, all because you would not listen to me and fly with me to my h me by the Southern sea."

These words set the little vine to

thinking; and when she had thought for a long time she spoke to the daisy about it, and the daisy called in the violet, and the three little ones had a very serious conference; but, having talked it all over, they came to the conclusion that it was as much of a mystery as ever. The old oak tree saw

"You little folks seem very much puzzled about something," said the old

"I heard the south wind tell the rosebush that she would die," exclaimed the vine, "and we do not understand what it is. Can you tell us what it is to die?

The old oak tree smiled sadly. "I do not call it death," said the old oak-tree; "I call it sleep,—a long, restful, refreshing sleep."
"How does it feel?" inquired the

daisy, looking very full of astonish

ment and anxiety.
"You must know," said the old oak-tree, "that after many, many days we all have had such merry times and have bloomed so long and drunk so heartily of the dew and sunshine and eaten so much of the goodness of the earth that we feel very weary and we long for repose. Then a great wind comes out of the north, and we shiver in its icy blast. The sunshine goes away, and there is no dew for us nor any nourishment in the earth, and we

are glad to go to sleep."
"Mercy on me!" cried the vine, "I shall not like that at all! What, leave this smiling meadow and all the pleasant grass and singing bees and frolic-some butterflies? No, old oak tree, I would never go to sleep; I much pre-fer sporting with the winds and play-ing with my little friends, the daisy

and the violet."
"And I," said the violet, "I think it would be dreadful to go to sleep. What if we never should wake up again!

The suggestion struck the others dumb with terror—all but the oak-tree. "Have no fear of that," said the old oak-tree, "for you are sure to awaken again, and when you have awakened the new life will be sweeter and happier than the old."

"What nonsense!" cried the thistle. "You children shouldn't believe a word of it. When you go to sleep you die, and when you died there's the last

of you! The old oak-tree reproved the thistle; but the thistle maintained his abominable heresy so stoutly that the little vine and the daisy and the violet were

The child heard it all and was sorely puzzled. What was this death, this mysterious sleep? Would it come upon him, the child? And after he had slept awhile would he awaken? His grandsire would not tell him of these things; perhaps his grandsire did not know.

It was a long, long summer, full of sunshine and bird music, and the meadow was like a garden, and the old oak tree looked down upon the grass and flowers and saw that no evil befell them. A long, long play-day it was to the little vine, the daisy, and the violet. The crickets and the grasshoppers and the bumblebees joined in the sport, and romped and made music till it seemed like an endless carnival. Only every now and then the vine and her little flower friends talked with the old oak tree about that strange sleep and the promised awakening, and the thistle scoffed at the old oak tree's cheering words. The child was there and heard it all.

One day the great wind came out o the north. Hurry scurry! back to their warm homes in the earth and under the old stone wall scampered the rickets and bumblebees to go to sleep. Whirr, whirr! Oh, but how piercing the great wind was; how different from his amiable brother who had travelled all the way from the Southern sea to kiss the flowers and woo the

"Well, this is the last of us!" exclaimed the thistle; "we're going to die, and that's the end of it all!" "No, no," cried the old oak tree;

we shall not die; we are going to sleep. Here, ake my leaves, little flowers, and y u shall sleep warm under them. Then, when you awakunder them. Then, when you awaken, you shall see how much sweeter and happier the new life is."

The little ones were very weary in deed. The promised sleep came very gratefully.
"We would not be so willing to go

to sleep if we thought we should not awaken," said the violet. So the li tle one; went to sleep. The

little vine was the last of all to ink to her slumbers; she nodded in the wind and tried to keep awake till she saw the old oak-tree close his eyes, but her efforts were vain; she nodded and

nodded, and bowed her slender form against the old stone wall, till finally h , too, had sank into repose. then the old oak tree stretched his weary limbs a d gave a last look at the sullen sky and at the slumbering little ones at his feet ; and with that, the old oak-tree fell asleep too.

The child saw all these things, and

e wanted to ask his grandsire about em, but his grandsire would not tel him of them; perhaps his grandsice did not know.

The child saw the storm king come

down from the hills and ride furiou ly

over the meadows and over the fore and over the town. The snow fell everywhere, and the north wind played lemn music in the chimneys. torking put the brook to bed, and rew a great mantle of snow over him; and the brook that had romped and prattled all the summer and told the brook went to sleep too. With all his fierceness and bluster, the storm king was very kind ; he did not awak en the old oak tree and the slumber ng flowers. The little vine lay under the fleecy snow against the old stone wall and slept peacefully, and so did the vi let and the daisy. Only the wicked old thistle thrashed about in his sleep as if he dreamt bad dream, which, all will allow, was no more than

he deserved.
All through that winter-and it seemed very long—the child thought of the flowers and the vine and the old oak tree, and wondered whether in the springtime they would awaken from their sleep; and he wished for the springtime to come. And at last the springtime came. One day the sun eams flutteced down from the sky and

danced all over the meadow.
"Wake up, little friends!" cried the sunbeams-" wake up, for it is spring-

time! The brook was the first to respond. So eager, so fresh, so exuberant was he after h s long winter sleep, that he leaped from his bed and frolicked all ver the meadow and played all sorts of curious antics. Then a little b ue oird was seen in the hedge one morning. He was calling to the violet.

"Wake up, little violet," called the uebird. "Have I come all this dis bluebird. tance to find you sleeping? Wake up t is the springtime!' That pretty little voice awakened

the violet, of course. "Oh, how sweetly I have slept!"

cried the violet; "how happy this new life is! Welcome, dear friends!" And presently the daisy awakened, fresh and beautiful, and then the little vine, and last of all, the old cak tree. The meadow was green, and all around

there were the music, the fragrance, the new, sweet life of the springtime.
"I slept horridly," growled the thistle. "I had bad dreams. It was sleep, after all, but it ought to have been death."

