

A Foolish Wish.

Why need I seek some burden small to bear
Will not a host of joyful souls be there
Leaves a will to do?
Of stronger hands, unfeeling, unafraid?
O' my soul! what matters my small aid
Before I go?

I tried to find, that I might show to them,
The path of purer lives; the light was dim—
If I had found some footprints of the way;
It is too late their wandering feet to stay,
Before I go.

I would have sung the rest some song of cheer,
Before I go;
But still the chords ring false; some jar of
some jangling woe,
And at the end I can not weave one chord
To float into their hearts my last warm word
Before I go.

I would be satisfied if I might tell
Before I go,
That one word, how I have loved them well,
Could they but know!
And would have gazed for some gleam of good;
Have sought it long; still seek—if but I
could!
Before I go.

'Tis a child's longing on the beach at play;
'Before I go.'
He begs the mother "let me stay
One hour to throw"
'Tis coming night; the great sea climbs the shore—
'Ah, let me toss one little pebble more
Before I go.'
—Edward Howard Hill, "The Hermitage."

KNOCKNAGOW
OR,
THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER LXVI.—CONTINUED.

"Yes," she replied, throwing her hair back from her face; "because, when he went to get married last winter, the priest sent him away. He asked him, 'What is matrimony?' and Barney answered: 'The marriage money; and so Father Carroll refused to marry him till he had learned his catechism.'

"An' d— a hard work I had makin' up the same marriage money," returned Barney, with an injured look. "An' when I had it, 'tis little I thought I'd be troubled with any other money."

"And what sort of a wife are you going to get?" Mrs. Kely asked, turning round and bending her black eyes on the odd figure before her.

"A good labourer's man up a wife, ma'am," Barney answered readily. "Peg Brady."

And so Barney and Peg Brady added one more to the "jobs," which happened to be neither far nor between that season—though very like "angels' visits" to Father Carroll's mind, notwithstanding.

But one more of these "jobs" concerns us too intimately to be passed over. Do you recollect the still, summer day when the glad tidings that Noraah Leahy was sitting out under the beech tree ran like wildfire from end to end of Knocknagow? And how, while Miss Kearney stopped to talk to Noraah, a shy young girl ran into the house to talk to the old lunnet? And how she was caught in a motherly embrace as she jumped down from the chair?

Well, that same shy girl was clasped to the same motherly heart in the pretty house where Mat Donovan was so warmly welcomed and hospitably entertained, near the city of Boston, a few months before.

"Oh, the villain of the world!" exclaimed Honor Leahy, "never to tell me a word about it! He said 'twas goin' to see the Pope he was."

"And I did go to see the Pope," said Mr. Tom Leahy, laughing.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Leahy," Edna added, "we were in Rome, and saw His Holiness. I have a badge blessed by himself for you. And we have got our portraits painted, and have a great many other things that you will like."

"Don't talk to me about anything but yourself," returned Honor, with another pang. "Oh, did I ever think my poor old heart would ever feel the joy that's swellin' in this minute as bid as Silvee namon? Glory to be to God for all His mercies! Wonders will never cease. But, O my darlin' Edna, will I ever again kneel down on the green grave in the old churchyard where my own darlin' is sleepin'—at home in beautiful Ireland?"

"You will," Phil Leahy answered, emphatically. "There are bright days in store for beautiful Ireland, as you call her, and as she deserves to be called. There is a spirit growin' up among the outcast children of beautiful Ireland that will yet cause another English monarch to exclaim: 'Cursed be the laws that deprived me of such subjects.' The long night of her sorrow is drawin' to a close. And, with God's blessing, 'we'll all be in beautiful Ireland again."

"You are right, father," returned the fine young Irish American. "We will never forget old Ireland."

But, however glad we are to have to record these happy events, we have not the least notion of attempting a description of them. To our mind, Ned Brophy's wedding was worth them all put together—including the bishop, whose presence so honored Mrs. Kearney's head that she all but cut the O'Shaughnessys for a whole month after. To be sure, Father Hanigan was at Edna's wedding, and did something to make it like a wedding. But, if the truth must be told, the "wedding" of the whole affair weighed heavily on the spirits of all present. Father Hanigan came all the way from his mountain parish—where he was looked upon by his flock as an oracle in all matters, whether spiritual or temporal—and gave them the news of the week, with his own comments, from the altar every Sunday, after the last gospel. Not one newspaper, except his own—and a single copy of the *Weekly Catholic Illuminator*, which two policemen and a process server jointly subscribed for—ever found its way into Father Hanigan's parish. And yet we grieve to say, his parish supplied the *London Times* with more than one text for an article upon the well-worn theme of agrarian crime in Ireland. But Father Hanigan had a habit of addressing any member of his flock, against whom he happened to have a complaint to make, by name, in a manner that was very trying to the nerves of the congregation, and kept them upon the rack until he had come down from the altar, each dreading to hear his or her own name blurted out by the preacher at any moment. Hugh

Kearney, who visited Father Hanigan the Sunday before his marriage, had an opportunity of witnessing this, when, as he rose from his knees, at the conclusion of the Mass, he was startled by the words: "Mrs. Morrisey, why don't you send your daughter to the chapel to teach the children their catechism? 'Twould be come her better than dancing. 'Follow me down to Carlow,' over these at Bahaenacorrige."

"She'll come every other Sunday, sir," returned Mrs. Morrisey, with a respectful look at a young girl who knelt next Hugh, and whose burning cheeks told all too plainly that she was the delinquent who performed the dance at Bahaenacorrige to teaching the catechism to the children in the chapel.

"If ever a man died of a broken heart it was poor Father M'Mahon!" was Father Hanigan's remark, as he and Hugh came to the turn of the road near Mat Donovan's. "Knocknagow killed him. He never raised his head after. And 'tis a terrible change, sure enough," he added, as he turned round in the gig, and looked down the hill. "'Tis a terrible change. And 'tis hard to know where 'twill stop, or what will be the end of it. You had a narrow escape yourselves. Only for the new lease Sir Garrett gave you before the property was sold, 'y'd be in a bad way. There's nothing like security."

"That's true," Hugh observed. "And those new landlords are raising the rents to the last shilling the land will make. They look upon their purchases solely from a commercial point of view, and I fear many that will prove harder masters than their predecessors."

"How Edna and Kely getting on with Woodlands?" Father Hanigan asked.

"Oh, first-rate," returned Hugh. "He is becoming a capital farmer. But he may thank Mat Donovan, who is his right-hand man."

"'Twas a great consolation to the old baronet to die in the home of his ancestors," the priest observed. "But I believe he could not have saved it from the wreck, only for the doctor's money. But I believe the doctor had the best of the bargain after all. What is he going to give yourself?"

"Oh, I never spoke of such a thing," Hugh replied, looking displeased.

"Oh, when the money is there, I don't see why you shouldn't get it," returned Father Hanigan. "I'll talk to Kely about it."

"I request that you will not," said Hugh. "It would be most disagreeable to me."

"Well, very well—I won't mind it. And, indeed, I believe there's no occasion. He won't forget Grace, I'll be bound. But are we going to have Flaherty?"

"Yes," Hugh answered, laughing at the abruptness with which his reverend friend changed the subject; "he promised to come."

And Mr. Flaherty kept his promise. And, though the crimson-velvet bag was somewhat faded, not so was his music, which was as brilliant as ever. Indeed, when, at Father Hanigan's request, he commenced to play the "Gullin," there was a little scene which surprised many persons present. Mrs. Edmund Leahy could not control her emotion, and, pressing her face against her husband's breast, she sobbed aloud, and was so overcome by her feelings that Mrs. O'Connor, who was, perhaps, as deeply moved as herself—though you would never guess it by looking at her—led her impulsive friend from the room; the blind musician, as they gilded by, raising his head with that listening expression, as if an invisible spirit were whispering to him what was going on.

Arthur and Edmund followed them out after a little while.

"Rally, Annie, you surprise me," said Edmund.

"I couldn't help it, Edmund. It brought poor papa so vividly to my mind. The night is very fine. Let us walk for a while."

"I object," said Arthur, touching her shoulder with the tips of his fingers. "So they remained standing at the window."

"I believe," said Mary, after a silence of several minutes, as she raised her blue eyes to the clear sky—"I believe there is no happiness in this world without a shadow upon it."

"And what shadow do you see now?" Arthur asked.

"Poor Edna, so far away," she replied sadly.

"She is a happy girl," returned Arthur.

"Yes, I hope and believe so."

"And surely Grace is happy," Edmund observed.

"Yes, she is," said Arthur.

"You'd be talking of happiness," exclaimed Maurice Kearney, who had come into the room unobserved, and somewhat startled them by the abruptness of his address. "Y'd be talkin' of happiness. Wattletoes and Peg Whack—Mr. Kearney had a genius for nicknames—are the happiest pair in Europe. Come, Mrs. Kely; you must come in and give us a song."

CHAPTER LXVII.

GOOD-BYE—THE OLD ROOM—MRS. HEFFERNAN'S TROUBLES—MAGNIFICENT TIPPERARY—A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE—BUT KNOCKNAGOW IS GONE.

We have not counted the years as they stole away like violins of the night. They were here, and they were gone! And now we must say good-bye—and sad enough it is to be obliged to say it. God be praised! we see truth, and trust, and thankfulness in the eyes raised to ours and no shadow of reproach at all. And, God be praised again, there are tears in those eyes, and we feel the clasp of a slender hand! But with this the reader has not much to do; so we will only add—may his or her good-byes, when they must be said, be all like this one.

But, whatever other changes the years have brought, the little room up in the steep roof of the old cottage is much the same as when Barney Brotherhood threw Arthur O'Connor's letter into the window in the livid glare long ago. It is still called "Mary's room," and sometimes "mamma's room" by two lovely little ladies, who live almost entirely at the cottage, and for whose behoof the little room has been turned into a nursery. There is an old straw-chair there, which the little ladies regard with something like awe, as they talk in whispers of the poor sick girl who was so good and so patient, and who gave the straw chair to their

mamma when she was dying. These two little ladies are their grandmamma's pets; and even "dressing dinners" is not half so important a matter now in Mrs. Kearney's eyes as it used to be. But they have been observed, lately, feeling their noses carefully, and climbing upon chairs to look at them in the glass; for people are continually telling them that the said noses are "out of joint" since the arrival of the plump little stranger in the cradle; and they wonder much how that can be, seeing that the plump little stranger never touched their noses at all, but, on the contrary, seems to devote most of his waking hours to vigorously thumping his own nose with his dimpled little fist, which, fortunately for him, has no knuckles, and therefore cannot hurt him very much. The nose, his grandmother avers is her uncle Dan's; and the nose bud of mouth—that is never done blowing bubble—his aunt Mary's; and the double chin, his grandfather's "all over."

"And," Mrs. Kearney would continue, "he'll have his father's eye-brows." "And his mother's cheek," Hugh added one day. At which Grace laughed, and shook her fist at him.

And who so happy as Grace! For a while there was one little vexation that used to put her into a scolding humor. Hugh was as great a stayer-at-home as ever; and Grace was as fond of a dance as ever. There was a round of very pleasant little parties at Christmas time among their acquaintances, to not one of which Hugh could be induced to go—except to Woodlands. He was ready enough to go there, Grace said. And when her father was at Woodlands on these occasions, and he and Hugh and Edmund discussed literary or political subjects—with Dr. Arthur O'Connor to contradict everybody and object to everything; for Arthur was nothing if not critical—Grace used to say it came fully up to her ideas of what refined and intellectual society ought to be. And the old mansion, and the ancestral trees outside—for the timber at Woodlands was not all cut down—and a certain high born air in the hostess, were not altogether lost sight of. Grace's notions about the "upper ten" were considerably modified since the time she used to edify Mary with her views as to what an aristocracy ought to be.

