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The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest." —BALMEZ.

VOL. V.—NO. 22.

THE SACRED HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.

In the cycle of nature June is the leafy month on the calendar of the church. It has the distinction of being consecrated to the Sacred Heart, and upon this it is proposed to make a few observations.

As to doctrine little needs to be said. It is the same which underlies all worship of God, the doctrine that He is a God of goodness and love. The use of the word heart to express this is not merely natural but has also the approval of revelation. "My son give me thine heart," is an order to the creature to give the service of his whole rational nature to Him who had made it, and to give it from motives of charity or love, of which the heart is the emblem, and on the ground pointed out by St. John that we were loved first. (v. 10). This was always of the essence of religion. But since the Incarnation, in which it has pleased the divine condescension to become man and pour the full tide of His love over His creatures, through the channel of a human heart, the doctrine, without substantial change, has become more specific. It now forces our attention upon God, through the humanity of Christ, the mediator. There is one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus, says St. Paul; and this means not that he by himself is adequate to the work of atonement but that it is by and through the humanity, assumed to Himself by the eternal Word, redemption is effected. God is the power, humanity the means and instrument; but in this instance, differing from all else whether on earth or in heaven, the Actor and His instrument are one and the same living person. And God now has a purely human heart, and as the heart in the seat, or at all events the universally accepted emblem, of the affections, the spring of living action in the rational nature, to say we adore the Sacred Heart is equivalent to saying we adore our divine Saviour under the special aspect of His love. This is the doctrine and this has always been held and acted upon. But to bring out what is special in the modern devotion requires a few sentences, which we will keep as free from technical words as possible. Faith then, is always the same. But devotions are affected by time and place and circumstance, and the like. For devotion is only the way we carry out the teachings of the faith. The object of both faith and devotion is of course the same, Jesus Christ. God and Man, as He dwelt amongst us. The faith teaches the truth, and the whole truth, about Him, filling the intellect. Devotion tries to copy what is thus taught and work it into conduct conformable to the model put before it, and so make us Christ-like and fit for heaven.

All theologians tell us that any act of Christ was by itself sufficient to make full recompence for the sins of the world; and if you ask, "What was His earthly life?" you will find the joys and sufferings of all things—except sin, of which man can have experience? The answer is, "twas because He came not merely to pay our ransom but also to be our perfect model in everything we have to do in order to be saved."

Catholicity teaches this at every breath, as you may see—not heading other ways—by going into any of our well-furnished churches. There you will not only find the Crucifix, the standard of Christianity, displayed in its proper pre-eminence, but also from the walls and niches there looks down upon you, in sculpture and painting, here, Jesus the little Child, to be the comfort and direction of holy infancy, there, Jesus, the modest, thoughtful boy, the toiling, fatigued mechanic, for the consolation of those who labor, and so on to the end. There is not a phase of human life or experience but finds here both its model and its comfort, for He ran the whole circle, and is adorable not merely in every act but also for it.

But as we can take in only one or a few of these, at best, and are more impressed by what comes directly home to us, as resembling our own occupation, so we feel specially moved towards the Divine Master under the aspect of His doing or suffering what we have to do or suffer ourselves. And hence it is there is hardly any act of ours, on record but some one has been led to make it the突出 point of particular devotion, and in this way the mystic Body, the Church, is constantly repeating what was once done in the natural.

We are now in the position to see very easily both how the devotion to the Sacred Heart arises, and why the lofty place it fills. It is an outgrowth of recognition of the holy infancy, not the manhood, nor again the poverty or sufferings of the Divine Redeemer, but of something that was added over and above the price of redemption and put upon redemption as a signal—to show its nature—or a key to unlock its treasures.

You, kind reader, ever meditate the history of Good Friday from this point of view, that, in all its main feature, it hath the seeming note of victory at all, but of cruel disappointment and crushing defeat: The apostles have fled, and the men who a week ago wanted to make King him have lost their enthusiasm. The rulers of the people are fierce and mocking by turns, and the soldiers simply indifferent, coolly casting lots at the foot of the cross, when the Divine Victim is shagreen and agony, is slowly running the end of a new path of crosses—looked on in love, but what were they among us many?

And so it did, and the crowd was frightened indeed, but not converted. Shall this be the ending? No, the redemption is complete, but the heart of men are closed to its blessing. One thing remains as I said to be added: Now that he is dead, all merit is passed. Whatever happens now is over and above the price He stipulated to pay. The dead victim hangs high, between heaven and earth, with all His wounds upon Him, and still the victory is but little apparent, but now he seems to say: I have given them My hands. And My feet to be nailed; I have given My head to be crowned with thorns, I have given the full fountain of My life's blood—now, I give what prompted the whole sacrifice. My heart itself to be pierced. They cannot resist that. And immediately one of the soldiers took a spear, and opened the side of Jesus, and there came forth immediately blood and water. And when they looked on Him whom they had pierced, the Centurion and the others said: Truly this man was the Son of God. And the people began to go down from the mountain, striking their breasts in the contrition of faith, and were saved. The wound to the Sacred Heart marked the moment of victory.

This then, is the feature of the Passion of Christ which falling, as a seed upon the contemplation of the faithful, has flowered up into the many devotions to the Sacred Heart, the world over, filling men's mind with deeper piety, and making them exclaim in a faith that is quickened: King in the day of victory, may King gold and silver amongst rejoicing subjects, and throw open the doors of palaces, or cabinets to show their confidence in their people, but only the King of glory builds a way to His infinite treasures through the centre of His own Heart."

Here would be the proper place to stop, but we ask permission for a few more words. We once heard a thoughtful man say—it was merely an opinion—that the great prominence given in later days to this devotion indicated the coming of the end. And here is the ground of his thought. The world is the creation of the divine word per quod omnia facta sunt—and His coming in the flesh is the way of its return to its first cause. All things, whether knowingly and willingly, or the contrary, are under His control, for the Father hath given them into His hands. The devotions in the church, His earthly representative, and indeed His very presence, follow the steps of His life from Bethlehem to Calvary, honoring each in due order and proportion. The devotion to the Sacred Heart, has for object the very last act in the divine human career; for after the opening of His side, all the evangelists say there was no more done but take Him down from the cross, and lay Him in the tomb. But whatever there may be in this thought, it is certainly hard to see what more touching motive can be presented to us, than the birth and picture upon which this devotion rests.

Historically Christ had finished His work, at the moment when crying with a loud voice He gave up the spirit. His heart was opened only when that cruel act could add nothing to the merit of Redemption, but to show His love still unabated. May not His reopening it, so to say in these sublime devotions of our day, be the last appeal He will make, and the last gift we can expect? It can do nothing but good to think so, and act accordingly.

Papal Encyclical.

NEW YORK, May 29.—A special from Washington to the Journal says: An important encyclical from the Pope arrived at the Apostolic Delegation to-day. The letter is addressed to all the priests, patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, and other ordinaries having peace and communion with the Apostolic See. A copy of the document is now being addressed to every member of the American hierarchy by the officials of the Apostolic Delegation.

The subject of the encyclical is the present Pontiff's favorite theme, namely, the union of all Christian churches with the See of Rome.

It is the official and final Papal declaration regarding the claims of the Eastern and Anglican churches to the Apostolic succession. The document is one of the lengthiest of the Pope Leo's papers. It covers more than thirty pages of finely printed Latin.

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A NUISANCE IN THE PULPIT.

WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.

The street car controversy produced not a little froth, which it is wise to let subside and go the way of all other fads. It also contributed, like the stroke of steel to the flint to bring out some sparks of light—some bright enough and some of the kind called mud.

Under which of these descriptions are we to class a saying of a Rev. L. Hamon in Cecil Street Methodist church we leave to our readers to determine. We ourselves have no perplexity about it.

But here is the passage—and mark—it delivered in a Protestant church to Protestant people, who are always ignorant in "Catholic affairs":

"If a mean man, or a bigot, a Pharisee, a rogue, or a lecher wore a mitre as tall as St. James' steeple and mingled wine and burnt candles at the altar from Saturday night till Monday morning he would still be a mean man and his worship a profanation and his day unholy." (Toronto World, May 21.)

Now I say this is tremendous and deserves examination from many sides. But we confine ourselves to one, the chaste of taste, dissecting a gorgeous fancy. The very size of the things appalls us! "Whew! as tall as St. James' steeple—not less than two or three hundred feet! Why, a giant would be crushed under the weight of so lofty a mitre if made of stuff as gay and unsubstantial as Rev. L. Hamon's wit."

You made a mistake reverend sir. You meant well, but you overdid it. Let us see if we couldn't point out how your swelling fancy might have hit upon a better figure. This: If a mean man, or a bigot, a Pharisee, a rogue, or a lecher wore a mitre as tall as St. James' steeple and mingled wine and burnt candles at the altar from Saturday night till Monday morning he would still be a mean man and his worship a profanation and his day unholy."

Reception of Children of Mary at St. Michael's.

The reception of children of Mary is always a pretty sight and one which naturally impresses every good person with the tenderest thoughts, and with prayerful wishes for the well-being and growth in grace of the young creatures who are dedicating themselves to the service of the Blessed Mother of God.

But when as on Sunday last at St. Michael's the reception takes place in a grand cathedral with every accessory of lights, flowers and music it becomes doubly impressive.

The High Altar was a beautiful sight with glistening tapers and coloured lamps.

Precisely at 1 o'clock Prof. Lemaitre commenced the evening voluntary, and as the grand notes of the organ swelled in waves of sweetest sound over the great cathedral, this young army of the soldiery rallied in procession to the sacristy reserved for them, the twelve or thirteen who were awaiting reception sitting immediately in front.

Then the sweet chilid voices of the children's choir rose in a chorus, after which Miss Shea sang a solo "Evening Prayer." Prof. Walor played an exquisite violin solo, and at its conclusion Rev. Father Ryan ascended the pulpit and delivered an address to the assembled sodalites.

In the course of his remarks, Father Ryan said that the sodality was banded together to do good, and that it accomplished a great deal in the way of work for the poor, hence the charge of 10 cents for tickets. The rev. preacher said that the women we want nowadays, are women who are ready and willing to work for the poor, to help and sympathize with them, these are the women who will make good wives and mothers, not the so-called "new woman" about whom we hear so much, she is not the woman we need.

Miss Chapin then sang the Salve Regina and the new associates were led up to the Altar rail, and with lighted candles in their hands made their promises in reply to the questions of the Rev. Director, who then hung the medal around their necks.

The newly received members behaved with edifying fervour and recollection, and as I saw them kneeling at the altar rail, and glanced back from the long lines of fresh pure young faces, I thought to myself that while we have the Children of Mary with us the Faith is safe.

Would that every young girl would place herself under the protection of the powerful Queen of Heaven, for at the foot of Mary alone is to be found safety, peace, and happiness for women. She will guard them everywhere, who will shield their virtue and protect their innocence.

We are now in the position to see very easily both how the devotion to the Sacred Heart arises, and why the lofty place it fills. It is an outgrowth of recognition of the holy infancy, not the manhood, nor again the poverty or sufferings of the Divine Redeemer, but of something that was added over and above the price of redemption and put upon redemption as a signal—to show its nature—or a key to unlock its treasures.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE SPANISH ANARCHISTS.

BY J. T. WILSON.

After the reception the rest of the programme was gone through very acceptably, the large congregation listening with attention and appreciation to the different numbers.

It is to be hoped that the Choral May Festival will become a well recognised annual institution at St. Michael's and that the congregations of the different churches will patronize it liberally, and thus help on the good work of aiding the poor, and at the same time give due recognition to the earnest young workers in the Sodality of the Children of Mary.

St. Mary's Church.

At the 5 o'clock Mass on Ascension Thursday, about one hundred children made their First Communion. It was a beautiful and edifying spectacle to the large congregation present. That the children realized their privilege in receiving the Bread of Life, was evidenced by their thoughtful and pious demeanor. After Vespers in the evening, prepared by a short instruction they renewed their baptismal promises and registered in the history of their lives a red letter day, the recollection of which, in the years to come would be as the passing of a angel, a sweet inspiration from the home of God.

His Grace the Archbishop, assisted by Vicar General McCann and Rev. Father Maron, Provincial of the C. S. B., blessed the new vestry of St. Mary's Church. Solemn Mass was sung by Rev. W. McCann, with Father dollard as deacon, and W. Murray as sub-deacon. After the communion His Grace taking his thought from the gospel of the Sunday, preached a vigorous and impressive sermon. His Grace still cherishes a kindly recollection of his days in St. Mary's, and his feeling reference to the past touched a responsive chord in the hearts of all present.