The thistle never complained again; for just then a four footed mons er stalked through the mead w and plucked and ate the thistle and then st lked gloomily away: which was the last of the sceptical thistle—truly a most miserable end!

"You said the truth, dear old oak ree!" cried the little vine. 'It was not death—it was only a sleep, tree!" a sweet, refreshing sleep, and this awakening is very beautiful.

They all said so—the daisy, the violet, the oak tree, the crickets, the bees and all the things and creatures Lord; those who do not keep these show to all in heaven and earth that they are His enemies. We have but thistle. And they talked with the child, time. and the child heard them. And although the grandsire never spoke to the child about hese things, the child earned from the flowers and trees a lesson of the springtime which perhaps the grandsire never knew.

QUESTION BOX.

Rev. Father O'Connor in Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Variety marked the question box at Teresa's this week. Matters of doctrine and discipline from non Catholics were mixed with a few queries regarding observances of fast days and others suited to the confessiona from Catholics. There was also a request for the special prayers of the congregation from a Protestant and a number of apparently frivolous queries from a non-Catholic young woman.
"Bible Student," who has appeared

before in similar questions, could not understand how ignorant and illiterate Catholics could wade through the volumes of the ancient fathers to find out what they say about the doctrines

of the Church. He was told that most of the writings are explanations of the primitive or Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed, short summaries of which children memorize. The virtue of faith does not depend on our theological knowledge. We believe in order to understand. We need not understand in order to believe.

"Major" asked if it is sufficient to go to confession and Communion but once, and that at Easter, to still be a Catholic.

Yes, that much is necessary and would be sufficient, but frequent at tendance is advisable.
"A Greenhorn" wanted to know

why women are allowed to wear hats in church, while men must bare their heads. St. Paul forbids women to be pres-

ent at church with uncovered heads "An unhappy Mother" of a still-

born babe asked as to whether she

could hope to see it in heaven.

She was told that a writer in the current number of the American Ecclesiastical Review quotes St. Bonaventure, Csjetan and other theologians as holding that the "desire or prayer of a parent for the salvation of a child without its own or its parents who. fault, dies deprived of the sacrament of baptism may effect the baptismal grace which removes original sin and pro cures for the child entrance int The prophet Jeremias and heaven. S: John Baptist were sanctified in the womb. It is always consonant with Scripture and reason to have unbounded confidence in the mercy of

God, whose very essence according to St. John, is love—"God is charity." "An Afflicted Mother," a"Protestant Christian," asked Father O Connor to request the prayers of the congregation (with whose plety she had been struck) in a great affliction.

The congregation was asked by the

Catholic priest.

The answer way yes, if a dispensation could be procured, which is very difficult in such a case, as os of faith to the Catholic party and to the children is even more likely than in a marriage to a Protestent. Catholic priest.

marriage to a Protestant.
"M." asked: "If a person be baptized on her death-bed, is the temporal as well as the eternal punishment remitted ?"

Tre answer was yes.

"J. E. M." was concerned to know why no Irishman ever become Pope. Many other Catholic Lations hav

never had a representative on the Papal throne. There is no national impediment in the choice. The Cardinals are under the most solemn of coligations to choose a Pope according to the dictates of conscience, and nationality is not considered, hence it is that even with an overwhelming number of Italians in the college, those of other nations have been

chisen.
"C. L. B's" important queries were referred to an imaginary com mittee of young ladies. She wanted to know whether a very trifling circumstance could be construed into a proposal of marriage, asked about fortune tellers, black cats and bad luck, and finally as to whether a "splendid Catholic, not a bit pious, who drinks beer, takes girls to the theatres, dances," etc., would make a

good husband. This young man will probably be accepted before he knows he has proposed, and the outcome, unless both parties reform, will be a very much mixed" marriage in more senses

than one.
"Bella" wished to know whether a widow might become a nun.

Yes; there are many widows who are canonized saints and even foundare canonized calints and even founders of religious orders, as St. Jane de Chantal, of the Visitation, and St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

"Charley" does not like to see Catholic girls on bicycles, and he asked if

the Archbishop forbids this. There is no prohibition. A true lady will be as modest on a bicycle as on horseback or in a carriage.

"P. A. M," who says he (or she reads the question box every week in these columns, acts as corresponding secretary for a number of friends with queries, some of which are obscure and others already answered. The first is apparently about faith curists or spirit ualists, though indefinite. The second asks whether Protestants can go to heaven. This has already been answered in the affirmative, with the pro vision that they are baptized and in od faith. The third requested the ecturer's opinion of "a strict Catholic" who never misses Mass, but has not been to confession or Communion for

his hands on some of his bad pay customers who are Catholics, as he had heard about the priest compelling them to pay their debts. He finds that Cath plics are much like other people, and that religion is more talked about than practised. He also wished to know why some of the "best people" never go to church, and said he would not criticize were it not that Catholics claim so much. Most Catholics are no better than other Christians and some a great deal worse. "Grocer" come to the conclusion that some men are naturally mean and tricky and others naturally good and noble. There are people who can't help stealing and getting drunk and thy k ow the Bitle by heart. "I don't blame the Church," he says; "she's all right, out I think she claims to do the inpos-

He was told that in our sermons we ea h that not to pay your debt is s bad as steaing, and that no absolution is valid unless our debts are pailif i be within ne's powert any them. In e confessio at restitution is insisted up n, but the priest is not a bill c e:tor and cannot go after the:e debts, though stolen articles are frequently returned through the confessional. One of the grandest tributes to our noly faith is t at non Catholics expect bett r of Catholics than of others, and for this reas n Catholics are more blame worthy when they bring scaldal upon the Caurch. Uapaid bills may be the cause as times of preventing a conversion where he creditor does not distinguish rightly as to cause and effect. Another thing to be remembered is that the Catholic Church, like its Divine Founder, does not discarl their midst, and life seems real again members may appear less sinful on the only medicine proved successful in surface than one of several thousand reaching the germs of my disease and collected from among persons of all saved me from a life of misery and Factory: Georgetown.

classes. How much worse Catholics without their faith would be and how much better the naturally good would be with supernatural graces added is something "Grocer" loses sight of So far as the Church is concerned, not only teaches that failurs to pay your debts is sin'ul, but to contract a debt which you have no prospect of paying is also sinful.

