

The Catholic Record.

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

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London, Sat., May 2nd, 1891

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In one of our Western Ontario towns, a few weeks ago, Judge Davis, of London, gave a verdict for plaintiff, in a case where a priest sued one of the members of his congregation for \$20 pastoral dues. So clear, indeed, was the case that the judge gave decision without any hesitation whatsoever. Leaving law out of the question altogether, it appears to us that even in a court of equity the pious church-goer would find a verdict recorded against him with very little delay.

In the matter of pastoral dues, it will be admitted, we think, by every one, that the priests, as a rule, have been very considerate, often suffering much inconvenience and discomfort through the thoughtlessness and frequently the penuriousness of Catholics who have a keen sense of the obligations of others in their regard, but who are extremely blind to their own shortcomings. A priest labors much and suffers much for his flock—he is supposed to be ready, and is ready and willing, at all times, in all seasons, to give his services to those over whom he has been placed as spiritual guide, counsellor and father. His resources consist of the well earned dues of those for whom he labors. Is there not, then, something more than mere injustice in the conduct of many of our people, who give the world and its obligations, even its follies, ninety-nine per cent of their incomes and cast the miserable balance on the plate at Christmas and Easter collections.

It is strange, truly, to find how often even business men—those who handle large sums of money and who have placed their credit in chartered banks an amount that means independence, if not affluence—will forget their obligations to God and His minister and dole out a miserable pittance when the time comes for payment of church obligations. We have many a time seen the wealthy merchant and the modest mechanic—the well-to-do farmer and the servant maid—on precisely the same level in the list of church contributions. Will we call this conduct meanness? It were difficult, indeed, to give it a proper name. Nearly all goes for the world, and the dregs are given to God. For church and for priest there should be more heart amongst the laity. The great majority are, in the matter of dues, noble souls, who give freely as much as their means will permit, but there are too many who, from year to year, value but slightly the great services they receive and the great obligation they are under to their spiritual guides. This is how a layman views the matter. We sincerely hope a change will come soon, and trust the cases will be few where the law will have to be invoked to correct injustice.

The Boers in South Africa are said to have the intention to establish a Republic in Mashonaland or Mankaland, a project which, if carried out, will effect British possessions in Manica. Portugal is accused of having consented to the Boer plan, and it is predicted that this will cause new trouble to arise between Great Britain and Portugal. It seems to be the last thought in all the international disputes in unhappy Africa to consult the rightful possessors of the soil, the natives themselves.

A NUMBER of Philadelphia ministers, together with such of the laity as they can influence, are making strenuous efforts to obtain a pardon for two bankers who were justly condemned to penitentiary for fraudulently enriching themselves at the expense of the hundreds of poor depositors who confided so much in their institution—the Bank of America—as to leave their savings therein. The bankers appropriated the funds to their own use, and for their gross dishonesty were sentenced to the mild punishment of imprisonment for three and four years respectively. Yet as a plea for defeating the demands of justice these clerical petitioners for their pardon actually quote Scripture. It is a disgrace to Christianity that the words of Holy Scripture should be so distorted as to be made to cover up the enormity of crimes so detestable as these men have been guilty of. But they were "pillars" of their respective Churches, and men of wealth, and for these reasons the ministers sympathize with them in their frauds perpetrated on the poor. Their own pastors are the most energetic workers for their release.

OWING to the strong feeling against Americans, which has been aroused in

Italy by the New Orleans lynching, there has been a falling off in the number of tourists' tickets purchased in the United States for Italy. It is thought that it is not safe for Americans to travel in Italy now, and one of the largest tourist houses asked the United States Legation to give the firm a letter assuring Americans that they may travel in Italy with safety. The legation replied that owing to continued violent newspaper attacks on Americans, it cannot give the assurance asked for.

It is said that the Pope is to be appointed arbitrator in another international dispute, namely, that between Portugal and the Free Congo State, regarding the boundary line between their possessions in Africa. Certainly there is no one who could arbitrate more honestly and intelligently.

The Republic of Ecuador still keeps up its high character as being one of the few countries in which both the people and the Government itself cling to their Catholic traditions immutably. The Parliament some time ago voted a subsidy for the erection of a Basilica at Quito, and the Government is actively engaged in carrying out the wishes of the people's representatives; the people also give their labor towards its erection so that the funds available for the purpose may go as far as possible towards making the edifice worthy of their capital city. A traveller who made a visit there recently states that the faithful go themselves to the quarries and bring the stones in procession to the new church, singing canticles and accompanied by the priests. The Government also grant an annual subsidy to the Holy Father, holding it to be their duty to contribute towards the expense of conducting the affairs of the Church. Much is due to the staunch religious sentiments of the President, Garcia Moreno, that the Freemasons have hitherto failed in their efforts to engraft infidelity on the nation.

It is a gratifying piece of intelligence that the Priory of Lanthony Abbey, which is the convent instituted by Father Ignatius, the Anglican "Benedictine" deacon monk who recently visited America, was received into the Catholic Church at St. Mary's Abbey, Stanbrook. She saw the folly of playing the part of mock Benedictine nun any longer, and embraced the truth when she discovered it.

The Church of England, and with it the Salisbury Government, which maintains the Establishment, have sustained a severe blow by the passage to second reading of a bill which proposes to give the trustees of religious bodies the right to acquire compulsorily the freehold of places of worship upon giving compensation. The bill is designed to place Dissenters on an equal footing with the Church of England, as several Liberal members explained that in many districts where there are Tory landlords the Dissenters cannot procure a site for a place of worship. A considerable number of Conservatives voted for the bill, and it was carried by 218 to 110. The mover was Mr. Samuel Evans, member for Glamorganshire. The largeness of the majority, even in a Conservative House, is a forecast of what may be expected when disestablishment shall be an issue under a Liberal Government.

It is the custom in Cornell Law School for the graduating class to have a commencement address by some well-known lawyer, and the students of the senior class are permitted to signify the lawyer desired. The choice, however, is left to the faculty. This year the class unanimously selected Col. Bob Ingersoll. The faculty, however, refused to sanction the choice. Professor Collins states in answer to the questions of a reporter that the reason of the faculty for refusing to accept the students' choice is that the Colonel has not a national reputation, as a lawyer, but as a lecturer, whereas they want a lawyer who has made his reputation in the practice of the law. He declares that it is not because of Ingersoll's religious views that they declined to invite him, but solely on the ground which he has stated.

AN IOWA minister named Rev. Dr. Garton celebrated Easter on Monday, 30th April, to let the Christian world know that it could be done then as well as any other time, and that there is no need of being tied down by the usage of other Christians. It certainly requires a considerable amount of assurance for even so learned a divine as Dr. Garton pretends to be to set up his fancies against the practice of the whole Christian world from time immemorial. But there is another aspect to the matter. Protestants generally maintain that we should adhere in all things of

religion to Scripture, and "Dr." Garton certainly does not do this. The Scripture tells us that Christ was crucified on the Parasceve, which was always kept on the day of the full moon of the vernal equinox, or immediately following the equinox. The Easter Sunday on which our Lord rose from the dead was therefore the Sunday immediately following that full-moon. It follows, consequently, that the day on which the feast is observed is the very day on which Christ rose from the dead, as nearly as we can make it, if we celebrate it on a Sunday. Dr. Garton is, therefore, unscriptural in his celebration of the feast—but that is not a very uncommon thing with those persons who are always proclaiming their rigid adherence to Scripture.

A lot of sharpers succeeded in duping a large number of settlers in California by professing to put into practice the plan of living a life of unalloyed happiness set forth in Edward Bellamy's book, "Looking Backward." The settlement was called "the Kawash Colony," and it was claimed that the company owned four thousand acres of timber land, with one thousand acres of grazing land in Tuillare county. Applicants paid \$100 in cash to enter the community, and \$400 in degrees, \$5 at a time, hundreds, and it is estimated even thousands, having been working hard for years, living on cheap fare, and receiving only time checks for their pay. The revenue of the two leading men who conducted the fraud, Barnett G. Haskell and James J. Martin, was \$3,000 per month, but the victims will receive nothing, as the lands belong not to the company but to the Government. The fraud was exposed by the arrest and conviction of the trustees and leaders. The condition of the victims is most wretched, as most of them spent their all in getting to the colony, and they now have nothing. Those who were able to leave have done so.

A DIVORCE bill is now before the British House of Commons which proposes to assimilate the English to the Scotch law. It is said to be received very favorably and that it is likely to pass the Commons. By it either husband or wife may obtain a divorce for faithlessness, and four years' desertion will also entitle either party to obtain a decree of divorce. Hitherto there was a discrimination against the wife, who could not obtain a decree for faithlessness unless she could also prove cruelty. It is expected that the bill will be strongly opposed by the Bishops in the House of Lords, as the Church of England allows divorce only for the first mentioned cause. On this score it seems to us that they have little reason to complain, for the whole establishment, doctrine and ritual alike, depend upon Parliament. It is a curious sight, however, to see the doctrines of the Church, which are supposed to be "the faith once delivered to the saints," depending upon an accidental majority in a Parliament composed of men of every grade of belief, and in which the church members are outnumbered by Catholics, Dissenters, Infidels and Jews. But such is the necessary result of Protestantism which makes the Church a merely local institution and acknowledges State supremacy. The Church of England prelates and clergy now-a-days feel the incubus which they brought upon themselves, but they must endure what it is too late to cure, except by disestablishment, which they feel as yet to be too high a price to pay for that Christian liberty implied in the divine words, "The truth shall make you free."

NEW BOOKS.

Percy Wynn, or Making a Boy of Him. By Francis J. Finn, S. J. Price, cloth, \$1. Benziger Bros., New York.

The Holy Face. A series of meditations on the Litany of the Holy Face. Adapted from the French of the Abbe J. B. Fournault, Priest of the Holy Face. Price, cloth, 50 cts. Benziger Bros., New York.

The Blessed Sacrament, and the Church of St. Martin at Liege. By Dean Cruik. Translated by permission of Monsigneur Dauteloux, Bishop of Liege. Price, cloth, \$1. Published by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.

A GOOD WORK.

The Sisters of Mercy, Tuam, have been unable for the last forty years to build a suitable chapel for the community, and have been obliged to make use of that for purpose of a large room in the convent. The Archbishop of Tuam, seeing the necessity of getting a new chapel, has kindly promised his sanction to their appealing for help. He considers this a good time to begin the building, as it will give employment.

The collections made up to this time by the Sisters of Mercy have been almost all for the sole benefit of the poor. Now they seek help to carry on this work and to erect a marble altar at which Masses will be offered for all bene-

factors living and dead. The Sisters of Mercy confidently hope that their kind friends will generously respond to the appeal and secure for themselves the great benefit of the Holy Sacrifice. Convent of Mercy, Tuam, County Galway.

IRISH NEWS.

LOOKS BAD FOR PARNELL. The reports of the McCarthyite members of the House of Commons who have canvassed the whole of Ireland have been collected. It is calculated from these reports that a general election in Ireland would cost twenty six Parnellite members of Parliament, including Parnell himself. Parnell's nominees would appropriate three seats—Dublin, Mayo and Clare—while the Unionists are expected to defeat McCarthy, Sexton, Henry Campbell and Redmond. This would leave the strength of the different parties as follows: McCarthyites, 72; Parnellites, 9; Unionists, 22.

THE DUBLIN NATIONAL FEDERATION. The Dublin National Federation in an article headed "Sentence of Death," referring to Mr. Redmond's statement at the meeting of the Tenants' Defence League, to the effect that a continuance of the plan of campaign was impossible in view of the fact that, with the exception of the Paris funds, there was no money to carry on the warfare against the landlords, says—Mr. Parnell's last clumsy trick ended in the evicted tenants being left to their fate. The duty of patriotism to the mission to the United States which was auspiciously commenced, and would have placed the evicted people out of danger, but he wrecked it relentlessly and unscrupulously. Mr. Redmond's declaration means that Parnell has closed the Paris fund and that while he cannot take it himself he will not let the evicted tenants have it.

