

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERBO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME 9.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1887.

NO. 449.

NICHOLAS WILSON & CO
186 Dundas Street,
Tailors and Gents' Furnishers,
**FINE AND
MEDIUM WOOLLENS
A SPECIALTY.**

INSPECTION INVITED.
P. O'DWYER,
WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANT,
152 Dundas Street, London.
The choicest goods in this line
kept constantly in stock at
prices to suit the prevailing
competition.

Written for the Catholic Record.
Stabat Mater.

Translated by Rev. F. Sullivan, R. J.,
San Francisco, Cal., April 1, 1887.

Mater Doloresa stans,
Weeping sore beside the Bed,
Whist on it hung her Son,
Tender moan to fold the smart—
Told the anguish of her heart,
Through which a sword was run.

Oh! how doleful and distressed
Was that maiden mother blest,
Of soie-begotten One,
Whom she bore with agonizing pain,
To see her Son's distress.

Who's the man, with feelings true,
That with fearless eyes could view
Christ's Mother in such a state,
Who could see that Mother mild
Grieving for her peerless child,
And not with pity mourn?

For the sins of his own race
She saw Jesus in his face,
And with agonizing pain,
She beheld her only Son,
Who forsaken all for us,
Whist yielding up His soul.

Mother! fount of love divine,
Make me feel that grief of thine;
With these tears I would be glad,
To see thy heart with sorrow glow,
Make me in Christ's favor grow,
And in His love abide.

Mother dear! this boon I crave:
Deeply in my heart be grave,
Thy wounds—be Crucified,
Let me share in thy Son's pain,
For when I see thy Son's dear face,
To prove His love for me.

Let me grieve with thee yet more,
And the Crucified deplore,
As long as life shall be,
Near the Cross with thee abide;
Willingly will I still abide;
A sharer in thy woe.

Virgin Queen of virgin train,
Look not on me with disdain,
But bid my tears to flow,
To see in Christ's sweet face,
And in His sweet wounds dwell.

With His cross make me sore,
With His blood and crimson gore
Inebriate me with His love,
Screen me, Virgin, judgment day,
Let me not be cast away,
To feel the flames of hell.

Lord! when hence I must repair,
Through Thy Mother let me pass,
The pain of victory,
When this body shall be cast
To earth,
But my soul renew its birth,
In Paradise with Thee. Amen.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

Our esteemed contemporary the Montreal Herald deserves special mention and marked recognition for its advocacy on a recent occasion of the sacred right of freedom of speech. Our contemporary on May 11th said:

"Wm. O'Brien, M. P., editor of United Ireland, will arrive this morning and be tendered a reception by the Irish, the sons of Ireland, and the friends of the Irish cause in Montreal. There has been a good deal of nonsense talked about opposition to Mr. O'Brien because he proposed to lay before the people of Canada a statement of Lord Lansdowne's relations with his tenants; but it must be remembered that this is a free country, and that if Mr. O'Brien chooses to address public audiences on this subject, and if there are bodies of people who wish to hear him, there is nothing improper in his speaking or their listening. The presence of Father Chiquinoy on a public platform in this city is vastly more objectionable to the Roman Catholics and French than the presence of Mr. O'Brien can possibly be to any body of our citizens; yet the press universally demanded for Father Chiquinoy the right to speak and preach and move among the people without hindrance. If there are those who do not approve of Mr. O'Brien's speaking they need not attend his lectures, and should themselves properly. We are not of those who think the Irish cause will be a gainer by Mr. O'Brien's mission to Canada; at the same time we do not fear that any movement will be made to interfere with Mr. O'Brien's movements. We understand in Canada too well the principles of civil liberty to countenance an attempt to deprive any man of his right to free speech in a free country."

THE QUERCYONISTS CORNERED.

London, May 14.—Tories are in utter despair at the slow progress of the Coercion Bill in the House of Commons. According to present calculation it will occupy the whole time of Parliament until the end of the session. Hundreds of new amendments are submitted by the Home Rule party each week, and as each has to be discussed before closure can be applied the delay can easily be imagined. Appeals have been made by Liberal Unionists to Mr. Gladstone to give way on the mere details and to reserve his opposition for the main issue of the bill, but the Grand Old Man, who sees the advantages of delay, is not likely to

accede to their unreasonable request. Every week delay is injuring the Tory Cabinet in the eyes of its supporters, who accuse the Ministers of want of energy. Meanwhile the Times has signalled Parnell's return to London by a fresh issue of so-called revelations. This time the latter consist of the alleged secret record of the Clan Na Gael Society in the United States and relate to the connection of the association with the Irish party in Parliament.

IMMORAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Bishop of Kingston delivered a sermon in his Cathedral last Sunday on this important subject. He took his text from St. Matthew, 5th ch., "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." He said that Jesus Christ had come to regenerate our corrupt nature and restore to our human spirit its lost empire over the passions of the flesh, established the law of purity of heart as an essential of religion and exhorted his followers to the practice of virginity as a state of special blessedness and more abundant reward. He gave to all mankind the encouragement of His own example, choosing to be Himself a Virgin, born of a Virgin-mother and nursed in the arms of the Virgin Joseph. He honored with special love His disciple St. John, and to him in the hour of His final agony, He bequeathed the guardianship of His most holy Mother, because, as the Fathers of antiquity tell us, John was a model of virginity. Not that virginity is a virtue of higher order than faith, hope and charity; but it is the outcome of those and other virtues, and is an evidence of their activity and of the abiding spirit of grace within man, sustaining his naturally infirm will by day and by night, from week to week, and from year to year, in the warfare against the flesh and its corrupt propensities. This warfare shall never cease: it admits of no truce. If the spirit of man should ever relinquish the fight for mastery over his carnal appetites, the flesh becomes master of the soul in that hour, and death ensues. It is written: "Walk in the spirit, and you shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the spirit; and the spirit against the flesh; for these are contrary one to another." Hence the high esteem in which the Virgin Saints are held, and the high regard in which the Church holds virginity. "All receive not this word," said He, "but those to whom it is given; and then holding it up to His disciples as a glorious prize to be won only by special aid from God, He adds, "He that can receive it, let him receive it." For which reason St. Paul gloried in having kept himself a virgin, and offers his example to the faithful of Corinth as worthy of imitation. And St. John, "the beloved disciple," proclaims in his Apocalypse that a particular glory and beatitude is reserved in the heavenly mansions for those who shall have led a life of virginity here below. They are nearest to Jesus: "The name of his Father is written on their foreheads: they sing a new canticle before the Throne; and they follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth."

Now this virginity, "for the sake of the kingdom of heaven," demands incessant watchfulness over the heart, the mind and all the senses. You know that Jesus has declared "Whoever looketh on a woman, to lust after her, hath already committed adultery with her in his heart." And St. Paul, in exhorting the Christian widows and maidens of Corinth to vow virginity, says, "the unmarried woman and the virgin thinketh of the things that are of the Lord, that she may be holy in body and in spirit." Thus holiness of spirit or cleanness of heart is an indispensable condition of Christian virginity; and every member of this congregation knows that, as they grow up from childhood to maturity, the Church has never ceased inculcating this truth upon them by the teaching of priests and parents, of nuns and Christian brothers; by the sacramental agency of the confessional and by books of prayer and religious instruction. Our Blessed Saviour has classified bad thoughts as the gravest of criminal actions in their evil effect upon the soul. "From out the heart," said He, "proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false testimonies, blasphemies. These are the things that defile a man." Such being the doctrine of the Catholic Church, and such our religious esteem for virginity, and our vigilance over our thoughts for the sake of its preservation, what should not be our abhorrence of the flood of impurity that has been sweeping through the highways and by-ways of our city for the past four days, poisoning the very atmosphere of Christian life, and killing the souls of the pure and innocent little ones whom we have been striving to rear up for God in the likeness of Jesus Christ? Strangers have come amongst us from Buffalo, and, professing to be medical men specially skilled in the treatment of impure diseases, have, I am deeply pained to say it, gained over two of our local newspapers to sell their printing-presses for the vilest and most wicked of all purposes, the diffusion through the city of a double column of heavy-headed advertisement of the most obscene and loathsome character.

It gives me great pleasure to be able to state that the third local journal, the Kingston Daily News, has been undefiled by this filth, its editor having spurned the proffered gold and, with a just sense of Christian decency and journalistic responsibility, refused to make his paper an agency for debauching the youth of the city. Besides employing two local papers for the work of demoralization, these Buffalo men have brought with them piles of copies of a print published

ing over those hideous details of impurity and its "symptoms" which have been forced into our virtuous homes last week!