But though Hugh would go nowhere but to Woodlands, he wished her to go, saying that her account of all that happened would be better than being there herself. And this was quite true. But equally true was it that Hugh Kearney found it very pleasant to be alone with his book of an evening, reading and thinking. Yet, let the page or the vision be never so fascinating, the moment he heard her voice or her footstep, his heart leaped to welcome her.

One night Grace was home earlier than usual. She drew a chair close to his, and Hugh shut his book, prepared to listen to a lively description of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's party. But to his surprise Grace remained silent and thoughtful. He looked anxiously at her, fearing that she might be ill. But there was no sign of illness in that bright, bewitching face; for, though thoughtful, it was bright, and to him, at least, it was bewitching in all moods. It was pleasant, too, to look at her dressed in such perfect taste.

"But why does she not begin to talk?" Hugh asked himself.

Not a word; she only lent against his arm, and gazed into the fire.

"Do you remember the time when Mr. Lowe was here?" she said at last, without moving, and still gazing into the fire.

"I remember it quite well," he replied.

"Indeed, I have been thinking of him and Richard to-night. It is a strange coincidence that they should be together again in another quarter of the globe."

"This very night," continued Grace, still gazing into the fire—"I can't think of the year just now, but it was this very night—they were in this room. Richard sat in the old arm chair, and Mr. Lowe was standing there with his elbow on the chimney piece. Do you remember?"

"Yes; they used to come in here to smoke."

"Richard asked you whether you thought a person could love more than once? Here Grace seemed lost in thought for some minutes. "And you said yes," she continued, as if unconscious of the pause; "that a person might really love more than once! but that you believed it was the fate of some to love ones as they never could love another. Do you remember?"

"Not exactly. But I dare say I said so, for I always thought so."

"Do you think so still?"

"Yes, I certainly do."

"And you said, if it ever happened that a man or woman could never love but once, it was when two spirits rushed together in this way, and were parted by death or some other cause that did not leave him or her either."

"That has been a theory of mine," Hugh replied.

"It is still?"

"Well, yes. It is," he answered, thoughtfully.

rather than have any of them, were constantly in my mind."

"How much I owe Barry Morris," said Hugh, half laughing, half solemnly, laying his hand upon his head. "She and Mat Donovan are the happiest couple in all Tipperary this moment."

"No; not the happiest," said Grace. "I sometimes fear we are too happy, Hugh."

"Not too happy, so long as we do not forget the Giver." She made no reply, but continued gazing into the fire.

"Now, Grace, do you think I can allow this? Where is the use in your being here, when you stay up this way? Here, drink this little bit of hot. I thought you were in bed an hour ago."

It was Mrs. Kearney, who roused them from their dreaming a full half-hour after Hugh had last spoken. She came into the room with a posset for Grace; who, Mrs. Kearney would have it, required all sorts of nursing just then.

"This is in the winter—the 'dreary winter' some people call it. But no one in that old cottage ever thought of calling it dreary."

It is now autumn, towards the end of September.

"I can't help feeling a little discontented," said Grace. "Whenever Edmund makes his appearance Hugh is never home till long after 'tigh'fall. And if they chance to go near Woodlands, I may give him up till eleven o'clock or later."

"What would you do if you were like me?" Mary asked.

"Well, I suppose," Grace replied, "I'd console myself with the idea that we were getting rich. Arthur seems to have great practice."

"Practice enough," returned Mary. "But 'scarlet-runners are more plenty than sea.'" "What are they?"

"I thought you knew everything. They are the red dispensary tickets which require the medical officer to attend at the residence of the patient. Arthur said this morning, when he saw those young ladies in the garden, that if the times did not mend he did not know what to do with them. But I told him he need not give them fortunes at any rate. And Mary's mild eyes beamed with all a mother's pride as she looked into the garden where her two lovely little girls were playing among the formal flower-beds."

"You mean that, like their mother, they would require no fortune."

"Yes," Mary replied innocently. But seeing Grace beginning to laugh, she added, with spirit—"I am proud that I had been a bar to my happiness. I think if I were poor Hugh would not have concealed his love for me as he did. It is appalling to think I might never have known it only for an accident. And it would have been a just judgment to punish me for my mercenary notions."

"I remember I used to be shocked at your notions," returned Mary. "But I know you would see things in a different light. If once your heart was touched, but look at mamma with the children. Oh, here is Arthur!" he exclaimed with a start of delight. "I did not think he'd be back for hours."

"Yes, he knows that still behind the laurels," Grace observed. "But where are those shots from? If we could interrupt the sportsmen before they get to Woodlands we would be well."

"I see them," said Mary. "They are in Billy Heffernan's turnings. Let us all walk round by the village, and they will see us when we reach the bridge."

Dr. O'Connor agreed to this arrangement; and after a glass of wine, and a kiss from each of his little daughters, went with Mary and Grace to prevent Hugh's escape to Woodlands.

O Mrs. Donovan was among her best-bivalves; and it was pleasant to catch a glimpse of her white cap and her sad, troubled face through an opening in the clipped hedge. Mary always liked to see old Mrs. Donovan whenever she passed by the neat little thatched house. Grace liked a chat with young Mrs. Donovan; they were congenial spirits. And so, perhaps, were Mary and old Mrs. Donovan. And it was pleasant to have the child so near the best? Grace asked.

FATHER LOOKHART'S ACCOUNT OF HIS CONVERSION.

I have said that Newman never alluded to Anglican difficulties, or unless pressed, in private, by direct questions. Once I had been to confession to him; and in other ways he knew I was a great devotee about the Church of England ever since I had read "Miller's End of Controversy." After I rose from my knees I said to him, "But are you sure that you can give me absolution?" He did not speak for a few moments, then he said in a tone of deep distress, "Why will you ask me, ask Pusey." This was the first indication I had received that he himself was seriously shaken as to his own position in the Anglican Church. He soon perceived that I was more unsettled than ever. One day he came to my room and said, very kindly, but abruptly as if it were something unpleasant that he must say: "Now you must promise to remain with us for three years." I answered, "In my present state of mind I could not promise that." He said, "Will you go and see Ward and have a talk with him?" I assented, and the next day I went by appointment into Oxford to see Ward at Balliol. I remember he took me for a walk. I think we talked for three hours, walking round and round the parks, beyond Wadham College. In the end, I found myself without an answer, thoroughly puzzled, but unconvinced. Ward had just published a huge volume, "The Ideal Church," in which he made a great point of the relations between "Conscience and Intellect." His line with me was, that I must know that however convinced in my intellect that I ought to leave the English Church, I must not trust it, unless my conscience was up to the same measure as my intellect, and that knowing myself, could I say that I had cultivated my conscience, by obedience to all that I knew was the will of God, so as to justify me in being confident in the judgment of intellect? I went back to Newman in a state of perplexed conscience; but not seeing what else to do and hesitating in my judgments about the duty of submission to Rome, since I saw that such a learned, wise, and saintly man as Newman did not see it to be his duty, I gave him a promise to remain for the stipulated three years at Littlemore. Years after I found that Newman had not expected me to have given the promise. I kept my promise for about a year, but I was dreadfully unhappy. I thoroughly believed in sin and in baptism, and that there was no revealed way for the washing away of past baptismal sin except the sacrament of penance, confession, and absolution, and now I doubted seriously about Anglican jurisdiction, but still could see no Church on earth but the Visible Church in which the successor of St. Peter is the Visible Head and Source of Jurisdiction, with the power of binding and of loosing, given by our Lord to His visible Church under the Visible Head appointed by Him. At last I could bear the strain no longer, and with great grief I left my master, and was received into the Catholic Church.

In August, 1843, Newman and my friends at Littlemore and Oxford were dreadfully pained by my secession. Newman considered himself so compromised by it that he immediately resigned his parish of St. Mary's and preached his last sermon—his last sermon in the Anglican church—at Littlemore. It is entitled "The Parting of Friends." Two years later, in 1845, Newman, and many of his companions at Littlemore, and many others, made their submission to the Catholic Church. One of the first things he did after this was to pay me a most kind and loving visit at Ratisbonne College, near Leicester, where I was studying. He and other many learned disciples left the Church of England because through profound grief, and earnest seeking after God, during long years of patient waiting, so as to test thoroughly, they had come to be utterly convinced that the English Church had forfeited all claim to teach from the moment it separated from the Visible Church, whose centre is at Rome, its circumference the round world itself. Our work among English Church people was annulled. Few of the friends we had cared any longer to associate with us. We became, for most men believed we were sincere, however mistaken; but we were "the outcasts of our people." And still more was this the case when the storm rose throughout all England against the Catholics, on the occasion of the erection of the English hierarchy, and what was called the "Papal Aggression" Act of Parliament. But a reaction came, the Anglican Catholics were from the Statute Book, as the result of this revision of public opinion. After a time, too, we found our old friends, long estranged, venturing to come near us again.—*Patristic Review.*

A HALF-BREED PRIEST.

Bishop Grandin, O. M. I., of the Canadian diocese of St. Albert, has just ordained priest Edward John Gunningham, O. M. I., one of the "half-breed" (half-white, half-Indian) population in which the North-West Territory abounds. Father Gunningham is the first of his race to be elevated to the priesthood in Canada. A Jesuit Father in the Missouri province was the first "half-breed" priest in the United States.

Equal Rights.

All have equal rights in life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but many are handicapped in the race by dyspepsia, biliousness, lack of energy, nervous debility, weakness, constipation, etc., by completely removing these complaints Burdock Blood Bitters confers untold benefits on all sufferers.

Timely Wisdom.

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

Thomas Robinson, Farnham Centre, P. C., writes: "I have been afflicted with rheumatism for the last ten years, and have tried many remedies without any relief. I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and found it gave instant relief, and since then have had no attack. I would recommend it to all.

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MONTALEMBERT AND HIS DAUGHTER.

A CHARMING LATER-DAY IDYL. Near the end of his life an event occurred in his household which, though it was sudden, should not have been unlooked for. His youngest daughter, a brilliant girl, who possessed "much of his characteristics, who had made a brilliant entry into 'the world' some time before, announced her desire to become a nun."

"One day," says M. Cochin, "his charming and beloved child entered that library which all his friends know so well, and said to him: 'I am fond of everything around me. I love my family, my studies, my companions, my youth, my life, my country; but I love God better than all, and I desire to give myself to Him. And when he said to her: 'My child, is there something which grieves you? she went to the book shelves and sought out one of the volumes of 'The Monks of the West.' 'It is you,' she answered, 'who has taught me that withered hearts and weary souls are not the things which we ought to offer to God.'"

THE SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

Church Progress. The great efforts periodically made by legislators and city councils to enforce the proper observance of Sunday do not seem to meet the approval of citizens who, in a matter of such kind, are led to believe every law passed to compel people to any certain mode of observance, partakes somewhat of Puritanic bigotry. Several of our large cities have inaugurated their different modes of celebrating Sunday, but, after some experience, the officers of the law seem to be the first to give up their efforts and retire defeated in their attempts.

Mining News.

Mining experts note that cholera never attacks the bowels of the earth, but humanity in general find it necessary to use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaints, dysentery, diarrhoea, etc. It is a sure cure.

THE HOLY ROSARY.

You have often been told that the Rosary occupies among the devotions of the Church a remarkable position, in uniting the two great forms of prayer, mental and vocal. The fifteen mysteries of the life of Jesus and of His Blessed Mother are so many short meditations proposed to us, and in dwelling on these great incidents of our redemption, in drawing from them pious affections and resolutions, consists the mental prayer of the Rosary. The vocal prayer, which is the second essential part, is made up, as you know, of the familiar Our Father, Hail Mary, and Glory be to the Father. Now, the Rosary proper, as recommended by our Lady to St. Dominic, and as indulged by the Church, unites these two forms of prayer together, weaving, I may so speak, one in through the other. To the poor and utterly illiterate the mental part is not required for the indulgence—they have had a special grant from Pope Benedict XIV. But to almost all of us who are instructed in the method of prayer, and in the several mysteries of our redemption, this union of the Paters and Aves, with the consideration of the Mysteries, is essential, and without such union we do not gain the Rosary indulgence.

