

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1893.

NO. 776.

If Love Can Die.

If love can die, what dreary days are ours
When it is dead.
With all the fragrance of the lovely flowers
Forever fled.
The glory of existence will have flown
When it takes wings,
Who would be happy that had ever known
The bliss it brings.

If love can die, what needs our fervent words
And all the rest?
If never come, the wandering, wayward birds,
Back to the nest.
If all is but a vision in the night,
Or daylight dream,
A ripple that will vanish from the sight
On time's dark stream.

If love can die, then what is all this life,
This world to me?
These hours that are hounded with the strife
Of misery?
Dark days in which we only pine, and mourn
With memories remorseless and forlorn,
And no relief?

If love can die, to some sweet solitude
Let me depart;
And linger in a melancholy mood
With my sad heart.
Striving if hapless memory could office
With its warm breath
Those tender names I often loved to trace
Before love's death!

But no! I think that I would ever dream
Upon the years
When its eternal passion was supreme,
With no sad fears
That from my heart should all its tender light,
And I should stay,
With memories no dark or gloomy night
Could drive away.

For with one little thought of all that passed
When love was young,
One little word, whose subtle sound should last,
One sweet, whose subtle sound should last,
I should exist in paradise, although
All else should die,
And feel, whatever earthly joys should go,
Love could not die.

—Mary Nell Martin in Newark Standard.

GRANDEUR OF GOD'S CHURCH.

The Ecumenical Character of the Vatican Council.

The following is portion of the sermon preached by Cardinal Gibbons at the Solemn Pontifical High Mass celebrated in the cathedral of Erie on August 2nd, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration of Right Rev. Tobias Mullen, the Bishop of that See.

What a striking illustration of the world-wide diffusion of the Catholic religion is furnished us by the late Ecumenical Council of the Vatican. Your Right Rev. Bishop and myself had the privilege of attending that memorable assembly and sat close to one another during its proceedings. There were present at the Council about one thousand Bishops, representing nearly every part of the habitable globe. They assembled from the different portions of Europe. They came from Canada, the United States, from Mexico and South America. They came from the islands of the Atlantic and the Pacific. They came from Africa and Australia. They came from the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, which was the cradle of the human family. They came from the banks of the Jordan, which was the cradle of Christianity. They came from Mossul, built near the ruins of ancient Babylon. They came from the Holy Land, blessed by the footprints of our Redeemer. They belonged to every form of government under the sun. Their faces were marked by every shade of color that characterizes the human family. They spoke every civilized language in the world. Kneeling together in the great Council chamber, well could they exclaim with St. John: "Thou hast redeemed us, O Lord God in Thy blood, out of every tribe and tongue and people and nation."

WOULD TO GOD THAT ALL MY COUNTRYMEN COULD SEE THE CHURCH IN HER TRUE LIGHT!

Too often she is clothed by her enemies in repulsive garments and a hideous mask is put on her face, and in that guise she is exposed to ridicule and contempt. Let us, my brethren, look off that mask and those habiliments which do not belong to her. Let us behold her in all her native charms as she came from the hands of God, and then she will appear to all "bright as the sun, fair as the moon," with the beauty of heaven stamped on her immortal brow.

Then they will admire her and love her and embrace her. With St. Augustine they will exclaim: "Too late have I known thee, O Beauty! ever ancient, ever new; too late have I loved Thee."

The American people are possessed of sterling natural virtues. They have a love of justice, and fair play, of truth and candor; they have an innate love for law and order. If on this tree is engrafted the sapling of supernatural faith, they will grow into a mighty and majestic tree, lifting its branches to heaven and bearing fruits of sanctification. They will form a Christian nation, the like of which has seldom been equaled and never surpassed.

But I will be told that the religion of Christ has seen its best days and has nearly run its course. It is suited very well to by-gone ages, but it is unable to cope with the material progress, the inventions and discoveries of the nineteenth century. Rest assured, my brethren, that the Catholic Church has nothing to fear from material progress. She will rather hail them as messengers from God, and will use them as providential agencies for the faith. For if we succeeded as well in the spread of the gospel when we had no ships but frail barques, no compasses but the naked eye, no roads but the snows and virgin forests and desert wastes, no guide but faith and hope and God, how much better shall we succeed now by the aid of the tele-

graph, the steamships and railroads. Yes, we bless ye, O MEN OF GENIUS, WE BLESS YOUR INVENTIONS and we will press them into the service of the Lord, and we will say: "Lightning and clouds bless the Lord. Electricity and steam bless the Lord. All ye works of the Lord bless the Lord, praise and exalt Him above all forever."

But will not the light of the Church grow pale and be finally extinguished before the intellectual blaze of the nineteenth century? Have we much to fear from literature and from the arts and sciences? How can the Catholic Church be injured by these causes since she has ever been the patroness of literature and the fostering mother of arts and sciences? Let me mention one fact which ought to dispose of the subject. The best test of our love for anything is our willingness to make sacrifices for it. Now, we are educating to-day, at general personal sacrifice, and without State aid, about three quarters of a million of the youth of the country. If these children were educated at the public expense they would cost the State about fifteen millions of dollars annually.

Is it liberty that we fear? Oh, let the Church have liberty; that is what she asks. She is always hampered where despotism casts its dark shadow. She blooms like a rose under the genial sun of liberty. Nowhere does she enjoy more freedom than here. Nowhere is her progress more marked.

What can she fear? What shall she fear? Has she not the assurance of the ever-abiding presence of her Divine Founder? Does she not remember what He said to her: "Behold, I am with you always, even to the consummation of the world?"

Allow me, Right Rev. Father, to congratulate you with all my heart on the celebration of the silver jubilee of your episcopate, and to greet you by anticipation on

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF YOUR PRIESTHOOD,

which occurs next year. And I beg to unite with me in this congratulatory your honored Metropolitan and the Bishops and clergy, and people who are assembled here to-day. I venture also to include your fellow-citizens of Erie without regard to faith, for they have not failed to admire you for your civic virtues and moral worth. They regard you as the fearless exponent and vindicator of domestic purity, of social order and public tranquility.

This is not the time to dwell on your successful career in God's service as priest and Bishop. That task must be reserved to your future historian after you have gone to your reward. Let me be content to day with comparing the church of Erie when you took charge of the diocese in 1868 with its present record. In 1868 the diocese contained thirty-five priests, four schools, with a handful of Catholic school children, and a Catholic population of 12,000 souls. To-day the Catholic directory records 71 priests, 105 churches, 6,000 children attending Catholic schools, and a Catholic population of 60,000 souls. In other words, the number of priests and churches has more than doubled, and the Catholic population has increased five-fold. Who shall adequately relate the immense labors you have accomplished during the last quarter of a century the property you have acquired and administered, the sacraments your hand has dispensed, your assiduous care in preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ—that Gospel which gives glory to God and peace to men; which strengthens the weak and comforts the afflicted and holds out to all the blessed promises of eternal life. To you indeed may be well applied

THE WORDS OF THE PROPHET ISAIAH: "How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that preacheth peace, that showeth forth, preacheth salvation, that saith to Zion 'Thy God shall reign.'"

And this gorgeous Cathedral, which is opened for the first time for divine service to-day, will be a lasting monument of your untiring zeal, while it is a fitting crown of your labors of twenty-five years in the episcopate.

But while you preached with your lips, you preached more eloquently by the force of your example, *forma, factus gregis ex animo*. Following the injunction of your Saviour, you have let your light shine before men that they might see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven.

But I am sure, venerable Father, that you would be the last to claim for yourself exclusive honor for the work which has been accomplished. You would be the first to associate with you your devoted clergy and faithful people as sharers in all the merit. The secret of the success of the diocese under God is to be traced to the fact that the clergy and people were united with you. Whenever I see the laity co-operating with the Bishop and clergy in promoting works of charity and religion I am sure that God blesses such a diocese and that it is destined to prosper. Continue, my brethren, the good work. Take an active, personal, vital interest in every work your Bishop undertakes in the cause of God and humanity; rejoice in his prosperity and grieve at every adversity that

may befall him as if it were your own. And are not your Bishop's interests your interests? Can he not say to the most of your clergy, "In Christ Jesus I have begotten you," and is he not your adopted father? Love and cherish him, then, as a father. Lift up his hands as the children of Israel lifted up the hands of Moses. Remember that you are all in the same barque. You are serving under the same divine Captain. You are steering from the same heavenly harbor. You have one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father for all.

God grant that the celebration of to-day may inspire you to be more faithful than ever to God and His Church. Cry out to-day with the Apostle, "Who shall separate us from the love of God and our holy faith? Shall tribulation or distress or nakedness or persecution or the sword? No, I am persuaded that neither life nor death nor angels nor principalities nor height nor depth nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

THE HOME RULE BILL.

London Aug. 26.—The Nationalists will give a banquet next week to Edward Blake, their member for South Longford, who is about to sail for Canada, where he will pass the recess. Justin McCarthy will preside. Important declarations probably will be made by prominent speakers.

GLADSTONIANS IN GOOD SPIRITS.

Harold Frederic cables from London to the New York Times: The close of the last stages of the Home Rule debates before the third reading was received by Parliament and the public with an immense yawn of relief. The joke among Gladstonians is that Gladstone is the only man who is sorry—he will feel so lonesome at losing his baby. He sat unwearily through the tiresome speeches daily till midnight, seeming to find fresher and tougher after all his labors than when they began. It is now admitted, too, that the Ministry is stronger than ever, despite the ticklish constitutional debate on the thorny Anglo-Irish relations, which the Unionists relied on to shipwreck them. On last night's final closure the Unionists arranged a grand pyrotechnic demonstration. At 11, when the guillotine descended, Dalfour was to have been orating impressively, shouts of "gag" were to rend the air when he was stopped and to re-echo through the land, and the Opposition in protest were to quit the house in a body. The plot was frustrated amid shrieking laughter by Healy rising half an hour previously and occupying the interval with a rollicking speech, chaffing Chamberlain and geying the obstructionists. Accordingly, when he was stopped at 11, except tumultuous cheering from the Liberals and Irish, there was no scene whatever and for the first time the cry of "gag" was not raised by the Opposition, who sat tamely and sullenly silent.

THE THIRD READING.

The third reading begins on Wednesday, finishing on Friday, when it is expected that Gladstone before division will make a historic speech, vindicating the Irish policy and himself, regarding it as his death-bed declaration for freedom for Ireland, and saying that he cannot hope to see the next and third reading of the Home Rule Bill after the Lord's rejection makes dissolution on the question inevitable. The Lords have now fixed on September 8 to reject the Bill, having first drawn down the mockery of the country by a postponed discussion over the Doncaster races. Salisbury feared the better Peers preferred, and postponed the debates over the races, but this excited such volleys of derision from the Liberals that His Lordship determined to take the risks, so races and debates will synchronize. The Peers will defeat the Bill by about 400 to 40, while the Commons will pass the third reading by a majority of 38.

THE LORDS AND THE BILL.

The House of Lords cannot summon the energy to devote much time to the bill. It will be proposed for first reading September 4, then brought forward for second reading the next day. Discussion will be continued the two following days, and then a division will be taken. About thirty-seven Peers will vote for the second reading. Unionist whips expect to get three hundred or four hundred to vote against it. Any number under three hundred will denote an absence of enthusiasm among the aristocracy, which will reflect upon the Unionist cause. The debate in the House of Lords is likely to be extremely dull, and, except for the division, poorly attended, as the week in which the discussion is to take place is that of Doncaster September meeting, at which the St. Leger is to be run. The debate at first was postponed until after the St. Leger, but such an outcry was made in the Liberal press over deferring debate on the second reading of the greatest bill of the century, that it might not class with a race meeting, that Salisbury insisted that the debate be not postponed.

ANOTHER SPEECH FROM MR. GLADSTONE.

A London cable says: The last stage of the Home Rule debate in the

House of Commons will begin Wednesday. This beginning of the end will be marked, probably, by another great speech from Mr. Gladstone, who will make the motion for the third reading. In this supreme and, perhaps, his final effort for the Irish cause, the aged Premier is likely to touch on a question or two which the Government has ignored so far in the exhausting and exhaustive discussion of the Bill. The Radicals are confident that he will speak from the heart concerning the threatened rejection of the Bill by the Lords, and many Liberals agree with them that without a reference to the hostile attitude of the Upper House, Mr. Gladstone's speech must be found wanting at a crucial point.

WITH HER ARMS FOLDED.

A Sister Waits for a Brute to Strike.

Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 22.—A scene of religious frenzy probably unparalleled within the present age of the world occurred Saturday afternoon at the convent of the Good Shepherd, one of the best known institutions of its kind in central Ohio. A mob of anti-Catholics visited the convent, attempted to force an entrance and threatened the Sisters of Charity in charge with personal violence.

The occasion of the remarkable outbreak was the visit of G. T. Seigel, of Parkersburg, W. Va., to the convent for the purpose of liberating his two daughters, who were said to be held prisoners therein. Mr. Seigel was accompanied to the institution by J. Finley Brown, of this city, who is prominently identified with the organized anti-Catholic movement that has been in progress for some time. Mr. Seigel and Mr. Brown were admitted to the convent, and in justice to them it must be said that they were not participants in the disgraceful scene without. While they were inside endeavoring to secure Mr. Seigel's daughters a crowd of more than two hundred persons assembled outside the convent gate and with loud shouts and other unseemly noises demanded an immediate entrance.

Finally one of the ruffians, somewhat bolder than his boisterous companions, began to cut away with a knife the lock on the door in the convent wall. Sister Cecilia, one of those in charge of the institution, unlocked the door and came outside to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, whereupon the man engaged in cutting away the lock sprang at her with fists clenched and arms drawn up to strike.

The Sister calmly folded her arms and awaited the attack, but what little manhood there was in him at last manifested itself and he desisted, after having already perpetrated an outrage that is a disgrace to the age in which he lives. The Sisters appealed to the police department for protection, and Chief Pagnell promptly detailed Detectives Bauer and Grandstaff to go to the scene. They soon dispersed the crowd without further difficulty.

In the meantime Mr. Seigel and Mr. Brown had been endeavoring to take away the farmer's daughters. One of them, Gertrude, is thirteen years old, and the other, Clara, is sixteen. Another daughter of Mr. Seigel, Regina, age ten, left the convent yesterday and will remain on the outside and return with her father. The Sister Superior told the girls they could be taken away if they desired to go, and thereupon the Misses Seigel were called in to state whether they desired to leave.

Both the girls told their father that they were being treated kindly and receiving a good education; that they were happy, and while they loved him and his convent, Mr. Seigel was satisfied to have them remain and left them there.

From the Catholic Columbian.

Referring to the destruction by the prototypes of the A. P. A.'s, of the Ursuline Convent at Charleston and the attack made on the churches in Philadelphia, Brooklyn and other cities in 1844, the *Columbian* said last week that "now, as then, the Catholic Church is being accused of hostility to American institutions; Catholic convents and schools are being lied about as foully now as in those earlier days, and there is but one thing that deters the miserable Apapists from imitating the example set them by the mob that sacked and burned this Ursuline convent."

"The well-grounded suspicion that Apapists torched had something to do with the incendiarism of the Catholic places of worship of late days, furnish sufficient evidence that under their false pretences of protecting American institutions, these anti-Catholic zealots aim at injuring Catholic Americans in every possible way."

That the designs of this secret society of conspirators are not confined to the basest manner of the dastards; that the purposes of the Know-Notings of the 40's, and that the ruffians are prepared to carry their fanaticism to the point of riot and even bloodshed, the scenes witnessed in this city during the past few days, leave little room for doubt.

The peace of our quiet city was broken on last Saturday, August 19th, by the disgraceful attack of a lawless mob on the Convent of the Good Shepherd. The devoted Sisters, whose charity offers an asylum where the innocence of orphaned and destitute children is preserved and a refuge where those unfortunates who have been tainted by their contract with the world may recover, through repentance, their lost safeguards of modesty and self-respect, have been grossly insulted, such conduct and such motives imputed to them as could only be conceived in the frenzy of malignant fanaticism, violence has been offered their property and even their lives threatened. And this not in a savage land nor among barbarians but amid a dense population of presumably law-abiding and sane citizens, in the heart of a city that has not hesitated to accept benefits from the hands of the Sisters for nearly thirty years.

A very plain word in defence of the Sisters and their motives may be permitted. Attorney Clark, when God assuaged, for he needs it—made the statement in the Goetz case that the Sisters of the Good Shepherd were now on trial before the people of Columbus. They have been on trial before the world for nearly three hundred years. They have been on trial here in Columbus for nearly thirty and our people have not been ignorant of the efforts of this band of devoted women to assuage the open sore of corruption that threatened to eat into the heart of our commonwealth. There was a time in the history of Columbus when an erring woman met with neither charity nor even common humanity. There are many now living who remember that these wretched creatures were subjected to unspeakable cruelties—tared and feathered and beaten beyond the semblance of humanity. There are those who have seen a woman of evil life saturated with burning oil, dragging her wretched body shrieking up the gutters of High street while men who were the authors of her degradation stood peering at her torture. These were our Puritan days, and it was not until the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, with a courage and devotion worthy of envy by the angels of God, came with their ministry of mercy, that any humane effort was made to reform fallen women. Coming from the shelter of happy homes these ladies have undertaken a heroic work of charity, and wherever there is honor and manhood and right-thinking to be found there will also be found their champions.

What the material that the Sisters of the Good Shepherd have to deal with is should never be forgotten, nor what means they have to handle it. Even in the Preservation class, the majority of the children have been withdrawn from an atmosphere of evil while they were still young enough to have escaped its contamination; most of them are worse than orphaned. It is impossible—and it were possible it would be most injudicious—to maintain about these children the conditions of a fashionable boarding school. The greatest charity, State or private institution, can bestow on them no such education and training as will fit them to make an honest livelihood. To secure for the children plain, but palatable and wholesome fare, comfortable lodging and the recreations necessary to their age, and to train them to meet the world in due time, is one moiety of the Sisters' care, and to secure a refuge where weak and degraded souls may gain strength to take up the battle with evil within and without one more—a refuge secure from all prying intrusion and unhallored curiosity—is the other, and those who know and follow the work know how well it is done, by what patience, what self-denial and what heroism.

The motive of the vicious element in seeking to destroy this work is not hard to find, but the Sisters are here to stay. The institution will continue its beneficent work, even though all the minions of Satan combine with the Columbus contingent to attempt a repetition of last Saturday's infamy.

relaxed into a grim smile, and from that day he and Father Ryan had no further trouble in common.

A SAD-EYED COLONEL.

The only bright spot, the only redeeming feature, in the late scrimmage in the English Parliament is Colonel Sanderson's black eye. The *Fall Mall Gazette* publishes the narrative of twenty-one members, representing the Tory, Liberal, Gladstonian, McCarthys and Labor parties. According to one witness the first blow was struck by the doughty Colonel Sanderson. In view of this fact it is to be regretted that the artist who touched him up did not distribute his colors more regularly and not leave the Colonel in lip-sided mourning.

The Westminster *Gazette* says: "The Irish members admittedly were not responsible for the disturbance. Mr. Fisher and his friends struck the first blow. Since the essentially disgraceful element was imported by members passing as English gentlemen, it must become hereafter hypocritical cant of the most odious kind for Englishmen to draw contrasts—to their own supposed exaltation—with what the Irish Parliament will be like."—*Philadelphia Catholic Times*.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

DEDICATION OF AN ALTAR.

An interesting celebration took place at Bathwell last week, the occasion being the blessing and dedication of a new altar in the Catholic church. The Rev. Father Paul of Chatham, performed the ceremony. Dr. Verrinder and a number of the members of St. Joseph's choir, Chatham, assisted in enhancing the solemnity. The new altar is a beautiful piece of workmanship, being built up very substantially of pure oak, the wood, the panels being wainscot and the mouldings, pillars, trimmings, etc., of oak. The altar was designed by the Rev. Father Basil and put up by Mr. F. A. Rusek, of Chatham. Mr. Phillips executed the oil and gold work. The whole structure is a credit to all those engaged in building it, and deserves to be seen, being a veritable little gem of church architecture.

DEATH OF MISS POWER.

POWER.—Mary Carmel, only daughter of Thos. A. and Mary T. Power, aged 15 years.