In the evening vespers was intoned by Vicar General McCann, and chanted ed by a full choir.

Miss McCarron sang an "Ave Maria" by Dana, and Mr. Anglin "The Holy City."

A procession of the young ladies of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin wended its way through the aisles and after vespers a large number were received into the S. A. S.

Father Ryan in his frequent sermon referred to the adulterous sodalities, and the special good work done by the children of Mary.

Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament followed, and concluded the devotions of the month of May, and of a day full of interest to the congregation.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

The Pope, says a cable despatch to the daily papers, has just completed a Latin poem, of eighty stanzas, pointing out the beauties of frugality and the evils of gluttony. The poem is filled with charm and quiet humor. His Holiness says pay attention be fore all to cleanliness, that the table appointments be spotless, the glass bright, the napery immaculate, and that from the cellar come the purest wine of the Albanian Hills, "which exhilarates the spirits and keeps away trouble; but, don't trust Bacchus, so don't be frugal in diluting wine with water."

Hecatontines: "Obtain from healthy grain well-cooked bread, eat sparingly of chicken, lamb and beef, which are most nourishing to the body. Meat should be tender and without abundant sausages or root vegetables, which spoil it."

Fresh eggs are excellent, whether raw or slightly cooked. Drink an abundant quantity of foaming milk. It nourishes infants and assists old age. Also honey, that celestial gift. But of this use frugality.

Add to these sweet herbs, fresh vegetables and garden supplies. Add ripe fruit according to season, especially tender apples, which, with their pink tint, brighten the banquet.

Lastly, comes drink, which in hard cases Moche sends you softly sipping, black liquor that comforts the heart."

The Pope adds that by following these precepts a man may live to a healthy, strong and good old age.

The second part of the poem consists in a graphic description of a banquet, which is largely composed of oysters, high-spiced venison, sole gras, etc., "at the end of which there is sometimes strife and contention, and almost always bodily disorders."

Turkey and the Powers.

LONDON, June 1.—Eastern affairs appear to have reached the drifting stage. Evidently it is the object of Turkey to create delay and to discover any latent weakness in the European concert. During the council of Ministers at the Yildiz Palace, mention of Thessaly is studiously avoided. The assumption seems to be that Thessaly belongs to Turkey by conquest, and that there is nothing more to be said on the subject.

the universities, in the paths of commerce and of literature. For a no evening, then, so little, are agreeably passed, than the hours spent in admiring youthful genius and in contributing our contribution to the rising talent of the Catholic youth of this industrial province, for which pleasure it seems to me always a great source of pleasure to the people.

To lay Barcelona is truly royal, Calvià, and the palace of the Philippines, general Pinzon, on his castle on the shores of his native soil. A reception truly royal, the houses and palaces of the city are all decorated, its balconies are thronged with the elite, the wealth, the beauty and the intellect of this city, whilst the brilliance of the illuminations completes a picture whose light is transformed into day. A beautiful arch spans the arrival-taurs of the pony upon which he was received by the noble and popular archbishop. Afterwards the most joyful entrance, Alfonso's solemn Te Deum was chanted, at which a choir of over 100 voices assisted. The clergy, secular and regular, in all the grades of the ecclesiastical hierarchy in the "Catalan City" have lost nothing in honor to Spain's illustrious son, who in a few months crushed the propaganda of Masonry, and the spreading of disloyalty and thus saved the Philippines to the mother country by the prudence of his statesmanship, and the brilliancy of those military triumphs for which he day he received a nation's ovation along the streets and squares of Barcelon's beautiful city.

THE MONTH OF MARY.

During no other month of the year are the streets of the cities of Spain so animated or so attractive to the Catholic stranger, in no other do they present so pleasing a picture to the eye of the Catholic stranger. During these days the little first communicant is the centre of attraction, as she gracefully and nobly moves through the fair bazaars in her bridal costume and wreath of orange blossoms. Now for the first time multitudes of children pass to the altar and receive the Body and Blood of their divine Lord in the holy sacrament of the Eucharist. The stranger and the tourist is thus at once struck by the groups of young girls of all grades of society dressed in white and crowned with flowers, leaping with their new school-songs, the "La la la" black jacket and cap, and with the blue and white armband with heavy golden fringe encircling their arms. The faces of the group friends and relatives, as they escort with parental pride, their loved ones are illuminated with the holy enthusiasm of religion. No scene could be more Catholic than on those days can be witnessed in all the cities of the Peninsula.

THE UNPREDICTED SUCCESS OF THE VERY REV. KENNETH VAUGHAN IN HIS CHAPLAINAGE OF WESTMINSTER.

The prophetic generosity of Spain towards the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland, which shone so brightly on the dark days of their religious persecution, would seem in the 19th century to have been, as it were, clouded, if not totally extinguished. But no more striking proof, no more convincing argument than that the liberality of the Peninsula is still bearing as strongly for the interests of the Catholic Faith in these Isles, as it was in the days of the Charleses and the Philipps, could be furnished; than the details of the unparalleled success which has attended the mission of the Very Rev. Kenneth Vaughan in his appeal to the Catholics of that nation to construct a Spanish chapter in the new Cathedral of Westminster that would be worthy of Spain and of the Spanish people. Already the funds for the building of the new cathedral, which stretches along the shores of the Biscay, has contributed the tenth part of the total estimate needed for its construction. In Bilbao alone, Father Vaughan met with 13 contributors corresponding to the 13 mysteries of the Rosary, who each contributed a "founder's" donation of £100. Amongst them was Sir Dr. Jose MacLennan, a noble son of historic and patriotic Ulster, who with the members of his family came to Spain as the contractors and constructors of the vast network of the Northern line of railway of Spain, and whose labors have been and will be for ever admired in the construction of a series of stupendous tunnels on the Santander line, which has laid the way for the wonder and merit the eulogies of the greatest engineering talent of the old and new world.

JUAN PERIO.

Barcelona, May 14, 1897.

Grand Musical Vespers and Lecture in St. Mary's Church.

On Sunday evening, 16th inst., grand musical vespers and a lecture under the auspices of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, took place in St. Mary's church.

The lecture on the advantages of the C. M. B. A. society was delivered by Father B. G. Morris, the young pastor of Ostry. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity by an appreciative audience, who were delighted and instructed by the eloquent lecturer.

The vespers were chanted by Very Rev. Dr. McCann, assisted by St. Mary's choir, under the leadership of Professor O'Meara. The choir acquitted itself in a most brilliant manner.

After the lecture a large collection was taken up in aid of the funds of the charitable society of St. Vincent de Paul.

THE MOTHERLAND.

Latest News from England, Ireland and Scotland.

The Centenary of St. Columbkille to be Celebrated in Ireland and Scotland—Death of a Well Known Member of the Irish Bench—News in English Hospitals.

intrim.

The following letter appears in The Belfast News-Letter of May 20 under the heading of "The Financial Relations Meeting."

I can assure you there was no intention whatever on the part of the promoters of above meeting to misrepresent the point of Mr. Johnston. His letter with others was given to the press for publication, and some newspapers published it while others did not. We were all quite aware that from the beginning Mr. Johnston emphatically pronounced against his own country on this question but we did not on that account think that the question fell to the ground. . . . Mr. Johnston did not vote for rate relief to be extended to Ireland as to England and Scotland, nevertheless the Government are likely to yield on this point, and Ireland will not be wronged to the tune of £100,000, as she would have been had not patriotic Irishmen done their duty.—R. R. KANE.

Clare.

The local feeling in connection with the Lisdoonvarna spas has reached an active stage.

The people of the place have forcibly effected an entrance into the well houses. It seems that the houses and grounds were formally transferred to the two local hotel proprietors, Messrs. Curtin and McGuire, whose bid was accepted by the Representative Church Body for a tenancy of the walls under lease. A large number of the tenants assembled and proceeded to the walls, where they forced open the "sulphur house," and Mr. D. O'Loghlen, who had taken a leading part in the agitation, proceeded to serve out cups of the water to all who desired to drink, amid a scene of considerable enthusiasm. Messrs. McGuire and Curtin witnessed the extraordinary scene, and several police were also present, but made no attempt to interfere with the action of the crowd. Mr. Curtin had an interview in Ennis with his solicitor, and an application for an injunction will be at once made to the Court of Chancery.

Cork.

Mrs. Howard, a respectable shopkeeper of North Main street, Bandon, was found sitting on a chair inside her counter quite dead. She was a widow, her husband having died some months ago, and early on the evening in question appeared to be in ordinary good health. She leaves a large young family.

The fiftieth anniversary of the death of Daniel O'Connell was celebrated in Cork in a manner that reflected much credit on all concerned in the undertaking. The celebration was participated in by the religious societies attached to the different churches in the city, while the trades and workmen's organizations of the city also sent their contingents. The proceedings commenced with Pontifical High Mass at 12 o'clock, which was celebrated at St. Mary's Oatmeal. An immense congregation attended, the spacious edifice being filled to overflowing. At the Mass the Most Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, Bishop of Cork, presided.

Donegal.

At Gartan, in Donegal, where St. Columba was born on the 7th of December, 521, High Mass will be celebrated, discourses delivered by his Eminence Cardinal Logue, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, and other prominent ecclesiastics in honor of the 13th Centenary of the great Saint. A feature of the celebration will be the delivery of several speeches in Irish dealing with St. Columba as a scholar, and the revival of Irish as a spoken language. The spot where the gathering will take place is one of the most interesting in Donegal, and commands an extensive view of the three pretty lakes of Gartan, Veagh, and Akibon. In Derry (city) the celebration will be of a purely religious nature, and will consist of a Novena of Eucharistic devotions on the spot most closely connected with the name and memory of the saint, the old Long Tower Church.

Bows.

A deputation from the Belfast Naturalists Field Club have waited on the Board of Down Cathedral for the purpose of obtaining permission to re-erect the old granite cross on ground adjacent to the cathedral, which was granted. Portions of the old cross, which once marked the spot where the National Apostle was buried, are now in possession of the Very Rev. P. O'Kane, P.P., Major Wallace, and Mrs. McEvoy, proprietress of Denair's Hotel.

Dublin.

The news of the death of Lord Justice Barry was received with profound sorrow in Dublin and county. There was no more popular and esteemed member of the Irish Judiciary. The last illness of the Lord Justice was very brief.

Charles Robert Barry was a Lincoln man, the son of a respected solicitor of that town, the late Mr. James Barry. Having passed through

Trinity College he was called to the Irish Bar in the year 1818, and went to the Munster Circuit. He soon rose into large business, and proferment came quickly to him. In 1850 he was appointed Queen's Counsel, then Sergeant-in-law, and finally Law Adviser to the Castle. In those days a seat in Parliament was a necessary condition for promotion, and in 1865 the popular and genial leader of the Munster circuit found one in the Borough of Dungarvan. About this time occurred the one untoward incident that clouded for a period an otherwise prosperous and happy career. Sergeant Barry was engaged for the Crown in prosecuting Mr. Stephens and the others charged with the Fenian conspiracy, and in opening the case at the Police Court he most unwise stately as part of his speech a lying fabrication of the spy Nagle imputing to the Fenians murderous designs against the Catholic clergy. One of the accused denounced "that miserable man, Barry," and for years Mr. Barry was an object of unsparing popular obloquy.

Kerry.

A man of the small farming class, named John O'Connor, has just died at Newtown Dillon (formerly Newtown Sands), county Kerry. Deceased, who was born in the townland of Clash, had attained the remarkably long age of 103 years. He was in the prime of life when Catholic Emancipation was passed.

Londonderry.

A motion was brought forward at the meeting of the Longford Board of Guardians by Mr. T. F. O'Brien, J. P., to appoint a competent man to superintend the digging of graves in the Ardagh burial ground, which was ordered by the Local Government Board to be closed on March 1st, 1898, and in which it is stated St. Mel was buried. He said that some things occurred in the graveyard which the sanitary authority should take cognizance of. Some people went there, dug up remains and skulls, and the dogs came and carried away some limbs of human remains. Under such circumstances he thought some one should be appointed to look after the place. Mr. Thomas O'Reilly objected, and said the Church Body were the party to apply to, as the ground was vested in them. The motion was postponed pending a petition being presented to the Church Body to appoint a caretaker.