"Jennie" (1), whose minister is very much cleased with the fair manner in which the lecturer spoke of Anglican orders, says that all "Angle Catholics" admit a superior dignity in the Bishop of Rome, but not that he is supreme in jurisdiction over the whole

All Catholics in the true sense admit the primacy of the Pope, which is an essential part of the constitution of the Church, as the head is an essentia member of the body. What the super for dignity of the Bishop of Rome consist o according to Anglican ideas would be interesting to know. It is at lecturer to pray for her.

"E. J." inquired if a Catholic could its bead of the Roma. Catholic Church is superior in dignity to all other Catholic Properties.

(2) Her minister thinks that the Catholic Church will gradually drop many of her ceremonies and usuages such as strict fasting before Commun

The Church is the sole judge of h I peremoni s and discipline. Inability to fast until early morning would in dicate serious illness, in which the priest might give Communion as viatium. Again, a sick Catholic might receive shortly after midnight and

thus observe the law.

(3) Rome (says "Jennie's "minister)
has alienated nearly every country by insisting upon its peculiar customs Reserving the sacrament is one of

The Church which contains by far the largest body of Christians can scarcely be said to have allenated near ly every country. The Biessed Sacra ment was r served in the primitive Church, as we know from the "Acts of the Martyrs.'

4) She cannot believe everything in the Bible, and wished to know if she a hypocrite when she continues to go to church while in this mind.

A hypocrite is one who pretends to be ieve what he does not. Perhaps it is your interpretation that you do not believe and which may not be the

(5) She has a young Episcopalian gentleman friend who calls to see her, and who says if she were to become a Catholic she should never be his wife. As Protestants, and particularly Episcopalians, admit that salvation is to be found in the Catholic Church as well as in their own such manifestation of intolerance must be ascribed to a stubborn disposition. It would be well to settle all religious doubts before marriage, if possible, and thus may much future unhappiness be avoided.

A CRIPPLED SHADOW.

The Remarkable Statement of Jas Davis, of Vittoria.

TRICKEN WITH RHEUMATISM HI WASTED TO A PAIN STRICKEN SHADOW - DOCTORS AND HOSPITAL TREATMENT FAILED TO HELP HIM -DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS RE STORE HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

Proof upon proof accumulates that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the greatest medical discovery of the 19th century, and the following story told in the grateful patient's own words again substantiates the claim that they cure when other medicines fail. "Knowing that I am a living monu-

nent of the wonderful curing proper ties of Dr. William's Pink Pills, I

as are afflicted as I was. I am a resi-"Grocer" wished the lecturer to get | dent of the village of Vittoria, Oat. and have lived in the town or neigh borhood all my life and am therefore well known, and what I say can be easily proved. Three years ago I was stricken with and partially paralyzed by rheumatism, and after being under the care of two physicians I was given up to die. I wasted to a human skeleton; nothing more than a crippled shadow. I lost the use of my limbs en tirely and food was given me by a spoon. Life was not worth living, and such an existence was indeed miser able. Thus I awaited the end to com--an end of human suffering too awful to depict. As a last resort I was per-suaded by my friends to try medical treatment in the General Hospital in Toronto, and after spending several weeks there came home disheartened and even worse than before. While writhing in the pangs of pain, dis-couraged and ready to die, I heard of William's Pink Pills and of marvellous cures they effected. While doubting that they would cure me was prevailed upon to take them. effect was marvellous. For two long years I had not enjoyed a single night's rest, and I then slept a sweet sleep which seemed like heaven to me I revived, could eat, and gradually grew stronger and as I gained strength my hope of living increased. I have taken forty-one boxes, which may seem a large quantity to some, but be it remembered I had taken many times their value in other medicines and had been declared incurable by doctors. The result is I am now able to undergo hard physical exercise

All my large circle of friends and acquaintances welcomed me back in sinners, but endeavors to save them. The fact is beyond all question that A congregation of fifty or sixty sheet Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a last and

pain. Again I say as a grateful man that I cannot too strongly recommend this remarkable medicine to all fellowbeings who are afflicted with this errible malady. James Davis.

The above testimony is signed in terrible malady.

presence of Ernest Webster Maybee.

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of the Protestant ett. Revised, with Rev. Francis Aidan The book is printed s published at a net the United States, ged in Canada. It on receipt of that a. Coffey, RECORD Office, London, Ontario.

vo. 4, London, 4th Thursday of ock, at their hall, Street. James P. Boyle, Secretary,

# ST. PATRICK'S DAY

In Ingersoll.

In Ingersoll.

The following programme was admirably rendered at the St. Patrick's concert held in the town hall, Ingersoll, Ont., on the 17th ult., under the patronage of the church of the Sacred Heart: PART L. Prof. Hulme's Orchestra

Selection Froi. Huithe a Create
Song Mr. J. O'Meara
Specialty Master Eugene Lockhart
Song Miss B. McDonald
Violin Solo Miss Lottle Huime
Specialty Eugene Lockhart
Address Rev. Father Killcullen
PART II.
Clarionet Solo Master George Hulme
Song Miss McDonald
Song Eugene Lockhart
Song T. McCabe
Cong.
SpecialtyE Lockhart "God Save the Queen!"
"God Save the Queen!"
Mayor Mills, Chairman.

