

The Catholic Record.

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

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The distinguished Archbishop of Toronto has been made the recipient of a magnificent carriage and span of horses by his friends in that city. It is a pleasure to note these tokens of admiration and esteem on the part of a flock towards one who has been placed to rule over them as their spiritual guide. During his residence in London Archbishop Walsh was many times made to feel that he lived in the midst of admiring friends—both clergy and lay—for oftentimes the same kindly Catholic spirit guided the heart and the hand in extending tangible proofs of the love entertained for him. Gratifying to us, indeed, is it, therefore, to know that in his new home kindness and admiration are thus practically shown for the former Bishop of London.

The "Nun of Kenmare's" new book has been published. The *Obit*, of Toronto, in reviewing the work, says, "We can only assure all who like this kind of a book that it is exactly the kind of book which will please them greatly." The title of the volume is "Life Inside the Church of Rome." In 1869 the "Nun of Kenmare" wrote an autobiography entitled "Five years in a Protestant Sisterhood and Ten Years in a Catholic Convent." She was previous to this one of the High Church party and her yearnings for a perfect state of life led her into the Catholic Church. The end of her preface reads as follows:

"In conclusion, may I be allowed to say one word to the High Churchman who may be reading this preface. I fear much that is contained herein will give him great pain; that I would rather suffer anything myself than inflict even the slightest suffering on others! But truth is above and beyond all other considerations; and I hope I have only sought truth in this narrative and in my remarks. I may make in connection therewith. Those who are wandering in darkness, yet seeking for light, may ever have our most earnest sympathy; but it is no charity to them to assure them that they are on the right road when they are wandering far from it, or to applaud their attempts to imitate Catholic practices, if they rest in them, and take this applause as an assurance that by imitating Catholic practices they have attained Catholic truth."

We should all pray that this unhappy old lady may yet be vouchsafed a spirit of repentance for her many follies. Her life will perhaps have one good effect, as showing that worldly ambition, and a passion for power and distinction, should never accompany a soul which seeks perfection in the religious state.

For some time past a person writing under the nom de plume "Fair Play Radical," has been furnishing the Toronto *Mail* with contributions designed to prove that Irishmen outside of the Belfast wing are all a very bad lot of people indeed; and that crimes without number, of all degrees of magnitude, may with justice be laid at their doors. Whether the *Mail* is more to blame for publishing these letters, or the nameless and shameless scribe for writing them, is an open question. We take it that this "Fair Play Radical" is an Irishman, or, rather, that the unlovely creature happened to be born in that country. If this be the case it will furnish still another proof that reptiles do not thrive in the green Isle, and have to die the death or seek an asylum in another land.

That Irishmen are criminals, that Irishmen are lawless, that Irishmen are dishonest and murderous is the constant cooing of this crass creature who has been dumped upon us in Canada with the brand of the Irish bill and informer in delibately stamped on his miserable nature. We might suggest for the consideration of this Gullible Irishman that if he has a penchant for criminal statistics he will find more murders, more robberies, more crimes of all kinds committed under his nose in this Belfast Ontario of ours in six months than have been committed in all Ireland, with twice as large a population, during the past year. We might also add that the results of the bye-elections in England abundantly prove that the people of that country place but little reliance on the fairy-tales of the tyrannical landlords and their craven agents, one of whom is doubtless this "Fair Play Radical" of the *Mail*.

There are Cabinet troubles in the Manitoba Government. Attorney General Martin has resigned his portfolio and it is said that the cause of his resignation is that he deceived Mr. Greenway in reference to the School Bill. He represented that Mr. Mowat is in favor of abolition of Separate schools, and that in an interview which he had with the latter gentleman he had so expressed himself. Mr. Green-

way was thus induced to adopt the policy manufactured for Manitoba between Mr. Dalton McCarthy and the Attorney-General. But Mr. Mowat's speech on the school question has thrown new light on the subject, as he nobly maintained minority rights. Mr. Greenway, it is said, reproached Mr. Martin severely for his deception, and the result was the resignation of the latter. Since Mr. Martin's resignation Governor Schulz has reserved two bills which passed the Legislature, and it is the prevalent belief that Mr. Greenway will also resign. It is not known who will succeed him, but one report has it that both Mr. Greenway and Mr. Martin will drop out of the Government and that Col. McMillan will take the Premiership.

There is a proposal before the British Parliament to abolish that absurd remnant of the penal laws which is still in force rendering a Catholic ineligible for the Lord Chancellorship of England and the Lord Lieutenantcy of Ireland. It is a disgrace to the country that these laws should have remained on the statute book to this day, and as Mr. Balfour, Lord Hartington and other Tories have harped upon the argument against Home Rule, that if Catholics were to rule Ireland they would be intolerant to the Protestant minority, they ought surely to show their own tolerance now by helping to wipe out from the statute books this relic of barbarism.

The Rev. Mr. Baxter, who has for nearly half a century been occupying himself with fixing dates when the second Advent of Christ will take place, and the world come to an end, only to find himself mistaken when the day arrived, has fixed upon a new date for the second Advent, Thursday, 5th March, 1896. He says in the English papers that on that day the prophet Daniel's great period of 2,345 years from Nehemiah's command to build Jerusalem, 445 B. C., will be then completed, and 144,000 living Christians and the saints who shall have risen again will be taken to heaven. From 1897 to 1901 millions of Christians are also to be massacred by the great anti-Christ Napoleon, and the world will soon after come to an end. The most remarkable thing about these predictions is that thousands of people are always ready to accept Mr. Baxter's predictions as if he were a true prophet sent by God to inter pret Revelation.

Writing of Mr. Mowat's course in connection with the election law the London *Free Press* of the 5th said:

"This action of the Little Premier, who in this phase of Provincial politics may be well called the Little Hypocrite, was quite in accordance with his acknowledged practices."

In the same issue of the paper, and in the very next column, the editor gives us his thoughts about Easter:

"The man to whom the return of this most gladsome religious festival of the year does not bring some tender thoughts and honorable aspirations must be strangely deficient in goodness and right sense."

The honorable aspirations and tender thoughts took possession of the editor after Mr. Mowat was written up. As applied to the *Free Press*, would not the title of Big Hypocrite make a most admirable fit.

A CATHOLIC in Barrisfield has been ordered by his landlord to move out of his house because he intends to pay his tax to the Separate school. We can imagine the clamor which would be raised by the *Mail* and James L. Hughes, the would-be M. P., if the landlord were a Catholic and the tenant a Protestant.

The resignation of the German Chancellorship by Prince Bismarck has created great consternation in Italy. Premier Crispi was not unwilling to follow the lead of so able a statesman as Bismarck, for he might retain his prestige while acknowledging the superiority of so able a leader; but it is believed that he will not submit to the leadership of one less able. This is likely to cause complications between the two countries. Speaking on the situation, the *New York Herald's* Roman correspondent says: "The triple alliance is in danger. That must be clear to any one who knows the present situation in Italy. The Radicals are utterly opposed to the influence which Germany has exerted over Italy through the triple alliance. They are stirring up the people to demand an independent national policy." In Austria, also, the resignation has caused great anxiety. Count Kalnoky, the Austrian Prime Minister, has proposed that a conference be held between the Emperors William and Francis Joseph, and King Humbert of Italy, with reference to the affairs of the three nations. It is believed in Austria that if the Emperor William

should refuse to attend such a conference there would be great uneasiness throughout Europe. The Prime Ministers of the three countries would be present should the conference take place, namely, General Von Caprivi, Count Kalnoky and Signor Crispi.

The Anti Revisionists of the Presbyterian body are deriving great satisfaction from the fact that the mock Presbytery of Princeton Theological Seminary, after several weeks of discussion, have decided against Revision of the Westminster Confession by a vote of 39 to 21. It has been said that this expresses the views of the young men who will be the clergy of the near future, but when it is remembered that these young men have been instructed by intensely Calvinistic professors like President Patten it will rather be a matter of surprise that out of 60 there should be 21 in favor of Revision. When these young men are out in the world they will undoubtedly lose their affection for the harsh doctrines of Calvinism, though at present, owing to the teaching they have received, they are strongly impregnated with those doctrines.

The following despatch is among the items sent to the *Associated Press* regarding the Garman policy of the Vatican:

Rome, April 4.—The Vatican has instructed the Papal nuncio at Berlin and Bishop Kupp to act in energetic accord with the leader of the German Centerist party, and to yield to the Government no point without securing in return a real and adequate concession.

Any one with common sense will readily see that this is an unfounded concoction of the kind which is so frequently sent by the person who makes up news items in Rome concerning the Church and the Pope. It is quite after the style of the fanatical no-Popery lecturers of America who state over and over again that the Pope desires to control the politics of those nations where Catholics have considerable strength; but those who know the customs of the Popes know very well that they leave political matters to be carried on in every country by the people of the country without interference of the so much dreaded Vatican.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The piety and religious fervor of the Catholic people of our city have shown a marked improvement since the conclusion of the missions conducted by Jesuit missionaries in the principal parishes a few weeks ago. Evidence of this fact may be seen in the great numbers of people who approach Holy Communion every Sunday morning and other mornings of the week, and in the hundreds who hasten in crowds to assist devoutly at the celebration of the divine mysteries every morning. Men and women, old and young, are to be seen at Mass every day, and hurry away, after a half hour of loving communion with our Divine Saviour, to mix with the busy world, encouraged to perform their various duties in it conscientiously and thoroughly, and fortified against the temptations which daily assail them.

Not content with the work in the larger parishes, His Grace the Archbishop with his usual love of thoroughness which is a characteristic of all his undertakings, on Tuesday week opened a mission in Brockton, a suburb of Toronto. The parishioners of this flourishing parish seized the opportunity to present him with an address of hearty welcome, love and veneration. His Grace made a feeling reply. He referred to the time when he was their pastor, and spoke of the twelve happy years he labored amongst them. During that time they were always ready and active in the cause of religion, and co-operated and sympathized with him in his work. The mission was conducted by Rev. Fathers Hand of Ottawa, and Davis of Dixie. On every occasion the church was thronged, and the good pastor, Father McCann, had the consolation of seeing hundreds receive the Holy Sacraments.

A great number of Italians is scattered over the city, most of whom are but imperfectly acquainted with English, and were, therefore, unable, in a measure, to enjoy the fruits of the missions. Recognizing this fact His Grace inaugurated a special mission for them in St. Vincent's Chapel. It was conducted during the week preceding Palm Sunday by Fathers Walsh and Cruise, both of whom are thoroughly conversant with the Italian tongue. It is needless to say that it was taken advantage of by the Italians, who flocked to the chapel to hear the gospel preached in their own familiar language to which they had been accustomed in far off sunny Italy. It was, indeed, consoling for them to hear the saving truths of religion expounded and explained to them in their native tongue and to have the opportunity of making their confessions in the same language.

Some years ago, Archbishop Lynch, of revered memory, ever watchful ever zealous for the welfare of his spiritual children, created a parish specially for the French people living "over the Don," as it is familiarly termed, and put in charge of Rev. Father Lunzeche, a most pious and earnest priest. During the past week a mission was in progress conducted by Rev. Father Languevin, who addressed a full chiton every evening. The people gladly availed themselves

of the opportunity, and almost all approached the sacraments.

The course of Lenten sermons, which were preached regularly every Sunday evening in St. Michael's Cathedral during the penitential season, was terminated on Palm Sunday by Rev. Father Walsh, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, formerly of St. Peter's Cathedral, London. This course of lectures is calculated to be productive of great good if one may judge from the persistence of the people in filling the cathedral every evening. Although the sermon of Palm Sunday evening was the last of the series, still an immense crowd attended to hear Father Walsh. If the reverend gentleman were weak enough to yield to feelings of vanity, it would indeed have been very pleasant for him to see this evidence of his ever increasing popularity with the Toronto people as a preacher of the highest order. The subject was the Passion of Christ and the Merits of Redemption. This theme, ever old but ever new, was handled in a masterly manner. As he passed from one scene to another in his description of the awful, sublime, and enterprising of the Blessed Redeemer the interest of his immense audience was shown in their riveted attention to his every word. The vivid imaginative picture which he drew of the agonizing prayer and bloody sweat in the Garden of Olives, the divine self-sacrifice of Christ who accepted the chalice of suffering because it was the will of His Heavenly Father that He should rescue the human race from the bondage of Satan, will never be forgotten. That heart assuredly would be stony which would not be melted to feelings of compassion by such a portrayal of the sufferings of our Saviour.