ENGLAND.

Conversion of Protestant Clergymen.

The Pope has decided to appeal to the generosity of English Roman Catholics to contribute towards the institution of a British ecclesiastical college at Rome for the benefit of Protestant clergymen who have been converted, and generally Englishmen desirous of pursuing theological studies. The Holy Father has conferred on the subject with Cardinal Vaughan and Monsignor Giles, Rector of the English College.

Nunes as Hospital Nurses.

A short time ago Mr. Flavin asked a question in the House of Commons concerning the bigoted and unjust action of the Swansons Board of Guards in refusing to admit nuns to nurse the Catholic inmates. The Rev. Father K. J. Fitzgerald has been waging a fierce battle on behalf of toleration with the guardians. Mr. Flavin's intervention has brought about a salutary change in the attitude of these gentlemen, as Father Fitzgerald informs him that the nuns have been admitted at last after repeated refusals.

SCOTLAND.

Thirteenth Centenary of St. Columba.

Elaborate preparations are being made in Scotland to commemorate the thirteenth hundredth anniversary of St. Columba's death. For the 9th of June—the feast day of the saint—the Protestant Episcopalians of Scotland are organizing a pilgrimage to Iona. On the 15th June, the Tuesday within the octave, the Catholics, headed by the Bishops, will visit the island and have Mass celebrated amidst the ruins on the spot where the saint expired in 597. Details of the pilgrimage have not yet been announced.

St. Michael's School.

The following pupils received certificates of merit for May 1897:

Form I.—Excellent—D. Grainey, E. Byrnes, A. Dissette, J. E. Ferris, T. Cowan G. O'Leary, G. Lawlor, J. Egan, H. Baker, J. Doyle and J. Hickey.

Form II.—Excellent—A. Dissette, F. O'Halloran, F. Gralney, E. McMillan, and M. Ryan. Good—F. Pluford, C. Burns, I. Ryan and E. Burke.

Form III.—Excellent—N. O'Leary, J. Doherty, S. McConnell, S. Murphy, Good—J. Clancy, J. Hennessy, N. McGrath, E. Foley and C. Bassman.

Armistice Extended.

CONSTANTINOPLE, May 31.—An armistice was issued and communicated to the representatives of the powers, by which the Sultan agreed to an armistice of a fortnight, beginning May 20 (May 30). Fresh instructions, consequently, will be sent to Edhem Pasha, the Turkish commander in Thessaly.

The Ambassador are urging the Turkish Government to engage to prolong the armistice in the event of the peace negotiations not being ended when the armistice expires.

A HUNTER'S STORY.

EXPOSURE BROUGHT ON AN ATTACK OF RHEUMATISM.

Terrorousness and Stomach Troubles Followed
Sleep at Times Was Impossible—Health Again Restored.

From the Author's N. S. Sentinel.

The little village of Petitcodiac is situated in the south-easterly part of New Brunswick, on the line of the Intercolonial Railway. Mr. Herbert Yeomans, who resides there, follows the occupation of a hunter and trapper. His occupation requires him to endure a great deal of exposure and hardship, more especially when the snow lies thick and deep on the ground in our cold winters. A few years ago Mr. Yeomans made an extraordinary attack and a complication of disease, such as sour stomach, sick headache and rheumatism. Mr. Yeomans' version



of the facts are:—"I became very ill and suffered the most excruciating pains in my arms, legs and shoulders, so much so that I could not rest in any position, I frequently crawled and slept at nights, and when I did I awoke with a tired feeling and very much depressed. My appetite was very poor, and if I ate anything at all, no matter how light the food was, it gave me a dull, heavy feeling in my stomach, which would be followed by vomiting. I suffered so intensely with pains in my arms and shoulders that I could scarcely raise my hands to my head. I tried different remedies but all to no purpose. A neighbor came in one evening and asked 'have you tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?' I had not but then determined to try them, and procured a box, and before the pills were all gone I began to improve. This encouraged me to purchase more and in a few weeks the pains in my shoulders and arms were all gone and I was able to get a good night's rest. My appetite came back and the dull, heavy feeling left me. Now I could eat a hearty meal and have no bad after effects. I feel strong and well enough as though I had taken a new lease of life. My old occupation became a pleasure to me and I think nothing of tramping eighteen or twenty miles a day. I know from experience and I fully appreciate the wonderful results of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a safe and sure cure and I would urge all those afflicted with rheumatism, or any other ailment, to try Pink Pills as they create new vigor, build up the shattered nervous system and make a new being of you."

The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

IRISH NATIONAL RE-UNION.

Revolutions of the Irish Party—Tim Healy Still at His Old Game.

LONDON, May 17.—At a meeting of the Irish Party, held at the House of Commons, the following resolution was proposed by Mr. Dillon, seconded Mr. Jordan, and unanimously adopted—"That we renew the expression of our conviction that the reunion of the National forces of Ireland is vital and essential to the National cause; that we are ready to enter into such reunion provided against any attempt to renew recriminations as to past differences or to seek either personal or sectional triumphs; that, inspired by such feelings, we observe with satisfaction the movement in favour of the National unity in which Mr. Harrington is now engaged, and that he and all other workers for unity can confidently count on our earnest co-operation."

Interviewed by the Press Association's London correspondent, Mr. Healy, who had been present at the meeting, said he had received no notice of the intention to propose such a resolution. He attacked no value to it, regarding it as the mere hypocrisy and an attempt to throw dust in the eyes of the public.

The first essential to any attempt at reunion was the retirement of Mr. Dillon from his present position. He considered that Mr. Dillon had blundered in every step he had taken, since he was put into the position of chairman, and that from a Parliamentary point of view he was no credit to the Party.

Most coughs may be cured in a few hours or at any rate in a few days, by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. "With such a prompt and sure remedy as this at hand there is no need of prolonging the agony for weeks and months. Keep this remedy in your house."

Laughter lengthens life; smiles softens sorrows.

Music is an art which strengthens the bonds of civilized society, humanizes and softens the feelings and dispositions of man, produces a refined pleasure in the mind, and tends to raise up in the soul emotions of an exalted nature.

CABOT'S VOYAGES.

By Augustus B. Bishop, H. Hayes.

A MODERN INSTANCE

The very latest writer on this subject in Europe, Mr. Harrisse, has in his latest work abandoned the theory of Cabo Breton, and gone back to that of Labrador. Dr. Dawson is disposed with him for this, but he himself having, as I said, kicked away the theory rested on Cabot map, Harrisse was but logical in reverting to the old tradition. It is to be hoped that Dr. Dawson, as well as our learned and venerable historian, Rev. Dr. Harvey, may yet be converted to the true faith on this point. We had a few months ago a striking proof of the impossibility (almost absolute) of Cape Breton being the landfall of Cabot. It was the wreck of the steamer Abbeymore, off Renews, near Cape Race. This steamer started from almost the exact spot of Cabot's departure: she came around the north coast of Scotland, passing through Pentland Frith, between the Orkneys and Caithness, and Southersund in latitude 55° 16' N., almost exactly the height to which Cabot sailed, then she struck out on her course westwards. They had all the minute and perfect knowledge of modern nautical science, the exact bearings of the compass—variation corrected up to date; the latest and most improved nautical instruments. Moreover, they had a knowledge of the exact position of Cape Race, its latitude and longitude. They made every allowance for currents, and all other disturbing causes. Coming near the longitude of the East Shore of Newfoundland, it became foggy; for some days they had no observations. Hence they gave themselves what they considered a good wide berth for Cape Race; according to their calculations they were seventy miles south of the Cape, when, suddenly in the fog, they struck on Renews Rock! Now let us consider Cabot: he started from the same place. He had no idea of the position of land. His general object was to keep westerly and northwesterly as much as possible. It is possible to believe that Cabot, under those circumstances, could have drifted against all natural causes, south of Cape Race. This is what we are asked to suppose, but this is not all. The same fortuitous causes which drove him south of Cape Race must have then ceased to exist, and a contrary set of causes set in, in order to drive him up again into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He must have been at least 70 miles south of Cape Race, or else he could not have made Cape Breton without coming in contact with either the Burin peninsula or St. Pierre. From such a position, in order to make the point of Cape Breton at Scattier, his course would have to be W.N.W., and to reach Cape North in Cape Breton, his course would have to be changed to N.W. Any nautical man will be able to understand from this the absurdity of the remark of Dr. Dawson, that "Cape Breton was a natural landfall after missing Cape Race" (p. 62).

This remark of Dr. Dawson may appear quite reasonable to the ordinary reader looking without professional skill on the map; but, to people born with the "nautical sense," as we are here in Newfoundland, it is at once obviously absurd and impossible. They wished so make the most of the new lands discovered, and induce people to come out to them. This was an old trick, and we are told that it was so done by Erie Raude when he discovered Greenland. "If I speak of it as it really is," he said, "no one will come to it"; hence he called it Greenland. Again we know that on this first voyage Cabot coasted or cabotaged along for 800 leagues. They may have been along the coasts of the Northern Bays of Newfoundland; and the statements about soil and climate are not necessary to be taken as applying solely to the point of landfall, but may be applied to any part of that 800 leagues. Our opponents may object that the statements made by Cabot, viz., that he had discovered the land of the Brezil and silk trees, &c., do not apply even to the northeast shore of Newfoundland were the land discovered by Cabot. There was no idea in those early days of Cabot having touched land any place near the latitude of Cape Breton (45° 10' N.). Again in 1581, thirty-seven years after Cabot's time, we find Jacques Cartier coming out direct from St. Malo, in France, and making Bonavista with astonishing exactness. He mentions the names of Bonavista and Caravina (St. Catherine's Harbor) as if they were well known at the time; but he says nothing about their naming or discovery. In 1535, the following year, he again made nearly the same point, viz., the Bird Islands (now the Funks) in lat. 49° 10' about 65 miles north of Bonavista.

LANDFALL OF CABOT.

Gaspard du Corneel was Governor of the Island of Terceira in the Azores. It was from there he set out on his voyage to Newfoundland. He had doubtless made himself well-informed of the wh reabounds of Cabot's New Lands. It is not at all improbable that he may have got possession of Cabot's papers, map, log and globe, so mysteriously lost. We have reason to believe that he made almost directly the headland of Newfoundland, which was situated in 48° degrees North Latitude, and which being a most prominent and important point, must undoubtedly have been seen and well-located by Cabot. To this important headland Corneel gave the name of Bonavista. It was most probably his landfall. We have been accustomed to assume that this was a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm and joy on the part of the mariners at seeing the land for the first time: it may be so, but we must admit that it was a favorite and general name with the Portuguese and Spaniards. It occurs frequently in the Atlantic groups of the Cape Verde, Canary and Madeira Islands, under the form of Boa Vista, Buena Vista, &c. We have here then an example of the custom so common among the early navigators of naming the new lands after the old ones left behind. This Point is particularly mentioned by Remusio, the historian of Corneel's voyage, as we have seen. He says it is the most northerly point of Bacalao, and is called Bona Vista; it became at once a most important point. It was the goal of all Northwestern navigators; having made this point they steered north or south, as the case might be. On returning to Europe, just as at the present day, this was the point from which to get a good departure. Thus we find in the first recorded voyages, immediately after the Cabots, this point, or somewhere near about it, is the one invariably made by all navigators. In 1523, just twenty-six years after Cabot's time, Verazzano came out on a voyage of discovery from France. He had it in view to discover an intermediate land between the discoveries of Columbus on the south and Cabot (or rather now the Portuguese) on the north. Hence, he struck land first in the latitude 34° N. (about North Carolina), then he coasted north, as the chronicle says, "Until he came to the land, which in times past (viz. 1497) was discovered by the Britons (viz. Cabot), which is in latitude 50° N." Here we see that only twenty-six years after Cabot's time, the tradition was in vogue, and that these Northeastern shores of Newfoundland were the land discovered by Cabot. There was no idea in those early days of Cabot having touched land any place near the latitude of Cape Breton (45° 10' N.). Again in 1581, thirty-seven years after Cabot's time, we find Jacques Cartier coming out direct from St. Malo, in France, and making Bonavista with astonishing exactness. He mentions the names of Bonavista and Caravina (St. Catherine's Harbor) as if they were well known at the time; but he says nothing about their naming or discovery. In 1535, the following year, he again made nearly the same point, viz., the Bird Islands (now the Funks) in lat. 49° 10' about 65 miles north of Bonavista.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IT DOESN'T PAY

TO PARLEY WITH RHEUMATISM.