At a meeting of the Irish National Federation at Dublin, David Sheehy, M. P. for South Galway, stated that five hundred branches of the National Federation have been formed within the past six weeks, and already 24,700 have been subscribed to carry out the purpose of the organization. Timothy Healy, who presided, referred to Redmond's remarks at the Tenants' Defence League meeting in regard to the impossibility of continuing the Plan of Campaign, as no funds were available. Healy said this statement to ruin the campaign tenants, all of whom, Healy said, were anti-Parnellites. Parnell, continued Healy, was in alliance with the Tories, and has undertaken, in order to please Balfour, to bring about a collapse of the plan of campaign on condition that no Conservative candidate should be put forward in opposition to him in Cork. But, said Healy, the evicted tenants would not be deserted. Even though Parnell abandoned them the Federation would not abandon them.

DILLON AND O'BRIEN. The latest news from Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon, who are confined in Galway prison, is to the effect that they are well. They are allowed frequent intervals with friends, but they do not see each other except on Sunday, when they are allowed to have a brief conference before Mass, sitting on opposite benches in the centre of the prison chapel. They do not complain of their treatment.

PARNELL'S WEAKNESS. The London correspondent of the Toronto Globe cables the following: I have spent the last two weeks in Ireland, covering a good deal of ground in Leitrim and Monaghan, and talking of situation over at first hand with scores of representatives, persons, priests, merchants, professional men and landlords. There are just two towns in Ireland where Mr. Parnell has probably a majority following. One is Dublin, where the Free Press has exerted tremendous influence in his favor, and the other side has since been unable to get an intelligent hearing. The other is Thurles, where Parnell is to speak to-day on his way to Clonmel. With exception of these two towns, Parnell has a very small following, and by local satrapdoms dominated by local satrap-keepers, Mr. Parnell's hold in Ireland abruptly ends. Everywhere else he has a little mob of loafers ready to about, fight, and take his money. But the great mass of voters are vehemently against him. This is truest of sections near estates where the plan of campaign is in operation, and where evicted tenants live. His cynical denunciation of the American and the English people to stand out against the landlords and courts on a solemn pledge of support from the league, and who are so calmly thrown over, though Mr. Parnell has still personal control of over \$180,000 of league funds, is perhaps the most despicable action in his whole monstrous behavior since the Divorce Court exposure. His abandonment of the tenants is a part of this cynical policy, whereby Mr. Parnell's vote of Cork is to be cast for him when he is finally compelled to face his constituents there. Fortunately there seems to be little to do. He is beaten, even with that aid from the enemies of the Nationalist cause. Within the next few days I believe Mr. McCarthy and Australian agent to the American and Australian public setting forth clearly the situation of seeing whether they can be maintained until after the next general election. They number some eight hundred families, and the cash in hand will last them only two or three weeks more.

MR. GLADSTONE READY. I hear to-day that Mr. Gladstone is in great spirits over the prospects of an early dissolution and is both eager for the fight and confident of the result. Whether the contest comes or is postponed till next year the remainder of the Parliamentary session, which, in an ordinary course, would stretch into August, will be full of striking episodes and important debates.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

London Universe. Italy does not propose to make war on the United States. That is satisfactory for Italy. We go further and venture to affirm that Italy never had such an idea. Were hostilities to be declared, Italy would be in the delightful predicament of fighting at night four thousand miles from her base of supplies, while all American troops would be in the immediate vicinity of Sicilian and Neapolitan ports on her shores. Besides money, which is a big element in war, would be forthcoming for the encouragement of revolutionary attempts in the Papal States and the late Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Italy ought to be very much obliged to the efforts of New France for having the efforts of the Mafia in their midst, the more particularly that of the miscreants lynched only two were Italian subjects, and of these one was a professional robber and the other a dealer in the cut-throat business, while both were fugitives from justice.

Ave Maria. This year the Queen Regent of Spain, in accordance with an old Catholic custom, released four prisoners condemned to death, at the Adoration of the Cross on Good Friday. This is the revival of an old Hebrew practice; it was very piously and touchingly performed this year in Spain, as it used to be throughout Europe in the Ages of Faith.

In the course of an interesting sketch of the great Indian missionary, Father de Smet, a writer in the Sacred Heart Review tells the story of the edifying life of a Flathead chief, named Peter. When Father Mengarini first saw him, Peter was ninety years old, but all his faculties were unimpaired. The missionary styles him "an angel in human flesh." The old chief had heard of the "black-robes" from the Iroquois, and had long desired to be a Christian. His natural virtue had made him a chief while he was still a boy. At twelve years of age he resolved, as far as possible, to live in innocence, and Father Mengarini found that his long life had been singularly pure. He had never been baptized by Father de Smet, and now he was ready for death. Every morning, very early, he was observed making the round of the lodges, and calling out something as he passed each. The missionary asked what the old chief said and what the strange ceremony might mean. "Ah," came the answer, "he always says the same thing: 'Let us arise; let us praise God; let us thank Him for all His benefits, and glorify Him who has given us another day of life.'" His death was peaceful and happy, and he left behind him a shining example of purity and simple trust in God, which more favored Christians might well emulate.

BRANTFORD LETTER.

MISSION AT ST. BASIL'S CHURCH. On Sunday, April 19, three priests of the Redemptorist Order, Rev. Fathers McInerney, Daoud and Grogan, opened a mission at St. Basil's, taking full charge of the spiritual direction of the parish during the time their services continued. The order of the mission was Masses each morning at 5 and 8:30 o'clock, with sermon at each; in the evening at 7:30, rosary, sermon and Benediction. From the very beginning the people displayed the greatest interest, and there are many who can say that they have not missed hearing sermons any day since the mission opened. Almost every duty of the practical Catholic has been pointed out by the good Fathers; the practices of the Church in what is regarded by many as unimportant matters have been explained; the most profound doctrines of religion have been ably expounded; and many of us have been forgetting or neglecting things very religious instructions. After a couple of days the hearing of confessions began, and then, as the many who early availed themselves of the spiritual advantages offered were seen approaching the Blessed Sacrament, others were edified and inspired; and the attendance increased and the communications multiplied, and an enthusiasm seemed to fill the people in order to receive the blessings and advantages of the mission. After the middle of the week the confessions were always surrounded from 5 in the morning until late at night; seats in the church were hardly numerous enough for those who were coming; and it was not unusual to see crowds going half an hour or more before the time of the evening services in order to secure seats. On Saturday evening the children of the parish occupied the front of the church, very many of the young girls in white and wearing their first communion wreaths and veils. That evening the whole congregation were consecrated to the Mother of God. On Sunday, the 26th, the number who received holy Communion was unusually great. It was announced on Tuesday night, at high Mass, that Father Daoud preached an inspiring sermon on the Blessed Sacrament, and in the evening Father McInerney delivered a masterly discourse on Catholic Faith. Nearly an hour before the time of beginning the church began to fill, and by half past seven every seat was taken. The children filled the communion steps; there were chairs in the aisles, and yet hundreds were standing. Very many non-Catholics were among those present, and they bore away with them much fruit for meditation. The good missionaries did not spare themselves in their labors for the good of the people, and their efforts are highly appreciated by those for whom they labored, and it is certain that after Tuesday night there was not a Catholic in Brantford who had not availed himself of the blessing of the great occasion. The time chosen by Father Lennon for the

holding of the mission and his constant work among the careless ones of his flock have contributed greatly to making the mission what it has proved to be, the most successful ever held in Brantford.

A NOBLE GIFT. The Catholic people of Brantford, within a few years, have shown by many acts their appreciation of the privilege of contributing to the adornment of the House of God. It has been Father Lennon's happiness, during the comparatively short time he has been here, to receive many valuable gifts from his parishioners towards the beautifying of the church. The high altar, the bell, sanctuary lamp, and a number of the Stations of the Cross, are among those which we can recollect without an effort of thought. And now another has been added. A lady of the congregation has presented a magnificent altar of the Blessed Virgin, at a cost of \$500. It is indeed a work of art, in the medieval Gothic style, and a great addition to the appearance of the interior of the church. It was in position in the church on Sunday, April 19, and its presence was the first intimation the people had that such a gift was to be given. Priests and people appreciate highly the generosity of the donor.

LATEST CATHOLIC NEWS.

Major-General Whitmore, of the English army, and his wife have been received into the Church by the Cardinal-Archbishop.

St. Peter's church at Rome has a seating capacity of 55,000, but this number has never been in it at one time, though there have been 15,000 or 20,000 in it on several important occasions.

The Right Rev. Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, Minnesota, has been informed "that his visit to Rome will be favorably viewed by the Pope, the latter wishing to consult him on American affairs."

Rev. J. Hogan, of New York, has been appointed pastor of Uppergrove parish in the Archdiocese of Toronto. He is a brilliant scholar and able orator and is heartily welcomed by the people. Since Father McGinlay's death the parish has been attended by Rev. R. McMahon of Brechin.

It is announced from Turin that the last of the Jewish family of Weil Wels has become a Catholic. The Baron of that name, who is about to marry the Countess of Villafranca, is preparing to enter the Church. All his sisters preceded him into the true fold.

Cardinal Jacobini, Secretary of the Propaganda, presiding at the St. Patrick's day banquet held in Rome, praised the religious propaganda which Ireland exercised throughout the world. He said: "God is acting through the Irish people." Archbishop Walsh, who was also present, called the Irish "The Constructors of the Church," and recounted their religious history since the days of St. Patrick.

Statistics for the year 1890 show the great progress made by the Church in Scotland, giving the brightest hopes for the future. In the Archdiocese of Glasgow the faithful have increased in numbers, during the past year, by 10,000 and in the Diocese of Dunkeld by 4,000. The collection of dioceses presents a total of 348 priests, 338 churches, 318 schools, with a Catholic population of 352,749. Since 1866 there had been an increase of 149 in the number of priests, 137 in the number of churches, and 210 in the number of schools.

That Cardinal Lavigerie's efforts to have slavery abolished in Africa are meeting with great success is evident from a telegram recently received in London from Zanzibar which officially announces the conclusion of a treaty with the prominent chiefs by which the latter agree to abolish slavery at Witu. The present owners of slaves are allowed five years' grace in which to liberate, or in some other way dispose of, the forced services of the men they now employ.

A lady of Louisville, Mrs. Jno. Preston, recently gave to Right Rev. Bishop Maes, of Covington, \$24,000 to be applied in the way in which the interests of religion may, in his estimation, be best advanced. The Bishop will, with this money, and a former magnificent donation given by the same generous lady, endow an institution for missionary priests who will largely devote themselves to making the truths of the Catholic religion known to those who are prejudiced against the Church. They will do this by means of lectures and explanations of Catholic doctrine.

The Meridian, Conn., Journal says of the growth of Catholicity in New England: "The growth of Catholicity in New England has astonished all who have given the matter any consideration. While in 1789, there were not probably more than 100 Catholics in New England, no bishop and but one priest, to-day there are in the same New England 1 Archbishop, 6 suffragan Bishops, more than 950 priests, and a Catholic population of more than a million and three quarters. In Boston alone there are 36 churches and 125 priests, ministering to a population of more than 200,000 souls—nearly one-half the population of Boston. It is certainly a wonderful growth, all things considered."

One of the ablest preachers in Madrid during Holy Week was Father Mortara, whose baptism in Rome attracted much attention some years ago. Father Mortara has been received in audience by Queen Christina, and has preached several sermons with a view to obtain assistance for the convent he founded some years ago in the Baquet town of Onate, near Victoria.

"Another son of the late General Sherman has applied for admission into the Roman Catholic Church. It is understood that he recklessly omitted to ask the permission of Brother Fulton." —Boston Herald.

Pray For Your Dead.

Deep 'neath the snow drift lying,
Out 'mid the wild winds sighing,
In the plucking coils of the widow's shade;
Down low where the bells come tolling,
Through the sad years on ward rolling,
The dead dead faces we loved are laid.

Greener the grass is growing,
Sweeter the wind is blowing,
Where the worms are tangled in golden hair;
Stronger the widows' roars are,
Richer the verdant shoots are,
Where the tired hands moulder that placed them there.