Such was the notice that appeared in the papers on Tuesday last week. From early years Miss Power had been a pupil of the Sacred Heart Academy, in this city; and as one term passed away and another began the brightest promise shone about the young student. Nor could it be otherwise. Nature had done well by her, for her disposition was cast in a lovely mould. To be good, to glory, to be intelligent, to have ambition. Among her school-mates love in all its innocence and beauty was her portion—for it was her due. Her winning ways, her gentle less soul, her warm heart, all were well. As the years sped onward it was noticed that she had been growing too rapidly, and her strength gave way under the strain. Her God will. Fond parents saw the light of heaven slowly but surely going out. As heaven's sunshin had kissed the cheek of lovely maidenhood, heaven's angels came to bear the flower away, to be preserved in the garden of Him who gave His life to save us. This will be a pain to the bleeding hearts of parents and loving brothers, and a consoling reflection for her mistresses and companions who will miss her sweet companionship as the school year opens. 'Tis but a few years since the writer knew and loved the departed. Her parents call up the days of that sweet attachment on the playgrounds—gone, alas! never to return; but she will not forget her little loved one of other days and will ever pray that the hereafter will open a habitation in the Sacred Heart, where all are joy forever. MAMIE.

PILGRIMAGE TO ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

The pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre under the direction of Rev. Father Casey, Campbellford, which required two special trains of fifteen cars, including the Pullmans, is great evidence of how dear is the good St. Anne to the Catholic people of Ontario. The pilgrims arrived at St. Anne's a little before 8 a. m. Tuesday, 22nd ult. St. Anne was celebrated by Rev. Father Scullard, rector of St. Peter's, Peterborough, and chancellor of the diocese, at which the pilgrims received Holy Communion. Other Masses followed. At half past 2 there was a special service for the pilgrims. Most Blessed Sacrament, at which Rev. Father Casey was assisted by Rev. Fathers McCloskey, of Brighton and Scanlan of Lindsay. Towards evening, another Mass followed. The pilgrims departed on the morning train at 5 o'clock and continued till 8, when a procession in honor of St. Anne was formed by the pilgrims from Three Rivers in which the Cardinal pilgrims joined, and proceeded around the square in front of the magnificent Basilica. The relics received last year were borne in their golden reliquary by four priests. The sacred chants, in which all took part, were truly edifying. Again before leaving there was a special blessing of religious objects and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

As the special train drew in to take away the pilgrims the beautiful chimes of St. Ann sounded forth their benediction upon the pilgrims who came five hundred miles to venerate the blessed relics of St. Ann.

This pilgrimage was blessed with special graces. Many were relieved of their ailments. The account of one astounding miracle we will leave for a future time. Mrs. Turner, of the parish of Lindsay, whose infirmities were such that all who saw her said it was foolishness to allow her to come, was conveyed among others. But the foolishness of men is often the wisdom of God, who makes use of the weak to confound the strong.

The Grand Trunk Railway deserves especial praise for the first-class accommodation it furnished. Every pilgrim was pleased, and no fault was found. Altogether Father Casey is to be complimented on the success of the pilgrimage. CAMPBELLFORD.

POET-PRIEST OF THE SOUTH.

Interesting Encounter Between Father Ryan and Ben Butler.

The late poet priest of the South frequently told the following anecdote of his stay in New Orleans: It was during the war, when General Butler was in charge of the city. A Catholic soldier in the Union forces there died, and because some one blundered no religious rites were observed at the funeral. It was reported to Butler that Father Ryan refused to read the burial service. In a towering rage Butler sent for the priest, and in the most peremptory and offensive way demanded to know why he had not given all the honors of the Church to the deceased. Father Ryan quietly explained the matter, showing that he was not to blame; that the fault was due to the comrades of the dead soldier, and added: "It is, therefore, not true that I refuse to bury him. It is also not true that I have publicly and repeatedly refused to officiate at the funeral of any Federal soldier or officer. On the contrary, it is the reverse of the truth, for, General, it would give me great pleasure to bury the whole lot of you!" Butler's stern face

was broken on last Saturday, August 19th,

by the disgraceful attack of a lawless mob on the Convent of the Good Shepherd. The devoted Sisters, whose charity offers an asylum where the innocence of orphaned and destitute children is preserved and a refuge where those unfortunates who have been tainted by their contract with the world may recover, through repentance, their lost safeguards of modesty and self-respect, have been grossly insulted, such conduct and such motives imputed to them as could only be conceived in the frenzy of malignant fanaticism, violence has been offered their property and even their lives threatened. And this not in a savage land nor among barbarians but amid a dense population of presumably law-abiding and sane citizens, in the heart of a city that has not hesitated to accept benefits from the hands of the Sisters for nearly thirty years.

A very plain word in defence of the Sisters and their motives may be permitted. Attorney Clark, when God assuaged, for he needs it—made the statement in the Goetz case that the Sisters of the Good Shepherd were now on trial before the people of Columbus. They have been on trial before the world for nearly three hundred years. They have been on trial here in Columbus for nearly thirty and our people have not been ignorant of the efforts of this band of devoted women to assuage the open sore of corruption that threatened to eat into the heart of our commonwealth. There was a time in the history of Columbus when an erring woman met with neither charity nor even common humanity. There are many now living who remember that these wretched creatures were subjected to unspeakable cruelties—tared and feathered and beaten beyond the semblance of humanity. There are those who have seen a woman of evil life saturated with burning oil, dragging her wretched body shrieking up the gutters of High street while men who were the authors of her degradation stood peering at her torture. These were our Puritan days, and it was not until the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, with a courage and devotion worthy of envy by the angels of God, came with their ministry of mercy, that any humane effort was made to reform fallen women. Coming from the shelter of happy homes these ladies have undertaken a heroic work of charity, and wherever there is honor and manhood and right-thinking to be found there will also be found their champions.

What the material that the Sisters of the Good Shepherd have to deal with is should never be forgotten, nor what means they have to handle it. Even in the Preservation class, the majority of the children have been withdrawn from an atmosphere of evil while they were still young enough to have escaped its contamination; most of them are worse than orphaned. It is impossible—and it were possible it would be most injudicious—to maintain about these children the conditions of a fashionable boarding school. The greatest charity, State or private institution, can bestow on them no such education and training as will fit them to make an honest livelihood. To secure for the children plain, but palatable and wholesome fare, comfortable lodging and the recreations necessary to their age, and to train them to meet the world in due time, is one moiety of the Sisters' care, and to secure a refuge where weak and degraded souls may gain strength to take up the battle with evil within and without one more—a refuge secure from all prying intrusion and unhallored curiosity—is the other, and those who know and follow the work know how well it is done, by what patience, what self-denial and what heroism.

The motive of the vicious element in seeking to destroy this work is not hard to find, but the Sisters are here to stay. The institution will continue its beneficent work, even though all the minions of Satan combine with the Columbus contingent to attempt a repetition of last Saturday's infamy.

In the meantime Mr. Seigel and Mr. Brown had been endeavoring to take away the farmer's daughters. One of them, Gertrude, is thirteen years old, and the other, Clara, is sixteen. Another daughter of Mr. Seigel, Regina, age ten, left the convent yesterday and will remain on the outside and return with her father. The Sister Superior told the girls they could be taken away if they desired to go, and thereupon the Misses Seigel were called in to state whether they desired to leave.

Both the girls told their father that they were being treated kindly and receiving a good education; that they were happy, and while they loved him and his convent, Mr. Seigel was satisfied to have them remain and left them there.

From the Catholic Columbian.

Referring to the destruction by the prototypes of the A. P. A.'s, of the Ursuline Convent at Charleston and the attack made on the churches in Philadelphia, Brooklyn and other cities in 1844, the *Columbian* said last week that "now, as then, the Catholic Church is being accused of hostility to American institutions; Catholic convents and schools are being lied about as foully now as in those earlier days, and there is but one thing that deters the miserable Apapists from imitating the example set them by the mob that sacked and burned this Ursuline convent."

"The well-grounded suspicion that Apapists torched had something to do with the incendiarism of the Catholic places of worship of late days, furnish sufficient evidence that under their false pretences of protecting American institutions, these anti-Catholic zealots aim at injuring Catholic Americans in every possible way."

That the designs of this secret society of conspirators are not confined to the basest manner of the dastards; that the purposes of the Know-Notings of the 40's, and that the ruffians are prepared to carry their fanaticism to the point of riot and even bloodshed, the scenes witnessed in this city during the past few days, leave little room for doubt.

The peace of our quiet city was broken on last Saturday, August 19th,

by the disgraceful attack of a lawless mob on the Convent of the Good Shepherd. The devoted Sisters, whose charity offers an asylum where the innocence of orphaned and destitute children is preserved and a refuge where those unfortunates who have been tainted by their contract with the world may recover, through repentance, their lost safeguards of modesty and self-respect, have been grossly insulted, such conduct and such motives imputed to them as could only be conceived in the frenzy of malignant fanaticism, violence has been offered their property and even their lives threatened. And this not in a savage land nor among barbarians but amid a dense population of presumably law-abiding and sane citizens, in the heart of a city that has not hesitated to accept benefits from the hands of the Sisters for nearly thirty years.

A SAD-EYED COLONEL.

The only bright spot, the only redeeming feature, in the late scrimmage in the English Parliament is Colonel Sanderson's black eye. The *Fall Mall Gazette* publishes the narrative of twenty-one members, representing the Tory, Liberal, Gladstonian, McCarthys and Labor parties. According to one witness the first blow was struck by the doughty Colonel Sanderson. In view of this fact it is to be regretted that the artist who touched him up did not distribute his colors more regularly and not leave the Colonel in lip-sided mourning.

The Westminster *Gazette* says: "The Irish members admittedly were not responsible for the disturbance. Mr. Fisher and his friends struck the first blow. Since the essentially disgraceful element was imported by members passing as English gentlemen, it must become hereafter hypocritical cant of the most odious kind for Englishmen to draw contrasts—to their own supposed exaltation—with what the Irish Parliament will be like."—*Philadelphia Catholic Times*.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

DEDICATION OF AN ALTAR.

An interesting celebration took place at Bathwell last week, the occasion being the blessing and dedication of a new altar in the Catholic church. The Rev. Father Paul of Chatham, performed the ceremony. Dr. Verrinder and a number of the members of St. Joseph's choir, Chatham, assisted in enhancing the solemnity. The new altar is a beautiful piece of workmanship, being built up very substantially of pure oak, the wood, the panels being wainscot and the mouldings, pillars, trimmings, etc., of oak. The altar was designed by the Rev. Father Basil and put up by Mr. F. A. Rusek, of Chatham. Mr. Phillips executed the oil and gold work. The whole structure is a credit to all those engaged in building it, and deserves to be seen, being a veritable little gem of church architecture.

DEATH OF MISS POWER.

POWER.—Mary Carmel, only daughter of Thos. A. and Mary T. Power, aged 15 years.

Such was the notice that appeared in the papers on Tuesday last week. From early years Miss Power had been a pupil of the Sacred Heart Academy, in this city; and as one term passed away and another began the brightest promise shone about the young student. Nor could it be otherwise. Nature had done well by her, for her disposition was cast in a lovely mould. To be good, to glory, to be intelligent, to have ambition. Among her school-mates love in all its innocence and beauty was her portion—for it was her due. Her winning ways, her gentle less soul, her warm heart, all were well. As the years sped onward it was noticed that she had been growing too rapidly, and her strength gave way under the strain. Her God will. Fond parents saw the light of heaven slowly but surely going out. As heaven's sunshin had kissed the cheek of lovely maidenhood, heaven's angels came to bear the flower away, to be preserved in the garden of Him who gave His life to save us. This will be a pain to the bleeding hearts of parents and loving brothers, and a consoling reflection for her mistresses and companions who will miss her sweet companionship as the school year opens. 'Tis but a few years since the writer knew and loved the departed. Her parents call up the days of that sweet attachment on the playgrounds—gone, alas! never to return; but she will not forget her little loved one of other days and will ever pray that the hereafter will open a habitation in the Sacred Heart, where all are joy forever. MAMIE.

PILGRIMAGE TO ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

The pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre under the direction of Rev. Father Casey, Campbellford, which required two special trains of fifteen cars, including the Pullmans, is great evidence of how dear is the good St. Anne to the Catholic people of Ontario. The pilgrims arrived at St. Anne's a little before 8 a. m. Tuesday, 22nd ult. St. Anne was celebrated by Rev. Father Scullard, rector of St. Peter's, Peterborough, and chancellor of the diocese, at which the pilgrims received Holy Communion. Other Masses followed. At half past 2 there was a special service for the pilgrims. Most Blessed Sacrament, at which Rev. Father Casey was assisted by Rev. Fathers McCloskey, of Brighton and Scanlan of Lindsay. Towards evening, another Mass followed. The pilgrims departed on the morning train at 5 o'clock and continued till 8, when a procession in honor of St. Anne was formed by the pilgrims from Three Rivers in which the Cardinal pilgrims joined, and proceeded around the square in front of the magnificent Basilica. The relics received last year were borne in their golden reliquary by four priests. The sacred chants, in which all took part, were truly edifying. Again before leaving there was a special blessing of religious objects and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

As the special train drew in to take away the pilgrims the beautiful chimes of St. Ann sounded forth their benediction upon the pilgrims who came five hundred miles to venerate the blessed relics of St. Ann.

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER IX.

PERPLEXITIES.

"You are not the first maiden who came, but for friendship and took away love."

What dweller in the country does not know the delightful sensation of idling out of doors on a hot Summer's afternoon, under the shadow of green boughs, with the cool sound of water splashing into a fountain's basin; or maybe of a brooklet murmuring away its constant story, glancing through rocks and over stones, amidst willow banks or flowery meadows, to distant sea or river?

At such times the burden of life sits pretty lightly on a man's shoulders—or upon a woman's either; and fairy castles of the imagination assume a shapeliness of form, and a grandeur of structure, to which, in the glare of noonday heat, their builders would lack energy to raise them.

Mabel has been experiencing this delightful sensation: all the more delightful to her because already twice to-day (and what an uncommonly hot July day it has been!) she has totted up and down the rather formidable ascent to The Hermitage. No wonder, then, if she is somewhat tired, and the reading of the book upon her lap has not made much progress.

Long before she dropped to sleep over it, indeed ever since luncheon, Mabel has been sitting out under a broad acacia tree with that book open before her.

Concerning how much of it she has read, I should be sorry to make any assertion. It is a dry-looking volume, heavy reading for a hot July afternoon; a history of foreign literature in which, Mabel imagines, she is interested; and so, for all I know to the contrary, she may, on previous occasions, have been. But to-day, her thoughts are absorbed in the contemplation of a subject unconnected with anything in that book—something that began first to trouble her head, or rather her heart, at 8 o'clock this morning, and which will trouble her a great deal more before long.

Mabel has made a discovery—a discovery which I made for her two whole months ago, and of which until the last week, she has remained in blissful ignorance.

I say "blissful," because that particular period in which (before the heart grows conscious of its existence) love has it all its own way, is undoubtedly a very peaceful, a very happy time—frequently the happiest in all love's dear story.

From the day of Mr. Vaughan's and Genevieve's departure, Hugh and Mabel had been a good deal thrown together. Hugh had (indeed he thought it no more than his duty to do so) done his utmost to soften to Mabel the trials attending on that departure. It cost her not a little, he knew, to see the greater part of the late Vicar's work undone. In the first place, the thorough dismantling of the church was a keen distress to poor Mabel. Shorn of crucifix, candlesticks and flowers, with its stone altar covered so as to look like an ordinary Communicable, the externals of St. Dunstan's were not altered for the better. Yet Hugh was not one of those out-and-out Low Churchmen who grudge to their temples every outward adornment. After pulling down what he honestly believed to be mere appendages of Popery, he was contented that St. Dunstan's should retain certain features in common with the moderate High Churches—take for example St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, in London.

The services, therefore, continued to be choral, and Hugh replaced Genevieve by an efficient choir-master. The Morning and Even Song, in which Mabel specially delighted, were carried on as usual; the lessons were read, not in the desk under the pulpit, as Mabel had feared they might be, according to the custom in use in that "dreadful conventicle of Aunt Helen's, but at the eagle lectern introduced by Mr. Vaughan.

With private devotions, such as turning eastward for the "Gloria" to the Father, or the Creed, Hugh did not interfere. He regarded it perfectly indifferent whether the bread were taken at the time of Communion between the thumb and first finger, or whether it were received on the open palm of the hand. In all such minor matters the new Vicar wished people to please themselves; and as by long use High Church customs had become habitual to the congregation, he saw no reason for wanting his energies on undoing what, after all, was a more reverent form of worship.

There was, undoubtedly, he acknowledged, a vast amount of life in the High Church; nor had Hugh any desire that his parishioners should relapse into the cold, once-a-week religion of Low Church communities. That St. Dunstan's should remain all the day open, that it should be a place of quiet refuge for those who wished to pray, that tempest-tossed souls should not be debarred the privilege of free entrance within its sacred precincts whenever they were so minded,—Hugh would never have found it in his conscience necessary to oppose any objection.

That which he would not permit was the use of vestments, of bells, of candles, of flowers. He insisted upon restoring the usual Sunday morning service, according to the rubrics contained in the Book of Common Prayer. And he preached his sermon at the end of the Liturgy, allowing the usual

break in the Communion service, so that all not intending to participate in the Sacrament might leave the church.

The second portion of the service was most distressing to Mabel—on account of the contrast between Hugh's mode of "celebrating" and that of Mr. Vaughan; and by reason of the confused and puzzling ideas which had begun to torment her mind concerning the doctrine of the Real Presence in the Sacramental species. Nevertheless, she had not found that Hugh's coming had proved detrimental to church and parish. She the more easily reconciled herself to the absence of decoration for the altar, and change in the mode of conducting the services, because Mr. Vaughan had always inculcated the lesson that the outward observance of ritual was but the shell of an inner kernel. The reality was within, the outer was a mere question of ritual and custom—dear to many, it was true, but never to be allowed to substitute itself for the hidden faith with which no human power could interfere.

Hugh anxiously observed Mabel: in the first place, because, being persuaded that the Vaughans were hovering on the borderland of Catholicism, he was anxious to meet their influence over Mabel by a counter influence—an influence which he intuitively felt he was able to exercise; in the second place, he was really sorry for her distress; and in addition to all this, he could not well withstand the growing attraction with which her presence inspired him. He had satisfied himself (so he thought) there was no danger, just because of her simple, perfectly natural manner towards himself; because she evidently regarded him as standing to her in place of father or guardian (the latter title belonged to him now by right, Miss Mackenzie having named him so in her will); and because in fine there was so great a disparity between their respective ages and circumstances.

How could he look upon her otherwise than as a very dear child, to be protected, cared for—yes, but never to be loved; as he had sometimes feared he was in danger of loving her.

So, after the first, Hugh had successfully argued himself into this belief, and exceeding wrath would he have been with any officious third person who should have undertaken to persuade him to the contrary.

Unconsciously, meanwhile, Mabel had been learning to love him, drawn to him by a tenderness in his bearing towards her, of which, do what he would, he could not divest himself. During the two happy months which had passed since his return to Elvanlee, she had come to know him, to appreciate the sterling worth of his character. Without intending to do so, he had given to her a deeper insight of his inner self than he had ever given to any woman under the sun, his first wife not excepted; and she, in return, had lavished upon him her unreserved confidence. Thus their intercourse had developed into something warmer and more intense than mere friendship; and both had gone blindly, happily forward, caring little to look into the future, because perfectly content with the present.

Such is the deceptive calm that so often precedes a storm. A heavy one is brewing at present for Mabel and Hugh. We shall presently discern the first signs of it.

I must here give expression to a thought that has often made me wonder, and that sometimes had provoked me. Why is it that two people who love one another can so rarely come to an understanding, until they have succeeded in making each other, for a time, exceedingly miserable? In some cases this may be unavoidable, but how much of real heart sorrow—ay, sometimes a whole life of it—might in many instances have been spared, if men and women could have found it possible to mingle less of pride with their love for one another. Self control and self-discipline are good things, but they may be carried too far. The love that might have been had for a single word has been lost, and for no better reason than because the man who should have asked for it was too proud to risk a refusal; and the woman who might by a single smile have won that asking, has bartered her life's happiness, burying away her feelings carefully out of sight, lest peradventure, she might incur the humiliation of discovering that her love meets with no requital.