Rheumatic joints and aching limbs mean inability to work, and inability to earn a livelihood. So from that point of view it doesn't pay to parley with Rheumatism. Then there's another side of the question—the day of agony and suffering.

How many people are there whose Rheumatism compels to give up their occupation, and therefore to give up the position that took up perhaps years to obtain?

Mr. Thomas Warren, of 134 Strachan Street, Hamilton, states under oath that he had to give up his situation in the shape of the Big Four R. R. on account of Rheumatism. He tried mineral springs in Indiana and mud baths, but these did him so little good that he returned home to Hamilton a cripple.

Then he started taking Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, and four bottles have completely cured him. He feels fit to start to work now. If he'd only known of Kootenay he would have saved, and how much suffering he would have escaped.

If you're easily annoyed, living at 64 Florence Street, in the City of Hamilton, you'll find a sworn statement, he is entitled to as a modulator in the Grand Trunk shops. He had Rheumatism so bad in his feet and knees that he could not work steadily. He says since taking Ryckman's Kootenay Cure he has not felt a twinge of Rheumatism.

Now he can work every day, without the slightest difficulty. Kootenay to the rescue!

It will pay you if you are a victim of Rheumatism or Sciatica to investigate the sterility of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure. To parley with these diseases means loss of time, loss of money, loss of health.

Swear statements of cures sent free on application to the Ryckman Medicines Co., Hamilton, Ont.

One bottle lasts over a month.

BONAVISTA.

Finally we come to consider the claims of Bonavista. The Mason map brings back the tradition of Bonavista as the first land discovered by Cabot, as far as the beginning of the XVIth century, namely, to 1510. That is to say, exactly 110 years from Cabot's time. But, of course, we must go very far back of that date for the tradition. It is evident that Mason did not then invent the idea, he must have heard of it from others, especially as we find the same tradition among the French, as appears from the Du Pont map, which expresses the same view, but from a different source.

We may easily, then, go back a hundred years or more with this tradition. In fact, we go back until we find the origin of it: book of that we cannot go. Now with this tradition, I go right back to the year immediately succeeding Cabot's voyage, viz., to the year 1500; there I find the beginning or origin of the tradition. I find that it had nothing to do with Cabot, and I find also how succeeding generations fell into the mistake of applying it to Cabot.

In the letters already quoted, concerning John Cabot's voyages, Soncini, Pasquaglio, and De Asyla—there

was no mention of Bonavista, nor prima

vista, nor terra primum reperta, nor

anything at all of that kind. The only names mentioned in connection with the Cabots and their voyages are St. John, St. Mark, Baccalaos, New Isles, and New-lands, or New-World. Such were the names given by Cabot. These names continue up to the present day, but another set of names of Portuguese origin, have become intermingled with them, and appear on all the earliest maps, viz.: Fortuna, Fogo, Freixo, Bonavista, Bonaventura, Bapo Spora, San Francisco, Capo Raso, &c., every one of which exists on our shores.

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Fredericton, St. John,
Moncton, Charlottetown,
and St. John's.

THURSDAY, JUN 3, 1897.

Calendar for the Week.

- 1 - S. Clotilde, 12.
- 2 - S. Ignatius Caracciolo.
- 3 - S. Benedict, Alt.
- 4 - S. Peter, Alt.
- 5 - S. Robert, Alt.
- 6 - S. William.

We are glad to observe that the songs of Mr. David Battle, of Thorold, a gentleman for whom The Register has a warm regard, are making what the critics call a "hit." One of Mr. Battle's songs was most favorably received at a recent entertainment of the St. Catharine Camera Club, so The Journal informs us.

A rumor is published from Montreal, on the authority of La Minerve, which is usually very well informed, that Canon Racicot, vice-rector of Laval University, has been appointed Archbishop of Montreal. Canon Racicot, who is an uncle of Archbishop Lavigerie, has the reputation of being one of the most learned men on the continent of America. With learning he unites the rare quality of executive ability. His name is identified with some of the prominent homes of education and religion in Montreal, the Good Shepherd Chapel, the Union of St. Louis de Gonzague and St. James' Cathedral on Dominion Square, among the number.

The Orange Grand Lodge of British America has been adapting itself to the altered political conditions of this Dominion. Whatever king doth reign, the Orange body is bound to get its share of the fruits of office for its pious and valorous sons. While the Conservatives were in power, the Boyne and King William were Tory mottoes, and Bob Birmingham passed in the popularity for a member of the Cabinet without portfolio. Now that the Liberals are dispensing the gifts of patronage, the consummate diplomats of politico-Protostatism have retired to Birmingham, and disinfected the lodges of staid odors of Toryism. The Order is ready to undertake organizing contracts for the new regime on the same terms as for the former government. Nor should this create any surprise. When you come to think of it, for what does Orangeism exist outside of Ireland, if not for its organized pull on the Government, no matter what its political color may be to day or to-morrow?

Lady Aberdeen's Jubilee plan of a Royal Order of Victorian nurses for service throughout Canada has already received too much adverse criticism to leave room for hope that it can be carried out. Whether the scheme is unpalatable to Canadians, and whether the time allowed for considering it fully and making it a success is too short, are both questions upon which different opinions may be held. In a manner it was sprung upon the public, and people could hardly have been expected to entertain it in a favorable light just in a moment. Lady Aberdeen's intention was lofty and generous, and in every way creditable to her warm heart. It is a pity that this at least has not been generally recognized by the critics of the scheme. Criticism of all enterprises involving large expenditure of money is desirable from every point of view; but it is not desirable that small resentment against the character of a woman whose sympathies has been developed in a free field than the Canadian mind can manage to survey should take the place of common-sense criticism.

Mr. John Redmond and his entire following in Parliament were expelled from the House of Commons on Friday last for persisting in the declaration that Ireland is overtaxed, a mere statement of fact in itself, but not considered relevant to the subject of debate. The Canadian papers of the day before reported a scene in the House of Commons at Ottawa which is interesting for purposes of comparison. Mr. Lester, a member of large stature, referred to a speech made by Mr. Foster, a member of slight build, as "insolent and impudent," adding that if both were outside the House he would not withdraw the re-

mark. The Canadian incident passed off as a trifling affair, but it must suggest to our legislators how fortunate is their independence here in Canada under a scheme of Imperial Federation, the Canadian legislators in times of like debate would be assigned to the Clock Tower, where they might sympathize with their Irish confreres who had been sent home to cool off.

The Turk appears to be determined to retain his hold upon the province of Tressay, and two of the European powers, Russia and Germany, are credited with the desire to see him in undisturbed possession of the new territory. England is altogether too well disposed towards the Sultan to challenge his claim to annexation. France and Italy are the only powers likely to offer objection; and their protest would not carry great weight against the family compact of the European monarchies. Where a hitch may possibly arise is in the division of the spoils of the war among Russia, Germany, England and Austria. If they give Thessaly to Turkey, they are bound to have a return equal to the value of the territory as to the prestige to Turkish power of a territorial conquest in Europe. Haggling over so complicated a matter cannot be completed in a week, and poor Greece will stay in the frying pan until the powers are satisfied that they have done the right thing to themselves.

The operation with canon and machine guns against any Indian fugitive at Duck Lake is a farcical incident in an affair that has been lamentable in every way. The general impression created by it disturbs the idea of moderation with which the Canadian Indian is supposed to be invariably treated. Three Indians and three white men are dead as the result of one crazy Indian decamping from lawful custody for cattle-killing. One crazy act seems to have brought on another; and the excitement finally reached a climax in the calling out of the forces from Regina with canon and Maxim guns, to conquer an Indian and a child skulking in a hole. Have the Turk, Greek, and despatches turned the heads of our little army in the Northwest? It is deplorable that more regard is not shown for human life. Indeed if there were the slightest danger of an Indian outbreak in the Northwest, this is the sort of playing at militarism to bring on trouble. There should be a searching inquiry into Northwest police methods to discover why the mounted police before despatching a mere artillery force against a crazy Indian did not take the precaution of sending for a few modern war ships and a flotilla of torpedo boats.

The invitation sent by the Civic Committee to the Catholic Separate School Board to co-operate in the Jubilee celebrations in Toronto was purely formal, and its acceptance by the Board was merely a matter of course. It is altogether unnecessary to speak of Catholics as separated in any way whatever from their Protestant fellow citizens in all that pertains to honoring their sovereign on her Diamond Jubilee. The Separate School Board received a formal invitation for the simple reason that it is a body in itself, the same as the Public School Board; not because it is a Catholic body. At the same time it is a matter of satisfaction that no misunderstanding of the equality of all citizens upon this occasion has arisen in Toronto, as is reported to be the case in the city of Kingston. All religions and all nationalities in Canada honor the institutions we live under, and there should be no jealous question or denial of the loyalty of each and all to Her Majesty Queen Victoria. There are external questions of grievance and inequality with which Irish Catholics feel that they are concerned; but these questions in no way effect their loyalty either as individuals or as a body of citizens. On the contrary their attachment, which asserts itself superior to all such questions, is only emphasized by reason of its manifest independence. Catholics in Canada, Catholic bodies and individuals, no matter what their nationality, unite cordially in the intended display of Canadian loyalty to the Queen.

It is strange that there is no record of Queen Victoria ever having been baptized or confirmed. It is certain that she was not baptized in the Established Church, or the record must exist to prove it. It is believed by many that her mother had the sacrament administered by a Catholic priest, but of this there is no acceptable evidence. At the time of her coronation both the baptism and confirmation were inferred as the easiest way out of the difficulty; but the Coronation Oath is the first public or official record of Victoria's connection with the Church of England. Then she swore to maintain the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law. This oath is not in itself in the least inconsistent with the inference that the Queen was never properly received into the Established Church. On the other hand, as sovereign and

successor of Queen Elizabeth she is the natural head of the Establishment, and therefore its most important and prominent member by law. The subject is treated in an excellent article in the June Century, which is accompanied by photographic reproductions of the Coronation Oath and portion of the Coronation roll published by Royal permission.

In connection with the discussion of the Queen's religious views one thing at least is certain that she never was a bigot. Not at her coronation and certainly not since. We learn from The London World the particulars of an incident that may serve to illustrate this. The Queen, hearing that Mrs. Charlton, who is in her eighty-third year, had been at her Coronation, and was anxious to see Her Majesty during her Diamond Jubilee year, granted her the centre of the last Drawing Room, so that she might receive her personally. The old lady, who walked with a stick, was very graciously received by the Queen, who gave her hand to Mrs. Charlton to kiss. Her Majesty has also given instructions that a seat is to be reserved at Buckingham Palace for Mrs. Charlton for the Jubilee procession. The Charltons of Hesleyside, Northumberland, are one of the old Roman Catholic families of England. Mrs. Charlton, who, despite her age, takes great interest in all current events, retains her memory to a remarkable degree, and recollects seeing Her Majesty as Princess Victoria, when only fifteen.

An Irish Literary and Musical Revival.

The application of that flabby bit of philosophy about a conquered race declining swiftly, and in the end hopelessly, in natural dignity and civilized refinements is not always well meant. Ireland, for instance, has heard it too often: but the Irish people have never admitted the surrender of their nationhood, and they have even given the best possible proof of their nationality by sustaining a constant warfare against their alleged conquerors and would-be destroyers. The Act of Union solemnly consented to the position of Ireland as a separate entity. The maladministration of the Act of Union was meant to destroy the legal position, as admitted, both in principle and in fact. This unlawful and evil purpose has never fully succeeded. It so far succeeded, however, as to deprive the bulk of the persecuted population of the means of cultivating, or keeping abreast of, modern progress in the arts of peace, to anything like the extent that their natural endowments would otherwise have led them. But literature, art and those kindred refinements that proclaim love of truth, virtue and beauty never died in Ireland. The old melodies, the ancient folk-lore, and the love of the beautiful in nature have been retained in the humblest cottages of Erin; whilst from those same homes the influence of modern thought upon those subjects is partially absent.