Short was the cold regretting,
Sure is the long forgetting,
Though the case may linger in pain below;
Pitiless the earnest pleading,
And constant the interceding,
Wring out from those patient realms of woe.

Remember the far-off sweetness
Of years that in fatal blindness
Passed onward like golden dreams away;
And think of the love endearing,
Of the tender words of cheering,
From the poor lips pleading in vain to-day.

Think of that light illumining,
And those fearful flames consuming,
Into perfect whiteness the slightest stain;
There help us wait and languish,
Outstretching in friendless anguish,
The third hand seeking for aid in vain.

From friends that were held the dearest,
From hearts that were first and nearest,
From kindred love with a love too keen,
Alas! for the short regretting,
The long and sure the forgetting,
And the tears died up ere the grave was green.

Ah! how shall we hope to meet them,
In Heaven to know and greet them,
Through the long night dead to their prayers and cries;
Remembering the cold neglecting,
What else can we be expecting,
But to meet reproach in those gentle eyes?

Sweet—the mysterious sadness,
The strange and unearthly gladness,
That dawn on forsaken places,
Ah! the kind and all the tender faces,
Laid low in forsaken places,
They are not forgetting as we forget.

—Alice Edmonds.

MOONDYNE.

BOOK FIFTH. THE VALLEY OF THE VASSE.

By JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

VI.

THE VALLEY OF THE VASSE.

There was a large and pleasant party on the deck of Mr. Wyville's steamer as she slowly swung from her moorings and headed seaward through the islands of Fremantle Harbor. It was evidently more than a coast excursion, for the vessel had been weeks in preparation, and the passengers had made arrangements for a long absence.

Beneath the poop awning, waving their handkerchiefs to friends on shore, stood Mr. Little and several other ladies. Standing with them, but waving no adieu, was Alice Walmley; and quietly sitting near her, enjoying the excitement and pleasure of the others, was Sister Cecilia.

There were many gentlemen on board, too, including the stiff old governor of the Colony, and several of his staff. Mr. Wyville stood with the governor, pointing out, as they passed, something of interest on the native prison-isle of Rottnest; Mr. Hamerton lounged on the fore-castle, smoking, and with him the artillery officer of Fremantle; while Mr. Sheridan leaned over the rail, watching the sea, but often raising his head and looking seaward, seeking the eyes that invariably turned, as if by instinct, to meet his glance.

It was a party of pleasure and inspection, going to the Vasse, to visit the new settlement purchased from Mr. Wyville by Mr. Sheridan. They proposed to steam slowly along the coast, and reach their destination in two days.

The excursion was a relief to Mr. Wyville, after the severe strain he had borne for months. From the day of the threatened mutiny, which he had quelled by the report, the new law had become an assured success, and the congratulations and thanks of the whole Colony had poured in on the Comptroller-General.

It appeared to those who knew him best that during the period of trial he had withdrawn more and more from social life, and had increased his silence and reserve. This change was ascribed to the anxiety he felt for the reform of the penal law. In his conversation, too, even Hamerton admitted that he had become almost irritable on personal or local topics, and was only willing to converse on abstract or speculative ideas.

"The individual withers, and the world is more and more," quoted Hamerton one day, as the subject of Mr. Wyville's reserve was quietly discussed on the poop. "I don't know what he will do for a cause, now that this penal law has succeeded."

"He will turn his attention to politics, I think," said one of the gentlemen on the staff; "every patriot man has a field there."

There was a pause, as if all were considering the proposition. At length Hamerton spoke.

"Can you call Mr. Wyville a patriot?"

"Every Englishman is a patriot," answered the first speaker; "of course he is one."

Again there was a lapse; and again Hamerton was the first to speak.

"I don't like the word—applied to him. I don't think it fits, somehow."

"Surely, it is a noble word, only to be given to a noble character," said one of the ladies.

"Well," drawled Hamerton, assenting, but still dissatisfied.

"Mr. Wyville has the two highest characteristics of an Englishman," said the old governor, sententiously.

"Which are?" queried Hamerton.

"Patriotism, and love of Law."

There was an expression of approval from almost every one but Hamerton, who still grumbled. The governor was highly pleased with himself for his prompt reply.

"Are these not the noblest principles for an Englishman, or any man?" he asked excitedly.

"Let us leave it to Mr. Wyville himself," said Hamerton; "here he comes."

"We have been discussing public virtues," said the governor to Mr. Wyville, who now joined the group; "and we appeal to you for a decision. Are not Patriotism and love of Law two great English virtues—yes, I think so," and Mr. Wyville smiled as he gave the answer.

"But are they virtues in the abstract?" asked Hamerton.

"No; I think not—I am sure they are not."

There was a movement of surprise in the company. The answer, given in a grave voice, was utterly unexpected. The old governor coughed once or twice, as if preparing to make a reply; but he did not.

"Patriotism is a virtue!" at length exclaimed one of the ladies. "Pray, Mr. Wyville, what is it, then?"

Mr. Wyville paused a moment, then told a story.

"There were ten families living on a beautiful island, and owing the whole of it. They might have lived together in fraternal peace and love; but each family preferred to keep to themselves, neither feeling pride nor pleasure in the good of their neighbors, nor caring about the general welfare of the whole number. They watched their own interest with greedy care; and when they were strong enough they robbed their fellows, and boasted of the deed. Every person of each family was proud of its doings, though many of these were disgraceful. The spirit which filled these people was, 'I think, patriotism on a small scale.'"

"Good," said Hamerton, looking at the governor; "I thought that word didn't fit, somehow."

"Well, if patriotism be condemned, shall we not still reverence Law?" asked one.

"Have you another allegory, Mr. Wyville?"

Again he thought a moment, before his reply came.

"There was a lake, from which two streams flowed to the sea. One river wound itself around the feet of the hills, taking a long course, but watering the fields as it ran, and smiling back at the sun. Its flood was filled with darting fish, and its banks fringed with rich grass and bright flowers. The other stream ran into a great earthen pipe, and rolled along in the dark. It reached the sea first, but it had no fish in its water, except blind ones, and no flowers on its banks. This stream is the law that is preferred this way to the winding course of its natural bed; and at last it boasted of its reverence for the earthen pipe that held it together and guided its blind way."

"The earthen pipe is Law, I suppose," said Mr. Little, "that men come in time to love."

Mr. Wyville, who had smiled at the ladies all through his allegory, did not answer.

"But do you apply the allegory to all law?" asked a gentleman of the staff.

"To all law not founded on God's abstract justice, which provides for man's right to the planet. Sooner or later human laws, from the least act to the greatest, shall be brought into harmony with this."

"Will you give us substitutes for those poor virtues that you have pushed out? What shall we have instead?"

"Manhood and Liberty. Surely, the exchange is generously in our favor."

Then followed a general discussion, in which every one had a hasty word. Mr. Wyville said no more; but drew off the governor and Hamerton to his cabin to settle some geographical inaccuracies in a chart of the coast.

So the hours passed on the steamer, as she slowly rounded headlands and cut across bays. The air was laden with the breath of the interminable forest. On shore, when the great fires swept over miles of sandalwood and junwood bush, the heavy perfume from the burning timber lingered on the calm air, and extended far over land and sea.

On the afternoon of the second day, they saw before them the mountains of the Vasse, running sheer down to the sea, in two parallel ridges about six miles apart.

The land between these high ridges was cut off, some four or five miles back, by a line of mountains which joined the ridges, thus forming the valley which Mr. Sheridan had bought from Mr. Wyville.

As the steamer drew close to the land, the valley assumed the perfect shape of a horse-shoe. From the sea, at a distance, it seemed a retreat of delicious coolness and verdure. The mountains were wooded high up their sides, and the tops were so steep they seemed to overhang the valley. Two broad and bright shallow streams, which tumbled down the hills at the head of the valley, wound through the rich plain and calmly merged in the ocean.

Exclamations of wonder and delight were on every lip as the surpassing beauties of the scene came one after another into view.

The end of the ridge on the southern side ran far into the sea; and here, under Mr. Wyville's directions years before, a strong mahogany pier had been erected, which made a safe landing place for even great ships. A railed platform ran round the head of the valley, and brought the passengers to a road shaded by majestic trees that swept toward the farther end of the valley.

Awaiting their arrival, were easy open carriages, evidently of European build, in which the astonished party seated themselves. The drivers were some black, some white, but they were all at home in their places.

The scene was like a field from fairy-land. No eye accustomed only to Northern vegetation and climate can conceive unadorned the glory of a well watered Australian vale. The carriages rolled under trees of splendid fern from fifteen to twenty feet in height; the earth was variegated with rich color in flower and herbage; spreading palms of every variety filled the eye with beauty of form; the green and crimson and yellow parrots and paroquets rose in flocks as the carriages passed; and high over all the beautiful life of the underwood rose the grand mahogany and tuat and gum trees of the forest.

They passed cottages howered in flowers, and ringed by tall bedgerows composed wholly of gorgeous geraniums. The strangers who looked on these changing revelations of loveliness sat silent, almost tearful. Even those long accustomed to Australian scenery were amazed at the beauty of the valley.

Mr. Wyville and Mr. Sheridan had ridden rapidly on before the others, and stood unawares and host-like on the verandah of the house where they were ended.

Alice Walmley sat in the foremost

carriage, and was the first to alight, with Sheridan's hand holding back. Their eyes met as she stepped to his side. His lips formed an short word, of which only her eyes and ear were conscious.

"Home!"

Exclamations of wonder came from all the party at the peerless beauty of their surroundings. The house was wholly built of bright red mahogany beams, perfectly fitted, with rich wood carving of sandalwood and junwood on eagle, coral, and other designs. It was very low, only one story high for the most part, though there were a number of sleeping-rooms raised to a second story. From the verandah looking seaward, every part of the wooded valley was visible, and the winding river of the Vasse glauced deliciously through the trees. Beyond, lay the level blue water of the Indian Ocean, stretching away to the cream colored horizon.

The house within doors was a wonder of richness, taste, and comfort. Every thing was of wood, highly finished with polish and carving, and the colors were combined of various woods. Soft rugs from India and Persia lay on halls and rooms. Books, pictures, statuary, rare bric-a-brac, everything that vast wealth and cultivated taste could command or desire, was to be found in this splendid residence.

Almost in silence, the strangers passed through the countless rooms, each differing from the others, and each complete. Mr. Wyville led the larger party of guests through the place. He had not before seen it himself; but he was wholly familiar with the plans, which, indeed, were largely his own.

"But it will have an owner now," he said, "who will better enjoy its restfulness, and take closer interest in its people."

"But you should rest, too, Mr. Wyville," said Mrs. Little; "the Colony is now settled with your excellent law."

"There is much to be done yet," he said, shaking his head, with the old grave smile. "I have not even time to wait one day."

There was a general look of astonishment.

"Why, Mr. Wyville, surely you will not leave this lovely place?"

"I must leave to-night," he said; "I am very sorry, but it is imperative."

Then, not waiting for further comment, he took them out to the stables and large like out-houses. There was no regular garden; the valley itself was garden and farm and forest in one.

Alice Walmley had lingered behind the others, in a quiet and dim little room, looking away out to sea. Contentment filled her soul like music. She wished to be alone. She had sat only a few minutes when she heard a step beside her. She did not look up; she knew whose hand was round her cheek, and standing over her. They did not say a word; but remained still for a long, long time. Then he bent over her, turning her face to his. She raised her arms, and he took her in his breast and lips in the fullness of happiness and love.

When they left the dim little room, which was ever after to be the dearest to them in their rich home, they saw the sombre robes of Sister Cecilia as she sat alone on the verandah.

"Where shall the school be, Sister?" asked Sheridan; "have you selected your site?"

"She shall build it on the choicest spot that can be found," said Alice, seating herself beside Sister Cecilia.

"Dictation already!" laughed Sheridan, at which Alice blushed, and sent him away.

Toward evening, there stood on the verandah, having quietly withdrawn from the guests, Mr. Wyville, Sheridan and Hamerton. Mr. Wyville meant quietly to leave, without disturbing the party.

"I am sorry beyond expression," said Sheridan, holding his hand; "your presence was our chief pleasure. Can you not even stay with us to-night?"