But how shall we unite our meditation on the Mysteries with our devout recital of the prayers? How shall we, with any success, say one thing while we think another? (I am putting, you see, the objection as, no doubt, it is often put by most earnest souls.) Well, there is nothing easier. In fact, the difficult task would be to say this Pater of Mary, these three hundred and sixty Ave's, without the interest and consideration added by the fast succeeding mysteries. Such a form of prayer, St. Liguori says, might well be called difficult—to many almost impossible. But once thrown upon the Paters and Aves the light of the Mysteries, and monotony and dullness vanish, and the Rosary appears in its true beauty and attractive simplicity.

I said that this should be a sort of drill; so let us take to-day the first division of the Holy Rosary and see how we can unite to the contemplation of its five Joyful Mysteries the devout recital of the prayers upon the beads.

You are familiar with Rosary cards, or tickets, as they are sometimes called. Did you ever see such a card without a picture? Very seldom. I think that picture is most important; for in our minds we must have before us, that we may contemplate it, a picture, vivid and life-like, and actually present to us, of the scene commemorated in the Mystery. With that scene before us, with the holy personages whom we address taking part in it, or, with us, contemplating it, we recite our decade.

Take the first joyful mystery, the Annunciation. See Mary, the holy maiden of Nazareth, saluted by Gabriel, the messenger from God. Contemplate her humility, chastity, resignation to God's will; his reverence before the Queen of Angels, the mother of his God. And then adore the Word made flesh, the fruit of Mary's womb, Jesus, God with us. Oh, how easily we do, in presence of such a scene, and with hearts moved to their depths by such a mystery of love, how easily do we begin our decade! "Our Father, Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name," hallowed for sending the Angel to that Virgin, hallowed for not sparing Thy only-begotten Son, sending him down to be made flesh! "Thy Kingdom come," it has come to us with Jesus Incarnate; Thy will be done, it is as perfectly done "on earth" by Mary, "as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread," cast Thou refuse us anything, after giving us Thy Son! "And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors," so unlike this humility of the Word Incarnate, of Mary, of Gabriel, our sins of selfishness, so unlike this Maiden's chaste confusion: Forgive us our trespasses, "as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," the temptation, the evil of such sins. "Amen" And then we begin our Ave's. Using the very words of that angel of God, we salute our blessed Lady: "Hail Mary, full of grace," of humility, resignation, chastity, "the Lord is with these," by His grace before, by His incarnate presence after thy fit; "blessed art thou among women," now blessed, when angels and men, and all generations call thee blessed! and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus," now made flesh of thy pure substance. "Holy Mary, Mother of God," (Ah, see her there, in the first moment of her maternity!) "pray for us sinners," by pride, by self-will, by impurity, pray for us and shield us against these sins, "now and at the hour of our death. Amen." His Son on earth to be the Son of Mary. "And to the Son," who was said: "A body hast Thou prepared for Me, behold I come; and to the Holy Ghost," by whose ineffable operation of love this mystery was wrought. Glory be to Father, Son and Holy Ghost, for this joyful mystery of the Incarnation, "as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

I would ask you, is that dry or difficult? Of course it takes more time to say these things than to think them. And I need not add that since the depth of each Mystery is infinite, so may be the application of it to the prayers—to that no two of our Rosaries need be alike, but may be even going farther and farther into the sweetness of these sacred scenes, adding fruit upon fruit of pious affection and resolve, building up our lives in the spirit and practice of Christianity, and unfolding to us more and more the beauties of Christian doctrine.—Rev. Arthur Ryn

The People's Mistake. People make a sad mistake often with serious results when they neglect a constipated condition of the bowels. Knowing that Burdock Blood Bitters is an effective cure at any stage of constipation, does not warrant us in neglecting to use it at the right time. Use it now.

Imperial Federation Will present an opportunity to extend the frame of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry the untailing remedy for cholera, cholera morbus, colic, cramps, diarrhoea, dysentery, and all summer complaints in every part of the Empire. Wild Strawberry never fails.

THE CATHOLIC WOMAN.

Church Progress.

A little while back, and not the ancient bulwarks of Catholic conservatism, but the modern attempt of alleged "progressive" women in the struggle for "franchise suffrage." "Let us vote," they exclaim, "let us have a voice in regulating our own affairs, and if we succeed in shaping them entirely to our wishes we shall at least reduce the number and weight of our grievances, be enabled to secure a new channel through which we can attain the independence we desire, and by making our presence felt as an element in the body politic, be acknowledged as an existing factor that is of some importance to the nation!" But what an empty idle dream this is! The mind of every intelligent person must upon very little reflection, discover innumerable reasons why women should be to women, mother and wife, before she can exercise the elective franchise to any substantial effect.

As a cold matter of truth, woman has a right to be all that God intended her to be when He created Eve and her daughters as the help-mates to her religion or her country than the original type of humanity. He is of more importance and more strength in his department in life, but surely his strength is not more effective nor his mission more noble than the obligations and duties of women in her sphere. He would render himself ridiculous by forsaking his work for the care of household, and kitchen, and nursery, and she would make herself ridiculous by infringing on the public avocations of man.

But all the while the masculine women of the present day are arguing legislation after legislation, to fetter on their sex the most arbitrary policy of the nineteenth century. The Catholic woman of our land occupies a dignified, elevated and confident standpoint; she knows that the true and constant action of her Church as the champion and protector of woman's rights from its first establishment to the present time is a sufficient assurance of its future course and she has no cause for fear that an insidious through which the Almighty always the moral forces of the world so aptly as to bring to naught the raging of the heathen, and render all the rational efforts of Protestantism powerless, will prove a broken reed for support in the hour of danger.

How tenderly and anxiously the Church guards with impatient and jealous care the rights, the duties, the obligations, the happiness, and honor of women. If her vocation leads to a life of holy celibacy, she lends the help of prayer and the many noble institutions that dot our land as so many impregnable fortresses of purity. If her happiness is best suited to the honor of marriage, she demands the most devoted love and constant care from the husband.

But where can we find the Catholic woman who is anxious for suffrage at the ballot box? She well knows that she has everything to lose and nothing to gain in such a movement. It would be in vain for her to forget the ordinance of her Master: "Thou shalt be under thy husband's power, and he shall have dominion over thee."

A DOCTOR'S CONFESSION.

HE DOESN'T TAKE MUCH MEDICINE AND ADVISES THE REPORTER NOT TO.

"Hamburg? Of course it is. The so-called science of medicine is a humbug and has been from the time of Hippocrates to the present. Why the biggest crank in the Indian tribes is the medicine man."

"Very frank was the admission, especially as when it came from one of the biggest young physicians of the city, one whose practice is among the thousands, though he has been graduated but a few years," says the Buffalo Courier.

"Very cz was his office too, with its cheerful grate fire, its Queen Anne furniture, and its many lounges and easy chairs. He stirred the fire lazily, lighted a fresh cigar, and went on."

"Talks the prescriptions laid down in the books and what do you find? Poisons mainly, and nauseating stuffs that would make a healthy man an invalid. Why to the world science should go to poison for its remedies I cannot tell, nor can I find any one who can."

"How does a doctor know the effect of his medicine?" he asked. "He calls, prescribes, and goes away. The only way to judge would be to stand over the bed and watch the patient. This cannot be done. So, really, I don't know how he is to tell what good or hurt he does. Sometime ago, you remember, the Boston Globe sent out a reporter with a stated set of symptoms. He went to eleven prominent physicians and brought back eleven different prescriptions. This just shows how much science there is in medicine."

There are local diseases of various characters for which nature provides positive remedies. They may not be included in the regular physician's list, perhaps, because of their simplicity, but the evidence of their curative power is beyond dispute. Kidney disease is cured by Warner's Safe Cure, a strictly herbal remedy. Thousands of persons, every year, who are cured by H. J. Gardner, of Pontiac, R. I., August 7, 1890: "A few years ago I suffered more than probably ever with kidney and liver complaint. It is the old story—I visited doctor after doctor, but to no avail. I was at New York, and Dr. Blackman recommended Warner's Safe Cure. I commenced the use of it, and found relief immediately. Altogether I took three bottles, and I truthfully state that it cured me."

Many Protestants have been postively inspired by the sweet name of Mary. Edgar Allan Poe thus implores the constant companionship of the Blessed Virgin: "At noon—at noon—at twilight dim—Mary I thou hast heard my hymn! In joy and love to find our Mother of God, be with me still!"

Purify Your Blood.

The importance of keeping the blood in a pure condition is universally known, and yet there are very few people who have perfectly pure blood. The taint of scrofula, salt rheum, or other foul humor is hereditary and transmitted for generations, causing untold suffering, and we also accumulate poison and germs of disease from the air we breathe, the food we eat, or the water we drink. There is more poison in the blood than the positive power of Hood's Sarsaparilla over all diseases of the blood. This medicine, when fairly tried, does expel every trace of scrofula or salt rheum, removes the taint which causes catarrh, neutralizes the acidity and cures rheumatism, drives out the germs of malaria, blood poisoning, etc. It also vitalizes and enriches the blood, thus overcoming that tired feeling and building up the whole system. Thousands testify to the superiority of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier. Full information and statements of cures sent free.

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After 25 Years. FRANCIS, Ind., Aug. 24, 1888. W. H. COMSTOCK: Dear Sir:—For twenty-five years I have been afflicted with rheumatism of the bowels; I gave up all hopes of recovery; I was unable to stand upon my feet at times and was compelled to sit and do my household work. In 1855 your agent called at my house and said that "he could cure me." I asked, "How?" he replied, "By the use of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills." I decided to give them a trial and the result is that I am entirely cured and able to do my own work. All the neighbors around here use your Pills and say that they would give them their money.

Disease of the Kidneys. QUAKER CITY, Stokes Co., N.C., July 20, 1888. W. H. COMSTOCK: Dear Sir:—Your Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills have effected a most remarkable cure. My mother was suffering from kidney difficulties; the disease had got so firm a grip upon her that she could not walk a step. I bought a box of your pills and commenced giving her two pills every night; before she had taken all of one box she could walk about the house. To-day she is perfectly well and says that Morse's Pills saved her life.

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Approved by the Archbishop of St. John the Confessor.

Fathers of all ages and countries teach alike the same doctrine, as happens in the present case, it is not a private error but the truth as believed by the universal Church, and we have therefore the answer to the Review's question: "Why prayers for the dead?"

It is evident that the admissions of the Review come from the fact that new light and study have forced modern Protestant divines to the conviction, much against their will, that the doctrines of the Catholic Church are not the modern innovations which their predecessors claimed them to be.

Peter Martyr denied that the Primitive Church practiced praying for the dead. Calvin, however, admitted that it was a common practice about one thousand three hundred years before his time; but, he says, it was an error.

If this were the case, the Church universally fell into a grievous error soon after the time of the Apostles, and there was no one to resist its introduction except Aetius, who is acknowledged by Calvin and other Protestants, as well as by Catholics, to have been a heresiarch.

The notion is so absurd that it needs only to be stated clearly to be scouted by every reflecting mind.

The writer in the Review calls for Scriptural authority for the practice of praying for the dead, and there is ample Scriptural authority for it, but it must be borne in mind that he has no right to call for Scriptural authority when it is proved that it is authorized by the Church, which St. Paul describes as the "Pillar and Ground of Truth." (1 Tim. III, 15.)