Adam and Eve felt ashamed of each other the moment they were apprised of the existence of lust in their flesh, and that shame is a perpetual memento of our degradation through sin. But this vile representation and word painting of carnal lust in its most abominable and debasing forms of criminal indulgence, what can be the measure of the shame it should evoke in Christian minds? These Buffalo men pretend to be disinterested in their visit to this and other cities of Canada. They promise to give opinions and hold consultations on all cases "free of charge." They tell the sinner, "it will cost you nothing." Meanwhile they again and again in their sheet of impure advertisement warn the criminal patient against consulting the local physicians. They even dare to say that local physicians in their hours of torture, give the patient up to die, or "some by their morose and gloomy" (local physicians) "will give temporary relief, but insuring death from inflammation or exhaustion." It seems to me, as a professional man, that the members of the honorable faculty of medicine in this city ought not to tolerate this audacious onslaught of unknown strangers upon their professional character. Kingston can boast of several physicians as eminent for science and skill as Buffalo or any city in Canada or the United States can bring forward. Why should they, all and each, be thus denounced by persons whom nobody in this country knows, who, for aught known to us, hold no degree, no certificate of science or skill, no claim to be considered anything more than quacks? It is customary with quacks, when overreaching their nostrums, to warn the public against all other quacks. May we not thus interpret the Buffalo men's warning to youthful criminals to beware of "quacks who plunder those who trust them without mercy." It is all well to say, "We give an opinion free of charge." But for that, they extract money in such heavy amounts from their unfortunate patients that they can afford to offer several hundreds of dollars per year to the three Kingston papers for a weekly insertion of their infamous advertisement. Who, think you, pays all that money in this small city, and proportionately larger amounts in larger cities? Oh! for God's sake, crush out this scandal. Save our youth from being led by boyish curiosity or through the foolish apprehensions aroused through this crafty advertisement, from visiting those Buffalo debauchers of young minds.

I have elsewhere seen an effectual stop put to violations of the kind by a committee of virtuous citizens arranging to take the post of senior, two and two, or three and three, close by the lodging of those who had invited youthful debauchees to visit them, and, as each one entered the house, take down his name. The virtuous parents of Kingston should take some decided action, such as will put an end to this system of unbridled corruption once and for ever. O, citizens, save our youth! O, parents, save your children!

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Correspondence of the Record.

CATHOLIC COLORED MISSION OF WINDSOR.

DEAR RECORD:—In my last I gave you in connection with the Catholic colored mission of Windsor, an interesting account of the martyrdom of a number of colored Catholics in Central Africa. Since then I have received further and more ample details of this terrible persecution, the most interesting particulars of which I will translate from the "Missions Catholiques" for the edification of your readers. The Kingdom of the Ouganda, where these events, so fearful to relate, took place, is situated on the east of the great lake, "Victoria Nyanza." Here the French fathers of the African mission had succeeded in a comparatively short time, in founding a flourishing mission. But this success could not but excite the jealousy of the Evil One, who had held these poor people in bondage for so many centuries. King Monanga had already put to death his favorite Joseph together with two or three other Christians, who died forgiving their executioners. The next victims were the daughter of King Meteca his predecessor, who, together with her husband, who was as yet but a catechumen, were burnt to death. Next in order came the martyrdom of one of the king's pages, as related in my last communication, and in reference to which I will give you some additional details. Amongst the pages was one, a mere boy, named Klito. Several of his brothers had embraced the faith and he also longed to be a Christian. He had on different occasions gone to the missionaries and entreated them to give him holy baptism, but as yet they had not found him sufficiently instructed. However, shortly before the persecution broke out, he had been promised that very soon the longing of his heart would be realized. He was, however, not to receive the baptism of water, but was to be cleansed in his own blood, which he freely and heroically shed for the sake of Jesus Christ. When the king, as I said in my last letter, had ordered all those who prayed like the white people to range themselves on one side, Klito was the first to follow the chief of the pages, Louanga, and touching to relate, he took Louanga's hand and clung to him, as if he felt the need of one stronger than himself to sustain his courage in the death struggle that was before him. However, Charles Louanga was shortly after separated from his companions, in the hope that this might perhaps serve to make them deny the faith. In this, however, their persecutors were disappointed, as not a single one of the band, composed of over one hundred, wavered for a moment under the most cruel tortures. Charles Louanga was the first to be executed. The executioner Sakote subjected him to the trial of fire, burning him slowly and by degrees, beginning at his feet. As he applied the torch he said, "let your God now come and deliver you from these flames." "Poor foolish man," says Louanga, "your know not what you say; the fire which you apply to my body appears to me as if you were pouring cold water over me; but for you, the God whom you insult will one day plunge you into the fire of hell." But recollecting himself, he spoke no more and endured his torments without uttering a single complaint. Amongst the victims was also the son of the executioner named Mbagu. The unfortunate father had tried every means to obtain the pardon of his son, but to no avail. He consented at least to hide you in my hut, I promise that none will discover your whereabouts." "No, father," said the boy, "I don't wish to hide myself. You are the King's slave and he has ordered you to kill me, do then as you have been commanded. I wish to die for my holy faith." His father, to spare him the terrible trial of fire, dispatched him on the spot, by a blow on the head with the bludgeon. After this the execution of the other pages, who had been bound up in bundles of reeds, began. The executioners set fire to the reeds nearest their feet, in order to prolong their sufferings and in when the fire commenced to burn their flesh. Vain expectations. They unite together in prayer and mutually encourage each other to persevere. In half an hour the fagots were consumed, and all that was left of this noble band was a long row of charred bones.

Amongst those found worthy to cement with his blood the foundation of the nascent church of the Ouganda, was a certain Mathias Mouroumba, who had been baptized in 1882, and had ever since been an austere observer of the laws of Christianity, and had therefore been singled out as a victim by the enemies of the Christian name. He was a sort of justice of the peace in one of the principal districts of the country, and occupied his leisure hours in teaching the catechism to the neophytes. During the first days of the persecution he was arrested and led before the king's minister, who asked: Is this Mouroumba, who in his old age has embraced the Christian faith? Yes it is, said Mathias. Why dost thou pray like the Christians? demanded the minister. Because, I like it, answered Mathias. Thou hast abandoned even thy wives, thou art therefore thine own cook and housekeeper, said the minister, sarcastically. I wish to know, said Mathias, in return, whether it is on account of my leanness or my religion that you have dragged me before the king's tribunal. Addressing himself to the executioner, the minister, humbled and amazed at the constancy of Mathias, said, take him away and let his hands and feet be cut off. Let a slice of flesh be cut off from his back and sides and perhaps his God may deliver him. Mathias, wounded by the insult offered to his God, replied with undaunted courage: Yes, my God will deliver me, but

you will not see how it shall be done. He will take unto himself my rational soul and leave in your hands only the tenement of my mortality. This barbarous sentence was executed on Mathias, who died bravely, with his companion Luke Banabekintow, who had been baptized on the same day as himself.

The contempt shown for death by these courageous catechumens and neophytes, and the fortitude displayed under the most cruel tortures, have singularly surprised the king, the executioners and all the pagans, who have witnessed them. But they say that the missionaries cast a spell on the neophytes which renders the enjoyments of life contemptible in their eyes and sweetens for them the horrors of death.

From the above abbreviated details of the martyrdom of more than one hundred colored Catholic Christians, we must necessarily infer that if the efforts made by the church to convert the colored race to the faith prove successful these people will be apt to display to the world examples of rare Christian virtue and fortitude as well as people of other races. It is also a singular coincidence, that the efforts being put forth for the conversion of the colored people in this country has received a new impetus since the heroic martyrdom of that faithful band of young men in Ouganda which leads us to believe that these heroes of the infant African church have gone to heaven, where they are now interceding for the conversion of their race to the church of God, where alone salvation is found. And it is probable that the words of Tertullian will now be realized as they were in the first ages of Christianity, "Sanguis martyrum semen Christianorum." "The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians." It is to be hoped that the facts related above will be an encouragement to our Catholic people, who have received an appeal for help towards the colored mission of Windsor, and that they will speedily respond to the call and thus enable this holy work to grow and develop and bring about the conversion of a large number as possible of those people of African descent who have settled in our country, and thus before long we may be able to put on record the pleasing news that the first Catholic colored parish, provided with school house and parson, has become an accomplished fact.

A GENEROUS ACTION AND A NOTABLE BOOK.

Any literary effort of Royalty, or those holding equally exalted rank and authority, is sure to attract the attention of the reading world. We have in this issue the pleasure of announcing the publication of a work of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., published by an enterprising Canadian firm. At intervals during a busy and eventful life the Holy Father has written many of the most sublime and exquisite poems of modern times, which for years have been prized and appreciated by Latin scholars as the choicest in the language. As a just and fitting tribute in this year of his golden jubilee, they have been ably translated into English. This important task has been accomplished by the learned Father Piccirillo, of Woodstock College, Maryland, an old personal friend of the Holy Father, and for years editor of the *Civitas Catholica*, the official organ of the Church. The work is published with the approval of His Holiness, who as a special mark of interest and kindness has had forwarded to Father Piccirillo his latest and best photograph to be affixed as a frontispiece to the book. The photograph has been copied in the best photo-gravure process at an outlay of double the cost of a steel engraving, and represents the Holy Father exactly as he looks to-day. A gold medal is further promised to Father Piccirillo by His Holiness as a special recognition of his invaluable services. In this edition both the Latin with the English translation are published, prefaced with a full and complete biography of the august Father from childhood to the present time, also written by the translator of the poems. This pious and remarkable life is a lesson that should be familiar to every Catholic family and child, few have been ably translated into English. 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BEN HUR; OR THE DAYS OF THE MESSIAH.