"It is impossible," answered Mr. Wyville, with a look of affectionate response; "the work yet before me will not bear delay. Good-by. God bless you—and yours!"

He walked rapidly away, his horse having been led by Ben Lodge before him to the entrance.

"So, Mr. Sheridan," said Hamerton, suddenly seizing his friend's hand, "I'm going too."

"What! You—?"

"Stop! Don't try to prevent me. I can't let him go alone. Go in to your people, and say nothing till to-morrow. Good-by, my dear fellow!"

That night the steamer returned to Fremantle, having on board Mr. Wyville and Hamerton.

VII. THE CONVICT'S PASS.

On Mr. Wyville's return from the Vasse, he set himself with tireless will to the complete organization of the Penal Law. Not content with writing copious rules for the guidance of warders, he proposed to visit all the districts in the Colony, and personally instruct the chief officers of depots, from whom the system would pass directly to their subordinates.

For many days Mr. Hamerton saw little of him, and the time was heavy on his hands. He intended to purchase land in the Colony, and bring some of his old farmers from England to settle on it.

One day, he went to the prison at Fremantle, and waited for Mr. Wyville in his office. As he sat there, by a window that looked over a wide stretch of sandy scrub, he noticed that though the sky was clear and the heat intense, a heavy cloud like dense vapor hung over all the lowland. He remembered that for a few days past he had observed the smoky sultriness of the atmosphere, but had concluded that it was the natural oppression of the season.

"That vapor looks like smoke," he said to the convict clerk in the office; "what is it?"

"It is smoke, sir," said the man.

"This is the year for the bush-fires?"

Just then Mr. Wyville entered, and their meeting was cordial. Mr. Wyville, almost tearful. Even those long accustomed to Australian scenery were amazed at the beauty of the valley.

Mr. Wyville and Mr. Sheridan had ridden rapidly on before the others, and stood unawares and host-like on the verandah of the house where they were ended.

Alice Walmley sat in the foremost

occupied, bending over his desk. Hamerton almost started with surprise at the change he observed in his appearance—a change that was not easily apparent when the face was animated in conversation. When they called from England, Mr. Wyville's hair was as black as a raven; but now, even across the room, Hamerton could see that it was streaked with white. The features, too, had grown thin, like those of a person who had suffered in sickness.

But, when the hour had passed, and he raised his head and looked intently at Hamerton, it was the same striking face, and the same grand presence as of old. Still, Hamerton could not forget the change he had observed.

"Come," he said, unable to conceal an unusual affectionate earnestness, "let us ride to Perth, and rest there—you need rest."

"Why, I never felt better," answered Mr. Wyville, lightly; "and rest is rust to me. I never rest unless I am ill."

"You will soon be ill if you continue."

"Do you think so?" and as he asked the question, Hamerton saw a strange light in his eye.

"Yes, I think you have overtaxed yourself lately. You are in danger of breaking down—so you ought to rest."

Hamerton was puzzled to see him shake his head sadly.

"No, no, I am too strong to break down. Death passes some people, you know; and I am one of the fortunate."

Hamerton did not like the tone nor the mood. He had never seen him so before. He determined to hurry their departure. He walked out of the office and waited in the prison yard. Mr. Wyville joined him in a few moments.

"I thought this smoke was only a sultry air," Hamerton said; "where does it come from?"

"I think it comes from Banbury district; a native ranner from there says the bush is burning for a hundred miles in that direction."

"Are lives lost in these fires? A hundred miles of flame is hard to picture in the mind."

"Yes, some unlucky travellers and wood-cutters are surrounded at times; and the destruction of lower life, birds, animals, and reptiles, is beyond computation."

"Does not the fire leave a desert behind?"

"For a season only; but it also leaves the earth clear for a new growth. The roots are not destroyed; and when the rain comes they burst forth with increased beauty for the fertilizing passage of the flame."

By this time they were riding slowly toward Perth. The road was shaded with tall mahogonies, and the coolness was refreshing. Hamerton seized the opportunity of bringing up a subject that lay upon his mind.

"You gave me, sir," he said, "some documents in London which you wished me to keep until our arrival here. Shall I not return them to-morrow?"

Mr. Wyville rode on without answering. He had heard; but the question had come unexpectedly. Hamerton remained silent until he spoke.

"Do not return them yet," he said at length; "when we get back from our ride to the Vasse, then give them to me."

"When shall we start?"

"In ten days. By that time my work will be fairly done; and the rest you spoke of may not come amiss."

"Shall we ride to Sheridan's settlement?"

"O no; we go inland, to the head of the mountain range. Those papers, by the way, in case anything should happen to me—belong to one whom you may see before our return. In such a case, on breaking the outer envelope, you would find his name. But I may say now, else you might be surprised hereafter, that he is a native bushman."

"A native! Would he understand?"

"Yes; he would understand perfectly. He is my heir—heirs generally understand."

He was smiling as he spoke, evidently enjoying Hamerton's astonishment.

"Satisfactorily, the package you hold contains my will. It is registered in London, and it bequeaths a certain section of land in the Vasse Mountains to the native chief Te-ma-na-roa, and his heirs for ever, as the lawyers say. We may see the chief on our ride."

"Then why not give him the package?"

"Because he is a bushman, and might be wronged. With two influential persons, like you and Sheridan, to support his title, but it is not quite so pleasant to step back into the bush—especially for girls. Ngarrá jil, you observed, had a second thought on the subject; he was a sportsman ago the moment he landed."

The ride to Perth was pleasantly passed in conversation; and, on their arrival, they ordered dinner to be served on the cool verandah.

While waiting there, a rough-looking man approached and touched his head to Mr. Wyville.

"By you the Comptroller-General?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, sir, here you see my ticket, and here's my full discharge. I want to leave the colony; and I want a pass to King George's Sound, where I can find a ship going to Melbourne."

Mr. Wyville examined the papers; they were all right. The man had a right to the pass. He rose to enter the bustle to write it, holding the documents in his hand.

"You're not going to keep them papers, sir, be you?" asked the man, in evident alarm.

"No," said Mr. Wyville, looking closely at him; "but if I give you a pass you do not need them."

"Well, I'd rather keep them, sir; I'd rather keep them, even if I don't get the pass."

"Well, you shall have them," said Mr. Wyville, rather surprised at the fellow's

manner. He entered the hotel and wrote the pass.

But, as he had wrote the mind turned over the man's words, dwelling on his last expression, that he would rather have his ticket-of-leave than take a pass from the colony without; yet, in any other country, it was a proof of shame, not a safeguard. The man did not look stupid, though his words were so. As Mr. Wyville finished writing, he raised his head and saw Ngarrá jil watching him as usual. He raised his finger slightly—Ngarrá jil was beside him.

A few words in the native tongue, spoken in a low tone, sent Ngarrá jil back to his bench, where he sat like an ebony figure till he saw Mr. Wyville return to the verandah. He then rose and went out by another door.

Mr. Wyville called the convict toward him till he stood in the strong lamplight. He spoke a few words to him, and gave him his papers and the pass. The man clumsily thanked him and went off.

"That's an ugly customer," said Hamerton. "I suppose you know it from his papers. He was strangely restless while you were writing his pass."

Mr. Wyville did not answer, but he took hold of Hamerton's arm, and pointed to a corner of the street where at the moment a man was passing under a lamp, walking hurriedly. Following him closely and silently strode a tall native with a spear.

"Ngarrá jil," said Hamerton.

Mr. Wyville smiled and nodded.

"I thought it just as well to know where the man passed the night," he said. A few minutes later, Ngarrá jil came to the verandah, and spoke in his own language to Mr. Wyville, who was much disturbed by the message. He wrote a letter, and sent it instantly to the post-office.

"The callous wretch!" he said, unusually moved. He had just learned that the man had gone straight to Draper, by whom he had been hired to get the pass. Draper's purpose was plain. He intended to leave the Colony, and desert again his most unfortunate wife, with whose money he could return comfortably to England."

"What will you do with the miscreant?" asked Hamerton.

"Nothing, but take the pass from him."

"But he is a free man. Can you interfere with his movements?"

"No man is allowed to desert his wife, stealing her property. He can have a pass by asking; but he dare not come for it. And yet, I fear to keep him; he may be worse yet. If no change for the better appear, I shall hasten his departure, and send on our return from the Vasse."

TO BE CONTINUED.

ANGLICAN MONKS BEFORE A CATHOLIC ALTAR.

Another incident of Holy Week in our churches, writes the correspondent of the Catholic Mirror from Washington, was the strange midnight visit of the Anglican monks, Father Ignatius and his companion, to St. Patrick's Church, on Holy Thursday night. It was long past the time when the last visitor had left the church, and the solitary watcher was in deep meditation at the solemnity of the hour and place, when suddenly two figures stole softly and almost unseen up to the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, which had been converted into a beautiful repository for the Blessed Sacrament. The two figures, clothed in the Benedictine garb with sandaled feet and shaven heads, knelt before the altar and there remained in apparently devout meditation until well along the early morning hours, when they as quietly and mysteriously took their departure. The next heard of the two monks was at Easter service at one of the Episcopal churches, where they were reported as having participated in Holy Communion.

THE PURITY OF THE IRISH PEOPLE.

Mr. Casey Knox, the Protestant M. P. for East Cavan, in a recent speech, paid this deserved tribute to the Irish Catholic peasant: "The Irish people, the Irish peasantry, have no need to advertise their purity. If they did, they might publish comparative statistics of legitimacy. Of all the nations upon the face of the earth—and this I say because, as one who differs in religion from the majority of the Irish people, I can say it without it partaking of the nature of a boast—of all nations on the face of the earth, the Catholic peasantry of Ireland have the cleanest record in this matter; and if there was any nation entitled to throw the stone it was they. Many things have been said of our people. Cruel laws and cruel governments have taken from the Irish peasant much of the world's goods, but there is one thing which no cruel law has been able to take from our people, and that is the just pride and pleasure the Irish peasant feels in the purity of his humble home."

Mr. J. R. Allen, Upholsterer, Toronto, sends us the following: "For six or seven years my wife suffered with Dyspepsia, Constipation, Inward Piles and Kidney Complaint. We tried two Physicians and any number of medicines without getting any relief, until we got a bottle of Nutri-rop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. This was the first relief she got, and before one bottle was beyond our expectation."

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Catholic Record.

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PILGRIMAGES AND RELICS.

If there is one plea more than another on which Protestants have urged against Catholics the accusation of idolatry it is because we hold in reverence the images and relics of Christ and His saints, and visit as pilgrims the places which have been honored and sanctified by their presence while they lived on earth.

These pilgrimages are made because these places have been the scenes of the holy occurrences which took place there. They remind us of Christ and His saints, and by impressing us more strongly with the facts, lead us to honor and love Christ the more, and to imitate more closely the virtues of His saints. The principle is the same in all these cases, as a pilgrimage to a holy place to show our respect for the person who has lived there, or has performed there some good work, is an acknowledgment of that person's virtues, equally with the retention of a relic which has belonged to him or her, or which has been some portion of such person's body while on earth.

Thus also it is the custom generally observed to preserve as a memento the hair of a departed friend, or something which belonged to that friend while living.

These methods of manifesting respect for the saints of God are founded upon a sentiment which exists in the nature of man. It has been implanted in us by God Himself, our Creator, and it is difficult to conceive on what grounds Protestants have raved so wildly against them.

But there seems to be now a days a change coming over them in this regard. Pilgrimages, or which is the same thing, visits to the Holy Land are becoming of frequent occurrence, and thrilling and interesting accounts of these visits have been written for the edification of the public concerning what the visitors saw and of the vivid pious impressions which the sight of the sacred spots where our Lord was born, where He lived, preached, suffered and died, brought to their minds. The volume "The Land and the Book" is one of the results of such a pilgrimage, and there are but few Protestants of piety who have not read it with profound interest.

This is certainly an evidence of the truth of the Catholic position that such direct appeals to our senses are useful to stimulate within us the religious feeling.