Instrumental music is a thing distinct, and inevitably music has suffered most in the lot of the Irish people. In other words the refinements of life, and especially of humble life, known in Ireland belong more to the past than to the present. Immediately prior to the revolution, started under the Land League and continued as a wider national movement, a great deal of the culture that had been retained by the common people of the nation appeared as if it would go out with the ancient language, the extinction of which was threatened. But as soon as the revolution began to succeed and throw off the incubus of a foreign ascendancy, the natural quality of the people at once re-asserted itself. It may justly be regarded as a consequence of the measure of enfranchisement experienced in late years by the Irish nation, that a double celebration has taken place in Dublin this month of Irish music and Irish literature. The project of the celebration had its origin in the National Literary Society and Gaelic League, institutions which have derived considerable vitality from the betterment of social conditions following the gradual triumph of the national cause.

The musical festival, or "Feis Ceoil," simply adapted the idea of the Welsh Eisteddfod, and in this respect only can it be said to look originally; but the Coronation Oath is the first public or official record of Victoria's connection with the Church of England. Then she swore to maintain the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law. This oath is not in itself in the least inconsistent with the inference that the Queen was never properly received into the Established Church. On the other hand, as sovereign and

a widow, she probably had the right to be swindled out of her inheritance.

Her case quickly restore all that is now lacking, even in a single generation, the popular love of man and the training that must accompany it may be revived. But the revival must be essentially modern in character, as the results of the "Feis" indicate.

It was thus it happened that Ireland preserved her love of letters but lost her place among the musically trained peoples of the world.

Among the donors to the "Oreachtas" the names of the patriotic Bishops of Raphoe, Clefmont, Down and Connor and Waterford occur, as well as those of the O'Connor Don, William O'Brien and many members of the Irish party. The Gaelic society in the United States contributed generously.

We look for the steady advance of the new Irish movement in letters and music.

Methodists Also in It.

The Baptists of Ontario are not alone in claiming a share in the "victory" of the Quebec elections. Federal and Local. The Presbyterians were the first to utilize the politics of the French-Canadians, and to pretend that they were entitled to reward from the proselytizers of Ontario because the French-Canadian electorate had gone Liberal. The Methodists, seeing the attempts of the sister sects to make an honest penny, are likewise in it, pretending to have accomplished more than either Baptists or Presbyterians. A marked copy of The Kingaville Reporter, of May 28, has been sent to us. The paper contains an editorial over a column in length, stating the claims of the French Methodist Institute upon the purse of Ontario proselytizers. The Institute, we are informed, is "equally under the fostering care of the W. M. S. (whatever that may be) and the General Mission Board of the Methodist Church." It is attracting special interest at the present time when the grasp and grip of the R. C. hierarchy is relaxing its hold upon the citizens of R. C. Quebec. The R. C. electorate stopped the Conservative leaders and the Bishops and priests of the R. C. Church in the face by electing the Reform government. All of which the Methodist Institute claims to have been instrumental in bringing about by "silently wielding a powerful influence upon the young of Quebec." In order that its "silent influence" may not break out or break down, the Institute wants more cash. It is prepared to give board, lodging and tuition to French Roman Catholic students for \$4 a month, or for \$3 where the \$4 cannot be got together, or for nothing where \$3 is more than the R. C. student can manage. It does not appear that there are actually any Catholic boys in the Institute, and nothing could be simpler than the explanation thereof. "The R. C. student finds out, *erhaps*, that the children of some of his members attend this Protestant institution and command the parents to remove the child." The italics are ours. Why should there be any "perhaps" about it if the case were one of fact? But if they have no Catholic children in their clutches, and if they cannot pretend with very much speciousness to have, they are quite confident concerning "silent influence" being worth money to the proselytizers. The following is a sample sentence from the article in the Kingaville paper:

The silent influence can only be felt and fully understood by the general sense coming soon in the past elections. God alone knows the extent of the work that is being so greatly blessed. The people who allow themselves to be swindled upon such shallow and hypocritical pretences deserve to lose their money. Our sympathy goes out to the French-Canadian people in the treatment they are receiving from their fellow Liberals in Ontario.

Irish Emigration to Manitoba.

The appearance of a letter in The Evening Journal, of Ottawa, signed "Joseph H. Davlin, barrister," mildly surprises us. Mr. Davlin, who is a brother of the new immigration agent in Dublin, is exercised by some strange fancy. He resents The Register and The Montreal True Witness referring, even in a sympathetic way, to the troubles and difficulties of the immigration agent. His brother, he says, will not tolerate it. We are disposed to make every allowance for the irritation of the Messrs. Davlin, and to deal gently with all their expressions

of mortification. We have discussed this matter of immigration from Ireland without the least partiality of any sort, endeavoring to put the facts in their true light. We could not help regarding it as Mr. J. R. Davlin's personal misfortune being mixed up in the business. While Mr. Davlin occupied a seat in the House of Commons The Register always had a kindly word to say for him, for one reason because his career seemed not to be devoid of promise. His uncle, the late Bernard Davlin, of Montreal, was a man deservedly esteemed by Catholics, and especially Irish Catholics, throughout Canada on account of his noble and brilliant public record.

It was thus it happened that Ireland preserved her love of letters but lost her place among the musically trained peoples of the world. Among the donors to the "Oreachtas" the names of the patriotic Bishops of Raphoe, Clefmont, Down and Connor and Waterford occur, as well as those of the O'Connor Don, William O'Brien and many members of the Irish party. The Gaelic society in the United States contributed generously. We look for the steady advance of the new Irish movement in letters and music.

There is yet something to be gained by telling the truth to the tenant-farmers in Ireland among whom Mr. Davlin intends to operate. They will make a mistake if they transfer their lives and their little capital to Manitoba. It is the capital that is wanted in the Canadian Northwest, and Ireland can ill afford further losses from her agricultural population. Western-Canadian farming is depressed to such an extent that it is only with the cultivation of large areas, and the use of modern methods and machinery, that the land will return the expense of cropping it and disposing of the crop. The middle-class cultivator in Manitoba is mortgaged and tied up beyond hope on this side of heaven. That is the simple truth, and it will become a grave problem some day in the Northwest. The immigration of middle class cultivators with the capital that might be gathered together from a sale of their farms and personal property in the old country, is desirable from the Canadian standpoint. We quite perceive all that. It would defer the evil day, inasmuch as the little capital of the newcomers would quickly disappear in the maw of the machinery monopoly, whilst the loan companies would have new victims to operate upon. There is plenty of time to inquire into the state of Manitoba, and there are other Irish papers than the Dublin Nation to treat the whole subject with impartiality and accuracy. We would like to see the Dublin Freeman's Journal send out a special commissioner to Manitoba, whose report the Irish people might receive without question.

Baptists and the Catholic Church.

How soothing it must be to the feelings of honest Liberals and personal admirers of Mr. Lsaurier in the province of Quebec when unconverted humbugs attend the assemblies of religious bigots in Ontario, and make the politics as well as race pride of the Premier's followers the foundation of appeals for money, for the professed purpose of destroying Christian faith among French-Canadian Catholics.

The Globe, of Monday, publishes a long report of the convention of Baptists in London that must exert in the mind of the reader some measure of curiosity concerning the state of that sect, and its attitude towards the Catholic Church.

In a nut-shell this appears to be the position: that they hand over their money to hypocrites who pretend to conduct a school in which Catholic children are instructed according to Baptist notions, whilst the most advanced Baptists send their own daughters to Catholic convents for an education.

The Baptists of Ontario support a proselytizing enterprise in Quebec which they call the Grand Ligue Mission. In their pitiful ignorance, let us hope, of the religion, language

and circumstances of the people of Quebec, they are left completely at the mercy of a few pretended converts, who are low enough to see an opportunity for obtaining money by false pretences out of the poor benighted Baptists.

There was no report from the Grand Ligne mission, according to The Globe report, to tickle the Baptists at London. But other means were taken to humbug and cheat them. Rev. T. Graham, of Montreal, addressed the convention. He spoke of the French-Canadians in the customary strain of cock-sure contempt so befitting the occasion. He instanced France as a nation unprogressive as Quebec. His audience could not have known any better, or it must have struck them very forcibly that had this preacher attempted to play the role of a public nuisance in France he would be kicked out of the country within an hour. He should be thankful that the French-Canadians are in diligent even of slanders. Then he went on to say that the result of the Federal and Local elections in Quebec were a gratifying proof that the people are breaking away from the clergy. "A great many Roman Catholics would receive the Gospel (i.e., become Baptists) were it not for the threat of excommunication." Hero is logic indeed! They would become Baptists, and excommunicate themselves, only for the threat of excommunication. A little further on Rev. Mr. Graham put his absurd statement in another form. Excommunication, in his mind, meant being boycotted. A specimen of one of those "converts" who make a grievance out of the refusal of their former friends to associate with them, followed Rev. Mr. Graham. This individual, after making the amazing statement that there are 125 French-Canadian ministers preaching to 35,000 French Canadian Protestants in the United States and Canada, compared the effect of the late elections upon the church in Quebec to the blowing up of Hell Gate. This must be peculiarly consoling to Catholic Liberals and enthusiastic French-Canadians. To the Church it means nothing more than the harmless impotence of cheats and their ignorant victims.

This thing is going on as a recognizable feature of the activity of the official Baptist body. But the educated Baptists take no stock in it. They, no doubt, see the fraud but are powerless to stop it. They are themselves glad to avail of the enlightenment of the Catholic Church in bringing up their daughters and fitting them to become good mothers of a better generation. Towards the end of The Globe report we read:

In the course of the discussion of Chancellor Wallace's report the statement was made by more than one speaker that Baptist elders and other prominent members of the church were sending their daughters to Catholic convents to be educated. The statement was greeted with exclamations of astonishment and disapproval.

All the lies that are spoken against Catholics and the Church will tell in the near future, when these young girls, trained in the pure and healthful atmosphere of Catholic convents, can tell their children what they know to be the truth concerning Catholics and their religion.

Mr. T. Harrington's Position.

The attacks of Mr. Redmond and his paper, The Independent, have momentarily been withdrawn from the Irish National Party, to be bestowed upon Mr. T. Harrington, who, after fruitless private efforts to further the cause of unity, has become its advocate in public. Mr. Harrington receives the violent enmity of his late friends in excellent temper. In a letter to "United Ireland" he says: "The Independent makes rather a silly attempt to turn to political capital a circular issued by me asking support for United Ireland in advancing its policy of Unity. It is described as 'an appeal to the clergy for assistance in attacking my former colleagues.' But the appeal was issued to the general public, lay and clerical, and if The Independent thinks that National unity can be secured by leaving the clergy of Ireland out of the reckoning I can only say that the fight under such circumstances is likely to be as long as the most ardent apostle of dissension in The Independent office could desire. I have invited no help to attack my colleagues, and have no intention of attacking them. My desire, on the contrary, is to lift them up to greater influence and to a better sphere of usefulness in Irish politics than they can possibly occupy under existing circumstances."

The O'Connell Commemoration in Rome.

The Rome correspondent of The Dublin Freeman's Journal writes under date of Rome, May 15th.

This morning the Church of the Irish College, St. Agata dei Goti was thronged with a multitude of English-speaking persons, chiefly belonging to the Irish race, from the United States, Scotland, England, Australia, and New Zealand, as well as from Ireland. The occasion was the solemn commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the death of the Liberator of Ireland, Daniel O'Connell.

The church was decorated in a manner well befitting the feelings which such a commemoration is calculated to awaken. The black and gold framed draperies which hung around the High Altar and dropped in graceful folds over the steps, the altar itself decorated the sorrowing character of Requiem, while the crossed palm branches and the laurel leaves which were attached to the high and grandiose catafalque recalled to mind the triumph of the principles which O'Connell incited and suggested—that his life's work had attained a grand achievement worthy of being indicated by such signs of triumph.

Around the sides of the catafalque medallions bearing representations of the cross and round tower told the country for which he had laboured and that fact was still further emphasised by four admirably painted shields of the four provinces of Ireland. The religious character of the great man commemorated was indicated by the admirably modelled Celtic cross, which stood on the summit of the catafalque as the pointed spirit of his race was denoted by the harp with golden strings and covered with fresh flowers which hung upon it.

The monument on the wall of the left aisle marking the spot where O'Connell's last repose took place, hung with mourning drapery, and in front of this hung four green gold-fringed banners, having in the centre of each the flag of the countries in which, after Ireland, the influence of O'Connell was most professedly felt—the United States of America, England, Scotland and Australia. At the base of the monument a harp formed wholly of roses lay at the base of a shield, all black, on which in golden letters were the words "I bequeath my heart to Rome." The Papal flag, the green flag with the sunburst on it, and the great banner of St. Patrick hung from the front of the organ gallery, while the vestibule of the church was adorned with great American, Scotch, and English flags.