What a useless digression, I think I hear some of my readers say. If it concerns them not, let them pass it over but such as it does concern, I advise to ponder over it at leisure.

Hugh had gone to London on business connected with the building of a new school-house in the parish of St. Dunstan's, and during his absence Mabel learned the secret of her own heart. Its meaning flashed upon her on the morning immediately following upon Hugh's departure, probably because, having had one whole day's experience of life without him, she was led to picture to herself what an existence hers would become if he were blotted out of it altogether.

Then the startling truth forced itself upon her—a void, a blank, hopeless void, revealed itself to her—an aching void, existing in the hitherto unsuspected depths of her soul. She had once said, often thought, that she should never love any man sufficiently to be willing to resign her heart to his keeping. She had even been disappointed with her own capacity for loving; for though Mabel, in the course of the last few years, had had one or two rather strong fancies they had very quickly passed, like the mere fancies they were. They had lightly stirred the surface of her heart, but

never penetrated into the deep sea beyond, enclosed within floodgates which she had not cared to open.

With her strong powers of imagination, with her intense craving after the highest, the noblest, the best, Mabel's ideas of love had been somewhat idealistic—"too much so," Genevieve had often told her—"too much belonging to the chivalrous times of the Middle Ages—inspired to the matter-of-fact selfishness of the nineteenth century. She should have lived in the good old days, and would have been just the sort of maiden for whose love one of the Round-Table knights would have gloried to do battle, wearing it ever afterwards as the most precious trophy of his victories." So thought Genevieve; nor had Mabel herself ever yet come across any man who approached to her ideal; even Hugh was not all the one she had pictured to herself.

Resting, therefore, in the belief that the instantaneous attraction towards him which she had felt was but the effect of the natural interest she was in a measure (she imagined) bound to take in him, Mabel had gone on unconsciously yielding to the influence which, in spite of their differences of opinion on many subjects, had gained upon her day by day, hour by hour, lulling her to sleep in such blissful security, that it had needed the temporary removal of his spell to arouse her from her dream, and to bring her at length face to face with her woman's destiny. Then, indeed, Mabel's heart throbbed with joy.

Unlike its predecessors, this love would be no passing fancy. Mabel knew it at once, with the instinct which only true love can instill; but, if Hugh would have none of it—and Mabel remembered with a keen thrill of pain, now, that it was, after all, most likely—what was then to become of her? It did not at all follow that because Hugh had been kind to her—ay! tender to her as her own father she now knew she loved him. He had always acted and spoken as if all such love were buried in his wife's grave; he had lived a lonely life for more than fourteen years, during which period he must have seen many a woman who might have loved him, and who, had he sought such happiness, might have worthily replaced to him his departed Blanche. Was it not, then, the most impossible thing in all the world that he should care for her—Mabel?—at least, in that sense, for of course he cared for her after a fashion, as Mr. Vaughan had done before him; and how entirely satisfied had she not ever been with Mr. Vaughan's affection—how peacefully and smoothly had not her life glided on under the influence of his fatherly love! But now, now!

Then poor Mabel's heart rose up in rebellion against such love from Hugh. With relentless violence the ardent passion of her nature swept over her like a storm, drowning her heart in a very sea of bitterness, and making the first few days to her a real purgatory of suffering. After that, however, came a temporary calm, the tempest, and she heard whispers during the early part of the week, and his letters, like himself, brought sunshine with them. He had called her, too, "his little helper," and "his right hand," which had set Mabel wondering whether, in the future, she might not lay a stronger claim to such titles. If she loved him very faithfully, very devotedly, might he not come to find that he could not do without her? Might she not, going on as they had hitherto done, be a real comfort to him? And then, even before she had time to wish, she hoped, yet surely, loving him so truly, she would be able to infuse some of her own sunshine into his sunless life.

Thus, betwixt hope and fear, joy and bitterness, tears and happiness, glided away the eight days of Hugh's intended absence.

It had been arranged that Hugh should dine at Elvanlee on the day following his return.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Battle for Blood. Is what Hood's Sarsaparilla vigorously fights, and it is always victorious in expelling the foul toxins and giving the vital fluid the quality and quantity of perfect health. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, boils and all other troubles caused by impure blood.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. Sent by mail, and guaranteed. C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

When you notice unpleasant sensations after eating, at once commence the use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and your Dyspepsia will disappear. Mr. James Stanley, Merchant, at Constance, writes:—"My wife has taken two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery for Dyspepsia, and it has done her more good than anything she has ever used."

A Letter From Emerson. "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and I think it the best remedy for summer complaint. It has done a great deal of good to myself and children."

Mrs. Wm. Whitley, Emerson, Man. There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated the first taints from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the wisest physicians. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal in curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

Off in Peril. LIVES of children are often endangered by sudden and violent attacks of cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery and bowel complaints. A reasonable and certain precaution is to keep Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry always at hand.

PARTED AND UNITED.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The water of the bay was smooth and limpid, reflecting like a mirror, bush and tree and mountain peak. A little boat lay in the shadow, and in it two children rocked and played—one a little boy with curling, chestnut hair and eyes as clear and blue as the azure depths below, the other a baby girl with locks of glossy gold and eyes deep and dark as the deepest shadows flung by the frowning rocks.

Such a picture as they made there, framed by the great trees which flung their branches far out over the waves. The boat was fastened by a rope, but as their restless play went on, the great coils slipped out of their folds and at length the boat was free.

"See Bertie," cried the little girl, "the shore is going away from us. Look! look! isn't it lovely? Oh! it is the boat that is going and we can go to sea."

"I'll be the Captain, Rita, and I'll take you on a voyage away to India. There I'll get you pearls and silk dresses and lots of lovely things." So the boat drifted faster and faster, much to the delight of the little ones. At last Bertie said: "How are we to get back?"

"Turn the boat, Bertie." "But we have no oars." "Faster and faster swept the little boat. The bay was passing, they were in the open sea. The land was rapidly disappearing.

The children gazed at one another with white faces and eyes wide with terror.

Suddenly Bertie exclaimed: "Rita, mama put this on my neck this morning. Here, you take it. It's better for you to be saved than sea." He took from off his neck a square of white flannel with a scarlet Heart embroidered on it, and underneath the words: "Cease! The Heart of Jesus is with me."

"No, no, you keep it, Bertie; but he forced it into her hand, and, folding his arms, sat looking white and still—now at the great sea before them, now at the rapidly disappearing land.

"Bertie, please lend me your knife." He put his hand in his pocket and produced a jack-knife, opened the great blade and handed it her. "What are you going to do, Rita? Take care that you don't cut yourself." "I'm going to cut this in two and give you half. I don't want to be saved if you are drowned, but I'd like us both to be saved," and her lips quivered, but the tears were kept back with a great effort, as she handed the raggedly-cut piece of flannel to Bertie.

"Now we'll both be safe. Look, Bertie: there's a ship! Didn't the Sacred Heart help us quick?"

But the boy's heart sank within him, as he gazed. The great ship was bearing down upon them, and their frail craft would be submerged beneath the waves.

"Wave your handkerchief, Rita; they may see us." "We'll pin the half scapular to the end of our handkerchiefs, Bertie; then the Sacred Heart will make them see us."

II. Captain Adair walked on the deck of the good ship *Cor Amoris*, gazing over the landscape, wishing for the first glimpse of the home that he had left so many months ago, and longing to press his dear wife and children once more to his heart.

All was still. Not a breath rippled the surface of the blue waves. Nothing was to be seen on the horizon excepting one tiny speck, a floating log or tree-branch that had loosened its hold, and been plunged into the waves. Soon a long dark line was to be seen, which broadened and grew in height, and by the aid of a powerful glass the shores of his native land were plainly discernible.

One of the sailors approached the Captain. "Cap'n," he said, "d'you see a little craft yonder? She's a good deal to the left of us, but there's some one in her, and they're on'y driftin' w' the current."

The Captain turned his glass in the direction indicated. Sure enough, there was a little boat, dancing like a shell on the waves. The occupants were only children; and as he gazed he saw them waving something white, as if to attract the attention of the big ship.

"Put about, my men!" he shouted. "Head the ship for that little boat. When we are near enough, lower a boat from the ship, and row out and take her in tow."

The Captain anxiously watched the proceedings, and at length the tiny craft was secured, its occupants transferred to the ship's boat and the empty vessel taken in tow. Before long the sailors had reached the side of their own good ship once more, and the children were carried in their arms up the side and put down on the deck, where the captain, with a cry of mingled astonishment and joy, clasped them to his breast. They were his only little white, and then you'll bring your half with you and we'll put them together forever!"

The words sounded in his ears like a seraph's whisper; and his Guardian Angel drew nearer to the soul of the young man, and showed him a panorama from the happy, holy past.

near tie of love stronger than ever before.

III. "Come home at once. Rita is ill," so the message ran. It was the college recreation hour, and a group of boys, laughing and chattering and playing, had retired by themselves under the shade of some great oak trees.

"Is Adair there?" asked a new comer. "Oh! there he is. Bertie, the Prefect wants you."

"What's the row, Bert?" "I don't know, I'm sure. I'll tell you when I find out myself."

He entered the Prefect's room, feeling a little anxious; and his anxiety was not dispelled by the grave look on that gentleman's face.

"Bertie," he said, "a telegram has just come for you. Your sister is ill, and they have sent for you to go home. I should not have told you so abruptly only that it is nearly train time and there is no other that goes right through until day after to-morrow."

You will have to make haste to get ready. I hope that you will find it nothing serious when you get there. But it was serious enough, as Bertie found on his arrival. Rita had taken a cold, which at first was thought very little of, but fever had asserted itself, and for the last few hours she had been wandering. Then the doctor said that there was no hope.

Bertie went in and sat beside the bed. How beautiful she was! The long, golden curls he was so proud of were gone, and the hair lay once more in lissay rings around her brow, as if had done when she was a baby. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes unnaturally large and bright.

"How the current glides," she murmured, "so swift, so strong. Never mind the ship won't run us down. Give me your knife, Bertie." How every word pierced the boy's heart, as his thoughts followed hers to that day ten years ago when they had drifted out to sea. But her voice once more roused him from his reverie. "You take half Bertie. I don't want to be saved without you. Oh! where is it. I have lost it. I want half for me and half for Bertie."

Mrs. Adair, who sat on the other side of the bed, watching every breath of her darling, rose and went to the bureau, and from a little box produced the scapular, irregularly cut in two by the boy's jack knife.

"Here it is, darling," she said, placing it in her hand. Rita took it, and as she touched it, a gleam of consciousness came into her dark eyes. She turned her head and her gaze fell on Bertie. "Bertie," she said, "I'm going to heaven—to leave you. The Sacred Heart is going to save me first, after all. I'll take my half of the scapular that saved us, and when you come bring yours too, so that I'll know you."

Poor Bertie took the little piece of flannel from her weak, nervous hand, and, burying his face in the pillow beside her, he sobbed aloud. "Don't cry, Bertie," and Rita laid her golden head beside the boy's dark curls. "It's only a little while, and then you'll bring your scapular with you, and we'll put them together forever."

Then the old priest came, glad to find that she was once more conscious, and the pure soul that had not yet spotted its baptismal robe was washed anew in the Precious Blood of Jesus, and soon the heart of the child rested on the Heart of the Master.

III. "Give me time to think, Ned. I'll sleep on it and give you my answer in the morning." "There's no time like the present, Bert. You'd better say yes at once."

"I don't see why I shouldn't, for I have no scruples about it—I'm not so chicken-hearted as I used to be. I used to dread the Free Masons like the devil, but now—well, I'll think of it, and likely to-morrow I'll say yes."

"Why not say yes now?" "Because I've made up my mind that I'll wait till to-morrow. Good-night."

Bertie wended his way back to his boarding house. No longer under the safe enclosure of home, and free even from college restraint, he was pursuing his studies at a university in the heart of the great city. He sat down at the little table where his books and papers lay scattered about and resting his head on his hands he thought. The tempter was very busy; Bertie's brain reeled. At length he exclaimed impatiently: "Ishaw! what a fool I was not to promise Ned at once. I'll write him a line now. What's the need of waiting till morning?"

He took out his pocket-book, tore out a leaf and commenced to write. But what stays his pen? His hand is motionless, his eyes fixed. As he tore out the leaf, a little ragged piece of white flannel had fallen from the book and there it lay before him. "It's only a little while, and then you'll bring your half with you and we'll put them together forever!"

The words sounded in his ears like a seraph's whisper; and his Guardian Angel drew nearer to the soul of the young man, and showed him a panorama from the happy, holy past. A little boat drifting out to sea—a tiny, golden-haired child, cutting with his jack-knife a square of white flannel worked with a crimson Heart. Then he saw the snow-white bed and the sweet face of his little sister, her great brown eyes looking into his, and again he heard the words from the dying lips. He picked up the torn scapular and pressed it passionately to his lips.

The battle was over—the Sacred Heart had triumphed.

Years after a tiny church in a remote half-unsettled district was thronged for days by people who came to cast a last fond look at the calm, dead face of one who had for many years labored and toiled among them, who had offered the unsung Host at their altar, and whose every act and word and look had breathed the tenderest devotion to the Sacred Heart. And many wondered as they saw the frayed half of what had once been a scapular of the Sacred Heart clasped to his breast. But one there was waiting for him on the other side, who held the remaining part to unite it forever in its great original.

A SAN JOSE.

ORANGE BRUTALITY.

We get occasional glimpses in the Irish press of the heathenism of the Orangemen in his native heathen Ulster. The Tories and Unionists rave and fume in England over the prospect embodied in the Home Rule Bill of the loyal Protestants being turned over to the tender mercies of the Catholic majority. One would imagine that these prospective victims of cruel oppression and expatriation were the mildest-mannered sort of persons to be found within the confines of Her Majesty's dominions. In truth, they are the most cruel, the most intolerant and the most brutal class of people in Europe, and when they reach these shores they continue their practices and their prosecutions wherever they find Catholics in a minority.

An episode may be cited from Ulster which gives the most recent evidence of Orange persecution and barbarity. The scene was Ballymacarrett, and the victims of mob violence were three women. Mrs. Brady and her two daughters, Catholic workingwomen, moved their home from one portion of the town to another which was more desirable and more healthy. Their Orange neighbors resented this action as an act of intolerable impudence.

What right had Catholics to improve their domestic condition? An unhealthy neighborhood was the proper place for "Papists."

After the three ladies had settled down in their new home, they were awakened in the night by an Orange agent or delegate, who informed them that they must not think of remaining in their present abode. No Catholics would be permitted to settle in that neighborhood. He further told them that they must vacate before 4 o'clock on the following afternoon, and if they failed to do so they must be forcibly ejected. They knew well enough what that meant in an Orange community, and so they began preparations to depart. They were aware that the authorities would not, if they could, protect them in their rights. They belonged to the proscribed class. The Orangemen were in the majority, and wherever that condition prevails Catholics are not regarded as entitled to any consideration whatever.

After working diligently during the day the women were unable to quit before 4 o'clock. At that hour a mob of brawny and half-drunken Orangemen collected on the street in front of the house. The windows were smashed, some of the furniture was destroyed, the afflicted ladies were maltreated, insulted and robbed of some of their property. They finally escaped with what effects they could pick up in a hurry and ran through the streets pursued by a howling mob. They found shelter in the house which they had previously abandoned.

A solitary policeman was a spectator of the outrages perpetrated, but he did not attempt to prevent them. This is quite common in the "loyal" Ulster. Orange bullies revel in this ennobling work of assaulting old men and defenceless women, sacking houses and shops, burning churches and upholding the dignity and grandeur of the British constitution in other similar ways! These are the men who impudently protest against Home Rule, on the ground that it would bring about religious persecution.—Boston Republic.

With Invalids.

Yes! with invalids the appetite is capricious and needs coaxing, that is just the reason they improve so rapidly under Scott's Emulsion, which is as palatable as cream.

Had I a Grippe.—Mr. A. Nickerson, Farmer, Dutton, writes:—"Last winter I had La Grippe and it left me with a severe pain in the small of my back and hip that used to catch me whenever I tried to climb a fence. This lasted for about two months when I bought a bottle of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL and used it both internally and externally morning and evening, for three days, at the expiration of which time I was completely cured."

The Four Cardinal Points.

The four cardinal points of health are the stomach, liver, bowels and blood. Wrong action in any of these produces disease. Burdock Blood Bitters acts upon the four cardinal points of health at the same time, to regulate, strengthen and purify, thus preserving health and removing disease.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion is occasioned by the want of vitality in the biliary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to secrete the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on; also, being the principal cause of Headache, Parrot's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ct. writes:—"Parrot's Pills are taking the lead against me, other makes which I have in stock."

A Cure for Headache.

Headache arises from congestion, bad blood, dyspepsia or indigestion. As B. B. Cures all these complaints it is naturally the most successful headache cure existing. Once the cause is removed the headache vanishes.

CHAPLAIN JOHN IRVING.

Reminiscences of one of the ablest—The Young Priest—Honored Archbishop, His Day at the Front—Contributing Ammunition.

Philadelphia, Catholic Times, Washington, In the year 1862 Father Irving, then a young priest, pointed out the chaplain of the 5th Iowa Volunteers by Governor Sota. The average chaplain of those days was little better than a nonentity. Very seldom were these days called into requisition, and when they were called into requisition, they were called into requisition in connection with the most times were such as to almost *hors du combat* in the soldiers, who were almost never engaged in the manly art of killing.

Occasionally a straggler or resting after a night's march would be wished to engage in the manly art of killing. After the fatigue and the marching and fighting, the soldier, officer and chaplain to look into their haversack canteens to find some refreshment of hardtack and mullin, to refresh the inner man and rest that tired nature need not mean to infer that they had a desire on the part of chaplains to engage in the manly art of killing. On the contrary, an opportunity was never utilized and the good chaplain, Ireland, could not be found in the midst of mishaps, marches and resting not only the spiritual temporal needs of his soldiers.

A POPULAR CHIEF. Father Ireland was in the popular officers in the army was always ready to encourage word to smile and a nod of another, words of cheer. He was of cheerful, but himself, and like the sun rays of sunshine all over the hearts of all, officers alike. It was cheering homelike youth to see them gather around him to seek to divert their thousand and one trials they had to encounter love for fatherland.

The Rev. Father was a player, too, and always him a little set of chess, and after camping for taking his supper of bread washed down by water was ready to give battalions of men on his rubber any of the men, no matter how polished, ragged or

After the siege of Minnesota went into the of a little river called certainly was not called because of the clean mud for it was the mud. The soldiers were expected to remain in time, but their expectation nipped in the bud by the incidents of the war.

A MEMORABLE. The troops passed on and the day was made it was on this day that gave the regiment.

The boys vivid with efforts to construct a and soon made a shanty the burning heart of a canopy of branches and saplings. I have a similar occurrence.

Very soon the voice of around him a large army who were scattered, under trees, loitering cards and amusing soldiers usually do, being from all directions under the burning sippi sun, they listened and soul-stirring words.

The chaplain. The theme in a masterly way the hearts of the boys how to do, and after received such a cheer the welkin ringed, cheered and cheered on his brush pulp.

On Monday morning ready for the man's saddles" sounded a to begin anew then. The 4th of October was forgotten by the Volunteers, for on most desperate and the far West was the Union and Confederation and the Confederation of the bravest of his on the field.

The Union position Battery Robinson, had cleared away were seen rearing position. It was able battle that glory himself with glory on the right of the afternoon and such that he was victory that through was achieving.

INTO THE MOUNTAINS. General Hubbs

General Hubbs

General Hubbs

General Hubbs

CHAPLAIN JOHN IRELAND.

Reminiscences of one of the Heroes of the Rebellion—Slavery on the Battlefield—The Young Priest. Now the Honored Archbishop, Helped Save the Day at Corinth, Fearlessly Distributing Ammunition.

Philadelphia Catholic Times. Washington, August 9. In the year 1862 Father John Ireland, then a young priest, was appointed chaplain of the Fifth Minnesota Volunteers by Governor Ramsey. The average chaplain of the army in those days was little better than a nonentity. Very seldom were his services called into requisition. The incidents connected with those troublesome times were such as to place him almost hors du combat in the minds of the soldiers, who were always on the move or engaged in the noble and manly art of killing.