BOOK SIXTH.

CHAPTER VI.

The morning of the seventh month... The sun shone from the east...

meant between the nation and the government... The sun shone from the east...

did not tell them that I am a Jew... The sun shone from the east...

liberty of organization to protect these rights... The sun shone from the east...

CATHOLICITY IN SUSSEX: SOUTHERN ENGLAND—NOTES FROM A TOURIST'S WAYSIDE DIARY.

years ago Catholicity was practically unknown in this neighborhood... The sun shone from the east...

MR. W. O'BRIEN'S VISIT. ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION IN MONTREAL.

"Bishop Hurst," speaking of bull fights in Mexico, concludes his article thus: "When will this outrage on civilization end?"

The Bishop would justly think this was the expression of self-righteous prejudice and disloyalty to the responsibility of Protestantism for these things.

Such is the name given to a society now extending itself throughout our country. It is a grand organization, because it has so wide a scope in view of good to be effected.

While every crusader is expected to take an active part in the good cause, persons whose positions give them influence in Church, educational or industrial establishments, may become promoters of the Crusade.

These are short prayers and resolutions, which the members should learn by heart, and repeat frequently: 1. Praise be to Jesus Christ, now and forever.

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The following remarkable letter from the illustrious Cardinal Manning appeared in last Saturday's London Tablet.

According to "Judicia Civitates Londonicæ" in the time of King Athelstane, the five guilds of London united into one guild, which governed the town as a free contract, broke up the old relations between employer and employed, and the conflict between capital and labor became perpetual.

It is surely, then, the office of the Church to protect the poor and the labor which has built up the human commonwealth.

It may be said that violent deeds of trades unionists have ceased to exist. They were abuses of an undeniable liberty which the law did not protect.

John Milne in his "Paradise Lost" thus distinguishes woman from man. Diseases fall to her lot that do not man's, peculiar to her sort and more relentless.

Money is but dead capital after all, but the live capital of human intelligence and human hands is the primeval and vital capital of the world.

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MR. W. O'BRIEN'S VISIT.

ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION IN MONTREAL.

Mr. Wm. O'Brien arrived in Montreal on the 11th and lectured to an immense and enthusiastic audience. His reception was of the most cordial description showing that the vast majority of the people of the metropolis of Canada hold in warm regard both Mr. O'Brien and the great cause of which he is one of the most able champions. The following is a partial report of his brilliant oration: Ladies and fellow-countrymen, I desire at the very outset to thank the question why I have come here to ask a hearing and to ask your assistance. I will tell you in one word—because the homes in Luggscurran are desolate to-night, and the man who has caused it all is in the highest position in the great country of yours. It is by no means pleasant for me to intrude myself on your attention. I am but a humble stranger from Ireland, and Lord Lansdowne is a great lord, but judging from the feeling I have experienced I do not think I need apologise to you for coming here to protest against the extermination of our race by means using Canadian money. Where are we to turn unless to the public opinion of kindred lands such as Canada? Or have I come to this, that it is to be a crime for us to appeal to you, who can alone save the poor people of Luggscurran? I have not come here to appeal to passion or excitement, or stir up division among the people of this happy country. My object is to appeal to the reason and judgment of all free and liberty-loving men. It would never be forgotten by Ireland that Canada, during the terrible famine of 1879, had subscribed twenty thousand pounds for the starving people of Ireland. The great leader of the Irish people, O. S. Farnell, had said he would never beg the world again for man for the victims of Irish landlordism. They did not come to ask for alms, they came to ask for a helping hand. They did not ask now for twenty thousand pounds, but they asked them to enquire what use Lord Lansdowne had been making of the money he had been getting from this country, and if they found him in the wrong, he asked them to pass their just sentence on Lord Lansdowne's conduct as they had a right, constitutional and incontrovertible right to do. The speaker then alluded to the Crimes bill, which he said sought to reduce the Irish to the level of Negro slavery. It would enable men worse than Lord Lansdowne—far personally he had no reason to judge him harshly—to gag and throttle the people of Ireland. (Cries of "Shame, shame.") If the people of Canada wished to stand between the people and coercion now's the day and now's the hour, for the day they passed condemnation on Lord Lansdowne for his action in the Luggscurran affair that day they would nerve the arm of Gladstone, and put an end to the policy of extermination. (Loud applause.) Lord Lansdowne's policy was simply to depopulate and devastate an area five miles in extent. (Loud hisses.) He dare not deny that fact. If Lansdowne was allowed to triumph in Canada, at the next Quarter Sessions in Queen's County he would get his final batch of evictions, and, with the exception of Lord Lansdowne's estates there would not be a person on the estate who would not be banished from the land of his forefathers. (Loud hisses and cries of "Shame, shame.")

Mr. O'Brien then described the evictions and said that was the kind of man who, unfortunately, was Governor-General of Canada, and it was Canadian money which was being used by his brutes and hirelings. These men only owed half a year's rent, and were as honest and punctual a body of tenants as ever a landlord was blessed with. Their only crime was their just demand for a reduction of the rackrents. The speaker then made numerous quotations in support of his contention that the demands of the tenants were less than Lord Cooper's royal commission of landlords had considered essential, and which he said Lord Lansdowne's own arbitrator, Mr. Denning, had approved of in writing out of the mouths of his own friends; therefore Lord Lansdowne stood condemned. (Applause.) He had also refused to reduce the judicial rents by a single farthing, and was turning Luggscurran into a wilderness. Had Lord Lansdowne not broken his treaties with the tenants he would have been spared the indignity of standing at the bar of public opinion in Canada to answer the cries of the poor tottering men and helpless children whom he had driven from their homes. Mr. O'Brien said he could go on for hours piling proof upon proof. He based the tenants' claim wholly and solely upon the declaration of the Royal Commission and Lord Lansdowne's own words. He held that out of the mouths of his own friends he stood condemned, and that the justice of the tenants' cause stood revealed. (Loud applause.) The tenant had adopted the Plan of Campaign—(applause)—they had stood by it—(renewed applause)—and they were prepared to stand by it to the bitter end. (Great cheering.) What would they have them to do? Would they have them to lie down at the landlord's feet? (Loud shouts of "No, no!" "Never!") Would they allow them to be transported in ships to the shores of the St. Lawrence, as in former days, and be buried on their arrival? (Cries of "No.") But, thank God, the tenants no longer left their homes with dejected air, but with the shout of "God Save Ireland," and cheer for the Plan of Campaign. (Loud applause.) There was not an Irish exterminator now who could hide his face in any country the wide world over—applause—and save himself from the condemnation of the civilized world. That was what cheered the people of Ireland and kept their hands from crime. He appealed to-night to three hundred and fifty thousand men, who were empowered to pronounce between Lord Lansdowne, not as Governor-General of Canada, but as an Irish evictor—(hisses)—and the four or five hundred women and children who had been condemned to expulsion. From many a home in Ireland to-night were anxious watchers looking to see whether the verdict would be one of emancipation or destruction. It was for Canada to let Lord Lansdowne and the world know that when Canada stretched out her hand to Ireland it was not for eviction or expulsion, but to sympathize and succor them. Let them do this, and he assured them that when the misery had passed away and when the great feat of reconciliation had been realized, in the pleasant years to come, from the happy homes of Luggscurran assembled in the nation's Parliament on College Green—(loud cheers)—the great Irish race would remember forever the message that he hoped would be flashed across to them to-night from the sisterland of Canada. (Great applause, during which Mr. O'Brien retired.)

THE FATAL DEFECTS OF RITUALISM.

Catholic Review.

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LIFE AMONG THE BLIZZARDS.

SOME COMICAL EXPERIENCES WRITTEN UP BY ONE OF THE SISTERS IN DAKOTA.

You ask for short sketches of how we live up here in the snows and blizzards of the Northwest. Merrily, I can answer you; and yet, if you know the one-hundredth part of the hardships, you would pity us indeed. I suppose if we had not long ago given over the things of earth for those of heaven we would sometimes be tempted to think our lot a hard one. As it is, we find that God is good, oh, so good to us! You do not want a sermon, but some of our strange experiences—very well. That's an easy matter, and really I could fill a huge volume with funny stories.

First comes "The Bishop's Visit." One morning our pastor announced to us that our saintly Bishop would be with us in two weeks to give confirmation for the first time in that part of the country, and that not only must the school children be prepared, but that the nuns must give all their spare time out of school to those adults that could be "drummed up" through the country. He would do the drumming up and we the instructions.