It will also be remembered that Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, not long since paid a visit to the same sacred spots, and, not content with merely seeing them, he proudly boasted that he had done that very un-Protestant act of bringing home with him several relics of the holy places, amongst which one of the most remarkable was a large stone from Mount Calvary to be placed in the new church which was to be erected for his congregation, that they might venerate it.

We have yet to hear that any Protestants have been scandalized or filled with indignation against him for such acts, which would a short time ago have been denounced as superstitious and idolatrous, and which indeed are so denounced yet when it is discovered that a Catholic has done similarly.

If it be said that there is a great difference between Christ and the saints, and that we may visit piously the places which Christ sanctified by His presence, but that Catholics make pilgrimages to the shrines of saints, to do which is an unlawful respect shown to the saints, we answer that this is altogether a new thought on the part of Protestantism. The original leaders of the Reformation condemned the use of relics without exception, and in their books Protestant controversialists do so to this day.

Luther in his sermon on the Cross said that all relics seduce the faithful and should be buried deep in the earth. Calvin condemns their use with equal vigor, and among other reasons for saying this he maintains that the passage in 2 Cor. v, wherein it is said we know no man, and we know not Christ now according to the flesh, signifies that whatever pertained to Christ in the flesh must be given to oblivion, so that we should seek Him only in spirit, that we may possess Him in spirit.

Hence the Calvinists and Presbyterians of Switzerland, France, Germany and Scotland no more spared such relics as related to Christ than those which pertained to the saints, when they threw them into the rivers, or wrecked and burned the churches. They acted in exactly the same way in which the heathens did fourteen centuries before, as Eusebius relates in the first history of the Church which was ever written.

The Centurians of Magdeburg, whose works have been the authorized exponent of continental Protestantism, asserted even that the heathens, by destroying relics, showed better sense than did the superstitious Christians who venerated them. These same Centurians maintain elsewhere that it was in the sixth century that the practice of worshipping relics began. How they can reconcile this with their own admission on the authority of Eusebius, that it existed in the second century, it is not for us to determine. But it is clear that modern Protestants have very different views in regard to relics and pilgrimages from those which were entertained by their ancestors, into the present century, and even fossils of the present generation.

But we have yet another occurrence which is more recent than those we have referred to above, and which shows that the Protestant bark has drifted even farther than we had hitherto suspected. The Epworth League is a devotional association in connection with the Methodist Church, organized for the purpose of continuing the pietistic movement which John Wesley originated.

The name Epworth is derived from the village of Lincolnshire, England, where Susanna Wesley formed the first association of the name. It is now announced in several Methodist papers that "The Epworth League of America has arranged for a pilgrimage to Epworth, to leave New York by the Canadian Boat on July 8. It is expected that about five hundred Methodists from all parts of the States and Canada will make up the party."

"In addition to the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the birth of Wesley at his birthplace, the itinerary includes three days in Paris and its interesting environs, and five days in London, the party sailing on the return voyage on July 30th."

On what plea can Methodists defend this projected pilgrimage to the shrine of Susanna and John Wesley? That they were saints, we are told. It is lawful, then, not only to make pilgrimages to the holy places where our Lord lived and suffered, but also to the shrines of the saints! Why, then, have the so-called religious press of the Protestants so ridiculed Catholics and taxed them with superstition for making pious visits to Rome, Jerusalem, Lourdes, St. Anne of Beaupre and other shrines, while they speak with respect of the proposed Methodist pilgrimage? Surely the Methodists ought to visit the places named as their next move.

Protestantism in all its forms is evidently drifting from its ancient moorings; and the drift is in no particular direction, but rather toward every point of the compass: Romeward as well as Deism-ward.

The Methodists have been among the loudest in condemning the Rome-ward tendencies of High Church Anglicans and Ritualists, but we believe there has not been as yet among these a pilgrimage organized to the shrine of any Anglican saint. Indeed the Anglicans have not gone so far as to canonize a saint of the modern English Church, as yet, unless we are to take the introduction of a service in honor of King Charles, martyr, as an act of canonization, which is scarcely the case, if we are to take the contemptuous manner in which that monarch is spoken of by Anglicans as an index to the sentiments of the Church concerning him. The Methodists, therefore, actually outstrip the Ritualists in the tendency towards Rome as regards the saints.

We must confess, however, that we do not regard as a great saint the bloodthirsty Gushford who in 1780 gorged on the half mad Lord George Gordon and his mob of the dregs of London to the pillage and murder of Catholics, as is graphically described by Dickens in "Barnaby Rudge." John Wesley was the chief agent in that dastardly work, and the pity is that he was not substituted for one of the less guilty fanatics who were executed for the crimes then committed.

To show further how far the modern Protestants have drifted on this point we need only quote the opinions of two authorities who condemned decidedly pilgrimages of every kind.

Calvin said: (Instit. 1.4) "Votive pilgrimages to the holy places are not only vain, but manifestly full of impety." The only proof of this which he gives is his own assertion that "every voluntary worship is displeasing to God."

The Centurians said: "The abuse of pilgrimages to the holy places began in the time of Constantine."

These writers might have found an earlier record of pilgrimages if they had looked into their Bibles, wherein it is stated that Helcana and Anna made pilgrimages to the tabernacle at Jerusalem

which was commanded to the Jews thrice each year (1 Kings, (Samuel,) 1: Dat. xvi.) They might also have found that Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, made regular pilgrimages to the temple. (St. Luke, 11; St. John xii.)

WOMEN AS PARSONS.

By vote of the congregation of Bell street chapel, Providence, R. I. a woman, Mrs. Anna Garlan, was ordained as their minister last week. She was welcomed to her charge by other ministers of her denomination. It is interesting to note, however, that the ministerial vote of the Methodist Conference is as decidedly against the admission of women to the General Conference as that of the laity was on the other side. The press are also divided on the subject, and the New York Christian Advocate very sensibly reminds its opponents that it is certain that the New Testament does not contemplate that women should be in the legislative body of the Church and that it is difficult to see any advantage to be gained by their appointment to such a position.

By those who take the other side, the opponents of their admission to ecclesiastical offices are represented as enemies of the sex; and one strong-minded lady, a daughter of a Methodist minister, says of Blaup Vincent and others who side with him that they are "pouring contempt upon the sex which gave them birth," and that they are indeed quite apt in the use of "flattering words, the Judas-like kiss on the cheek, which is only for the subservient being who, as cook, nurse, supported companion, or Church drudge, carries out meekly the bidding of man."

Another demonstrative woman, a Mrs. Butler of Iowa, says in a paper of that State, referring to the Rev. Chaplain McCabe, who has also expressed himself against the movement which has so agitated the whole Methodist Church: "When Chaplain McCabe comes round again on a collecting tour, don't give him one cent."

Such advice as this is, certainly, a formidable implement of offence, but it does not imply a very lively sense of genuine Christian charity among these advocates of "women's rights."

There is, surely, no insult towards the female sex implied in the conviction that there are different spheres of work for women and men, and a different adaptation of character. Neither under the Old nor New Law was it ordained that women should exercise the Ritualistic or priestly office, and the will of God in the matter is thus indicated. For the Church of Christ, of course, the word of St. Paul is sufficient, which indicates that the office of a teacher or preacher in the Church is intended only for men; but we are not surprised that in humanly made churches individual fancies should prevail over the revealed law of God.

The number of women who have assumed the ministerial office among the various Protestant sects of the United States was recently estimated at two hundred. The solemn force which is called the "ordination" of Mrs. Garlan will now bring the number to two hundred and one. It will not be very surprising if we soon find women figuring under the title of Bishop. It will be only another vagary added to the many which have already been witnessed in Protestantism. It is not likely, however, that the Methodists will adopt, at present, the ordaining of women, notwithstanding the strong lay vote in favor of so doing.

The lay vote has no control in the matter, except in so much as it expresses the wish of the people, and thus exerts an influence on general opinion. Such a change can take place, under the existing laws, only by concurrent action of the local and the general conferences. As the local conferences have voted adversely by almost a two-thirds majority, there can be no adoption of the rule just now, even were the next general conference to vote in favor of it, which is not at all likely to be the case.

NONE BUT ENGLISH NEED APPLY.

We take the following from the last issue of our Toronto contemporary, the Irish Canadian:

"Our readers no doubt have observed in the reports of the city papers last week how Dr. Norman Allen, the newly-appointed Medical Health Officer, asserted his right to control the appointment of all his subordinates, which claim was fully conceded to him. We have nothing to say against the doctor personally; but we are inclined to question whether the aldermen have done wisely in relegating such full authority to an official who, we are informed, is oath-bound to confer all inspectorships, etc., upon one class of the community. We do not know whether the doctor's own appointment is to be attributed in any degree to the 'vote and influence' of certain of the aldermen bound by their obligation to the Sons of England (so-called) Benevolent Society to discriminate against Canadian-born citizens of Irish or Scotch descent, who are every bit as worthy as the average Englishman; but it is at any rate highly improper that Doctor Allen should be invested with his present powers, without it being insisted upon that he should abjure all connection with the narrow-minded clique with whom he has of late become intimately associated. We give

as follows the oaths to which Dr. Allen subscribes as Medical Health Officer and as a member of the Sons of England Society:

Dr. Allen's sworn declaration as Medical Health Officer. "I, Norman Allen, do solemnly promise and declare that I will truly, faithfully, and impartially, to the best of my knowledge and ability, execute the office to which I have been appointed, etc."

Dr. Allen's oath as a member of the Sons of England Society. "I likewise further promise and swear to vote and influence the vote of my constituents in all official positions (whereas practice which I have been able to witness ever I appointed, etc."

"Let the worthy doctor be called upon by the City Council to state in plain terms which of these contrary obligations he considers the more binding upon his present over-burdened conscience."

The remarks of the Irish Canadian are both timely and pointed. There is, indeed, much food for thought on this subject. What sort of a country will we have if the people of the different nationalities bind themselves by oath, in secret or public, to give place to their own countrymen (when practicable), and exclude all others, as vacancies arise for employment of one kind or another. It appears as though many of the emigrants lately arriving from England became possessed of the notion that this is their country, that the old residents are residing here merely on sufferance, and may thank their stars if some day or another they are not packed off, bag and baggage, to some reservation, as are the Indians. Were this movement on the part of some of our English residents permitted to grow with the same strides in the future as it has grown in the near past, side by side with it will grow a sentiment in favor of independence, and the cry "Canada for the Canadians" will resound on every hill-side.

We favor nothing in the shape of know-nothingism. What we are now passing strictures upon is that very spirit, and we hope the Sons of England will see to it that this objectionable feature of their organization is at once eliminated. What position, we ask, would they hold in Canada, were the Irish, Scotch, Canadian and American employers to hang over their doors the sign "no English need apply?" The Sons of England, it is true, have not openly taken this step, but the oath to which they subscribe means the same thing. It is well that people of different nationalities should associate and form benevolent unions to assist each other in time of need, and promote friendly intercourse, but they have no right, in a matter of employment or office of any kind, to give preferences and privileges to their own countrymen. It is a bad principle and one fraught with untold evils if it be permitted to spread amongst us. In our business transactions we should all be Canadians, all working hand in hand to promote the welfare of our common country—discarding and condemning national jealousies and animosities—and building up on firm foundations a common bond of friendship as citizens of the Dominion.

THE INVOCATION OF SAINTS.

II.

In our former article on this subject we showed by numerous passages from Holy Writ that the saints in heaven pray for us and that we may consequently ask their prayers or invoke them. There are other passages besides those already cited which demonstrate the same truth, some of which may be here mentioned.

When the people of Israel were suffering a famine for their grievous sins, and Jeremiah prayed for their deliverance, God answered the prophet: "Pray not for this people for their good;" and "If Moses and Samuel shall stand before me, my soul is not towards this people: cast them out from my sight and let them go forth." (Jerem. xiv, 11; xv, 1)

Moses and Samuel, who were dead, were therefore able to pray for their people, equally with Jeremiah who was living, and, like the living prophet, were accounted to do so. Non-Catholics are wont to say that the doctrine of the Invocation of Saints is a new doctrine; but the interpretation we give to the text under consideration is that of Saints Chrysostom, Jerome, Gregory and others, showing that the doctrine has been handed down constantly in the Church from the earliest times.