Mayor Mills, Chairman.

After Part I. of the programme was gone through Pather Kilcullen, P. P., of Colgan, Ont., delivered a stirring and patriotic address on Irish Home Rule. He nainted in vivid language he success of Grattan and the volunteers in gaining Ireland's independence in 1782 and ser great national prosperity during in Eastern Patriot. The property of the programment, and sketched in a masterly way the great efforts of O'Conneil, the Young Irelands of '18. Sir Isaac Butt and Charles Stewart Parnell, with their galaxy of Irish heroes shind them to win back her autonomy to Ireland. At the end he was graphic in describing the dawn of Ireland's freedom in the acceptance by all parties of England's measure of Home government in the bill County legislation, and predicted that Emmet, the young martyr of Irish liberty, would have his cyliaph soon written, because his country would take her place among the nations of the earth, great and intellectual treats he procured them on Ireland's greaten and intellectual treats he procured them on Ireland's great mational festival.

"Let us now praise men of renown and our thaties in their generation, (Seclesiasticus 44-b). Dear Brethren—We are gathered within the sacred precincts of this church to comply with the admonition of holy writ. We are here to return thanks to Almighty God for the glerious gift of faith bestowed upon us through the the admonition of holy writ. We are here to return thanks to Almighty God for the glerious gift of faith bestowed upon us through the their generation (Seclesiasticus 44-b). Dear Brethren—We are gathered within the admonition of holy writ. We are here to return thanks to Almighty God for the glerious gift of faith bestowed upon us through the their interest by course and the secret of the solute of his hours to comply with the admonition of holy writ. We are here to return thanks to Almighty God for the glerious gift of faith bestowed upon us through the colling land of the produce of praise on our here of renown. Wherever the exi After Part I of the programme was gon brough Father Kilcullen, P. P., of Colgan, Ont

days, the scenes of his childhood, and spend come time in reverie on that part of earth he loves best.

This day is to him full of proud memories, of fond and sad recollections, all of which stand crowded in memory's hall. The old time-honored cabin wherein generations of ancestors were born, the limpid stream by which the dear little shamrock grows, the lowly chanel where he first received the bread of life. His aged parents, who, may hap, are taking their last sleep in the dear old gravey and, and all the companions of his early youth loom up before his mental vision. Thus is every foot of Irish soil visited to-day, in spirit, by the expatrioted sons and daughters of Erin. To-day, above all others in the year, the Irishman is aman. To-day he attains to the full height of stature. He does not slink into a corner; he does not conceal himself in the shade; he feels not ashamed of his religion or nationality, but goes abroad with his colors in all the pleritude of his greatness, to proclaim to the wherling the first matter all, there is nothing to be ashamed of, but rather to glory in, since he is only exhibiting to the nations of the earth that faith that is in him which conquereth the world. And this all the world over, "Quae region in the risk sade, the world is not full for our labors?" This was the exclamation of #neast, the Trojan calies, when he saw the glorious deeds of his ration embiagoned on canvas in a foreign clime. Much more appropriately can the Irish exile of to-day put that question. "What region in the world is not foul or unlabors?"

more appropriately can the Irish exile of to-day put that question: "What region in the world is not full of our labors?"
Look abroad: On St. Patrick's day in Italy, that very Rome founded by the reputed ecendants of Æneas, Ireland's festival is pt. Ireland's apostle is glorified, and the wloty of Ireland's adourance for the faith is told. In France, that gave us our apostle, the same thing occurs. In England Ireland's banner is raised, Ireland's hymns are chanted, the tale of Ireland's wrongs and woes is rehearsed, and the shout of religious triumph goes up in the land of the conquerors. Quitting Europe turn we our eyes to this mighty land of the West. The same spectacie meets our vision, only surpassing in grandeur, splendor and magnificence. From Michigan to Florida; in the Pacific slope, from Michigan to Florida; in the Pacific slope, from Michigan to Florida; in the Pacific slope, trom Michigan to Florida; in the Pacific slope, trom Michigan to Florida; in the Pacific slope, untamed West, where the red And in the yeu untamed West, where the red And in the yeu untamed West, where the red And in the yeu untamed West, where the red Same Tourns in this native wide, Ireland's bare to the surface of the

The grand and magnificent processions that Maren threugh the streets of every city, kown and village where the sons of St. Patrick are to be found, prove that it is a day of mighty significance. A day on which the Irishman forgets his labors, his toils and his poverty, but because he crystalizes in speech and deathless song the glorious deeds of the captive boy who in the silent retreats of the bog and waste had uppermost in his mind the thought of ransoming his fathers from the wiles of hell, and placing on their brows a mark that would claim a recognition on the Judgment Day, and a place of reward in heaven. It was he who first announced to them the glad tidings of redemption, as did the prophet of old to the people of Jerusalem in reference to the brith of Jesus Christ. "Arise, be callightened, oh! Jerusalem, for the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." Cast aside the works of darkness and put on the armor of light, lay down the heavy burden of ignorance and spiritual bondaxe; give up offering sacrifices to Baai and other false Druidical divinity. How down in submission before the majesty of the law of the Crucified; you are walking in ignorance and the shadow of death. Believe in Jesus Christ, He is the "way, the truth, the life and the light;" wheever followeth Him walketh not in darkness.

They heard, they believed, obeyed the imjunction and retained the message of peace

on every recurring anniversary all over the globe.