The result was a most motley crew, chiefly Half-breeds of the Sioux tribe. Many of them had quite an amount of religious knowledge, having many years ago received some instructions from the French missionaries of Manitoba. But their children were miserably ignorant and all spoke a very peculiar and almost unintelligible French. In one thing they all agreed, they dearly loved *Le bon Dieu* of *Monsieur* (the good God and the Bishop!).

The great day at length came and we had a class of ninety-six. It had been dreadfully hard work for two nuns and two secular ladies to conduct a large school and prepare this class, but that was child's play to the work of giving suitable preparation to our truly beloved Bishop and six priests. We could not get hired help and upon us devolved the duties of cooking, etc. The pastor's house consisted of two rooms and a shed. He gave it all up and sought lodging elsewhere and the venerable and reverend company boarded with us. Our parlor (?) is a room 9 x 11, with parlor, two pictures, two pictures and a table, was the dining room.

Our Mother House had furnished us for fore leaving with very neat and pretty table appointments for just such an occasion, so that was very good. At that time, four years ago, no vegetables were raised here and meat was very dear. But we managed to get up a very good dinner—among other things a fine basket full of beef and some very nice canned peas. I was out in the kitchen (which, by the way, was once the chicken house), working away on that hot June day, when suddenly I heard the voice of old Dakota saying: "Oh good sister, who are the peas for?"

I looked up annoyed and met the glance of an old, old Indian woman. Some said there was a hundred, some said she was one hundred and twenty years old; certainly she was old and remembered well when our fertile valley was all under water. "For your loved *Monsieur's* dinner," I answered.

"Oh," said she, "just let me taste the peas for *Monsieur's* dinner—good *Monsieur* that God loves so much." Of course, I told her to wait and let the Bishop be served first. Then she clasped her old body hands and imploringly begged me to just let her dip her two fingers in to taste the peas for *Monsieur's* dinner. Again I declined and told her that if she would be good and keep far away from the stove and sit in the corner, I'd give her a whole basket full of having for herself and her sick daughter when *Monsieur* had finished. She quietly sat down and began to smoke, but she watched me with gleaming eyes—eyes that still retained the fire of an unconquered race, now fixed in admiration on the "peas for *Monsieur's* dinner."

At one stage of the old squaw's visit I found the combined effects of the natural and artificial heat, the fumes of Dakota's pipe and the various odors of the cooking two much, and incautiously and unwisely opened the kitchen door. Just then it was announced that the Bishop and priests were coming. So I pulled out my roasts a little and hurried into the next room to get a dish for the famous peas.

Upon my return I was petrified with terror and horror and disappointment, every imaginable feeling of misery. Dakota stood over the pan dipping in her whole hand, not two fingers, and her hungry dog was scampering off with my roast. Any housekeeper knows how I must have felt. But the comicality of the whole thing overcame my disappointment and I actually laughed as old Dakota apostrophized me with the words—"Oh qu'il est bon—les pois de *Monsieur* que le bon Dieu aime tant!" (Oh how good they are—the peas of *Monsieur* whom God loves so!)

Thank goodness we had other things, and the loss was not felt, and when at the end of the dinner I told the Bishop, he enjoyed the joke more than he would have enjoyed the roast and peas; and in a body they all moved off to pay their respects to old Dakota. There she was, finishing in her own primitive fashion "the peas for *Monsieur's* dinner."

The sight of himself was enough to raise her to an ecstasy of delight. She kissed his feet, his ring, his habit (he is a Benedictine, and then wore the habit). I could not understand their conversation, carried on in Sioux, or Cree, or some Indian language, but the Bishop told me she wished him to ask me for a whole pie for her sick daughter. She prolonged her visit for about half an hour after the Bishop's departure, and then went on her way rejoicing in a bucket full of all sorts of things and a whole pie.

During the examination of that same Confirmation Class, one big country boy, upon being asked by the Bishop, "When our Lord became man," promptly answered: "At the age of twenty-one!" The Bishop said it was a very American idea of the Incarnation.

NATIONAL PILLS are sugar coated, mild but thorough, and are the best Stomach and Liver Pill in use.

LATTER-DAY SCIENCE—OR DIA-BOLISM.

HOW CATHOLICS SHOULD REGARD IT.

At the Church of the Immaculate Conception on Sunday afternoon, Father Clarke, S. J., pointed out that it was not always easy to draw a clear line of demarcation between superstition and what was demanded of us by faith. There was the danger of being too credulous, and there was the danger of believing too little. Our faith must be a rational faith, affording us sufficient evidence to convince any reasonable person of the truth of that which we believe. We should always remember, too, that when any fact comes before us which can be explained by natural laws it does not therefore at all follow that the supernatural is necessarily excluded. The natural and supernatural are often so inextricably mingled that it may be impossible to say which is the predominant influence, and that which we believe in mind is this: that everything is under the guidance of God, and that as even the treacherous betrayal of our Divine Lord and the blasphemous sentence pronounced against Him by the high priest were ordained by Him, so every event in life is ordained by God for His own end. But we must beware of attributing the calamities which befall others to the judgment of God in some cases, and of course, the evidences of God's judgment are too plain to be ignored. For instance, the fate which befall the blasphemous Arius in the very moment of his triumph—that was a plain judgment of God. So in our own country, when that impious persecutor of the Church, the eighth Henry, suffered the punishment predicted by the Carthusian abbot, and

THE COFFIN CONTAINING HIS BODY BURST open, and the dogs came in and licked up his blood in the church where his body lay, who would count it superstition that this was anything but the just and righteous judgment of God! Once more, while we ourselves must mean to believe that there were such cases, not to condemn others who cannot go as far as we can. There are some people who think that a man cannot be a good Catholic unless he holds every pious belief that they themselves hold. They sin against charity, and their sin is more displeasing to God than their act of faith is pleasing to Him. Let them, for instance, take the belief in the miraculous medals and wafers which Catholics believe—and who might have found good reason to do so—that it was promised by our Blessed Lady to a saint that any one who would wear that medal, and die with it around his neck, would obtain contrition at the last, but they had no right to condemn others who denied the authenticity of the revelation, or refused to believe that there were such privileges attached to so simple an act. Or again, suppose any Catholic refuse to believe in the miracles of Lourdes. Had they a right to condemn him? They might think that he had not gone into the evidence and formed a hasty judgment, or if he had gone into it, they might think he was a rather foolish person, but as long as the Church had not authoritatively spoken they were not justified in accusing him of having sinned against the faith, or denouncing him as a bad Catholic because he did not hold that which they held most intensely. In the present day things and occurrences and facts were constantly brought under their notice that bore witness to the supernatural or preternatural.

THEY WERE CONSTANTLY HEARING OF SECOND SIGHT, and of mesmerism, and of cures by magnetic force, and of power possessed by some men of casting others into a trance. These were things which might be said to occupy the line between the natural and the preternatural. The natural and the supernatural—or rather the preternatural—seemed to be intermingled, and it was not always easy to decide what was natural and innocent and what was otherwise. If any man were to tell them that all thought reading, for example, was the work of the Evil One they would rightly believe that he was too far; but if they saw that a man could obtain a power over others which he might exercise for the worst possible ends, for their temporal and spiritual ruin, they could hardly help thinking that it was not all attributable to a natural cause, but that the devil had some part in it.

THE RULE WHICH CATHOLICS SHOULD WHENEVER ADAPT WAS THIS: Natural powers would account for the phenomena before them then they should be slow to allow any leaning towards superstition, any desire to peer into the invisible, to betray them into attributing to these phenomena any preternatural cause. They might inquire into these things as much as they liked when once it was fully established to their complete satisfaction that they had a purely natural origin. But on the other hand when once they suspected, when once it seemed likely that the Evil One had a hand in them, then for God's sake let them keep far off from that which would destroy their peace of mind and taint the brightness of their faith. These things must be the rule of their conduct. The instinct of faith would always guide them aright if their faith was bright, and if they were doing their best to avoid sin and follow after virtue. "If any man will do the will of God," said the Lord, "he will know the doctrine." And therefore when, as would sometimes happen, they could not make up their minds on such matters as these, humbly and fervently, of Him from whom flows all true wisdom and all true prudence, and He would enable them to avoid these two dangers—the danger of believing too much and the danger of believing too little.

By land or at sea, out on the prairie, or in the crowded city, Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the best for purgative purpose, everywhere convenient, efficacious, and safe. For sluggish bowels, torpid liver, indigestion, bad breath, flatulency, and sick headache, they are a sure remedy.

THE SCENERY OF LAKE ATLMER FROM GARTHDY.

Correspondence of the Catholic Record.

Spring, beautiful spring, art thou come at last. Oh! help to scatter to nothingness the horrid white pall, 'neath which the chilly stems hide embosomed their tender blossoms. Winter, what a depth of snow thou hast shed; and we stood it! Yes, and we now mock at thy last fitful blast, for old "Sol" with beaming radiance, is pouring warmth where thy arctic lung was wont to breathe icicles. Thy network of silvery lace: the last adornment of thy frosty reign, hangs in lustreless shreds to the leafless bough, but fast vanishes away. A mass of tiny hills sink it merrily to the very roots

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Catholic Record.