The services of Holy Week were conducted with great solemnity and impressiveness in St. Michael's. On Wednesday and Thursday evenings was the Office of the Tenebrae. On the first evening prior to the recitation of the Office His Grace the Archbishop gave a brief explanation of the meaning and object of the ceremonial. On a triangle were sixteen lighted candles signifying the twelve apostles, and the three Marys. One by one these candles were extinguished during the recitation of the Office and the singing of the Lamentations, until but one remained, that on the apex of the triangle representing our Blessed Redeemer. When this was taken away, there was a hush, followed by the extinguishing of all lights in the church signifying the grief of the world at the death of its Creator; and then was heard nothing but the almost inaudible voices of the clergy. The ceremonies were very impressive and calculated to draw the mind from all things earthly and fix itself in loving sympathy on the great tragedy of Calvary. The Lamentations were sung with great pathos by Fathers Laurent and McBride, and Brother Odo. On Thursday evening, after the repetition of Wednesday evening's ceremonies, the clergy went in procession to the Sacred Heart altar, where Father McBride read the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; after which His Grace offered up solemn prayers for Christian parents, the intentions of the Holy Father, the grace of a happy death, and the suffering souls, especially for the most neglected ones. The altar was most brilliantly and beautifully illuminated with many colored lights.

On Holy Thursday His Grace blessed the Holy Oils which are used in baptizing, the anointing of the dying, the ordaining of priests, and the consecrating of bishops and archbishops. There were about sixteen priests from various parts of the archdiocese present in the sanctuary. At the communion His Grace turned round and addressed a few words of earnest exhortation to the assembled priests, dwelling particularly on the duties of their sacred office, and the awful responsibility of their sublime vocation.

On Good Friday took place the Mass of the Pre-sanctified, sung by Rev. Father Hand of Ottawa, during which the venerable monks of the abbey of St. Basil, who were present, took place His Grace seized the opportunity to make a few explanations regarding the custom of Catholics in honoring holy pictures and images. They do not worship them as many non-Catholics believe. They simply honor and respect them because they relate to Christ and His saints, from which they derive the greatest comfort and inspiration. He then presented the photographs of absent friends, or that cause the patriotic to love and venerate the flag of their native land. The cross is the standard of the soldier of Christ. Why then should it not be honored, not for any intrinsic value it contains, but because of its representing the great act of redemption?

On Holy Saturday the usual ceremony of blessing the Paschal candle and Easter water took place. The service began at 7 in the morning and was terminated about 10.

On Easter Sunday morning the church-bells all over the city were continually sending forth joyful peals announcing the glad tidings of the resurrection of the Saviour and His glorious victory over sin, death and the devil. Joyfully the people responded to the summons and went in thousands to the churches to worship in wonderment and thanksgiving the grand and stupendous miracle of Christ's triumph. Solemn High Mass was celebrated in St. Michael's by the rector, Rev. Father Laurent. It had been announced that His Grace the Archbishop was going to preach, and as a consequence the cathedral was filled to the utmost by an expectant audience, which was, however, doomed to disappointment, for, at the end of Mass, Father Laurent ascended the pulpit and announced that, as His Grace had contracted a very severe cold and a headache, he was unable to preach.

However, Father Laurent treated us to a beautiful sermon on the miracle of the Resurrection. He said that this mystery was the greatest of all the mysteries, and the most joyful. A contemplation of it should fill our hearts to overflowing with love and adoration for our Divine Saviour. The proof of His divinity is grounded on it. When the Jews asked Him to prove that He was the Son of God, He told them that when they put Him to death He would rise again on the third day. The High Priest and the Synagogue endeavored to prevent the belief that He had really risen from the dead from being spread abroad among the people. They said that the soldiers on guard were asleep and His disciples came and stole the body. But the very efforts they put forth to destroy the belief only strengthened and confirmed it in the minds of the people. How was it possible that the seal could be broken, the heavy stone rolled back, and the body stolen without one guard being disturbed? Was it likely they all dreamed the same thing, as they were told they did when they said they saw Him barred from the tomb in all the brilliancy and glory of His immortality?

The reverend lecturer by a graceful transition exhorted his hearers to take means to rise glorious and sanctified on the last day, and share for all eternity in our Divine Lord's triumph.

The choir, under the direction of their energetic and popular conductor, Mr. J. Campbell, rendered Gunod's Mass. The beauty of its melodies, the richness of its harmonies, and the fine crescendos and diminuendos, especially when we have such a master hand as Mr. J. H. Lemaitre at the organ, leave an impression on the mind that is not soon forgotten. The solos of Miss Barrett, soprano, Mr. Anglin, baritone, and Messrs. Ward and McNamara, tenors, were particularly noticeable. At the offertory Lambillotte's beautiful duet, "Regina Caeli," was sung most sweetly by Mrs. Vale and Miss Murphy. P. J. N.

HOLY WEEK IN LONDON.

The closing religious exercises of the penitential season of Lent were observed in a most becoming manner by the people of London. On Sunday, 30th, the blessing of the Palm, and its distribution, was carried out in the accustomed manner, an unusually large congregation being present. Before the ceremony took place, Rev. Father Tierman explained the meaning of the impressive ceremony, saying it was a commemoration of the triumphant entry of our Blessed Redeemer into Jerusalem. The inhabitants of that city went out to meet Him, singing canticles of exultation in His honor, and crying out "Hosannah to the son of David, Blessed is He who cometh in the name of the Lord." They then spread their garments on the way, together with palm branches taken from trees that grew by the wayside. Although this was a day of joy and triumph, yet it was but the beginning of a week of sorrows unparalleled in the world's history. Jesus, knowing what was to happen, seeing the city, went over it.

Every evening during Holy Week devotions were held at 7.30. At each exercise great crowds were present. On Monday and Tuesday evenings Rev. W. Flannery, P. P., St. Thomas, preached very instructive and appropriate sermons. On Wednesday and Thursday evenings took place the impressive ceremony of the singing of the Office of Tenebrae. On Holy Thursday Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Aiyward, of St. Thomas, Rev. Fathers Tierman and Noonan acting as deacon and sub-deacon. After Mass the Blessed Sacrament was removed in solemn procession from the main altar to that of the Sacred Heart, where a beautiful repository had been prepared by the Sisters of St. Joseph. During the day large numbers of people manifested their devotion to our Blessed Lord in the holy sacrament of the Eucharist. On Good Friday, at 10 o'clock the Mass of the Pre-sanctified began. Previous to its celebration the large congregation proceeded to the altar rails, when took place the touching ceremony of the veneration of the cross, each individual thus making public manifestation of his divine faith by kissing the cross, the symbol of man's salvation. Rev. Father Tierman preached a most timely and impressive sermon on the Passion and death of Christ, bringing forcibly to the minds of his hearers the terrible event that transpired on that awful day, and drawing therefrom practical lessons that should guide us in taking as a model the life of Him who shed the last drop of His blood for our sakes. At half-past seven and half past seven the devotion of the Stations of the Cross took place.

In the evening Rev. Father Ferguson, of Assumption College, Sandwich, preached a heart-touching sermon on the Passion. His discourse was listened to with the greatest attention. On Easter Saturday morning the ceremonies of the blessing of the Easter water and paschal candle were performed by Rev. Father Tierman, after which he celebrated High Mass.

On Easter Sunday Masses were celebrated at usual hours, very large congregations being in attendance. Over one thousand persons received Holy Communion. Rev. Father Ferguson preached a powerful and impressive sermon on the "Resurrection." It was truly a learned and fervent exhortation, and for many a day will leave impressions for good firmly fixed in the hearts of his hearers. Rev. Father Tierman preached a touching sermon in the evening. On this occasion grand musical Vespers were rendered by the choir in a very superior style. Dr. Verlander and the choir deserve to be congratulated for their admirable rendering of the musical services during the week, particularly on Easter Sunday.

At St. Mary's church, Hill Street, Rev. Father Kennedy celebrated both Masses, each of which he delivered most fervent

and eloquent discourses—appropriate to the joyous festival. Over two hundred received Holy Communion. The singing of the choir, under the leadership of Miss Casle R. Rich, organist, was of an unusually grand character.

The collection at the Cathedral and St. Mary's church was the largest ever taken up in the city on a like occasion.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

N. Y. Catholic Review.

Miss Mary Dunn, of Deckertown, New Jersey, is a teacher in the Public schools, and a Catholic, a modest and unassuming woman. She has lately suffered something for her faith from the inhabitants of Deckertown, who, for the most part, are of the type that prevailed in New York and Boston before the war, and make little distinction between a Catholic and a cannibal. They made a local issue for the political leaders on the question of retaining Miss Dunn in the school, and at the election of a school trustee carried the day against the Pope and Miss Dunn. It will be necessary for this young lady to find another sphere of activity next year. However, there are compensations for her. If she had any particular aversion for the Protestant public school system, it will now be moderated, and she will have learned from experience what a few Catholics refuse to believe, that the system is Protestant in spirit if not openly, and it is dangerous to the Catholic pupil as it is offensive to the Catholic teacher.

In the struggle which Catholic education must continue to carry on throughout the Christian world, the odds are against religion. Sagacity as well as duty requires that no step should be left untraced which shall equip Catholic schools for their own preservation; for the preservation of mortals and refinement which are so largely entrusted to their keeping. During the present quarter century there has been a marked improvement in American educational institutions. A higher standard of scholarship has been firmly established. Special departments have been created on a par with corresponding ones in Europe. British and Continental scholarships have been explored for eminent professors whose services have been secured by substantial compensation. Scarcely a month passes untraced by a munificent private bequest, while foundations have been laid on large lines by generous wealth.

Milwaukee Citizen.

Lord Mandeville, who has just become Duke of Manchester, has a record as follows:

Marrried an American heiress.
Spent her money and deserted her.
Took up with Bessie Bellwood, a music hall singer.

Has been declared bankrupt for \$125,000.

As duke of Manchester he becomes a member of the House of Lords.

Also acquires the right of nominating the pastors to seven church livings.

The morals proceeding from these facts are wholesome for such American millionaires as are still willing to replenish the resources of the English aristocracy. These are the sort of men who compose that fine body.

As Labouchere said last week in the House of Commons: there are men debauched from the race track and the gambling resort who, nevertheless, succeed by hereditary right in entering the House of Lords to make laws for the nation. And it indicates an inevitable phase of Church and State relationship that sooner or later the power to name pastors and bishops drifts into the hands of such men. How Satan must laugh!

Boston Pilot.

The Boston *Pilot*, writing editorially of Cardinal Newman, on the occasion of his nineteenth birthday, February 28, commends his writings for their literary value to those who would not appreciate them from the religious standpoint. Says the *Pilot*:

"His prose style is of the purest, and his poetry is notable for its depth of religious feeling and for its simplicity of utterance. It is strange that his works, which are unusually interesting, if for nothing else for their perfection of form, should be passed over as they have been by the students of literature in this country for those of writers far less worthy of study."

The *New York Sun* recalls the fact that the London *Times*, in paying damages to Mr. Parsons for a published notice, was celebrating a centennial. Just a hundred years ago its publisher, Mr. John Walter, was sentenced to pay two fines of £100 each for libels on the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence. It costs fifty times as much to libel a commoner to day as it did to slander a prince a century ago; but then it must be admitted that the *Times* is now fifty times as mean and false as it was in these days.

EVERY CATHOLIC SHOULD READ THIS.

The following excellent piece of advice from the Bishop of Goulburn has been going the rounds of the Catholic press, and deserves to continue on its course until it reaches the eye of every Catholic. The Bishop, while speaking at a banquet said it was his desire to see a Catholic paper in every Catholic home throughout his diocese. It was only in the thoroughly Catholic journals that all events and circumstances connected with our religion and our institutions, and the general progress of the Church, were fully and accurately chronicled, and while he did not wish to offer a word of complaint about the local press, he certainly wished it to be known, and wished it to be published that it was the duty of every Catholic who could possibly afford it to take a Catholic paper and pay for it.

"They Also Merve Who Only Stand and Wait."

"The fields are whitening 'neath the ripening grain. I long to toil among the reapers there: What fairer shew than I'll gather ere the rain. To prove my gratitude for God's dear care."

KNOCKNAGOW OR, THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXXI—CONTINUED. In the matter of smiling faces, however, we should make one more exception besides the bashful young women whose potatoes fall to pieces. Miss Lloyd was haunted by the bold goose. That doughty looking object seemed both to fascinate and frighten her. She stared at it as a shy horse will stare at a white wall. At last, unable to resist any longer, she held out her plate and asked to be helped to the boiled goose. A young farmer, who sat opposite that neglected and utterly forlorn looking bird, jumped to his feet and plunged fork into its side; and then sawed away vigorously with his knife, but without any regard to the bones or joints of the boiled goose. In spite of his vigorous exertions—or rather in consequence of them—the unhappy boiled goose rolled and slipped about the dish, but lost not a particle of flesh under the knife of the operator.

Now, this young farmer partook of boiled goose in his own house on an average once a week—that is to say, every Sunday—since Michaelmas. But then the goose was always dimembered before it was put into the pot with the dumplings. And a very savoury dish, too, is goose and dumplings cooked in this way. Miss Lloyd held out her plate patiently till her arm began to feel tired, when the young farmer, becoming quite desperate, pulled his fork out of the boiled goose, and plunging it into the piece of fat pork that happened to be within arm's length of him, slashed off some two or three pounds of the same, and flung it upon the young lady's plate, exclaiming: "Maybe you'd rather have a bit of this, miss."