Occasionally a straggler on the road or resting after marching day and night would have wished for his blessing and his services, but generally there was very little attention paid to the spiritual comfort of the soldier. After the fatigue and exhaustion of the marching and fighting the wearied soldier, officer and chaplain were glad to look into their haversacks and their canteens to find something in the shape of hardtack and muddy water to refresh the inner man and to take that tired nature required. I do not mean to infer that there was wanting a desire on the part of soldiers or chaplains to engage in those exercises of devotion. On the contrary, whenever an opportunity was afforded it was utilized and the good and popular chaplain, Ireland, could always be found in the midst of battles, skirmishes, marches and retreats, relieving not only the spiritual but the temporal needs of his soldiers.

A POPULAR CHAPLAIN. Father Ireland was one of the most popular officers in the regiment. He was always ready to drop a kind, encouraging word to this soldier, a smile and a nod of recognition to another, words of cheer to every one. He was of cheerful, happy disposition himself, and like the sun, he cast his rays of sunshine all around and won the hearts of all, officers and soldiers alike. It was cheering to the sad and homesick youth to see this good Father gather around him the soldiers and seek to divert their thoughts from the thousand and one trials and hardships they had to encounter through their love for fatherland.

The Rev. Father was a good chess-player, too, and always carried with him his little set of chessmen and board, and after camping for the night, first taking his supper of bacon and cracker, washed down by water or coffee, he was ready to give battle with his chessmen on his rubber blanket board to any of the men, no matter how rough or polished, ragged or otherwise. After the siege of Corinth the Fifth Minnesota went into camp on the banks of a little river called Clear Creek. It certainly was not called by that name because of the clearness of the water, for it was the muddiest of streams. The soldiers were delighted, as they expected to remain in camp for some time, but their expectations were soon nipped in the bud by the stirring incidents of the war.

A MEMORABLE SUNDAY. The troops passed one Sunday there, and the day was made memorable, for it was on this day that Father Ireland gave the regiment his first sermon. The boys vied with each other in their efforts to construct a little rude altar, and soon made a shelter for him from the burning heat of the sun by way of a canopy of branches of tree and green sapplings. I have never heard of a similar occurrence during the war. Very soon the voice of the Father drew around him a large audience. Soldiers who were scattered over the place—under trees, loitering and playing cards and amusing themselves as soldiers usually do, were seen approaching from all directions, and there, under the burning rays of a Mississippi sun, they listened to the eloquent and soul-stirring words of the young chaplain. The Father handled his theme in a masterly manner, talked to the hearts of the boys, as he well knew how to do, and after he had finished he received such a cheer as would make the welkin ring. The veterans cheered and cheered as he came down from his brush pulpit.

On Monday morning all were again ready for the march. "Boots and saddles" sounded and the army moved on to begin anew the sanguinary strife. The 4th of October, 1862, will never be forgotten by the Fifth Minnesota Volunteers, for on that day one of the most desperate and bloody battles of the far West was fought between the Union and Confederate forces—the Union under the gallant Rosecrans and the Confederate under Prince and Van Dorn—at Corinth, Miss. Thousands of brave men on both sides were killed in this battle, which is now memorable for the charge of the famous Texas Brigade, under Rodgers, on the Union position. The charge was that of the bravest of the brave of the forces of the Confederacy, and Rodgers and hundreds of his men were left lying on the field.

The Union position was protected by Battery Robinett, and after the smoke had cleared away their original position. It was in this ever memorable battle that Father Ireland covered himself with glory. The chaplain was on the right of the Union position in the afternoon and his modesty was such that he was unconscious of the victory that through his agency he was achieving.

INTO THE MOUTH OF DEATH General Hubbard, commander of the

Faith Minnesota, made the following report in connection with the circumstance to which I refer. The determined assault of Van Dorn's army has been gallantly met and firmly withstood, except upon the right. There the rebels had succeeded in penetrating our lines and captured some of our batteries and were pouring into the streets of Corinth. The situation was critical. Unless the enemy was turned back and that gap closed it would admit a column of Van Dorn's army to the town and Rosecrans' lines would be taken in the rear, the consequences of which would not be otherwise than calamitous. The Fifth Minnesota Regiment closed the gap. It was like a whirlwind against the flank of that penetrating force. The enemy recoiled under the shock. The pent-up energies of the Fifth Regiment were released and it did the work of a brigade of men. Stunned by the terrible execution of the volleys poured into it the confused mass of the enemy halted and fell back, closely pressed by the Fifth Regiment. It took the batteries that had been lost and reestablished the line at the point where it had been broken.

GRAVE FATHER IRELAND. To enable the reader to understand the circumstances under which the enemy succeeded in penetrating the Union lines, it must be borne in mind that when the battle on the Union right raged the hottest, the cry for ammunition was yelled along the Union line, but the ammunition was exhausted and the soldiers were hunting for it among the cartridge-boxes of the dead and wounded. The Union soldiers were giving way, when lo! in the distance a man was seen hurrying forward with a barrel of cartridges on his shoulder, yelling at the top of his voice: "Here, boys; here are the cartridges!" A cheer went up from the soldiers, which resounded all along the Union line. This man rushed along the line, distributing the cartridges. Throughout the whole time the leaden hail thinned the ranks with death and destruction all around.

This brave man, the bravest of the brave, repeated his visits with the barrel of cartridges on his shoulder until he had provided the full forty rounds or until every soldier was supplied. Who was this wonderful non-combatant? None other than the chaplain of the Fifth Minnesota Regiment, the heroic Father Ireland! It is doubtful whether a similar instance of bravery is recorded of either army during the whole of the late war.

The Fifth Regiment turned on the advancing column and the result was as stated in General Hubbard's report above quoted. When the battle was over search was made for the chaplain, but he was not to be found. Then it was that the soldier boys began to speak of the heroism of the good chaplain, and especially the last never-to-be-forgotten heroic deed. All became alarmed, at his absence. The search was renewed and to the great joy of all he was found superintending a hospital hurriedly constructed for the wounded. There, succoring the distressed and wounded and ministering like an angel of gladness to the dying, was this brave priest found. The whole regiment gave one great cheer at the announcement that he was safe.

Years have passed since that historic battle, but its memory will remain green as long as a veteran of the Fifth Minnesota Regiment survives. Father John Ireland is now the great Archbishop Ireland, one of the most prominent prelates in Christendom. His name has been heard the world over. He has captivated the hearts of all who ever met him in Europe or in America. He is the pride of his people and the glory of his country, the highest representative of American genius and American institutions.

J. C. O'CONNELL, M. D.

Mr. Adams' Letter.

The Churchman publishes several communications from correspondents criticising Rev. Mr. Adams' published reasons for leaving the Protestant Episcopal Church. As a rule they treat him with respect and do not question the integrity of his motives. One writes: "It is scarcely necessary to say that the loss of so gifted a young man is a real loss to the Church."

They all, however, condemn the bitterness of tone that characterizes his letter, and in this we do not say they are wrong. Converts to the Catholic Church are not encouraged to attack their former associates, and if Rev. Mr. Adams did this in a spirit not to be commended, we are inclined to attribute it to that feeling of irritation arising from a long contest with his conscience and an utter failure to reconcile his principles with his worldly interests.

It is hard to be driven by one's conscience to break with old associations and turn to a future that, in a purely worldly point of view is by no means cheering. — Philadelphia Catholic Times.

The standard blood purifier, strength builder and nerve helper is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Insist upon Hood's because Hood's CURES. Ronald McKay, Murray Harbor Road, P. E. I., writes: "I was crippled with rheumatism and could get no relief until I used your Pink Pills. I am now well." Of all dealers or by mail at 50c. a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes.

How to Get a "Sunlight" Picture. Send 25 "Sunlight" Soap wrappers (wrappers bearing the words "Why Does a Woman Look Old Sooner than a Man?" to L. V. B. BROS., Ltd., 45 Scott Street, Toronto, and you will receive by post a pretty picture, free from advertising cost, and well worth framing. This is an easy way to decorate your home. The soap is the best in the market, and it will only cost postage to send in the wrappers, if you leave the ends open. Write your address carefully.

ST. JANE FRANCES DE CHANTAL AUG. 21.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD. St. Jane de Chantal was the daughter of Benignus Fremiot, one of the presidents of the Burgundian Parliament during the reign of Henri Quatre. He was left a widower while his children were yet very young, but being a very pious man, in spite of his numerous affairs of State he attended well to the religious and secular training of his little family.

When our saint was only twenty years of age she was married to the Baron de Chantal, an officer of great distinction in the French army. As mistress of a household she was a model well worthy of imitation. Her husband was out twenty-seven years of age; and his absences having been frequent, his servants had fallen into great irregularities. This his wife set about reforming with the utmost gentleness and sweetness.

Her first care was to see that all the servants, male and female, said their morning and evening prayers, the latter of which were said together with their pious mistress. She obliged them all to hear Mass on Sundays and holidays at the parish church and on weekdays in her own private chapel.

The meals were partaken of at regular hours and the various household duties discharged in order. By her gentle and kind manner, her sympathy in their pains and afflictions and her interest in all their affairs, she completely won the hearts of all those in her employ, and her household became a most perfectly ordered one.

The Baroness de Chantal spent much time in her private devotions; and in the first years of her married life she abridged these works of piety during the time which her husband spent at home. At these seasons her house was filled with gay company, but in the year 1601 she resolved never to curtail her pious practices under any pretext. She managed so as to make herself a model of courtesy, affability and gaiety towards her guests, and at the same time to acquit herself perfectly of her duties towards God.

The Baron de Chantal was a man of honor, dignity and refinement and at the same time possessed of a spirit of ardent piety. The holy couple were blessed with a noble boy and three charming daughters, and nothing seemed wanting to complete their happiness. But a heavy cross was about to fall upon the gentle Baroness.

One day the Baron, with a party of friends, went out shooting. During the sport he was accidentally shot by one of his guests, who, seeing his brown shooting jacket through the bushes, took it for a deer. For nine days he lingered in great agony. He pardoned the friend who had injured him, causing the pardon to be recorded in the church register that no one might prosecute him. He received the last sacraments with great devotion, and expired in the arms of his grief-stricken wife. Left a widow at the early age of twenty-eight the grief of our saint was inexpressible. Yet no murmur escaped her lips, and she showed in all her sorrow perfect resignation to the holy will of God. To show her entire forgiveness to the gentleman who had been the innocent cause of her husband's death, she strove to show him every kindness in her power and became godmother for one of his children.

After the year of her mourning had expired her father, Mr. Fremiot, sent for her to come and live with him, and a year later she was obliged to take her children to the home of her father in law. Here she had much to suffer from a bad-tempered old housekeeper. But her patience was unshakable and her piety most consistent. The servants ever said: "Madame prays always, yet is never troublesome to anybody."

She got up every morning at five without a fire. She made an hour's meditation, then called her children and took them with her to Mass. She performed many other spiritual exercises during the day and always said the Rosary aloud with her little family. She mortified her taste as far as possible without being perceived; wore hair-cloth next her body, coarse linen and very plain clothes; she visited the poor and sick in the neighborhood and took care of the most loathsome creatures in the hospitals.

As soon as her children were old enough to do without a mother's care she resolved to leave the world, and at the request of St. Francis de Sales, her director, became the foundress and first Mother of his new Congregation of the Visitation. Here she was distinguished especially by her humility and charity, and was a model of every virtue to her spiritual daughters.

In 1641 she died the death of the saints.

Here favorite virtues were humility, meekness and charity. "With whom," said she, "did Jesus Christ converse? With a traitor, who sold Him at a cheap rate; with a thief, who reviled Him in His last moments; with sinners and proud Pharisees. Ah! shall we, at every shadow of an affront or contradiction, show how little charity and patience we have?"

A sin which the saint could not condemn strongly enough was that of talking of the faults of one's neighbors, especially when there was the least shadow of envy or spite. She thought slanderous persons deserved to lose their tongues, and would have been willing to suffer the loss of her own to prevent this vice among those of whom she had charge.

A SAN JOSE.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

A Chief Justice's Ruling That Will Never be Obeyed.

London, August 1.—Priestly circles are considerably agitated over a ruling just made by Sir Frederick Jenne, Chief Justice of the Court of Probate and Divorce, to the effect that a minister of the gospel has no right to plead privilege when asked to state in court the substance of a confidential communication made to him in his sacred capacity by one of his parishioners. Hitherto it has been the unwritten law of England, as well as of many other countries, that a divine shall not be compelled to disclose such communications, and in cases which occur almost weekly Roman Catholic priests are excused from disclosing statements made to them under the sanctity of the confessional. In the case in court the divine belonged to the High Church branch of the Episcopal denomination, and was in the habit of hearing confessions. The Court, however, compelled him to disclose the information that had been made to him.

Several Catholic priests, who have been interviewed concerning the decision, declare that they would go to prison for contempt of court rather than reveal the secrets of the confessional on the witness stand.

Mass in a Country Church.

Catholics whose rule of life it is to attend to their duties, are not apt to fall away in summer more than at any other seasons. If situated while out of the city, reasonably near a church, they contrive to go to Mass on Sunday. In the country, a church can generally be reached—usually a pretty and picturesque building, to which it is a pleasure to go. In the tranquil shadow of great trees it often stands, a little apart from the roadside—not a very imposing building, perhaps, but of simple and pleasing architecture.

Pleasant it is to hear Mass at one of these country churches on a Sunday in summer. The ringing of the church-bell, the sound speeding softly through the bright morning sunshine—is there anything sweeter? And now the little congregation begins to arrive, the well-to-do in their handsome carriage, other in plainer vehicles, some of them quaint and homely enough, and still others—the majority—on foot. There is always one sign of a Catholic congregation—an unfurling of the cross over the building—the great number of the poor and those in an humble condition. All go together, and in the pews are ranged side by side, and the Mass begins.

Commonly in the country it is a low Mass because it is not easy to make up a choir but nearly always there is an organ, and as the service proceeds a few hymns are sung. The priest rarely delivers a regular sermon, usually it is an instruction—upon some theme pertinent to the gospel of the day—and in a little while the celebration is over. From it every one goes away refreshed and edified.

Appeal From Pulpit For Salary.

Rev. F. A. Smith, of Silver Mine, Conn., has caused a sensation in the town. After preaching a good sermon and giving out the regular church notices last Sunday, Rev. Mr. Smith started his hearers by saying: "I come to you this morning with an empty stomach. I have not had a mouthful to eat to-day because I could not get it. For over a week I and my family have lived entirely on blackberries and bread. The reason my family is not here this morning is because they have no shoes to wear. I do not ask charity, but only that you pay me the salary you agreed to, that I may not starve." Deacon Lane objected to such pulpit utterances, and a quarrel ensued. Mr. Smith was asked about his fine horse and chickens, but he got even by asking how much bread of life they expected a man to get for his family on a salary of \$300 per year, and especially when it was overdue and unpaid.

YOU CAN SEE IT, perhaps, one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—but you can't feel it after it's taken. And yet it does you more good than any of the huge, old-fashioned pills, with their gripping and violence. These tiny Pellets, the smallest and easiest to take, bring you help that lasts. Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of liver, stomach, and bowels, are permanently cured.

A SQUARE offer of \$500 cash is made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for any case of Catarrh, no matter how bad or of how long standing, which they cannot cure.

THE RITUAL OF THE P. P. A.

We have published in pamphlet form the entire Ritual of the conspiracy known as the P. P. A. The book was obtained from one of the organizers of the association. It ought to be widely distributed, as it will be the means of preventing many of our well-meaning Protestant friends from falling into the trap set for them by designing knaves. The book will be sent to any address on receipt of 6 cents in stamps; by the dozen, 4 cents per copy; and by the hundred, 3 cents. Address, THOMAS GORREY, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ontario.

A SIMPLE WAY TO HELP POOR CATHOLIC Missions. Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. M. Barral, Hammondon, New Jersey, U. S. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice souvenir of Hammondon Missions.



Mr. Chas. N. Heuer

Of Frederick, Md., suffered terribly for over ten years with abscesses and running sores on his left leg. He wasted away, grew weak and thin, and was obliged to use a cane and crutch. Everything which could be thought of was done without good result, until he began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla which effected a perfect cure. Mr. Heuer is now in the best of health, and particulars of his case will be sent free who address C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best of their kind for assisting digestion, cure headache and biliousness. THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & CHIMES. PURFUR'S BELL METAL, COPPER AND TIN. McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

MINELY & COMPANY WEST 170th N. Y. BELLS. Favorably known to the public since 1826. Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm and other bells; also, Chimes and Bells.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a reliable remedy that can always be depended on to cure cholera, cholera infantum, colic, cramps, diarrhoea, dysentery, and all looseness of the bowels. It is a pure

Extract containing all the virtues of Wild Strawberry, one of the safest and surest cures for all summer complaints, combined with other harmless yet prompt curative agents, well known to medical science. The leaves

of Wild Strawberry were known by the Indians to be an excellent remedy for diarrhoea, dysentery and looseness of the bowels; but medical science has placed before the public in Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild

Strawberry a complete and effectual cure for all those distressing and often dangerous complaints so common in this changeable climate. It has stood the test for 40 years, and hundreds of lives have been saved by its prompt use. No other remedy always

Cures summer complaints so promptly, quickens the pain so effectually and always irritates so successfully as this unrivalled prescription of Dr. Fowler. If you are going to travel this

Summer be sure and take a bottle with you. It overcomes safely and quickly the distressing summer complaint so often caused by change of air and water, and is also a specific against sea-sickness, and all bowel

Complaints. Price 35c. Beware of imitations and substitutes sold by unscrupulous dealers for the sake of greater profits.

STAINED GLASS BRILLIANT CUT, BEVELED, SILVERED, BENT, PLATE & C. McCAUSLAND, Glasgow.

COOKS FRIEND BAKING POWDER Should be used, if it is desired to make the finest flour cakes—Biscuits, Biscuits, Pie Paste, etc. Light, sweet, snow-white and gets the best results from the use of Cook's Friend. Guaranteed free from alum. Ask your grocer for McCausland's Cook's Friend.

THE HURON AND ERIE Loan & Savings Company ESTABLISHED 1864. Subscribed Capital, \$2,500,000 Paid up Capital, 1,300,000 Reserve Fund, 620,000 J. W. LITTLE, President JOHN BEATTIE, Vice-President DEPOSITS of \$1 and upwards received at highest current rates. DEBENTURES issued, payable in Canada or in England. Executors and trustees are authorized by law to invest in the debentures of this company. MONEY LOANED on mortgages of real estate. MORTGAGES purchased. G. A. SOMERVILLE, MANAGER. London, Ont.

PLUMBING WORK In operation, can be seen at our waterworks, Opp. Masonic Temple. SMITH BROS. Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers, Sole Agents for Peerless Water Heaters. POST & HOLMES, ARCHITECTS—Offices Rooms 28 and 29 Manning House, King Street West, Toronto. Also in the Globe Block, Whisky. A. W. HOLMES, A. A. POST, & A.

WESTERN FAIR LONDON SEP'T 14 to 23, 1893.

CANADA'S FAVORITE LIVE STOCK EXHIBITION. THE LARGEST YET. Incorporated 1886. Make your entries at once. First come first choice. Space and stabling allotted as entries are received. Special attractions to educate, instruct, excite and amuse. W. A. Gault's 300,000 Challenge Horses in a Battle Scene, etc. Prof. Freyer's Educated Dogs Hold High Court. The Convict, Hang and Bury one of their number. The Imperial Japanese Troop of the Royal Palace. Tokus Japan. Prof. Calverley, the Champion High Wire Artist of the Niagara Falls, and a host of lesser attractions. Send for Prize Lists and Programmes. Entries close Sept. 7th.

CAPT. A. W. FORTE, THOS. A. BROWNE, President, Secretary.