Having said so much I now pass on to take a cursory glance of the life and labors of our illustrious saint. The birth-place of St. Patrick has from time to time called forth warm discussion. Seven cities have view with each other in claiming the honor of being the birth-place of Homer, the poet divine, and nearly as many nations assume the same attitude to St. Patrick, From St. Patrick Sown 'Confessions' it is clear that France can lay claim to him as her child. "My father was Calpurnius, son of Potitus, of the town of Bonaven, Taberniae, the had one at the town a small villa called the more of the district in which Bonnaven is situate. From his own writings it would seem that Britain gave birth to him. Hence when St. Patrick is called a Briton, it must not be inferred that he was a native of Great Britain, as Usher, Ware. Colgan and other eminent writers supposed, thus awarding to Scotland the honor of giving him birth, but of Gallie or Armoric Britain. Pliny places in the neighborhood of Boulogne a people called Britons, whose territory stretched to near Amiens.

The first authencie record of St. Patrick's life is his eaplivity and transportation to Ireland by the Dalaradians, of Uister, who invaded Armoric Gaul. Over two hundred children had been captured and sold into shavery. It was our saint's hard lot to be sold to a relentless our saint's hard lot to be sold to a relentless

tyrant who could not treat him with justice or humanity, but subjected him to every hardship possible. During the first months of his captivity many a briny tear crossed his eyeballs and roiled down his rose-tinted cheeks as he remembered his fair France, his loving parents who lavished on him all their affections and caresses, and the componions of his early youth. But he learned the language, observed the customs and habits of the people, and this knowledge afterwards was of great value to him. At the end of six long years of captivity and slavery he was restored to freedom.

As soon as he set foot on the shores of his native land his first grand a flow was kneed down on the sandy being over lend and send of the sandy being over lend and send to the boson of his family. With them to remained for some time, Strongly did they prevail on him to forsake no more the sweets of nome but stay with them to rever, when Almighty God made known to him in a vision His divine will in this regard. He tells us he saw a man named Victor coming to him, as it were, from Ireland with a bundle of letters one of which he handed to him. In the beginning of it he read the words: "You Hibernigenariam," the voice of the Irish, While reading the letter he thought at the same moment he heard the voice of the inhabitants who lived hard by the wood of Foelut, near the western sea, Killala, Ireland, crying out to him with one voice: "We entreat thee, holy youth, to come and walk amongst us." The vision determined St. Patrick to attempt the conversion of the Irish, He, therefore, began the studies necessary to prepare him for his noble calling. The study occupied nearly the whole of thirty years, during which the saint had been in the most renowned and famous colleges of the time; he had for masters some of the holiest, most famous and learned men then living. Finally in the year 433 Pope Celestine, the forty-third successor to St. Peter, appointed St. Patrick to break the bread of life to the little ones who, in the disant isle of Innish,

tily.

Druidism was the form of religion that prevailed in Ireiand at the time of St. Patrick's coming, and strongly had it fastened itself on the affections of the people, and a hard task it seemed to pluck out its roots, because of their strong attachment to it, for, whether pagan or Christian, they have been ever remarkable for their respect and veneration towards religion, its mysteries and sacred rives. But, considering the age in which they lived, thay attained to a very high degree of civilization and refinement, so that when St. Patrick landed he found his task of converting the Irish a comparatively easy one. The soil was already preparately easy one. The soil was already prepared for the seed which he brought. The great Druidical festival was being held at Tara. St. Patrick lighted an immense Easter fire up on the hill of Slane, seven or eight miles distant. The blaze shot luridly unward announcing that the sacred custom of the great Druid festival had been grossly and indignantly violated. The offender was summoned before the High King to answer for the great Offense of so wantonly insulting the national religion. Arriving before the monarch, his courtiers and high priests, St. Patrick, crozier in hand, proclaimed to them that he came to extinguish the fires of paganism in their land, and light up in their stead the fire of Christian truth, symbolized by the Paschal fire which burned on the neighboring hill. The assembled multitude were terribly incensed at the daring attack of a stranger upon the divinities, which they so long, so patiently and so faithfully worshipped. However they did not ery out in angry tones "Away with him." Nor did they molest the envoy of peace. On the contrary they treated himself and companions with the greatest respect, and there entered into a calm, dispassionate and here entered into a calm, dispas

The controversy resulted in favor of Chris-inity and disastrous to Druidism. Many of e nobles, scholars and lords were converted that day. From the blow Druidism there ceived it never rallied. The gospel was then two years had piedged its allegiance to the true faith, without exacting from its apostle one drop of blood to water and fertilize the seed of the gospel, an exception in this respect to the rule of planting the faith in any pagan land before or since that time. Hence our Divine Lord said to His apostles, "Lo. I send you as sheep amongst woives," That pledge has been kept. It is inscribed in the blood-stained records of wars, confiscations, pillage and persecutions during a period of over tweive conturies.

out a short time before emerged. But where all was confusion, all disorder, all utter darkness one bright spot remained.

The Isle of the West lay in peaceful security in the midst of all the wreck and ruin. She preserved the arts, she cultivated the sciences. From her shores set in the reaction which rescued Europe from her threatened doom. From her monasteries, nurseries of learning and piety, went forth scholars and missionaries who carried with them the sacred torches of faith and knowledge to nearly every land. They founded schools and colleges, propagated the sciences abroad, preached the gospel truths, and again she received through her children another title. She was called the "Home of Knowledge." Every nation appears to have its golden age. Ireland enjoyed hers from the sixth down to the ninth century, during which time she was confessedly, religiously and intellectually mistress of the nations. Ireland become the university of the world. She had her schools and colleges all over the land, at Armagh, in Bangor, in Clonard, in Clonmacnoise, in famed Lismore, on the Blackwater, in Mungret, on the lordy Shannon, and even in the far-off islands of Arran, on the western conset, and many another classic and historic spot on the fair bosom of the Emerald Isle. From the most distant parts of Europe kings and their subjects came to drink in the ducled draughts of knowledge from her nexhaustible fountain of science. There they received gratis, not only their tuition, but also their clothing, support and the charts and new stern conset, and men did the place of or the kindly treatment her received gratis, not only their tuition, but also their clothing, support and the charts and new stern cover and the

I travelled its fruitful provinces 'round, And in every one of the five I found

Alike in church and palace hall Abundant pearl and food for all,

Gold and silver I found and money, Plenty of wheat and plenty of honey. I found God's people rich in pity Found many a feast and many a city.