Nowhere in Holy Scripture is it asserted that there must be found a text of Scripture to confirm a doctrine which is clearly handed down from the Apostles, and is sustained by the authority of the Church.

On the contrary, St. Paul commands in 2 Thess. II, 14: "Therefore brethren, stand fast; and hold the traditions which you have learned, whether by word or by our epistle." The teaching of the Apostles by word is, therefore, of the same authority as if they had recorded it in the Scriptures, which have come down to us from them.

We will, however, for the satisfaction of our readers, show in a future issue the force of Scriptural argument by which may be proved the two cognate doctrines of purgatory and prayers for the dead.

As St. Augustine has been mentioned by our contemporary as having derived his belief in prayers for the dead from his early heathenism, we will conclude this article by quoting that illustrious and learned Doctor of the Church to show that he derived it, not from heathenism, but from the positive teaching of the Church:

"In the book of Maccabees we read that sacrifice was offered for the dead; but even if nowhere in the ancient Scriptures were this read, the authority of the universal Church, which is clear in regard to this usage, would be of no small weight, whereas among the prayers which the priest offers up to the Lord God at His altar, there is found a commendation of the dead." (St. Aug. book on "Care for the Dead.")

There are other passages of similar import in his writings, all of which prove that the authority of the Church on this point is most decisive.

It will be noticed that St. Augustine asserts not only: 1, that prayers are to be offered for the dead; but, 2, that the book of Maccabees, which authorizes them, is Holy Scripture; 3, that the authority of the Church on this point is sufficient justification for this or any other usage; 4, that the whole Church practiced it; 5, that it is found in the liturgy; 6, that sacrifice is offered up under the New Law for this purpose just as it was under the Old Law. This, of course, refers to the Sacrifice of the Mass. A more complete proof of the identity of the Catholic Church of to-day with the Church of St. Augustine could scarcely be looked for.

A FINE EXHIBIT.

It is the intention of the Catholics of the West to make a thoroughly American exhibit of Catholic educational work at the World's Fair, which will be held in Chicago in 1892.

Ample space has been promised by the directors for a complete exhibit, and a committee is being formed to carry out the project with the assistance of Catholic educationists throughout the union.

In reference to this exhibit, some fanatical journals, which are constantly foremost in misrepresenting everything which Catholics do, have made insulting comments. Among these the Methodist Advocate of Detroit "wonders" if the Catholics will "exhibit all the schemes undertaken for the destruction of the Public schools."

Our lively contemporary, the Michigan Catholic, answers the Advocate well and concludes its answer thus:

"But we will exhibit the work of the Catholic Church in the United States in education, independent of the patronage of the State and without one dollar of public money. We will exhibit the sacrifices made by the Catholics of the United States to support schools from which God is not banished, and in which children are taught to know God and love Him and serve Him. And all who will see this exhibit will be aware that the Catholic schools are supported wholly by Catholics, besides paying the school taxes by which the children of Methodists D.D.'s are educated."

THE ISSUE IN WISCONSIN.

The lesson taught by the Wisconsin elections which have just terminated is one which has its moral to the people of Ontario as well as to those of the United States. While in other States, undoubtedly, the issue turned upon the question of the tariff chiefly, in Wisconsin it turned upon freedom of education, and the party of Free Educationists gained a most complete and glorious triumph.

Much has been done to make it appear both in the United States and Canada that the Catholics of that State as well as throughout the United States are opposed to the Public schools, and we all know how similar representations have been constantly made in Canada. It has also been represented that another issue was at stake in the Wisconsin contest, namely, the right of the English language to be deemed the principal language of instruction.

Both of these statements are utterly unfounded. As regards the first, there was no question whatsoever of an attack on the Public schools. As far as Catholics were concerned, it was a question solely of defending the parochial Catholic schools from the violent assaults which were made upon them for years, and which at the present time were of such a nature as to threaten their very existence.

The Republicans by coercive legislation wished to subject private schools, which are not subsidized by the State, to aspects of inspection by hostile school commissioners, whereby the latter would be enabled to close the schools at will, and there is evidence enough from the conduct of such commissioners in other States that they would use their unlimited powers arbitrarily. It was plainly a question of parental rights to educate their children according to their own conscientious convictions.

The Catholics maintained that their schools gave sufficient education to satisfy all that the State had a right to require, and that unless the State subsidized the schools, it had no right to interfere with their operation at all, much less to subject them to the whims of hostile school corporations. As citizens they had a right to go to the polls on such an issue. They did so, and they have been rewarded by the victory which has perched upon their banners.

No truly liberal Protestant would say that a local School Board, which has often a narrow minded and bigoted majority of members, should have it in their power to decide whether or not a certain Parochial school is a lawful one in the sense in which the Bannet law was to be interpreted, and it was an outrage upon conscience and liberty to pass such a law—a law which, besides, authorized the prosecution of Catholics who would sustain such schools.

It was an outrage which even the most extreme fanatics in Ontario never dreamed of inflicting, and we are surprised to find that some Canadian journals, from which more liberality would be expected, declare that the Republicans were maintaining the true cause of education in the stand they took for the obnoxious law.

But the victory was not won by Catholics alone. Wisconsin is, of course, mostly a Protestant State, and the Catholics alone could never have gained their cause. The German Lutherans were equally aggrieved, and they as well as other Protestants joined their Catholic brethren in battling for religious liberty.

The Lutherans had in view a purpose somewhat different from that of the Catholics. It is their wish to preserve the German language, and they too felt that power over their schools should not be placed in the hands of persons not qualified to pass judgment upon them. But in all the Catholic schools, whether German or English be the predominant language, English is taught, and an effort is being made in every case to make English the language of the school as soon as possible. With the Catholics, therefore, it was not at all a question of language.

In Milwaukee diocese alone there are reported for last year 125 Catholic schools, with an attendance of 20,000 children, and in all English is taught. In the other two dioceses of the State there are 128 schools with 16,000 children in attendance, and a similar report of efficiency in English comes from them.

Mr. Peck, the successful candidate for the Governorship, was elected by a majority of 30,000. He is supported by a Legislature pledged to repeal the Bannet Law, and it will undoubtedly be wiped off the statute book at the next Legislative session.

It has been discovered that there is in Minneapolis a secret sworn society the object of which is to prevent Catholics from acquiring political power. They are sworn to do their utmost to ostracize and abolish the Catholic religion from the country, as Catholics are the enemies of the Republic. These people forget that Catholics constituted two-fifths of the army of the Republic during the civil war. Of course only the real enemies of the United States will join this association, which is very like the Orangemen of Canada, and which is very largely composed of quondam Orangemen. True Americans will not join it.

BIRCHALL'S DOOM.

Public opinion, both in Canada and England, has ratified the verdict of the jury and the sentence pronounced by Judge McMahon on the unfortunate end, to all appearance, impotent Englishman who was executed in the jail yard of Woodstock on the 14th instant. No person witnessed the horrid crime of the murder of F. C. Benwell, which was perpetrated on the 17th February, in the swamp near Princeton; but a chala of circumstantial evidence, without one missing link, was so wound round the unfortunate Birchall that it was utterly impossible for any body of rational men, sworn to pronounce on the evidence of facts adduced, to hesitate in bringing in the verdict that decided his fate. That Canadian law has been vindicated and justice done in the premises—that a foul and mysterious murder has been unearthed and brought home to the guilty party—and that, so far as human legislation can provide against a repetition of a crime so atrocious, society is for the time being safe-guarded by an adequate deterrent in the infliction of capital punishment on the offender—there is every reason for self-congratulation on the part of the Canadian people and their executive ministers of State. The condign punishment meted out in the regular course of justice to a condemned criminal has been a source of relief to a numerous class of English people who fancied that Canadian law is more or less influenced by the tardy and sometimes abortive measures of justice adopted in the neighboring Republic. All, both in this country and in England, must experience a sense of relief and satisfaction that an end has come to the excitement and morbid curiosity awakened by the details of Birchall's trial, of his erratic life, as told by himself and by others, and of his final departure from the scene by a public execution.

Had the poor, misguided wretch, whose guilt, whether wrongly or rightly, is so firmly established in the minds of all, without exception, acknowledged his crime—had he confessed to what a bare or participation he had in the awful tragedy of Benwell's mysterious death—the relief to society in general would be still more marked and more deeply felt. But confession there was none; nor did the infatuated Birchall condescend to throw any light upon facts so shrouded in mystery to all but to himself and his God.

His feelings for the honor of his aged mother, who survives him, and for his reverend brother and other respected relatives in England, may have deterred him from making an open confession of so great and so hideous an act of villainy. Possibly a false sense of shame and dishonor may have prevailed in preventing him from the acknowledgment of so cowardly and base a piece of treachery as the shooting from behind of a harmless and unsuspecting companion entrusted by a fond father to his protection and safe keeping.

But no matter what the cost to his feelings or to his honor—if any remained—society is so constituted, in God's providence, and humanity is so fashioned by the will of its Creator, that confession must be made or crime must remain unpardoned and wholly unexpiated. Probably the unhealthy surroundings in which his boyhood was spent—the loose discipline of his college life, as told in his autobiography—and the, to all appearance, godless colleges in which he received a liberal training, without moral restraint of any kind, should be held accountable more than his own perverse nature for such fatal and deplorable results. It must be admitted that in his previous life the necessity of confession was never once intimated to him. The education imparted in English Protestant colleges is totally averse to confession of sin. Such belief and practices are considered as part of the Romish system, and not worthy of consideration, but to be condemned and discarded by all true-born Britons. Why then cast blame on poor Birchall for adhering to principles instilled into his untutored and inexperienced mind? He was but twenty-four years old when the gallows claimed him. Had he been accustomed from childhood to self-examination and confession of sin, he would not have felt that repugnance to open acknowledgment of his wicked deeds, which the public expected and demanded from him in his last moments. He would have confessed, he would have experienced a charge of heart, tears of repentance would have started unbidden to his eyes and melted to compassion those stony gazers who witnessed unmoved his last act on earth. The Rev. Canon Wade, who spent the previous night with him in his cell, and had been a constant visitor with him since the sentence of death was pronounced, could not even so far prevail on Birchall as to induce him to say, "The Lord have mercy on my soul," or "Pray for me, dear friends." We once witnessed an execution in Ireland. The doomed man said: "I call God and His angels to witness that I had neither hand, nor part in the crime for which

I am about to die (It was a case of false identity), and I forgive my accusers. Although not guilty of murder, I committed many other sins in my youthful days for which I am now repentant and am willing to expiate by this unmerited death on the scaffold. Pray for me, all of you, and may God have mercy on my soul." The immense crowd, two or three thousand people, for it was a public execution, went down on their knees and prayed aloud and fervently, while the victim of pre-judiced and perverted justice was being ushered into the presence of his Maker. But Birchall's education led to a different and more regrettable ending.

DID BIRCHALL CONFESS HIS GUILT?

"The conduct of the Rev. Rural Dean Wade in connection with the burial of Birchall's body, points in the strongest way that the clergyman has a knowledge of the guilt of the deceased. After the execution on Friday morning, he saw in the papers that Birchall had written a statement on the 10th inst. in which he declared solemnly that he never confessed in any manner whatsoever any complicity in the murder of Benwell. This was so untrue that the whole attitude of the Rural Dean was altered by its reading. He said to friends with whom he discussed the matter that the written statement of Birchall on the 10th was a lie. He is reported to have made a reference to men who die with a lie on their lips. All his hope in the confession of the murderer was destroyed. The seeming repentance that had given him so much gratification and joy appeared hollow after that last statement. The Rural Dean was pained to the heart, but he determined on a course of procedure in connection with the burial service that has been dictated by his conscience but which to the dead murderer's relatives and friends is exceedingly distressing. He determined that he could not read over the body of him to whom he had ministered so hopefully and tirelessly, the burial service of his Church. At the hanging he had read the service, but he would not give the body the rites of the Church. The reason for this change in his opinion he freely acknowledged was because of Birchall's denial of having made any confession. The only logical sequence of this is to say that Birchall has confessed to the Rural Dean some complicity at least in the crime. The Mr. Wade acknowledged by saying that he has known about the crime from the beginning."