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THE TRUTH WILL OUT.

We have been shown a copy of Truth, a New York paper which calls itself a "journal of facts," and claims to be "devoted to the good of all men."

Before us, that of April 23rd last, shows that while Truth styles itself a journal of facts and advances the philanthropic claim of being devoted to the good of all men—it is decidedly anti-Irish in form and feeling.

We are wretched enough to believe, from our careful perusal of the voluminous number on our table, that Truth has been founded to cater to the prejudices of the un-American minority of New York's citizens—legitimate successors and in many cases descendants of the New Yorkers who, in the war of independence, were more British than the very British themselves, and of the nativist citizens of that proud metropolis who in the late war of secession displayed their loyalty to the Union by rigidly abstaining from bearing the sword in defence of its insulted flag and threatened institutions.

Let no man deceive himself as to the existence and influence of this un-American party in the city of New York, and even elsewhere in the United States. There are men, and not a few, in that city and elsewhere, who would gladly, if they could, restore the British monarchial regime which once drove the old thirteen colonies into rebellion.

These are the men who speak in affected derision of the foreign element, as if the foreign element, Irish, German, French and Dutch, had done nothing to secure American liberty, and upon that liberty build up American greatness—as if it were so very long ago since their own fathers landed in misery on America's shores to seek the happiness denied them by the land whose greatness they never cease to extol—as if, in fine, that "foreign" element is not today the very bulwark of American freedom against which European tyranny may vainly thrust its strength.

The liberty-loving foreigner who makes his home in America bids a lasting farewell to old world tyranny, while the sickly nativist sighs for a return of the days when Americans were deprived of the right of trial by jury and transported across the sea to be adjudged by strange tribunals and hostile magistrates.

For this latter class Truth would fain, it is evident, be the organ. In an article in the number before referred to, entitled "Why this hesitation?" it thus deals with the Times' calumny on the Irish leader:

"More than a fortnight has now passed since the publication by the London Times of the letter addressed to Mr. Parnell, and nothing has been done by that gentleman to disprove the charge of being its author except that both himself and his friends have emphatically stated that it is forgery. The onus of proof, of course, rests with the paper, and the Times has over and over again professed its willingness and even its anxiety to be brought to book in the regular way, viz. by the institution of a suit for libel. This course, which it is plainly his interest and his duty to pursue, the Irish leader shirks, as he is in the habit of shirking disagreeable truths by the assertion that it would be impossible for such a case to have a fair trial before an English jury. And yet Mr. Parnell is in the constant habit of asserting that the majority of the English people are in favor of the policy which he is pursuing with regard to Ireland, and are above all anxious to see the wrongs of that unhappy country righted. In the face of this it is manifestly inconsistent that Mr. Parnell should affect to believe in the impossibility of his securing justice for himself in England."

We have here certainly a combination of contradictions well worthy their disingenuous source. The writer admits that upon the Times rests the onus of proof and yet calls upon Mr. Parnell to bear himself that very onus by bringing the matter before an English jury. Mr. Parnell has no fear of an English jury properly constituted. But to secure a verdict against the Times the jury would have to be unanimous. In political cases unanimity in a jury is not to be looked for. Then the composition of the jury could be altogether in the hands of Lord Salisbury's officials, adepts in the noble art of jury-packing. No one, as United Ireland has very justly said, no one but a fool or an enemy would suggest an appeal by Mr. Parnell to an English judge or jury. But the real animus of the N. Y.

"Journal of facts" is clear from the following:

"There are, of course, a great many people who would be glad to believe that Mr. Parnell, as well as the Times, have been victimized in this instance, but unfortunately for himself the conduct of the Irish leader, and especially the company he keeps, are of a nature to make it appear at least likely that he privately entertains the sentiments credited to him, though he is careful not to publicly give expression to them after the manner of his supporters and associates, especially on this side of the Atlantic. Since, however, he admits the authenticity of congratulatory and approving telegrams bearing his signature, which have from time to time been sent to respectable gatherings held in this city and elsewhere, there is no reason to refuse to believe that in a moment of temporary want of caution he should have unobscured his real feelings to a confidential friend. However, the remedy is in his own hands, and if he hesitates to avow himself of it, his conduct can only be ascribed to the fact that he is afraid of the result."

Here, in the total absence of proofs, Truth condemns, by implication, the Irish leader. What does that journal mean by meetings of sympathy with Ireland to fall under that classification? With no other assemblies in New York or elsewhere in America but those in open, honest, and unmistakable sympathy with his constitutional and Parliamentary policy has Mr. Parnell had any communication whatsoever. None of the communications he has had with American meetings or associations of any kind or character whatsoever breathe ought of conspiracy, treason or sympathy with violence. The murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish was to Mr. Parnell the severest blow he had ever received. No doubt now can there be that had not that awful crime taken place, an Irish Home Rule Bill would before now have passed the British Parliament. By that foul deed the energies of the Liberal party were broken and much of its sympathy with Ireland obliterated. No man, not even Lord Hartington himself, suffered more keenly from the foul and unspeakable outrage of May the 6th, 1882. The enemies of Ireland have never since ceased endeavoring to connect him in some manner, however remote, with the crime which on that day brought shame and sorrow to Ireland. The Times' latest attempt was made to facilitate the passage of the coercion Bill. Its alleged letter from Mr. Parnell was too clearly the work of an informer in Dublin Castle pay. Hence the fear and refusal of the government to permit Parliamentary enquiry. The truth will, however, out. A despatch from Lincoln, Nebraska, lately gave the world the following facts:

"Mr. John Fitzgerald, president of the Irish National League of America, recently submitted the London Times fac simile of the alleged Parnell letter, together with documents in possession of Mr. Patrick Egan, in the handwriting of Mr. Richard Egan, formerly proprietor of the Dublin Freeman, to a committee consisting of Gov. Thayer, Treasurer Willard, Auditor Babcock, Mayor Sawyer, Postmaster Watkins and the cashiers of the city banks. To-day the committee reported as follows: "We, the undersigned, have carefully examined the fac simile published in the London Times of the 16th ult., alleged to have been written by Charles S. Parnell, also letters signed Richard Egan, addressed to Patrick Egan, dated June 25th, 1875, December 6th and 22nd, 1880, January 14th, 1880, and March 9th, 1881, also an enclosure contained in said letter of March 9th, 1881, and we have no hesitation in saying that the alleged fac simile of the letters and enclosures were written by the same hand. The documents referred to were letters from Piggott, wherein he tried to blackmail the League through its treasurer, under the pretence he had been offered money by alleged agents of Dublin Castle to publish fictitious articles in relation to the League fund, prepared for the purpose of discrediting the League, and the letter to him from these agents which he enclosed as proof of his statement. In his letter to the treasurer of the League Piggott said he was on the verge of financial ruin and must have money. He would suppress the Dublin Castle article if the League would supply him with a temporary loan of \$300. These letters and fac simile of Parnell's alleged letter the committee above named believe to be in the handwriting of the same man."

Whether or not Piggott be the author of the Times forgery, there is not the slightest room for doubt that the letter published by that paper is the handwork of some criminal of the James Carey type. Were the Times or the government in possession of any substantial proof attaching Mr. Parnell to the authorship of that document, that proof would have been at once forthcoming. The complete annihilation of the Irish leader is an object too dear to the soul of Salisbury to leave room for doubt on this point. The statesman who could advocate twenty years of coercion for Ireland as the cure of all its ills, would not for a moment hesitate, had he it in his power, to inflict on Charles Stuart Parnell a political death as effectual as the physical death visited on Lord Frederick Cavendish on May 6th, 1882.

In St. Peter's Cathedral, London, on last Sunday evening, Rev. Thos. W. Kearney, of Cape Girardeau, Missouri, who has been paying a short visit to his relatives in Canada, preached a very impressive sermon on "Prayer." He left again for his home in the West on Tuesday, followed by the hearty good wishes of those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance during his short stay in London.

REVOLUTION REBUFFED.

The radicals of France have not an easy bed on which to lay their restless limbs. Hated at home, they are despised abroad. They have made the once great name of France synonymous with cruelty and treachery. Their latest attempt to degrade their country is the organization of an international exposition for 1889 to commemorate the centenary of the revolution of 1789, to which France owes so much of disgrace and misfortune. The project has not been well received. An Ottawa paper says of it: "Nearly all the monarchies of Europe have declined to take any notice of the Paris Exhibition to be held in 1889 because it is commemorative of the great Revolution—an event not contemplated with pleasure by absolute rulers. Britain on the other hand, while prevented from officially encouraging the exhibition, possibly for the same reasons that influence the Continental Powers, will afford every facility to intending British exhibitors. Until we are told what an official recognition means in this case, it may be supposed that Britain is actually taking part in the exhibition. As the French Revolution—the greatest event in history some one has said—cannot be ignored any more than the centennial of American liberty, it seems a very wise conclusion for Britain to have reached."