Miss Lloyd stared helplessly at the morsel of pork on her plate, which, in her bewilderment, she continued to hold out at arm's length. Whereupon, the young farmer added a liberal supply of cabbage, and Miss Lloyd laid down the plate before her, looking as dejected as Mat Donovan's cock when he was going to walk into the fire, after falling from the collar-beam upon Phil Luby's hat. And during the rest of the meal Miss Lloyd seemed quite as incapable of further action as the bashful young woman for whom Nelly Donovan wanted "a little lane bit."

Dinner over, the two pipers and three fiddlers struck up "Haste to the Wedding," which was the signal for removing the two rows of tables, and the floor was immediately cleared for dancing.

Mr. Robert Lloyd led out the bride; and, after a good deal of rough shaking and pushing, Mat Donovan persuaded the bridegroom to go through the usual bowing and scraping in front of Miss Lloyd, who was roused from the stupor into which the fat pork had thrown her by the words, "I dance to you, miss," which were uttered by Nelly Brophy much in the same tone and with the same look as usually accompany the phrase, "I'm sorry for your trouble."

"Come, Mr. Luby," said Father Hannigan, "don't you see Miss Isabella there, throwing sheep's eyes at you? Out with you and join the fun."

"Mr. Luby, your owl," exclaimed Nelly Donovan, clapping him on the back, "because the furo is full!" And Nelly seized Luby by the hand and pulled him along till they found a place among the dancers.

Hugh Kearney walked down the barn looking to the right and left among the blooming damsels, but it was evident the object of his search was not in sight.

"You want somebody," said Mat Donovan, with a meaningful look.

"Well, I do," replied Hugh. "I want a partner."

"Who is she, an' I'll make her out for you?"

"That's just what I don't know," replied Hugh. "But 'tis the girl with the white jacket."

Mat shook his head, as much as to say, "Sure, now, I knew what was in your mind." And then looking all around for the white jacket, Mat Donovan said aloud: "The nicest little girl!" and there was a melancholy tenderness in his voice, and a softness in his smile, which made Hugh at once suspect that the owner of the white jacket was no stranger to Mat the Thrasher.

"Who is she?" he asked.

"Bessy Morris, sir," replied Mat, after a moment's silence, as if he were roused from a reverie.

"Is that old Phil's granddaughter?"

Hugh asked in surprise. "I know her very well, but I have not seen her for a long time."

"She was in Dublin at her aunt's, sir," replied Mat. "I think she's gone into the house now to put a stitch in the bride-maid's gown; that Watlerose is after driving his fat through—would you doubt him! I'll run in for her."

He soon returned with Bessy Morris, who blushed and laughed as he told her how Mr. Hugh Kearney had singled her out.

"I really did not know you," said Hugh, as he shook hands with her, "till Mat told me who you were."

"They all tell me I am greatly altered, sir," she replied, "but I can't see it myself."

"We have some purty girls here to-night, sir," said Mat, looking round on every side.

"Very pretty girls," Hugh replied. "There, for instance, that fair-haired girl sitting near the musicians is about as handsome a girl as ever I saw."

"So she is, sir," said Mat. "She's called the Swan of Coolmore. But for all that," he added, with a humorous glance at Bessy Morris, "tis the white jacket he was looking for."

"Oh, but Bessy and I are old acquaintances," replied Hugh, laughing.

"Nabocklish!" returned Mat. "You could me you didn't know who she was. But I always said you had a good eye uv your own eye."

The two pipers and three fiddlers found the "business" difficult, but Mat looked out for a partner for "the first bout."

"Now, which would you advise me to take?" he asked, stroking his chin as if he found it difficult to make up his mind.

"The swan or the bride-maid—the golden ticks or the golden guineas?"

This question had the effect of making Bessy Morris look very earnestly at him. But she laughed when he added:

"Here goes for a shake of the ould sauceman."

"But you are forgetting," said Bessy, "that you were desired to make some punch for the ladies?"

"Oh, murther!" he exclaimed, "that ould sauceman put it out of my head."

Billy Heffernan here appeared at the door with a jug of boiling water in each hand, and Mat hurried to the table to make the punch for the ladies; which punch was soon "shared" all round, and caused an immense deal of coughing, and a grand display of "turkey red" pocket handkerchiefs.

Hugh found his partner so lively and intelligent, and altogether so captivating, that he quite overlooked the fact that the dancing had commenced, till the swaying of Luby Hanley's legs warned him that he must either retire, or join in the rest.

The "merry din'" now commenced in right earnest; but beyond all question the happiest mortal under the roof of Ned Brophy's barn that night was Barney Brodberick, who, fenced by a table, in a corner all to himself, rattled away through all his wonderful steps as if he thought it a sin to let a single bar of jig reel, or double go for nothing.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN OLD GENTLEMAN'S NOTIONS OF SECURITY OF TENURE.

Father Hannigan and Maurice Kearney, with old Phil Morris and Phil Haney, and a few more choicest spirits, drew close together round the social board, and enjoyed themselves in their own way.

"I gave my daughter to Ned Brophy," said old Larry Clancy, in reply to a question of Father Hannigan's—"I gave my daughter to Ned Brophy, because he has a good landlord."

"A good landlord is as good as a good lease," said Maurice Kearney.

"I do not know that," returned Larry Clancy, slowly and emphatically. "For my own part, I'd rather have a good lease wud the worst landlord that ever broke bread. Security is the only thing to give a man courage."

"It's right," exclaimed old Phil Morris, striking his stick against the ground. "Security is the only thing. Bat if every man was of my mind he'd have security or know for what."

"Hold your tongue, you old sinner," said Father Hannigan, who had often combated Phil Morris's views, as to how the land question could be brought to a speedy settlement.

"I have my old pike yet—an' maybe I'd want it yet!" he exclaimed, with a look of defiance at the priest. "An' the maa that'd come to turn me out on the road, as I see others turned out on the road, I'd give him the length of it, as sure as God made Moses."

"And a wing for it," said Father Hannigan.

"Ay, an' swing for it," shouted the old Croppy; for it was maa-kel belief that shattered Phil Morris's knee in '98. "Ay, an' swing for it."

"And be damned," added the priest. "Don't you know 'tis murder—wilful murder?"

"I don't know that," he replied. "But the prayers of the congregation would carry the man's soul to heaven that'd do a maa; an' an' put a tyrant out uv the country, and keep other tyrants from following his example. 'Tis self defence," he added striking his stick against the ground; "tis justice."

"Tis bad work," said Father Hannigan. "An' that wud look lacher or grace like never come of it."

"I agree with you," Hugh Kearney observed, who had joined them during the latter part of the discussion.

"You do!" exclaimed old Phil, turning upon him with a scowl. "An' who the devil cares what you or the likes of you agree with? You're well off as you are, and little trouble 'd give you to see the people hunted like dogs."

"You're wrong there, Phil," replied Hugh. "I'd like to see that old pike of yours taken from the thatch for a maa; fight like that you fought in '98. But that's a different thing."

"Well, I know that," returned Phil Morris, letting his chin drop upon his chest, and seeming to brood over the subject for a minute or two. "But five years ago," he added, "I could count three-an'-twenty houses, big an' little between the cross uv Lisacraig an' Shanabally-bridge; an' to-day you couldn't light your pipe along that whole place uv a road, banna' at a house

—and that's my own. An' why am I left very well, but I have not seen her for a long time."

"Because they know I'd do it," he muttered through his clenched teeth, as if he were speaking to himself.

"That's no use in talking to him," said the priest.

"There's no use in what he says," said old Lorry Clancy, in his slow, emphatic way. "I say," he added, looking at the priest, "there's no use in what he says."

"Don't be talking foolish," returned Father Hannigan, who saw that the eyes of three or four small farmers were fixed inquisitively on his face. "Good never came of it."

"Do you hear him!" exclaimed old Phil Morris, turning to Hugh Kearney. "Well, to a great extent," said Hugh, after a short silence—for he saw they all expected he would speak—to a great extent I agree with Father Hannigan. But there is no use in denying that the dread of assassination is the only protection the people have against extermination in this part of Ireland."

"I say 'tis justice in the eye uv God," exclaimed old Phil Morris, "to punish the bloody tyrants—the robbers and murderers that rob the people uv their little spots, an' turn 'em out to parish. 'Tis justice an' turn 'em out to parish. 'Tis justice an' old Phil struck his stick against the ground and looked around there was a murmur of applause from the bystanders, who by this time were pretty numerous.

"The man that believes he is robbed or persecuted," said the priest "cannot be an impartial judge. If every one was to judge tyrants themselves; but tyrants would be nothing but violence and bloodshed."

"Well, what do you say to giving the exterminator a fair trial before judge and jury?"

"What judge and jury?"

"Tisn't the judge an' jury in the court-house," returned Phil Morris, "because they're all for the tyrants, an' some uv 'em tyrants themselves; but fair jury uv 'em people, an' a fair judge."

"I know what you mean," said Father Hannigan. "But if the judge and jury in the court house be all for the tyrant, don't you think your judge and jury would be as much for the victim?"

"No; they'd never condemn a man that didn't deserve it," replied Phil.

"I'm not a man," returned the priest, "blinded by passion—perhaps smothering under wrong themselves, or dreading their own turn might come next—couldn't be a fair judge and jury, Phil, even if what you speak of were lawful or just in the sight of God. So hold your tongue."

"Ay, that's the way always. 'How'd your tongue settles it,'" continued Father Hannigan, as that gentleman returned to his seat; "and if he put out a tenant would you shoot him?"

"The devil a hair uv his head would be touched," replied Phil. "He gives good leases at a fair rent; and the man that does that won't turn out a tenant unless he deserves to be turned out. Answer me this question. Did you ever know uv a good landlord to be shot, or a good agent? Answer me that?"

"Well, no," replied the priest. "I never did."

"There it is," observed Larry Clancy, as if that settled the question, and Father Hannigan had thrown up the sponge.

"Well, now, Mr. Luby," said Father Hannigan, "what's your opinion of this matter?"

"I'm almost entirely ignorant of it," he replied. "But I confess I came over to Ireland under the impression that the people were lawless and revengeful, particularly in your county."

"You only saw the dark side of the picture," returned Father Hannigan. "We are not so black as we are painted."

"I believe that. An' a remark made by an Irish judge, with whom I had the honour of dining a few weeks ago, made a great impression on me, I confess."

"What did he say?"

"He had sentenced several men to be hanged a short time before, and a gentleman present made some severe remarks, while discussing the subject of agrarian outrages, when Judge said: 'I never met an instance of a landlord being killed, who did not deserve it—I won't to be hanged, as I am a judge—but I do say, a case of the kind never came before me that the landlord did not deserve to be hanged!'"

Old Phil Morris looked with astonishment at the speaker.

"He'd hit there," he exclaimed, reaching his horny hand across the table. "If you were the devil you'd be honest maa; that I don't despise of old Ireland yet," said the priest. "The people are good if they only get fair play."

"Ireland will never do any good till we have trade and manufactures of our own," observed Phil Luby. And a certain thickness of utterance indicated that Phil had forgotten his resolution respecting the "white-headed" man.

"Our rulers crushed our trade and manufactures," said Father Hannigan.

"Yes," returned Phil Luby, "but the people are too much given to farming. A beggarly sky farmer that's stuck in the mud from mornin' to night, an' don't know beef from mutton—no, nor the taste of an egg; for if he dare look at a hen's tail, his wife would fling the dish-tub at him. An' that poor crawler, with his head bald from the rain droppin' on it from the eave from standin' outside his honour's window, waitin' till his honour condescended to talk to him—that beggar would despise the tradesman an' look down on him. Tom Hogan comes in to me this mornin' to know was there any news in the paper. 'There's a,' says I, 'I'll read one uv the best articles ever you hear of for you.' Says I, 'Look at the markets,' says Tom Hogan. 'Ha! ha! ha!' says I. 'An' Phil Luby laughed quite sardonically. "Look at the markets," Ha! ha! ha!"

"There's some truth in what you say," said Father Hannigan.

"Ay," continued Phil, "an' the big farmer will make doctors an' attorneys of his sons instead of settin' 'em up in business."

"I'm going to blind my youngest son to his uncle," said Mr. Kearney.

"For a wonder," returned Phil Luby, "tasting his punch; and, not considering Hugh's eye, with or without his father's consent, and if it were arranged that they were to be married that day week, or any day before Ash Wednesday, it would not

"I fear you are forgetting your promise," Hugh observed.

"What promise?" Phil asked.

"Not to drink anything stronger than cordial," Phil Luby stated at the speaker for half a minute; and then stared at the double entendre for half a minute more. There's a fact, Phil Luby felt himself in a dilemma. Making a sudden dive, however, at the ginger cordial decanter, he filled his glass and carefully added the glass of cordial to the two glasses of whiskey in his tumbler.

"Will that please you?" he asked, turning to Hugh, as if that didn't satisfy him nothing could.

Hugh rubbed his hand over his face, and did his best to keep from laughing.

"Would you doubt Phil for getting out of a promise?" observed Father Hannigan.

"He'd drive a coach-and-six through any promise that ever was made—so old Dan used to say of an Act of Parliament."