NEW YORK Catholic Agency

The object of this Agency is to supply, at the regular market prices, any kind of goods imported or manufactured in the United States. The advantages and convenience of this Agency are many, a few of which are: 1st. It is situated in the heart of the wholesale trade of the metropolis, and has completed such arrangements with the leading manufacturers and importers as enable it to purchase in any quantity at the lowest wholesale rates, thus getting its profits or commissions from the importers or manufacturers, and hence— 2nd. No extra commissions are charged its patrons on purchases made for them, and giving them besides the benefit of my experience and facilities in the actual prices charged. 3rd. Should a patron want several different articles, embracing as many separate trades or lines of goods, the writing of only one letter to this Agency will insure the prompt and correct filling of such orders. Besides, there will be only one express or freight charge. 4th. Persons outside of New York, who may not know the address of houses selling a particular line of goods, can get such goods all the same by sending to this Agency. 5th. Clergymen and Religious Institutions and the trade buying from this Agency are allowed the regular or usual discount. Any business matters, outside of buying and selling goods, entrusted to the attention or management of this Agency, will be strictly and conscientiously attended to by your serving me authority to act as your agent. Whenever you want to buy anything send your orders to THOMAS D. EGAN, Catholic Agency, 29 Barclay St., New York, NEW YORK.

NASAL BALM It is a certain and speedy cure for Croup, Whooping Cough, and all the ailments of the Throat and Chest in all its stages. SOOTHING, CLEANSING, and INSTANT Relief. Permanent Cure. Cures GOLDEN RHEUMATISM, GOUT, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, and all other ailments. Many so-called cures are simply quackery, and lead to permanent damage to the system, such as loss of sight, deafness, insanity, etc. If you are troubled with any of these ailments, send for a bottle of our Nasal Balm, and should see no relief in ten days, a bottle of Sarsaparilla. Be warned in time, and avoid the loss of health, and the expense of a long and fruitless search for relief. It will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50c. per bottle) by enclosing a stamp.

Farms for Sale Cheap And on Easy Terms. Part Lot 12, broken fronts, tier of lots, tp. Charlotteville, Co. Norfolk, 100 acres and fine buildings, \$1,000. Lots 23 and 24, 2d con. Middleton, N.T., R. Co., Norfolk, 150 acres, more or less, and buildings, \$2,000. Parts 28, 29, and 30, Lot 29, con. 3, tp. of McGillivray, 800 acres, more or less; good orchard; excellent brick house, and other buildings, \$2,000. E. J. Lot 6, con. 4, tp. Sauguenoy, Co. of Bruce, 800 acres, more or less, and buildings, \$3,000. Apply by letter to Drawer 311, London.

WE WANT YOU TO CATCH ON. DO YOU KNOW THAT WE ARE SELLING THE BEST Teas & Coffees IN THE CITY? ONE TRIAL ONLY TO CONVINCE. James Wilson & Co. 308 Richmond Street, London. Telephone 656.

KEEP COOL. Saxony Tweed Suits, \$10.00 Alpaca Coat and Vest, 3.00 Silk Coat and Vest, 5.00 Balbriggan Underwear, 50. PETHICK & McDONALD, 393 Richmond Street.

THE DOMINION Savings & Investment Society With Assets of over \$2,500,000. Is always prepared to loan large or small sums of money, Town or City Properties on most favorable terms and rates, repayable at any time of year preferred. The privilege of paying up a portion of the loan each year without notice can be obtained, and interest will cease on each payment. Apply personally or by letter to H. E. NELLES, Manager, Offices—Opposite City Hall, Richmond St., London, Ont.

CONCORDIA VINEYARDS SANDWICH, ONT. ERNEST GIRARDOT & CO. Our Atlas Wine is extensively used and recommended by the Clergy, and our Claret will compare favorably with the best imported Bordeaux. For prices and information address, E. GIRARDOT & CO., Sandwich, Ont.

The Catholic Record.
 Published Weekly at 484 and 486 Richmond street, London, Ontario.
 Price of subscription—\$2.00 per annum.
 EDITORS:
 REV. GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVE,
 Author of "Mistakes of Modern Infidels."
 THOMAS COFFEY.
 Publisher and Proprietor, THOMAS COFFEY,
 MESSRS. LUKE KING, JOHN NICH, P. NEVEN and M. C. O'DONNELL are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and transact all other business for the CATHOLIC RECORD.
 Rates of Advertising—Ten cents per line each insertion, gratis measurement.
 Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, and the Bishops of London, Hamilton and Peterboro, and the clergy throughout the Dominion.
 Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London not later than Tuesday morning. Arrangements must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.
 London, Saturday, Sept. 2, 1893.

THE FRENCH SCHOOLS OF ONTARIO.

Our readers will remember that in 1889 three special commissioners were appointed by the Ontario Government to inspect and report upon the condition of the schools in those localities in the Province where the French language predominates, the intention having been chiefly to ascertain whether English was efficiently taught therein. The gentlemen appointed to this Commission were Mr. J. J. Tilley, Inspector of County Model Schools, Rev. Professor Reynar of Victoria University, and Rev. D. D. McLeod of Barrie. The report then given was accepted by the country as thorough and impartial. It showed, indeed, that it was advisable to take steps for the improvement of these schools, particularly in regard to the teaching of English; but it showed also that the statements of the Toronto Mail that these schools were grossly inefficient were much exaggerated, the purpose of that journal being to excite animosity against the French-Canadian population.

On the recommendation of the commissioners the teaching of English has been greatly facilitated by the establishment of a special Model school at Plantagenet for the training of French teachers, to make them capable of teaching English also. The same three gentlemen who made a visit four years ago to these schools were recently commissioned to make another visit for the purpose of inspecting them again; and they have just issued their report, which shows that the progress of the schools has been most satisfactory. As the French Model school was intended especially for the counties of Prescott and Russell, the recent visit was also confined to these two counties.

In the report of 1889 the commissioners stated that the French Canadians were "not only willing, but desirous, that their children should learn English." The fact that the county and township councils gave \$1,000 towards the erection of the Model school, besides raising their annual grant from \$150 to \$250 for the current expenses of the school, is now mentioned as an evidence of this desire. The students in the Model school are given teachers' certificates only when they have proved their competency by passing the prescribed examination in English.

In 1889 the commissioners reported that out of fifty-six schools, English was very satisfactorily taught in seventeen, fairly in twenty-one, while in eighteen there was very little English. When it is considered that the population was almost entirely French in these localities, it could not be fairly said that this was an unsatisfactory showing. However, it now appears that there has been great progress in four years. There are now in the two counties sixty-five French schools, in thirty-nine of which English is very satisfactorily taught, in 15 it is fairly taught, and in 11 poorly. The number of classes reading English in 1889 was 177. Now the English reading classes number 268. Outside of readers the number of English text-books used in 1889 was 25. Now there are 119—an increase of 376 per cent. The time devoted to the study of English was two hours daily in 1889. Three hours are now given to English in all the schools. The number of children learning English has also greatly increased. In 1889 there were on the school-rolls 3,210 French children, of whom 2,434 were learning English. Now out of 3,610 French children, 3,581 are learning English. The number reported as not learning English has decreased from 726 to 59 in the four years, and of these 59, nearly all had been only a few weeks at school.

In the standing of the teachers the improvement has also been very satisfactory. In 1889 the number of teachers who knew English well was reported to be 26; 20 were reported as knowing English fairly, and 19 as being "not competent to teach Eng-

lish with any degree of efficiency." It must be borne in mind, however, that in several of the schools in which were teachers who could not teach English there were others who could do so. The classification for 1893 shows 51 teachers who know English well, of whom 19 are reported as excellent; 11 are fair, and only one incompetent to teach English.

In 1889, out of 67 teachers, 18 were teaching on permits. Now only three are teaching on permits, 47 being graduates of the new Model School at Plantagenet. Four have Normal School certificates, and two have certificates granted through the regular county examinations.

We heartily congratulate the Minister of Education on his success in raising the status of the French schools in every respect, and especially in the introduction of a more thorough English teaching.

The French Canadians of the counties in question were not at any time opposed to their children learning English; but they were laboring under great difficulty to obtain teachers who were efficient in both languages, until the Plantagenet Model school was instituted. We are glad to observe by the recent report of the commissioners that the teachers trained at Plantagenet have found employment in other counties besides Prescott and Russell, some of them having obtained places even in the school districts of Quebec.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR AND APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION.

In our last issue we made some remarks on Archdeacon Farrar's recent onslaught on Ritualism, showing that the High Church party have become too powerful in the Church of England to be readily suppressed by the so-called Evangelicals who detest them so heartily. On this continent, throughout Canada and the United States, as well as in England, the battle of the factions is regarded with much interest, and there are great rejoicings even among Presbyterians and Methodists because the Archdeacon of Westminster has ranged himself on the side of Low-Churchism, with which they sympathize. In spite of all this, however, it may well happen that in the conflict which is threatened the tables may be completely turned; and the party finally suppressed may be the Evangelicals themselves, who are just now engaged in making so boisterous a display of prowess. At least it is probable that if any party is to be driven out of the Church, it will not be the High Churchmen, who already control more dioceses than any other section of the Church. This view of the case is confirmed by the fact that the Evangelicals have already partly succeeded, having formed the new sect known in the United States and Canada as "Reformed Episcopalians."

The Ritualists have never acknowledged that they owe to the Catholic Church the light they have received from their study of antiquity, and it is not our purpose here to vindicate their cause; but we cannot refrain from showing how egregiously this new champion of Low-Churchism has mistaken and miscalculated the strength of the foundation on which Catholic doctrine is based. The Archdeacon, it would seem, has failed to remark that the chief reason why Ritualism has made such progress among the Anglican clergy is that the more they apply themselves to the study of the primitive Church of Christ, the more convinced they became that the doctrines of that Church were identical with those of the Catholic Church of the present day. They did not draw the correct conclusion that the modern State Church of England is an agglomeration of errors; but as they were of opinion that they could reform it, and by patchwork make of it a real branch of the universal Church, they contented themselves with introducing by degrees some of the doctrines and practices which, as they were satisfied, were part of the ancient Church, in order to restore that purity of doctrine which was lost at the Reformation.

One of these doctrines against which the Archdeacon is especially opposed he calls "Sacerdotalism." The secret of his opposition he lets out when he says:

"Even Archbishop Laud said that Apostolic succession was a very good thing if you might have it. He by no means expressed himself that the doctrine of Apostolic succession could be absolutely proved."

Bishops. Yet elsewhere he admits that the Church lays much stress upon its possession: "Now Apostolic succession is made the absolute keynote of the existence of the Church."

The legitimate inference to be drawn from all this is not what the Archdeacon would infer, but that the Church of England has hitherto maintained a woful error in claiming possession of this gift which is acknowledged to be so desirable. Thus the preface to the form of ordination declares that "It is evident unto all men diligently reading the Holy Scripture and ancient authors that from the Apostles' time there have been these orders of ministers in Christ's Church: Bishops, priests, and deacons, which offices were evermore had in such reverent estimation that no man might presume to execute any of them except he were first called, tried, examined, and known to have such qualities as are requisite for the same, and also by public prayer with imposition of hands were approved and admitted thereto by lawful authority."

This is in the highest degree the very Sacerdotalism against which Archdeacon Farrar protests most strenuously as follows:

"There is, for instance, no shadow of even possible doubt what is the teaching of the Bible, of the prayer book, and of the Church of England about the clergy. The setting up of the Presbyteriate as a sacrificial priesthood, the pretence that the ministry is vicarious, not representative; the assimilation of the English clergy to the 'massing priests' of the Middle Ages; the claim that our Presbyters perform acts of sacrifice as substitutes for the people, are demonstrably unjustifiable."

The question of priestly sacrifice which is here introduced, and that of priestly absolution, of which the Archdeacon speaks elsewhere in his recent manifesto, would draw out this article to too great a length if we were to treat of them now; but we shall quote two or three more passages which will show that his notion of the Christian priesthood is altogether alien from that given by the three authorities referred to by himself and the Book of Common Prayer—Scripture, ancient authors, and the Anglican standards of belief.

From the Book of Common Prayer we have already quoted sufficient for this purpose. We may add the following:

"To the intent that these orders may be continued and reverently used and esteemed in the United Church of England and Ireland; no man shall be accounted or taken to be a lawful Bishop, priest, or deacon in the United Church of England and Ireland, or suffered to execute any of the said functions except he be called, tried, examined, and admitted therunto according to the form hereafter following, or hath had formerly Episcopal consecration and ordination."

So plainly is the necessity of Episcopal ordination derived from the Apostles herein set forth that it is clear no churchman would presume to reject it if it were not evident from history that the Anglican claim to Apostolic succession is entirely without foundation, just as Archdeacon Farrar practically acknowledges to be the case.

From holy Scripture we find that Christ chose His apostles. (St. John vi, 71.) "Have I not chosen you twelve?" They did not choose themselves for their office, nor were they elected by popular vote. "You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and have appointed you." (xv, 16.) "And no man taketh this honor to himself, but he that is called of God as Aaron was." (Heb. v, 4.)

So also successors to the Apostles were appointed after the manner in which Timothy and Titus received authority from St. Paul: "Neglect not the grace that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy, with imposition of the hands of the priesthood." (1 Tim. iv, 14.) And "For this cause I left thee in Crete that thou shouldst set in order the things that are wanting and shouldst ordain priests in every city as I also appointed thee." (Titus, i, 5.)

We need not continue these quotations. It is clear that ordinations to the Christian ministry must be derived from the Apostles, who originally "ordained priests in every Church." (Acts. xiv, 22.) Archdeacon Farrar's theory that such Apostolic succession is not requisite is simply the last resort of those who know they do not possess it.

We shall quote from "ancient authors" referred to in the form of Anglican ordination only the following passage from St. Augustine, remarking that the testimony of all antiquity is to the same effect:

"The succession of priests, from the very seat of Peter to whom the Lord committed his sheep to be fed,

down to the present episcopate, holds me in the Church."
 Again:
 "Count the priests in that list of Fathers even from the See of Peter. You see who succeeded to each one. He is the rock which the proud gates of hell conquer not."—Book against the Donatists.

If this was sufficient proof of the truth of the Church in the days of this illustrious doctor, the absence of that succession in modern sects is sufficient to prove that they are not and never can be the Church which our Lord Himself built upon a never-failing rock.

BRIGHT PROSPECTS.

We notice with pleasure a growing desire to judge aright the Catholic Church and look at her with critical, dispassionate gaze. This no doubt may be ascribed to the tendency of the age to sift and weigh statements before admitting them. Time was and a popular orator might guide thousands into error; but that time has gone—never, we devoutly hope, to return. No intelligent man permits himself to be nourished intellectually by the ideas of others, much less to embrace every passing opinion. There will be fire-eating parsons still the consummation of time, and there will be beings so devoid of self-respect as to hail their utterances as the outpourings of a sublime wisdom; but these classes are obstacles, sooner or later to be crushed, to the progress of humanity.

Look at the P. P. A. and you have an example in point. What are they but hindrances to a nation's onward march? They add nothing to the treasure store of kindly thought and manly deeds. Their aim is the spoliation of others rights, and their means are unblushing effrontery and calumny. Already they have been held up to the scorn of all true citizens; and though feeling disgust at the very mention of their organization, yet we deem it our duty to refute their falsehoods and to prove them recreant to every duty to which God-fearing men are faithful.

They commenced their campaign with declaring that the Church is hostile to the State. The same objection was made by a writer in the last number of the *Queen's Quarterly Review*. The Church is indeed superior to the State, inasmuch as the soul is superior to the body and heaven to the world; but towards it she bears no hostility. She protects and guards it by principles that alone can save her from the perils of anarchy and despotism. She points out the divine origin of society and of government. "There is no power but from God, and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore, he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God." Holding fast to the teachings of Scripture, she has denounced the various opinions of modern times that are not consistent with the right view of the origin of government, and which, if acted upon, would carry society back to the times when the weak was the prey of the strong and when force alone was right.

Socialism denies that power comes from God, and propagates the idea that all men are equal; and Leo XIII. tells it

"That an inequality of rights and powers emanates from the Author of nature Himself, of whom all paternity is named in heaven and on earth. As He has established in offices, so too, He has established in civil society different orders in dignity, in right and in power; so that the State, like the Church, might form one body, composed of many members—some more noble than others, but all necessary to one another and all laboring for the common good."

She invests the State with a sacred dignity. She demands for it obedience, because its authority comes from God. Again and again she reiterates this, and well and wisely, for this alone can restrain the wayward caprices and lawlessness of individuals. The Church is the advocate of no particular form of government. This is left to the choice of the people; but the authority that gives the king or president the right to command obedience comes from God. This alone does she affirm, and who, reflecting on this point, can with any show of reason or justice declare that she is hostile to the State. A Government without authority is subject to every whim of the multitude and loses its essential characteristic—stability; and such must be the fate of all Governments that renounce God and look to the people for a consecration of its power.

She aids the State by bringing home to every individual the divine principle that "God alone makes kings to

reign and law-givers decree just things." But she also protects personal liberty. "The kingdom is not made for the king," says St. Thomas, "but the king for the kingdom; for God has constituted kings to rule and govern and to secure for everyone the possession of his rights. Such is the aim of their institution. But if kings, turning things to their own profit, should act otherwise, they are no longer kings, but tyrants."

This principle has actuated her to shield suffering peoples against the attacks of tyranny; and again and again she has compelled kings to stay the hand of oppression. We see her, in the person of her Pontiffs, exhorting repentance from a Theodosius, from Henry IV. of Germany; and we must needs say that the word liberty has a real and sublime significance.

When men and women were bought and sold like chattels in the marts of Europe, she rung forth her denunciation of the infamous traffic, and in 1167 she declared that all Christians should be exempt from slavery. Hume, her arch enemy, forgetting his intense hatred for a moment, wrote the following words: "Without the Papacy all Europe would have fallen very easily into one or many caliphates and would have submitted infallibly and disgracefully to Turkish sway and to Oriental oppression and stupefaction."

We might multiply quotations, but it were useless to say more of the truth—proved by every page of history—that the Catholic Church has placed the State on a sure and solid foundation and safeguarded personal liberty.

The worn-out objection that a Catholic cannot be a good citizen is a favorite argument of the A. P. A.

It is false—utterly false! The Church does not interfere in secular matters. She exercises jurisdiction in her own sphere and renders to Caesar the things that are Caesar's. And again, are not Catholics as law-abiding, as eager and earnest for the welfare of the community as their neighbors? Have they not in the neighboring Republic proved, when occasion arose, to be good and true men. The one name that stands out as the object of execration is that of Benedict Arnold. Place him in your calendar, followers of the A. P. A. He sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; he sacrificed honor for gold, and sought to draw his comrades into the ambush of the oppressor. But he met his fate, merited a thousand times.

He wanted liberty for himself, and little recked he of the slavery that he planned for others. The Catholics waited and fought and sheathed their blades till victory recompensed them. It is an old story, but one to be remembered at the present time when bigotry's waves are threatening to wash away the landmarks of justice and charity.

A FORGERY REPRODUCED.

One Mr. Stewart, of Stouffville, Ont., is in dreadful alarm lest the Catholics of the United States are prepared to rise in arms during the month of September to dethrone President Cleveland and take control of the Government of the United States, and to exterminate all the Protestants of the country. The *Mail*, the only journal which would print such an absurdity, admitted to its columns a letter from Mr. Stewart to the effect that this was commanded by the Pope.

As the Catholics of the country number only about one-seventh of the population of the States, it would surely be no easy matter to attempt such a thing even if every Catholic in the union took up arms for the purpose—a thing which it is impossible to imagine could occur; yet, on the authority of a bogus letter pretended to have been issued by the Pope, but which was really an invention of the A. P. A., Mr. Stewart makes his statement of the case.

The pretended encyclical was published also in Canadian *P. P. A.* papers, but no attention was paid to it by any reasonable person, and other journals treated it with the contempt it deserves, and never even alluded to it. We shall even give the *Mail* what credit is due to it by acknowledging that it was honest enough not to play so far on the credulity of its readers as to publish or comment upon the ridiculous document.

calumny and exposed its absurdity in their columns. From Mr Starbuck's letter Mr. Macdonald makes the following extract:

"It (the pretended encyclical) is so coarse and clumsy a style of imposture that one would think that even our current Protestant ignorance of Papal formulas of speech and the course of Roman Catholic thought would suffice at once to detect it. How many religious papers have exposed it? The *Independent* and *Christian Union* have, I know, and I hope they are not the only ones. If the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church would issue an encyclical pledging their official character for its spuriousness they might shame it out of existence, but I doubt whether the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church could do so."