Thus Origen asserts that "not the high priest alone (who is Christ) prays with those who pray sincerely, but also the angels who rejoice in heaven for one sinner who is penitent . . . and also the souls of the saints who have already fallen asleep, which things are manifest from Raphael's offering to God the reasonable service of Tobias and Sara. For after the prayer of both, the Scripture saith, 'the prayer of them both was heard in the sight of the glory of the great Raphael and he was sent to heal them both.' Moreover the same Raphael says: 'And now when thou didst pray, and thy wife Sara, I offered the memorial of your prayer before the Holy One; and after a few words; I am Raphael, one of the seven angels who carry up (the prayers of saints) and enter into the presence of the glory of the Holy One.'"

It will be seen by this that Origen not only maintains the doctrine as being that of the Catholic Church, but that, moreover, he maintains it from the Book of Tobias,

which he quoted before on this subject, and which he quotes as Scripture.

Origen proceeds to quote the vision of Judas Maccabeus who was encouraged by a divine vision to lead his army against Nicanor, over whom he thus gained a glorious victory. In the vision Judas saw Othas the high priest and Jeremiah the prophet, both of whom were dead, praying for the Jews. Othas said of his companion Jeremiah: "This is a lover of his brethren and of the people of Israel: this is he that prayeth much for the people, and for all the holy city, Jeremiah the prophet of God. Whereupon Jeremiah stretched forth his right hand and gave to Judas a sword of gold, saying: 'Take this holy sword, a gift from God, wherewith thou shalt overthrow the adversaries of my people Israel.'" (2 Macc. xv.)

The people were encouraged by this vision to gain the victory to which Judas Maccabeus led them. This would certainly not have been the case if it were, in the estimation of the Jewish people, either idolatry or superstition to give credit to the efficacy of the prayers of the saints.

But Origen reasons from the facts here mentioned, as we did in our last article, that the charity of the saints in heaven must be more intense in the departed state towards those who are still struggling in life than in those who are yet in human infirmity, and he infers that the angels, some of whom are called by St. John, "Presidents of the Churches," and the Apostles, labor earnestly with Christ "for the increase and propagation of the Church."

He adds: "Wherefore it is quite fitting to offer up supplication, and intercession and thanksgiving not to the saints only, but also even to men."

It will be seen from this that the custom of the early Church differed entirely from that of modern Protestants. The early Church placed more confidence in the prayers of saints in heaven than in those of men on earth; the latter permit the meditation of living men and declare that the prayers of the saints in heaven are of no value.

Much more on this subject might be quoted from this learned author, for there is scarcely a treatise or homily written by him which does not mention that the angels and saints pray for us. We shall content ourselves with one other extract from his exhortation to those who were to suffer martyrdom. He says:

"The souls of these who, for the sake of the testimony of Jesus, have been smitten with the sword do not stand in vain at the altar in the heavens ministering to those who pray, remission of sins."

It is by means of the prayers of the saints and our invocation of them when we ask them to pray for us that the intercommunion exists between the Church triumphant in heaven and militant on earth. That this intercommunion exists is evident from the words of St. Paul to the Hebrews:

"You are come to Mount Zion, and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to the company of many thousands of angels; and to the Church of the first born, who are written in the heavens, and to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits of the just made perfect, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the New Testament." (xii, 22-24)

It was the teaching of Calvin in his Institutes that God wishes there shall be no commerce on our part with the saints who are dead, nor any on their part with us, and most modern Protestants follow this teaching, the Presbyterian Confession especially prohibiting "Saint Worship" and "any other (mediation) but of Christ alone." (Conf. xxii.) It is thus practically acknowledged by the Presbyterians that if it be unlawful to ask the prayers of the saints in heaven it is also unlawful to ask each other's prayers on earth. But our proofs show that such invocation is lawful in both cases, and highly useful.

In refutation of Calvin's contention, we may add that the Church in heaven and on earth constitutes one organization and company in accordance with St. Paul's words to the Romans. Elsewhere the same Apostle tells us that "there are many members, but one body . . . that the members might be mutually careful one for another. And if one member suffer anything, all the members suffer with it: or if one member glory, all the members rejoice with it." (1 Cor. xii.) Christ is head of the whole Church, whether in heaven or on earth; and it is in accordance with this unity of organization that the existence of this inter-communion of members should not cease when some of them see God face to face. The saints in heaven must therefore still interest themselves for the welfare of the Church militant.

It is proper we should here refer to a text which is frequently quoted against the intercession of angels and saints. It is referred to clearly in the extract given above from the Westminster Confession, as if it decided the case against the Catholic doctrine. It is found in 1 Tim. ii, 5: "There is one God and one Mediator of God and man, the Man Christ Jesus." The passage is cited in the Westminster Confession as if it were complete, whereas it is added: "who gave himself a redemption for all, a testimony in due times."

The text, therefore, asserts that there is one Mediator who redeemed us, one Mediator of redemption, but does not exclude mediators of intercession, who offer prayers for us to the throne of God; and these mediators may be either in heaven or on earth. If the Apostle's meaning were other than this he would be inconsistent with himself, having expressed his wish but a few lines above that he be all mediators of intercession for all men:

"I desire, therefore, first of all, that supplications, prayers, intercessions and thanksgivings be made for all men; for kings and for all that are in high stations, etc. . . . For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour."

We need not discuss this matter with those who frequently quote the text as if it were written, "There is only one Mediator, etc." These are merely corrupters of God's word, with whom it would be useless to debate the question.

LORD SALISBURY AND THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE.

At the annual meeting of the Grand Habitation of the Primrose League, which was held on the 20th of April, Lord Salisbury delivered a very characteristic speech. Our readers are, no doubt, aware that the Primrose League is a society of ladies that was organized a few years ago in honor of Lord Beaconsfield, better known as Benjamin Disraeli. The latter statesman, who lived and died a Jew, was in the habit, even in his old age, of sporting a sprig of flowers in the lapel of his dress coat, but the earliest of the spring flowers, the primrose, was his favorite. Every year since Death claimed him thousands of people visit his tomb and adorn it with a profusion of the fragrant "flower that blooms in the spring." A society was established by Lady Churchill, called the Primrose League, for the double purpose of celebrating the anniversary of the great Tory leader and of propagating Conservative doctrines. It is the duty of those ladies to look with favor upon all and every one that utters Tory sentiments and to reward with a smile of recognition, if not actual friendship, every man that promises to vote the Conservative ticket. During the heat of the last general election the members of this fragrant league were seen canvassing from house to house; and Marquises and Grand Duchesses did not disdain to drive in their carriages through the crowded lanes of Liverpool and Manchester, soliciting votes for the nominees of Lord Salisbury and of Balfour the Brave. It is no wonder their meetings are honored by the presence of titled nobility, and that Lord Salisbury would forget for a few hours the serious and perplexing questions of Behring Sea rookeries, the Newfoundland difficulties and the Manipuri atrocities, in order to mingle with those ladies of high degree all decked with posies, who greeted him, the despatch says, with loud and enthusiastic cheers.

After the Countess of Radnor had sung 'God Save the Queen,' the other ladies joining in the chorus, England's Prime Minister "sketched the origin and growth of the Primrose League, saying that it now numbers one million members, which statement was warmly applauded."

It is very hard to see how the Grand Old Man can ever expect to triumph over Toryism while it is sustained by so formidable an army. The complete list of the British army, including home guards and volunteers, reaches the figure of 500,000 efficient men, and these are considered of sufficient quality and quantity to maintain the prestige of British arms against all odds, and carry terror into the ranks of all who are opposed to England's supremacy on land or sea. What a power, then, for good or evil must that society be, which numbers its adherents by the million! But when it is considered that the members are all women, and all politicians, zealous for the party and eager for the fight, why, the fabled Amazulian army, that nigh conquered Hercules, sinks into insignificance in comparison with its undoubted effectiveness.

The presence of so many ladies did not produce in the mind or speech of Lord Salisbury any of those soothing or emollient influences that, as a rule, emanate from companionship with the gentler sex. The noble lord forgot nothing of his fierceness in their midst; and, strange as it may appear, his most ferocious utterances were applauded by the ladies, who clapped hands, waved scented cambric, and in every way showed themselves equal to the matrons of Pagan Rome who applauded the coup de grace which felled the expiring gladiator.

"They knew," said Lord Salisbury, "that Mr. Parnell had sympathy, and received the support of American conspirators, while Mr. McCarthy, they were also aware, represented the secular efforts of some people who held high spiritual rank in the Romish Church."

It is to be hoped there were no Catholic ladies in the company of the Primrose leaguers who applauded the above sentences. The leader of a great nation, the arbiter, we might say, of the destin-

ies of a great empire, to stoop so low in verbiage as to insult so learned and so venerable a body of men as the Bishops and Archbishops both of England and Ireland, is, to say the least of it, an unpardonable blunder, a political crime of which no sane statesman would be guilty. Salisbury classes in the same rank, and puts on the same footing of respectability, the leader who has the sympathy of foreign conspirators and the leader who enjoys the confidence of the priests, Bishops and Archbishops of the three kingdoms. If England's premier has no respect for the Archbishops of Dublin and Cashel he should at least make pretence of a little reverence for the Archbishop of Westminster, who enjoys the royal favor and whose name is enshrined in the hearts of the English people. On the occasion of the London banquet in honor of Mr. Justin McCarthy Cardinal Manning expressed his regrets at not being present, and hesitated not to applaud the conduct and the policy of the new Irish leader.

"Lord Salisbury," the report mentions, "said he had not the slightest intention of speaking indignantly of Roman Catholics, but he desired to warn them of dangers which arose from ministers of any religion using their positions as religious teachers as a means of figuring as political leaders."

None of the Archbishops, either in England or Ireland, ambition the position of leaders, nor do they tremble at the menaces of England's premier. The "dangers" he threatens they can laugh to scorn. Neither Austen, nor Thomas a Becket, nor the martyred St. Lawrence O'Toole, ever flinched before the persecutions or threats of the tyrants who, like Salisbury, warned them of the "dangers" they were exposing themselves to when advocating the rights and standing up for the immunities of the Church and the liberties of the people.

The imprudent and all too heated speech of Lord Salisbury intended for the ears of the Primrose League will be heard all over Great Britain and Ireland, and while doing very little to shake the confidence of the Liberals in their adhesion to Gladstone will be a powerful blow in detaching the Catholic nobility in England from any future association with Toryism or Unionism or any other party that proclaims as its motto "endless coercion to Ireland with studied contempt and threats for the dignitaries of the Catholic Church."

"Church interference with politics," the premier said, "is impossible in Great Britain, yet the English electorate were asked to place Ireland under this secular-ecclasiastical power. In doing so they would place their brethren in the north of Ireland under a novel monstrous power, from which they would receive no mercy."

Firebrand expressions such as those quoted were entirely out of place when addressed to an assembly of fair ladies and would be far more appropriate on the 12th of July in the month of W. Johnston, of Ballykillebeg, or some other fanatic. It is well to know, however, that the Hon. Prime Minister claims the Orangemen in the North of Ireland for his brethren and that he is a member of that sworn politico-religious fraternity. Whatever trust the Catholics of Ireland or the gentry of England placed in the honor of such a Prime Minister must have been rudely shaken by the harsh, rasping, bigoted expressions of this speech. Lord Salisbury intimates, what he knows to be false, viz., that the power of the Catholic Church is a monstrous power, and that if the Church could she would exercise that power without mercy. We in Canada know what power the same Church could exercise in the Province of Quebec, and feel assured that no less fair play, mercy and kindness would be shown to the Protestants of Ireland, in the case of Home Rule, than is experienced at the hands of a Catholic government by the Protestant people and Protestant clergy of our neighboring Province.