"Old Dan said many a good thing," rejoined Phil Luby, not choosing to notice the reference to the "promise."

"But the best thing ever he said," he continued, "was that he was about taking refuge in a severe fit of sneezing. 'An' you'll see Ireland yet—' Here Phil stopped short, as if he had lost the thread of his discourse; but after a good pull at the glass, he seemed to find it again, and added: "When a redcoat will be great a storm brewin'," he continued, with a portentous scowl. "Columbkille's words is comin' to pass. An' the day will come when we can drive the invader out of Ireland—wud square-wattles, as Mat the Thrasher said the other day."

"But I don't like to hear you running down the farmers," observed Father Hannigan.

"I don't run down the farmers—except when they deserve it."

"Manufactures are good," continued Father Hannigan; "and we'll have enough of them when our fine harbors are crowded with the shipping of America—and of the whole world. But for all that I'd be sorry to see the homes of the peasantry disappearing from the face of our plain, and the people crowded into factories."

"You're right," exclaimed Phil Luby, almost with a shout.

"Princes or lords may flourish or may fade,"

Mat Donovan had a new song that touches the table, and all walked anxiously for Mat the Thrasher's new song, of which many of the company had heard.

Mat Donovan leant back in his chair, and with a huge hand resting on the table, and clatching one of the gilt buttons on the front of the blue body coat with the other, he turned his eyes to the collar-beam, and sang in a fine mellow voice:

THE PEASANT FARMER'S SONG—FOR THE TIME TO COME.

I've a pound for to lend, and a pound for to spend— And needn't make my word for a friend; Nor for in your glassie nor on my kilt, Come to my own glasses, the first cup we'll drain.

To the comrades we lost on the red battle plain, Oh, we'll cherish their fame, boys, who died long ago— And we'll sing to any man whether or not he's a hero.

The spinning-wheels stop, and my girls grow pale, While their mother is telling some sorrowful tale. Or old cabins levelled, and coffins graves, And ships swallowed up in the salt ocean waves.

But, girls, that's over—for each of you now I'll have twenty-five pounds and a three-year cow.

And we'll have lan na mhala at your weddin'.

And what's that to any man whether or not he's a hero.

Come here, *dean na tigha*, sit beside me a while, And the pride of your heart let me read in your smile. Would you give your old home for the lord's hall? Hat you give at my risk that hangs on the wall.

And your two gallant boys on parade-day in the ranks of the brave 'neath the banner of green.

Oh! I've taught them to guard it 'gainst traitor and foe—man whether or not he's a hero.

But the youngest of all is the "white-headed" of your heart, and our pride and our joy.

From the dance and the hurling he'll steal off to pray.

And will wander alone by the river all day. He's as good as the priest at his Latin I hear.

And to college, please God, we will send him next year.

Oh, he'll offer the Mass for our souls when we're gone.

And what's that to any man whether or not he's a hero.

Your hands, then, old neighbors! one more glass we'll drain: And old maa-faite again and again: May discord and treason keep far from our shore.

He's the king of good fellows, the poor, honest evermore. So we'll live and be merry as long as we can, And we'll cling to old Ireland through woe.

And what's that to any man whether or not he's a hero.

have surprised Mat Donovan in the least. But while she talked and laughed with Hugh Kearney, her hand remained resting on the sleeve of the blue body-coat.

Perhaps this little incident did not mean much. Mat Donovan never for a moment thought it meant anything. But he kept his arm quite still, and would not have frightened away that little hand for a trifle.

"That's a right good song, Mat," said Father Hannigan.

"The chorus," observed Phil Luby, who seemed in a mood for contradiction, "is as old as the hills."

"So much the better," replied the priest. "Are we going to get a song from anyone else?"

"Billy Heffernan has another new wad," said a voice from the crowd.

"Don't mind it!" exclaimed Phil Luby, contemptuously. "It's a 'come-all-ye.' By which Phil meant that Billy Heffernan's new song belonged to that class of ballads which invariably commence: 'Come all ye rascals, Christians, I hope you will draw near.'"

"Tis a come-all-ye," repeated Phil Luby. "Don't bother us wud it."

The twang of the fiddle, followed by the sound of drone and chanter, however, showed that the dancers were becoming impatient, and had urged the musicians to strike up; and Lory Hanly was immediately on his legs again with his partner, to fetch the "bout" which Father Hannigan had entreated so unceremoniously.

Hugh Kearney was about asking Bessy Morris to dance again, when Nelly Donovan came up to him.

"Come into the parlour, sir," said she. "Tis cleared up, an' Mr. Flaherty is ather consentin' to play a few sets for the ladies."

To the great satisfaction of many of the boys, and not a few of the girls, the priest and the "ladies and gentlemen," with about a dozen of the more genteel among the guests, withdrew to the dwelling-house. Mr. Lowe offered his arm to Miss Lloyd, and Miss Isabella evidently expected that Hugh Kearney would conduct her through the yard. But Hugh kept possession of the piquant Bessy, and Father Hannigan gallantly offered his arm to Miss Isabella, who, in spite of her good humour, looked a little vexed. Lory Hanly refused point blank to accompany them, declaring that he considered the "bettes value;" in which opinion Mr. Robert Lloyd entirely concurred, and pronounced Lory a lad of spirit. And here we have to record a very curious fact. No sooner was the priest's back turned than fully half-a-score of seats round the barn might have been dispensed with; for by some strange chance quite a number of the prettiest girls found themselves sitting on their partners' knees—an arrangement, however, which not a single "matron's glance" attempted to "reprova." And now the fun began in right earnest. But not a single dancer, during that memorable night, so distinguished and covered himself with glory, as Lory Hanly, who tired down all his partners, even Nelly Donovan, who was never before known to throw up the sponge. And Barney Brodberick, too, called down thunders of applause by dancing a "single bout" upon the big table.

In the midst of the cheers that greeted Barney's performance, Nelly Donovan pushed her way through the crowd to Billy Heffernan, and asked breathlessly: "Billy, have you your flute?"

"Why so?" returned Billy, in by no means a cheerful manner.

"Because they want you to play the 'Frolle,'" replied Nelly, excitedly.

"Who wants me to play it?" Billy asked, rubbing his nose.

"Father Hannigan, and all uv 'em. Have you the flute?"

"Well, I have the flute," said Billy. "But I don't know what to say about playin' the 'Frolle' while Mr. Flaherty is there. Maybe 'tis turned out I'd be like the pipers." Billy Heffernan evidently stood in awe of the great Flaherty.

"Come away," exclaimed Nelly. "Tis he wants to hear it. Maa alive! if you heard the way Father Hannigan praised you to the stars. He said you wor a born talent. Come, before they're up for the next set."

"Are they dancin'?" Billy asked, scratching his head, as if he sought for an excuse to put off the ordeal as long as possible.

"They are, they are," Nelly exclaimed, impatiently. "The strange gentleman an' Miss Lloyd is ather dancin' that new dance they call the polka. An' faith, 'tis no great things uv a dance. 'Tis all balls-balls-baw-sheen. Mysef don't know how they stand it—"

Tal-tal, tal-tal, tal-tal! And Nelly sang a somewhat monotonous dancing tune which was then known in those parts as "the polka."

"By my word," continued Nelly Donovan, contemptuously, "they'd soon get tired uv it—only for the ketchin'."

Billy Heffernan screwed his flute together, and sounded low D.

"Maybe I'd want a drink," said Nelly, with whom the old flute was evidently an old acquaintance.

"No, 'tis all right," Billy replied. "I'll do it yestherday. But sure there's no hurry; an' if I was flathered I'd make a show uv mysef. Sit down while an' tell me who's wudin, an' how they're goin' on."

"Wishes, sure you know the whole uv 'em as well as mysef," Nelly replied, as she sat down. "Miss Isabella is a darlin', she's so pleasant. I must be tellin' Miss Mary to-morrow what an eye she has after Mr. Hugh. I'd bound my life she'd rather have him than the young landlord, or whatever he is. But had 'em to me, Billy, but Bessy Morris has all right about her. I think she must have a four-leafed shamrock or somethin'."

She bates the world. An' 'tisn't because she's so handsome. There's Alke Ryan, an' she's the odder a purtier girl—an' faith she'dn't want to be reminded uv that same either. If you see the bitter look she gave Tom Daniel, just because he axed her was id long since they had a letter from her brother. An' signs on, the devil a much any wan cares about her, in spite uv all her beauty. An' look at 'em all ready, you'd think, to put their hands under Bessy's feet."

"Wishes, begor, Nelly," returned Billy Heffernan, "you wouldn't let id go wud any wan uv 'em yours'f."

"Arrah, now, Billy, what sign uv a

fool do you see on me? Don't think you can come Jack Hannan over me that way. The man that'll buy me for a fool, will be a long way out of his money."

"I'm on'y tellin' the honest thruth," replied Billy, solemnly. "I said id to myself when you wex dancin' wud Tom Daniel's wife."

She looked at him with pleased surprise, but said nothing.

"What way is Phil Luby goin' on?" he asked. "Is he stickin' to the cordial?"

The question seemed to cast a gloom over Nelly Donovan's face, but, rousing herself, she replied laughing: "Well, yes; he's stickin' to the cordial, but I'm afraid he puts in a drop uv the hard-wares sometimes by mistake."

"He's all right," Billy remarked, "till he comes to the holy water."

"Faith, then, he is ather comin' to id," she replied. "Just as I was comin' out he was tellin' Father Hannigan the ould story, how he never went to bed wudout sprin'g himself wud the holy water."

"He must be loonid after," said Billy Heffernan. "I promised Nora I'd have an eye to him. But he has so many turns and twists in him 'tis hard to manage him. 'Tis euter and euter he gets the more he has taken. No matter what you'd say, he'd have an argument spin uv you."

"Well, here, come away," said Nelly, taking him by the arm and pulling him to the door. He walked voluntarily across the yard, but came to a stand outside the parlour door, and Nelly was obliged again to have recourse to force to get him in.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Ballad Singer's Crime.

The following are the words of the ballad referred to by Mr. Gladstone in his recent speech at those for which a street singer and his wife received three months' imprisonment.

Dear mother, I now take my pen in hand to write to you again. To let you know my brother Joe is in the State of Maine with me. And a neighboring boy, called Tommy Molloy, sends you word also that he will sail for Ireland when the landings go.

Chorus. Arrah, alanna, don't be crying though I am far away From the collage where you reared me up and where I used to play. Better times are shortly coming to alleviate our woe. And we'll all embark for Ireland when the landings go.

Chorus. The landlord compassed you with a very tender hand. He heeded not the widow's wall nor the orphan's cry. He thought to get the farm till the Land League told him no. But we'll all go home to Ireland when the landings go.

Chorus. Though I'm far away from Ireland, still the farm try and keep. It would be well with me if I knew, but now it's very cheap. The only tenants are the rats, the jackdaw, and the crow. So we'll all go home to Ireland when the landings go.

Chorus. The Land League is watching you from every bush and tree. There's not a man in Ireland would take a widow's farm. There's not one for to till the ground, nor yet the crop to sow. But we'll all go home to Ireland when the landings go.

INGERSOLL ANSWERED.

BISHOP SPALDING OF PEORIA EXPOSES THE FALLACIES OF ATHEISM.

A BRILLIANT ARTICLE IN THE ARENA ON "GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION"—AMERICA A CHRISTIAN COUNTRY—THE BLESSINGS WHICH CHRISTIANITY HAS SHED UPON THE WORLD AND UPON HUMANITY.

In the April number of the Arena, Right Rev. John L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, Ill., replies to Robert G. Ingersoll's previous argument against recognizing the existence of God in the American constitution. That the reply is able, exhaustive and conclusive those who have followed the career of this gifted prelate need not be told. Starting out with the proposition that the founders of the colonies were a strongly religious people, and that the seed of reverence for sacred things had been sown at the very foundation of our national system, Bishop Spalding argues that the framers of the constitution did not omit an acknowledgment of the Divine guidance because they did not believe in it, but because they were conscious of its general acceptance by the people. What they essayed to do was to avoid religious differences in the debates, so that the main purpose of the constitution—the establishment of a homogeneous nation—might not be menaced. The delegates were wise men and patriots; they did not choose to cloud the great question by surrounding it with irritating and perplexing and not scientific questions.

It is in this sense, says Dr. Spalding, "which induced them to leave the question of religion to the several states, and which led to the first constitutional amendment, taking from Congress the power to make laws 'respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.' This amendment was made

NOT FOR THE DESTRUCTION BUT FOR THE PROTECTION OF RELIGION

by men who believed that religion, which alone gives to the moral character the glow of enthusiasm and the strength of abiding convictions, is the surest safeguard of free and beautiful public life. Had our fathers been sceptics or anti-theists, they would not have required the President and Vice President, the senators and representatives in Congress, and all executive and judicial officers of the United States, to call God to witness that they intend to perform their duties under the constitution, like honest men and loyal citizens."