Mr. Stewart asks "Why have not the journals which published the Pope's letter been prosecuted for publishing such a libel as they contain?" and he seems to think that this query is sufficient proof that the letter must be genuine. He has not taken into account the possibility that the A. P. A. and P. P. A. journals publishing the forgery have not been seen by the Holy Father, and that for this reason he does not prosecute the perpetrators of the forgery. Indeed, if the Holy Father were to prosecute all who believe him on this continent and in Europe, he would have to devote his entire time to the work of so doing, and would therefore need to give up his work of attending to the affairs of the Church throughout the world to attend to the P. P. A. conspirators.

But perhaps Mr. Stewart means: why do not some of the Catholics of the United States prosecute? It is very doubtful whether they would have a case for a libel suit, when it is the Pope who is libelled and not themselves. At all events, Mr. Macdonald gives a very satisfactory reason for this, as follows:

"It is only necessary to state that if every journal that published lying and slanderous articles against the Church was prosecuted the clerical authorities would have little or no time to attend to anything else."

REV. MR. ADAMS' CONVERSION.

The New York *Sun* has, anent the conversion of the Rev. Henry Adams to the Catholic faith, the following words well worthy of perusal:

"He refused to remain in a false position, though by getting out of it he sacrificed material advantages prized by everybody. Mr. Adams has merely joined a long procession of Protestants who felt the need of the support of a Church they could learn to believe in as infallible. They could not stand alone. They could not be happy and in religious doubt at the same time. They could not settle the great problems of life and death for themselves; but they required that these should be settled for them, so that the whole subject might be taken from their questioning. . . . When Protestants give up the divine authority of the Bible, what other authority have they to rest upon save the authority of an infallible Church? They must go one way or another. They must pass over into Agnosticism, or they must yield their wills to the Church, trusting it as divine. Therein lies the great and enduring strength of the Church of Rome. It stands of itself and on its own foundation. It claims the final and infallible authority. It has no Briggs controversy over the Bible, for the Bible rests upon the authority of the Church."

This is a very logical statement of the position. The Protestant Church is powerless to solve the awful questions that demand an answer. The Bible can be nothing more for them than a book of sublime wisdom, for how can they prove it divine? Not from itself or from the personages who wrote it. And when they style it the Word of God they invoke the authority of the Catholic Church. "I would not believe in the gospel," says St. Augustine, "unless the authority of the Church moved me."

This want of authority is felt by any Protestant who cares to think; and we have no doubt but that many ministers would, were they not burdened with families, desert their illogical position and find rest in the Catholic Church. This view will be scoffed at by those who believe with the early Protestant leaders that it is not allowed before God to hate the Church only half way; but we speak of free men, who rebel against the torments of the intellectual prison in which they have chosen to immure themselves. They must recognize the fact that they are groping in the dark, that they are powerless to resist the encroachments of infidelity, and that to the oft-repeated cry "What is Truth?" they can answer nothing. Men seek a solution of their doubts and questionings; and a Church only whose voice sounds clear and true can quiet their fears and teach them what is due to themselves, to others and to God.

THE CONSPIRATORS A

We have been advised that A. conspirators have made out for themselves. claimed all along that leaders and many of the file of this combination are citizens than those confined Kingston Penitentiary, and of events will prove our right that this is the case. Since ization of the society? In incendiary's torch has been the property of two Catholic the *Record* of the 22nd was also Mrs. Brown's hot Mard's kitchen. Incendiary ped, as the hotel was the fire started in two pla The bolts were also taken handles of the pumps in Mrs. Brown's loss is \$7000. The hotel was \$1000.

The hotel was the prop Creighton, and he is the olic who was burned out last six months. Mr. Jc hotel-keeper, had his [st contents, valued \$1,000, l last March. There is on Catholic doing business in and we should not be surpr that he will be the next vic the progress of the fire at have been told, the me P. P. A. looked on with They had the bolts draw pump-handles, lest any of charity, might attempt building. As soon, how fire attacked the house of who is a Protestant, th again put in the pump all worked with energy property.

It is time that our fell danger that is in their doings of these lawless it is true, be a menace a to Catholics directly, but forgotten that the whole suffer untold loss unless ures are taken to str abominable curse the planted by a gang of robbers whose sole purp ical life of our country access to the well-fill Ontario's treasury.

"LIE! LIE! LIE!" WILL STIC

This seems to be the by the anti-Catholic weeks since we noticed extract in the *Christia* Toronto, and we ma editor of the *Catholic T* him if such matter a time in its columns:

The *Catholic T* nati is very outspoken Catholic paper. It Jesuits have control of ful journal in Christen *Catholic*. They were tion of power by the That paper has done o to the cause of truth combatting of secret s Or late, especially durin it has conducted a unpriestly warfare Ireland and those o pleased to style "Li been a sewer of filth, in the four quarters of had a mouthful of sh void it in that lgr Dirty fellows ever themselves of the lice is the Jesuits are n United States as th before."

We have received editor of the *Telep* Schoenberger, exp that such sentiments used to that paper anxious to be supplie the paper in which peared. It will be subject dealt with is reuce, and the edi have recollection of a passage occurred department. We the editor of the *C* fan would be gu ing the sentiments extract. It is likely some exchange—pos P. P. A. papers, who honest living, pandi dices of uneducated cooting all sorts of heads about the C clergy and its institt

THE CONSPIRATORS AT WORK.

We have been advised that the P. P. A. conspirators have made a beginning of the practical work they have cut out for themselves. We have claimed all along that of the leaders and many of the rank and file of this combination are no better citizens than those confined in the Kingston Penitentiary, and the course of events will prove our fellow-citizens that this is the case. Since the organization of the society in Lucan the incendiary's torch has been applied to the property of two Catholics. From the Lucan Record of the 24th ult. we take the following, which gives an account of the latest outrage:

On Monday night about 12 o'clock fire was discovered in the stables and kitchen of the Royal hotel. The firemen and citizens were soon on the spot, but all their efforts were unavailing, and soon the hotel and outbuildings were completely destroyed, as was also Mrs. Brown's house and Mr. Murd's kitchen. Incendiarism is suspected, as the hotel was vacant, and the fire started in two places at once. The bolts were also taken out of the handles of the pumps in the vicinity. Mrs. Brown's loss is \$700, no insurance. The hotel was insured for \$1000.

The hotel was the property of Mr. Creighton, and he is the second Catholic who was burned out within the last six months. Mr. John Whalen, hotel-keeper, had his stable and its contents, valued \$1,000, burned down last March. There is only one other Catholic doing business in the village, and we should not be surprised to hear that he will be the next victim. During the progress of the fire at the hotel, we have been told, the members of the P. P. A. looked on with arms folded. They had the bolts drawn out of the pump-handles, lest any one, moved by charity, might attempt to save the building. As soon, however, as the fire attacked the house of Mrs. Brown, who is a Protestant, the bolts were again put in the pump-handles and all worked with energy to save her property.

It is time that our fellow-citizens of every denomination awake to the danger that is in their midst. The doings of these lawless ruffians may, it is true, be a menace and an injury to Catholics directly, but it must not be forgotten that the whole province will suffer untold loss unless prompt measures are taken to stamp out this abominable curse that has been planted by a gang of characterless robbers whose sole purpose in the political life of our country is to gain access to the well-filled vaults of Ontario's treasury.

"LIE! LIE! LIE! SOME OF IT WILL STICK."

This seems to be the motto adopted by the anti-Catholic press. A few weeks since we noticed the following extract in the Christian Guardian of Toronto, and we mailed it to the editor of the Catholic Telegraph, asking him if such matter appeared at any time in its columns:

The Catholic Telegraph of Cincinnati is very outspoken for a Roman Catholic paper. It says: "The Jesuits have control of the most powerful journal in Christendom, the Civiltà Cattolica. They were given this position of power by the late Pius IX. That paper has done glorious service to the cause of truth and morality in combating of secret societies in Italy. Of late, especially during the past year, it has conducted a very dirty and unpriestly warfare on Archbishop Ireland and those clergymen it is pleased to style 'Liberals.' It has been a sewer of filth, and every Jesuit in the four quarters of the globe who had a mouthful of slime was free to void it in that Ignacian spittoon. Dirty fellows everywhere availed themselves of the license. The result is the Jesuits are now hated in the United States as they never were before."

We have received a letter from the editor of the Telegraph, Jos. A. Schoenberger, expressing surprise that such sentiments should be attributed to that paper. He is very anxious to be supplied with the date of the paper in which the extract appeared. It will be noticed that the subject dealt with is of recent occurrence, and the editor would likely have recollection of the matter if such a passage occurred in his editorial department. We do not believe the editor of the Christian Guardian would be guilty of inventing the sentiments contained in the extract. It is likely he clipped it from some exchange—possibly from one of P. P. A. papers, who are making a dishonest living, pandering to the prejudices of uneducated Protestants by concocting all sorts of preposterous falsehoods about the Catholic Church, its clergy and its institutions.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A NEW Church has been manufactured at Presteign, Wales. The process of manufacture was somewhat novel. Some doctrinal resolutions were passed by the meeting, whereupon it was moved and seconded and carried unanimously "That we hereby form ourselves into a Christian Church on the basis of the resolutions which have just been passed." This is somewhat different from the method pursued by the Apostles in establishing the original Christian Church; but in the enlightened nineteenth century some people imagine they can improve upon Apostolic methods. The ease with which new Churches are established nowadays is a curious fact considered in connection with the other fact that a convention is being held at Lucerne to bring about the union of all Christian Churches except the Catholic. It does not confirm the statement many times made that "union is in the air," when we see that union meetings like that of Lucerne end in a fiasco, while those held for the purpose of increasing the number of sects are invariably successful.

It has been hitherto usually held in England that a confidential communication made to a clergyman in his capacity of spiritual adviser to his parishioners is privileged, and that the clergyman is not to be compelled to discover it on the order of the court. But Sir Frederic Jeune, Chief Justice of the Court of Probate and Divorce, has recently decided that no such privilege can be claimed. The case before the Court concerned an Anglican High Church clergyman who was accustomed to hear confessions, but the court obliged him to disclose what had been told to him privately. Catholic priests have been frequently excused from making such revelations as they had received through the confessional; and several priests who were interviewed regarding the recent decision answered that they would go to prison for contempt of Court rather than reveal on the witness-stand what had been told to them in the confessional.

A GREAT treat is in store for the Catholics of New York city, as the New York cathedral choir have succeeded in obtaining the consent of the Pope's celebrated Sistine choir to sing in St. Patrick's Cathedral at a couple of services on their way to Chicago, where they also intend to sing during the World's Fair. They have never before sung outside of the Holy City. NOTWITHSTANDING the severe loss sustained by the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame through the destruction by fire of the beautiful convent of Villa Maria, Montreal, this energetic and zealous community announce that their classes will be resumed, as usual, on Sept. 5, as the boarding-school was spared while the Mother-house was destroyed. The loss they endured amounts to more than a million dollars. The new building, which will be erected next spring, is to be absolutely fire-proof.

The story comes from Kansas that the problem has been solved which has been agitating Canadian sects for some time without any practical result. This is to select one minister who will do duty for all denominations in districts where there is only support enough for one, and to discharge the rest. In Clark county hard times have set in owing to a failure of the crops, and at Ashland, the county seat, the seven Protestant denominations selected by vote the most popular of the seven ministers to preach the gospel without touching on distinct doctrines. The Rev. Mr. Miller of the Methodist Church was selected, and the others willingly accepted the decision. It is said that a similar plan will be followed in other counties which are suffering from the drought.

An unique feature of the Catholic Summer school in Plattsburg, N. Y., was the appearance of the Rabbi Veld, the pastor of the Temple Emmanuel, the oldest and most influential of the Reformed Jewish congregations in Montreal. He speaks kindly of the treatment everywhere accorded him. "Although," he says, "the atmosphere of the place was intensely Catholic, the clerical lecturers always wearing their cassocks and the Sisters of the religious communities their various habits, yet everyone was courteous and considerate towards my family and myself." He found his Catholic fellow-students far more liberal and tolerant than those who travel on a platform of avowed liberalism and professional toleration. In the past the Roman Catholic Church

has always been the protector of the Jews. "Now-a-days it is Protestant Germany and holy Russia that mob and persecute my unfortunate co-religionists."

The noble (?) army that is ready to attack these miserable Irishmen who are endeavoring to force Home Rule on unfortunate and long-suffering (?) Ulster, would do well to study the tactics of their brethren across the water. They should be read to the members at every meeting. Here is one of the favorite methods, requiring much strategy and no little valor (?); but our friends, no doubt, will be quick to understand and to appreciate it. The house of a poor Catholic widow in Belfast was wrecked by a large mob; the furniture was smashed, the women assaulted seriously; and thus again the Orange colors marched to triumph. There were two women against some hundreds of Belfast's chivalry! Score another for the followers of the immortal William.

The American Catholic Quarterly Review has in its editorial columns a few short sentences that may provoke a little thought and have some effect on the belligerent editors who have been warring on the School Question:—

"We deprecated most strongly this unnecessary controversy, and did all in our power to prevent, and after its inception, to quietly terminate it. Inopportune truth is sometimes more hurtful in its effects on men than falsehood. It is true that though wars between men may cease, wars between great principles cannot cease. But let us hope so. Discussion should tend to elucidate a question, not to obscure it by the introduction of aimless verbiage and cutting personalities. We believe that when the smoke of battle shall pass away, cool, impartial heads, representing the Church and the State, will deliberate and determine at last on some *modus vivendi*. The State is not hostile to the Church: it recognizes and will not fail to use its power for the correction of abuses and the advancement of the best interests of the Union."

A WRITER in the Philadelphia Catholic Times gives us some very interesting reminiscences of Archbishop Ireland's work during the civil war. He was fearless then as he is now, dreading no danger, and working always to benefit those with whom he was thrown into contact, and many a soldier, wearied and despondent, was aroused into activity and cheerfulness by the pleasant smile and earnest words of Father John Ireland. He was the friend of all—officers and privates. The deed that gained him undying glory and enshrined his name in the memory of all friends of the Union was his carrying ammunition sorely needed that saved the battle of Corinth. The Fifth Regiment of Minnesota, hard pressed by the Confederates, rallied again and again with the most gallant bravery. At last the cry was heard, "There is no ammunition!" and just as they were on the point of retreating they saw Father Ireland hurrying forward with a barrel of cartridges on his shoulders. "Here, boys! here are the cartridges." And all during the fight the intrepid chaplain heedless of whistling bullets, distributed ammunition. Father Ireland is now the Archbishop of St. Paul, but his thoughts often go back to Corinth, where he saved the day and thousands of the "boys in blue" told him so in ringing cheers.

The Canadian Magazine for August is bright and interesting. Mr. O'Hanly, C. E., defends Sir John Thompson against those who attack him on the score of religious belief. IRELAND IN MINIATURE. Kate Field's Delightful Description of the Irish Village. Seated in an exact counterpart of the famous wishing chair of the Giant's Causeway, with my feet resting on Irish soil, in the charming village that Mrs. Ernest Hart has transplanted from County Donegal to the Midway Plaisance, I am reading about that unparalleled scene in the British House Commons, when Joseph Chamberlain hurled epithets at Mr. Gladstone, sarcastically likening his voice to that of God, "Never since the time of Herod has there been such a—" Never will the end of that sentence be known. Then and there Mr. P. P. O'Connor sprang to his feet crying "Judas" at the top of his lungs, and the uproar of a free fight ensued. Black eyes, smashed hats, cuts, bruises, curses long and loud, proved how slightly man is removed from the wildcat. On the restoration of peace Speaker Peel assured Mr. O'Connor that if he would only express regret for an expression undoubtedly due to momentary irritation, all would be well. Mr. O'Connor apologized for likening the member from Birmingham into a traitor, and the House went its usual way. What was the scurrilous about? Ireland, of course, and of course it will evoke the usual comments on the Irish, how they are bound to make trouble

wherever found, and are unfit for Home Rule.

LIVING REPUTATIONS. What a sarcasm it all is! Above and around me is a beautiful replica of the ruins of Donegal Castle, surrounded by facsimiles of Irish cottages, in which natives of Ireland pursue industries established among them within ten years by a sympathetic English woman. Mrs. Ernest Hart has brought her people and her industrial creations to the Columbian Exposition that Americans may see for themselves what enlightened assistance may do for a proud and outraged race who only ask for work. "At it again, are they?" exclaims a friend, referring to this row in Parliament, and overlooking the fact that it was started by an English Tory striking down an English Liberal. "Gladstone's a fool. England should never give Ireland Home Rule. Celts are incapable of self-government."

My fraternal grandfather was a patriot in the revolution of 1798. Ruined and driven from the land he loved, he came to this country early in the present century. A grandniece was kidnapped for singing a national song and was never heard of more. I am glad to be descended from brave men and listen with disgust to criticisms born of ignorance. To answer a fool according to his folly is to say nothing.

IRELAND'S FAMOUS MEN. Rising from the wishing chair I pass into the banquetting hall of Donegal Castle, where stands a colossal statue of Gladstone from the chisel of the Irish sculptor, Bruce Joy, who has put up in Mrs. Hart's village a copy of the bronze statue erected several years ago in front of Bow Church, London. Around and about this banquet hall are portraits of the myriad men who have made Ireland famous; beautiful homespun and other stuffs, embroidery, laces, handkerchiefs, all made by Irish peasants. Passing into adjoining cottages I watch carvers, carpenters, iron and silversmiths, weavers, plying their trades, and as I turn away to ponder under the shade of a grateful tree about the Irish question, Mrs. Ernest Hart herself comes and sits beside me. "Doesn't it make you furious to hear a whole nation condemned in one sentence and not allowed to have one redeeming feature?" I say. "Furious? I've been furious with my country people ever since I began to study the Irish people," replied sturdily and true Mrs. Hart whose name should be spelled with an e.

A REAL IRISH STEW. "How long ago was that?" "If I am to tell that story it must be over the lunch table. I'm hungry. Let's have something to eat." Thereupon we adjourn to an alfresco restaurant in the garden. "What shall we order?" "Irish stew would be most in harmony with the situation," I respond, and a natty maid in a pretty Irish costume brings us bowls of as good a stew as I've eaten for many a day. In the shadow of a round tower from which floats the flag of the Emerald Isle we eat and talk and eat and talk, while visitors pass in and out, wearing that look of curiosity peculiar to frequenters of the Fair. In their eyes everybody as well as everything is an exhibit. "I shall never be satisfied until I've investigated Ireland for myself. When did you first visit the island, Mrs. Hart?"

"In 1872, during my honeymoon, when on seeing a naturally gay people sunk in misery I determined to study their history. Later, my husband became a member of the Irish political committee, and in 1883 we made a tour of inquiry into County Donegal and County Mayo to ascertain the actual condition of the peasantry, in the congested districts where famine recurs."

THE CONGESTED DISTRICTS. "Where is Donegal and what do you mean by congested?" "Donegal is the northwestern corner of Ireland. The eastern part of this country is rich in fertile land occupied by descendants of the English and Scotch. Beyond mountains and bogs and along the sea coast for four hundred miles live 100,000 Celts, 12,000 of whom speak no English and all of whom are dependent for subsistence upon their miserable bits of stony land ironically called farms. Ten years ago there were few stores or cottages among the low stone houses that shelter patient man and beast."

"That is congestion with a vengeance." "Every place where the annual valuation per person of population for land and house is below 23 shillings is scheduled a congested district. Gweedore has a valuation of eight shillings and fourpence; Gweedbarra six and eight pence."

"How awful! But why are there congested districts?" "History answers that question. There is no doubt in my mind that Ireland was originally settled by Greeks and other Eastern colonists. Their prehistoric jewelry, their beautiful myths prove it. They are much more artistic than the English."

"That goes without saying. Look at your composers and orators. Irish for the most part." "There is no doubt about their having been distinguished in arts now lost. Their marvelous missals, no less than their antique jewelry and their bells, are the best testimony."

"What was their golden age?" "From the fourth century to the seventh. During the former they were converted to Christianity by St. Patrick and never had the discipline to which Britain was subjected."

NOT DISCIPLINED BY SUBJECTION. "What do you mean by that?" "They never passed under the yoke of the Romans, which did us an infinite lot of good. It taught us law and order. As a matter of fact, Ireland has never been actually conquered by any invader, not even England. Henry II. tried to conquer her, but failed. On the other hand, the Irish have never had cohesion enough to fully resist the English."