The above extract appeared in the Free Press of Monday last, and has been going the rounds of the press generally without contradiction. What opinion must the public form of Rev. Canon Wade's discretion or honor as a clergyman? If the unfortunate Birchall in a moment of repentance moved to confession of his sin, and if he confided to his pastor, as God's representative, secrets that he would not reveal without revulsion and horror to the outside world, it was, no doubt, on the supposition that those secrets should be kept sacredly guarded and forever locked up in the bosom of him to whom they were religiously confided. By no outward action on the part of the confessor should the secrets revealed to him be given to the public, or, which is the same, hinted at in such a manner as to leave no doubt on people's minds but that a confession of guilt was made. But Mr. Wade acknowledges that his action at the grave, and his refusal to read the burial service, were determined by the confession made to him in the privacy and confidence of his official character, and that he knew about the crime from the beginning. Mr. Wade does not pretend to say that he obtained such knowledge through other means than the confessional. No wonder Protestants should feel a shudder creep over them when confession is proposed to them as a means of obtaining pardon for sin. If Canon Wade's conduct and language be a criterion of the discretion and prudential silence to be expected from Protestant pastors, their flocks can be easily excused from that confidential acknowledgment of guilt which is the surest sign of repentance and the only way open to forgiveness.

Leaving theology and controversy out of the question, it is certain that if Birchall had confessed and asked the prayers of those who stood around the scaffold—had he showed signs of repentance and sought mercy from God through the Redeemer—public sympathy would have been extended to him in his final hours, and public opinion would have condoned him in accepting the death penalty as his just desert. But he was not so educated, and certainly Canon Wade's indiscreet action is no encouragement to ordinary sinners or to future criminals to open their hearts to admission of sin or to seek pardon and peace in the heavenly remedy prescribed by the Apostle:

"If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all iniquity." (Ep. St. John, I, 9)

John Boyle O'Reilly's monument in Holyhood Cemetery is an immense granite boulder, under which is placed a modest tomb of New Hampshire slate. The New York World states that there are more than five hundred regular attendants at week-day Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral in that city every morning.

MR. BALFOUR AND THE IRISH FAMINE.

The trip of Mr. Arthur Balfour through Ireland has been productive of his much good at least, that it has awakened him and his government to the fact that the danger of famine is imminent to the country unless immediate steps be taken to avert it, and he has pledged himself and the government that these steps shall be taken. It is true that very little reliance can be placed on his promises; yet in the teeth of the world, in the teeth of British public opinion, which, for the first time in the history of the empire, has been brought to bear upon the actual condition of Ireland, it will be hard for him to break the pledges he has so solemnly given this time.

American public opinion has also been strongly brought to bear upon the subject. No sooner was it definitely announced that the crop upon which the people depend for sustenance will be a failure than the sympathies of the people of America were aroused. Committees were appointed throughout the country and collections were taken up in order to afford relief in this dire distress.

The Government, in the meantime, threw all the discredit it could on the facts, and actually, through Mr. Balfour, declared in Parliament that they were greatly exaggerated, and that there was no danger of famine. The same refrain was taken up by the Tory press, the Times, of course, leading. That portion of the press in this country which is always inimical to Ireland re-echoed the same statements, quoting the Times as their chief authority—the Times so notorious for its unscrupulousness.

In 1848 the Times actually gloated over the impending destruction of the Irish race, or at least the destruction of a large proportion thereof, through famine and fever, and the dispersion of the rest, and the phobism so exultingly uttered at that time—"The Irish are going—going with a vengeance"—is not forgotten by Irishmen to this day, nor by the rest of the world. The Times is to day controlled by kindred spirits with those who managed it in 1848, and the people of America who have ever sympathized with Ireland in her distress paid no attention to the assurances of the Times that there is no danger now. Hence no sooner was it made known through other sources than the Times that the poor people of Ireland are in danger, than offers of assistance were at once made. This is what has chiefly stirred the Salisbury Government, through very shame, to make the present promises of relief.

The Government have, as yet, taken no measures for the purpose of meeting the crisis. Will they do so? We have already said that it is very doubtful, how ever they have promised, and that is the first step, at all events, towards performance. Mr. Balfour states that public works will at once be started in the distressed districts to enable the people to earn a livelihood independently of their bad potato crop. This will assuredly, if carried out, afford at least partial relief.

In consequence of these promises the American Committee in New York for the relief of famine have withdrawn their appeal to America for assistance. It is not their intention that the Committee should dissolve, but they recognize that the first duty lies on the Government to save its own subjects. What is a Government for? Of what earthly use is it, if, in the moment of need, it throws upon foreigners of good will the burden of saving its subjects from a dreadful evil which is foreseen, and which it has the power to avert?

It is precisely that in 1847 and 1848 the famine was foreseen, and that no steps were taken towards its prevention which constitutes one of the most damning arrangements of British Government in Ireland in the eyes of the civilized world. At that time, even, there was plenty of food in Ireland itself, grown on the soil, to feed double the population of the country. What would a paternal Government have done under such circumstances? The action of Louis Napoleon in France when a dearth, which would not nearly be so bad as a general famine, was feared, is an answer to this question. Exports of food were stopped. The food was in the country, and it must be eaten in the country. Thus there was food enough for every one. But when Ireland was threatened, millionaire landlords in England must be pampered on the labor of starving Irishmen, and for their benefit, the food was sold in England and in foreign markets, and they pocketed the proceeds, while the people starved or left their country by millions to find elsewhere something to eat.

That dreadful time is still within the memory of many of our own Canadian people, when thousands of fever-stricken families were suddenly landed at every port in America fleeing from the dreadful scourge—or rather bringing the scourge with them. And it was at such a time of disaster that the Times triumphantly said "The Irish are going with a vengeance." These words were true, even in a sense which that always anti-Irish journal did not intend. It is wonderful that when by persistent woe they were so driven away they went with a determination to inflict vengeance upon their oppressor at the first opportunity? Is it a wonder that the Irish of the United States, many of them the immigrants of those years, and very many of them their children, should still retain the vengeance with which they came to the country?

We should be just. We cannot deeply blame the Irish of the United States if they retain the remembrance of those sad days, and if they cast their influence into the scale in favor of a hostile attitude towards the country which still oppresses them in the past, and which still treats the Irish as a people to be downtrodden and not as one which should be governed as other nations, to lead them to plenty and prosperity.

Let us hope that the time is at hand when there will be a change for the better. Should Mr. Balfour make the promise he has promised to the people, and if it be a sign that better times are near at hand, meanwhile, the American Committee will continue its organization, in order that should he forget his promises, they may not be far off when Ireland will need their help.

THE IRISH ENVOYS IN BOSTON.

THREE ELOQUENT SPEECHES.

A magnificent demonstration was given to the Irish envoys, Messrs. John Dillon, William O'Brien, Timothy Harrington, T. D. Sullivan and T. P. O'Connor, at the Boston Theatre last week. Representative men of the country were present in large numbers, though but short notice was given of the demonstration. The Auditorium was filled with a larger and more enthusiastic audience than ever appeared in it since Mr. O'Brien returned from his visit to Canada in 1887. The Hon. P. A. Collins and Judge Woodbury made spirited addresses, the latter occupying the chair, after which the usual patriotic style.

The mention of Mr. Gladstone's name by Mr. Dillon brought out a most enthusiastic display of how the great statesman has endeavored himself to the Irish in America by his determination to do justice to Ireland.

Mr. T. D. Sullivan made a happy hit when he explained that the Unionists, who are asking the public to believe that Ireland, with her 4,500,000 people, poor and unarméd, with her 35,000,000 Great Britain with its 35,000,000, organized and armed population. He related here a saying of Dean Swift:

"If there is anything more certain than another, it is this, that eleven men, well armed, are capable of subduing one man in his shirt."

He added that the Unionists appear to think that the one man in his shirt, if he be an Irishman, can terrorize the eleven.

WM. O'BRIEN. Mr. William O'Brien spoke as follows: Our mission and our purpose here is summed up in that one word—Tipperary. (Great applause.) Tipperary crystallizes all the insolence of true Irish landlordism, all the brutality of coercion, and all the heroism with which coercion has been met and battled by the Irish patriots. (Long continued applause.)

Tipperary expresses in one word the inexorable passion of Irish nationality and the inimitable determination to fight for it. (Applause and cries of "good.")

The great English leader of the Liberal host, Mr. Gladstone (great applause and cheering), in the first of his recent speeches in Midlothian, declared that you might search history in vain for an instance in which a whole population threw themselves voluntarily into a struggle so unselfish in its origin, so stainless in its progress, involving sacrifices so vast and displaying a spirit so absolutely unconquerable as the people of Tipperary have been displaying during the past twelve months against odds which I verily believe would have daunted the hearts of any other people on the face of the globe. (Applause and cheers.)

I will tell you very briefly what is the story of Tipperary, and it is a story that I venture to assure will be told for many a day and for many an age around Irish firesides, so long as there are Irish hearts that thrill at the names of Sarsfield or of Limerick. (Applause.)

What is the story of Tipperary? What is the origin of the fight there? The tenants on the Ponsonby estate, a vast estate in Cork, were among the first who forced the Government to pass in 1857 a land bill which they had rejected with scorn and insult when it was proposed by Russell in 1856. They yielded on the question of justice, but they and the landlords determined that in the interest of Irish landlordism it was necessary to make examples of the tenants whose gallantry had forced them to yield. What did they do?

Those tenants, the justices of whose cause was the very ground work and justification of the Act of 1857, were deliberately excluded from the benefits of that Act, which their own sacrifices and their own gallantry had won. The landlords and the Government combined and conspired to ruin those men, to put them outside of the pale of the law, hunt them down like wild beasts, and set them up as scarecrows to terrify the Irish people from ever again attempting to defy the law of landlordism or of government.

THE PONSONBY TENANTS were among the men marked out for destruction.

Now that was the issue that was deliberately raised by Mr. Smith Barry. The case of the Ponsonby men seemed desperate. Evictions were beginning. Mr. Smith Barry announced that he would clear out the entire population of that estate, more than two thousand souls. There seemed to be no prospect for them but ruin and extermination, when suddenly the men of Tipperary rose up and cried, "Hands off!" (Tremendous applause and cheering.)

They said: "These men have fought our battle and the battle of Ireland. It is because they fought it successfully that you are about to exterminate them, to ruin them. If you lay a finger on the Ponsonby tenants, you will have to reckon with every tenant of your own in Tipperary." (Applause and cheers.)

lord and tenant. But they propose, remember, to break no law. They said: "There are your lands, your houses and your town; let us see whether you can do better without your tenantry than your tenantry can do without you! (Laughter and applause.) Let it be a fair question of individuals on both sides."

But ever since they have been the victims of one of the most foul, one of the most desperate conspiracies between the English Government and the landlords that ever disgraced the annals—the sad and miserable annals—of the Government.

More than two hundred armed policemen and six hundred soldiers were drafted into the small town of Tipperary to terrorize the people.

—one armed man for every male person in the population. The whole town was handed over to a scoundrel, an ex-Indian official named Colonel Cadell (bisses), a monster, with the heart of a tiger and the intellect of a tomtit. This man instituted a reign of terror, inexcusable in connection with the citizens of a free land. Houses were searched night and day, and one young girl, one of the most respectable in the town, was dragged into a common police court for saying "boo" for Mr. Balfour.