Realizing that the conditions existing at the time of the first constitutional convention do not prevail now, Bishop Spalding argues in favor of a full and manly recognition of God's sovereignty and providence by the nation. To this Colonel Ingersoll objects. The great agnostic buffoon says: "Intelligent people know that no one knows whether there is a God or not." This is a radical assertion. To know that no one knows whether or not God is one should have a thorough, comprehensive and critical knowledge of the development and history of philosophic thought from Socrates to Kant and Mr. Herbert Spencer, and I venture to think there are not a dozen intelligent Americans who are willing to claim that they possess such knowledge. Nearly all intelligent men, in every age, including our own, have believed in God, and have held that they had rational grounds for such faith. What new information, what deep insight, what access of mental strength have the intelligent people of Colonel Ingersoll gained, that they know that they are ignorant of God's existence, however it may have been modified, been invalidated or weakened even by the revelations of science? Kant's criticism of reason has, doubtless, affected theistic, as it has influenced all modern thought. He has shown that all our knowledge is a synthesis of contingent impressions; that the agnostic conditions; but they are necessary.

WE CANNOT KNOW THE RELATIVE WITHOUT KNOWING THE ABSOLUTE, nor the phenomenal without knowing the noumenal. Modern agnostics, following the lead of Kant, deny the objective validity of the conditions of thought; but consciousness witnesses that the subjectivity of any true category is inconceivable. The proofs of God's existence which Kant's criticism appar-

ently weakened, have, during the last twenty-five years, steadily gained in the estimation of the best and most impartial thinkers. Stuart Mill, who had been brought up an atheist, recognizes their force in the essays published after his death.

No believer, it is needless to say, claims that we have an adequate knowledge of God, for this would be a denial of the necessity of faith. He alone can grasp His own infinite perfection, and we look to Him as to the sun with eyes blinded by the too great light. But is not all knowledge partial ignorance? So long as we walk contented through the world of fact and appearance our path is smooth and our progress secure; but when we attempt to look beneath and ask ourselves what anything is apart from its sensible presentation, we sink into boundless regions, where intellectual light grows dim. The mind is superior to whatever it comprehends, and hence the infinite Adorable must forever clothe Himself in mystery. But our knowledge of the truth of science is not more certain or more clear than our knowledge of God's being. We know that matter is, but what it is we can only conjecture. It can be known by us only in terms of mind, and hence our knowledge of the soul is more intimate and more immediate than our knowledge of corporeal substance. Unless we are willing to accept the crude realism of the uneducated, we cannot hold that matter is an object of experience. God is the idea of ideas, the ultimate in thinking, without whom all thought is chaotic.

KNOWLEDGE BEINGS AND EXISTENCE BELIEF. The atheist and agnostic advance with confidence to prove there is no God, or that man cannot know there is, but the human soul, in the midst of a transitory and shadowy world, cleaves to the Eternal, the source of life, and love, and hope. Americans believe in God, believe they know He is, and to assure them, as Colonel Ingersoll does, that such faith is evidence of lack of intelligence, will, I imagine, leave the fact unchanged.

But, if we are, as a nation, to recognize there is a God, what God, asks Colonel Ingersoll, shall we choose: the God of the Catholics, of the Presbyterians, of the Methodists, or the Baptists? This objection is childish, and it is enough to answer that, whatever doctrinal differences on other points may exist among them, Christians and Jews acknowledge one and the same God, as Republicans and Democrats have the same country, as men of science have for the object of their investigations one and the same nature, however various and contradictory even their views and conclusions may be.

"The government of God," Colonel Ingersoll urges, "has been tried," and he thinks has been found wanting. It was tried in Palestine; in Europe, during the middle ages; in Geneva, under Calvin; in Scotland, under the Presbyterians; in New England, under the Puritans, and, as Colonel Ingersoll holds, the result, in every case, was failure, cruelty and misery. But we are indebted to the government of God in Palestine for our moral earnestness and strength, our passion for justice and righteousness.

THE INFLUENCE WHICH RADIATED FROM CHRISTIANITY

has stimulated and invigorated every people which during the last 1900 years have risen to a higher, purer and more intelligent life. The middle age sprang from the chaos which resulted from the ruin of pagan civilization and the incursions of the barbarians. It is brought order out of chaos, saved Europe from Mahometanism, created parliaments, instituted trial by jury, invented the printing press and gunpowder, built the social structure upon the monogamic family, preserved the literatures of Greece and Rome, produced the manifold and sturdy kind of life, which made Shakespeare possible, and which has made immortal, the work which he has done. Popular rights from a tyrant's hands, and when it was about to fade away before the coming age, as the moon grows pale when the sun.

"Fricks his beams, and with new spangled ore, Flames in the forehead of the morning sky."

It sent Columbus to open another world to human energy.

The government of God has indeed, been tried; but has the government of atheism or agnosticism been tried? If there has ever been a government of atheism it has existed only among the lowest savages; and as a system of thought, atheism gains acceptance only in epochs of decadence.

IT IS A CREED OF DESPAIR.

Replying to another of Ingersoll's slipshod and senseless charges against the Christian religion, Bishop Spalding says: "To affirm there can be no room for God and man in the constitution or anywhere, if it have any meaning at all, is bald atheism. It to recognize God in the constitution would prove the American people to be ignorant and superstitious, to believe in God at all is evidence of ignorance and superstition, and since Americans, as a matter of fact, with few exceptions, do believe in Him, Colonel Ingersoll must hold that they are ignorant of such thing as a Christian nation is to be a sophisticated. Nation is an abstraction, and an abstraction cannot be Christian, but neither can it be free, and therefore there can be no such thing as a free nation. 'The Church has,' says Colonel Ingersoll, 'been the sworn enemy of investigation and intellectual development.' The Church preserved the literatures of Greece and Rome, and by the genius which forever burns there, the modern mind has been set aglow, and the classics are still the best school of the most perfect intellectual culture. The authors of scientific investigation are Descartes and Bacon. Both were Christians; Descartes, a Catholic, and Bacon, a Jesuit, and all his life the intimate friend of saints; Bacon, a Protestant. Not only the originators of modern science but nearly all the great investigators of physical truth—Copernicus, Kessler, Newton, Leibnitz, Ampere, Liebig, Fresnel, Faraday, Mayer, Agassiz, Van Beneden, Pasteur, WARREN OR PROTESTANT.

With the genius of the critic, who would empty the universe of God and

leave men to wallow in the slough of matter, and to be ground to atoms by the infinite fatal machine, the church, doubtless, has never had any sympathy. Colonel Ingersoll's love of outrageous assertion is a will of the wisp which leads him into quagmires where there is no solid ground of fact or theory. A destructive critic necessarily stumbles, when his style jolts from epigram to epigram. Then Colonel Ingersoll is too indignant. Indignation is a passion which we soon weary, one which a good writer will rarely indulge, and his wrath at the ways of God and religious men, the sublime fury which the sight of a priest or a preacher arouses within him, have ceased to be interesting. It is easy to find fault with those whose deeds have left an impress on the world's history, and believers in God and in Christ have been doers, while skeptics and infidels have for the most part been content to drift in the infinite ocean of talk and discussion. To insist upon the failure of religion and to ignore its successes is to be unfair. Are the crimes and misdeeds, the murders and lynchings, the adulteries and prostitutions, the abortions and infanticides, the dishonesties and frauds of Sartorius and Bruno are proofs of the harmfulness of religion, but the wise and the judicious know that accidental wrongs leave the infinite good of faith in a divine order of things untouched. The seventy thousand or eighty thousand Christian ministers in the United States to-day, Protestant and Catholic, are free from all theoretic pretensions; they would weep; if it could be made, any offer of union of Church and State; they are lovers of liberty, civil and religious; they accept science as the natural revelation of God and the friend of man; they with their brethren are busy with every kind of work, which can comfort, console, strengthen, uplift, enlighten and purify the children of men. That here and there some should fall in insignificant. The great army still moves forward bearing the banner of faith towards God and towards immortal life. We are a Christian people—why should we be ashamed to confess our faith? What true American would not resent as an insult the imputation that ours is a godless nation? Both Houses of Congress open their proceedings each day with prayer, the President appoints each year a day of thanksgiving and prayer, and when occasion requires, a day of fasting and humiliation. Christianity, in fact, though not legally established, is understood to be

THE NATIONAL RELIGION.

No political party is hostile to it or to any particular body of Christians. The churches are as popular as any of our other institutions. Though the Puritan Sabbath is gone the observance of Sunday is general. The interest in theological questions, however controversial methods may have changed, is still keen, and if not the wave of agnosticism seems to be rising, it will break and subside, like many another wave of unbelief in the past. Nearly all the works of active beneficence, in which no country surpasses the United States, are carried on by religious men and women. The moral and political life of a nation is the chief impulse to good. No people has ever become civilized without the guidance of religion; and if a race of men could be found who should think there is no God and that they are the highest beings in the universe, it is impossible to imagine that they should not sink to lower and lower planes of life.

For such men the world could be but a machine, and the enthusiasm which springs from faith in divine orders would die within their hearts. Their whole of life would be but this: Man wakes from his sleep within the womb; Creeps, crawls and yawns; then sleeps within the tomb.

Who would exchange the passionate soul of youth for knowledge? Who would barter the ecstasies of faith, hope and love for the truths of science? Who would not prefer the longing for eternal life to a whole lumberland of sensual de-

Nay: is not the dream of heaven better than the things we see and touch? Hitherto, at all events, civilized society has rested on religion and free government has prospered only in religious nations; and, if we are wise, we should not imagine that we are exempt from this law. A true statesman will look to other things than questions of finance and the machinery of government. He will seek to keep the inner sources of life strong and pure, and will know that nothing has such power to do this as true religion. What good reason, then, is there why we should not write God's holy name upon the title page of our organic law? The doing this would add to patriotic zeal something of the glow and fervor of religious faith. It would be a recognition of the fact that man's soul craves for infinitely more than any government can give; it would awaken in us a deeper consciousness of the providential mission, which, as a nation, we are called to fulfill; and it would inure upon the rights of no human being.

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HOLY WEEK.

Paschiontime, or Paschiontide, comprises the two weeks which have just past ending on Holy Saturday, and the term signifies the time or period during which the Church commemorates the Passion or sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ.

It was necessary also that His divine mission should be made known to the nation by some public demonstration; and this manifestation was made on Palm Sunday when the people met Him at the gates of Jerusalem as He entered the city, strewing on His path their garments and branches of palm, olive, and other trees to signify that He came as a conqueror over death, sin and Satan.

Holy Week is remarkable for the number and importance of the mysteries of religion which were accomplished during it. On Wednesday occurred the treason of Judas Iscariot. Judas, on that day made his arrangement with the High Priests to betray Jesus to them for thirty pieces of silver.

On Thursday, at His last supper, which was taken in company with His twelve apostles, Jesus instituted the adorable sacrament of the Eucharist, and thus celebrated the first Sacrifice of the Mass. The Holy Eucharist, as a sacrifice, is that daily offering of Christ's body and blood which will be to the end of time the great act of worship in the Catholic Church.

"For from the rising of the sun even to the going down, My name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice and there is offered to My name a clean offering, for My name is great among the Gentiles saith the Lord of Hosts." (Mal. i, 11)

The literal fulfilment of this prophecy is one of the most striking evidences of the divinity of the Catholic religion. The world is divided into more than twelve hundred dioceses, and in all these dioceses there are Bishops and priests who offer every day the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, as the sun passes through its course in the heavens. Thus the hour of the celebration of Mass reaches each locality successively and Mass is constantly being offered in some part of the world.

The Blessed Eucharist is also a precious food for the nourishment of the soul of Christians. Of it our Blessed Lord says: "Whoever eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in Me and I in him."

On Good Friday the treason of Judas was accomplished. He betrayed Christ into the hands of the Jewish High Priests, kissing Him, in order that they might make no mistake as to His identity. He was then taken before Pilate and Herod in succession for trial, Herod sending Him back again to Pilate, who, though he acknowledged that he found in Him no cause of death, yielded to the clamors of the Jews and delivered Him to them to be crucified. Thus was Jesus

condemned to die, though His innocence of any sin was acknowledged. But it was by His death only that the world could be redeemed, and therefore Jesus accepted the penalty of His own accord, though He declared that if He had wished to be delivered from the hands of the Jews He could have obtained from His heavenly Father twelve legions of angels to deliver Him from their power.

During Holy Saturday, which was the great festival day of the Jews, Christ remained in His tomb, from which He rose triumphantly on Easter Sunday morning.

During the offices of Holy Week the ceremonies of the Church are very solemn and affecting. On Holy Thursday, at the Bishop's Mass, the Holy Oils are consecrated which are used during the year in the administration of the sacraments. On Holy Saturday the Paschal candle is solemnly blessed. This candle is a symbol of our Divine Saviour, who is described in Holy Scripture by the prophet Simeon as "a light to the revelation of the Gentiles and the glory of thy people Israel."

The water used for administering the sacrament of baptism is also solemnly blessed on Holy Saturday.

EASTER SUNDAY.