I found strict morals in age and youth; I found historians recording truth. The things I sing of in verse unsmooth. I found them all I have written, sooth.

Tround them all I have written, sooth.

But the peace and tranquility that Ireland then enjoyed were doomed to be short-lived Ireland's faith and Ireland's nationality must undergo a fearful and fiery ordeal. As she received the faith without requiring that is should spring up after being watered by martyr's blood, now her own children after receiving it beneefully must shed their blood in its defence. Her fair bosom must be sprinkled it order that it may become indigenous to the soit. The beauty of the country and fertility of the land awoke in the minds of marauders a covetous desire to get possession of that gen, the most beautiful that sparkled on the surface of the ocean. It commenced with the Danes, who swooping down from the North Sea in their long galleys, made sudden descents upon the coasts and plundered and murdered its inhabitants, and before sufficient forces could be organized to drive them off were away again

They, too, cut the anchor that bound then to the rock of Rome, and soon sank beneath the

ier in the communion of samis—Breame not a grayer for the eternal repose of their dead.—
This was the doctrine of the new religion, which had for founder, the lacestuous and coluptuous Pontiff of England; forswear the ruths preached by St. Patrick, and attested by astounding miracles, and believe in the new-dangled doctrine brought over by apostate oriests and monks from England. Oh, never! "What doth it avail a man to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul." You will be respected, you will be treated well, you will be respected, you will be treated well, you will be respected, you will be treated well, you will be respected, you will be treated and suffer the loss of his own soul." You will be respected, you will be treated well, you will be respected, you will be treated well, you will be respected, you will be treated well, you will be respected, you will be treated well, you will be respected, you will be treated well, you will be respected, you will be treated well, you will be respected, you will be treated well, sou will be respected, you will be respected, you will be treated well, as a fine the sunshine of revealed glory for ever. "Oh her treated the sunshine of revealed glory for ever," "Oh teernity." (St. Augustine.)

The story of Ireland's long and painful struggle to keep and preserve the faith intact the sunshine of the part of the

is, describes more mildly than is his wont the manner in which the new evangelizers set to work;

They bribed the flock, they bribed the son To sell the priest and rob the sire;

Their dogs were taught alike to run, Upon the scent of wolfe and Friar;

Among the poor,

Or on the moor,

Where hid the pieus and the true;

While traitor knave,

And recreant slave

Had riches, rank and retinue,

And exiled in those penal days

Our banners over Europe blaze.

Here England's whole scheme of devastation is told in a few words. They bribed the flock to sell their priest, and a reward of 25 would be given the traitor. The youngest son had only to foreswear the faith of his fathers to get possession of the property and drive his parents, brothers and sisters to beggary. But in all justice to their memory be it said very few were found base enough among them to barter their birth-right for the bribes thus temptingly and fervently as in the days when Alfred the Great landed on the Irish coast to light his lamp at the torch of science that burned brightly in Erin.

Neither the blandishment of power nor the sword of persecution could make them swerve one iota from the faith preached to them by St. Patrick. Time could not effect it, persecution could not effect in persecuti

the bright jewel from their hearts. Oh, my friends, cherish and preserve with a jealous care the gift of faith for which your sires suffered so much in defending, in order to hand it down to you in all its pristine grandeur and magnificence. They could leave the land of their nativity, and tear themselves away from all the endearments of home in order to hand down to their posterity the precious heir-loom of faith pure and unsuitled. It has been given to us at the price of poverty, afflictions, sorrows and persecutions; to many hast come down sprinkled with a parent's tears and blood. We shall be unworthy off; if in time of peril we inrough shame or fear swerve from it in the least.

brough shame of fear swerve from it in the east.

Should it ever be our lot to suffer shame, opprobrium or insult on account of our faith et us not think less of it on that account, but ather love it the more, like the veteran soldier of historic France when he saw the flag of his country torn in shreds. "Tottered, torn, blood-t-timed flag I love thee more because lave bled for thee." Love also the dear old and in which the small mustard-seed planted by St. Patrick shot up into a grand tree sheltering beneath its boughs millions of devoted souls. I find no condemnation of love of country in Christ's gospel. On the contrary I find it commended.

in Christ's gospel. On the contrary I find it mmended. St. Luke VII, 2, 3, 4, 5. And the servant of a riain Centurion who was dear to him was k and ready to die. And when he had heard Jesus, he sent to him, the ancients of the ws, descring him to come and heal his servit. And when they came to Jesus they beinght Him carnestly, saying: He is worthy at Thou shouldst ou this for him. For he yeth our nation, and he hath built us a syna-

In Toronto.

In Toronto.

LECTURE BY REV. "SILAV-NA-MON."