Every trader in town was visited by a policeman, with one of Smith-Barry's emergency men, to try and see whether they would refuse to supply him with provisions, in order to get up an excuse for prosecution against them and then to deprive them of their licenses. Every man in the town was what we call "shadowed." One of the noblest priests in the south of Ireland is Father Humphrey of Tipperary. (Applause.) The moment Father Humphrey of Tipperary leaves his house every morning he finds two policemen outside the door. One of them marches alongside of him, within two feet of him, on the footpath; another marches at his heels. Aye—will you believe it?—they have followed him to the very deathbed of one of his parishioners, and were peeping in the window while he was administering the last sacraments. (Hisses.)

These are the things which have burned into the hearts of the men of Tipperary. Though they have been going on day after day and month after month, Mr. Balfour has the audacity to talk about the intimidation being all on the side of the men who have borne all these things without shedding a drop of blood.

There was one terrible stain of blood on Tipperary. One evening a body of thirty-seven policemen, armed with rifles, fired on a crowd which they themselves estimated at sixty persons, killing several persons, among them a boy of fourteen. There was an inquest and a verdict of wilful murder against the men who fired, for no policeman dared to say that he had been injured. What could the Government prove to vindicate the course of justice?

They instituted a prosecution against the policemen—how? They sent them for trial before Colonel Cadell (bisses) who had himself been ordering baton charges and bayonet charges every other day of the week, and I need scarcely tell you that the police murderers were sent out of court by this very man free, and I have very little doubt that at this moment they are on the high road to promotion by Mr. Balfour. Now let us see

WHAT HAS BEEN THE RESULT of all this terrorism which has been exercised on the people of Tipperary for all these months. Mr. Smith Barry's £20,000 a year have vanished. The whole town and his whole estates are at this moment a wilderness. The moment he completes his evictions on the main street, a line of fire will be drawn around that town of his, and no man except a policeman or an emergency man will ever enter that town. (Applause.)

He had a magnificent revenue from the tolls of the butter market of Tipperary. Not a firkin of butter has entered his market for nine months past. Every firkin of it has gone to the butter market that we have founded in New Tipperary. He had a valuable creamery. Not a gallon of milk has ever entered that creamery. Now Tipperary has set up a creamery of its own. (Applause.) He had valuable sand pits which brought him in a considerable revenue. Not a man would touch those sand pits of Smith-Barry if every grain of sand in them were gold. (Applause.)

Can you wonder that we are proud of Tipperary. To this hour not a man has been conquered. They have withstood every assault upon their liberties as gallantly as the iron coats of plate hang back the foam from the Atlantic waves. (Applause.) There they stand unconquerable by all the might of England. There they will stand to the end.

And even in the very heart of England, if we now want to stir an audience of English workingmen to enthusiasm, we have only to name the name of Tipperary, and you have that whole audience upon their feet. (Applause.) For Englishmen, to their credit be it said, love pluck and despise cowardice.

We have only got to bridge over the gulf—and it is not a very wide gulf now—between this and the general election. Rescue is at hand. The relief army is approaching. The tramp is already heard.

What we want to do is to send across the waves to Tipperary, and to all the other gallant men who are fighting in the cause of right, a message to hold the fort and to be of good heart and of good cheer; that we were right when we told them that there are millions upon millions of true Irish hearts all the world over who are praying for them, who are blessing them, who would never desert them, and never will fail them, and never will see them stricken down, but the struggle long or short, until the flag of Ireland, which they have so gallantly kept floating against all the hosts of landlordism and of Dublin Castle, shall float triumphantly, not merely over a free and happy Tipperary, but over a free and happy Irish nation. (Tremendous and long continued applause and cheers.)

JOHN DILLON. Mr. John Dillon, who was received with immense cheering, began his address by regretting in impressive language, the absence in death of those

friends of Ireland and of the oppressed—John Blye O'Reilly and Wendell Phillips.

The speaker went on to say that he and his friends had come there ten years after he last had the honor of addressing them, to ask that audience whether they had fulfilled the promises made to the people who put their trust in them (cries of "Yes" and applause), whether the Irish members had stood against oppression, and whether their policy had brought to the Irish people benefits and an advance along the path to liberty. In order to show that such benefits had been secured, Mr. Dillon ran over the history of the Irish people for a period of more than eighty years. The result of the rule of the union government, he said, has been that during the last century Ireland had progressed backward, if I may use that expression. While every other European community has gone forward by leaps and bounds along the path of wealth, Ireland has grown poorer and poorer, and it has come to this, that in Ireland no man can be honest and make a career.

The effect of the social condition of the people during eighty years of the most corrupt and most dishonest system of government in modern Europe has been the famine an institution in Ireland. Every other European community has gone forward by leaps and bounds along the path of wealth, Ireland has grown poorer and poorer, and it has come to this, that in Ireland no man can be honest and make a career.

The present position of Ireland is this: We have judicial rents, but it cannot be said that they remedy our grievances until we get into the judges' ears. The Castle people appoint the judges and the land commission; the land agent or the son or brother of a tenant's landlord. These judicial rents are easily settled by the nominees, the slaves and lackeys of Mr. Balfour. (Hisses.)

Now, we will continue this movement until, with the help of our friends in America, we secure to the population of Ireland every single iota of property of which they have been robbed by iniquitous laws.

We desire to rob no man of property, but we deny to the Tory Government and the landlords the right to rob the poor tenants of Ireland of the property they have created by the labor of their hands and the sweat of their brows. (Applause.)

By combination with the law if the law is just, without the law if the law is unjust (cheers), we shall continue to defend the right of the people who trust in us, and we shall continue this movement until the management of the affairs in Ireland is placed in the hands of the people of that country. (Great cheering.)

T. D. SULLIVAN. Mr. T. D. Sullivan was next introduced. The venerable ex-lord mayor of Dublin received a grand ovation. He said: We come before you to ask for help to carry us through the last days of a winning battle. (Applause.) We are nearing the consummation and the glory and the triumph of that victory in which not only we in our generation but our fathers before us for many a generation strove, sacrificed and suffered. (Applause.) And our present Tory rulers appeared to have nourished in their souls the same delusion that they in their time could strike down and conquer and suppress a race and a people that all the tyrants and oppressors of former times tried their strength upon, and tried it in vain. (Great enthusiasm.)

The sword of Cromwell, the persecutions of Elizabeth and other sovereigns, the confiscations of James and of William have been tried against us, and our people have suffered, sacrificed and endured, but never surrendered. (Loud cheers.)

Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour think they will subdue and conquer the Irish people of to-day. With what weapons, with what means and applications? No longer the sword and the gibbet and confiscation and oppression. No, we who faced these things and braved them and outlived them are expected to be subdued by what? By the prison skilet and the frying pan; by the terrors of Tullamore jail and Richmond prison (laughter), bread and water, six months in prison.

Well, gentlemen, this experiment, miserable and wretched as the idea is, has been tried. We have had four years of it, and where are we to-day? "How old Ireland and how does she stand?" (Tumultuous cheers.) That question was asked of Napper Tandy (laughter) and I will answer you to-day, "You may ask William O'Brien and John Dillon." (Applause.) I tell you she stands well. Her eyes are not cast down, but are upraised to the liberty that is breaking upon the Irish nation. (Applause.)

Suppose it were possible for the Tory rulers to desolate the land of Ireland, to sweep it over with fire and sword, what would result? After a little time, so surely as the green grass grew from the soil of Ireland, so surely would the national spirit of Irish resistance itself, grow up again and flourish in the sight of man. (Great cheering.)

Mr. Balfour, finding that he has failed in his last trick of arresting Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dillon, has gone up to the north of Ireland and proposes to spend money in the distressed districts building light railways and draining rivers. Well, let him go on. We will take as many light railways as he means to give us; let him spend as many millions as he likes, but in the end the Irish cause will stand just where it stands now. Let him spend a hundred millions of British money if he likes, and

I DREW HIM to take one Irish constituency away from the ranks of the Nationalist party. (Great cheers.)

The Unionist party are asking the great British people to tremble in their boots at the idea of what we, 4,500,000 Irishmen, would do if he had only a native Parliament again in Dublin. (Cheers.) Well, they pay us a very high compliment. We have not, I hope, a very low opinion of ourselves (laughter), but we have no such notion as that 4,500,000 poor, unarmed people could do what they are pleased against the will and wish and the determination of 35,000,000 wealthy, organ-

ized and armed people. Long years ago a witty Irishman, Dean Swift, said: "If there is anything more certain than another, it is this, that eleven men, well armed, are capable of subduing one man in his shirt. (Great laughter and applause.)"

Now, gentlemen, I need not tell you what you know very well, that we want no war or no quarrel with our English neighbors. We never did. We want to day what we have always wanted and always asked and insisted upon from our neighbors across the British channel. We want freedom, right and justice. These things we are determined to have, and these things, I believe, the best men in England of rank and class are resolved to accord to us. (Applause.)

But, in the meantime, we are assured of your sympathy, but we want need your material assistance. I know and believe that we shall have it, and I know and believe also that you who before this have so generously contributed out of your earnings for the support of the Irish cause will consider your labors, your sacrifices and your generous contributions in favor of the Irish people as well spent and as well gloriously employed when the Irish people have obtained their righteous cause.

The men who have been hunted, evicted and prosecuted in Ireland are the best men, the very flower of the Irish population. A man can live quietly in Ireland, and perhaps scrape together a few pence, without danger of being prosecuted or being shot down if he has no heart and eyes within him, and no sympathy for the suffering of his own flesh and blood. (Applause.) But if he has in him that instinct of freedom which the Almighty God has implanted in the hearts of most people, he comes in for these troubles.

And now a word in regard to the Irish police. The word "police" has been used in this discussion as it will be used again and again. For the policeman, in the true acceptation of the word, we Irish people have no ill will and no animosity whatever. He is a useful and honorable public servant, but the police as we refer to them are all army, and are not policemen at all. They are the armed servants of the oppressors of the land. They carry in their hearts no sentiment toward the land or love for the people. (Applause.)

PETTED AND PRAISED just in proportion as they distinguish themselves by acts of atrocity and cruelty. In all the history of Ireland the Irish police have never been so demoralized and degraded a force as they are at the present moment.

We are not allowed to hold a public meeting, for no reasonable purpose whatever, but for the purpose of discussing our grievances. I have seen the gray hairs of an old woman stained with her own blood, and what could she have done to harm the constabulary? I have seen a little boy of twelve years carried down to the nearest apothecary to have his wounds dressed. What did he do to harm to police?

It is our belief that with the next general election in Great Britain and Ireland there will be for evermore an end in the land to the Coercion Act of Mr. Balfour. We have had the acts by the score for eighty years; yes, for ninety years, we have had them every year, morning, noon and night; we have had them for breakfast, dinner and supper. (Laughter.) Heretofore they were limited in duration—some were passed for two years, some for three—but the present body of Tories said, "We will have a short smack at this business; as we hope to rule Ireland by coercion, we will take care that we shall not have a short smack at this business; as we hope to rule Ireland by coercion, we will take care that we shall not have a biennial or a triennial job. (Laughter.) We will pass a Coercion Act that will last until the crack of doom." But it is not going to last until the crack of doom.

We thank you for your splendid welcome, we thank you for the material help which you have given us at these meetings. One in Philadelphia, where the Declaration of Independence went forth (great applause), the second in this famous city of Boston, where that little "tea party" was. (Applause.) We thank you for this reception, and for the comfort which you have given to the Irish people. It will take hardly no time to send across to Ireland the message of your welcome, and to-morrow morning it will be known in Ireland from Antrim to Kerry, from Dublin to Galway. (Applause.) It will carry comfort to the people all over Ireland and it will get to those who are in prison, too. (Applause.) Get to them down the chain from the gratings of the windows, through the iron gratings of the windows, one way and another the news will be carried to Balfour's prison. (Great applause.) And when it does, a thanksgiving will go up to the Maker of us all, to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, from every woman and child who has a heart to feel and a voice to raise in behalf of righteousness and justice and freedom. (Tremendous applause.)

WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS MUST BE TRUE. And everybody says "The Bargain Store" is the foremost, cheapest and most progressive drygoods house in London. Rousers and rattlers to wake and shake you up to buy now. "Legions of lots" and every lot leader as good as the following. Our eye openers for this week will be: Forty-six inch, all wool black broad cloth, worth 65s; yard of 24-inch black habit cloth, all wool, worth 75s; for 50s; a yard; 98 pairs, all wool blanket, regular price 85s, for \$3.95 a pair; heavy union flannel, worth 18s; for 12s; a yard; ladies' heavy knit undervests, worth \$1, for 60c; French woven corset, regular price \$1, for 70c; a pair ladies' house jerseys, in black and colors, worth \$2.25, for \$1.49; heavy blue serge for ladies' mantles and overcoats, worth \$2.75, for \$1.50 a yard; Scotch tweed for ladies' and children's mantles, worth \$1.50, for 75c a yard, heavy white wool flannel, plain or twill, worth 60s, for 30c a yard; gentlemen's Scotch rubber coats, worth \$5, for \$2.95; ladies' all-wool short coats, worth \$2.95, for \$1.50; long sealette coats, worth \$35, for \$22.75; fur capes, in seal or beaver, worth \$20, for \$11.95. Come early and avoid the crush in the

afternoon. The London Bargain Drygoods Store, 136 Dandis street, opposite the Market Lane.

DIocese OF LONDON.

USULINE CONVENT, CHATHAM.

On the forenoon of Wednesday, the 12th inst., His Lordship, Right Reverend Denis O'Connor, D. D., Bishop of London, accompanied by Rev. Dean Wagner of Windsor, Rev. Father Paul, O. S. F., P. P. of St. Joseph's Church, Chatham, and Rev. Father Benedict, O. S. F., visited the Ursuline Convent, Chatham. His Lordship was received at the conventual door by the religious, who knelt to receive his episcopal blessing, and was afterwards conducted to St. Cecilia's Hall, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. After a joyous chorus of welcome from the pupils, the following address was read by Miss O'Connor of Guelph, Ont.:

"All priestly virtues: a heart on fire, With zeal for souls that shall never tire, That these best gifts shall ever be Sustaining, guiding, blessing thee.

Whilst awaiting this thrice happy moment to welcome our revered Bishop and loved father, oft has this fervent prayer been pleaded with Him Who dwelleth in our tabernacles by your devoted children of "The Pines."

If out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh, what shall I say; who hath been commissioned to voice the greeting of the daughters of St. Angela and their pupils on this auspicious occasion? Our filial affection and sentiments of trust gratitude for the honor of our prelate's presence seek their fitting exponent in the simple words: "A hundred thousand welcomes." Simple indeed and oft repeated, yet doth not the heart give grace unto every art? Springing to our lips from souls o'er-charged with deepest feeling, they are no empty form. As the greeting of Catholics to their Bishop and pastor, of religious and children to their superior, father and untiring friend, the old familiar words catch an intonation sweeter for than ever clings to formal greeting. Many of us see your Lordship for the first time to-day, yet our hearts throbbled in joyous union with those of all within your diocese, when our august Prelate, justly styled "Lumon de Coeli," placed you, My Lord, in the ranks of Erin's illustrious mitred sons. Fain would you have passed your coming days in the labor of love which had been yours for years, in Assumption's classic halls "round which your fondest memories must ever cling," where

Who can count the souls that hath been won, Or who can tell the marvels that hath been done In guiding youth to follow the higher, nobler paths of Christian life; but Heaven's voice summoned you to bear the Shepherd's staff, and proudly, henceforth, we, too, claim you as our own.

Truly we hope that many and happy may be thy span of years in the episcopate; yet, at times, shadows of Calvary may dim the future, but He who chose thee for the ministry of the "Inner Temple" will ever sustain thee in the perilous hour.

And within our Convent walls there will never cease Pleading voices in soulful prayer, Grant to him, Lord, thy tender care.

The remainder of the programme given below was then very creditably rendered: Inst. Duot—"La Danse des Feuilles," M. Mateo; Miss Sichelstein and Mann. Vocal solo—"The Guardian Angel," Gounod; Miss Sichelstein. Inst. solo—"Marche de Nuit," Gottschalk; Miss Sichelstein. Inst. solo—"Mendelssohn's Lullaby," Miss O'Connor. Recitation—"Heroism of Charity," Miss O'Connor. Inst. Duot—"Grand Indiana Valse," Misses I. and M. Ouellette.

At its conclusion His Lordship rose, thanked and complimented the pupils, saying that he had always had a very high opinion of the entertainment given at "The Pines." He expected a great deal, as he knew what the pupils of the good Ursulines could do, and on this, as on all former occasions, he was happy to say that his expectations were fully realized. He exhorted the pupils to profit by the opportunity afforded them in the Convent of acquiring not only the education of the intellect, but also of the heart; to lay the foundation of those virtues which would fit them to fill any position in the world or in religion, promising them that he would ever feel a deep interest in this institution; also to encourage them in their progress in Christian doctrine that he would continue to award each year the gold medal. Alluding to the address, he said the promise of their prayers pleased him very much. He concluded his remarks by granting what is so acceptable to every school-girl's heart, a holiday, hoping that they would enjoy the beautiful day and make every one around them happy. P. B.



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Apple Blossoms.

Why do they come? I know, I know,
I guess their secret long ago.
They put on their dresses of pink and white,
And come when the days are long and light,
And smile, and smile,
For a while.
To tell the children what, some fine day,
When the summer is hurrying fast away,
They will have the honey blossoms we.
They will have the honey blossoms we.

And soon, when the spring winds softly
blow,
The pretty things say good by and go.
Where—who knows?—but I wish they'd fly
To ask Mother Nature if she would try
To hang those apples of gold and red
At once, for the little ones aghast and said
They could not wait.
But begged and then said them altogether,
Apples and blossoms in sweet spring
weather.

—Sydney Dayre.

THE THREE GIFTS OF ST. PATRICK.

London Univers, Oct. 4.

On Sunday night the Rev. Langton George Vere delivered his last sermon in the old church of St. Patrick, Soho Square. Taking for his text the words, "That at the glory of Jerusalem, there are the joy of Israel and the honor of our people," he said that nothing rejoiced the heart of a Catholic more than to speak of the ineffable praise of the glorious and Blessed Mother of God. If he praised her wonderful purity he knew that there were around the throne of God

THOUSANDS OF PURE, UNFURNISHED SOULS who followed the Lamb whithersoever He went, and who sang a song which was given to none but virgins to sing. If he spoke of her humility he knew that there were souls in heaven who had followed the footsteps of Jesus Christ and humbled themselves, knowing they were blessed and should be exalted. If he spoke of the confessor, if he spoke of the prophets, if he spoke of the martyrdom of Mary—all these were shared by the saints. But there was one prerogative which was hers alone, and which no human creature could share with her, and was because of that prerogative that God was pleased that she should be what she was—the Mother of God—a mother and a virgin. An English poet had said that if there were nothing more in Christianity than the fruitful virginity of Mary it were

A TREASURE BEYOND ALL POETRY—it were a grand, and great, and glorious subject to wrap up the soul and entrance it with the beauties of Christianity. Therefore on what subject could he speak that night to the Catholic heart that was more fitting than of the love and beauty of that created and redeemed being who was the glory of the heavenly Jerusalem, who was the joy of Israel in bondage and captivity, and who was the honor of the Christian people? Mary, their mother, would then be the subject of the last words he would address to them in that church. They should leave one another to the thoughts of her who brought them close to Jesus. They would see, he trusted, by the will of Divine Providence, who had kept them where they were, or had brought them out of darkness into the full light and splendor of the glorified and

REDEMPTOR OF GOD which He had purchased with His Precious Blood. How could he find words to speak of that home of love, that bright home whether they were all tending? It could not enter into the heart of man to conceive the joy, the glory, and the beauty of that heaven which God had prepared for all heaven who love Him. As yet they were in a land of exile, in a vale of tears—poor Catholic Christians, they were followers of the Crucified, the poor and the despised—there they were looked down upon; still they held to the best to the one, great, glorious, and unbroken faith in good repute and had repute; there they, outcast and despised by men, clung to that Catholic Church—it was they who had ever before them the Divine vision of Christ Jesus persecuted, down trodden, hunted even unto death, and yet living to the again glorious when men thought they had presented it to death. Why did they do all this? Why not

TAKE THE WORLD'S CHRISTIANITY and leave Catholicity alone? Why cling to a religion which kept them out of the paths to honor? Why cling to that religion which they knew would sooner or later, to a certain extent, stand between their comfort in the world and their progress? Because of heaven alone. They longed for a resting place, and that God alone could supply. That night they were celebrating the transferred Feast of the Sorrows of our Lady, and he would ask them to dwell upon the sorrow of Mary, and the efficacy of her prayers for the souls in purgatory. He pointed out how God had given to every man a love, joy and enthusiasm for the

LAND IN WHICH HE WAS BORN—a man who loved not the land of his birth he would say had lost his manhood. But first, they are true to the one Holy Church that was universal. They rejoiced in their own country, they rejoiced to look back upon those who had suffered and died for it, and who had given their heart's blood for its deliverance. Now fifteen hundred years had gone by since an old man stood in Ireland—their true and glorious and beautiful patron, St. Patrick. He was an old man when he commenced his mission, but he lived another seventy years before being called to his rest. O beautiful, glorious, and large-hearted saint! He plucked the green emblem of Ireland, the little fir tree, and was presenced from it the Trinity, Three in One, and he taught the threefold love of God, and sank it down deep into the Celtic heart, and

ONE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED YEARS HAD NOT OBSCURATED IT. They possessed it now in all its freshness and its unshaken glory as St. Patrick gave it to their ancestors one thousand five hundred years before, and that faith of theirs was centred in Mary. Their love of Mary had enabled them to keep that threefold love, and what was that love? It was the love of Jesus, the love of the dead, and the love and reverence for the dignity of womanhood. Religion was a belief in the unseen. The faith of the Irishman and Irish woman was the belief in the unseen, in Jesus under the Eucharistic veil; and Ireland was dear to the Irish because of that. The Irishman's thoughts went back to the old church at home with its flag and its bare roof, because it was there he first heard the ringing of the old bell which called them to go and close around their poorly clad priest in the old

days. It was not the beautiful mountains, the clear crystal streams and verdant plain that formed the attachment for their land—it was the old faith that was deeply rooted in their hearts, stronger even than the mountains that towered to the clouds and sank down to the seas. The world had tried

TO BRING THEM DOWN TO ITS LEVEL, and had endeavored to rob them of what was their comfort and consolation. But Jesus had touched earth, and where Jesus was there also was heaven, and so the poor old church which they were quitting had been heaven to them. God gave to St. Patrick that other gift—the love of His kingdom. The Irish cherished the memory of the dear dead. There again the unseen came in. Patrick gave them another gift—he gave it to the Irish woman and to the Irishman—and that was the reverence for womanhood. He believed he was right when he said that in Ireland crimes against women were almost unheard of; that in Ireland there was a virtue and a purity surrounding women which was like that dazzling light that encompassed Agnes when she stood in the presence of her tempter, that would have almost struck a man dumb at the thought of the impure in the glorious presence of the PURITY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF ST. PATRICK

In the dear old land. Had God not put it into the hearts of Irishmen to respect the sanctity and glory of womanhood? The Church had raised her up and placed her side by side with man; the Church had blessed her and given her to man to be his helpmate. Where was the marriage vow respected as it was in Ireland? England might make laws. They might tell the people of Ireland that because of its compatibility of temper or for other reasons they might ask for a separation from their wives. But Irishmen looked to the Mother of God and remembered that her Son had said: "What I have joined together no man shall put asunder," and they flung back the outrageous and impure law

INTO THE LAW GIVER'S FACE. And said, "Take it to whom you like, but it shall never be received by a son or a daughter of St. Patrick." Who had watched over and guarded that love in the Irish but Mary? She had handed it down to them and had watched over them and guided them from infancy to old age. This love of Mary he could not enlarge sufficiently. He, a poor convert, knew that never once in our lot or title had the love of Mary stood between the Irish people and their love of Jesus. He wanted them to praise her, as they would a fondly loved mother. He would bid them all good-bye until they met again in the new

GLORIOUS CHURCH OF ST. PATRICK A thousand times good-bye, but not for ever. He would see them all once again, but not gathered in that old church, as they would that night. He trusted that in the goodness of God he might see them all gathered together when the just Judge came to separate the wicked and the just, and that they might all go and seat themselves at the throne of Mary in the glory and brightness of heaven, and so he would leave them to Jesus in the sweet and fostering care of His own Immaculate Mother.