The name Easter applied in English to the Feast of the Resurrection of our Blessed Lord is said to be derived from an ancient festival which was celebrated in Pagan times to the goddess Eastre. It was retained, however, by the Christians of Teutonic race, and was regarded as an allusion to the rising of the sun in the East, which was an appropriate symbol of the resurrection of Christ, the Sun of truth and justice.

The Paschal feast was kept by the Jews on the 14th day of the month called by them at first Abib, and afterwards Nisan, which was made the first month of their year in memory of their deliverance. This month began with the new moon following the vernal equinox. The resurrection of Christ took place on the Sunday following the 14th day of the month, and Easter is now always celebrated on the Sunday following that day, being usually the Sunday after the full moon which follows the vernal equinox.

Easter Sunday is regarded as the chief festival of the year, because of the all-important event of Christ's resurrection which took place thereon. The Resurrection is the most glorious of Christ's miracles, if we may make a comparison between works which are equally the result of Omnipotence; and indeed we are justified in so doing by the example of St. Paul, who expressly declares that it is the very basis of the Christian's faith and hope of resurrection. That great Apostle says:

"But if there be no resurrection of the dead then Christ is not risen again. And if Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. Yes and we are found false witnesses of God; because we have given testimony against God that He hath raised up Christ, whom He hath not raised up, if the dead rise not again." (1 Cor. xv, 13-15)

Easter Sunday has certainly been observed in the Church as a festival of the highest rank from the very earliest age. Before the time of St. Irenaeus, which was the early part of the second century, it was observed, as is evident from the account given of a difference of custom between the East and the West as to the day on which Easter Sunday ought to be kept. We learn from Eusebius, the father of ecclesiastical history, that St. Polycarp, who was the disciple of St. John the Evangelist, followed the custom of the East in celebrating the feast on the 14th day of the month Nisan, instead of the Sunday following, as was the usage of the West, but when St. Polycarp visited Rome and conferred with Pope Anicetus, the historian tells us that a peaceable arrangement was arrived at between them, though St. Polycarp maintained that the usage of his instructor, St. John, was to observe the feast on the day when it was celebrated by the Eastern Churches.

The dispute was merely on a matter of discipline which it was in the power of the authority of the Church to settle by a decree, and it has been so settled by the decrees which have fixed the celebration to the Sunday which we have indicated above, namely, the Sunday following the fourteenth day of the Jewish month Nisan.

The Resurrection of Christ is a symbol of the general resurrection when all will be summoned to appear before the judgment seat of Christ, and the just will be admitted to enjoy the eternal happiness of heaven.

LANDLORDISM DOOMED.

The Land Purchase Bill, introduced by the Tory administration, has for object the purchase of extensive estates in Ireland legally owned by titled gentlemen and partitioned out at exorbitant rents among the tillers of the soil, most of whom are tenants at will. The original owners of these lands were Irishmen and Catholics who stood up and fought for faith and fatherland in the days of Elizabeth, King James, Oliver Cromwell and William of Orange. The officers and soldiers of Cromwell and King William were put in possession of the rich estates from which the real owners were driven by fraud, tyranny and confiscation. The plantation of Ulster by King James I. was effected by the artful Secretary Cecil, who employed one St. Lawrence to entrap the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, the Lord of Delvin and other Irish chiefs into a sham plot for which there was no evidence but his. But those chiefs, being informed that witnesses were to be hired against them, and expecting neither justice nor mercy, fled from Dublin. They were denounced as rebels, and their estates, six entire counties, were forfeited to the crown. In this manner Ulster was planted with fanatics brought from Scotland, disciples of John Knox, whose fanaticism centuries have not been able entirely to extinguish. The descendants of Oliver Cromwell and of King William's rank and file hold on for some time to the possession of the fine, rich lowlands and valley-dale hills bestowed on their burly fathers for service rendered in subduing the mere Irish. But of late years a Nemesis has been punishing these very descendants. Not content with enjoying the riches of the earth and plundering the toll worn tenants of the last penny earned, they felt compelled to rival in grandeur, vice and idleness the English aristocracy. This has become so fashionable since the accursed union that no Irish landlord would feel life worth living unless he could spend at least nine months of the year, and live riotously, somewhere outside of Ireland, in London, in Paris, in Florence or elsewhere. Irish landlords were squandering the hard-earned rackets that agents, without mercy, were grinding out of the half starved peasantry and farming classes, who were maligned by their tax-masters and cowed by the presence of armed soldiery to enforce the exorbitant rent or "the pound of flesh." Such extravagance, cruelty and crime could not last forever. There are certain sins which cry to Heaven for vengeance; and these sins were the predominant passions of the Irish landlords. To uphold their high estate and meet their engagements they were forced to borrow money and mortgage their rich possessions in Ireland. Most of them now are bankrupt and in penury. English Jews, money changers, chartered companies and millionaire manufacturers in Liverpool, Sheffield and Manchester are now the landlords of the greater part of Ireland. Their agents fleece the country of all its produce, with which England is enriched, to the impoverishment of Ireland. It is utterly impossible that Ireland could ever prosper or that periodical famines could be avoided or national ruin averted while this state of things endured. Mr. Parnell and Michael Davitt established the Land League with the avowed purpose of bringing about a change and of calling the attention of England and America to the necessity of buying out the landlords and handing over to the tenant or the tiller of the soil the undeputed ownership of the land he cultivated. Mr. Gladstone and the English Liberal party were for a long time undecided as to the feasibility of so grand and philanthropic a project. But finally they yielded to the logic of events, and adopted, as the only panacea for England's weakness and Ireland's ills, the purchase of the landlords' interests by Government funds and the freehold ownership of Irish tenants. In this, however, they were defeated by Tories and landlord sympathizers. Lord Salisbury and Balfour assumed the reins of Government and acted by drastic measures of coercion laws and imprisonment of the people's friends, priests and patriots, they could subdue the cry of Ireland and of England for fair play and justice to the industrious tenant. Now they see and acknowledge the extent of their erroneous calculations. They are anxious to conciliate the confidence of their own people which they have lost, and of the Irish people whom they have coerced and nigh driven to desperation. They are formulating a Land Purchase Bill which will not satisfy either the English or the Irish. The same bill, with certain modifications, will be taken up and perfected by Messrs. Gladstone and Parnell, who enjoy the full confidence and respect both of England and Ireland. In any case landlordism is doomed for time and eternity.

The evils caused by landlordism in every part of Ireland during centuries of untold hardships have been portrayed in books and pamphlets, on the platform at public meetings and even in the House of Commons and have evoked the sympathies of statesmen and landlords themselves. But nowhere have we met with so harrowing

a picture of landlord cruelty and tenants' wretched misery and suffering as was conveyed in an after dinner speech delivered by His Lordship the Bishop of Meath on the occasion of the consecration of the Right Rev. Bishop O'Donoghue, which took place in Derry, diocese of Raphoe, on Sunday, the 2nd March. To the toast of the assisting Bishops, proposed by the chairman, Most Rev. Dr. Nalty responded as follows:

"The hard persecution—the landlord persecution—that was now devastating the southern portions of the country, and that had caused such sorrow in Donegal, had many years ago desolated the district over which he presided. In one county in the diocese of Meath four hundred thousand acres of the finest land in the world had been cleared, the houses of the people demolished, and the people themselves driven off. Some of them, of course, emigrated, others had exchanged their comfortable homes for the work-house, where they died. Others again died in the ditches, and there was nobody to raise his voice in their defence. He himself was amongst the first who had done so (loud and continued applause). He had seen the roof tumbled down in one case on four poor girls who were lying ill with fever. These girls, though ill in fever at the time, had the house pulled down over their heads, and the next day he himself had to scramble in on his hands and knees through broken rafters and thatch and straw to administer the last rites of the Church to these dying people. Any man who had a heart in his bosom who saw these things, who remembered that in one county alone 95,000 people, the most industrious, honest, and virtuous, honorably obeying the law as citizens and Christians, turned out to die—any man who would look on that, any man, especially a priest or a bishop, who would not feel his heart bleeding, and who would not cry out aloud against such cruelty and inhumanity, would not be a Christian minister (loud applause). He was the deadly enemy of landlordism, and he never would rest until he saw the cursed system dead and buried (loud applause)."

MORALS WITHOUT DOGMAS.

In the Protestant, no less than in the infidel world, the cry is forever raised, "less dogmas but more morals," as if one could exist without the other. If morals, or practical Christianity, must prevail, there surely must be teachers found who will prescribe what we are to avoid and what to practice, what we are to believe as true, and what we must reject as false. But dogmas is nothing else than the lesson taught or the rules laid down. The Protestant press and Protestant pulpits seem averse to all rules and object to all dictation. The changes are forever rung on the false principle "that every man must be his own guide," and every man's conscience his own law; in fact, that every school boy must be his own teacher. But it happens that in matters spiritual we are all school boys and require a sure hand and an experienced head to lead us into all useful knowledge and practice. Men, left to themselves, as a rule, will be more inclined to follow the dictates of self, human interest or of passion than to provide for future happiness and the general good.

Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minn., recently preached a sermon on the relation of dogmas and morals, which is pertinent to the subject. His Grace instanced a Methodist preacher in Brooklyn who maintained, a few Sundays ago, that we should all "accept Christ, and believe in the Lord Jesus, but give dogmatizing a wide berth, and be assured there is no necessity for us to believe in any one particular doctrine more than another." It strikes us that his congregation could scarcely help seeing the absurdity, if not the blasphemy, of the preacher saying "that Christ is God, but that when He pronounces the necessity of baptism and penance He did not mean what He said—that when He spoke of devils being cast out by fasting and prayer and of hell and everlasting punishment, we are not bound to believe one word He said."

The following are the remarks of Archbishop Ireland:

"Morals without dogmas have no meaning, and those who are most earnest in eliminating dogmas from the Christian religion simply contradict themselves. A Brooklyn preacher a few Sunday ago spoke as follows: "A man who accepts Christ is a Christian. He need not believe in the eternal generation of the Son. He need not believe in eternal punishment. One passage of Scripture is wide enough to let in all men who ought to enter and to keep out all who ought to be kept out. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." "I give this preacher as a sample of the popular Christian leader. He goes as far as he can. Has he got away from dogma? He must tell me at once what it is to believe in Christ. I am not a parrot. Words will not suffice for me. A fool may give out or receive such words. I will not receive them without deeming myself a fool, and I will allow no one to give them out to me without deeming him a fool. Now, I must be told what it is to believe in Christ. Is it to take Him as a man? This is the preacher's intention, since he says that the eternal generation of the Son is of no interest, but here is a dogma as to the humanity of Christ, and a dogma that has the practical effect of ending my Christian religion, for if Christ is but a man I would rather accept some one nearer to me in time. "If Christ, as other latitudinarian ministers will say, is God, I have again a dogma, and a dogma which involves several other

dogmas, as His relations to the Father and the Spirit." After alluding to other points of the question, showing there are dogmas where ever we turn, and that the Christian religion is doctrinal, primarily belonging to the intellect, the Archbishop concluded: "It was Christ's intention that we believe all He said, and that in order to believe we have sufficient evidence of His teachings and of their true meaning. Else we could not give to them a rational assent, and He could not have threatened punishment against unbelief. The certain meaning of the doctrines must be ascertainable, and it is our duty to ascertain it. The Brooklyn preacher does not care about the meaning. He says: 'I move for a creed for all denominations made out of Scripture quotations pure and simple, each one giving to them his own meaning.' This is nonsense pure and simple. If men are so situated that they cannot know what Christ meant it is the fault of their position, not Christ's, for as Christ spoke for all ages He must have left means by which the meaning of His words could be ascertained."

ORANGEMISM VERSES CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

For years past the cry has been raised at every election, "Why should not Catholics give a solid vote for the Conservative candidate? The Conservative party gave us our Catholic Separate schools and Sir John, always favored them. It was a Catholic, the Hon. Richard W. Scott, who proposed the Catholic Separate School Bill of 1863." Whatever proofs could be adduced in the past in proof of this contention, it is very certain some other reasons must be advanced henceforth and forever to convince Catholic electors that their allegiance and support are due to the Conservative party in this Province. We regret very much that such an occasion is forced upon us, neutral as to party, by the desperate efforts put forth by every Conservative journal, and by almost every public official during the late agitation, to undo the work of years and to cripple, if not utterly destroy, our whole Separate school system. Messrs. Meredith and Creighton, the joint leaders of the Tory party, have left nothing unsaid or undone, in or out of the legislature, to weaken the efficiency of our schools and to hold up the whole denominational system of Christian education to the scorn and contempt of this Protestant Province.

The New York Times, which is not by any means favorable to Catholics or their schools, has the following in regard to the efforts of Orangemen to upset the Separate school system in the Province of Manitoba:

"It is not at all surprising to be told that the Orangemen in Manitoba are enthusiastically in favor of the abolition of the Catholic schools. Wherever the Orangeman is found he is a turbulent person, and his notion of civil and religious liberty is the liberty to oppress and persecute Roman Catholics. That is to say, he has properly no notion of civil and religious liberty at all. The Orangemen represent an aggressive and intolerant Protestantism, and where they have their way they do whatever is most hostile and offensive to the Catholics. If they inspire the proceedings of the government of Manitoba, as their approval of those proceedings indicates, their purpose is to force upon Catholic children religious instruction elsewhere than Catholic parents. The more offensive it is to Catholics the more satisfactory it will be to the Orangemen. Of course the Catholics are justified in resisting to the utmost a project for bringing up their children in distinctively Protestant schools."