Behind the High Altar the back drapery was relieved by a gold Celtic cross, and above the canopy which overshadows the altar the figure of a great angel, bearing between its hands a scroll, on which was the word "Emancipation," in this case was the word "Emancipation," attested all eyes.

The celebrant on this solemn occasion was the Most Rev. Dr. D'Alton, Bishop of Canea, and Auxiliary of Dublin; the representative of English Catholics for the admirable sermon he had just delivered on the subject of Daniel O'Connell. The great Liberator, he said, had obtained emancipation for the English Catholics as well as for the Irish. The discourse, said the Cardinal, was well worthy to rank with the discourses of the greatest of orators who have treated of O'Connell—the Rev. Father Ventura, in Italy, and Rev. Father Lacordaire in France.

The first stages he said of the lives of great men were interesting, for in them God's hand could be seen moulding them to His purpose. O'Connell himself had told in the story of his boyish years, how they were cast amid the wild scenes of his native Kerry, of the green fields around his home, the strange vistas of hill and valley, the green mossy meadows, the soft heathy mountain slopes, and the craggy heights where St. Brenden was wont to pray and offer up the Divine Sacrifice for the unknown dwellers of the lands beyond the great ocean. In the mountain torrent and the ocean waves dashing in on the shore he saw as it were, the struggling of what was own, and was to be.

The stormy scenes over the native hills succeeded by the soft sunshine spoke to him of trials and difficulties, to be followed by victory and peace.

The right way, however, then traced the life of the Liberator through the various stages of his career. He showed him frequenting the schools of Limerick, St. Omer, Louvain, and L'Uai. He was a witness of the dawn of the French Revolution and the excesses to which that tended. Archbishop Keane here dwelt on the great principle underlying the American War of Independence and the French Revolution. In spite of their evil methods and tendencies. The American War of Independence and Napoleon's designs against England made that nation anxious to conciliate Ireland. O'Connell knew that the time was ripe for a great movement, but the rebellion of '98, trampled out in the blood of 50,000 victims, convinced him that by armament Ireland's wrongs were not to be righted. Accordingly his plan was formed on lines of moral force, and from these lines he never swerved.

Then followed an account of the various great events of O'Connell's life, his bold opposition to the Bill for the election to Parliament, his refusal to take the Abjuration Oath, his re-election for Clonmel, and his first campaign in Parliament, which ended in the passing of the Emancipation Act. Then he followed him to the great arena of Ireland, where he fought the mighty battle for Repeal of the Act of Union at the head of the united people.

Finally he lingered with marked impressiveness on the heart-breaking aspect which closed the life of the great patriot. He thus showed us by that illustrious example how the cause of true Freedom is inseparable from the cause of true Religion, he concluded his brilliant discourse in the following words:

"O Erin! land of my fathers, land of my birth, in the hand of O'Connell I see

the Cross uplifted by these sons as it was in the hand of Constantine, and I fancy I hear his voice exclaiming now from above, 'In hoc signo vinces—in

this sign thou shalt conquer!'

It is an interesting fact that the vestments used in the ceremony of to-day were sent by His Holiness from the Papal Chapel, and are those that were used in the celebration of the Requiem to the late Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX.

After the ceremony Cardinal Vaughan complimented Archbishop Keane in the most laudatory terms as an Englishman and the representative of English Catholics for the admirable sermon he had just delivered on the subject of Daniel O'Connell. The great Liberator, he said, had obtained emancipation for the English Catholics as well as for the Irish.

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P. L. CONNELLAN.

CANONIZATION CEREMONIES

O Blessed Zaccaria and Fourier, De Mataincoeur

ROME, May 27.—The canonization to-day, of the Blessed Zaccaria, founder of the Order of Barnabites, and of the Blessed Fourier De Mataincoeur, surrounded the Apostle of Lorraine, was the most impressive ceremony witnessed at St. Peter's since the abolition of the temporal power of the Popes. The only difference in this morning's ceremonial and those which occurred under the sovereignty of the Popes being that the external gates of St. Peter's were closed and that tickets of admission to the Cathedral had to be obtained. The huge basilica was thronged. According to estimate 40,000 persons were present. The approaches to the sacred edifice were lined by Italian troops. Inside the building were the Pontifical gendarmes and the Swiss Pontifical guards. Young men belonging to the different Catholic societies, under the direction of the Pontifical chancery, acted as ushers.

From as early as six o'clock in the morning an unending stream of carriages and pedestrians set in towards the Basilica, and by eight o'clock St. Peter's was crowded. Its interior was aglow with the light of thousands of candles which a force of three lay brothers commenced lighting at five o'clock.

The illumination was specially brilliant at the Apse, where the Pontifical throne, surmounted by an immense picture of the Holy Trinity, was surrounded by banners depicting the miracles wrought by the Blessed Zaccaria and the Blessed Fourier.

Soon after eight o'clock the strains of the Ave Maria heralded the approach of the inaugural procession from the Sistine Chapel. It was headed by representatives of the Benedictine and Monastic Orders, and was typical of the entire ecclesiastical orders, from the pontiffs to the prelates, cardinals and cardinal bishops, including the venerable figure of the Supreme Pontiff Leo XIII, borne on the Sedis Gestatoria, attended by the bearers of the traditional Palio. His Holiness wore the pontifical tiara. On his left hand he carried a lighted candle, and with his right hand he blessed the people while traversing the nave.

The processions halted at the altar of the Blessed Sacrament to permit the Pope making adoration. Then, after the pontifical goblet had presented arms, His Holiness proceeded to the Apse, and seated himself upon the throne, on the steps of which were grouped twelve assistant archbishops and bishops.

The assembled dignitaries of the Church made the accustomed obeisance to the Pontiff, the Cardinals kissing his hand and receiving the acclamations, the bishops kissing his hand and knee and the lower prelates kissing his foot. This ceremony completed, the dignitaries of the church took their places in the stalls. The side seats of the Apse were occupied by the prince and patricians of Rome, the Knights of Malta and the members of the diplomatic corps.

The ceremony of canonizing the Blessed Zaccaria and the Blessed Fourier followed. It was divided into three parts, namely the request to the Pope to grant the canonization, the proclamation canonizing the Blessed Zaccaria and the Blessed Fourier, and the Pontifical Mass.

Cardinal (Acetano Aloisio) Masella, Prefect of the Congregation of Sacred Rites, the Advocate of the Cause of Canonizing, formally demanded that the Blessed Zaccaria and the Blessed Fourier be inscribed on the roll of Saints, making the domino thrice, instantaneus and instantaneum.

After the first request the Pope intoned the Litany of the Saints.

After the second request His Holiness intoned the "Venit Creator." After the third request His Holiness, wearing the Mitre of Doctor of the Church, proclaimed his new Saints. The Pope then authorized the official act of proclamation, and afterwards intoned the "Te Deum," in which the entire congregation joined. At the same time the bells of the Vatican and of the Basilica were tolled, and they set ringing the bells of all the churches in Rome.

The canonization being completed, Cardinal Luigi (Grego) Di Sisto Stefano, Dean of the Sacred College, and Camerlengo of the Holy Roman Church celebrated mass. The offertory followed, at which special gifts, emblematic of the canonization, were presented to the Pope. They included five colored decorated candlesticks, two loaves of bread embazoned with the arms of Leo XIII, in gold and silver, two caskets, one gilded and containing wine, and the other silvered and containing water, and finally, three cages. In the first cage were turtle doves, in the second were rock doves, and in the third were smaller birds, all symbolic of the virtues of the Blessed Zaccaria and the Blessed Fourier, whose names have just been inscribed upon the Hagiological Calendar.

The music of the mass was chanted by the choir of the Sistine Chapel, and at the moment of the Elevation, the famous silver trumpets played a prelude to a chorus of several hundred children stationed in the gallery of the dome. The effect of the childish voices descending from the great height was very beautiful. After mass the procession returned to the Vatican in the same order, and subsequently, the great gates of St. Peter's were opened in order to permit the general public to view the decorations.

STRATFORD.

Concert by the Pupils of Loretto Academy.

One of the best concerts given in this city was the one given by the pupils attending the Loretto Convent. The concert was held in the Separate School Hall, Friday, May 29th, and was well attended. Prominently at the appointed time the concert opened with a piece of Mozart's choruses, which was certainly a striking introduction. Martin's "Charge of the Cavalry," a piano-forte duet with three instruments was undertaken by the Misses G. Rankin, M. Fletcher, G. Dillon, M. O'Bryan, M. Goodwin and M. Beatty, two ladies being at each piano.

The duet was well given and was well received by the audience. To our mind the most striking number on the programme was the "Dance, My Darling Baby," chorus from Wang, some thirty or forty little tots, handsomely dressed in pure white, with delicate flowers decorating them and each possessing a well dressed doll, sang "Dance, My Darling Baby," with great effect. Miss Emma Kuehl, the pretty daughter of Mr. Ed. Kuehl, represented Miss Fortune, and her performance was the centre of attraction for her beauty of dress and loveliness of manner.

We were well taken by Miss M. Dillon, who was also neatly dressed for the occasion. The audience was so well pleased with the rendering of this number that it was repeated at some length on part two of the programme.

Miss M. O'Bryan next sang the song "Beauty Sleep," (Adriti) with great power of voice. Miss M. Struthers following with a piano solo, "Tarantelle" (Godfrey). The next attraction was a very pretty pantomime, "Voices of Spring," in which about twenty or more young ladies, dressed in white, decked with delicate flowers here and there, and accompanied by suitable movements, the recitation of the two leaders Miss M. Idington and G. Dillon. The song, "We Three," which was next sung by Miss Louise McFarlane, a young Miss of only 16, was very suited for the audience judging from the age of the girls. Part one then closed with the first scene of a cantata, "The Pleiades." The seven sisters were Misses H. Michie, G. Dillon, M. Idington, M. O'Bryan, H. Coles and T. Scanlan, the seasons of the year having representatives as follows, viz.: Spring, by Miss K. Kelly; Summer, by Miss E. Craig; Autumn, by Miss I. Symons; and Winter, by Miss E. O'Leary. Miss Queenie Beatty took the part of Mercury, the messenger of the gods. Miss Beatty filled the bill well and has a nice stage appearance.

Part two opened with a piano duet, viz.: "Dances of the Shadows," (Stearns) by Misses C. Scott, A. O'Connor, J. Walsh, M. Dillon, E. Craig and E. McGrath.

Next came a very pleasing duet, "Fly Away, Birdling," (Adriti) sung by Miss M. O'Bryan and M. Quarry. Probably the best of the programme was the recitation which was given by Miss Irene Sullivan, entitled "Daisies Path."

She recited her little piece in a perfect, picturesque manner. A selection from "Cavalleria Rusticana," the opera of

the same name, was also given by Miss Irene Sullivan.

JAMES GUNN, Superintendent.

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DOMESTIC READING.

Men like a good feminine listener. God's delays are not God's denials. Keep up your spirits by good thoughts.

The greatest scholars are not the wisest men.

He who allows himself to be insulted deserves to be so.

Rivers are roads which move, and carry us where we wish to go.

The want of occupation is no less than the plague of society than of solitude.

Romance has been elegantly defined as the offspring of fiction and love.

We lose the peace of years when we hunt after the rapture of moments.

The more powerful an obstacle the more glory we have in overcoming it.

Every duty which is bidden to wait returns with seven fresh duties at its back.

Love and obedience are so closely related that each may be the cause of the other.

Pleasing manners are often the color and gilding which beautify the human image.

The more we know the better we forgive; who's ever feels deeply feels for all who live.

If to experience you join common sense, you will be sure to make your calling a success.

You are obliged to your imagination for more than three-fourths of your importance.

Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets.—Napoleon I.

True manhood is only attained by him who has learned to live in the lives of his fellow-men.

Every man is worth just as much as the things are worth about which he busies himself.

It is easier to embody fine thinking, delicate sentiment, or lofty aspiration in a book than in a life.

In so complex a thing as human nature we must consider it is hard to find rules without exceptions.

From indolence, despondency, and indiscipline may I especially be preserved—John Quincy Adams.

Love's secret is to be always doing things for God, and not to mind because they're very little ones.