No one seeks to ignore the French Revolution, but there is quite a marked difference between admitting the existence of facts and the recognition of the principles which produced these facts. The Europe and the France of pre-revolutionary days have gone forever. No one seeks to recall them. But what all good men desire is to see a return to the Christian principles of legislation and Government which the Revolution denied and set at naught. The old monarchies had their faults. These faults are, in every instance, traceable to their departure from or oblivion of these very Christian principles that it is now sought to reaffirm and restore. But the old monarchies with all their faults were preferable to the Godless republics and radical monarchies of today, wherein the people are in their own name plundered and oppressed as they never were in by-gone times. It's no proof to us that the exposition of 1789 is to be a success because Britain gives it a quasi-recognition. If it were to be of any use to France the Salisbury Government would lend it no sort of acknowledgment. The British Tory government rejoices in French self-abasement. Radical France is, however, nearing its end. 1889 may perchance witness a return to an older and better condition of things.

QUEBEC IN A NEW LIGHT.

So much was said of Quebec during the late elections in the Province of Ontario, so darkly was that Province painted as the seat of error and crime, so strongly were the people of Ontario urged to rush to the relief of their French brethren sitting in the shadow of death, that many well-meaning persons were perforce driven, if not to believe, at all events, to fear, that the sister Province was in a fearful condition of moral degradation. "Romish intolerance" and "medieval darkness" were said to reign supreme from Soulange to Charlevoix and the French peasant held up as an enemy of his country and his God—an alien in language, laws and religion, to be removed or suppressed, a being so devoid of moral right and conscientious instinct as to constitute him the real danger of the commonwealth. Not desirous of reviving the painful memories of the late electoral contest in this Province, we do no more than call our readers' attention to very striking points made by Mr. F. X. PERRAULT in a late letter to the Montreal Star. As we have not likely heard the last of the race and revenge cry, we invite them to take note of the facts he presents. He writes: "To the Editor of the Star: Sir,—A nice young man from Australia has recently favored Canada with his visit, and is now venturing in the anti-episcopal press, his impressions of things in general as they appeared to his prejudiced eye when viewing the sights of this great Dominion. As a result of the stuff which was crammed down his throat by some well-meaning and no doubt, very much scandalized so-called Canadian, he has returned home with the conviction that criminality in Quebec was the great drawback of Canada, the immorality, drunkenness and ignorance of our people being the root of all evil. Well, after perusing carefully the official statistics of criminality in the Dominion, just submitted to Parliament, I am happy to be in a position to relieve the Australian's mind of the great weight of distress under which he has lately suffered on our account. I am sorry (for him) to say that he will have to transfer his sympathy from the much abused Ontario, which is so much more to blame according to these statistics. Taking first the grand total of criminal charges for the last year, we find that offences against the person have been: Ontario 730; Quebec 346. Offences against property, Ontario 2432; Quebec 914. More than double in each case. In summary convictions Ontario can boast a grand total of 18,000 while Quebec has only 9000. In convictions before jury or magistrature, Ontario has 2060 cases against Quebec 1219. Now for the unwarranted accusation of

drunkenness against the French farming population of Canada, who are known to be the most sober people on earth, using neither wine nor beer, but only a small quantity of whiskey on rare occasions. Convictions have been for the year 1886 for Ontario and 2163 for Quebec, about one to two in favor of our much abused province. Will the Australian, who signs "Vagabond," and who, I hope, is one in name apologize for his unwarranted accusations of drunkenness against our people? Will he give the same publicity to the apology as he did to the accusation? I hope he will. In murder and attempt to kill or maim, Ontario has had 88 convictions, against Quebec 21. For rape, Ontario 15 to Quebec 1; for assaulting women, Ontario 44 to Quebec 23; for indecent assault, Ontario, 27, Quebec 10; for assault and battery, Ontario, 105 to Quebec 59; for stealing cattle, Ontario, 28, Quebec 15; for larceny, Ontario, 1094 to Quebec, 633; arson, Ontario, 17 to Quebec, 3; forgery, Ontario, 30 to Quebec, 10; houses of ill fame, Ontario, 88 to Quebec, 27. In all these criminal statistics, Ontario takes its cake and our much abused province has to take a back seat. Well, we have no objection to do so, and we wish every man, woman and child in the Dominion and out of the Dominion to know it. As we have been grossly injured by that Australian "Vagabond" it is only fair that the reparation should be complete, and I have no objection that the English press of Canada will give it to us. J. X. PERRAULT.

NOTE.—The population of the Province of Quebec was in 1881, 1,359,927; that of Ontario, 1,933,228, or in the proportion of 1 to 1.41 nearly, and the ratio was, no doubt, pretty much the same last year.

STILL THEY COME.

The Legislatures of Nova Scotia and of Prince Edward Island, following the example of those of Canada, Ontario and Quebec, and above all out of a sincere love of the principle of Home Rule so dear to the hearts of their people, have passed strong resolutions condemnatory of coercion and in support of Irish local self-government. The Salisbury administration affects to despise Canadian public opinion on the subject of Home Rule. Having basely and treacherously handed over our fisheries to the United States, having done this through abject fear of that republic, without the slightest regard for Canadian sentiment or interest, we cannot be surprised at Salisbury's disregard of Canadian feeling in the matter of Home Rule. It remains, however, to be seen whether Canada will long suffer herself to be kicked and trampled under foot in the name of a loyalty, which to her means naught save servility and spoliation. We are in favor of the maintenance of British connection, but on no terms save those of honor and good-will.

THE CHURCH THE INTERPRETER OF SCRIPTURE.

"When the native converts of Madagascar presented themselves for baptism, they were asked, what first led you to think of becoming Christians? Was it some sermon or address, or the reading of God's word? The answer usually was, 'it was the changed conduct of those who had become Christians.'"—Our Work, April, 1887.

The periodical, from the first number of which the above extract is taken, is published by the "Young Men's Christian Association" of this city, and is professedly "undenominational." It is, however, thoroughly Protestant. The statement made, coming from such a source, is a remarkable one. It is undoubtedly true in substance, and being true it is an admission that the Catholic view of Church authority is correct, and that the principle on which Protestantism is based is erroneous, inadequate and absurd.

There is no Protestant controversialist who has not dinned into our ears that it is by the Bible only that faith is to be found. There is no room for the authority or example of the recognized teachers of Christianity. Every one must take his Bible, and discover for himself the doctrines revealed in it, guided by his private judgment only. It is therefore a remarkable acknowledgment that the Madagascar natives were not led to become Christians by reading the Bible, but by the good example they were supposed to have had before their eyes in the lives of those who were already Christians. Good example is teaching in action. The principle is therefore the same as in the case of teaching in words, and if, as is conceded in the above extract, good example has more effect than the mere reading of the Bible, in impressing on unbelievers the truth of Christianity, it follows that oral teaching must also make a greater impression than reading.

All the Protestant Confessions of Faith refer us to the reading of the Bible as the ultimate judge of controversy, though some use language more explicit than others. This implies that the Bible is so clear that every reader is fully competent to understand it; for otherwise there would be a large portion of mankind, even the vast majority, who would be beyond the possibility of attaining to the knowledge of saving truth. On this subject the Presbyterian (Westminster) Confession is particularly positive: "The authority of the Holy Scripture, for which it ought to be believed and obeyed, dependeth not upon the testimony of any man or church, but wholly upon God, (who is truth itself,) the Author

thereof; and therefore it is to be received, because it is the word of God." Chap. 1. It may well be asked here, "How are we assured that Scripture is really God's word?" The only reasonable answer to this is, "We know it from the authority and testimony of the Catholic Church, which has in all ages held this to be the case. Precisely for the purpose of giving us positive assurance of such matters, the Church was instituted, as St. Paul tells us: 'He, (Christ,) gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and other some pastors and doctors, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ, (that is for the instruction of the members of His church,) until we all meet into the unity of faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the age of the fulness of Christ, that henceforth we be no more children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine by the wickedness of men, by cunning craftiness by which they lie in wait to deceive.' From all this it appears that the unity of faith is to be preserved by listening to the teachings of the Church and her lawfully constituted pastors. By this means alone can we be saved from being deceived as little children, by the craft of wicked men. All this is borne out fully even by experience, for do we not know that the mass of mankind are liable to be led astray by cunning imposters?"

In direct contradiction to these words of the inspired Apostle, the Westminster confession instructs all to rely rather on an inward testimony of the spirit of God given to each individual. The testimony of the Church, it says, can only move and induce us "to an high and reverend esteem of the holy scripture." The full persuasion and assurance which each one of us possesses "of the infallible truth and divine authority thereof is from the inward work of the Holy Spirit, bearing witness by and with the word in our hearts."