NEEDS EDUCATION.

The following letter appeared in the London Free Press concerning statements recently made in the Niagara Falls Review and reproduced in the former paper. The editors of both journals are sadly in need of education in Catholic doctrine and practice, and we trust the information conveyed in the annexed communication will be committed to memory:

DEAR SIR—As there appeared in today's Free Press an article copied from the Niagara Falls Review, in reference to a case of suicide which occurred at Suspension Bridge, N. Y., and as the article in question contained most gross misrepresentations of Catholic doctrine and practice, will you kindly give me space in your columns to correct these mis-statements? The facts as stated in the article in question are briefly these: A woman committed suicide by cutting her throat, and the editor gives us to understand that the woman was utterly penniless, though unable to speak, when the priest was called in. Consequently she made no confession, and the editor tells us that "the priest, professing to hold the keys of heaven, was utterly powerless to save the poor woman." The inference is then drawn that because of the Catholic doctrine of particular confession, the "the whole scheme of redemption stood paralyzed, and Satan was the victor." Further, we are told that in the Protestant view the unfortunate woman might, "like the thief on the cross, confess to Jesus Christ," and thus secure salvation, though she could not speak. Now, sir, though the writer of the article in question assumes that the woman who committed suicide was altogether in the same article that he has no reason to show that she was penniless except that he imagines that she was so; for he throws this doubt upon his whole contention in this regard. He says: "She could not convey to the priest in confession her state of mind," and that "she could not get abolition" on this account. He says also: "The heart yearning and true repentance are not lost for lack of knowledge

Craig, no doubt, would much rather see the picture of King William on horseback than the image of our dying Saviour or of His Blessed Mother. The French-Canadians, who worship the God of Christianity, will have "no other strange Gods before Him"; and their choice ought certainly to be respected in a Christian country like Canada. It is very probable that in a newly-settled country the French habitants, not having time or the means to erect a church, may turn the school-house, on Sundays, into a place of worship, but there is no law against such a laudable practice where necessary. Did Mr. Craig never hear of similar practices obtaining in the rural districts throughout the Province of Ontario in Protestant districts? Or did he ever raise his voice against Protestant worship being held in school-houses, Sunday after Sunday, for years, in places too where the neighboring farmers were old settlers and well able to contribute large sums for the erection of a decent church?

It is thus Orangemism shows itself inside our Legislative halls. Outside every Orange Lodge is heard from, week after week, in protestation of Catholics being allowed to teach their own children. Mr. James L. Hughes, who is paid a large salary for inspecting the public schools in Toronto, perambulates the country stimulating the evil passions of the ignorant and declaiming against Christian education. The Equal Rights Party has needy and disqualified preachers going about the rural districts from one school house to another, whose sole argument against Catholic teaching consists in the most barefaced lies and outrageous misrepresentations of priests and nuns. One of the chief leaders among the latter, Rev. Mr. Austin, delivered a long address to an Orange assembly held lately in St. Thomas, and it is rumored, was sworn in, and had to ride the goat, a full fledged disciple of Bullykibb. Thus are Methodist preachers, heretofore, averse to Orangemism, now coalescing with the men of deep traditions to "the pious and immortal memory" in order to strengthen the ranks of the obnoxious party of bigotry and continue the war of race and creed.

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that true repentance has taken place." The priest and the Catholic Church are blamed, however, for not assuming that she was penitent and for not according to her Christian burial.

The Catholic Church refuses Christian burial to those who die in the act of very grievous sin, unless they give some signs, at least, of sorrow. This does not imply that the person dying is not eternally, but it implies that we have no outward proof which they are sorry for the wickedness of which they have been guilty. As in the case in point, the priest did not grant Christian burial, we may reasonably infer that the deceased did not give signs of repentance, though the writer of the article imagines she was penitent. The giving of Christian burial is an outward act, which depends upon the outward acts of the deceased, and it is very proper this should be the case. The main object is to deter others from the commission of grievous sins, which entail such a penalty, and to mark the Church's detestation of the sin. Yet it does not necessarily imply that the deceased died impenitent and was therefore lost eternally.

The editor of the Review is also wrong in saying that the soul is absolutely lost, according to the doctrine of the Church, unless confession be made and absolution be granted. It is true that in ordinary cases there must be confession and absolution, because Christ made the law. To His Apostles He gave the power of binding and loosing. (St. Matthew, xvi, 19; xviii, 18.) But the Catholic Church expressly teaches that when it is not possible to make a confession, perfect contrition reconciles the sinner to God. In proof of this permit me to quote the Catechism:

"Will perfect contrition reconcile us to God when we cannot go to confession? A. Yes; and it is the only means we have to recover God's friendship when we cannot go to confession."

It will be seen from these remarks that the article in the Niagara Falls Review was written by one utterly ignorant of Catholic doctrine, notwithstanding his dogmatism in setting all controversies on matters of faith. Yours truly, April 1, 1890. FAIR PLAY.

MR. MEREDITH'S NO-POPERY CRUSADE.

Mr. Meredith, having taken upon himself the character of leader of a no Popery party, seems determined to stop short of no absurdity in order to play his part to perfection. On the motion made on the 4th inst. to go into committee on supply the leader of the Opposition made a motion which was intended as a direct insult to the Catholic body, and especially to the hierarchy of Ontario. This amendment was as follows:

"That this House doth declare that the rights guaranteed by the B. N. A. Act to the supporters of Separate or Dissident schools are civil rights appertaining to them as citizens, and that the assumption that any Church organization or body or the bishops, priests, or ministers thereof, are entitled to control the ratepayers in the exercise and enjoyment of such, his individual right, or to command obedience to its or their direction; by them or by the trustees of any such schools, in the exercise by them of such rights or the performance by them of the duties delegated to them by the State, is wholly unwarranted and dangerous to the State and ought to be resisted, and it is the duty of the Legislature through the Department of Education to regulate such schools and particularly to prescribe the text-books to be used in them, and that the said Department ought in the exercise of that right to make provisions regulating the text-books to be used in the said schools, except those employed in giving religious instruction, when and where such instruction is permitted by law."

This resolution, if intended to be taken seriously, would have been made in some other form than as a want-of-confidence motion on the question of supply. Could not Mr. Meredith have brought it up as a motion in such a form that the House would have had the opportunity of expressing its real sentiments on the question, instead of moving substantially that the Catholic Bishops and priests exercise an undue control over Catholic school matters, in such a form that no amendment could be offered? Or could he not have introduced a bill to prevent such interference? If he had done either of these things it would have been no less absurd than what he actually did, but at least he would have shown that he had the courage of his convictions, instead of showing the white feather by bringing up his ridiculous aspersions in such a form that there could be no serious debate upon them. Is it because Mr. Meredith has been already roughly handled in debate that he took this method of getting some Kentish fire cheaply in the way of approbatory resolutions from Orange Lodges? Mr. Meredith knows perfectly well that the law gives no special power to Bishops or priests in regard to the schools. It is therefore a wanton insult to the whole Catholic body to drag in their respected names in the manner that gentleman has done, and unless we must mistake the temper of our fellow Catholics, Mr. Meredith may find to his cost that they will resent it. Catholics have sense enough to know and spirit enough to resent an insult offered them, and still more an insult offered to the hierarchy and clergy.

We could inform Mr. Meredith of some clergyman who met in Toronto last June and passed resolutions which were not merely intended to influence a few dissident school elections but to dictate a policy for the whole Dominion, and especially to excite Ontario against the Province of Quebec. That meeting attempted to force the Governor General to put his veto on the advice of his constitutional advisers; and we are assured that the leaves of that meeting is still at work. If Mr. Meredith is so anxious to limit the influence of the clergy, why does he not introduce legislation to restrict the meddling persons like Drs. Will, Austin, Hunter and Carman? We could tell him also of localities in Ontario where Protestant clergy, especially those of the Methodist body, openly attempt to control both Municipal and Parliamentary elections. Why does he not try to legislate against such interference as this?

We presume he is of the opinion that Catholics will submit tamely to his insults, and we are sorry to see that he has been encouraged in this view by at least one Catholic, the only one who supported him in this insulting motion, Mr. Clancy, M. P. for West Kent.

The school laws give no power to the Catholic clergy, but the Catholic people recognize that the clergy, and especially the Bishops, are the guardians and patrons of Catholic education, and willingly take their advice in the conduct of the Catholic schools. Protestant clergy men are often consulted as to the management of educational matters too; but we shall not deny that Catholics have greater respect for their priesthood than Protestants usually have for their ministers—perhaps because they better deserve it. But this does not justify Mr. Meredith's uncalculated insult.

Notwithstanding that it is our desire, as far as Catholic interests will permit, to abstain from taking sides in the political issues of the Dominion and the Province of Ontario, we would be derelict to our duty were we to let pass without comment Mr. Meredith's intolerant course. For the same reason we feel bound to acknowledge the straightforward honesty of Hon. Mr. Mowat in rebuking Mr. Meredith on the occasion to which we refer.

Mr. Mowat said: "The resolution of the hon. member had a good deal to say as to the hierarchy not being entitled to control the ratepayers. It suggested that law as recognized by the Government gave to the hierarchy such a power, but the fact was entirely otherwise. The law gave no power whatever in the matter to bishop or priest. The power was given to the ratepayers and supporters of Separate schools. Bishop or priest had no more power under the law in the matter of Separate schools than a layman had. The degree of deference or obedience which the Roman Catholic hierarchy gave was for themselves to choose, according to their sense of what duty or convenience required. It was not founded on any law of the Legislature. No law had given it, and if a Roman Catholic chose to render what we might think an excessive amount of deference or obedience, no law which could be made would prevent his doing so. Mr. Meredith and all his party knew perfectly that nobody on the Government side of the House would favor a law giving to bishops or clergy any control over the laity. It must always be a matter of their own choice."

It is right that the Catholics of the Province should note particularly those who have supported Mr. Meredith throughout his anti-Catholic crusade. The following was the division on this last manifestation of no-Popery spleen: Yes—Messrs. Blyth, Caldwell, Clancy, Cress, Creighton, Crooks, French, Hammett, Hees, Hudson, Ingram, Keene, Lees, Marter, Meacham, Meredith, Metcalf, Miller, Monk, Morgan, O'Connor, Ostrom, Preston, Korke, Smith, (Frontenac) Stewart, Tooley, Whitney, Willoughby, Wood (Hastings). Wylie—31. No—Messrs. Allan, Armstrong, Awrey, Ballantyne, Bishop, Biezard, Calhoun, Clarke (Wellington), Connors, Dack, Dancy, Davis, Drury, Dryden, Evansville, Ferguson, Field, Fraser, Freeman, Garson, Gibson (Hamilton), Gibson (Huron), Gilmour, Gould, Graham, Harcourt, Hardy, Lys, Lyon, McAndrew, McKy, McLoughlin, McMahon, Mack, Mackenzie, Morin, Mowat, O'Connor, Phelps, Robillard, Ross (Huron), Ross (Middlesex), Smith (York), Solder, Sprague, Stratton, Walters, Wood (Brant)—49.

"SINGING ON THE KNEES" A CATHOLIC PRACTICE.

TO THE EDITOR—In Saturday's Globe there is a report of an investigation in regard to the troubles of the Church of England at Orilla. Mr. Hall, in his cross-examination by Mr. Seadling, is reported to have made a statement that will be new to Catholics, viz. "That he believed singing on the knees savored of Romanism."

I have never yet witnessed any "singing on the knees" in Catholic churches where there is congregational singing, and I will feel very thankful to you, and it will also be of general interest to your readers, if you will reply in the RECORD as to whether it is practiced in any country, or if it is another display of ignorance in regard to Catholic doctrine and practices, so common among our separated brethren, particularly those who have a horror of anything that "savours of Romanism."

Wingham, April 7, 1890. CATHOLICUS.

Dr. Morgan Grace, Senator of New Zealand, the brother of Hon. Wm. R. Grace, ex Mayor of New York, and of Michael, P. Grace, the extensive Peruvian railway contractor and builder, having been honored by the Holy Father by being appointed count of the Holy Roman Empire, was made the recipient of a grand banquet by the leading Catholics of New Zealand in commemoration of the event. Archbishop Redwood and other dignitaries assisted on the occasion.

On March 31st St. Joseph's Catholic Convent, Milwaukee, was burned, the seventy-five occupants barely escaping. Sister Blunker jumped from a fourth story window, and was fatally hurt. Two candidates jumped from the third story, and were seriously injured. Two women were injured. Loss \$70,000.

As a result of the Catholic successes in the Bavarian elections, the Government has opened negotiations with the hierarchy for the settlement of all questions at issue between Church and State.