The elections are approaching, however, and a strong appeal must be made to the passions of uneducated Protestant England, therefore does it happen that Salisbury, even in the presence and hearing of the titled beauty of England, does not hesitate to lower himself to the level of the most irresponsible stump orator. He is most anxiously exercised about the fate of his Orange brethren in the north of Ireland, should it ever come to pass that the majority in that misgoverned island should not allow themselves to be trodden over by the minority. The minority, indeed, would be very much aggrieved if it could not forever, with England's help, maintain Protestant ascendancy, and be able, at every recurring season, to celebrate the battle of the Boyne, and renew old sores that should have been buried out of sight, instead of being brought to the light, one hundred years ago.

It is in the mind of Lord Salisbury that it will be a sore day for the Orange brethren when they will be no longer able to pack juries, to appoint magistrates, to insult Catholics and wreck with impunity Papist school-houses on the 17th of March

or the 12th July. What will become of his Orange brethren in Ireland if the great majority of the country is emancipated from the slavery of ceataras, and permitted at last to breathe freely and live at peace without asking leave of the pampered minority?

A few more speeches after the pattern of that delivered before the ladies of the Primrose League will be the political death of Salisbury. England is just now too well posted if not educated, to be much longer made the dupe of unscrupulous and designing politicians. *Magna est veritas et prevalabit.*

PRINCIPAL MACVICAR AT HIS OLD WORK OF CALUMNY.

Principal MacVicar, of Montreal, chairman of the Presbyterian Evangelization Board, communicates an article to the *Presbyterian College Journal*, which is copied into two successive issues of the *French Review* of Toronto, on "French Evangelization." He begins by stating that French Evangelization "means very much the same as Irish, English, Scottish, Chinese or Hindoo evangelization," viz., that "it consists in giving the pure gospel and all the blessings which spring from it to those of our French countrymen who do not possess it."

He adds: The French "are as much entitled to enjoy the riches of salvation as the people of Scotland or of Central India. The work of placing the provision of grace within their reach needs no apology or defence."

All of this is very correct in itself; but when, under the pretext of preaching a pure gospel, the real meaning is the eradication of the Catholic faith, and the substitution of Presbyterianism, the matter wears altogether a different aspect.

A pure Gospel indeed! Way is it that we have lately heard so much about the revision of the Presbyterian standards? If Presbyterianism were a pure gospel we would not hear so much clamor from the most devoted members of that Church, clerical and lay, for a revision of the gospel they have had preached to them now for three centuries. And the pure gospel which it is proposed to establish among French-Canadians is the unrevised one which is contained in the present standards, and which, it is acknowledged, Presbyterians themselves no longer believe.

Have we not been told by the foremost among Presbyterian divines that the received Westminster Confession of Faith overlooks the love of God for man, and that this is one of the points which needs revision? And will the professor venture to say that his gospel is pure now, and that it will be equally pure when the revision in this respect shall have taken place?

We do not know positively whether Mr. MacVicar's views are favorable or unfavorable to revision. But if we were to judge from his articles under consideration, we might presume that he is himself convinced that Presbyterianism, as it stands now, is not the pure Gospel. Thus he stands now, is not the pure Gospel. Thus we find the following appeal to his readers to assist in the work in which he is engaged. He wishes to convince them that they should highly appreciate the work of proselytizing, on the plea that God "gave His only begotten Son to save French Canadians."

Here is exactly the point where the professor appears to disagree with his Confession of Faith, which declares that "God, by an eternal and immutable decree, hath elected some men to eternal life . . . and hath passed by and foreordained the rest to dishonor and wrath, to be for their sin inflicted, to the praise and glory of His justice." (Cat. 13); and again: "By the decree of God . . . some men and angels are . . . foreordained to everlasting death." (Conf. 3.)

Thus the Professor virtually states that Christ died for all, whereas the Confession proclaims that He died only for the elect. If this be so, where is the use of seeking to convert the French Canadians? Mr. MacVicar surely does not believe this doctrine, which, indeed, the majority of Presbyterians now do not believe, inasmuch as they are clamoring to be committed to memory, to sum up the first commandment in the words: "I am the Lord thy God: thou shalt not have strange gods before Me," as is done on pages 19 and 50 of the catechism.

The truth of the matter is that Protestants have made the latter part of the first commandment into a second commandment, which they corrupt to make it appear that the Catholic use of sacred images is forbidden. Then they unite into one the ninth and tenth to keep up the number ten. The Bible itself does not give the division of the commandments into ten, but the Catholic tradition has retained the division which Catholics make, and it is founded upon the nature of the sins forbidden. The ninth and tenth commandments forbid two distinct sins of desire, and they are properly regarded as two commandments, just as the acts of theft and immorality are forbidden by two commandments, the sixth and seventh. The ninth and tenth forbid the desire of

the ninth being divided into two to make up the number."

In proof of this he appeals to Butler's catechism, which is taught to Catholic children. On pages 19 and 50 of the catechism there is to be found an abridgement of the commandments, so as to make them easily remembered by children. That the object is not to deceive Catholics into the belief that the abridgement is complete is evident from the fact that in the same little book they are to be found unabridged on page 91, just as they are found in Exodus xx, and they are studied in full when the children are more advanced. The Professor's statement that the commandments are struck out of the catechism is therefore a falsehood, and, as he says he possesses a copy of the book, we must consider the falsehood deliberate.

He recommends his readers to procure a copy of the catechism in order that they may see how unscriptural is the Catholic doctrine in many other respects. By all means we would desire they should do so. They would then be able to see how false is the professor's statement that we give to salute the honor which belongs to God. They will find on page 53 that it is forbidden "to give to any creature the honor due to God alone," and that it is not forbidden to honor the saints "if we only honor them as God's special friends and faithful servants, and if we do not give them supreme or divine honor, which belongs to God alone."

In proof of this we are referred to the Apocalypse (Rev. ii, 26; v, 10). We are told in these passages of Scripture, first, that God will give to "him that shall overcome and keep His works, power over the nations," and that the saints of God in heaven "are made to our God a kingdom, and they reign on the earth." We are also told in Romans ii, 10, that "glory and honor and peace are due to every one that worketh good." These texts sufficiently justify the Catholic practice of honoring the saints of God.

The professor charges us with leaving out the second commandment in order to justify our practice of making images of the saints, and that we separate the tenth commandment into two so as to keep up the number ten.

What he calls the second commandment is found, as we have stated above, on page 91 of the catechism, as follows:

"Thou shalt not make to thyself a graven thing, nor the likeness of anything that is in heaven above or in the earth beneath, nor of those things that are in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not adore them nor serve them. I am the Lord thy God, mighty, jealous, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me."

We maintain that this merely forbids the making of images to adore and serve them. If all making of images be forbidden, why do Protestants themselves decorate their rooms with statues and pictures? Why do they erect statues in the public parks in honor of great heroes or remarkable men? Why do they keep the picture of the Queen in their pockets on the gold and silver and copper coins which they prize so highly?

The Israelites are directed in Exodus xxxiii, 24, to destroy all idols which are adored by the Gentiles, but there is no evidence that they are required to destroy all pictures and images; and the Latin word *sculptile* and Hebrew *pesel* which Protestants persist in translating image or graven image, but which is translated in the Catholic version "graven thing," really means an idol. That it is not forbidden to make sacred images which are not to be adored as gods, is evident from Exodus xxv, 18, made given to Moses in Exodus xxv, 18, to make two cherubim of beaten gold to be placed "on the two sides of the oracle," or propitiatory of the sacred ark.

This being the case, it is clear that what Professor MacVicar calls the second commandment is simply a continuation and explanation of the first, and a part thereof: "Thou shalt not have strange gods before Me." It is, therefore, sufficient in an abridgment, to be committed to memory, to sum up the first commandment in the words: "I am the Lord thy God: thou shalt not have strange gods before Me," as is done on pages 19 and 50 of the catechism.

The truth of the matter is that Protestants have made the latter part of the first commandment into a second commandment, which they corrupt to make it appear that the Catholic use of sacred images is forbidden. Then they unite into one the ninth and tenth to keep up the number ten. The Bible itself does not give the division of the commandments into ten, but the Catholic tradition has retained the division which Catholics make, and it is founded upon the nature of the sins forbidden. The ninth and tenth commandments forbid two distinct sins of desire, and they are properly regarded as two commandments, just as the acts of theft and immorality are forbidden by two commandments, the sixth and seventh. The ninth and tenth forbid the desire of

the two sins which are forbidden in act in the sixth and seventh.

It is thus seen that Professor MacVicar's charges are without any foundation. The charge that Catholics have corrupted the Holy Scripture is equally without foundation. Protestants have corrupted it, not only by introducing the word image in the passage under consideration, but in many other places. We may instance the substitution of *and for or* in 1 Cor. xi, 27, a text which, if translated correctly, proves the Catholic practice of Communion under one kind to be lawful. The Protestant translators, however, have purposely translated it wrong in order to destroy the value of the proof. But this is only one of many instances of corrupt translations in the King James' version of the Bible.

NEW LIGHTS IN TILSONBURG.

Rev. Mr. Dixon, who seems to be an extreme Ritualist of the Anglican Church, lectured on Sunday, 19th ult., in Tilsonburg, on the "Real Presence in Holy Communion." He defined the three schools of thought on the subject, viz., Transubstantiation, Real Presence and Zwinglianism. He showed that the first was erroneous in that it attempted to explain or define what was manifestly intended by God to be a mystery for all time: the root idea was right and scriptural, viz., the special presence of Christ in the sacrament, but it became so distorted by human definition that, as the article of the Church of England says, "It overthroweth the nature of a sacrament," for a sacrament was of all things a mystery—something incomprehensible, undefined—and so while it was a miracle it ceased to be a mystery, and so a sacrament in the true meaning of the term. Zwinglianism denied all presence whatsoever of Christ, and made it a bare memorial and dishonoring to Christ. "The Real Presence," Mr. Dixon holds, "is midway between the two extremes. It taught that while Christ was really present in the holy Communion it was in a spiritual manner—in a mystical manner, that is, in a manner that could not be explained or defined. Hence the holy Communion was always called 'the Mystery.' This doctrine stood midway between two extremes—Transubstantiation and Zwinglianism, that is, between Catholic teaching and Methodist belief. The Catholics attempted to explain the mystery, the Methodists denied it altogether. The English Church view, viz., the Real Presence, without Transubstantiation, is the only one that is correct and scriptural."

The Rev. Mr. Dixon should define the word "mystery." Our Catholic catechism says that a mystery is a revealed truth which we cannot comprehend. By the word "mystery" we mean something made known to us by God. Now Christ, who is God, made known to us that when He, or those empowered and consecrated by Him, in His name, say, "This is My body," the substance of the bread, by God's infinite love and power, becomes the substance of the body of Christ. There is, therefore, on God's unerring word, a total change of substance, or Transubstantiation. As there was at the wedding of Cana a total change of water into the substance of wine—one thing became another—the bread is no longer bread except in appearance; in reality it is the body and blood, soul and divinity of Jesus Christ, for it is not the dead body but the living, glorified body of Christ. If this doctrine, or revealed truth, be not a mystery it would be hard to say what a mystery is, or Rev. Mr. Dixon should give some better definition of the word "mystery." The change of the substance of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ is so mysterious that no human being could believe in it unless he had it on the word of God Himself. Transubstantiation, therefore, is a revealed truth made known to us on God's word, and by God Himself declared at the Last Supper, and is, therefore, a mystery of God's love for mankind, which it is out of the reach of human power ever to understand, but which we believe firmly, because Christ, who is God, believe firmly, because Christ, who is God, says: "This is My body; this is My blood." Rev. Mr. Dixon's belief in the Real Presence without a change—or Transubstantiation—is absurd, and, as he says, "dishonoring to Christ." What! in the holy Communion there would be the real substance of bread and the real body of our Lord in a way so jumbled and confused that no one could tell what he was receiving. Rev. Mr. Dixon appeals to the Book of Common Prayer, but the teachings or explanations of that book are so obscure and so self-contradictory that every man is left to himself to decide whether, at the time of Communion, he is partaking of ordinary bread or of the body of the Lord; for it all depends on the faith and dispositions of the receiver whether what he receives is mere bread or the real body of Christ. The worshipper in Rev. Mr. Dixon's church who partakes of the sacrament is made to believe that what the minister has blessed, and what is there before him

on the communion plate, is mere bread, but that by his strong faith, while in the act of receiving, it is changed into the body of Christ. If the communicant has not that strong faith the change does not take place. It depends on the communicant, and not on the priest, whether any change at all occurs; so that it is the communicant who becomes the priest, and not the minister. Mr. Dixon's reasons for rejecting Transubstantiation, or a real change of substance, are no reasons at all. It does not exist, he says, because the Church attempts to explain it. Why should not men attempt to make use of their judgment, as far as it permits them to explain anything? The Catholic Church attempts to explain the mystery by stating that she believes Christ to be true God and true man; that as such He has power to change one substance into another, that He did really exercise that power at the Last Supper in person, and that He still exercises that power in the person of a priest duly ordained and commissioned to be "a dispenser of His mysteries." The Catholic Church offers no more explanation of the Blessed Eucharist than she does of the Incarnation, the Death and Resurrection of our Saviour, or of the other mysteries of our holy religion. She merely states facts that she has on the word of God without attempting to enter into any further explanation than by saying "That man liveth not on bread alone, but on every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God." Having ascertained that God has spoken, the Church proposes to our belief the things she has learned, and certifies to the facts as revealed by the Author and Source of all truth.