Of course, once the infallible authority of the Church was denied by Protestants, it was necessary to invent some other tribunal which should adjudicate all matters of faith, and here is the result! A tribunal was invented within the consciousness of each individual; and Protestantism presents this to us as the Supreme Judge from whom there is no appeal. This serves indeed to foster the pride and arrogance of individuals, but it opens the door to all the vagaries, absurdities and impieties which the errant intellect and heart of man can construct, and passes them off on mankind as the teachings of the Spirit of God.

The articles of the Church of England are somewhat less plain-spoken than the Presbyterian Confession, so that they give room for somewhat more variety of opinion among the different sections of that denomination. The so-called Evangelical party, whose business it is to leave as little as possible to authority and as much as possible to the individual, incline to the Presbyterian view, while the High Churchmen claim for the Church considerable judicial powers. The logical consequence of the 20th and 21st Articles of the Church, however, is that the individual is the ultimate supreme judge. The 20th Article says, "It is not lawful for the Church to ordain anything contrary to God's word written," and "besides the same ought it not to enforce anything to be believed for necessity of salvation." The error in this is rather in what is implied than in what is asserted. It is implied that the Church may teach error, and in the 21st Article it is expressly said that General Councils, which certainly represent the Church Universal, "may err, and sometimes have erred, even in things pertaining unto God." As a logical consequence, therefore, the individual must sit in judgment on the decrees of the Church and of General Councils, and so this same 21st Article implies by the words immediately following: "Wherefore things ordained by them as necessary to salvation have neither strength nor authority unless it may be declared that they be taken out of Holy Scripture."

The Methodist Articles of Religion, though somewhat less explicit than those we have quoted, are meant to convey the same doctrine. Luther said, "O Pope, you have drawn your conclusion with the Councils; now I have the judgment whether I can accept it or not." Melancthon seems to give some authority to the Church, but in reality all is given to the individual: "Who will be the judge when a difference of opinion arises concerning the sense of Scripture? . . . I answer the word of God is the judge, and to this must be added the confession of the true Church." But in explaining his idea of the true Church, he states that it consists of those pious persons who agree with the word of God, whether they be many or few; so that he too denies any visible tribunal of the Church which has authority to decide matters of faith, but leaves all to the judgment of the pious individual.

Let us now see what Holy Scripture, Reason and Tradition teach us as regards this Protestant theory. We have already seen St. Paul's teaching in his Epistle to

the Ephesians. It is for the preservation of unity of faith, and to save men from being tossed about by every wind of doctrine, that Christ has established a hierarchy in His church. St. Paul also in St. Matthew xviii, 17, we find that Christ ordains that in case of an injury inflicted by one against his brother, if the injury be not repaired when he is admonished privately, the church is to be informed of it, and if he will not hear the church let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." When, therefore, among the disciples of Christ, after Christ had ascended to heaven, the question was raised whether the law of Moses must be observed by Gentiles converted to Christianity, the decision was not left to the tribunal of each individual, enlightened by the Holy Ghost, but to the Council of Jerusalem, composed of the "Apostles and ancients." (Acts xv, 6.) At this council, "when there had been much disputing," St. Peter first pronounced judgment, and with his judgment St. James agreed. The judgment was that no such burden should be laid upon converts from the Gentiles, and in pronouncing this judgment the council declared that they were guided by the Holy Ghost, "For it hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us." Barnabas and Paul, Judas and Silas, were appointed to carry the sentence of the Council into effect. St. Paul, also, in Gal. II, declares that according to Revelation, he conferred with Peter, James and John, "The Gospel which he preached among the Gentiles, but apart with them who seemed to be something, lest perhaps he should run or had run in vain." Also, St. Peter declares as a most important preliminary to our attention to the prophetic word, that we must understand first "that no Scripture prophecy is made by private interpretation. For prophecy came not by the will of man at any time, but the holy men of God spoke, inspired by the Holy Ghost."

In I Cor. xii, 8, St. Paul, speaking of the diversity of gifts given by God for the good of His Church, says, "To one indeed, by the Spirit, is given the word of wisdom: and to another the word of knowledge according to the same spirit; to another faith in the same spirit; to another the grace of healing in one Spirit; to another the working of miracles, to another prophecy, to another the discerning of spirits, to another diverse kinds of tongues, to another interpretation of speeches, but all these things one and the same Spirit worketh, dividing to everyone according to His will." It is, therefore, evident that to all the spirit of interpretation of Holy Scripture is not given. At a future time we shall show the absurd results of the Presbyterian doctrine that this is the case. At present we shall only quote the acknowledgment of Luther in his book on the power of the Pope: "We cannot be certain of any private man, whether or not he has the Revelation of the Father."

EXILES OF ERIN.

From New York came last week the news that the thirteen stalwart young Irishmen who had resigned from the Royal Irish Constabulary, rather than take part in the late cruel Kerry evictions, had arrived in that city. All young men, mostly sons of farmers or farm laborers—most of them active looking, they were, says the despatch, stationed at Castle Island, in county Kerry, and resigned from the force rather than aid in carrying out some heartless evictions that a landlord in that neighborhood undertook some weeks ago. Encouraging resolutions were passed in relation to their action by several branches of the National League in the south of Ireland, especially by the Neagh branch, a portion of the organization in Tipperary, a neighboring county, until an official intimation came from Dublin Castle, threatening its officers with prosecution for aiding and abetting what they called "treason felony." They are all vigorous and intelligent men and are anxious to work.

The strain of parting with friends in Ireland and the thought of the work which they had engaged in before they resigned—arresting priests, watching their movements, spying on prominent National leaguers, and throwing out of their homes people who were already starving, and old women who were lying on sick beds at the time—caused Patrick McDonough to lose his reason during the voyage, so his companions say. He is now living in a little bunk on board the Adriatic, raving about religion and the threatened coercion against Ireland.

We have in this despatch an epitome of Irish contemporary history. Here are thirteen young men driven from their native land because their conscientious sense of right tells them that they must not take hand or part in the murderous work of evictions. Here are men of the type and character of the loyal and devoted citizen, exiled from a country wherein such men are daily growing fewer—here are the honest, the patriotic, the self-denying banished for qualities that elsewhere are prized and cherished—here are Irishmen, because they dare think and act as men, cast forth from Ireland as mercenary as should be traitors to her cause. No other coun-

try under heaven could furnish so striking, or so cruel an illustration of the blood-thirsty qualities of alien landlord rule in Ireland. The case of poor McDonough is one of special sadness. He is, of course, but one of many thousands driven into the living death of lunacy by British misrule. His misfortune is none the less regrettable because shared in by so many. It is to be hoped that the poor fellow will soon recover his reason, and that he may with his companions become an honorable as well as useful citizen of free America. Ireland in these thirteen young men has sustained a grievous loss. Her loss is America's great gain. They come to these shores to form part of the greater Ireland of the New World, through whose influence and determination England has been forced to look at Home Rule as within the region of practical politics.

BISHOP WALSH AT ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

On last Sunday His Lordship the Bishop, accompanied by Rev. Father Walsh, paid a visit to St. Mary's church, Hill street, of which Rev. Father Dunphy has pastoral charge, and preached a sermon on devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The neat little edifice was thronged with a most devout congregation, all of whom listened attentively to His Lordship's discourse, which was delivered in that impressive and touching manner so characteristic of all his discourses.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Boston Advertiser is of the opinion that Aldrich and John Boyle O'Reilly are writing better poetry just now than either Tennyson or Lowell. The Boston Herald agrees with the Advertiser, and says that "Mr. O'Reilly puts the reddist of red blood into his work." We might add that in Canada the poems of that gentleman are highly appreciated and take rank with the very best in our language.

The publisher in London of Rev. Dr. Dawson's work on Pius IX., writes, under the date of April 29, "The Month" (for May) is to hand this morning, and in a very carefully written and able article, after having made mention of a score or two of more or less fluent penmen who have written his Biography or history, "Dr. Dawson's is the best historical Biography of Pius IX. in our language. With the exception of Adolphus Trollope's life, a shallow and unjust book, there is no other work of the smallest literary value on the subject."

The Montreal Herald of the 13th, discussing Sir Henry Tyler's recent speech at the half-yearly meeting of Grand Trunk shareholders, says: "His remarks are in a hopeful strain, as they usually are. Like Mark Tapley, Sir Henry can be jolly in the most adverse circumstances; so that hopefulness in his case does not necessarily mean railway prosperity. Still, the Grand Trunk's business is not only large, but increasing. The Grand Trunk has always had an enormous traffic. The trouble has not been with the traffic, but with an imbecile management that has wasted the princely revenues that the road has drawn from the commerce of Canada. Any signs of returning sense on the part of the management will be welcomed by Canadians." The Herald's hope will be very generally re-echoed throughout the Dominion. We all feel that way.