The annual concert and lecture of the Irish atholic Benevolent Union was held in the auditorium on St. Patrick's night. Every eat in the house from pit to gallery was occupied when the chairman, Rev. J. J. McCann. G. appeared on the platform, which was icely decorated with palms and ferns. When he applause, with which he was greeted had omewhat subsided, the rev. chairman proceed do to open the evening's entertainment with a hort address. He said that at the present inne Iricland's prospects were bright, that the resent century had brought many just and qual laws, and, quoting Mr. Gladstone, he aid, that Irishmen, if they woul's only stand inited, could obtain anything they wished. A deasing feature of the programme was Miss (hompson's rendition of the bailad' Millerschane," by Rev. Father Dollard, which was nthusiastically received by the audience. His Vorship Mayor Shaw sat in the audience, and

A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer.
Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley-ear.
There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand.
And her ferest paths in summer are by falling waters fanned.
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs in the yellow sand
On the fair hills of Holy Ireland,

On the fair hills of Holy Ireland,

Irishmen are born poets, and they love their country for the mystery and romance that clings to its ruined jabbeys and war-scarred towers; to the deep glens wherein the stillness of night the weird caoine of the "Banshee" is heard, and fairies hold high revel by haunted rath, and spell-encharmed thorn-tree. They love it for the sacred and intimate associations with which it is enshrined in their souis: the fond affections of home; the promptings of religion that draw them, at the sound of the chapel beil to worship God on the peaceful Sunday morning. And as they love the old land, so also they love and revere the memory of the men who sacrificed their lives in its cause; and so the memories of the men of '8-0' Wolfe Tone, of Emmet, of Lord Edward Fitzgerald—are enshrined to-day in the hearts of Irishmen, Wolfe Tone—thedaring, fearless, untiring diplemat—moving Heaven and earth to free the country, and dying at last in bitterness of disappointment. Emmet—the nobic, intellectual, beautiful—cut off cruelly in the flower of his youth, and dying with words of exulting defance on his lips. The people have never ceased to mourn for him—the idol of Ireland:—

land;—
Monuar! Monuar! for our hero that is dead.
'Tis my soul-searing sorrow, his grave is deep and red;
The jong hills and valleys, and; the sun in Heaven high.
I cannot see their beauty, for the scalding tears I cry.
And the youthful, impetuous Geraldine, within whose veins bounded "the blood of conquerors for full a thousand years!":—
"How gay his laugh; how proud his mien; you'd ask no herald's sign.
"Among a thousand you had known the dauntless Geraldine.

"Among a thousand you had known the dauntless Geraldine.

Ah, yes; these may be traitors and rebels to all the world beside, but to Ireland they are heroes and martyrs, and to-day they speak powerfully from their graves. "The martyr is the victor in his death." The bard of old when Erin was crushed with defeats cried out to the mighty shade of dead O'Neil!—"Conn of the Hundred Fights sleep thou in thy grass grown grave, and unbraid not our defeats with thy victories." And the Irishman who is ashamed of his country or of its giorious history may well cry out to the shades of Tone and Emmet, and of the men of '98, to sleep in their grass-grown graves, and unbraid him not with his ignorance and craven-heartedness. The lecturer here quoted the words of Lord Holland—British Cabmet Minister—justifying the action of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, because "his country was bleeding under one of the hardesst tyrannies our times have witnessed." The people of Ireland," said Lord Holland, "were driven to resistance by the free quarters and excesses of the soldiery which were such as are not permitted in civilized warfare, even in an enemies country." He then gave a rapid sketch of the "United Irish" movement. Its leaders were mostly non-Cathohes. Its bulk in Uster, where it was 200,000 strong, was composed of Presbyterians—descendants of the Jacobite "planters." A dozen well-known Presbyterian free of them were driven wanted Parliaministers were among its prominent members. Three of them were driven wanted Parliaministers were among the prominent members. The comment of the Locobite shades. The Prosbyterians wanted Parliaministers were among the wanted Parliaministers. The prospection of the state of the such as a s

And so he's cut his throat at last—he—who? The man who cut his country's long ago.

"Then," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "free quarters were ordered to irritate the Irish population; slow tortures were inflicted under pretence of forcing confessions—the people were goaded and driven to madness."

The insurrection at last burst forth! The leaders of the United Irishmen were arrested—Lord Edward died in prison of his wounds. Actions with the military took place at Prosperous, Monasterevan, and Old Kilcullen, in which the undisciplined peasants were generally defeated.

In the north severe fights took place at Antrim, Saintfleid and Ballinahinch, but it was in another part of the country where resistance was least expected that the rebellion reached its climax. Wexford was the most peacea ole and loyal county in Ireland, but martial law was proclaimed there, and a change came over the scene. As Edward Hay, a Frotestant gentleman of that county tells us, very soon torturing, pitch-capping, and florging became the rule; nobedy was safe from the brutal and licentious soldiery, suddenly let loose like wild beasts on a heretofore peaceful people. The exploits of the notorious North Cork Millita, and of the Yeomanry Corps under the command of Hawtrey White, Hamilton Jacob, and Hunter Gowan, were then described by the lecturer. In an agony of fear and rage the people knew not what to do. Father John Murphy's chapel at Boolevogue was burned, and he called his flock, telling them the hour was come. Arming themselves with pikes, they attacked and cut to picces the Camoin Calvary. Then Father Murphy marched them to Oulart Hill, and from all sides the people rushed to his standard. Here was glenance for safety—a chance for revenge—a chance at least of dying under the old green flag;

The plough they leave by Slaney's banks, the sevite in soft Innyle.

flag:
The plough they leave by Slaney's banks, the seythe in soft Imayle.
And in thro' famous Scollagh Gap they surge like autumn gale.
Bold hearts are there from Ballaghkeen and wooded Shlimaleer.
Sends many a stalwart rifleman to fill the foe with fear.

with fear.