Gaiety and a light heart, in all virtue and decorum, are the best medicine for the young, or rather for all.

It is better honorably to incur the bad opinions of our neighbors than dishonorably to court their good opinion.

The greatest evils in life had their rise from something which was thought of too little importance to be attended to.

There is naught so beautiful that there is not something still more beautiful, of which this is the mere image and expression.

Modesty is bred in self-reverence. Fine manners are the mantle of fair minds. None is truly great without this ornament.

He who is truly in peace never suspects others. But he who is ill at ease and disconcerted is disturbed by various suspicions.

It is with narrow souled people as it is with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

The number of persons who shorten their lives by self indulgence far exceeds the number of persons who injure their health by self denial.

I am trying to save your own soul you may aid in saving others. Neglecting your own salvation, you imperil that of those around you, by the scandal you give.

The advance of age is at first unpreceived, but it is nevertheless certain and rapid; and when it is realized it seems to approach almost with speed of light, and life at last seems to end soon after its commence ment.

This world is God's university or school, where men begin at zero, and are to unfold and come to manhood as the object of God's decrees and Providence and grace, and of the common sense which God has given us.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION regarding the popular internal and external remedy Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—do not, so far as known, exist. The testimony is positive and concurrent that the article relieves physical pain, cures lameness, checks a cough, is an excellent remedy for pains and rheumatic complaints, and it has no nauseating or other unpleasant effect when taken internally.

If the secret history of books could be written, and the author's private thoughts and meanings noted down alongside of his story, how many insipid volumes would become interesting and dull tales excite the reader.

FACED OUT.—None but those who have become fagged out know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

FIRESIDE FUN.

When may a ship at sea be said not to be on water?—When she is on land.

Bark: The bark of a medicinal tree may save a man's life; the bark of a dog may save his property.

What is the difference between twelve dozen and a tea dealer? One is a gross, and the other is a grocer.

Mr. Cobb recently married Miss Webb. He knew that they were meant to be joined as soon as he spied her.

Bride to best man: "Why is marriage often a failure?" Best Man: "Because the bride does not marry the best man."

Teacher: "What is a synonym?" Boy: "It's a word you can use in place of another when you don't know how to spell the other one."

"Do you sing?" For ever and for ever—"asked a soulful youth, languidly. "No," answered she, in a matter-of-fact tone. "I stop for meals."

"Is your house a warm one, landlord?" asked a man in search of a tenement. "It ought to be; the painter gave it two coats recently," was the reply.

Which is the most obedient thing in the church, the bell or the organ? Why, the bell, because it goes when its tolled, and the organ says he'll be blown first.

A gentleman asked a negro boy if he wouldn't take a pinch of snuff. "No," replied the darky, very respectfully, "me thank you: Pomp's nose not hungry."

A little girl was once tempted to steal an orange from the table; but in a moment returning and replacing the orange was overheard to say: "Sold again, Satan."

"Ma'mma, can a door speak?" "Certainly not, my dear." "Then why did you tell Annie this morning to answer the door?" "It's time for you to go to school, my dear."

"I say, Bobby, did you hear your sister say if she enjoyed the exhibition we gave last night?" "She was well pleased with your part, Mr. Feathery. She told me you made a perfect exhibition of yourself."

Mistress: "How is it that one never hears a sound in the kitchen when your sweetheart is with you?" Servant Girl: "Please, ma'mma, the poor fellow is so bashful yet; for the present he does nothing but eat."

Practical Father: "I want to buy a watch for my boy—the cheapest you have." Honest dealer: "I'm afraid I can't warrant the cheap ones to keep very good time." Practical Father: "Oh, that doesn't matter. Just make it so he can open the back of the case."

Mother (sternly): "Why did you tell that falsehood to the teacher, Arthur?" "To save somebody from punishment." Mother (mollified): "I knew there must be some extenuating circumstances. Who was it you wished to save from punishment?" Arthur: "Myself!"

A young housekeeper was discussing with her cook the menu for a supper party. "I think," she said, "we will have some eel for the second course." "How much will you want ma'am?" asked the cook. "I fancy," said her mistress, "ten yards will be sufficient."

She: "Are the majority of cyclists people of means?" He: "I don't know if they are all; but I saw a lady and gentleman sitting in the road at the bottom of a hill, and a tandem bicycle lying broken some yards away; and I think anyone would have been right in saying they were 'well off'."

Smart Youth: "Mother can I dig up the garden for you to plant your flowers?" Mother: "Yes, dear; and here's a penny. I'm sure no other woman in the neighborhood has such a kind thoughtful mother's boy as mine." And then that kind, thoughtful, mother's boy goes triumphantly forth, and says aloud, so that all may hear who listen: "I didn't at first know how I was going to get them worms, without her finding out that I was going fishing. Hooray!"

Health and happiness are relative conditions; at any rate, there can be little happiness without health. To give the body its full measure of strength and energy, the blood should be kept pure and vigorous, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Pleasant recollections generally provide cheerfulness and hopefulness and painful ones despondency and gloom. Thus the happiness that flows from the right regulation of the feelings tends to perpetuate a proper balance.

THOUSANDS LIKE HER.—Tona McLeod, Severn Bridge, writes: "I own a debt of gratitude to Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for curing me of a severe cold, which troubled me nearly all last winter." In order to give the oil a trial against a hacking cough, took a dose of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL thrice a day, or oftener if the spells render it necessary.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Reference has been made to heavy shipments of Ontario beef stockers to Buffalo and Iowa City. Chicago market reports state that Iowa is "short" on cattle, but "long on corn." From the counties of Ontario, Durham, and Peterborough an order for 1,000 head is now being filled to go to the State. Whether or not the shipments will cease at the end of this contract it is difficult to say, but we learn that the lots being sent are pleasing the market there exceedingly well. While this can be done with profit to American beef raisers in spite of duty and freight, surely there is some money to be made in Ontario by keeping such cattle here and finishing them on cheap coarse grain and future cheap American corn. While we do not like to see such animals leaving the country just at a time when the feeding of them is commencing to be more profitable, it does indicate more life in the beef business. No doubt the short universal run into dairying in some quarters, and sheep raising in others is largely responsible for this condition of shortage in the States referred to. Now is just the time to use only good bulls of whatever sort they may be. If for beef specially used good beef bulls; if for the dairy, the sons of good dairy cows and sires having a performing history. We, as Canadians, have no time to waste growing or trucking in inferior or even ordinary stock.—Advocate.

AN ELEPHANT'S JOKE.

When the lookout sings out, "Land ho!" and has replied to the officer's "Where away?" a star over the rock or other danger may be noted and brought down in line with the point on the compass, and its proper bearing obtained.

"The stars are like the eyes of the elephant," the second cried. He left at once, and then,

Although to count it eight I tried.

There were remaining ten.

"Go call the back," my wife implored;

"I fear the third may be.

And I have behaved to share our board.

Perhaps a score or so."

The second one then straight returned.

As might have been expected.

He with the ten we quickly learned.

I flew mad. Dejected,

We saw the first returning; he

and all the rest turned round.

And there, behold! were my friends three.

Though six they still were found.

For those of you who yet may find

My riddle too complex.

I'll say the friends I had in mind

Were "S" and "I" and "X."

Ralph G. Taber in St. Nicholas.

AN ELEPHANT'S JOKE.

A very amusing story is told of an elephant and a constable. As May opened it was considered by the majority of correspondents that the season was hardly as advanced as usual, but it was thought that as there had been plenty of rain there would be rapid growth when the warm weather came. In most parts of the province there's a good bit of grass for sheep and young cattle, but live stock generally had not been turned out to pasture. Fruit buds on trees were ready to burst into bloom, and gooseberries and currants were nicely leafing. Very little sowing of spring crops had occurred, owing to the wet and rather cold weather prevailing.

A window box may be a very cheap or a very expensive affair, but a cheap one, made out of a packing-box, will grow flowers just as well as a costly one made of tiles. All that is necessary is something that will hold soil.

It is not enough to simply nail window-boxes to the wall; a brace should run lengthwise of the box, and be strongly bracketed at each end to furnish support for the box.

The soil with which the box is filled should be rich; plants will not grow in poor earth. It is often difficult to get good soil in the city, but the addition of a little bonemeal, which can be procured from any store where garden seeds are sold, will make a poor soil sufficiently rich in all elements of plant food to insure success.

If you do not feel able to afford a fertilizer the use of soapsuds on washing day will supplement, to a considerable extent, whatever nutrient is contained in such soil as happens to be available.—Ladies' Home Journal.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in a tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is a compound from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

Cardinal Vaughan in Rome.

A despatch from Rome says Cardinal Vaughan has had audience of the Pope. The Holy Father received the Cardinal with great kindness, and his Eminence reported to him on the Catholic Reunion movement in England.

There is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's face but a line of suffering runs parallel with it. They that read the lustrous syllables of the one and stoop not to despise the other get the least half of the lesson earth has to give.

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CHATS WITH THE CHILDREN.

THE MYSTERY OF THE COMPASS.

I had three friends. I asked one day That they would dine with me; But when they came I found that they Were six instead of three.

My good wife whispered, "We at best, But we can't hope to dine.

Send us away," I did. The rest Remaining numbered nine.

"I too will go," the second cried.

He left at once, and then,

Although to count it eight I tried.

There were remaining ten.

"Go call the back," my wife implored;

"I fear the third may be.

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ahead than by the monotonous sweep of the horizon, or by peering into the compass box. The same ancient mariner who told me about measuring the length of the cir and in shore legs by the life of candles, told me that once, when the oil in

Father Sebastian.

By KATE JORDAN

The picture stood upon the mantel of the countess. It was only simple pastel in an old-fashioned frame, just such a picture in value and execution as had often looked at Margaret from the windows of the dim-curio shops she loved to ramble in the Quarter Latin. And yet how unlike them! How mysterious its charm, how much more vaguely appealing, than any face she had ever seen.

She stood before it one January twilight. A rosy haze on the Champs Elysées and an amber flickering from the fire gave an entrancing magic to every feature—the gray mauve shadowed eyes, the pensive mouth, the mist of bronze-coloured hair upon the temples.

Margaret did not hear the countess enter and cross to her side.

"Petite Américaine, you do love my pastel," she said, softly, laying her hand upon the girl's shoulder; "I have watched you dreaming before it. Of what do you think?"

"I am wishing I could have known a woman with a face like that," was the thoughtful answer. "Perhaps she would have liked me, would have come to my little studio and sat for me. What a foolish dream, countess! The big, old-fashioned hat upon her adorable head, the cut of that absurd little bodice, tell the story. No doubt she lived, laughed, loved in her little day many years before I was born."

"Poor Babette!" said the countess.

"Oh, you know who she was?" gasped the American girl; "Babette

—and what else, dear countess?"

"Listen. Because you love the pastel, you shall read of it here in hush of the twilight. I have written Babette's story. I heard it a few years ago from her own lips." She paused; a mist crossed her dark, bright eyes. "Poor Babette! One terrible moment must come to all in life. She had here."

The countess moved to a corner and from the Louis Quatorze secretary took a roll of manuscript. It fluttered into Margaret's lap.

The sunset fires deepened, softened, died away in the room. The glitter and the swirl of the Champs Elysées, spreading in splendid panoramas before the long windows, were by degrees veiled in shadow. A servant entered with a candelabrum where six winking lights made a semi-circle. But, unaware of dusk and candle-light, Margaret read on, nothing heard in the quiet room but the whisper of the pages falling from her fingers.

And the story.

I.

A long time ago an April sun as soft as the sun of nowadays was prey between the great barrack-like walls of old Paris. It fell upon a garden, and where one might have been least expected—at the back of a cul de sac; and having no door save that which led into the kitchen of a concierge.

The gravelled square was filled with flowering bushes, clay pots holding early violets, an improvised fountain, a few wooden seats. A girl leaned against the fountain, a yellow basin filled with freshly washed linen resting within the curve of her supple arm. She smiled in a sceptical way at the youth who, with arms crossed about the fountain's brim, was looking at her. He was perhaps twenty, pale, with deep, thoughtful eyes. His hollow cheek, his almost transparent hand, his black cassock, and the beret under his arm, proclaimed him at a glance what he was: a student for the priesthood, a boy on the edge of manhood, ascetic, scholarly, and glowing with high ideals.