Mrs. Donovan, a non-Catholic recently deceased at Baltimore, has left Cardinal Gibbons as his archiepiscopal executor a \$10,000 investment for the education of candidates for the priesthood.

According to Les Missions Catholiques there are in Africa, Asia, and Oceania thirteen Episcopal sees, twenty-three Vicariates Apostolic, and eighteen Prefectures. Besides French, Spanish, Italian, English and Portuguese secular clergy, the following religious orders have missions established in diverse parts of the Dark Continent: the Franciscans, Jesuits, Alger Fathers, Capuchins, Lazarists, Fathers of the Holy Ghost, Benedictines, Oblates, African Mission Fathers and Fathers of de Scheut.

Mr. John Larkin, of this city, died on Friday, 4th inst., after an illness of two weeks duration. He was one of the oldest members of the police force, having joined in June, 1855, and was always considered one of the most trustworthy officers in the service, and not only this, but was very highly esteemed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances because of a noble and kindly nature. At the time of his death he was sixty-two years of age, and leaves a widow, four daughters and three sons to mourn his loss. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon last, at St. Peter's Cathedral, where the usual solemn offices for the dead was performed by Rev. Father Tieran, who delivered a touching and practical discourse on the occasion, making special reference to the good life led by the earnest and practical Catholic whose remains were now about to be consigned to another earth. The city police force, under command of Chief Williams, formed a guard of honor to send from the Cathedral. After the service in the church was concluded the funeral, which was a very large one, proceeded to St. Peter's cemetery, where the interment took place. Requiescat in pace.

Daniel Burk, La Salette. Death has been unusually busy of late in the parish of La Salette. On March 28th ult., Daniel Burk, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of La Salette departed this life at the venerable age of ninety-eight years. His funeral took place on the 31st ult. The pastor, Rev. P. Corcoran, paid a well merited tribute to the memory of the departed. He said the deceased came from Ireland and was forced from the home of his nativity by the misgovernment which made it impossible for the population to earn a livelihood; but by his honesty, industry and sobriety he acquired for himself a competency and left to his family the example of a good Christian life.

Mrs. McNamara and Michael McNamara. On Good Friday morning Mrs. McNamara, wife of Michael McNamara, and her son Michael, aged thirty years, died within a few hours of each other. Mrs. McNamara was seventy-four years old and had been sick for some time. Mr. McNamara leaves a wife and four small children, who have the sympathy of the whole community. The funerals of the mother and son took place on Easter Sunday, proceeding to the church of La Salette, and after Mass was celebrated the funeral service was read by the Rev. P. Corcoran, who also spoke feelingly of the sad event of the double still death, and drew therefrom the lesson of the instability of earthly things, and the importance of attending to the one thing necessary, the serving of God.

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The Sailor Boy's Sister. The ohmyer thunders, the weather-boards crack!

I can't say where his ship may be, And I hope he's well away

When moon and stars show never a speck To be seen through the rolling clouds,

And the boatwain's voice is all blown back, And the water gains in the hold;

As long as the pumps can keep her afloat, He'll be working stripped to the skin;

And my father went tired to bed, I know, And I hope he's fast asleep;

And still the tempest by Thy word, That ship and her hands to save.

And so when she rounds the lighthouse buoy, Safe on the homeward track,

How all our hearts shall leap for joy At the sight of my brother Jack.

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

Canada, says Dr. Shea, settled by the French, who attempted to save and convert the natives to Christianity and elevate them gradually, has now 181,529 Indians, while the United States, with a far greater extent of inhabitable territory, has at most 250,000.

Who art thou that fearest a mortal man? To-day he is, and to-morrow he is not seen. . . . What harm can the words or injuries of any man do thee?

Go! reading the reminiscences of Lamartine's childhood I have been much impressed with the natural way in which his mother taught her children to pray and to think of God.

A CATHOLIC BOY TO A FREETHINKER. The following interesting anecdote is related in a Belgium Catholic newspaper: Not long ago a Catholic boy was travelling in a train between Brussels and Namur.

THE LARGEST LAND OWNER. THE CZAR OF RUSSIA is now the largest landholder in the world. Three weeks ago he purchased one single tract larger than the State of Texas.

A NEW INVENTION FOR DOCTORS. At a meeting of the Medical Society of Berlin on Feb. 27, Dr. Jamczowski showed an important invention called the pneumatoscope, which permits an exact differential diagnosis of all affections of the lungs.

AN INSTANCE OF NERVE. Bledler, the famous Montana scout who recently died, was as intrepid as he was fertile of resource in danger.

but semi-querulous tone. "It ain't cooked,"

The had man threw up the pistol to see if Bledler was right, and made the mistake of a life which ended right there.

THE CURIOUS DREAM. A laborer at the Dundee harbor lately told his wife, on awakening, a curious dream which he had during the night.

THE STATUE OF MARGARET. John B. Randall, author of "Maryland, my Maryland," is "The New South" correspondent of the Catholic Mirror.

AN IMPORTANT HISTORICAL FACT. John Gilmary Shea contributes the following interesting scrap of American history:

Before the Pilgrims made Plymouth historic a Catholic soldier named Winlade proposed collecting the Catholic exiles on the Continent and forming a settlement in America where they might practice their religion, while retaining their own language and habits.

IT STIRRED THEIR HEARTS' BLOOD. Rev. Dr. Sutherland, a Protestant minister, in an article on "The Aid of the Imagination in Bible Study" contributed by him to the Sunday School Times, relates this striking anecdote:

THE LADY NEXT DOOR. Mrs. W. envied the lady next door because she always seemed so well and happy.

SEVEN YEARS. Of suffering relieved is as many days. Corns cause as much agony as much suffering as any single disease.

ONE LITTLE FIGURE. I owned a litter of pigs. They thrived well until a month old, when their throats swelled, and spite of all remedies they all died except one, which was nearly dead.

MINARD'S LINIMENT cures Dandruff.

finger and not, as in the case of a donkey, you see?

That was too much for the learned school-inspector. He made a sorry face, coughed, and muttered between his teeth:

A MEMORABLE FIRST COMMUNION. During the French Revolution a noble lady was imprisoned in a gloomy dungeon at Paris. Her little daughter, twelve years old, remained under the care of a faithful old servant.

THE SAME EVENING THE LITTLE ONE WENT TO THE PRIEST, and he readily granted her request; heard her simple confession, and bade her return to her mother.

THE CHILD WENT IN SOLEMN JOY TO HER MOTHER, bearing Christ the Conqueror, the jester's wife left the two alone, knowing that it must be their last meeting.

THE NEXT DAY THE LITTLE GIRL WENT TO THE PRIEST TO SEE HER MOTHER, but she could not be admitted until the following week.

THE LITTLE GIRL GREW UP TO WOMANHOOD, and to old age; and in telling this wonderful story to her friends, she used to say: "It happened sixty years ago, but I have never forgotten the scene of my First Communion, or ceased to join my prayers to those of my dear mother."

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"It must, however, be admitted that in some children the faculty is somewhat latent, and needs to be developed. They are not to have very great difficulty in seeing anything that is not visible to the outward eye. A lady who has had considerable experience in teaching gives us an instance in point.

"The beauty and pathetic power of the tale were lost on the second audience, as the story-teller saw at once from sheer lack of imaginative training."

"Aye's Hair Vigor is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and gives a glossy and soft. The Vigor is a sure cure for dandruff."

One Little Figure. I owned a litter of pigs. They thrived well until a month old, when their throats swelled, and spite of all remedies they all died except one, which was nearly dead.

MINARD'S LINIMENT cures Dandruff.

DR. DOLLINGER.

It is a matter for rejoicing that Dr. Dollinger has passed away without having fulfilled the first promise of his apostasy. Eighteen years ago, nothing seemed more likely than that Dr. Dollinger was destined to take his place among the great heresiarchs of the history of Christendom.

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AND THIS WAS THE TIME OF DR. DOLLINGER'S APOSTASY. It is a mistake to suppose that his fall was, as some Catholics have thought, a sudden fall, such as may happen to any man, and has happened to many a great saint.

THE SUPREMACY OF THE TEMPORAL POWER. In 1862, by his "Papacy and the Temporal Power," he forged the only semblance of an argument that has ever been employed to justify Christendom's usurpation of the Italian Kingdom.

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SIMPLICITY IN MODERN LIFE.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD. Of all the qualities that facilitate social intercourse and render it charming and advantageous simplicity is the most adequate. It is the natural completion of a great character, as scarcely any noble quality can be nurtured without being distilled by the waters of fresh artlessness.

IF WE ARE SIMPLE WE SHALL ALWAYS BE HAPPY AND SPORTIVE. We are simple children untroubled of to-morrow. But also in observation of mankind what an absence of simplicity is to be seen.

OF ALL THE QUALITIES THAT FACILITATE SOCIAL INTERCOURSE AND RENDER IT CHARMING AND ADVANTAGEOUS SIMPLICITY IS THE MOST ADEQUATE. It is the natural completion of a great character, as scarcely any noble quality can be nurtured without being distilled by the waters of fresh artlessness.

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Catarrh

It is a blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this loathsome and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of all blood purifiers.

When Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me for catarrh, I was inclined to doubt its efficacy. Having tried so many remedies, with little benefit, I had no faith that anything would cure me.

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla. PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$3 a bottle.

CHURCH ORNAMENTS. Special reduction for December only on BRONZE, STATUERY, FLAMELESS, and other church ornaments.

Dr. Morse's INDIAN ROOT PILLS. Thousands testify to their being the best Family Pill in use. They purify the system, regulate the bowels, thereby cleansing the blood.

NO FEMALE SHOULD BE WITHOUT THEM. W. H. COMSTOCK, Esq. Bushville, Fairfield Co., Ohio.

For Sale by All Dealers. W. H. COMSTOCK. Brockville, Ont. Morrisstown, N.Y.

MANUFACTURING UNDERTAKERS. Wholesale and retail. Outside the city of Montreal. R. DISCOLL & CO. 424 Richmond-st., - London, Ont.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY EVER DISCOVERED, AS IT IS CERTAIN IN ITS EFFECTS AND DOES NOT BLISTER. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. OFFICE OF CHARLES A. STEDER, BREWSTER OF CLEVELAND BAR AND FROTHINGHAM BREAD BAKERS.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. Dear Sir: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for my horses.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. Price \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. All Drug-gists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietor.



"The Rest in Silence."

When the loved voice is heard no more,
Whose falling tones are doubly dear...

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS

FOR EARLY MASS.
BY THE PAULIST FATHERS.

PALM SUNDAY.

"Hosanna to the Son of David." (Matt. xxi., 9)

To-day, my dear brethren, we are reminded of that hour in the life of Our Lord on earth in which He was receiving from the people of His own nation all the honor they could render Him.

In a few days, when He had been arrested by His enemies, where was this great crowd? Where were those who had cried out so fervently, "Hosanna to the Son of David?"

It is impossible for us to do as they did! No; it is not possible, for many who are Catholics born and bred do the same thing now.

But who are these? They are those who fall to keep the Ten Commandments of God and the precepts and laws of the Church.

But why are these men worse than the others? Simply because they received the grace of Christ in their baptism, in their confirmation and in their First Communion as well as in their many Communions thereafter.

Why do I say this? Because nothing can move their hearts to return to God, to His warnings, counsels, the prayers and exhortations of fathers, mothers, kindred and friends.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

MAKE YOUR MARK.

Because you are without money, friends and talent, it does not follow that you are of no account in the world.

Application, industry and honesty were the magic keys that opened to them the doors of success.

A gentleman, who had a prosperous mercantile establishment, was changed by a simple performance of duty.

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THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

There was a bridge not far from the village, and at one part of it the shore rose in a steep, straight cliff.

The boys on the bridge looked on in consternation, and some tried to clamber down to the beach to see what could be done.

The boys all stood watching him, and as the little fellow rose, Charlie caught him and, holding on to the raft, supported him till a passing boat picked them up.

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"NO CATHOLIC NEED APPLY"

SOME EXAMPLES OF PROTESTANT BIGOTRY IN DUBLIN.

Some months ago I advertised to the fact that there was about to be an election to the lucrative and highly-prized position of Master of the Rotunda Hospital.

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Save Your Hair

A timely use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation has no equal as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, and preserves the color, fullness, and beauty of the hair.

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CHURCH FEWS AND SCHOOL FURNITURE

The Bennett Furnishing Co., of London, Ont., make a specialty of manufacturing the latest designs in Church and School Furniture.

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In purchasing medicines, don't try experiments; the first and only consideration should be genuineness.

But no one can tell the sufferings of a noble boy, who is scorned by his companions and called a coward.

The Catholic schools in Belgium, at the examinations just held throughout the country, which were presided by (by Astro-Hungarian Army, has been appointed Bishop of Vienna, in succession to the late Cardinal Ganglbauer.

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WANTED. Three good men to sell for us, in the cities of Montreal, Quebec, and St. John, N. B. Address: May Brothers, Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED by an old reliable firm for the sale of our goods. Opportunity. Geo. A. Scott, 848 Broadway, N. Y.