From ten to twelve thousand people, we are told, assembled in Toronto on Saturday last to protest against the appearance of Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M. P., in that city. The speakers were the Bishop of Algoma, the Bishop of Toronto, and Rev. Messrs. Potts, Milligan and Dunlop. Mr. Clarke, M. P. P., the irrepressible School Inspector Hughes, and Prof. G. Smith also addressed the inflammable multitude. The speeches of the right rev. and rev. gentlemen will, in the minds of the majority of people, serve to bring discredit on the cloth. That of Canon Dunlop was very wild and coarse, and it would be well were his friends to advise his abstaining from such performances again. Mr. O'Brien's style of speaking would be a good model for all and sundry who unburthen themselves on the Queen's Park on Saturday. It is a noticeable fact that nearly all the speakers were the same persons who were so dangerously afflicted with Papaphobia during the elections of December last.

A GOOD CHOICE.

We are pleased to know that Mr. Thomas Hewitt has consented to fill himself to be placed in nomination to all the vacancies caused in No. 3 ward by the resignation of Mr. Stringer. Mr. Hewitt for some years held the position of water commissioner, and judging by the business capacity, prudence, and skill displayed in that post, no better man, we claim, could be chosen to take part in the management of civic affairs. We would like to see more men of Mr. Hewitt's stamp filling administrative positions. Were this the case we would be saved the unseemly conduct and wanton extravagance so often noticeable, we regret to say, in men on whom the duties of civic office are thrust. Mr. Hewitt's majority will be a large one.

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WM. O'BRIEN IN MONTREAL.

Correspondence Detroit Free Press.

Montreal, May 15.—Mr. Wm. O'Brien had the quietest time here yesterday that he has had since he crossed the border and entered the Dominion.

A touching scene was witnessed on the Montreal, the boat by which Mr. O'Brien traveled from Quebec. It was noticed that a low-sized man sat opposite the Irish agitator and never took his eyes off him.

Mr. O'Brien went to high mass at St. Patrick's Church to-day in company with D. Barry, President of St. Patrick's Society, and J. B. Lane and H. J. Cloran, officers of the local league.

H. J. Cloran, President, in a brief speech introduced Mr. O'Brien, who, he said, "struck terror into the hearts of Ireland's enemies."

"The London Times is trying to stir up strife, as it threat the poisoned dagger of slander at Parnell by a forged letter. (Hiss.) However, we are going to Toronto (renewed applause) to-night or to-morrow, not to insult or defy any section of the Canadian people, but to tell of the victims of Lord Lansdowne's tyrannical oppression.

Then Mr. O'Brien was driven to the rooms of the Young Irishmen's Literary Association, where a reception was held and where he made another speech, as did also tenant Kilbride.

"When England was banishing Irishmen, she said they were gone with a vengeance, but the brutal expression has come back upon them with a vengeance (applause), and now, although our race is scattered, it is almost omnipotent, and to-day Charles Stewart Parnell is not alone ruler of Ireland but ruler of the British Empire as well." (Loud applause.)

The next visit, the most interesting of the day, was to Point St. Charles, where a big stone stands within an inclosure with the following inscription: "To preserve from desecration the remains of 6,000 emigrants who died of ship fever, 1847-8. They were all Irish."



+ C. J. Eugenio Episcopus Marzellensis

CHARLES JOSEPH DE MAZENOD.

A HOLY MISSIONARY—A GREAT PRELATE.—THE FOUNDER OF A SOCIETY WHOSE LABOURS HAVE RENDERED IT FAMOUS.

Mr. J. Moran, of Amherst, Md., in the Catholic Mirror.

It has been said that nothing is more edifying and instructive than the lives of truly great and good men—those whose works entitle them to the reverence and gratitude of mankind.

Charles Joseph Eugene De Mazenod—for such is the name of him whose life and works shall form the subject of these remarks—was born at Aix, in Provence, August 1, 1782. It is not the intention to enter upon the details of his life nor to recount at length the deeds which won for him enduring fame, since to do so would require volumes and ability of the highest order.

Eugene De Mazenod was descended from an illustrious family, distinguished for the prominent part which its members had taken in the affairs of the nation, and not less so for the virtues which adorned their lives.

Like Aloysius Gonzaga, of sainted memory, the youthful De Mazenod moved in high circles of society to which his rank entitled him.

HE WAS INSPIRED BY A HIGHER AND NOBLER AMBITION than the attainment of mere earthly fame—that of offering his life as a sacrifice to God and his neighbor.

Having made known his determination to join the ecclesiastical state, and obtained the approval of a wise and holy director, YOUNG DE MAZENOD ENTERED THE SEMINARY OF ST. SULPICE, IN PARIS.

the abode of sanctity and the home of learning, where so many have been trained to walk in the ways of holiness and fitted to advance the honor and glory of God.

to have his society raised to the dignity of a duly constituted body in the Church, was to encounter obstacles, and from unexpected sources.

and it was destined to succeed. He inspired His Vicar to look favorably upon the project despite the counsel of the unwise and the protests of the unfriendly.

On the 16th of February, 1826, the Congregation of Cardinals, presided over by Cardinal Pecci, unanimously approved the rules submitted by Father De Mazenod for the government of his new community, and petitioned the Holy Father to give his supreme sanction to them in due canonical form.

Father De Mazenod and his followers, with the benediction of Christ's Vicar upon them, resolved to push their missionary enterprises wherever a field opened for their zeal.

BISHOPS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES PETITIONED FOR THEIR SERVICES both as missionaries and teachers in diocesan seminaries and schools of learning, to which appeals Father De Mazenod generously responded, giving preference to the places where the wants were greatest and most likely not to be supplied by others.

Trained under such a master, the splendid gifts of De Mazenod were fully developed and brought to their highest perfection, so that, on his ordination to the priesthood, he was prepared to enter upon a mission of great usefulness in whatever direction he might choose to employ his talents.

Never did an apostle select more beautiful words, and never did one more fully realize the grandeur of their meaning or more zealously and lovingly devote himself to the labors which they imposed.

Under his wise rule every religious interest flourished and grew apace, as if directed by a master mind. Nothing escaped his vigilance; no want remained unapprehended.

The time having arrived, in the judgment of paramount importance to the entire Christian world, the prelates of the church were summoned to Rome, there to meet in council assembled.

was to be passed upon. All Christendom, with exceptions here and there, believed in Mary's Immaculate Conception.

HE PERCEIVED THE NECESSITY OF CALLING TO HIS AID OTHERS who wished to share his labors. He sought such as were imbued with his own exalted motives and sentiments, only those who were willing to walk in the footsteps of the Apostles—men of heroic souls.

THE FAME OF DE MAZENOD and his followers soon spread far and wide. The countless souls rescued by them from sin and degradation, and restored to the peaceful ways of virtue and industry, pointed to the divine character of their mission and proved the merit of their work.

HUT ONE THING MORE WAS NEEDED to complete their organization and give stability to their efforts—the approval of the Vicar of Christ.

LEO XIII. RECEIVED HIM WITH MARKED PLEASURE for the works he had accomplished; expressed himself favorably disposed toward his project, and, in recognition of his merit and distinguished services, offered to raise him to the dignity of Cardinal.

Like all great works undertaken for God, the project of Father De Mazenod

Immaculate" would bear additional lustre and significance, and shine before the world with an aureole of increased splendor and beauty.

Bishop De Mazenod continued to direct the affairs of his diocese and the enterprises of his missionaries with unremitting zeal. From all quarters he received accounts of the rich harvests his sons were reaping in the vineyard of the Lord; everywhere they were winning golden opinions, to the joy of the great prelate, whose heart ever went out in sympathy to his beloved disciples.

Thus the great name of Leo XII. is forever associated with belief in the Immaculate Conception long before it was defined to be a dogma of faith.

Refructantly he accepted the honor; but in dutiful obedience bowed to the will of the Pontiff who wished to recognize his great merit.

Under his wise rule every religious interest flourished and grew apace, as if directed by a master mind. Nothing escaped his vigilance; no want remained unapprehended.

THE GREAT QUESTION OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION was to be passed upon. All Christendom, with exceptions here and there, believed in Mary's Immaculate Conception.

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and prepared to meet it with calmness and resignation. He had passed the allotted period of human existence, and upon his venerable head rested the merits of long years of toil.

Whether viewed as a missionary, as a prelate, or as the founder of an order, HIS CAREER WAS ONE OF MARKED SUCCESS, fully entitling him to be called great.

Since the death of this holy man HIS FOLLOWERS HAVE IN NO WAY RELAXED THEIR ZEAL for souls, but have continued their great work, ever mindful of the great objects he had in view in their foundation.

PEOPLE'S PUBLISHING CO.—GENTS.—In reply to your communication I beg to state that your kind offer to devote ten per cent. of the proceeds derived from the sale of the Poems of Leo XIII., to our institution, not only meets with our sanction and approval, but with our most grateful thanks.

Wishing your new undertaking every possible success, I remain, dear Sir, Very respectfully yours, STEPHEN M. LOUISE, Superior House of Providence, Toronto, May 5th, 1887.

Consider as lost the day you have suffered nothing for Our Lord.—Vn. Mother Barst.

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