Rev. Mr. Dixon "likened the elements after consecration to a magnetized bar of iron. They were the same as before, and yet there was something superadded to them." This is what Mr. Dixon calls the Real Presence, which is no presence at all, but the presence of bread with something added. How is it possible that such vain imagining of something added that was never mentioned may comport with the exact words of our Lord saying, "This is My body which shall be delivered for you; this is My blood that shall be shed for you."

The rev. gentleman makes a profession of believing in the Real Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, but then he declares that it is only a mystic presence, such as occurs when there are two or three assembled in His name; He says "there I am in the midst of you;" for the bread, like magnetized iron, undergoes no change with the exception of some little virtue that is added to it, in virtue of the consecration. It was not of a mystic presence our Blessed Lord spoke when He said: "Verily I say unto you, unless you eat of the flesh of the Son of Man and drink of His blood you shall not have life in you." "The God, made known to us that when He, or those empowered and consecrated by Him, in His name, say, "This is My body," the substance of the bread, by God's infinite love and power, becomes the substance of the body of Christ. There is, therefore, on God's unerring word, a total change of substance, or Transubstantiation. As there was at the wedding of Cana a total change of water into the substance of wine—one thing became another—the bread is no longer bread except in appearance; in reality it is the body and blood, soul and divinity of Jesus Christ, for it is not the dead body but the living, glorified body of Christ. If this doctrine, or revealed truth, be not a mystery it would be hard to say what a mystery is, or Rev. Mr. Dixon should give some better definition of the word "mystery." The change of the substance of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ is so mysterious that no human being could believe in it unless he had it on the word of God Himself. Transubstantiation, therefore, is a revealed truth made known to us on God's word, and by God Himself declared at the Last Supper, and is, therefore, a mystery of God's love for mankind, which it is out of the reach of human power ever to understand, but which we believe firmly, because Christ, who is God, believe firmly, because Christ, who is God, says: "This is My body; this is My blood." Rev. Mr. Dixon's belief in the Real Presence without a change—or Transubstantiation—is absurd, and, as he says, "dishonoring to Christ." What! in the holy Communion there would be the real substance of bread and the real body of our Lord in a way so jumbled and confused that no one could tell what he was receiving. Rev. Mr. Dixon appeals to the Book of Common Prayer, but the teachings or explanations of that book are so obscure and so self-contradictory that every man is left to himself to decide whether, at the time of Communion, he is partaking of ordinary bread or of the body of the Lord; for it all depends on the faith and dispositions of the receiver whether what he receives is mere bread or the real body of Christ. The worshipper in Rev. Mr. Dixon's church who partakes of the sacrament is made to believe that what the minister has blessed, and what is there before him

sanctified bread is changed into the body and blood of Christ." We fancy enough has been written to show how utterly erroneous Rev. Mr. Dixon's teachings are on the Real Presence. A great deal more could be added to prove how this rev. gentleman's theories are utterly at variance with the plain words of Holy Scripture, as well as with the opinions and convictions of the early Fathers, whose deep studies, as well as erudition, pen and sanctity and familiarity with apostolic times and teaching, afforded them far greater means of interpreting God's word and of propounding sound doctrine than the self-appointed doctors of Israel of our day and time.

CHILIAN AFFAIRS.

President Balmaceda, who drove out the representatives of the people from the House of Congress and appealed to a subsidized army against the people of Chile, is losing ground very fast. The people have been contending against terrible odds, as they had to equip a new army and supplement the national treasury that had been seized upon by the modern Oliver Cromwell before the opening of hostilities. But they are a united, Catholic nation fighting for their homes, for their faith and their liberties. They have driven Balmaceda's demoralized legions from province to province, until now but a small corner in the south is the only possession of the usurper. Lately Balmaceda sent an envoy, Senor Galdery, to London with a view to negotiate a loan of a million and half pounds sterling. He was accompanied most of the funds which he found in the national treasury, and he found no one to lend him very soon and large subsidies ranch him to enable him to hold together the remnants of his shattered and disorganized forces, a total collapse of his paraded pretensions must ensue. The cable despatches inform us that the London financiers would have nothing whatever to do with Balmaceda, and that they declined to put upon the securities his money called for upon the securities of a syndicate to negotiate a loan. So far all efforts to obtain the needed funds proved abortive. The financiers who loan out money in Paris are just as slow as can be found in any other capital, and whether they believe in Government by a dictator or by the people—whether they be Pagans, Jews, or anti-clericals—they are in the habit of advancing no loans except on the very best security, and to stable, not revolutionary, institutions.

The report says that Galdery boasts of the great power of his master and of his future triumph over the irreconcilables in Chile, who are losing ground every day. No one believes him, however; and one fact known to all is sufficient to belie his optimistic views of the situation. It is that the Chilean exiles which President Balmaceda in France by orders of President Balmaceda are still in the French ports, and cannot leave because the price to be paid for them is not forthcoming.

Let us hope the end is fast approaching, and that the horrors attendant upon civil strife will soon disappear in that favored land by the Southern Pacific. The statesmen of Chile as well as the patriots of Brazil men of Chile and the Republic have come to the conclusion that there is no hope for abiding peace or prosperity but in well established laws founded not on Masonic principles, but on God's word, which provides for the Christian education of youth and the wise direction of mankind in the path of honor and moral rectitude.

Origen (Hom. 7, in Levit.) says: "In the old law the manna was a figurative food (*in similitudine*), but now the flesh of God is meat (*in specie*) in reality, as He Himself says, *My flesh is meat indeed.*"

Tertullian says: "That the bread which Christ took at His Last Supper and distributed to His disciples He changed into His body."

St. John Chrysostom says: "Let us every where believe Almighty God; nor contradict Him, though what He says seems contradictory to our reason and sense. His words cannot deceive us, our senses are easily deceived; His words never err, our senses are frequently mistaken. Since, therefore, He says 'This is My body' let us be persuaded of it, etc. He who did these things at His Last Supper, the same now performs them: we are only His ministers. It is He who sanctifies; it is He who transubstantiates or changes these things."

St. Ambrose, of Milan, says in his book "De His Qui Mysterium Initiatur," chap. 9: "If the words of Elias were powerful enough to bring fire down from heaven, shall not the words of Christ be able to change the nature of elements? You have read of the whole creation. He said, and they were made; He commanded, and they were created. *Ipsa dixit et facta sunt: ipse mandavit et creata sunt.*"

Dr. Prices' Cream Baking Powder

A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder Superior to every other known. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

Delicious Cakes and Pastry, Light Flaky Biscuits, Griddle Cakes, Palatable and Wholesome.

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INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

A MUNIFICENT GIFT. Mrs. John Preston, of our city, says the Louisville Catholic Advocate, whose munificence in the cause of Catholicity is proverbial, has given the Right Rev. Camillus Meehan, Bishop of Covington, the sum of \$24,000 to be employed in the interest of the Church as he thinks most advisable.

AN UNEXPECTED RECEPTION. On Sunday during High Mass, in the chapel of the little village at Glengarriff, three ladies of the Protestant faith were obliged to take shelter from one of those heavy summer showers which so frequently occur in the south of Ireland.

TO THE SUFFERING. In one of the German galleries there is a peculiar painting. At first view, it is like our Lord to the dull gaze of unbelievers—there is no beauty that one should desire it. But as you approach near to it, it unfolds into wondrous beauty.

THE BRADY BROTHERS. The death of Judge Brady reminds me that he was the last of a pair of remarkable brothers—both lawyers and members of the New York bar, which never before had been graced by such fraternal genius.

AN ANGEL UNAWARES. It is undoubtedly true that occasionally "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." The New York World gives an instance that illustrates the truth of the old proverb.

THE TURNING POINT IN THE LIFE OF A MISGUIDED GIRL. Baltimore, March 8.—A correspondent of the Baltimore Mirror tells this touching story of Christian forgiveness.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S TROUBLE. Mr. Henry Macombe, Leyland St., Blackburn, London, Eng., states that his little girl fell and struck her knee against a curbstone.

to Father Foley, and said: "Your honest girl proves to be a thief." Father Foley expressed great surprise, but quickly promised to right the matter, much to the lady's wondering curiosity.

TRUSTED IN ST. JOSEPH. Father O'Hare, of Ashbourne, England, recently told the following thrilling story at a church festival:

"Oh, then," said he, "if you go into the outhouse you will find a laborer who is dying—he is a Catholic."

"What has St. Joseph to do with the matter?" I asked him, and here is his story:

AN IRISH WASHINGTON. In one respect Ireland receives her highest recognition in Chili. The new-est bronck is the Captain Prat, another being the O'Higgins and another the Amlante Lynch.

Directly and Indirectly. Kidney complaint, dropsy and similar troubles depend directly on wrong action of the kidneys and indirectly on bad blood.

Mr. Henry Macombe, Leyland St., Blackburn, London, Eng., states that his little girl fell and struck her knee against a curbstone.

"TIME ENOUGH."

"Oh! time enough for that," said Mike. "I can't quite settle it now."

"Then it's a mighty long fast I shall be keeping," said poor Mike, looking hungrily at the meat.

"What a good thing it is to be happy! Of course it is a pleasant thing—everybody knows that—but I contend that it is also a good thing; that it warms our hearts, expands our minds, makes us more gentle, more tender, more full of charity to men, more full of love to God!

There is a popular idea extant that foods which abound in phosphorus are special brain nutrients, but it has no serious foundation.

Every ingredient employed in producing Hood's Sarsaparilla is strictly pure, and is the best of its kind it is possible to buy.

It is a certain and speedy cure for Colds in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.

ROYAL CANADIAN INS. CO. FIRE AND MARINE. HENRY TAYLOR, AG. Taylor's Bank Richmond St.

move my head freely; and an ugly pain in my back."

"Look here, Margaret, you run for the doctor, and while you're gone, as he won't be able to get up to church, I'll just hear his confession now."

"Be comforted," said Father O'Finigan; to poor Margaret, "he died repentant; we may well hope. It was not the confession we could have wished, but there was enough of sign for absolution."

What a good thing it is to be happy! Of course it is a pleasant thing—everybody knows that—but I contend that it is also a good thing; that it warms our hearts, expands our minds, makes us more gentle, more tender, more full of charity to men, more full of love to God!

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ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO PUT THE SIMPLE APPARATUS THAT CONTAINS THE COMPOUND OXYGEN IN A TIN CUP OF HOT WATER. THE HEAT RELEASES THE CURRENT, YOU INHALE IT. AT ONCE A WARM OXYGENATED VAPOR PERMEATES THE LUNGS. CLAYS OF MUCUS MELT AWAY. RESTRICTED BREATHING SURFACE IS RELAXED. THE CHEST EXPANDS. CIRCULATION IS QUICKENED. AND BEST OF ALL STRENGTH RETURNS, AND ENDURANCE REMAINS.



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1891. Pilo's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest. CATARRH Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c.

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