The speaker described the defeat and annihilation of the infamous North Cork regiment at Oulart, and the storming of Emiscorthy, which the Wexford men captured, surging down from the hills in the form of a crescent bristling with the terrible pikes. Then the rebels fixed their camp on Vinegar Hill, a beautiful elevation outside the town. On the summit stood an old windmill, which was converted into a guardhouse for prisoners. On this tower was planted the green flag of Ireland, which floated proudly within view of all the country for miles around. Along the edge of the hill they threw up a light entrenchment, on which they they all garden the renchment, on which they planted the few pieces of cannen they had captured. Sentines were stationed 

Here a strange act of heroism, took place. A boy of thirteen, of the respectable (family of Lett, had some days before run away from his mother in the town, and joined General Harvey's Wexford army on Corbett Hill. Seeing the disorder of the lasurgents the boy snatched up a green flag and crying out, "Follow me who dare," rushed ascain into the bown they was followed by about five thousand pixemen, uttering appalling cries. The assounded garrison was swent back again through the blood-recking streets, and driven across the Barrow into the County of Kilkenny. The town now belonged to the insurgents, but they soon lost all subordination, and neglected to guard the bridge. Many of them, wearied with nine hours incossant fighting, went to sieep. The troops being apprised of this state of affairs, with great interpidity recrossed the Barrow, and the insurgents, after an obstinate fight and terrible slaughter, were driven out again from the town they had so dearly won. All the men found sleeping in the houses were slain, and it is said that in this battle of Ress upwards of five thousand insurgents for their lives. Ross was the turning of the tide against the men of Wexford. Meanwhile, the battle of Arklow had been fought, and Royal armies were pouring into the devoted county from all sides. And now the British generals resolved to put an end to the war by a combined attack on the Irish headquarters a Vinegar Hill. Four splendid armies, amounting in all to twenty thousand men, moved against it from different points on the morning of the 21st of June, the long, scarlet lines of the British infantry marched up from all sides. It is amazing to read how obstinately the men of Wexford show the hill into Wexford sown, The Royal armies mude no attempt at the result of the private out against in the terrible odds. The shells bursting in their midst were answered with shouting defiance, the women seen running through the ranks adding the wounded and cheering on the men. The pikemen heid their ground for over two hours, their fire, the army of Wexford slowly and sullenly broke and poured down the hill into Wexford blown. The Royal armies made no attempt at pursuit. They had enough of the pikemen for that day. But the power of the insurgents was vanished. They never again could face a large force in the field. Dispersing into bands they kept up the fight bravely for some time, and were at length totally scattered. A division under Myes Byrne and Edward Fitzgerald surprised and cut to pieces the infamous regiment called the Ancient Britains at Ballyallis, and this was the last act of the war. The came the terrible work of wholesale hanging and execution. For then, as the poet tells us—Just after the war in the year Nine-Eight.

Just after the war in the year Nine-Eight.
As soon as the boys were all scattered and bate,
Twas the custom whenever a peasant was caught
To hang him by trial, barring such as were shot.

"Many a fine boy was then on his keepin',' and many a fine boy was sleeping the long sleep on Wexford's hiis. Many a broken-hearted mother moaned amid the green vales of Forth, and Bargy, and Borris—Idrone. Thus failed the men of Wexford. However unwise ly they fought, it is the verdict of history that they fought well. The historian Gordon bears witness to the incredible swiftness with which the peasant armies marched, so that sometimes across fields and hedges they could not be overtaken by cavairy. He says that they were so strong of constitution that it was difficult to kill them, and a surprising number recovered after being shot through the body. Sir Jonah Barrington tells of the skill they attained in handling that terrible weapon, the pike: at close quarters they could shorten it to little more than the length of a dagger, and then suddenly dart it out to its full length of twelve feet. As was shown at New Ross and Oulart "Many a fine boy was then on his keepin','

solved to create a premature explosion. His instrument was Lord Castlereagh, an "antificial Irish Irishman," who would stoop to anything to further his ambition. He ended his life by suicide, and Byron, the great liberty-loving English poet, said of him in fierce satire:

And so be's cut his throat at last—be—who? The man who cut his country's long ago.

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## In Alvinston.

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Noaring of the Green Miss Susie McGill
Whisperand I Shall Hear Miss M. McCarthy
Eim Toolan Mr. M. McKeough
The Old Brigade Mr. Jas. Connot
Gypsy Dance Miss Susie McGil
Waltz Miss Kathleen How
Waltz Miss Susie McGil od Bye until we meetagain. Mr. Jas. Conne Miss Susie McGi

# In Simcoe,

The annual St. Patrick's concert given by the local branch of the C. M. B. A. was fully up to the standard of former years. It was an anjoyable affair. The Opera House was well lifed and the large crowd was agreeably enertained.

The following programme was given : Recitation .. Jno. Porter. Song-(Char.)-

Sciecas. Harmonica C. ...

Solo—" Darling " Tratere Miss Mildred Jackson.

Recitation—" Money Musk " Miss A. Delphin Kearney.

Scene From Don Munio. . . . . . Dudley Buck Miss M Nolan.

Dance " ... Song-"The Kerry Dance"....
J. J. O'Neil.

PART IL Recitation—"The Spinning Wheel"
Miss A. Delphin Kearney

Song ..... Mr. Hoffmann. Miss M. Nolan,

Harmonic Club.

Song—"Say Not Farewell".

J. J. O'Neil.

Grand Chorus—"God Save the Queen"....

Mrs. John Aligeo, accompanist.

# In Brantford.

In Brantford.

The observance of St. Patrick's day in Brantford took the shape of a sermon by Key. Father Lennon, on the life and labors of St. Patrick, delivered on Sunday cening, March 20, and a special collection for the benefit of that portion of the city swept by the benefit of that portion of the city swept by the benefit of that portion of the city swept by the conditions before the hour for Vespors, and it was with difficulty that place was found for those who came late. The sermon was one of the most eloquent ever listened to in St. Basil's church,

Taking for his text the words of St. John, xv., 16, "You have not chosen me; but I have chosen you, that you should go, and bring forth fruit and your fruit should remain," the preacher said every nation celebrated some great event in its history and made of it the occasion of a national holiday. Thus the republic to the south of us annually commenorated its independence; in Canada our national day is the anniversary of the confederation of the various provinces, and so withother nations some great thistorical event is celebrated. But (Continued on fifth page.)

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The week

set aside by meditation

John Chrys

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