"So the friction of two races has been going on for centuries?" "Precisely. During her golden age Ireland was the centre of Christian learning, sending out saints and missionaries to redeem the East." "When was the Danish invasion?" "From the eighth to the tenth century. Tempted by reports of gold—for that gold was found in Ireland is demonstrated by wonderful gold ornaments—Danes overran the island and pillaged the churches; then set in a period of disruption. Internecine wars reduced the different races to such barbarism that the Pope gave Ireland to Henry II., in the hope of his reconverting the island to Christianity." "He took a queer way, it seems to me, when he deprived the Irish of their property."

ENGLAND'S ONE POLICY. "You may well say so. English policy was to keep Ireland poor and enslaved."

"Didn't good Queen Bess, of blessed memory, help on the work?" "That amiable virgin determined to stamp out the 'wild Irish' as she would have stamped out the cattle plague. Because the hunted Celts took refuge in the dense forests the latter were destroyed by fire. Thus the climate was changed, as undoubtedly Ireland was formerly dryer and adapted to grain growing. Where bogs now are forests abounded."

"Ah, I see why Sir Walter Raleigh planted the potato he discovered in South America."

"Elizabeth gave her favorite magnificent estate in Youghal, near Cork. This house stands to this day, and was bought by John Pope Hennessy, the anti-Parnellite, who defeated Parnell."

"Is it not strange that Parnell and Hennessy died within six months of each other? But go on about blessed Bess."

"She vowed she'd starve and burn out the Irish dogs. She gave Sir Walter Raleigh a concession to supply the kags for Spanish wines, so the forests that were not burned were cut down. The Irish crept into the woods that were left, fed on herbs and nettles, and naturally harried the English, who have taken possession of their lands. In course of time they became servants on their own estates."

"SWEENEY'S MARVELOUS AGILITY. "Is it true that your workman, McSweeney, who at the age of 79 dances a hornpipe like a boy, is directly descended from the Celtic clan of the McSwines of Donegal?" "Yes. His ancestors were disposed of various castles, but you see McSweeney has lost none of his independence."

"Nor his agility. I never saw feet fly faster or take more original steps. How he must love the English?"

"Do you blame any Irishman for resenting brutal invasion? As Queen Elizabeth failed to annihilate the Celts, James I. devised the plan of planting Ulster after his own heart. He gave all the fat lands to English and Scotch colonists, and consigned the 'mere Irish' to the lean lands."

"He drove them like swine into bogs and they settled on lands sloping to the sea, where you found the poor creatures in 1883."

"Exactly; they became squatters. This land of theirs was valued in 1830 at two pence an acre. Thanks to their reclamation, it is now worth about ten times that amount. As a member of the Irish political committee, Mr. Hart suggested a system of migration from the congested to the grass lands. These are immense tracts, occupied by the people in 1847, from which, after the famine, they were evicted in 1850 and '54. Herded in what were called coffin boats these unfortunate people were swept off to America with one or two pounds in their pockets, or were driven to the bogs. Sheep replaced them."

"Didn't Mr. Hart and Parnell suggest the purchase of these tracts?" "Yes, but the scheme fell through. Many a time I have cried with indignation at my country's treatment of a patient, gentle, virtuous people, whose sole desire is the justice of work. Even when England investigated Ireland, her emissaries never consulted priest or people, whom they despised."

"I should go direct to both." "That's just what Mr. Hart and I did. We appealed to Cardinal Logue, who turned over to us all his books. The priests keep a census of all animals on two or four legs. Thus we got at statistics which we substantiated, and returned home resolved to tell the truth whatever the cost. I assure you after my sad experience among the Irish peasantry, every well fed person I met in London seemed an outrage on humanity. Yet one of the first things I read in the Times was that a spirit of lawlessness had again broken out in Gweedore, the server of eviction notices having been turned back by women and obliged to eat his processess."

"I should have done the same thing had I been one of those women; perhaps more."

"A BRAVE WOMAN'S STRUGGLE. "Mind you that land has been planted with potatoes by charity funds! Far from well during my trip to Ire-

land I broke down completely on returning and was confined to my room for six months; but before I gave up work temporarily I wrote to the Times for money to help the Bishop of Donegal carry on relief work for six weeks until the spring potatoes were up. The Times refused to publish my letter, so I paid for it as an advertisement. Even John Morely rejected it. My sole help was the Daily Chronicle. Thus, from my bed I raised \$2,000 with which relief work was carried on. I begged people to stop pauperizing a race that could and would work. I appealed through English and Irish papers to the women to form the nucleus of available industries. This appeal was heard. We began with knitting and went on to homespun."

"Was the work well done?" "On taking the homespun to London tailors they told me the wool was fine but the work bad. 'Teach them to die and make stuffs like the Scotch,' said these tailors. Sending for a gillie that I knew, I learned how dyes were extracted from wild plants. With this crude information I obtained wild plants from Donegal, experimented in my own laboratory, pored over old manuals and produced beautiful tints from Irish bogs. Gradually this knowledge was imparted to my present friends, and when Mr. Hart told Mr. Joseph Chamberlain of our success the latter said it was the most practical way of helping Ireland he had heard of."

A COMPLETE VINDICATION. "Where did you get your money?" "I spent my own, aided by a few staunch friends. At last I appealed for Government aid, and received \$5,000. Even this small sum excited the ire of the Tories, who call me an imposter and said I'd bought the stuffs which had been made under our direction in Donegal cottages. London society sneered and the Queen asked for an explanation. On proving my honesty, Her Majesty and the Princess of Wales both patronized Irish industries that others denounced. It was unpatriotic to admit that the Irish had virtues."

"Never mind, Mrs. Hart; your day will come." "It has come in my complete vindication by Courts, press and people and by the establishment of industries for which orders are given in this country which should sympathize heartily in this work. The trouble now is the cost of transportation over the bogs and mountains."

"Has Donegal no harbors and rivers?" "Plenty, but few sea boats. One hundred thousand people have most imperfect communication with the outside world. Give them sea communication and they will show how false an estimate has been put upon their ability to care for themselves. Dear me, it's time for my lecture; and off walks Mrs. Ernest Hart to the pleasant lecture room, where, surrounded by copies of rare old missals, she tells a waiting and deeply interested audience about those isolated peasants in old Ireland, who owe to this brave, untiring and generous woman the dawn of a new life."

I tell you this story, dear readers, that you may know how a woman belonging to the race that has oppressed the Irish is carrying on a work of reparation. When you think of Gladstone do not forget Mrs. Ernest Hart, and when you visit the fair do not pass by Donegal Castle. It is now moonlight. Again I sit in the wishing chair, and I wish all the help for Ireland that will make her happy and prosperous and bring joy to the hearts of her English woman friend. Wishes from this chair are fulfilled in a year. We shall see.

KATE FIELD. "Arise Mary, and go forth in thy strength into the north country, which once was thine own. O, Mary, my hope, O, Mother undefiled, fulfil the promise of the spring." —Cardinal Newman.

That Pie



I had for dinner was the best I ever ate. Thanks to COTTOLENE, the new and successful shortening.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

Made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Wellington and Ann Streets, MONTREAL.

A BRAVE WOMAN'S STRUGGLE. "Mind you that land has been planted with potatoes by charity funds! Far from well during my trip to Ire-

Ayer's Pills

Are compounded with the view to general usefulness and adaptability. They are composed of the purest vegetable aperients. Their delicate sugar-coating, which readily dissolves in the stomach, preserves their full medicinal value and makes them easy to take, either by old or young.

Are the Best

Unlike other cathartics, the effect of Ayer's Pills is to strengthen the excretory organs and restore to them their regular and natural action. Doctors everywhere prescribe them. In spite of immense competition, they have always maintained their popularity as a family medicine, being in greater demand now than ever before.

Ayer's Pills

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Every Dose Effective

TO EDUCATORS.

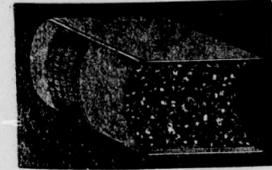
Catholic School Books.

Table listing various Catholic school books such as 'Saddler's Dominion Catholic Reading Charts', 'Saddler's Dominion Catholic Speller', and 'Saddler's Edition of Questions and Answers concerning Catholic Doctrine'.

D. & J. SADDLER & CO. Catholic Publishers, Church Ornaments and Religious Articles. 1269 Notre Dame St. Montreal. 128 Church St. Toronto.

A GREAT OFFER

(Charges prepaid to any part of the Dominion.)



The CATHOLIC RECORD FOR ONE YEAR

Webster's - Dictionary FOR \$4.00.

By special arrangement with the publishers, we are able to obtain a number of the above books, and propose to furnish a copy to each of our subscribers. The dictionary is a necessity in every home, school and business house.

ONTARIO STAINED GLASS WORKS

STAINED GLASS FOR CHURCHES. PUBLIC AND PRIVATE BUILDING. Furnished in the best style and at prices low enough to bring it within the reach of all.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

SINS OF PARENTS. And Jesus said: Young man, I say to thee, arise. (St. Luke viii. 14.)

Many mourning parents, brethren, are represented by the poor widow of Nain, told of in this day's Gospel; and their mourning is for the sons dead in mortal sin.

Yes, alas! as parents raise their eyes to our Lord's gracious countenance and beg His pity, they should sometimes confess that they are not without blame for their misfortunes. Many parents spoil their children by bad example.

Now, it often happens that children who have been treated too leniently while quite young are treated too severely when a little older. Too much authority should not be used with boys and girls who are some years in their teens.

Brethren, do not suppose that it is always best to force one to do what he ought to do; try rather to induce him to attract him.

But, some one might say, what if your child has got beyond you and will be bad in spite of every best endeavor on your part—what then? Well, at any rate there is no sense in railing at him.

Many such prayers cannot be said without producing their effect—the resurrection of your child's soul from the death of mortal sin.

Dyspepsia Cured. GENTLEMEN—I was troubled with dyspepsia for about four years.

Unbearable Agony. For three days I suffered severely from summer complaint. Nothing gave me relief and I kept getting worse until the pain was almost unbearable.

PURE COD LIVER OIL combined with Wild Cherry and Hypophosphites renders Milburn's Emulsion the best on the market.

Milburn's Liniment cures Dandruff.

MR. KALBFLEISCH.

By MAURICE F. EGAN, LL. D.

THE NICEST PEOPLE IN THE MARKET.

The old market was not a pleasant sight at night. Rats ran in and out among the wooden stalls. Broken basket and heaps of refuse vegetables lay on the brick walk.

There were no flowers on Mrs. Jameson's counter: her roses and geraniums were under shelter. The old man who sold grated horse-radish had gone home.

Mr. Kalbfleisch was a ruddy man—why are butchers always ruddy men?—and he growled constantly.

When Charles O'Meara left Ireland with his two boys, Charley and Willie, everybody in Ballygow said it was a good thing to do.

Charles O'Meara had only to cross the ocean to make a fortune. He had only enough money to pay his passage and a pound or so above that, but he went, and the two boys with him.

Charley was ten and Willie eight years of age. They were good boys—more obedient than boys usually are, and they loved their father devotedly.

At first, the boys were afraid of the butcher. But, as poor Mr. O'Meara began to grow sick from hard, ceaseless carrying of the hod up shacking ladders, they got into a habit of telling their sorrows to Mr. Kalbfleisch.

On these occasions, which became more frequent, as Mr. O'Meara grew paler and the red flush on his cheeks redder, Charley would cook the steak in his best manner.

Mrs. Jameson used to send a bunch of flowers to him every day. He always asked Charley to put it in front of the statue of the Blessed Virgin on the mantel-shelf.

"Oh," he said, over and over again, "I wish I could take the boys with me! Sure they were safer there, among their own people, where a bad word or a curse was never heard!"

"Dunder and blitzen!" Mr. Kalbfleisch would exclaim, when he heard Mr. O'Meara cry out in this way.

"What do they want of religion?" he asked. "Religion doesn't pay. I'm as good a man as anybody I know, but I'm not religious."

"You're a kind man, Kalbfleisch, and you've many prayers for the Little Sisters to help keep you straight, but a time will come when your natural goodness will give way, if religion doesn't support it."

Two days after this dialogue Mr. O'Meara died, longing with his last breath for Ballygow, and praying that the boys might rather die than commit a mortal sin.

Poor boys! On the night of the funeral they had to sweep out the market as usual. Tired with weeping, they fell asleep beneath the stars.

Mindard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

III. AN INCIDENT.

Charley and Willie, after a time, forgot their first grief. But they did not forget their father. Charley's Sunday jacket had become threadbare, and he was slowly saving up his spare cash to buy a new one.

"Sure, Father," Charley said, "there'd be no need in my having the Masses said, if I didn't deny myself something. If you say the Masses, your charity would be helping father's soul out of purgatory, not mine."

Charley and Willie kept the old room. Through the good offices of the old horse-radish man, whose son was a telegraph operator in the Western Union building, Willie got a place as district messenger. He looked very well in his neat blue uniform.

Charley no longer swept the market. He had been promoted to be assistant to Mr. Kalbfleisch. Mr. Kalbfleisch was making money. Having saved a good round sum, he invested it in a large drove of Western cattle.

Mr. Kalbfleisch was in a very good humor. He intended to go that night to the Germania Butchers' Association, and he was full of anticipation.

About dusk, customers became fewer. A tramp lounged up to the stand, and Mr. Kalbfleisch pulled out a roll of bills and threw him a dollar note, calling him several bad names as he did so.

Mr. Kalbfleisch laughed. "Dry up, old man!" he said. "You'd better come to the ball."

Willie went home, after confession. He had to report for duty at 9 o'clock, and he wanted to rest awhile.

There was no moon. The market looked like a dark cave. There was no sound, except the gentle ripple of the river and the distant shrieks of fog-whistles.

Charley thought he heard a whisper. He paused behind Mrs. Jameson's stall. "Can't do it without a chisel. Your pen-knife's no good, Sam."

There was silence. Then a sound of scraping. "Spouse we go and try to buy a chisel from the lodging house man."

Charley knew what it meant. He said to himself that he would lose time in going for a policeman. He did not know where to find one.

He went up to the stall, hastily unlocked it, and took out the tin box. He fancied that the man at the corner was watching him. There were several other sums of money in the drawer.

Charley thought he heard a whisper. He paused behind Mrs. Jameson's stall. "Can't do it without a chisel. Your pen-knife's no good, Sam."

There was silence. Then a sound of scraping. "Spouse we go and try to buy a chisel from the lodging house man."

Charley knew what it meant. He said to himself that he would lose time in going for a policeman. He did not know where to find one.

He went up to the stall, hastily unlocked it, and took out the tin box. He fancied that the man at the corner was watching him.

He had turned to move away when a hard blow struck him on the shoulder and a lighted match was flashed in his face.

"Is it a cop?" whispered a voice. "No," was the answer. "It's the young one. And the money's gone!"

The second speaker opened a dark lantern, and, in the light, Charley recognized the tramp to whom Mr. Kalbfleisch had given the dollar.

Charley pushed the rolls of money into his pocket. The new comers seized him by his shoulder; one of them put a hard hand on his mouth.

"Now, a young fellow, we'll search you—No, it's not here, Sam. There's a good deal in this pocket, but there's more in the tin box I heard 'em talk about. Where's the tin box, young fellow?"

The hand was drawn away from his mouth, to give him a chance to answer. The man addressed as Sam held a pistol against his head.

"You know what you'll get, if you hollow." Charley did not speak. He had resolved to die rather than to betray his trust.

"Where is it? I'll pull the trigger!" One! Charley did not speak. "Two!" Charley began an act of— "Three!"

Just then the sound of a policeman's club struck upon the sidewalk reached their ears. "Take that, you cub?" cried Sam. "And that!"

He struck Charley three heavy blows with the butt of his pistol on the head. Charley felt the hot blood gush into his eyes. A sudden pain shot through the top of his head. Then there followed a strange, horrible dream and then nothing at all.

TO BE CONTINUED. Many people, not aware of the dangers of constipation, neglect the proper remedy till the habit becomes chronic, or inflammation or stoppage results.

A large manufacturing concern like that of S. Davis & Sons, which has won its way to the top of the ladder and held that position for a quarter of a century by the unvarying high quality of its goods, can surely be depended upon for the future.



PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS

With Reflections for Every Day in the Year. Compiled from "Butler's Lives" and other approved sources, to which are added Lives of the American Saints.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all Ages.

Branch No. 4, London, meets on the 4th and 11th Thursday of every month, at eight o'clock, at their hall, Albion block, Richmond Street, O. O. Secretary, Mrs. Wm. Corcoran, Recording Secretary, Mrs. M. A. O'Keefe.

C. M. B. A.

New Branch. District Deputy John L. Carleton, assisted by Thomas Grand, First Vice-President of Branch 194, instituted Branch 211 on Monday July 31, at Grand Falls. The following is a list of the officers: Spiritual Adviser—Rev. M. A. O'Keefe; First Vice-President—Archie Ouellette; Second Vice-President—P. A. McCluskey; Recording Secretary—Geo. D. McCluskey; Assistant Rec. Sec.—Jas Burgess; Financial Secretary—Rev. M. A. O'Keefe; Treasurer—James Leclair; Marshal—James Carroll; Guard—Charles J. McCluskey; Trustees—M. Harley, W. Langran, P. McCluskey, J. Burgess and J. Carroll. With such officers the success of the Branch is assured.

A Big Gathering.

Preparations are being made for the largest excursion and greatest picnic ever held in the county—Moncton and Memramouc—a combination picnic, taking in Amherst, Sackville, Dorchester and the surrounding country, visitors from Halifax and St. John, friends from Sussex, Truro and all points along the coast. A great number of children who have been separated by time and distance will meet. A grand reunion of a large number of the members of the C. M. B. A. Brotherhood. A visit to the far-famed spot of learning, St. Joseph's college. A day of recreation in the LeBlond park, the most beautiful pleasure ground in the province, overlooking the picturesque canyon, so much admired for its grandeur and beauty. A day for rowing or boat sailing on Lake Camille, which is reached by flights of steps built along the borders of the magnificent park. This excursion will take place on a day to be named hereafter in the last week of the present month.—Moncton Times.

Death of Brother H. W. Deare.

We regret very much to be called upon to chronicle the death of Brother H. W. Deare, editor of the C. M. B. A. Weekly. During his connection with the C. M. B. A. he labored earnestly for the spread of the organization. We know of no other Brother throughout the county who will join us in the prayer that God will give the light of eternity to the soul of our deceased Brother. We take the following interesting sketch of his life from the last number of the Weekly: Hon. H. W. Deare, editor of the C. M. B. A. Weekly, died Tuesday, Aug. 22, 1893, at his residence, 16 Gloucester avenue, Windsor, Ont. Deceased was born October 21, 1830, at Bath near Bristol, Eng. His mother died when he was a few days old, and he was given to a dear friend of the family, who later moved to London, Eng., where he was apprenticed to the brush-making trade. He arrived in New York in 1847, and remained there and in Brooklyn several months. In 1848 he emigrated to Michigan and settled in the Township of Hamtramck, near Detroit. He was a representative in the State legislature in the years 1853 and 1854, Judge of Probate of the Township of Hamtramck, seven years, school inspector and teacher for a number of years. He was also a prominent member of civic and benevolent societies. Deceased was the first president of the St. John the Baptist society, a member of the Lafayette Benevolent society and a member of various religious societies. He was a member of the C. M. B. A. and acted as one of the pall-bearers of Right Rev. Bishop P. Lefevre. He was brought up in the Episcopal Church, but embraced Catholicism in 1854. On the 15th day of May, 1854, he married Ann Lyons, an adopted daughter of J. B. Campbell. In the spring of 1856 he removed to Windsor, Ont., where he taught school until 1878, when he moved to Amherstburg, Ont., and accepted the principalship of the boys Roman Catholic school, which position he held for four years. During that time he established the Dominion Yeast Company, with his son and nephew. He resigned the principalship and engaged in mercantile pursuits. He removed from Amherstburg and settled in Essex Centre, and there began the publication of the C. M. B. A. Monthly on June 25, 1878, and on July 1, 1880, the C. M. B. A. Weekly, which he became the editor, and acted as such up to the time of his death. He was one of the organizers of the Anthony's male orphan asylum, and took an active part in all church and school matters. He was a delegate to the Baltimore Convention, and appointed a delegate to the Columbian Catholic Congress to be held at Chicago Sept. 3, 1883. He became a member of the C. M. B. A. at Amherstburg, Ont., and held the office of secretary and president, and represented the branch at several conventions. When he removed to Essex Centre, he was transferred to Branch 20, Maidstone, Ont., and became its president. He subsequently removed to Windsor, Ont., and became a member of Branch 1, and continued as such until the Canadian difficulties, when he obtained his transfer to Branch 7, Detroit, Mich., of which he was a member at the time of his death. He attended all of the Supreme and Grand Council conventions since the organization of the C. M. B. A. He was Grand Chancellor, and appointed Supreme Deputy at Lenoir in 1882. He was also appointed special deputy for the purpose of organizing the Grand Council of Quebec, the C. M. B. A. in Montreal and in the Province of Quebec. He had just returned from an extended trip through New York and Canada on a time of contract his illness, and took a malignant form, and after being confined to bed about ten days, receiving the Holy Sacraments from the hands of his beloved pastor, the Rev. Dean Wagner, he died on Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 22, 1893. He was buried from St. Alphonsus Church, Windsor, Ont., on Thursday morning, Aug.