"You must ever be as dear to me, Babette, as this right hand of mine," he was saying, in a voice of marvellous sweetness, a voice that in years to come, though he knew it not, was to thrill the hearts of unquiet multitudes. "Do not think that learning and distance can ever make me forget the Babette I played with in this very garden since we were both children, you five, I ten. Do not think that, my little sister—for you are like my sister to me."

"But why do you talk so much of God, Jules? I think a great deal about him at church and when I am going to confession, but at other times he seems so far away, quite beyond that blue sky!"—She lifted one babyish hand, smoking in the damp air from the steam of the wet clothes—"beyond the stars and moon. I cannot think so much of heaven, Jules. It is right you should; you will be a priest."

A great, inspired tenderness came into the boy's eyes.

"But you want to be a good woman, Babette," he said, softly. "It will only make you more lovely and gentle if you sometimes think of holy things."

"Holy things are stupid," she pouted and her mouth was like a crimson flower.

"Do not make me sad at heart this last day. Promise to forget what you have said."

"Forget my dreams?" cried the girl, peering into the cooing water at the bottom of the fountain, where the splendor of her white and gold beauty shone in a misty reflection of the blue sky. "Ah, no, no, my Jules! Listen to you. The world, lovers,

beautiful clothes, they are what I long for. Do you hear me?" she said, with sudden passion. "They are what I pray for and I will have them!"

"Babette!"

The call was piercing, and came from the lodge of the concierge. At the same moment the owner of it appeared in the doorway. She looked the concierge from chin to toe—stout, short of breath with a rolling walk, a white cloth wrapping her head, a broom of rushes in her hand.

"She has gone to that wicked Paris for which you priests pray. She is among the lost."

III.

Maurigny was resting in her boudoir. The night before she had sung in her heavenly voice and danced madly before the applauding multitude filling the theatre; afterwards she had supped far into the morning with some of the most brilliant wits of Paris; her breakfast at noon with the Due de Chartres had just ended. She felt tired. Even Maurigny, the restless moth so fond of the flame, was a little weary of glitter and home.

Her bronze hair over yellow pillows made contrasting yet sympathetic notes of color; her languid fingers were plunged in the cool petals of a heap of roses no whiter than her skin; a small scarlet slipper, half off, twirled at the tip of her toe. Maurigny's face was loveliest in the thoughtful moments like these. But she did not seek them. She dreaded looking inward. When she was weak enough to reflect, the picture of an old garden stood before her as it patterened on the still air; the roar of the Boulevards could not stanch the voice which once had prayed God to keep her innocent.

He kissed old Barbara's reluctant knuckles, as she stood in stormy silence, then crossed the yard into the shadowy kitchen, out by the other door, and Babette faintly heard his footsteps on the flight of steps leading to the street.

II.

The same garden, save that the dolor of winter made all gray. Snow clogged the fountain, the swallow nests were empty, the hempen lines held clothes stiffened by ice into a semblance of anguished, pinioned bodies. But for these season changes there was nothing in the silent garden to tell that seven years had ambled down the monotonous perspective towards the west and oblivion.

Tick, tick, tick, tick, went the old woodcock in Barbara's kitchen; the fire crackled on the hearth, a big house cat, looking like a zebra striped ball of fur, basked in the warmest corner; the smell of simmering pot-a-feu permeated the air; and close to the window sill, where one hardy geranium flourished a scarlet blossom stood old Barbara, her knitting needles flashing like small electric bolts between her fingers.

Where was Babette?

Perhaps Barbara was waiting for her, as for the gate at the foot of the street steps clanged, she lowered the yarn stocking and looked toward the door. Then, with the light from the window full on her raised face, it was easy to see that Barbara, unlike the garden, had altered. The imperious brow had lines of pain; the eyes were solid, not piercing; it seemed as if the sunken mouth were shut in everlasting silence and resignation.

As the notes of the brass bell filled the place with clamor, the cat yawned with velvet ease and winked its phosphorescent eyes curiously. Custom made Barbara settle her cap and lift a great bunch of keys from the hook over her head as she arose, but when she opened her door she saw her visitor could not be in search of chambres meublées.

For a moment the old concierge stared at him, and all colour left her face, as if Death had passed and laid his gray finger upon her.

"Jules," she said, tremblingly, when the tall young figure had lightly crossed the threshold. "Jules—ah, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!"

"Father Sebastian, now, Barbara," he said, unwinding the black scarf which had protected his lips and throat from the raw air. "You are as glad to see the priest as you were to see the boy, oh, dear friend?"

Babette stood like a stone.

"Have you no word of welcome, Barbara? I arrived in Paris yesterday from Algiers; the cholera raged there until two months ago. Ah, after years of exile in many lands, how warm and sweet the old place seems!"

Holding out his hand, he looked tenderly around. "The same old cat, the same old clock, the same old Barbara, warm of heart, sharp of tongue."

"Nay, not the same, father, not the same," murmured the old woman between difficult sobs.

A shade of concern crossed the priest's pale face.

"Where is Babette?" he asked hastily.

Ah, where, indeed!

For answer Barbara sat down before the fire and rocked to and fro in voiceless grief.

"Do not ask me," came at length, in a bitter tone, through the firelight hush, "To think of her cuts my heart like a sword."

"She is not here?" questioned Father Sebastian, crashing back the horrid fear his consciousness whirled to him. "She has married, perhaps? You did not hear her choice—"

"Hush, oh, hush! My little one, who once when I was young and happy made me laugh with sweet pain when she held my breast too hard,—the vain, pretty thing, to whom—may the Virgin pardon me—I was never kind—she has forever. There!" Starting up, a terrible figure, which haggard age touched with tragedy, she flung out her arm toward the little window holding a picture of the gay street.

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"You are right. I am not great enough to save you. But I will trouble you no more. Good-bye, Babette."

She laughed in angry scorn and said good-bye.

When he was gone she flung out her arms with an inarticulate cry of torture and self hatred. She had hurt him—oh how she hurt him. But he had gone forever, and she would have peace.

That night she danced more gaily than ever.

Babette saw her on May twilight. It was a fretful time. The Commune of 1848 was brewing; through Maurigny's open windows came the blaring voice of street orators preaching unity to listening throngs ripe for disorder; there was fever in the discontented air; Paris was like a plague house.

Maurigny, at war with herself, tired of her friends, hating for the moment the man who had awakened her, sat alone in her quiet room, thinking. She thought much now.

The priest came like a shadow and stood before her. She fancied the tawny gloom sweeping in from the streets made his face so darkly worn.

"Oh, Babette, will you never return?" he whispered, leaning over her, his hands clasped. "How I have prayed for you, my sister! Oh, how I have knelt the long night through before the white glory of Our Lady, and petitioned her to melt your heart and save you! Is it to be of no use, petite Babette? Are you to linger and die in sin? Oh, think of the days when we laughed under the blue sky and tried to hold the sunbeams in our baby fingers. I cannot let you go. I cannot wear, though you send me away seventy times seven."

Maurigny made no reply. Her cheeks were pressed against her palm, a hard light deepened in her shadowed eyes.

"There are crime and sorrow in the air of Paris these days. Human woe confronts the priests of God at every turn. But nothing inspires me more such terror as you do. There is Babette. I say to myself, 'perhaps if I go to her to day she may listen.' At night I was awakened from a dream of our childhood days when we knelt side by side in the old church at St. Sulpice. Dews of anguish start out on my brow when I think, 'If she should die to-night!' Babette, I am to save you! Some angel whispers it to me. I care not what I suffer, what it costs me, but at last, by whatever difficult path, I shall lead you back to the light. Will you pray with me now?"

But she threw her head sideways with a laugh of insolence.

"You think you have softened me?" she asked, rising and letting her contemptuous eyes sweep over his sparse form and intense face. "Listen then. I would not go back if I could. Condemn my life, call me what you will, I am content. Your stupid heaven, won by prayer and fasting, I snap my fingers at. As I live I am willing to die. I would not go back if I could. Do you understand me at last?"

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"Ah, Babette!" It was a cry she was never to forget.

"Go away from me. I don't want to see you any more, ever. I am tired of you," she said, as she might have spoken to a beggar. "You do not move me to repentance; you only make me yawn. Send another priest who has eloquence, who knows how to save souls, if it please you. But you, my poor Jules; are stupid—that's all."

The twilight was so heavy that she did not see the heart break in his eyes, but she knew it was there. As he moved to the door she stood with her hands clasped behind her head in a challenging way.

"You are right. I am not great enough to save you. But I will trouble you no more. Good-bye, Babette."

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That night she danced more gaily than ever.

V.

Paris was in the grip of the Commune. The streets smelt like a battlefield. From behind closed doors and windows quiet citizens watched the red mobs in terror. Nothing was sacred then. As children destroy paper houses, they set torch to palace and prison alike. A fortnight after Father Sebastian's farewells to Maurigny the insurrection reached its climax. The Communists in their insatiate vandalism raged against heaven as well as all on earth, and the pillaging of churches was begun.

On a June night Father Sebastian, entering his house after a bitter hour spent with a condemned Communist, sought her again and again. Hard, defiant, beating down the yearnings which rose from the remnants of good within her, Maurigny still strayed to the promiscuous path, tried to see only the flowers in her crown, not the poison on their petals. There were times when she longed until her soul was sick for the innocence she had lost; there were others when a passionate reawakening swayed her. Why had the priest come into her life with the look, the voice, that recalled her childhood? Until she saw him she had been content enough. What were the mighty regrets which had troubled her only at intervals, compared to the burning disgust of her life which now seized her with the rigor of nostalgia?

And he had done this. He left her no peace. His voice was as the voice of God:

"Will you give me your soul?"

She was in this mood when Father Sebastian saw her on May twilight. It was a fretful time. The church of St. Genevieve? The thought made his heart stand still. It was the only structure of value in this quiet street. His church, which daily he loved more! That to fall into the hands of the spoilers, its beauty blasted, its sacred vessels desecrated? A fire entered his blood and mounted

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to his brain. He sped across the white space and reached the top of the steps shut in by gates; these he securely locked, and waited inside.

Over him a figure of the Christ stood with benign, forgiving palms, downspread. The silence from the solemn interior stole to him, even through the closed doors behind him, like a caressing blessing, while the mob, the mixed roar of voices, the rancorous cries of the song which exulted murder.

Father Sebastian listened. Yes, they were coming to the church. Could he soften them? Could he turn them back to peace?

But when the smoking and orange-lit torches filled the place below him with an infernal radiance, he realized he had a drunken mob to deal with. They reeled before him, fresh from the plunder of some wine shop, waving empty bottles over their heads.

"Come," they cried, "and we will let you keep your skin; but we must have the church. It will make a pretty fire."

He pleaded with them, as he stood with out-flung arms, an earnest, yearning figure. Oh, the marvellous voice and its awakening power! Some hesitated, vaguely touched. A few terrified by his picture of God's wrath, drew back, shedding maudlin tears. But the mass swept on relentlessly.

"Come down, and we will let you out," they yelled. "We will batter them to the ground. We are five hundred, you are one. Will you come?"

"Brothers, in the name of your mothers, your little ones, spare this holy place of worship. For such negligence no penance can ever stop. Oh, fear the wrath of the Almighty God!" came the thrilling, insistent voice over the heads of the multitude.

"Will you come down? Will you open the gates?" was the relentless cry in answer.

"All, Jesus, touch their hearts! Prevent this crime against the Host!" the priest prayed in a loud voice torn by sobs.

"Will you come down?"

"No! Enter, and the curse of heaven will follow you all your days." They shattered his body with bullets. But as he died he saved the church of Ste. Genevieve. His lifeblood on the steps saved even his murderers.

He was found where he had fallen, his face seemed a part of the marble which pillow'd it. His lips wore a smile. Before the altar where he had so often served they laid him, letting white flowers hide the bullet marks in the throat. The fame of his sacrifice went abroad, and St. Genevieve could not hold the throngs who came to hear the Requiem Mass and look on the young martyr's face.

Among them was a mysterious woman, young, graceful, her face closely veiled. She went to the coffin's side and knelt down with close shut eyes; she could not look upon the lips which never would plead with her again.

"Forgive, forgive!" her heart cried, as she crushed in unavailing agony. "I hurt you so, and sent you away—forever. You said you would lead me back, by whatever difficult path. Oh, you have, by this saint's death. Oh, a bitter price to pay for the ransom of a soul—a bitter price!"

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