PIE FOR SIXTEEN IN LONDON.

From the New York Sun.

There is a pie-shop in London that Charles Dickens used to stand before when as a child he trudged in a blacking factory. Every day, on his way to and from work, he paused to devour the viands with his eyes, and sometimes, as he said, he pressed his tongue to the window pane, as if by doing that he got a little bit of a taste of the good things that lay so near, yet were so far beyond his reach.

An American railroad man who admires Dickens hunted up this pie shop when he was in London in order to gratify sentiment and curiosity. It proved to be a mere box of a place, in a poor quarter of the city; but the original business was still conducted there. As the traveller peered into the shadowy interior a voice piped at his elbow:

"Please, sir, will you buy me a meal pie?"

The owner of the voice was a small, disheveled person, with whom a meal pie or any other kind would have agreed right well. The American replied:

"How many meals do you suppose that should hold?"

"I dunno. About fifteen or sixteen, I should think."

"Well, you go and get fifteen more boys and bring them back here."

The boy studied the man's face for a moment, as if to make sure he was in the ear of his senses, then he hurried him out into a side street with a yell. Hardly a minute elapsed before he returned the head of a procession of sixteen gnomes, assorted as to size and clothing, unanimous in appetite and hope. This ragged but tallon assemblage closed behind the benefactor, and followed him precipitately into the shop when he announced that he was going to give them all the pie they wanted.

For a quarter of an hour the astonished baker served "weal an' pie," hand over hand, to the sixteen astonished youths of London, while the American sat and watched the scene with hardly less astonishment. Few words were spoken, and the onslaught was as fierce and persistent while it lasted as the charge at Tel-el-Kebir. The exhaustion of supplies brought the banquet to an end, and the traveller paid the score, thinking it little to pay in view of the fun he had had, while the boys tumbled into the street, cheering, and went to spread the news of this miracle through the lanes of London.

OUT OF SORTS.—Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, food lodged, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure, and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child. **Mitard's Liniment** cures Garget in Cows.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF CATHOLICS.

N. Y. Catholic Review.

We all acknowledge, at least theoretically, our obligation to God and to our neighbor; but the question is, and it is a very serious one, whether we realize what is embraced in those two relations and the obligation growing out of them. We are Catholics and Christians. True, the terms are synonymous. A true Christian is a true Catholic and a true Catholic is a true Christian. But there are people who call themselves Protestant Christians, and that fact renders it necessary for us to distinguish. There is a tremendous contest going on in the world. That contest is between true Christianity and its opposite; and between the messengers of light and the powers of darkness. The revival of the old, persecuted Church, especially as developed in the numerous conversions of the brightest intellects of the age, has served to intensify the antagonism of these forces and to shake the intellectual fabric erected during the last three hundred years, to its very foundation. The alternative is being more and more clearly presented—the Catholic Church as the only true exponent of Christianity on the one hand and absolute infidelity and atheism on the other.

In this great contest Protestants count for nothing, or rather they are counted with the hosts of infidelity. It is on the downward grade and is rapidly developing into Unitarianism, Liberalism and Agnosticism. There is no more doubt of this tendency than that the sun shines at noonday. Disintegration and decay are plainly written upon every Protestant sect in existence. The descendants of the old Puritans are losing all faith in Christianity. As a consequence great laxity of morals prevails, and is daily increasing with fearful rapidity. Banish faith from the hearts of the masses and you prepare the soil for a harvest of in-subordination and crime, which threatens the very foundations of society.

It is necessary to indicate what are our obligations under these circumstances? We believe that true Christianity is the only salvation, not only of individual souls, but of society; and we have no doubt that the Catholic Church is the only true exponent and embodiment of Christianity in the world.

The great question then arises: How shall we best promote the interests of the Catholic Church and contribute to its extension and building up in the world? It is obvious to remark that perhaps the most effectual way of recommending the Church to outsiders is by setting a good Christian example. With our claims to superiority men may well ask: What do you more than others? If Catholics, especially leading and so called representative Catholics, are not more high toned, more honest and upright in their dealings, more exemplary in their lives, and especially the common run of men, the inevitable influence which the world will draw will be that the Catholic religion with all its high claims is no better than any other. We believe it has been truly said that nominal Catholics are the curse of the Church. This is true of the business man who resorts to the unscrupulous tricks of the trade to make money; of the professional man who prostitutes his high and responsible position to the defeat of justice and the commission of crime; and especially of the so-called Catholic politician who goes for party success at any price and is always ready to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage.

How little such men realize the awful responsibility that rests upon them! They are really the representatives of a highly spiritual and divine organization which necessarily imposes upon them the most imperative obligations, though they are apparently entirely ignorant of it. They cannot be held responsible for their conduct by absolute apostasy. As long as they call themselves Catholics God will hold them accountable for their inconsistent conduct. They cannot get rid of it. They cannot shake it off, and the parable of the talents shows that they have to render a strict account according to their opportunities.

But we are not only required to set a good example as Catholics but to contribute by every means in our power to the building up of the Church and the extension of its benefits throughout the world. It is not strange how men who belong to such a grand institution as the Catholic Church can be so indifferent to its progress and complete success? There is nothing in the world to be compared to the Catholic Church. There is nothing in the whole range of human thought and human history that can equal that intellectual and moral system of the Catholic Church. That divine system is fraught with all that is most venerable in antiquity; most elevated in purpose; most comprehensive in organization; most efficient in action; most benevolent in spirit—all that is highest and holiest—all that is purest and best in human thought and human aspirations, and the wonder is that any man with the least spark of enthusiasm in his nature can fall to be stimulated with a high purpose and steady resolve to use his very best and most unceasing endeavors to promote the interests and further the good cause of Holy Church throughout the world.

Our enemies pursue us with sleepless vigilance and unrelenting hostility. They are busy night and day concocting new and vile charges and revamping the vilest of the old ones against the Bible of Christ, and circulating them broadcast throughout the land. And shall we sit still and fold our arms and exclaim with the wicked God: "Am I my brother's keeper?" God forbid that we should be so indifferent to the great responsibility that rests upon us!

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NO DESIRE TO PERSECUTE.

Baltimore Mirror.

It is certainly curious, to say the least of it, to find our non-Catholic friends of the evangelistic press and pulpits condemning as intolerant that universal Catholic desire to bring all men into the Church. What could be more natural, what more commendable than that persons who are thoroughly convinced that they possess the truth should desire those less fortunate to become sharers in the greatest of all good. This is the essence of Christian charity, and surely there is nothing intolerant in the practice of the sublimest of virtues.

A Catholic cannot be a true Catholic but a sincere, practical one who does not in his heart wish and pray for the conversion of all fellow men beyond the pale of the true fold to the faith of Christ. Nor is it possible to conceive of absolute faith in the perfection of any system of religion, politics, society, which does not carry with it an ardent longing for the universal adoption by mankind of the same. If, as some of our dissenting brethren profess, they do not cherish any wish that the benighted Romanist should become an out-and-out Protestant, but simply that he should forego certain practices and give over certain forms of devotion to which they object, it is a plain confession of their want of faith in the superiority of the system to which they adhere. But they really do not seem to look at it from the standpoint of common sense. In religion, more than in temporal and material things it is the duty of man to strive for the highest point attainable in the direction of perfection. There is no possible compromise in spiritual affairs. Christ said: "He who is not with Me is against Me." If, therefore, he who is the wayfarer in life's path to choose with the utmost care those indicated by the divine Founder of the Christian system.

The doctrine which puts all religions on the same plane is in direct opposition to the specific command of Jesus Christ that His followers shall bear His Church. In pretending to believe that all roads lead to heaven, and in applying no other test to the various religions than the fact that they all occupy common ground with the Church in relation to the scheme of Christianity, our non-Catholic brethren deliberately throw overboard one of the plainest, simplest and most direct truths enunciated by Holy Scripture, whose teachings they profess to accept as their sole rule of faith.

One religion is not as good as another; the idea is irreconcilably opposed to the letter and spirit of the doctrines expounded by the Redeemer and taught by the Apostles. It is out of the question, therefore, that Catholics, who are absolutely certain of their position, should complacently view the unfortunate attitude of their fellow-men floundering about in doubt and darkness as equally secure and desirable within their own.

In this age of the world pervasion, and not brute force, is the only potent means of converting a mind from error to truth. When our Protestant friends lugubriously protest that Catholics only want a chance to persecute dissenters, they are either guilty of rank hypocrisy or the victims of a disordered mind.

No person has ever been truly converted from one belief to another by force, though many have been reduced by it to outward submission to usages and forms which, in their hearts and minds, they unconditionally rejected. Persecution for conscience sake was never a weapon of the Catholic Church, though in earlier times it has been wielded by princes. Such secular powers ostensibly in her interest.

While Catholics desire the acceptance by all men of the tenets of the true faith, they recognize the fact that there is neither right nor warrant for the use of force in this connection. Christ commanded His Apostles and their successors to "teach all nations." "They who will not hear the Church let them be to you as the heathen and publicans." Nothing whatever was intended by Him when he taught that he should be construed as a warrant for driving men into the Church by physical force. Catholics are quite as familiar with these truths as the most liberal or agnostic could possibly be.

Our amiable friends should on this account have more respect for their own intelligence and moral integrity than to attribute to Catholics feelings and aims that are far more repugnant to the spirit and temper of the religious convictions of the latter, rooted in principles of truth, than to regard them as being in possession of a moral system based upon human pride and human reason.

We solemnly assure our anti-Catholic brethren that there is no desire among Catholics to persecute them. They are safe.

THE HOLY MASS.

St. Thomas Aquinas writes: "The Mass is not only the greatest of God's mercies, but is an abridgement of all the wonders He has ever wrought." St. Bonaventure says "The Mass is a compendium of God's love and of all His benefits to men." St. Alphonsus Liguori concludes that "All the honors which angels by their homages, and martyrs, and other good works, have ever given to God could not give Him as much glory as a single Mass." St. Leonard of Port Maurice says, "The Mass is the center of the Catholic religion, the condensation of all that is good and beautiful in the Church of Christ. The Mass is the miracle of miracles, the wonder of wonders. The Mass is the sun of holy religion, which dispels the cloud and restores serenity to the heavens. For my part, I am persuaded that if it were not for the Holy Mass the world would have long since tattered from its foundation, crumbled beneath the enormous weight of its many accumulated iniquities. At every moment of the day and night, during the year round, this Infinite Victim is immolated on several altars in some part of the world for the salvation of mankind, and hence the pious practices of uniting ourselves and our actions with Jesus upon the altar."

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