Consumption is oftentimes absolutely cured in its earliest stages by the use of that wonderful Food Medicine, Scott's Emulsion which is now in high repute the world over.

Scott's Emulsion

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For circulars, terms, etc., write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

He who never changes any of his opinions never corrected any of his mistakes.

24, 1893, and interred in Mt. Elliott Cemetery, Detroit. Branch No. 7, C. M. B. A. of Detroit, took charge of the remains of our deceased brother and directed the funeral, which was largely attended. Deceased leaves a widow, a daughter and a son; also a large circle of friends and acquaintances to mourn his demise.

Resolution of Condolence.

London Ont., Aug. 23, 1893. THOS. COPPEY ESQ.,—DEAR SIR AND BROTHER—The following resolutions of condolence were unanimously passed at the regular meeting of Branch No. 4 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of London, held August 23, 1893: That the members of this branch deeply deplore the loss of our esteemed and worthy Brother, J. P. O'Higgins. By his death the brotherhood sustains a loss that cannot be replaced. His kindness of heart, gentleness of purpose and generous disposition made his presence in our midst a source of pleasure and esteem. Whereas it having pleased Almighty God to take him to Himself, we bow to the decree of an all-wise Providence. Who loath all things well. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the widow and family of our late Brother in this their hour of trial and bereavement. We mourn with them for the loss of a true Christian, a kind father and a loving husband, and sincerely pray that God would strengthen them in the path of duty, and grant them to be reunited in heaven. Thos. Coffey, P. F. Boyle, Committee. WM. CORCORAN, Sec. Stratford, August 26, 1893.

At regular meeting of Branch 13, held on August 23, 1893, it was moved by Bro. Capatine, and unanimously adopted: Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst, Mrs. Kneilt, mother of our esteemed Bro. E. J. Kneilt, Resolved, that we, the members of Branch 13, tender to Bro. E. J. Kneilt our sincere sympathy and prayers for his comfort and consolation. We pray that Almighty God may console him in his sad affliction. Be it further Resolved, that a copy of this resolution be sent to Brother E. J. Kneilt and forwarded to the CATHOLIC RECORD for publication. RICHARD FEWELL, Pres., JAS. O'CONNOR, Sec. Stratford, August 26, 1893.

Hall of Branch No. 30, Aug. 22, 1893. At a regular meeting of Branch No. 30, Peterborough, Aug. 22, the following resolutions were adopted: Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to call to Himself by the hand of death our esteemed Brother, Thomas McQuade, be it therefore Resolved, that while humbly submitting to the will of God, who doeth all things for the best, we hereby tender, in the name of the hour, to his wife and family in this their hour of affliction, that sincere sympathy and consolation. We pray that Almighty God may strengthen and console them to bear patiently the irreparable loss they have sustained. Be it further Resolved, that the charter of our branch be draped in mourning for the space of one month in respect to the memory of our departed Brother. That a copy of these resolutions be published in the CATHOLIC RECORD, also a copy be sent to the bereaved wife and family, and the same to be spread on the minutes of our Branch. W. J. DEVLIN, Pres., THOS. J. DORIS, Rec. Sec. E. B. A.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

At the regular meeting of St. Joseph's Juvenile Branch No. 1 of the E. B. A. of Hamilton, held in St. Mary's Church, on August 29, 1893, the following resolutions were moved by Brother John Galvin, seconded by Brother W. H. Jamieson: Whereas Almighty God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to remove from our midst our late Brother, John Sullivan, branch brother of this branch, Resolved, that the members of this branch tender our heartfelt sympathy to his parents in this their hour of sad affliction, and pray that Almighty God may console them in their loss. Be it further Resolved, that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to Bro. Sullivan, and a copy sent to the CATHOLIC RECORD for publication. W. H. JAMIESON, JR., Rec. Sec.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO

DEATH OF REV. J. P. M'BRIDE. Rev. Father Joseph Francis McBride, who had been ill for the past summer in St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, died on Sunday August 29, 1893. For some time past he was troubled with Bright's disease, which latterly compelled him to relinquish all work. Father McBride was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1855. He accompanied his mother to Canada, after his father's death in 1860, settling in Wilketon, Ont. He studied his theology in the Grand Seminary, Montreal. He was ordained by the late Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, on the 24th of April, 1878. His first charge was at St. Michael's cathedral, Toronto; then St. Paul's Church. For two or three years subsequent to this he was chaplain in the Reformatory at Penitangishuon. On the completion of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, the subject of this short sketch returned to Toronto to be its pastor and act as secretary to Archbishop Lynch. His next charge was at Dixie, near Cooksville, and his last was in St. Helen's, Brockton, where he had been for two years. He was an eloquent preacher, a hard working saint, and a good writer and musician. A year ago he was the able editor of the "Catholic Record," which he conducted with a high degree of ability. He was the father of his five-year-old son to his father's sister, who, up to his death, was most devoted to him. The funeral took place on the 23rd instant. The remains were conveyed to St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, where a solemn Requiem Mass was sung for the repose of the departed soul. His Grace Archbishop Walsh delivered the funeral panegyric. The remains were interred in St. Michael's cemetery. Requiescat in pace!

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For circulars, terms, etc., write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

OBITUARY.

SARAH PATRICK, LONDON TOWNSHIP. A few short months ago we chronicled the demise, after lingering illness, of Mr. Patrick, son of Squire Patrick, J. P., of Alderton, in the twenty-ninth year of his age. The Angel of Death again visited that peaceful home on August 25, this time taking therefore a bright and promising daughter in the bloom of womanhood—Sarah, aged twenty-six years, wife of John Patrick, Emily, the present Mother General of the order, who founded the first Dominican community in this country at Sinsinawa forty years ago.

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For circulars, terms, etc., write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

POPE LEO'S CHAIR.

Musical World Deeply Interested in Its Visit to the World's Fair.

The musical world is deeply interested in the visit of the famous Sistine Chapel choir from the Vatican to the World's Fair. The Pope's permission has been obtained for a visit of the choir to the World's Fair, and it is said that this world-renowned choir would be heard in the Cathedral, New York City, before and after its visit to Chicago. Director Mustafa has written the Archbishop of New York that the members of the choir will take great pleasure in appearing at one or two services at the Cathedral. This will be the first time the choir has sung outside the Holy City, and music-lovers are looking forward with great pleasure to the event. The negotiations between the Secretary of the Musical Section of the Exposition and the Sistine choir director were begun over a month ago. The reply to the Secretary's proposition said the choir could not give concerts, but would perform religious services in the Exhibition as they do in the Sistine Chapel, and that the choir being composed chiefly of men it would be advisable to select the best voices only, and make up the required complement of forty voices by having the director supply the balance from other churches in Rome. Both these terms were agreed to and the Pope gave his official sanction to the scheme. It is for this choir that many of the master-pieces of church music have been written, and it has preserved to the present day the traditional manner of performing this music. Cardinal Wiseman heard the Sistine choir sing the "Miserere," and, after having spoken of the first effect says: "Here you can trace one part winding and climbing by soft and subdued steps through the labyrinth of sweet sounds, then another drops with delicious trickling from the highest compass to the level of the rest. Then one part seems at length to extricate itself; then another follows in imitative cadence, and they seem as silver threads that gradually unravel themselves and then wind around the deep-toned bass, which has scarcely swerved from its stately dignity during all the emotion of the other parts, and fills up the magnificent diapason, and then the voices burst into a swelling fanfare, which has no name on earth. This "Miserere," which will undoubtedly be sung by the choir at the cathedral, is the composition of Gregorio Allegri, the last of the masters of the Palestrina school of church music, and was for a long time most jealously guarded as one of the greatest treasures of the Sistine Choir, and it was forbidden under great penalties either to show or copy the music. The story of Mozart when yet a boy copying down the "Miserere" as he heard it sung during the Holy Week of 1770 is well known.

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For circulars, terms, etc., write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

OBITUARY.

SARAH PATRICK, LONDON TOWNSHIP. A few short months ago we chronicled the demise, after lingering illness, of Mr. Patrick, son of Squire Patrick, J. P., of Alderton, in the twenty-ninth year of his age. The Angel of Death again visited that peaceful home on August 25, this time taking therefore a bright and promising daughter in the bloom of womanhood—Sarah, aged twenty-six years, wife of John Patrick, Emily, the present Mother General of the order, who founded the first Dominican community in this country at Sinsinawa forty years ago.

IGNATIUS AND LUTHER.

Ignatius—to their learning—their zeal—their self sacrifice, their unwavering heroism in England, in Germany, in Scotland, in Ireland, in every place where the fight was thickest and the foe most formidable.

The remainder of the Rev. Father's discourse was devoted to the wonderful labors of the Jesuits in America, especially amongst the Indians since the latter part of the sixteenth century.

SEPARATE SCHOOL WORK.

I see with pleasure that you report in the RECORD the success of separate schools in different parts of the province. The La Salette Separate school is not behind in maintaining the reputation of Catholic education. The following five pupils of that school passed the recent High School Examination: Curtis Clark, Rosa McElhone, Maggie Burke, James Casey, and Joseph Macaulay. A SUBSCRIBER.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

It will be noticed by advertisement in another column that this excellent educational institution will be opened on the 15th inst. An erroneous report has gained circulation that on account of the large addition and other improvements recently made on the college it would not be opened on that date. We are glad to be able to state that there is no foundation for the rumor and the studies will be resumed on the date mentioned. There is now accommodation for six hundred students.

The A. O. H. Excursion to Niagara Falls.

The A. O. H. Excursion to Niagara Falls, held on the 21st inst., was a most successful one. The A. O. H. seemed sprightly, as with spirit they sped lightly. The Youngs street tier to rest; Parents to children, aid were lending; Mothers on lovers arms were leaning; Who from heart to heart were sending Love as pure as divines preach. Embarked without commotion. Our good boat was put in motion, And none entertained a notion Save of relaxation gay. The O'Connell band stood willing To discourse sweet music thrilling Which the fresh breeze, tho' not chilling, Wafted o'er the limpid bay. With our green flag floating o'er us, To meet our janyke brothers When our yauke hold in dear; The meeting was a pleasure. Unalloyed and without measure. The remembrance long will treasure A dull weary hour to cheer. On the grounds, our destination. We were filled with exultation. To see men of every station; In sweet harmony to agree; Through the trees the sun was beaming. His effulgence round us gleaming. O'er our heads was proudly streaming The loved emblem of the free. For years we've been together, Through drear and fall and weather. And fraternal love the fetter. Which has held intact our right; May we still remain as true and bright. Till Ireland's wrongs are mended. Our loved Isle will soon be righted In her pristine glory bright.

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For circulars, terms, etc., write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

DO NOT TROUBLE IF AT ALL TIMES YOU CANNOT DO AS WELL AS YOU WOULD, BUT LABOR TO DO AS WELL AS YOU CAN.

Do not trouble if at all times you cannot do as well as you would, but labor to do as well as you can.

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For circulars, terms, etc., write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

DO NOT TROUBLE IF AT ALL TIMES YOU CANNOT DO AS WELL AS YOU WOULD, BUT LABOR TO DO AS WELL AS YOU CAN.

Do not trouble if at all times you cannot do as well as you would, but labor to do as well as you can.

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For circulars, terms, etc., write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

DO NOT TROUBLE IF AT ALL TIMES YOU CANNOT DO AS WELL AS YOU WOULD, BUT LABOR TO DO AS WELL AS YOU CAN.

Do not trouble if at all times you cannot do as well as you would, but labor to do as well as you can.

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For circulars, terms, etc., write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

DO NOT TROUBLE IF AT ALL TIMES YOU CANNOT DO AS WELL AS YOU WOULD, BUT LABOR TO DO AS WELL AS YOU CAN.

Do not trouble if at all times you cannot do as well as you would, but labor to do as well as you can.

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For circulars, terms, etc., write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

DO NOT TROUBLE IF AT ALL TIMES YOU CANNOT DO AS WELL AS YOU WOULD, BUT LABOR TO DO AS WELL AS YOU CAN.

Do not trouble if at all times you cannot do as well as you would, but labor to do as well as you can.

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For circulars, terms, etc., write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

DO NOT TROUBLE IF AT ALL TIMES YOU CANNOT DO AS WELL AS YOU WOULD, BUT LABOR TO DO AS WELL AS YOU CAN.

Do not trouble if at all times you cannot do as well as you would, but labor to do as well as you can.

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For circulars, terms, etc., write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

DO NOT TROUBLE IF AT ALL TIMES YOU CANNOT DO AS WELL AS YOU WOULD, BUT LABOR TO DO AS WELL AS YOU CAN.

Do not trouble if at all times you cannot do as well as you would, but labor to do as well as you can.

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For circulars, terms, etc., write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

DO NOT TROUBLE IF AT ALL TIMES YOU CANNOT DO AS WELL AS YOU WOULD, BUT LABOR TO DO AS WELL AS YOU CAN.

Do not trouble if at all times you cannot do as well as you would, but labor to do as well as you can.

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For circulars, terms, etc., write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

DO NOT TROUBLE IF AT ALL TIMES YOU CANNOT DO AS WELL AS YOU WOULD, BUT LABOR TO DO AS WELL AS YOU CAN.

Do not trouble if at all times you cannot do as well as you would, but labor to do as well as you can.

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For circulars, terms, etc., write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

DO NOT TROUBLE IF AT ALL TIMES YOU CANNOT DO AS WELL AS YOU WOULD, BUT LABOR TO DO AS WELL AS YOU CAN.

Do not trouble if at all times you cannot do as well as you would, but labor to do as well as you can.

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For circulars, terms, etc., write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

DO NOT TROUBLE IF AT ALL TIMES YOU CANNOT DO AS WELL AS YOU WOULD, BUT LABOR TO DO AS WELL AS YOU CAN.

Do not trouble if at all times you cannot do as well as you would, but labor to do as well as you can.

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For circulars, terms, etc., write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

DO NOT TROUBLE IF AT ALL TIMES YOU CANNOT DO AS WELL AS YOU WOULD, BUT LABOR TO DO AS WELL AS YOU CAN.

Do not trouble if at all times you cannot do as well as you would, but labor to do as well as you can.

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For circulars, terms, etc., write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

DO NOT TROUBLE IF AT ALL TIMES YOU CANNOT DO AS WELL AS YOU WOULD, BUT LABOR TO DO AS WELL AS YOU CAN.

Do not trouble if at all times you cannot do as well as you would, but labor to do as well as you can.

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For circulars, terms, etc., write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

IGNATIUS AND LUTHER.

Ignatius—to their learning—their zeal—their self sacrifice, their unwavering heroism in England, in Germany, in Scotland, in Ireland, in every place where the fight was thickest and the foe most formidable.

The remainder of the Rev. Father's discourse was devoted to the wonderful labors of the Jesuits in America, especially amongst the Indians since the latter part of the sixteenth century.

SEPARATE SCHOOL WORK.

I see with pleasure that you report in the RECORD the success of separate schools in different parts of the province. The La Salette Separate school is not behind in maintaining the reputation of Catholic education. The following five pupils of that school passed the recent High School Examination: Curtis Clark, Rosa McElhone, Maggie Burke, James Casey, and Joseph Macaulay. A SUBSCRIBER.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

It will be noticed by advertisement in another column that this excellent educational institution will be opened on the 15th inst. An erroneous report has gained circulation that on account of the large addition and other improvements recently made on the college it would not be opened on that date. We are glad to be able to state that there is no foundation for the rumor and the studies will be resumed on the date mentioned. There is now accommodation for six hundred students.

The A. O. H. Excursion to Niagara Falls.

The A. O. H. Excursion to Niagara Falls, held on the 21st inst., was a most successful one. The A. O. H. seemed sprightly, as with spirit they sped lightly. The Youngs street tier to rest; Parents to children, aid were lending; Mothers on lovers arms were leaning; Who from heart to heart were sending Love as pure as divines preach. Embarked without commotion. Our good boat was put in motion, And none entertained a notion Save of relaxation gay. The O'Connell band stood willing To discourse sweet music thrilling Which the fresh breeze, tho' not chilling, Wafted o'er the limpid bay. With our green flag floating o'er us, To meet our janyke brothers When our yauke hold in dear; The meeting was a pleasure. Unalloyed and without measure. The remembrance long will treasure A dull weary hour to cheer. On the grounds, our destination. We were filled with exultation. To see men of every station; In sweet harmony to agree; Through the trees the sun was beaming. His effulgence round us gleaming. O'er our heads was proudly streaming The loved emblem of the free. For years we've been together, Through drear and fall and weather. And fraternal love the fetter. Which has held intact our right; May we still remain as true and bright. Till Ireland's wrongs are mended. Our loved Isle will soon be righted In her pristine glory bright.

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For circulars, terms, etc., write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

DO NOT TROUBLE IF AT ALL TIMES YOU CANNOT DO AS WELL AS YOU WOULD, BUT LABOR TO DO AS WELL AS YOU CAN.

Do not trouble if at all times you cannot do as well as you would, but labor to do as well as you can.

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For circulars, terms, etc., write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

DO NOT TROUBLE IF AT ALL TIMES YOU CANNOT DO AS WELL AS YOU WOULD, BUT LABOR TO DO AS WELL AS YOU CAN.

Do not trouble if at all times you cannot do as well as you would, but labor to do as well as you can.

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For circulars, terms, etc., write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

DO NOT TROUBLE IF AT ALL TIMES YOU CANNOT DO AS WELL AS YOU WOULD, BUT LABOR TO DO AS WELL AS YOU CAN.

Do not trouble if at all times you cannot do as well as you would, but labor to do as well as you can.

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For circulars, terms, etc., write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

DO NOT TROUBLE IF AT ALL TIMES YOU CANNOT DO AS WELL AS YOU WOULD, BUT LABOR TO DO AS WELL AS YOU CAN.

Do not trouble if at all times you cannot do as well as you would, but labor to do as well as you can.

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For circulars, terms, etc., write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

DO NOT TROUBLE IF AT ALL TIMES YOU CANNOT DO AS WELL AS YOU WOULD, BUT LABOR TO DO AS WELL AS YOU CAN.

Do not trouble if at all times you cannot do as well as you would, but labor to do as well as you can.

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For circulars, terms, etc., write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

DO NOT TROUBLE IF AT ALL TIMES YOU CANNOT DO AS WELL AS YOU WOULD, BUT LABOR TO DO AS WELL AS YOU CAN.

Do not trouble if at all times you cannot do as well as you would, but labor to do as well as you can.

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For circulars, terms, etc., write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

DO NOT TROUBLE IF AT ALL TIMES YOU CANNOT DO AS WELL AS YOU WOULD, BUT LABOR TO DO AS WELL AS YOU CAN.

Do not trouble if at all times you cannot do as well as you would, but labor to do as well as you can.

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For circulars, terms, etc., write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

DO NOT TROUBLE IF AT ALL TIMES YOU CANNOT DO AS WELL AS YOU WOULD, BUT LABOR TO DO AS WELL AS YOU CAN.

Do not trouble if at all times you cannot do as well as you would, but labor to do as well as you can.

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand,