

The Catholic Register.

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

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Register of the Week.

The Holy Father lately addressed a very earnest and fatherly letter upon French politics to the Archbishop of Bordeaux, Cardinal Lecot, which we print elsewhere in full. "A prolonged experience," writes the venerable Pontiff, "has clearly taught us that the state of the country is so changed that in the present condition of France it does not appear possible to return to the old form of power without passing through grave perturbations." He regrets that his former appeal for the loyal support of the present Constitution of France has not met from some that deference which an expression of solicitude coming from the Head of the Church should command. "We esteem as true sons of the Church those who know how to make without difficulty, for the very superior good of religion and the fatherland, sacrifice of their sentiments and private interests."

The Catholic reading public will learn with deep regret of the demise of that polished writer and clear thinker, Brother Azarias. He had gone to Plattsburgh in the latter part of July to deliver his lectures on Educational Epochs before the Catholic Summer School. He gave his course, and remained over to take part in the deliberations of the Board of Trustees, of whom he was one. Before the meetings were finished Brother Azarias was prostrated by an attack of pneumonia. It was feared from the outset that the attack was serious; but after a time the patient took a favorable turn, and strong hopes were entertained for his recovery. A relapse set in and the lamented author passed to his reward on August 20th. It was the closing of a delicate life, which leaves behind it monuments more enduring than bronze—the evergreen thoughts of books, which will be sources of pure pleasure, storehouses of intellectual wealth, from which will be distributed to generations of readers a juster appreciation of much the Church has taught and done in the brighter days of her glory. He will even rank high as a guide to readers and as a keen yet gentle literary critic. His chief works are Books and Reading, Philosophy of Literature, and Phases of Thought and Criticism.

Brother Azarias, whose name in the world was Patrick Francis Mullaney, was born in the county of Tipperary, Ireland. Early in youth he came to America, and joined the Christian Brothers in 1832.

Another loss has been experienced by the Catholic Church in the death of the Rt. Rev. Lawrence S. McMahon, Bishop of Hartford, Connecticut. He had left his diocesan city for Saratoga for the benefit of his health. Being

too feeble to continue his journey he rested at Lakeville, Conn., where he died on the 21st instant. Bishop McMahon was a Canadian by birth, being born in Nova Scotia, Dec. 24, 1835. His parents moved to Boston, where the Bishop grew up, and near which city he was educated in Holy Cross College, Worcester. He made his theological studies in France and completed them at Rome, where he was ordained in 1860. During a portion of the American war he accompanied a Massachusetts Regiment to the field as chaplain. He was consecrated Bishop of Hartford August 10, 1879.

The storm created by the Aigues-Mortes massacre has died down, until its rumblings are only heard in the angry gossip of the provincial towns of Italy. It was at its highest point when a mob attacked the French Embassy at Rome, and attempted to carry out their threats of burning the Embassy, notwithstanding the presence of a strong force of soldiers who had been detailed to guard the building. The next most serious rencontre was when rioters visited the house of a French Consul in Sicily, smashed the windows, tore down the escutcheon, and tried to burn it.

The French Government has promised to give complete satisfaction to Italy for the affair. The families of the victims, as well as the workmen who have suffered from the anti-Italian agitation, will be fully indemnified. The Italian ambassador at Paris is reported as having informed the French Government that in view of the prompt dismissal of the Mayor of Aigues-Mortes, and placing confidence in the efficient and impartial action of the French magistracy for the punishment of the guilty, the Italian Government is happy to be able to consider the incidents satisfactorily closed.

The coal strike in Wales is abating. What last week was gigantic in numbers is now moderate, and what then was threatening with force is fast becoming ludicrous. The march of 4,000 strikers from the Rhondda Valley to Ebbow Vale proved a fizzle; only 200 got more than half way, and these never reached their determined destination. Non-union miners are still at work, and many of the strikers are known to be willing to return to work without the advance in wages. The trouble arises not so much from the Welsh themselves as from unmarried roving English young fellows, who are only too glad for a pretext to quit work if there is a friendly union in the neighborhood which will support them.

The political programme in England, after the defeat of the Home Rule Bill by the Lords, will consist in the introduction of a resolution in the House of Commons condemning the

Upper House and reaffirming most earnestly the principles of the Bill. Such a resolution can be passed in a fortnight, and be just as effective as a new discussion on the bill, which would take the entire session. A very much needed holiday of six weeks is promised the weary House of Commons.

A London cable announces that the beginning of the third reading is to be marked by another great speech from Mr. Gladstone, who will make the motion, and perhaps his final effort for the Irish cause. The reply to the Premier falls to the lot of Mr. Goschen, formerly Chancellor of the Exchequer, an able foe but not a first-class debater. A grand display of eloquence will follow until, during the sitting to-morrow night, the Commons will have closed its long struggle and will have passed the Bill.

The battle over the Silver question is at an end, so far as Congress can close it. An attempt will be made in the Senate to secure a compromise. It is expected that this bill repealing the purchase clause of the Sherman Act will be referred to the Finance Committee. A debate of two weeks will follow and a different bill sent back to the Congress, declaring in favor of bi-metallicism, but in all other respects agreeing with the Wilson Bill.

The Democrats are preparing a tariff bill, which they propose to be brought before Congress immediately. Mr. Wilson of West Virginia, Chairman of Ways and Means, advocates the reform of the McKinley tariff, especially as to all of those schedules which affect the Dominion. He has been, however, hitherto opposed to free coal.

Cholera, which this year has been more widespread than last, is now pretty well under control—a fact which makes the outlook quite hopeful. The investigations at Paris and Naples, where the dust was examined and found to contain a large quantity of bacteria, prove that the disease is communicated from person to person, not by the general atmosphere.

The London Standard reports that the disease is spreading slowly but steadily in the great centres of Galicia and Hungary, where it is most difficult to eradicate it.

Sir John Thompson returned to the Capital last Saturday from his visit in Paris. An address of welcome was presented to him by the members of the Municipal Council of Ottawa. The address, without discussing the ultimate result of the Behring Sea award, felt that it was a subject of sincere congratulation "that once more an international dispute so pregnant with issues of importance to ourselves" should be referred for

settlement to the peaceful method of arbitration. The distinguished Premier, in reply, admitted that in this, as in other important matters, neither party may feel altogether satisfied; but still it was a deep satisfaction that it was happily settled in a manner consistent with the absolute peace of the two countries; and in a way that will eventually be recognized as consistent with absolute justice to this country. "Canada," he said, "had been vindicated among the nations of the earth by having a voice in the settlement."

The General Intention for the members of the League of the Sacred Heart for September is the Church in Italy. As the attacks of the impious and unbelieving centre upon Rome, the residence of the Supreme Pontiff, so it is of paramount importance that the prayers of the faithful should be directed in defence of the freedom of the Holy Father and the fidelity of his immediate subjects. This interest involves the preservation of the clergy in proper spirit and required numbers. Another interest is that which concerns the religious orders, both active and contemplative. Yet these are harrassed most severely by the Free Mason Government of Italy, so that parishes are without priests, and convents empty. The schools are filled with teachers who neglect religion or teach impiety. Again the enormous burthens of taxation are producing extreme misery and untold evil. All these reasons should urge the fervor of prayers for the amelioration of poor Italy, which goes from bad to worse.

A very forcible article appeared lately in the *Daily Chronicle* of London in regard to the determination of the House of Lords upon the Home Rule Bill. It points out the fact that 500 men, individually as proud, idle and luxurious as any other 500 in any one part of the civilized world, are going to sit in prejudiced judgment upon a question which has been already debated for seven years. In Ireland people have fought and died for it. In England the argument has been maintained with severe intensity. At length, after a revolution of the great constitutional machine, the mandate goes forth demanding Home Rule. In all this contest these 500 took little or no part. They have only to remain a few days in town, and the whole stream flows backward. Ireland is thrown into a revolution. England is sent to solve a problem she has already decided, and the House of Commons must repeat its incessant six months' toil of threshing out a Constitution for Ireland. But this is no exceptional action on the part of these noble five hundred. "What they will do for Home Rule they did for the land question over and over again. They rejected the Compensation for Disturbance Bill; they mutilated the Act of 1881; on their guilty heads lies the blood that has been spilt, the misery that has been endured in Ireland for the last twelve years." The *Chronicle* insists that "these vulgar out-of-date appanages of an impossible system" go and stand not upon the order of their going, but go at once. This abolition of the House of Lords is to be the Liberal test at the next election.

A SERMON ON BRAVERY AND DUTY.

At the request of the widows and friends of several of the men who were killed or burned to death at the fire at the World's Fair on July 10, and also in honor of the brave men themselves, who so courageously gave up their lives in obedience to the call of duty, we publish the following sermon preached at the Church of All Saints, Chicago, by Rev. Alexander McClavick on the occasion of the funeral of Fireman Denning:

MY DEAR BRETHREN—The recent disaster, which brought death to so many homes, has moved the public feeling to its lowest depth. As the sad news flashed through the city and out over the country, there was a universal shudder. A cry of horror went up from the whole land. When the circumstances and details of the awful calamity were made known, strong men, who were far away from the sad scene and strangers to every fireman in our city, turned from each other and wept—wept for the brave men who went down to death in the discharge of their duty—wept for the widows and orphans who were searching in the ashes and coals or in the public morgue for the face they loved. The sympathy of the whole country goes to the bereaved. It is expressed in the public journals. You hear it on the streets, in the cars and hotels, everywhere where people congregate. There is but one sentiment in every heart for the sorrowing relatives of the dead, and that is a deep heartfelt sentiment of pity and commiseration. I know you are grateful for this widespread expression of sympathy, but I know too how futile it is to dispel the sorrow of this occasion or to compensate you for the loss you have sustained. It will not reanimate the heart that is still, or give back speech to these silent lips. Nevertheless it must be a comfort to you to feel that the public mourns with you in your distress, and that if it were possible to lift from you your burden of woe, a million hands would be outstretched to do you service.

We admire the soldier who fights and falls on the battlefield for his country, we admire the nurse who goes cheerfully to attend the sick and dying in times of pestilence, we admire the explorer or the discoverer who sails forth to lands and seas unknown, animated with a lofty motive, bent on serving not self but God and fellow man, we admire also and in quite the same degree the heroic firemen who on last Monday afternoon climbed the deadly tower at duty's call, and were obedient to duty even unto death. You can scarcely pay a man a higher compliment than to say that he died while faithfully and fearlessly doing his duty. God has appointed all our duties, and to fulfil them is to fulfil God's behests. To die in their discharge is to die in God's service.

The sense of duty is inborn in man. It comes to us from God and is unfolded with the unfolding of reason. It is one of God's greatest gifts to us. It brings us into the moral kingdom of God and makes us accountable beings. It opens up to our perception laws of right and wrong, laws which are unchangeable and which no power in the universe can abrogate. It sets before us a course of conduct, which, if we pursue, we shall be happy; if we neglect we shall bring upon ourselves inevitable misery. Now in some, this sense of duty is more fully developed than in others. Habit and association often so dull it that we become morally blind. The man who frequently shuns or neglects duty, soon loses a clear perception of the nature and import of its demands. It is no longer a sacred thing in his sight. He confounds it with personal comfort or gross material advantage. But even an unclouded apprehension of duty is not sufficient. Something more is necessary, and that is the courage to

fulfill it. There is so much weakness in human nature that it often shrinks from emotion and pain, no matter how noble the purpose which beckons it to undergo the sacrifice. Now, the greatest men, the greatest heroes, are those who know their duty and are brave enough to do it. This poor man whose remains lie before us was such a hero. He followed duty into the jaws of death. He sacrificed his life on duty's altar, a pleasing holocaust to the great God, a sublime example for the world to imitate, God's blessing on his noble soul. I bow to his immortal spirit. I reverence his sacred dust.

A sure indication of greatness is the giving up of one's self to others. That was, without a doubt, the most marked virtue in Christ. He came to save the world, and to give himself for its salvation. He pawned his life for our redemption. That has been the distinguishing virtue of all the great saints. Their own comforts and convenience were forgotten in their efforts to do good. In the presence of privation and danger the fire of their zeal burned brighter. The same virtue is characteristic of all good and worthy men. The selfish man is ever despised. The unselfish, the self-forgoing, the self-sacrificing, those who give not words or mere material helps, but who surrender what is dearest to them, their lives, in others' service, these are the men we love to honor, these are the men whose names shall be forever held in benediction. Such a man lies dead before us.

We sometimes estimate our wealth by what we have, by what we have hoarded up, but our true wealth lies rather in what we give to others. Our gifts to others are gifts to God, and are treasured up for us in heaven. "Whatsoever you give to the least of these little ones," said the Saviour, "you give unto Me." This poor man, like most of his companions, had little of earth's goods. If you took an inventory of his possessions you would find that he was poor. If his wife and children depended for their support upon what he had left them, they would scarcely have a roof to shelter them. His wealth was indeed little if you estimate it by what he had; but it was very great if you compute it by what he gave to others. In this sense he was richer than a Vanderbilt or Gould, for he gave the priceless treasure of his life. He gave his wife and children, not the legacy of a hero—the memory of a great name and the inheritance of a great example.

His death though sudden was in a measure foreseen. It is hard to be stricken down and hurried before one's Creator without thought or warning. From such a death, good God deliver us. His taking off was not that severe and awful kind. God mercifully saved him a little while to make his peace with Him, and we thank the Almighty to-day for that signal favor. He was received into the arms of one of God's ministers while yet life remained, and that brave priest, I am told, stood by him until he died.

Yet even had no priest been there to whisper God's name to him or breathe the words of absolution over him, I cannot believe that he would not find favor in Heaven. As he stood on the fatal tower and saw every avenue to life cut off, as he felt his footing tremble beneath him and looked down at the long, long leap, which meant a leap to death, no doubt, after bidding his companions farewell and bidding a blessing to his loved ones at home, no doubt, in that supreme moment, face to face with eternity, he lifted his heart to heaven and uttered a fervent prayer to the Most High. That prayer, the great God Who made all the bravery that is in human souls, Who made all the courage which urges the strong and good on to do and dare noble things, that prayer, breathed amid the crackling flames, a merciful

God would surely answer. The sacrifice which he made that day in the sight of Heaven and earth, would move to pity a being a thousand times less merciful than God. Oh, I think all the angels and saints in Heaven were at God's feet pleading for him, who he nerved himself for that awful struggle with death; and mingled with these angelic prayers were, I am sure, the prayers of fifty thousand men and women, who wept and groaned and grew faint and sick, as they stood watching the progress and close of as sad a tragedy as was ever enacted in our city. With all these prayers and his own deep devotion and loyalty at all times to his Creator, I feel gratified in holding out to you, as a comfort and a consolation to you in your bereavement, the cheering hope that his portion in eternity shall be a happy and blessed one.

And during these moments of awful anxiety, when he saw death reaching up for him in cruel flames, no doubt his religion stood him well. His faith and trust in God nerved his soul and made him braver and more heroic. He felt that though he was leaving all, he was not leaving God; he felt that though death would come to him, he would still live and his spirit would look down from Heaven on those he loved, and he would bless them yet from the unseen world, and meet them again in that calm bright land where tears and sorrows and partings are not known.

Before concluding let me say a word of praise for the brave firemen of our city. Their heroic conduct at all times, and under most trying circumstances, has merited for them the esteem and admiration of the whole community. There is no one who cannot recall instances of their courage and daring, and I have never yet heard of a case where they flinched from duty, or stood cowardly back while human beings perished in the flames.

"When all have fled, when all but him must fly,
The fireman comes to rescue or to die."

One sentiment I have for the firemen living and the firemen dead—I have cheers for the living, I have prayers and love and tears for the dead.

A useful lesson we might all well learn on this sorrowful occasion—it is to love one another. There is an underlying principle of good, I think, in every one. It may not always be evident, but it is there and will leap forth when the time and place are ripe for it. Who could dream that there were such heroes, such great noble souls, beneath the mild calm faces and common ordinary exteriors of those who rode away carelessly on their engines to the fatal fire last Monday noon. No one would dream that they were as brave warriors as ever buckled a sword. No one would dream that they were "nature's noble men." Yet such they were. Multitudes of others may be made of that same stern stuff; and we should never therefore despise or hate our fellow beings, but rather be filled ever with deep love and affection for them. Let us all to-day clasp hands together, and the hands of all men, in godly Christian charity, like the brave firemen who on the tottering tower reached out their hands, the one to the other, as a last proof of their mutual friendship and devotion.

Pray for the happy repose of all their souls, but especially of the soul of him whose remains are before you, for he was dear to you in life and you should not forget him in death.

Advice to Invalids.

Almoxia Wine is the best wine for invalids ever before offered to the public, and is highly recommended by all the Medical profession all over the world, is the only wine known to contain natural Salts of Iron produced by nature. On account of the ferruginous soil in which the vines are cultivated. Gianelli & Co., 18 King street, Toronto, sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

Wonderful Preservation.

The following is an extract from a letter of Rev. Bertrand Oathony, O. P., recently received by the *Library*:

"Amongst the many things I heard which could be of some interest for your readers, I will begin by relating an extraordinary proof of the goodness of the Blessed Virgin. A few days ago I went to see a family for whom I had a message from friends in Trinidad. What was my surprise and grief when they related to me that on the 8th of May their large house of business caught fire and was burned to the ground. Nothing of value escaped the devouring flames. The loss is estimated at about one million of dollars, partially covered by insurance. But what is a consolation in our trial, said to me the Christian lady, is the proof of affection and love which the blessed Mother of God has given to us. Everything in the house was burned and destroyed except her statue. What was the admiration of the people the day after the fire to see a piece of the small altar still hanging against the wall, and on it a large globe of glass unbroken, though quite black with the smoke, and under the globe the smiling statue of the Blessed Virgin as white as ever. How is it that the roof and several stories which fell did not shiver this glass to atoms? How is it that the roaring fire, which was ascending some hundred feet in this place, did not destroy the entire piece of wood supporting the globe? Is it not because the holy image of the Mother of God was there? Many pious persons believe it, and such is the belief of our friends, so terribly tried by the recent calamity which befell them.

"I may say this instance is not the first I have heard of in similar cases. In the year 1881, in a town called Romanus (the birthplace of Blessed Hubert, the fifth general of our Order,) during the month of May a large picture of the Blessed Virgin had been painted and erected high on a wooden altar in the Church of St. Bernard. One night during the devotions the altar caught fire, and everything was burned down except the frame. It was blackened but the picture remained untouched.

"Two years ago you heard probably of the disastrous cyclone which swept away all the dwellings on this land of Martinique in the Lesser Antilles, killing on the spot over 500 persons, and causing such devastation as it is difficult to imagine.

"On the hill called Morne Rouge there was a revered sanctuary, of Notre Dame de la Patience to which many pilgrims used to resort in order to implore the blessings of Mary. Not only the roof of this sanctuary was blown down on that fatal night of the 18th August, 1891, but the walls were levelled to the ground; altars and everything were crushed by the heavy materials, except the statue of Our Lady, which appeared the next morning, smiling above the ruins."

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveler, Belleville, writes, some years ago I used Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for inflammatory rheumatism, and three bottles effected a complete cure. I was the whole of one summer unable to move without crutches, and every movement caused excruciating pains. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since. I, however, keep a bottle of Dr. THOMAS' OIL on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me."

Rev. Father Dunne, C. C., Rathfriland, who had been seriously unwell for some time, has recovered so much that, under the advice of his medical attendant, Dr. Garret Joyce, he went to the country on July 29th, to further recruit his health.

The body of a woman named Johanna Morrison was recently found in the river, outside the quay, in Waterford. An inquest was held, at which the husband of the deceased was examined, and said he could not say whether any foul play was used or not, as she had left him alright. A verdict of "Found drowned" was returned.

A Convert Through Spiritualism.

From the Mouth.

(CONCLUDED.)

Mr. B—, the mediumistic guest of Mrs. R— and her daughter, could also sometimes see and describe Spirits in the room, and could see places and persons at a distance, in a crystal.

On the first evening that I joined their circle, he said to me, I see a Spirit standing near you, in the dress of a Priest. He says he is a Priest. He belongs to your family. His name is H—. He has been a long time in the other world. He wants you to pray for him. He takes a great interest in you. I, who yearned above all things for communication with my husband, was, although interested, somewhat disappointed, and exclaimed with some vexation, that I knew nothing of any such person, and that there were no Priests in my family. "He says there were once Priests belonging to it," Mr. B— replied, "and he affirms that he belongs to your family." Curiously enough, it was not until long afterwards, when I had been a Catholic perhaps about ten years, that I chanced upon some family documents mentioning a collateral ancestor, of the name given by Mr. B—, who was the last Abbot of a certain Cistercian monastery in the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. A voice certainly like that of my husband, spoke words of comfort to me later on that evening, through Mr. B—'s mediumship, which gave me consolation for the moment, but I could have no possible certainty of identity. Messages purporting to come from him were also written during my visit, through the hands of another guest of my hostess—one who was then, and still is, a good religious person, but who has never come into the Church. Margaret and I also received messages said to be from my husband, and also from many other Spirits, spelt out on what was called an "Indicator," upon which we used to place our hands. Some of these messages were beautiful, explanatory, and helpful, but occasionally deceptions were attempted. We were bidden always to make the sign of the Cross before entering into these communications, and to request any Spirit, wishing to spell a message, to move the indicator in the form of a cross, as they said that evil spirits were unable to make the holy sign. We found this a great protection, but still I think we were sometimes deluded, unless it might have been, that we perhaps did not always accurately obtain a message as it was intended.

I recollect particularly, that on one occasion, when a friend of mine and I had our hands on the "Indicator," a Spirit endeavoured to communicate with me which professed to be that of my husband. This, for several reasons I doubted, and, in accordance with the directions we had received, we both made the sign of the cross in order to test the character of the Spirit. Yet it still persisted in the assertion. Still dubious of the identity, and conscious of a distressing influence, I said: "I charge you to speak the truth in the Name of the Blessed Trinity." Instantly the movement of the "Indicator" ceased, though our hands remained upon it. For some minutes it began again to spell, though very slowly, and as it wore, painfully: "I am one of the unhappy beings who you would call a devil." At that time I was not a Catholic and did not know that for such there could be no redemption, so I replied: "You will always be miserable if you try to deceive." "I like to deceive people," was no answer. "But," I said, "you will be always unhappy in so doing." "Are you yourself saved from misery?" asked the evil Spirit. "I hope I am saved," I rejoined, "from such misery as

yours." Then the Spirit spelt out, "Ha! ha! ha!" And both my friend and I had a gruesome impression as of the mocking laughter of a fiend.

In this instance, even the sign of the Cross was insufficient to compel the truth; but, adjuration in the Name of the Blessed Trinity prevailed, as it has in many similar cases. I think St. Teresa says she found that some evil spirits were wicked enough to resist the Cross. If St. Teresa, who was a great Saint, was exposed to attempts of the devil to deceive her, which were intermingled with the revelations she received from Almighty God and the messengers of Heaven, how much more will this be the case with those who are not saints and who are stumbling alone in the darkness of error, even though they may be in good faith and honestly searching after truth. I say nothing of those who hold these communications with the unseen world, not for any good motive, but out of morbid curiosity and with a half-guilty consciousness of the "influence" to which they are subject, being no Heaven-sent messenger. They must expect to be made the sport of the malicious spirits whose delight is to deceive, and who will avail themselves of their superior powers and knowledge to impart to them just that amount of information that will earn their confidence, in order that they may the more completely lead them astray respecting all that concerns their highest interest and the welfare of their souls.

All the seances at Mrs. R—'s were begun by prayer and the singing of hymns, by the special desire of the Spirits present. They invariably begged to be prayed for, as did nearly always all the Spirits with whom I was brought into contact during my investigations, in other places, and through other mediums. This fact struck me very much, and was indeed the first ray of light which flashed across my path. "Is not this the Roman Catholic doctrine of Purgatory and of the prayers for the dead?" I asked of a Spirit, "Yes, and it is true," was the reply. The Spirits literally beset us with entreaties for prayers. Some of them appeared very unhappy, greatly lamenting the selfish and useless or sinful lives they had led upon earth, and which they were now expiating. "Are you in Heaven?" we would sometimes inquire of one whose words were more hopeful, and whose "influence" was sweet and peaceful. "Oh, no, not yet—but I soon shall be, if you will pray," was once the answer.

And so we prayed for the dead for the first time in our lives! Gradually many other Catholic truths were taught to Margaret and to me, spelt out by the "Indicator," but we were so ignorant of the doctrines that we did not always understand them, or recognize their full import at the time, though we began to wonder whether, as the Church of Rome was apparently considerably right, it might not be actually possible that she should be right in a good deal more. And what if she should be altogether right, and be the one true Teacher!

I have heard that Mr. B— also became a Catholic eventually, but as my friends, the R—'s, lost sight of him when he left their neighbourhood, I am not sure of the fact.

Another old friend, at present a professed Nun, who has been a Catholic more than twenty years, often joined me in my inquiries into Spiritualism at the period at which I am writing, chiefly by putting her hand with mine on the "Indicator," to obtain the spelling of messages. Quite recently I paid her a visit at her convent, and, as we were talking over the "Auld Lang Syne," before the conversion of either of us, and wondering at our dreads and difficulties in those now dim and distant days, she recalled to my mind an incident that had escaped my memory (though I now

remember it perfectly), as to a communication we had received, in reply to a question of hers as to whether the Church of England was preferable to other forms of religion, as she believed it then to be, meaning, of course, to Protestant sects, the Catholic Church being entirely outside her region of thought. "All these Churches fall short of the ideal," was the reply; "the Roman Catholic Church is the true religion." Upon this, my friend immediately exclaimed: "Now, I know that this is not a reliable message!" Yet she says she never forgot this testimony, and considers that it indirectly helped in her conversion.

I never had much medium-power myself, except with the "Indicator," which used to spell very rapidly under my hands; and I had also what my friends called "an impressional gift," consisting in a strange, sudden, inward apprehension of some Catholic dogma, quite new and unknown to me, sometimes with, and sometimes without, words interiorly spoken. I mention this because it is connected with a remarkable incident which considerably aided my conversion.

Omitting the R—'s, I went to London on a visit, and saw a great deal of Spiritualism, of all kinds, some of which was decidedly undesirable, and dangerous even from the point of view of a non-Catholic; but I was now determined to go fully and thoroughly into the subject. I also met and became intimately acquainted with some of the most enlightened and intellectual leaders of the movement, who were in reality rather mystics of the school of Boehmen, Jung, Stilling, Oberlin, and others, than ordinary spiritualists. By one of these earnest and thoughtful persons, I was lent an old Italian *Life of St. Catherine of Siena*, which took a great hold upon me, so much so, that I began to invoke her, asking of her instruction as well as intercession. And from this time I came gradually to see more clearly, and to accept Catholic doctrine in a way very wonderful, considering that I had never seen a priest, or read any dogmatic Catholic book, or spoken to any Catholic in the flesh.

One day I went to a seance with some friends, two of whom were High Church clergymen, at the house of a well-known medium. Answers to inquiries were spelt out by raps on the table, floor, and, indeed, all over the room. Questions having been asked on theological matters by the two clergymen, especially concerning the Real Presence, and some confusion in the answers having arisen, I said, "May I tell you what has been told to me?" As I repeated what had been given me by "impression," I was accompanied by a perfect chorus of raps. "Is she right?" asked one of the clergymen, "Yes, yes, yes," from all parts of the room. "How does she know this?" "Because a very high Spirit, called Catharine, is teaching her." "Who is this Catherine?" said one of my friends to me. I replied, "I have been reading the *Life of St. Catherine of Siena*." Yes, yes, yes," came again from the invisible chorus. The impressional message received by me concerning Transubstantiation was, as I afterwards found when more fully instructed, entirely in accordance with Catholic doctrine. I cannot, of course, answer for the personal identity of my saintly instructor, neither is it possible to decide how much was actual and objective, and how much subjective and imaginative, in the communication, nor have I the least idea who constituted the consenting chorus. I simply chronicle the circumstances.

From this time I began to go to Mass, and left off attending Anglican Services, but I know no Catholics, and had not the remotest idea of how to put myself in communication with a Priest. I have often since heard Priests say, that it is quite easy for Protestants to go and see them, if

they wish for instruction; and so, literally speaking, it certainly is, but I think they hardly realize the unseen barriers of hesitation, uncertainty, and general difficulty which stand between an ordinary Protestant and a Roman Catholic Priest, whom prejudice and tradition have represented, as a very awful personage. I was, however, received into the Church, about six months after this episode, by a very experienced and remarkable Priest, now dead, to whom I was made known by an American lady, herself a convert to Catholicism through the teachings of the spirits, a friend of the person who lent me the *Life of St. Catherine*. Her occult experiences far transcended mine in interest, and she came into the Church in a much more marvellous manner. She died a few years ago, after receiving the Sacraments, an undoubted instance of the perseverance of a former Spiritualist. I should like to relate many of the wonderful things she told me about her conversion, but space fails, so I will only say in passing that it would seem to have been chiefly the work of Jesuit and Franciscan martyrs, who appeared to her and taught her, she being utterly ignorant not only of the Catholic religion, but of any form of Christianity, though very desirous of truth at any price, and from whatever quarter. Her husband and some friends, impressed by these extraordinary manifestations, followed in her footsteps, and were also received in America—I believe by a Jesuit Father.

I have only been able, in this sketch, to furnish a few broad outlines of strange facts, which to some may seem startling, but which I hold to be less unusual than is ordinarily supposed, for God is very good to souls who seek Him. A. E. W.

The Value of a Savings Bank Deposit.

This incident, told in a St. Louis newspaper, shows how a small sum, deposited where it will draw a moderate rate of interest, will accumulate in the course of years. It ought to convey a lesson to young persons who think their savings are too small to be worth investing.

Some years ago a man entered the Boatmen's Savings Bank, on Second street, in St. Louis, with a somewhat diffident air, and looked inquiringly about him, as one not quite positive of his bearings. He scrutinized the building closely, looked about the interior, and presently found his way to the cashier's desk.

"There used to be a bank here in the old times," he said, "called the Boatmen's Savings Institution. I suppose it is dead long ago. This bank, of course, has nothing to do with it."

"It is the same bank," replied the cashier, "only the name is a little changed."

"Ah!" exclaimed the stranger, with surprise. "Well, when the old institution started, I was one of the first depositors; but I put in only \$100. I reckon, after so many ups and downs, that I must have wiped out long ago."

"Who are you?" the cashier asked, "and what is your name?"

"My name is Jeffries."

"Thomas Jeffries?" cried the cashier.

"Yes, they called me Tom, then."

"Where have you been, Mr. Jeffries, these long years, and why haven't you written us?"

"In California; and, of course, I thought the \$100 was a dead duck, and it's only your sign that called me now."

"Well, Mr. Jeffries, if you have been idle," said the cashier, "your \$100 has not. Here it is. Your check on this bank to-day is good for \$7,875. You have only to get some one to prove your identity, and we will pay it over."

If instead of a gem, or even a flower, we could cast the gift of a noble thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as God's angels must give.—G. MacDonald.

A FEW TRUTHS.

By ELIA WILLARD ROWELL.

The following is a very able reply to an attack made upon the Church by "An Apostle of Reason."

When I read the paper upon "Instinct, Inspiration and Reason," I became aware that the writer was an experienced polemic, and my impression is unchanged after listening to his dissertation in reply to my brief plea in favor of the Church. Acknowledging myself a novice in controversy, I am strong in the sincerity of my belief, and can not sit placidly by with folded hands and hear the Church of my adoption calumniated. The object I had in answering you was not so much to open a discussion as to correct your statement that "the Church is a pro-mental slavery institution," and to open your eyes to the fact that the terrible tales of the cruelties and persecutions of the Catholic Church so current among Protestants are falsities—untruths which have been invented for the purpose of deceiving the people as to the true teachings of that Church—to show you that her record is not filled with crimes of intolerance, but, when read with clear eyes, and not through glasses colored with prejudice, shows many a clean, bright page, and very few that are stained with blood. I have many near friends who are devout worshippers of the god of Reason; and knowing this you will not think me capable of judging you harshly, or of even daring to judge you at all, and as you pardoned my presumption in taking up the weapon you throw at the feet of another, I trust you may overlook what may seem like personal feeling, but which is, in reality, my unfortunate manner of expression.

When you tell me you "do not deny there is good in the Roman Catholic Church," you say it as if there was a very small diamond hidden away in a chest somewhere in a garret. The chest is so thickly covered with the dust of ages in truth, has been so long neglected as to be entirely forgotten by the present occupants of the house, and, withal, the jewel is so small, and there is required so much exertion to find it, that it is not worth the trouble to institute a search, inasmuch as there are, you believe, finer qualities of the gem, more brilliant and larger specimens lying nearer at hand.

It is a source of wonder to me how, with the long track of light that has marked its course through the world, how with the softening, refining and moralizing influences that have emanated from its teachings, there can be found those who, unbiased by the opinions of others, do not recognize how very much civilization owes to the Church of Rome. I most emphatically deny that the Roman Church keeps her members in ignorance and superstition. The long list of brilliant names that stand at the head of the world's scholars are, with very few exceptions, adherents to the Roman Church. The invention of the telescope, barometer, thermometer; the discoveries of the solar system, rotundity and motion of the earth, and galvanism, with numerous other inventions and discoveries, show us that Catholics were allowed to think, not only for themselves, but the whole world.

The Catholic Church has encouraged the cultivation of the fine arts to the extent that her painters, sculptors and musicians are unexcelled. They may have exerted their highest powers to adorn her Cathedrals, but their work has never been equalled. At the present day, with all their "intelligent reasoning," artists, with the experience of others before them, are but as pigmies in comparison with Raphael, Leona da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Correggio, Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin, and the many who flourished under

the patronage of the Church. The magnificent cathedrals and palaces in Europe attest to the perfection, architecture attained during the Middle Ages, and in America the superiority of Catholic edifices is too well known to need comment.

Your statements would lead one to the conclusion that the path to the light, through the Church, is so dark and tortuous that only the few strongest minds have the power to push their way into it. I think you are mistaken, for I find nothing in history that confirms such a statement. Instead, there seems to be a superabundance of keen, intellectual, thinking men—men whose minds were not dwarfed by superstition, but whose abilities were recognized and nurtured by the Church, and whose influence is felt at the present day. Among such men are Pascal, Dante, Bossuet, Cardinal de Richelieu, Cardinal Mazarin and the Abbot of Clairvaux. You certainly will not deny that Catholic priests, and particularly the Jesuits, are the most thoroughly educated clergymen in the Christian Church; and I have never heard of an instance, where any one had a desire for knowledge, that obstacles were placed in their way.

It is true that an Index Expurgatorius exists, but I have never known of a Church or moral family where there was none. It is true that the ignorant masses of humanity (the poor laboring people) in a great majority belong to our Church. She is their mother. She is all that they know of any higher, holier feeling than what animates many a dumb brute; yet the Church, recognizing in them the soul of God, that was breathed into their nostrils just the same as into the nostrils of the most powerful monarch, takes them in, nourishes them with her sacraments, and is to them what a mother is to her child.

Who were the masses that made up the Commune of Paris? Who are the men of our own day and country that make up the mobs in any uprising of the people? They are ignorant people who, under the leadership of those who are far superior to them in intelligence, so influence them, with the well told tales of slavery and oppression, that, for the time being, they throw off the power of the Church, and become, as you rightly expressed it, "the counterparts of wild beasts." Such need a teacher and guide, and such are the Church and her priests. The Church is the only power that can keep in check the terrible vices that the growth of centuries has given in Herculean power, to the ignorant and criminal portion of humanity. She is the only teacher that can develop their sense of right and wrong, and the only one that does.

When a person is capable of doing right, because they and the world are better for it—when they can sacrifice a life of happiness for the benefit of others, they can, I believe, live a moral life out of the Church, but, until they can do so, it would be as much folly to remove the Church as to cast a babe into the sea expecting it to save itself. Before a person is capable of standing alone without the help of the Church, they must be able to do right from no other motive than that it is right—for no other reward than that of a clear conscience and a knowledge of their own self-respect. A person who does not realize the duty he owes to God and his neighbor, one who does right through fear of consequences, or in hope of a reward, is not the person to take out of the Church and away from his priest. He must first be taught to do right, expecting no manifestation of the Deity's approbation—no approval from his fellow-man, no reward other than the inward conviction that he has not dishonored his own soul. While this may be sufficient recompense for one with a deep conception of morality and life,

yet there are thousands in every Church whose only idea of the sin of morality is the heinous offence of being found out. Such need a teacher, a guide, and such are the Church and her priests.

Your great sympathy with the Roman Catholic priesthood, in their state of celibacy, is a compliment, not only to Mrs. Bladworth, but to all of our sex. It shows you appreciate us. I thank you for it, and I presume the Church would also understand and commend your motive for a reform in that particular, but undoubtedly her reasons for requiring of the postulants for the priesthood the vow of chastity are very strong and good ones, also it would not ask it of them. St. Paul certainly did not approve of marriage; he chose it as the lesser of two evils. He says: "For I would that all men were even as I myself,"—"It is good for them if they abide even as I"—and then, as if giving his reasons, he says: "He that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife." And, from the remotest times it has been held and taught as a truth that a special sanctity accompanied the state of celibacy. So you will understand the Church did not "usurp the authority" to make this one of the requirements of her clergymen. It cannot be because she does not honour marriage, it must be that it finds a single life more conducive to holiness. There is no body, political or religious, that so deeply respects the marriage vows as the Roman Catholic Church. It teaches that marriage is a sacrament—that the marriage state is one not to be entered into lightly and thoughtlessly, but with due deliberation and a clear understanding of its object and duties, and that when made, the marriage vows are inviolable.

A priest without a wife can go wherever he is called. If it is to minister to those ill with malignant and contagious diseases, he is there; if duty calls him to preach the gospel in foreign lands he can go conscientiously, knowing he is not endangering or neglecting lives entrusted to his care. How many ministers are kept from doing a good work among the sick and poor by a nervous, fretful wife you can judge from your own observation. How many are hampered by poverty and cannot fitly educate and bring up the children they have been the means of bringing into the world you can see for yourself in any country town. I appreciate the power of a good, sweet woman, but I think there are places and times when both men and women can do the work of God, as missionaries, priests and nurses, far better in the unmarried state. A priest has no wife or family to call him away from his work. It is true that he may have the same capacity for loving them, he may feel the same desire for a loving wife and dear little children as those who marry; but he knows he cannot so well perform his duties with them, and he finds his wife in his Church, his children in his parishioners. His zeal is for the promotion of his faith and Christ's work, instead of being exerted towards pacifying a wife and clothing a family.

Protestants speak of the immorality celibacy causes! Does it produce that result among unmarried Protestants? I have heard single ladies make the remark to me. They would have felt justly indignant if I had suggested the same thing of themselves. Yet I fail to see any point of difference. Is it possible that you think marriage has not been dishonored out of the Church? With the reign of your god, Reason, has come an absolute disregard of all laws respecting the marriage state, excepting those of inclination. When such utter negligence of duty to God and each other becomes manifested in the marriage state, as we see it in everyday life, it

is time to ask the cause that could produce such a result. I charge it to the apostles of Reason, who, in their zeal for the overthrow of what they believe to be a slavery, have opened the door to something worse. Men and women, forgetting their duty to a Higher Power, over-stepped the threshold of the Church, and, finding no restraint upon themselves, have been led away by their passions, and brought dishonor upon what was meant to be honorable and holy.

I wish to correct you when you say that I deny that the cruelties and horrors of the Inquisition were perpetrated by that tribunal." I said that no Catholic will attempt to deny the atrocities committed in the name of the Church during the 15th and 16th centuries, but they do deny that the appalling list of crimes, handed down to us from the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, were committed with the sanction of the Church. The Inquisition was a State Institution. The King, Ferdinand V., through his greed for gold, and, Isabella, the Queen, through pious fanaticism and over-persuaded by her consort, solicited the establishment of the Inquisition. Quoting from the article "Inquisition" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*: "The war of Louis XIV. against freedom of opinion was not more distinctly political than that of the two monarchs, although his machinery was more civil and military than theirs. It was a political tribunal, and as such persecuted, tortured and executed bishop, priest and lay. His Holiness, Sixtus IV., and other Pontiffs protested against the severity of the punishments, and, as I before stated, the Roman Inquisition, which has always existed hand in hand with the Church, has never been known to cause a capital punishment for the crime of heresy.

In Spain, under the sovereignty of Ferdinand and Isabella, thousands were, I suppose, put to the most excruciating tortures, and died the most horrible deaths. It was fully charged to the Church; and although I have no doubt many a zealous priest incited the uprooting of heresies, we must not forget that at that period of the world's history human life was the price demanded for the most trivial offences. The pages of the history of Catholicism were then stained with blood; but the crimes have been cruelly exaggerated, and now ones maliciously invented.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Perversion of the Word Creole

A creole, strictly speaking is any person born in this country or the West Indies of European ancestors; also any person born in or near the tropics, and this is the sense in which the word is usually employed. The use of the word, however, has been by some restricted first to children of foreign parents born in Louisiana, and, second, to children of Spanish or French parents born in Louisiana, and then, in the north, the word has been perverted, so that it is believed to imply some strain of negro blood in a person to whom it is applied. It does not imply anything of the sort.

Don't buy a blood-purifier because it is "cheap." The best—the Superior Medicine—Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is, in the end, the cheapest blood-purifier in the market. The ingredients of which it is composed are the most expensive and medicinally efficacious that can be obtained.

Deep feeling is altogether inconsistent with habitual jesting. Indeed we may gauge not only the emotions, but the whole mental capacity at once, by this fondness for ridicule; and, when found, it will always prove that capacity to be limited. *Trist.*

In such writings and sayings (of the great painters) as we now possess, we may trace a quite curious gentleness and serene courtesy. Ruben's letters are almost ludicrous in their unharried politeness. Reynolds, swiftest of painters, was gentlest of companions; so also Velasquez, Titian and Veronese.—*Ruskin, Modern Painters, V.*

Pic-Nics.

ST. PAUL'S.

Many were the disappointed and drenched excursionists and picnic parties on Monday night. For six weeks the ladies of St. Paul's parish had been working constantly for their annual picnic on the Civic Holiday. Everything was in excellent condition for an evening's enjoyment and a harvest of shekels, when Jupiter Pluvius interposed his unwelcome attentions. The ladies' flower table, under the able superintendence of the Misses Dunn and Rigney, was a veritable fairy scene; the Misses Mallon and Hibbit were prepared to cater to the most recherché tastes of an unlimited number of Epicureans. The Sodallate and Holy Family made a gorgeous display of choice edibles; but just when the hour—two o'clock—for business arrived, the rain commenced to pour down in torrents. Some of the ladies retired to the Chapel, they lighted candle tapers before shrines; but still the rain went on, and the picnic was drowned.

Not to be balked, the Committee of ladies and gentlemen got together and decided to run the programme of sports and entertainment off on Saturday afternoon on the House of Providence Grounds. The Committee expect to surprise the pastor and priests of St. Paul's, who are on retreat, with the magnitude of the success of their efforts. They invite all the friends of Old St. Paul's to the House of Providence Grounds on Saturday afternoon.

ST. HELEN'S.

A similar disappointment took place in the western parish of the city, where ample preparation had been made for an unusually successful picnic. It was all of no avail—the weather, the only article which could not be adjusted, was left in the hope that the heat would continue for one day longer, and then the good people would not care so much. The morning gave fair hopes, but there was a hollowness in the sky and a heaviness in the air which gave most unfavorable signs. At the hour when least desired, when the programme was about to be opened, down came the rain, which developed into a storm of twenty hours. Storms do not daunt the courageous parishioners of St. Helen's. They promptly adjourned the picnic till Saturday next, the 2nd instant, when they hope to have finer weather, and to welcome a large number of visitors who may wish to enjoy themselves and to advance a good cause.

RICHMOND HILL.

What was a promising and pleasant picnic was ruthlessly broken up Monday afternoon by the elements. The picnic was under the auspices of the Richmond Hill Roman Catholic Church, and was designed to raise sufficient money wherewith to begin the erection of a new brick church in place of the old frame structure now occupied by the congregation. Full advantage was taken of the Civic Holiday, adequate means of communication were ensured and an attractive programme of sports prepared. The crowd attracted was large, there being from 1,000 to 1,500 people in attendance, besides the inhabitants of the place. The outset was excellent, and a hotly contested lacrosse match between Richmond Hill and Newmarket resulted in a victory for Newmarket by one goal to none. But about 2.30 the rain, which had been threatening since noon, fell in torrents, and drove every one off the grounds. It rained steadily for the rest of the day, and the races and other sports had to be declared off, the picnic practically ceasing. It was, however, fortunately, a financial success, from \$700 to \$800 being realized. Rev. Father McMahon, the pastor, had charge of the picnic, and was ably assisted by Rev. Father Morris of Newmarket, and Rev. Father Teefe of Toronto. The Richmond Hill Brass Band contributed much to the pleasure of the occasion. Globe.

Ancient Order of Hibernians.

Since the establishment of Division No. 3, A.O.H., no more pleasing incident occurred than that which took place on Thursday evening, August 17th, on the occasion of the retiring from the office of Treasurer of Bro. Daniel Madden, when he was presented by the Division, with a beautiful marble clock. The presentation was made by Bro. Wm. Moore, his successor in office; and the speech was delivered by Bro. Hugh McCaffrey, County Delegate, which was substantially as follows:

Bro. Madden—It is a source of very great pleasure to me this evening, on behalf of this Division, to bear testimony to the high regard in which you are held by us all, for your scrupulous integrity and the unswerving fidelity with which you have filled the most responsible office of Treasurer for the past two years. You have always, in season and out of season, been foremost in advancing all our undertakings for the well-being of our noble Order, and for placing it here in the same enviable position which it occupies elsewhere—the leading organization of the Irish race. We cannot, if we would, overlook the fact, that to your watchfulness and care, your regular attendance at all our meetings and strict surveillance over all expenditures, is largely if not wholly due to the splendid financial position of

our Division to-day. Nor can we allow this opportunity to pass by, without evincing, however trifling, our appreciation of your excellent qualities of head and heart—as a man, a Hibernian and a friend—and therefore beg your acceptance of this marble clock. Intrinsic value of but little value, still, in after years, it may serve to remind you of old friends, and the good-fellowship subsisting in Division No. 3, Ancient Order of Hibernians of Toronto. And when the winter of life shall have crept over you, how sweet to think that those friends, in whose service you gave so much of your time and talents in your early manhood, still hold you in affectionate remembrance. We pray the Giver of all good to grant you and your amiable wife and family long life, prosperity and happiness.

Bro. Madden was much affected during the recital, at the conclusion of which he made a very neat little speech; thanking the officers and members for their handsome gift, the value of which, he said, was enhanced a hundred fold by the kind and generous sentiments by which it had been accompanied.

The President, Bro. Daniel Glynn also made a few remarks, complimenting Bro. Madden on his tact and ability while in office, after which patriotic songs were sung by some of the members; and thus was brought to a close by the singing of "God Save Ireland" one of the most successful and enjoyable meetings of Division 3.

GEO. J. OWENS, Secretary.

Clerical Notes.

His Grace the Archbishop, with nearly all secular priests of the Diocese, is presiding over the spiritual retreat which is held this week in St. Michael's College. The spiritual exercises are conducted by the Rev. Father Charaux, S. J., Superior of the Jesuit Novitiate at Sault-au-Rcollet, near Montreal.

At the annual retreat of the Basilians last week the following changes were announced amongst the priests: Father Aboulin, who for twenty three years had charge of the parish of Sandwich, comes to Toronto to be Superior of the Novitiate. Father Hayes also leaves Sandwich to be Assistant Superior in the Novitiate and to have charge of the parish attached. Father Shaughnessy, who has been teaching in Assumption College, Sandwich, is to be on the staff of St. Michael's College. Father Aboulin's position at Sandwich is to be filled by Father Semande.

C. M. B. A.

Office of the Grand President of the Grand Council C. M. B. A. of Canada, Brockville, Ont., Aug. 29, 1893.

BROTHERS—I am desirous of calling your attention to the following section of the new Constitution, and to advise you that no attention must be paid to appeals which have not the sanction of the Board of Trustees of this Grand Council:

Sec. 77. No appeals from a branch for charity or donations shall be considered by another branch of this Association without first having received the approval and endorsement of the Board of Trustees of this Council. Any branch violating the provisions of this section shall be fined the sum of \$25; the same to be collected by the Grand Secretary. Yours fraternally, O. K. FRASER.

League of the Cross.

St. Paul's Sodality of the League of the Cross met on Sunday afternoon in their hall on Power street. The total abstinence pledge was administered to two applicants for membership by the Rev. Father Hand, who delivered a short address to the members present. Committees were appointed to make arrangements to open a reading room, where members may pass the evenings in innocent amusements. Steps were also taken in the matter of naming organizers to start branches of the League in all the parishes of the city. The fall and winter meetings will be made very interesting. Commencing with Sunday next, a fine programme will be presented each Sunday. Everybody made welcome.

Obituary.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. James Brennan, Manager of the Toronto Branch of Messrs. Sadler's book-store on Church street. The illness which carried him off was a third attack of typhoid fever. The deceased was Secretary of St. Paul's Branch of the C.M.B.A. He was buried from St. Paul's Church on Tuesday last. Mr. Brennan's attention to business, and his amiability towards all, made him a general favourite. May his soul rest in peace.

On the morning of August 7th, the body of boatman Paul, who was drowned with Miss Kirtland, off the county Down coast, at Annalong, was washed ashore near Newcastle, at a place known as the Bloody Bridge.

TAXES, 1893



WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 6th. MONDAY, OCT. 2nd. WEDNESDAY, NOV. 1st.

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to a by-law No. 3, 1893, passed on the 6th day of July, that provision is therein made for the payment of taxes for the current year in the manner following, that is to say:

(1) The taxes for the year 1893 shall be payable on the day of the passing hereof, subject nevertheless to extension of time being given in the interest and convenience of the ratepayers, for the collection of the same by instalments or otherwise, and on the days and times hereinafter mentioned.

(2) Items of general taxation less than ten dollars, and for Statute Labor, shall not be sub-divided, but shall be payable on Wednesday, the 6th day of September, 1893, the day named for the collection of the first instalment of divisible taxation.

(3) Rates of assessments under the head of, or as Local Improvements, shall be payable on Monday, the 2nd day of October, 1893, unless the same become payable upon default, as hereinafter provided.

(4) The payment of all other taxes for 1893, save and except items thereof less than ten dollars, and for Statute Labor, and rates of assessments under the head of, or as Local Improvements, as in the preceding sections mentioned, may be deferred and collected by instalments, payable as hereinafter provided.

(5) A sub-division of each item of taxation save and except items less than ten dollars, and for Statute Labor, and rates of assessments under the head of, or as Local Improvements, as aforesaid, shall be made into two instalments, in manner following, that is to say: the first instalment, which may be paid on or before the said 6th day of September next, shall consist of one half of the total amount, together with any broken sum or fraction in the sub-division of the same added thereto so as to leave a residue, without any broken sum or fractional part of a dollar, which upon punctual payment of the first instalment and local improvement rates, may be paid on or before the first day of November next, as hereinafter provided.

(6) The payment of all taxes may be made to the City Treasurer at his office in the City Hall, or such place or places as he may appoint, or to the Collectors of Taxes of the said City, at the times and places hereinafter provided.

(7) The payment of taxes under the second section of this by-law may be made, as provided in the preceding section, at any time on or before the 6th day of September next, without any addition thereto.

(8) The payment of taxes under the third section of this by-law may be made, as provided in the sixth section hereof, at any time on or before the 2nd day of October next, without any addition thereto, unless the same becomes payable in default, as hereinafter provided.

(9) The payment of taxes under the fourth section of this by-law may be made, as provided in section six hereof, at any time on or before the dates mentioned in section five without any addition thereto, unless the same, or any part thereof becomes payable upon default, as hereinafter provided.

(10) On the punctual payment of the first instalment on or before the 6th day of September next, but not otherwise, an extension of time may be given for the payment of the second instalment, or local improvement rates, to the 2nd day of October next, and on the punctual payment of the second instalment, or local improvement rates, on or before the 2nd day of October next, but not otherwise, an extension of time may be given for the payment of the third instalment, being the second portion of the taxes mentioned in section four hereof, to the 1st day of November next.

(11) An addition of five per cent shall be made to every tax, rate or assessment or any part or instalment thereof remaining unpaid after any of the dates named for payment thereof and being the actual instalment or instalments then in default, and it shall be the duty of the Collectors appointed for the year, immediately after the several days named for payment as aforesaid, to collect at once by distress or otherwise, under the provisions of the Statutes in that behalf, all such taxes or instalments of taxes, rates and assessments, or any part thereof, as have not been paid on or before the said several days named for payment as aforesaid, together with the said percentage charge of five per cent upon the amount in default of every unpaid tax, rate or assessment.

(12) Ratepayers who may not desire to avail themselves of the principle of divisional payment, but prefer paying their taxes in bulk on or before the 6th day of September next, shall upon such payment in bulk on or before the said day, be entitled to a reduction of one and one-half per cent on the payment of the instalments which might be deferred to the 2nd day of October and 1st day of November next respectively.

(13) Ratepayers who prefer in paying the rates mentioned in section three hereof to also pay the taxes payable on the 1st day of November next on or before the 2nd day of October next, shall be entitled thereupon to a reduction of one per cent on those rates the payment of which might be deferred to the 1st day of November next.

Collectors can be called upon at their several residences, which are situate as under, at any reasonable hour, previous or subsequent to the hours named for attendance at the public offices, and the Sr. LAWRENCE, ST. ANDREW'S, ST. PAUL'S, ST. MARK'S and ST. ALBAN'S HALLS, will be open as their public receiving offices as under, in which the collections will be taken from 9 till 1 and 2 till 5 o'clock, for 4 days preceding the said 6th day of September, 2nd day of October, and 1st day of November, and to the hour of 7 o'clock p.m. on the last mentioned days, of which all ratepayers are required to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

Table with 4 columns: WARD, COLLECTORS, RESIDENCES AND PRIVATE OFFICES, PUBLIC OFFICES. Lists ward numbers, collector names, addresses, and public office locations.

Or payment may be made at the City Treasurer's Office, City Hall.

Cheques tendered in payment of taxes must be "marked," and made payable to Ward Collector or City Treasurer.

Ratepayers are further reminded of the comfort and convenience to themselves and all concerned resulting from early payment, and not waiting until the last days, when there is always a large number of parties attending.

R. T. COADY, City Treasurer.

TREASURER'S OFFICE, City Hall, 16th August, 1893.

Pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

The pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupre under the direction of Rev. Father Casey, Campbellford, required two special trains of nineteen cars, including three Pullmans. The pilgrims arrived at Ste. Anne's 9 o'clock, a.m. Immediately a votive High Mass in honor of Ste. Anne was celebrated by Rev. Father Scollard, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterborough, and Chancellor of the Diocese, at which most of the pilgrims received communion. Other Masses followed. At 2.30 p.m. the Redemptorist Fathers had a special service for the Ontario pilgrims, with English sermon by Rev. Father Quinn, C.S.S.R.; and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given by Father Casey, assisted by Rev. Fathers McCloskey of Brighton, and Scanlon of Lindsay. This was followed by veneration of the precious relics of Ste. Anne.

Towards evening a pilgrimage arrived from Three Rivers, Que., for whom a similar service was held.

Next morning Masses began at five and continued till eight o'clock, when a procession was formed by the members of both pilgrimages, and proceeded around the square in front of the Church. The relic received last year, enclosed in a beautiful golden reliquary, was borne by four priests. The sacred chants, in which all took part, were truly devotional and edifying. Before leaving, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was again given, and the pleasing chimes of Ste. Anne de Beaupre sounded a farewell as the majority of the pilgrims were leaving the holy shrine with regret, and with the hope of returning next year.

This pilgrimage was blessed with many privileges. Not only were all helped by special graces, but many were relieved from their infirmities. A wonderful and astounding

miracle rewarded the faith and devotion of the pilgrims, and testified to the power of Ste. Anne before God. Mrs. Turner of Lindsay parish, who had to be helped in and out of the cars, and whose helplessness and evident suffering, was such as to lead many to say: "How foolish to allow so helpless a creature to come so far." But in this case the foolishness of men is the wisdom of God, who makes use of the weak to confound the strong. This woman after confession, was before the statue, as she says, giving thanks to God and Ste. Anne that the burden of her sins had been removed, when all at once she felt relieved. She raised her hands in thanksgiving; the crutches fell from her, and she was able to walk. Every eye was filled with tears, and thanksgivings rose from every heart to the good Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

Father Casey is to be congratulated on the success of his pilgrimage.

CAMPBELLFORD.

Personal.

We were very much pleased to have a call from a leading Catholic member of the Bar in the Province of British Columbia, L. G. McPhillips, Esq., Q.C. Mr. McPhillips, who was born in the County of York, studied law in Winnipeg, where he practised for a time. He then removed to Vancouver, where his talent, industry and earnestness are deservedly advancing our young friend to the front rank.

Mr. W. J. O'Donnell, J.P., who represented Castle Ward, Limerick, for the past six years, has sent in his resignation as Town Councillor. Mr. J. P. McNamara, P. L.G., is mentioned as the probable candidate in the Rodmonte interest.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Father Villiger's Account of His Visit to the Holy Land.

Where did the Blessed Virgin die? Where was she buried? These questions have been often asked. During my recent pilgrimage to the Holy Land, I diligently gathered many local traditions that have been handed down for centuries. I was astonished and greatly edified (writes Rev. Burcharth Villiger, S.J., in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*) to learn of the tenacity with which Christians in the East cling to the traditions which date back to the early days of the Church. Historical sites are pointed out to us on mountains or on the slopes of certain hills, on the roadsides or in the valley, or in caves. Not infrequently these sites are marked by heaps of stones, or by carvings in the rocks—the sign of the Cross is of frequent occurrence—or by stones set in the top of a wall. When parents bring their children to these spots they relate to them all the events for which the place is memorable, and thus historical events are made known and the record of them handed down from generation to generation.

After the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles, St. John the Evangelist left Jerusalem with our Lady and went to live in Ephesus. Our Lady's life at Ephesus and the preaching of St. John wrought many wonderful conversions. It is said that the first community of Christian virgins was established by the Blessed Virgin in that city. During her stay there, St. James was beheaded on Mt. Simon, St. Peter was delivered from prison by an angel, and Herod, the tetrarch, was punished by death for having allowed divine honors to be paid him. St. Paul and St. Barnabas were preaching with great fruit in the cities of Asia during this time. St. Luke speaks of their labors at Antioch, Lystra, Pergem and other places in Asia Minor.

After his deliverance from prison, St. Peter had left Jerusalem to escape the fury of his enemies, the Jews. While he was absent, disputes arose in Jerusalem and Antioch regarding the observance of the Mosaic law, and its imposition upon Gentile converts to Christianity. The head of the Apostolic college convened a council and designated Jerusalem as the place in which its sessions were to be held. St. Peter sent word to our Lady and St. John and asked them to return to the Holy City for the consolation of the faithful.

Our Lady returned from Ephesus to be present at the Council; after it was over she remained in Jerusalem until her death. Our reasons for admitting that our Lady and was buried in the Holy City are these:

1. The honor paid her tomb by the various schismatics of the East, all of whom celebrate in their liturgies, the death, burial and Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

2. Within the Cenaculum on Mt. Sion, a small chapel, now with the rest of the buildings in possession of the Turks, is pointed out by an uninterrupted tradition as the place where St. John said Mass daily during our Lady's lifetime and gave her Holy Communion.

3. The Greek authors testify to the existence of the tradition that our Lady died in Jerusalem. St. John Damascen and Andrew of Crete expressly state that the Blessed Virgin lived on Mt. Sion; that her house was afterward changed into a chapel; that she died in the presence of the Apostles and disciples; that her body was carried out by the Apostles into Gethsemani, that she was assumed into Heaven, body and soul; and her tomb was honored in their day by the concourse of all nations.

Regarding the claims of Ephesus this negative testimony may be cited:

Polykrates, writing to Pope Victor concerning the glories of the Church of Ephesus, is silent with regard to the death and burial of our Lady. This silence can be accounted for only by the fact that the Church of Ephesus possessed no traditions regarding these events.

When in the fifth century, the Empress St. Pulcheria wrote to Juvenal, Bishop of Jerusalem, asking for relics of the Blessed Virgin, he answered: "We can show you our Lady's grave in Gethsemani, but it is empty, for you should know that she was assumed into Heaven." He told the Empress also that he had opened the tomb and had found some vestments and wrappings in which the body had been buried, these he sent her as the only relics he had to give.

To all these testimonies is to be added the local tradition that identifies our Lady's tomb to-day, as it did in the days of the Emperor Constantine when St. Helena, his mother, built a church over the tomb. Portions of this church survived the destruction wrought by Mahomet's officers when they captured the Holy City; "the masonry of St. Helena's work intermixed with the more ornamental architecture of the Crusaders," is still visible in the porch by which entrance is gained to the tomb.

Many beautiful traditions concerning our Lady's death and burial, are still preserved in the Holy Land, and are recorded by the early Fathers and historians of the Church. These traditions tell us that the Angel Gabriel was sent to announce to our Lady the tidings that the days of her exile had drawn to a close and that she was to be united again to her divine Son. The angel presented her with a palm-branch in token of her triumph, gained by crushing the serpent's head.

As of old, when the message of the Incarnation was brought to her, so now too, the humble Virgin answered: *Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to thy word.*

Then, when the heavenly host that accompanied Gabriel had departed, Mary told St. John, the son whom Jesus had given her from His Cross, and St. John informed the Christians of Jerusalem that the Mother of the Church was to be taken from them.

All the Apostles, except St. Thomas, were gathered in Jerusalem to be present at our Lady's death. We are told that the humble Virgin knelt to receive the blessing and to kiss the feet of these Princes of Christ's Church. After this she consoled the faithful who bemoaned their loss, and promised them her aid in Heaven. Then, when the moment of her departure had arrived, her divine Son came himself to summon her. Bowing her head she repeated His words: *Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit and breathed forth her soul into the hands of her Creator. "Her death," St. John Damascen tells us, "was painless. . . . it was caused by the vehemence of her love whose transports human nature could no longer sustain."*

The heavenly song of the angels that came to receive the soul of their Queen, was heard by all those who were present at her death, although the hosts of the Blessed were not themselves visible. During the time that elapsed between the death of our Lady and her burial, the angels continued their song of triumph. The Apostles joined in the sad strain and reverently kissed the feet of the blessed body that had been the tabernacle of the Incarnate God. The Fathers tell us, following in this the ancient traditions, that many of those who were afflicted in body begged the privilege of venerating Mary's relics; their devotion was instantly rewarded, for the blind received their sight and the deaf their hearing, speech was restored to the dumb, and the power of motion given to those who were lame.

When the time for the funeral had come, the Apostles bore the sacred body of their Queen through the streets of the city. All the faithful accompanied them in procession, with lighted torches. A celestial perfume filled the air. When the funeral procession had reached the house of Caiphas, the Jews impeded its progress and insulted those who took part in it. One rabbi had the boldness to place his hands on the bier; the moment they touched it they were separated from his body and fell to the ground. Filled with terror he confessed his fault and begged pardon for it. St. Peter bade him bend down and bring his mutilated arms close to his hands, he did so and the hands were at once joined to the arms. St. John Damascen recounts this tradition and adds that the rabbi became a Christian.

When they had come to Gethsemani, the Apostles placed the body of our Lady in a rock-hewn tomb, the door of which they closed with a great stone. During the time following the burial, they kept watch at the tomb in turns, and the angels continued their heavenly songs about the resting place of their Queen.

At the end of three days, St. Thomas reached Jerusalem. Learning of our Lady's death and burial he besought the favor of a last look upon the face of Christ's Mother. The Apostles wished him to have this consolation and proceeded to the tomb. After praying before it they rolled away the stone, but in place of the body they had buried there they found only the linen clothes used for the burial. An exquisite odor filled the tomb with fragrance. They saw at once that no human power had removed the body while they kept watch at the tomb, and they understood that our Lord wished to preserve his Mother's body from corruption, and to honor it by a glorious life of immortality, before the day of the general resurrection. Thus St. John Damascen speaks and the Catholic Church confirms his words by inserting them in the Breviary Office during the octave of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

Following the route of the funeral procession, which bore our Lady's body to the tomb, we pass out by the eastern gate of the city and across the brook of Cedron, over the stone bridge, then turning to the left we see the entrance to a subterranean room in which is the tomb hewn out of a rock. The tomb is opposite the Garden of Gethsemani and near the Grotto of the Agony.

Few structures round Jerusalem can vie with the "Virgin's tomb." It is in the lowest part of the Valley of Jehosaphat. The facade of the building erected over the tomb was greyish white, the stone is worn by the lapse of time. Patriarchal olive trees surround the building which is Gothic in style, the facade, of course, is arched. The outer arch reaches to the top of the building. Within the deep recess of the inner arch is a spacious doorway with square architrave. Entering by this door we descend a magnificent flight of stone steps—49 in all, each step 14 feet wide. Half-way down we are shown two altars in a recess; these altars are built over the tombs of SS. Joachim and Anne, the father and mother of the Blessed Virgin. Two steps lower down on the right, is a similar recess which contains altars dedicated to St. Joseph and to the holy old man, Simeon, who received our Lord into His arms when He was presented in the temple.

Reaching the end of the staircase, we find ourselves in the chapel hewn in the solid rock. This chapel is 90 feet long and 24 feet wide. Looking towards the left we see a small altar which belongs to the Schismatic Copts. The ceiling is without ornament and is blackened by the smoke of the

hundred lamps that are lighted on feast days. On the right of the large chapel is a smaller one which contains the Blessed Virgin's tomb; the doorway opening into it was about four and a half feet high; the walls above and at the sides of the doorway are covered with rich tapestry. Bending our heads we enter and stand looking upon the spot where the Apostles entombed the body of Christ's Mother. The room in which we stand will contain six persons. Directly in front of us, at a height of about three feet, is the rock-cut tomb. The stone upon which the body rested is now arranged as an altar; the walls around are covered with costly hangings, many lamps burn night and day before the tomb. It is surmounted by a small cupola.

We kneel upon the spot in which the sacred body of the Mother of God reposed in death and we beg her powerful intercession. We ask her to obtain for us the favor sought by all who say the *Hail Mary*, the help of her prayers in life, and most of all, at the hour of our death. She was conceived and lived immaculate had no debt to discharge to death. Imitating her Divine Son in dying, she followed Him in rising from the tomb, and was by Him assumed into Heaven.

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Sadlier's Dominion Catholic First Reader, Part II	10	00
Sadlier's Dominion Catholic Second Reader	25	2 40
Sadlier's Dominion Catholic Third Reader	35	3 60
Sadlier's Dominion Catholic Fourth Reader	50	5 40
Sadlier's Outline of Canadian History, with colored map	25	2 40
Sadlier's Outline of English History, with colored map	25	2 40
Sadlier's Catholic School History of England, 5 colored maps	76	7 50
Sadlier's Ancient and Modern History, with illustrations and 23 colored maps	1 40	13 44
Sadlier's Edition of Butler's Catechism	06	40
Sadlier's Edition of Questions and Objections concerning Catholic Doctrine and practices answered by Most Rev. J. J. Lynch, D. D., late Archbishop of Toronto	10	60
Sadlier's Child's Catechism of Sacred History, Old Testament Part I	10	1 00
Sadlier's Child's Catechism of Sacred History, New Testament Part II	10	1 00
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Sadlier's Bible History (Schuster) Illustrated	60	4 80
Sadlier's Elementary Grammar, Black-board exercises	30	2 70
Sadlier's Edition of Grammar Elementary par E. Robert, Authorized by the Educational Department of Ontario	20	1 92

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No Cross, No Crown.

M. L. Stanton in *Albion's Constitution*.

I sometimes think when life seems drear
And gloom and darkness gather here—
When hope's bright star forsakes my skies
And sorrow o'er my pathway lies,
It would be sweet, if it could be lost
To fold my tired limbs and rest,
But then God sends an angel down
Who sweetly says: "No Cross, no Crown!"

Last night I heard the river moan
With sad and melancholy tone;
I saw its waters flushing free
And dashing headlong to the sea!
I would have plunged beneath its tide
And on its friendly bosom died,
But then God sends an angel down
Who whispered still: "No Cross, no Crown!"

I said: The world is dark and lone—
There is no hand to hold my own
I cannot bear the noonday heat,
The thorns so pierce my bleeding feet!
"Behold!" he cried, "where, so afflicted,
Shine the red, bleeding wounds of Christ!
And fill his tears of mercy down,
While still he said: "No Cross, no Crown!"

Then turned I from the river shore
And sought the lonely world once more;
With aching heart and burning head
To battle for my errand of bread!
But Hunger came, and ate my soul well,
And fainting by the way I fell,
But still the angel fluttering down,
And weeping said: "No Cross, no Crown!"

No Cross—no Crown! . . . As standing there,
The cross too heavily seemed to bear;
And for the crown—I could not see
That it was ever meant for me!
The words I could not understand,
Even while I pressed the angel's hand;
But still he looked with pity down,
And still he said: "No Cross, no Crown!"

Back to the world I turned again
To feel its grief, endure its pain—
But all the sweetest that it gave,
I followed weeping to the grave;
And from the cold and quiet sod
I lifted my sad eyes to God,
And saw the angel coming down,
And in his hands a golden crown.

Then I forgot my earthly loss
And kneeling lifted up the Cross;
Though all at once made life so sweet
Lay 'neath the lilies at my feet!
A radiance from the realm of Light,
Flash'd for a moment on my sight;
A still small voice came fluttering down—
"It is enough. Receive the Crown!"

An Old Irish Manuscript.

At a meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, held recently at the Academy House, Dublin, the Rev. J. H. Bernard, D. D., read a paper on "The Fragments of the Latin Gospels Contained in the Donnach Airgid." Dr. Bernard said the fragment of the Latin Gospel contained in the Donnach Airgid had been in the possession of the Royal Irish Academy for forty five years. It came into the possession of the Academy through Lord Rossmore, who bought it for £300 from Mr. George Smith, a Dublin bookseller, who obtained it from an old woman who lived in Fermanagh, its former possessor. When it became known that Lord Rossmore had possession of the Donnach Airgid a subscription was set on foot by members of the Academy and the manuscript was secured for their library in 1848. A paper by Dr. Petrie describing the manuscript, and the beautiful shrine which contained it, was printed in their transactions. In the paper it was suggested that the manuscript might have come down from St. Patrick, and this theory was adopted by O'Curry, and it had frequently been put forward since as if it were well established. In "Early Christian Art in Ireland" Miss Stokes, in her appendix put it at the head of the Irish manuscripts, and as its date gave 60 A. D., and in South's dictionary of the Bible, on O'Curry's and Petrie's authority, its date was given as the fifth or sixth century. First of all they should try to get some knowledge of the history of the case. It had been known for a long time in the County Fermanagh as the Donnach—the Donnach Airgid—or Silver Reliquary, and they had definite evidence from the inscription on the case to show that it was in Clones in possession of the See of Clogher, in the fourteenth century, and Petrie showed

that they could trace its history further back. But they were not justified in attributing it with certainty to be the age of St. Patrick. There was a possibility, and that was all. So much for the shrine.

They should next turn to its contents. No tradition associated the Donnach with any book whatever, and up to the year 1819 no suspicion whatever existed to the effect that it contained any manuscript at all. Indeed up to that time, and even later, its principal treasure was thought to be a lock of hair of the Blessed Virgin that it contained. No doubt the manuscript was there the whole time; but however the manuscript got into the shrine there was no evidence to show that the manuscript itself was associated with St. Patrick, or was ever given by him to the See of Clogher. They knew that the manuscript was in the possession of the See of Clogher since the fourteenth century, at least probably since the eleventh, possibly since the fifth. The date of the manuscript should be learned from the character of the writing and other internal evidences. Up to about a year ago not more than eleven pages could be examined—fragments of the Gospel of St. Matthew—because the other pages were so glued together from damp that they could not be attempted to be opened without great danger to the manuscript.

The manuscript consisted of four fascioli. The fascioli of which a portion has been opened, was part of the Gospel of St. Matthew and it was supposed as it turned out correctly that the remaining fascioli were concerned with the Gospels of Saints Mark, Luke and John. In 1832 Sir William Betham examined some of the Gospel of St. Matthew but it was not until 1891 that the rest of the book was able to be got at. Last October, when visiting the British Museum he (Dr. Bernard) consulted the librarian Mr. Morgan Thompson, as to how pages of vellum glued together by damp could be opened. He stated that it could not be done except by skilled and expert workmen, and with proper appliances, and in the most generous manner he offered to supervise the operation if the manuscript was entrusted to him. He (Dr. Bernard) reported this to their secretary Dr. Wright, and he took the matter in hand, and, having obtained the sanction of the British Museum last March. They had received back their three fascioli opened, and the leaves pressed flat, so that it was possible to read a large portion of the writing, but, as the manuscript was with the binder, it was not possible to exhibit it yet.

The book, no doubt, was one of about one hundred and fifty folios—it was difficult to state the date of the manuscript, from the form of the writing—it was probably not earlier than the eight century or the beginning of the ninth, and the scribe was both ignorant and careless. He (Dr. Bernard) had arrived at the following conclusions, and several excellent authorities had agreed with him: First, the shrine might be with some probability identified with the shrine in possession of the See of Clogher in the eleventh century, possibly earlier. Secondly, there was no evidence whatever to show that in early times the shrine contained a manuscript of any sort. Thirdly, the manuscript might be pronounced with confidence not to be as early as the days of St. Patrick—from the character of the writing and from the text of the Gospels which the scribe followed, and it might be assumed as extremely probable that it was an eighth or ninth century production.

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Then and Now.

There was a time when the truth and grace which went out from Canterbury and York cathedrals spread throughout the whole of England and bound it together in a perfect unity of faith and communion, of Christian intelligence and Christian charity. There was but one jurisdiction reigning over all the people of England, guiding them by a divine voice of changeless faith, and sanctifying them by the seven Sacraments of grace. But then the grand old churches were the majestic tabernacles of the World made Flesh. Jesus dwelt there in the Divine mystery of the Holy Eucharist. His presence radiated on every side, quickening, sustaining, upholding the perpetual unity of His nuptial body, the Church. But now the light of life has gone out of them. There is no Holy Sacrifice offered morning by morning. The Scriptures are read there, but there is no Divine teacher to interpret them. The Magnificat is chanted still, but it rolls along the empty roof, for Jesus is no longer on the altar. They stand like the open sepulchre, and we may believe that angels are there ever saying, "He is not here."

An Incident of the Scapular.

A short time since a young man was preparing to go on a fishing excursion. While dressing he thought he would leave off his scapulars, as the cord was considerably frayed. He mentioned the fact to his sister. She expostulated with him, and after a good deal of persuasion induced him to wear them. During the day the boat in which were the young man and his companion capsized. The companion could swim, but the other could not. The first named said he would bring him safe to the shore. He took a cramp, however, and went down to rise no more. Our young man was rescued after going down once or twice. When he was brought in and his clothing removed, it was found that although his apparel was soaked through and through the scapulars were perfectly dry. This was noted not by Catholics, but by Protestant rescuers. It is safe to say our young man will never think of leaving off the scapular again.

Lukewarm Souls.

Why does God, who is mercy itself, so detect the lukewarm? The reason is that the lukewarm soul is guilty before God of treachery, because it professes to be engaged in God's service whereas in reality it is but serving itself and the world; it does not wish to offend God mortally, yet repeatedly does so venially, without any remorse; it makes profession of following Christ, but without being willing to deny itself and take up the cross. It is guilty, moreover, of hypocrisy, because lukewarm souls, as a rule, outwardly appear and are looked upon as saints, whereas in reality they are far from being such. Tepid souls are therefore in a lamentable state, and the more so since they are not always fully aware of it; they have lulled themselves into a kind of spiritual lethargy, and nothing seems to effect them. In fact, it requires a strong grace to restore them to a state of fervor.

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It is the subtlest character that always keep something of the child in them.

Some things flower invisibly, and hide away their fruit under their foliage. It is shown only when the wind shakes their leaves down and strip the branches bare that we find the best that has been growing.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1893.

Calendar for the Week.

- Aug. 31—St. Raymond Nonnatus, Confessor.
 Sept. 1—St. Elizabeth of Portugal, Widow.
 2—St. Stephen, King and Confessor.
 3—Fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost. St. Philomena, Virgin and Martyr.
 4—St. Rose of Viterbo, Virgin.
 5—St. Laurence Justinian, Bishop and Confessor.
 6—St. Bernard, Confessor and Doctor (postponed from Aug. 20).

Philosophical Talks.

HAVE ANIMALS RIGHTS?

Among the many absurd arguments that seem to have influenced the majority vote of Saturday last, one was the "equal rights of the horse." So at least said a poster, thrust into our hands by a woman-anti, or an anti-woman, of Methodistical mien a few days before the vote was taken. At first sight we thought that "the equal rights of the horse" might mean that the rights of the horse are equal to those of the dog and the cat; but on reading further we found that the philosopher of the flaming document gave the poor working horse the same rights as the poor working man.

Really, when such things are said, and when we see cultured ladies lavish on pet dogs the affections they owe to their family, and when we read that, while hungry crowds clamored for bread in New York, Mrs. Vanderbilt was decorating her favorite poodle with a \$150 collar, it is time to hear what sound philosophy has to say about the so-called rights of animals.

Well, then, the only true philosophy has this to say: Animals have no rights. They have no rights because they are not persons, not self-conscious, not rational, not their own. Irrational animals are things, chattels, cattle; the property of man, to be used for his needs, profit, or pleasure. We can have no duties towards animals: not of religion, unless we worship them; nor of justice, unless we make them our equals; nor of charity, unless we make ourselves equal to them. Indeed there is a species of the grossest idolatry in the feminine fad of pet dogs and cats; and those who talk of the rights of the poor horse can justify themselves only on the Darwinian theory that men are monkeys. The poet of the poor man should sing now:

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where pets accumulate, and men decay."

But we seem to be rendering ourselves liable to condemnation, or even prosecution from the Humane Society. Do we mean to countenance cruelty to animals? What is cruelty? It is the wanton infliction of unnecessary and useless pain. The butcher is not cruel when he kills a sheep, nor is the biologist cruel when he practises vivisection on a rabbit in the interests of true medical science. The Humane Society is all right as long as it does not encourage hospitals for dis-

eased poodles and homes for dilapidated cats. Such institutions exist in New York City. If Methodist oldmaids continue to preach the poor horse doctrine such institutions may be seen in Toronto before we have Sunday cars.

The wanton infliction of pain upon animals is of course to be condemned. Not because animals have rights, but because man has reason—has a mind, and a heart in which reason is to rule and passion is to be kept in check. We may not agree with Dr. Johnson that:

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat;"

but we do say that a rider should have a care of his own temper when he mounts a mettlesome steed. Yet it is a mistake to think that those who are gentlest in the saddle, stable or dovecot, are always the meekest and kindest in the home.

It is not wanton cruelty to inflict pain on animals in sport, when the pain is not the sport itself, but only an incidental concomitant of an otherwise legitimate recreation or pleasure. It is not the pain but the play of the salmon that the genial son of Isaac Walton enjoys. It is only a Nero who will torture a fly for the mere pleasure of it. There may be some modern Neros. If so, we hand them over unhesitatingly to the tender mercies of the Humane Society. The practice of cruelty towards poor dumb brutes has of course a brutalizing effect on him who inflicts it, and on those who willingly witness the infliction, and so becomes a social crime liable to public punishment.

But it is a mistake to make cruelty to animals the great social crime, or to think that men can be made perfect by making them humane. We may indeed learn industry from the ant, and trustfulness in Providence from the birds of the air. But when the Master Himself would have us learn mercifulness He said: "Be you merciful as your heavenly Father is merciful."

The Mail on Archbishop Corrigan.

What the *Toronto Daily Mail* does not know about the Catholic Church and French Canadians is not worth knowing. Wiser and more infallible than the Pope himself, it hurls anathemas with more authority, and dogmatizes with less fear of contradiction. In its issue of the 21st it comments upon Archbishop Satolli's visit to New York, and referring to Archbishop Corrigan's sermon, says:

The submission of Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, to Monseigneur Satolli, and his speech the other day at St. Patrick's cathedral, in which he humbly and almost servilely disclaimed the possession of a wish or a thought that should not be laid at the feet of his spiritual superiors, mark an epoch in the history of the Church in the United States.

This is quite misleading. There was no unusual submission on the part of Archbishop Corrigan, for nothing had been done to call forth such a thing. Newspapers which ought to have known better—and in this respect they differ from the *Mail*—had used their columns for criticisms which were hurtful and for gossip which was without any foundation. The Archbishop of New York maintained a dignified silence, trusting that this course would do most good and would vindicate his own honor

before the only legitimate court. That time arrived when Mgr. Satolli the other day paid him a visit of courtesy—not an official one—not one in which the Delegate was to condemn either Archbishop Corrigan or his critics, but a visit which, when made, would do away with many of the imaginary difficulties that outsiders had heaped around the delicate relations and the various questions necessarily arising between a Papal Delegate and the Ordinary of the most important See in the United States. Archbishop Corrigan availed himself of the occasion to publicly vindicate his honor, not by entering upon any particular question—for the pulpit would have been the wrong place—but by calmly disclaiming the very thought of disloyalty. This he did with the same dignity he has maintained from the beginning. There was nothing servile about it: all was manly, upright and worthy of a good Archbishop. He said: "One who has enjoyed such advantages (those of studying at Rome) counts it no glory, but rather a humiliation, that it should ever become necessary for him to avow that the thought even of resisting the Holy Father's will, much more of disobeying his positive enactments, never found lodgment in his mind. More than this one cannot say. After the guilt of offending God a conscientious Bishop feels no wound more keenly than his faith be impugned or his oath called in question." What placing at the feet of Pops or Delegate of every wish and thought do these words contain? What servility do they betoken? They are the high-minded words of a man who loves his Church and his own honor.

What ecclesiastical epoch do they mark? Unless they are the sign of silence on the part of a large number of the gossip-mongers who have done their little utmost to make trouble, we can read no other. They mark an epoch in the life of Archbishop Corrigan, for his hour of trial must be well nigh past. In the history of the great American Church epochs are not so easily marked as that any one man's sermon can turn the clergy or the people far from the path of duty traced by faith and religious discipline. The ship may bend to the passing wave, but it turns not from its course. The only epoch we hope these words, and the occasion upon which they were spoken, mark, is one of better understanding, closer union and more prudent silence. It goes without saying that neither the Delegate's visit nor the Archbishop's sermon marks an epoch of despotism on the one hand or servility on the other such as appears to the distorted judgment of the *Toronto Mail*.

The Leakage of the Church.

The minutes of the annual general conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in England are deeply interesting by reason of the different papers which were read and the discussions held upon them afterwards. Amongst the subjects treated was the very important question of the leakage of the Church by one of the delegates, Mr. Story of Cardiff, Wales. The first cause of this falling away was according to this writer, that

Catholics, in seeking employments, were often drawn into districts in which there were no priests or schools—no means of keeping alive the flame within the heart. But a greater source of loss is in intemperance and the evil results which it produces, where poverty dwells in its most repellant form and where rage and filth make Catholic life next to impossible. The cure for these two causes was to be found in the zeal of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, whose members could, to a great extent, ameliorate the miserable condition of the lower classes. In the discussion which took place upon the paper it was considered that a great deal more good could be done by paying more attention to the young and less to the old. Young men's Societies and the League of the Cross found warm advocates, as best calculated to keep the young together. It was also considered very advantageous to place individual lads in the keeping of Catholic families.

The general question involved, as well as some of the solutions suggested, are not without their interest to this country. It is occasionally forced upon the most enthusiastic and hopeful that if the Church is increasing rapidly in America, undoubtedly large leakages have occurred, and are still occurring, to the serious loss of religion. How many families there are, some of whose relatives, father or mother, or perhaps both, were Catholic. In former generations this is so true that if all had been saved to the Church the Catholic population would be treble what it is. Has it, however, ceased? Is it not going on now? Not perhaps to the same extent; for the same causes do not exist. Priests are more numerous; Catholic schools have done a great deal, and a Catholic spirit has been cultivated, with increased instruction and a more intimate intercourse amongst the children of the Church. But there are causes, and very insidious causes, which still allure the young, the poor and the ignorant away from the faith. It must be so in communities in which society is non-catholic, in which the air we breathe is poisonous and the principles imbibed are unsound. What must be the effect upon the lower classes of our co-religionists whose early training did not fit them to stand up against the sneer of their fellow-workingman, or against the temptation which has its origin in an hereditary weakness? And then there is the evil of modern civilization in cities, against whose floods of intemperance and immorality all the barriers of religion are little better than heaps of sand against the incoming tide. The clergy do a great deal, and the school also; the zeal of the good religious produces its fruit—much remains to be done. More system and well organized charity are needed—The laity have much to do, not in providing alms only, but in such societies as that of St. Vincent de Paul the active co-operation will save many a soul which would otherwise perish. Prayer, temperance and Catholic education are the great weapons of defence for the protection of the young and the poor. They are in the hands of laymen as well as in those of the clergy. Both should work together, with the assumed confidence that if they cannot stop the leakage entirely they can do more to prevent that which is still producing severe havoc amongst souls in our cities.

Erasmus Smith's Schools.

Rev. Father David Humphreys, O.C., after a thorough searching and examination of the original documents has discovered that for years, ay even for more than two centuries Catholic tenants, on several large estates in Ireland, have been systematically robbed of large sums of money bequeathed to them for the education of their children. All the tenants on the Smith-Barry Estates, Co. Tipperary, and the Lord Derby reservations in Limerick, besides those living in the Barony of Dunluce in the County of Antrim, and upon estates in the County Galway, were included in the last will and testament of Erasmus Smith, Alderman of the city of London, who came into possession of 50,000 statute acres of some of the best land in Ireland—under the Acts of Settlement and Explanation during the years 1660 and 1684. Before his demise Erasmus Smith divided his lands into three parts. He left one part to poor schools, irrespective of religious denomination; one part to the predecessors of the present Lord Derby; and the remainder to the predecessors of Mr. Smith-Barry of New Tipperary fame.

For 234 years the directors of these schools have been robbing the tenants' children of their birthright, and have been giving these endowments to others, who had no legal right whatever to such benefactions. In 1865 an Educational Endowment Act was passed, explaining and confirming the title of the tenants' children to these endowments as distinctly and clearly as an Act of Parliament could do so; and even yet, with the knowledge of their past illegality of procedure, the governors of Erasmus Smith board refuse to grant one cent of the large sums at their disposal towards the education, either primary or intermediate, of children of Catholic tenants, whom Father Humphreys proves most conclusively to be the heirs-at-law of Erasmus Smith, and the really intended recipients of his munificent endowments.

Home Rule government is expected to unearth a large number of similar injustices and downright acts of robbery which the unsophisticated and terrorized Catholics in Ireland have been subjected to for the last two hundred years and more. Boards named by Government for the proper distribution of endowments and charities never considered that Catholics were included in bequests, in which there was no mention of religion, or that they were entitled to any part of the sums donated to them by conscientious Protestants who, in their last moments, sought peace for their souls by attempts (however late or inadequate) at restitution of ill-gotten goods.

The history of Erasmus Smith furnishes a striking illustration of the ethics, social and civil, that obtained in his day. He was an Alderman of the city of London who undertook, with other citizens, to equip and pay for an army of 5,000 foot and 1,000 cavalry for the suppression of rebellion in Ireland. Extensive estates and thousands of acres of the best land in that country were promised all those

who contributed largely to the war fund, and who were called Adventurers. The army equipped by Erasmus Smith & Co. never reached Ireland; it was marched off by Oliver Cromwell against the forces of Charles I., who was defeated and afterwards beheaded. Those who contributed were not forgotten, however. Erasmus Smith was appointed contractor of supplies in food and clothing to the fanatics and savage Gaspellers led by Cromwell to the Conquest of Ireland. After the siege of Drogheda, and the massacre in cold blood of its inhabitants, Smith obtained for his reward 21,700 acres in Tipperary, with 3,701 acres in Limerick; his portion in Galway, Antrim and other counties amounted to well nigh 50,000 acres of excellent pasture and tillage lands.

It is now established beyond all possibility of doubt that by letters patent and a charter granted in 1689 Erasmus Smith provided for the primary, intermediate and university education of the children of all tenants on his vast estates, as well as for the education of a certain number living within 20 miles of Galway, Limerick, or his estates in Antrim. No religious test whatever was required as a condition of acceptance, so that all children of Catholic tenants were as much entitled to their share of the endowment as Protestant children. Although a Board of Commissioners has at all times existed for the proper application of such provisions, no Catholic child has ever received any benefit from the proceeds of those funded estates. The Board Commissioners, of whom Vice-Chancellor Chatterton is chairman, try to get out of the difficulty by stating that the poorer classes have their National schools, and that intermediate and university education is of too high a character for bestowal on the children of poor tenants. But the people have to pay their taxes towards the fund that maintains the National schools; and when each district, as in Canada, and probably as under Home Rule, shall have to support its own schools, the Commissioners' argument must fall to the ground.

Father Humphreys has gone all over the districts named in the endowment charter, and has discovered a large number of tenants' sons receiving intermediate education, and several professional men who had passed through the University. On one estate, within an area of six miles, 135 boys were receiving intermediate education, and 259 professional men had passed through this University course. Not one of these had received a farthing's benefit from the provisions of Erasmus Smith endowment. Nor is it likely that the tenants on the Smith-Barry or Lord Derby estates shall ever profit by them, until a home government appoint an honest Board of Commissioners, who will meet out justice and fair play to all the children of the country, whether Protestant or Catholic.

The relation of such flagrant acts of injustice to the poor tenants, and of such persistent alienation of funds from their intended object, furnishes one of those incontrovertible arguments that crop up every hour, showing the absolute necessity of an Irish

Government seeing to its own internal interests and managing its own affairs, as well in the spiritual as in the temporal order.

French Schools.

Some years ago the Minister of Education appointed the Rev. Prof. Reynar, the Rev. D. D. McLeod and Mr. J. J. Tilley to inspect certain schools in the Province which were practically French schools. The report made by these gentlemen recommended the establishment of a special model school for the training of French teachers, the withdrawal of the unauthorized text books and the introduction of bi-lingual readers. Steps were immediately taken in order that these views might be carried out. The same gentlemen have again been sent out to see what progress has been made; their commission extending this time only to the schools of the counties of Prescott and Russell. The Plantagenet Model School occupies a prominent place in the report. The County and Township Councils granted \$1,000, and increased the yearly grant to \$800. All subjects in the curriculum are taught in English. The benefits arising from this school are not confined to the Eastern part of the Province, but it has supplied several teachers to other parts. The report quoted by the *Globe* shows great success in the character of the different schools and the progress made in English:

Out of the 56 schools visited in 1889, 17 were classified as very satisfactory, 21 as fair, and 18 as schools in which the pupils know very little English. Now the classification is: 30 as very satisfactory, 15 as fair and 11 as inferior.

In 1889 the whole number of classes in English reading books was 177; now there are 268 classes, an increase of 51 per cent. The increase in English text-books other than readers is still more marked, or from 23 in 1889 to 119 in 1893, an increase of 376 per cent.

The time given for teaching in English, which was two hours daily in 1889, is now three hours.

In 1889 there were 3,210 French children enrolled, and of these only 2,484 were learning English, while now there are 3,640 enrolled, and of these 3,581 are learning English. This shows a reduction in the number not learning English from 726 in 1889 to 59 at the present time. And the commissioners further state that nearly all of these 59 had attended school but a few weeks.

The Sunday Street Cars.

The memorable twenty-sixth of August has come and gone, and we are beaten, but not discouraged. With a vote of 13,128 against 14,101 which our opponents had, what great reason is there that we should be disheartened? In point of numbers it stands 48 1-5 per cent. for the cars, and 51 4-5 per cent. against them. But there is no use closing our eyes, or congratulating ourselves upon our moral victory—we have not yet reached the turn in the lane, though this second vote has shown that we are much nearer to it. The *World* deserves great credit for the plucky, hopeful fight it made for liberty and unselfishness; and although coveted triumph is not theirs, still, as it remarked in its issue of Monday, it is still young, and it may well rejoice in the growing life and strength which belongs to it. The day is not far distant when the pharisaism which now rejoices will bewail its defeat, and when the bigotry which armed the majority of our opponents in this

contest will haul down its black flag of persecution. The *World* is right when it says that: "The only reason that hundreds of people had for voting against the cars was because Arch bishop Walsh had signed the petition to have the question voted on." With them it was not a question of moral right and wrong, or of public benefit or injury: it was simply that if Catholics wish the cars we will not have them. They did not reason or listen to protest. Knowledge of what a Sunday upon Christian principles should be they had none. Their theology was negative, and their bigotry the only positive quantity in their problem. Men reap as they sow; and the evil seed of religious persecution can never produce, on Canadian soil especially, anything but the worst of fruit. We close the question—into which our clerical opponents drove us more firmly than the merits of the case demanded.

In advocating Sunday Street Cars not only were we fighting for the greater liberty of the individual; we were fighting the bigotry and insolence of men who never appear in public print except to insult our prolates, priests and people. We were never very hopeful of success on last Saturday; the growth of the question seemed too forced and sudden. It is no use moralizing afterwards; but the arguments on the opposite side are so weak and contemptible that the friends of the Street Cars may well afford to bide their time, for they will be all the stronger. Until then we must be satisfied with pulling down the majority, and the knowledge that we are on the side of right, liberty and fair minded justice.

A New Prayer-Book.

We have received from the Monastery of the Precious Blood in this city a very neat little prayer-book written for the spread of devotion towards the Precious Blood. The title in the French copy is "The Manual of the Precious Blood, or The Book of the Elect." The English edition has unhappily suppressed the first—and the translation appears with the monopolizing title of *The Book of the Elect*. But this by no means detracts from the intrinsic value of the volume itself, filled as it is with a piety which expresses itself in extatic ejaculations and the most fervent prayers, and which has for its objects every act of religion from the Mass and the Sacraments to the ordinary duties of daily life. An example or two may be given. Two of the early chapters containing pointed scriptural quotations and useful advice on the sanctification of almsgiving and work are very practical. Many new features characterize this fervent Manual, which will be a holy guide to all who may feel an attraction towards that most constant source of all devotion and piety, The Precious Blood of Our Lord. It is for sale at the Convent of the Precious Blood, St. Joseph street, Toronto.

A despatch from London announces that Mr. Blake sails for Canada on Saturday. The Irish party Tuesday last gave him a farewell dinner. The *Pall-Mall Gazette* is accountable for the report that the Canadian statesman is not likely to represent South Longford in the next session.

Morning.

The habit of "late rising" or "lying in bed" is commonly thought to be an indifferent matter and harmless enough. But it is really an excess which is at the bottom of other failings, and seriously operates on character. The truth is, an hour or two gained at this time is all-important, and determines the course and color of the whole day. A person who comes down late at nine or ten o'clock will never "overtake" the day; what with breakfast, newspapers, letters, etc., the morning is well nigh lost. On the other hand, one who rises at or before seven o'clock has launched his day well. He has time for all things. His prayers are said; he goes forth to mass; there is the morning walk, an early breakfast and a long morning. By eleven much has been done. But the late riser is then only getting ready. It is scarcely suspected what maladies are encouraged by this baleful and demoralizing practice of "lying in bed," and what a spirit and energy is gained by the opposite course. All doors in every department, the strong, the useful, the active, sacred and profane, rise early; the careless the useless, the selfish, the unsuccessful, rise late.

What is the great event of each recurring day? Not the dinner-party or ball, the theatre, or the drawing-room. The Catholic can give but the one answer. The grand event of the day—surpassing in magnitude anything that occurs on earth—at the moment of the true vision, when the scales shall drop from our eyes, is, surely, THE MASS! on every day of the week, in the early morn, at seven or eight mostly, does Our Lord descend upon the altar of thousands of churches and chapels. The great Event is repeated day after day, year after year, without interruption. As we approach the door of the lowly chapel, "going to mass," as it is called, we may think of the wondrous reality of the whole; we are going to the most wondrous reality of the whole, we are going to the most tremendous thing that will be seen that day, beside which all the battles and parliaments are as nothing—no more than the crossings and swarmings of ants.

Yet reputed good Catholics ignore this hearing of the daily Mass—put it aside as something that does not concern them. Health, age, or infirmities often do not admit of such attendance. But what is to be said of the young, the strong and healthy, who put the Mass away as being "not an obligation"? The truth is, they do not care to go, and do not wish to go. They must leave their snug beds and get up earlier; they do not relish a walk before breakfast. They prefer half an hour more of bed and their comfort, to attending on our Saviour. So it is Bed versus Mass, and Bed carries the day. What greater form of indifference, or even contempt, could there be than this?

It is always pleasant to have been at Mass; it sweetens and savors the whole day. It is indeed a wonderful thing, as we walk about, to think that "we have seen the Lord"—seen Him with our eyes! have actually been in His company, have stood within a few feet of Him! What a privilege to enjoy over ordinary men and women whom we pass by in the streets! No one, therefore, who can do it, should miss this *seeing* of our Lord every day. The world is so thoughtless and so hurried, that the idea, I fancy, in this shape at least has occurred to but few. It is certainly a striking one. It puts us on a level with those holy women who met our Saviour after the resurrection.

Continued day after day during life, this forms a strong habit of piety, and a sure protection. It brings confidence and protection, and may be a stepping-stone to better things. We think of accident and of sudden death with less apprehension, for we know that we are

humble 'friends of Almighty God.' 'We have seen the Lord.' For one who hears Mass every day, sin is not to be thought of, even; there is an incongruity in the notion, for one who has been in contact with the altar. It is almost easier *not* to sin than to sin—just as an ardent temperance votary will not even dream of violating his engagements.—*The Layman's Day, Percy Fitzgerald.*

"REMARKABLE CURE OF DROPSY AND DYSPEPSIA."—Mr. Samuel T. Casey, Belleville, writes:—"In the spring of 1884 I began to be troubled with dyspepsia, which gradually became more and more distressing. I used various domestic remedies, and applied to my family physician, but received no benefit. By this time my trouble assumed the form of dropsy. I was unable to use any food whatever except boiled milk and bread; my limbs were swollen to twice their natural size; all hopes of my recovery were given up, and I quite expected death within a few weeks. Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY having been recommended to me, I tried a bottle with but little hope of relief; and now, after using eight bottles, my Dyspepsia and Dropsy are cured. Although now seventy-nine years of age I can enjoy my meals as well as ever, and my general health is good. I am well-known in this section of Canada, having lived here fifty-seven years; and you have liberty to use my name in recommendation of your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, which has done such wonders in my case."

Constable Patrick Coffey, assistant clerk in the County Inspector's office, Kilkenny, has been promoted to the rank of acting-sergeant.

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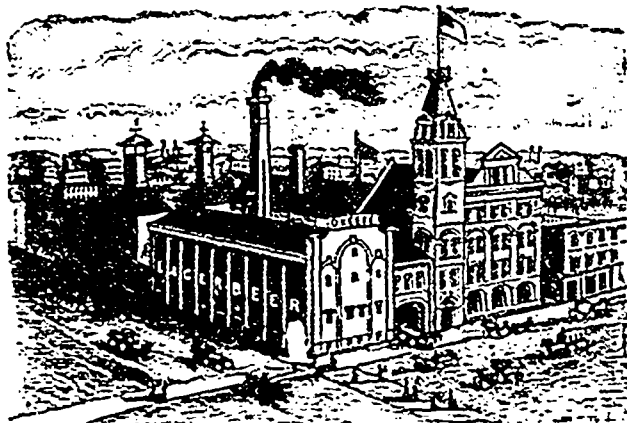
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"She hath done what she could."
It was thus that he spake of her,
Trembling and pale as the penitent stood,
"And this she hath done shall be told for the
sake of her,
Told as embalmed in the gift that I take of her,
Take, as an earnest of all that she would,
Who hath done what she could.
"She hath done what she could :
So the flame that hath driven her
Downward, is quenched and her grief like a flood
In the strength of a rain-wollen torrent hath
shriven her :
Love in the longing fulfills what it would—
She hath done what she could."

Selected Receipts.

OLIVE SANDWICHES.—Stone a dozen olives ; chop them fine ; add an ounce of butter and a little cayenne ; mix and spread on slices of buttered bread ; trim neatly and arrange on a dish, and garnish with lemon.

CHICKEN FINGERS.—Cut thin slices from the breast of a cold roast chicken ; cut each slice in narrow strips ; dip in Mayonnaise sauce ; arrange four strips on each slice of buttered bread ; cover with top slices and in four narrow strips, lengthwise ; fold each slice in wax paper ; pile on a napkin and serve.

ICED CHEESE SOUFFLES.—Grate one and a half ounces of cheese ; Parmesan is best. Whip half a pint of cream and a gill of aspic jelly to a froth ; stir in the cheese ; season with salt, cayenne and a little mustard. Fill small cases with the mixture ; grate cheese over the top, and set on ice until firm.

CHANFROND OF CHICKEN.—Boil a fat, young chicken ; cut up into neat points ; take off the skin ; dip each piece in bechamel sauce ; set on ice half an hour. When well set arrange on a dish with chopped aspic ; garnish with narrow strips of cucumbers and boiled beets, pour half a pint of Mayonnaise, and serve very cold.

EGGS A LA OREOLE.—Take a dozen fresh eggs and cook in buttered molds. Take from the fire and let cool ; slice off the whites at one end of each when perfectly cold ; take out the yolks carefully so as to preserve the shape. Mix with a tablespoonful of chopped truffles ; a little pepper and salt, and put back in the whites. Dip the eggs in aspic jelly ; set on ice until cooled, and dip again. Set in a dish on a bed of fresh lettuce leaves, drop a teaspoonful of thin Mayonnaise on each egg. Set on ice until very cold.

GELATINE OF BREAST OF VEAL.—Bone a breast of young veal ; spread out flat over a board ; trim the meat at the ends for an inch or two, so that the skin will hang over ; take the scraps of meat ; a quarter of a pound of veal cutlet, and a slice of unsmoked fat pork, chop fine, and season with salt, pepper, a little minced thyme and parsley, with a dish of spice. Mix with half a pint of chopped beef tongue (cold boiled), and half a dozen olives. Form this dressing in a mass ; roll the veal around it, and sew it together ; wrap in a cloth and tie with tape to keep in shape. Put in a braising pan ; pour in a quart of stock, and cook six hours. Take up ; let cool ; unwrap and slice thin. Garnish with olives and square off as pic jelly.

Farm Notes.

You can not afford to buy all your home supplies, no matter how big crops you grow to sell.

Surplus earnings can not be invested in anything that will pay much better than a good barn.

Odd times can be used to advantage in cutting weeds which will seed a little later if left alone.

The fruit grower who keeps ahead of the weeds in his fruit plantation is always master of the situation. His ground is easily and rapidly worked, and it is a satisfaction to feel that the weeds have not robbed his soil of moisture in advance of their des-

truction. But the man who sees no occasion to fight weeds until they are a foot high—what can be said in his favor ?

Many trees exhaust themselves in an attempt to produce fruit, and only bear a worthless kind, when a very little trouble and expenditure to supply them with fertilizer would strengthen the trees and make the fruit saleable.

Honey is a good crop to sell at retail. The extra price obtained will much more than pay for the labor, and if well put up it is an easy matter to secure permanent customers. Try it this year before selling your crops out right to a dealer.

All of the New England States now have agricultural colleges except Vermont, and the curious fact about the matter is that Vermont is the most purely agricultural State in the six. It is not a little strange that Vermont farmers permit themselves to plod along in the rear column in this respect.

A great many farmers would not believe there was any advantage in dehorning cattle, and when finally they had to come up to the scratch they did very gingerly—usually having three or four animals dehorned as a beginning. They finally had the whole herd dehorned, however, when they saw how it works, and the most bitter opponents of the system became its most enthusiastic friends and advocates.

Gardening Notes.

The harder and barer the surface around a bearing plum tree, the better it is, as the tree needs but little cultivation.

The Danish government has voted a sum of money to be applied to teaching of classes of women in agriculture and horticulture.

To raise nutmeg melons successfully the land should be manured broadcast, and then some put in each hill to give them a quick start. Poultry manure is very good for the latter purpose.

As fruit blossoms appear is the time to look for the first brood of current worms, usually on the lower leaves of gooseberry bushes, and to have fresh hellebore powder to apply at once, preferably in infusion.

Abraham Lincoln is reported as having said : "Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best that I always plucked the thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow."

Intelligent melon culture pays, and pays well, taking into consideration the amount of labor thereon and cost of fertilizers. There are but few crops that pay any better, bringing in the money, too, at a time when (for the ordinary farmer) money is apt to be scarce.

Do you remember the old fashioned kitchen garden ? It was generally a small, square inclosure, surrounded by a stone wall or board fence. Many vegetables were planted in beds and hand cultivation was alone depended on. To keep a garden clear of weeds with such an arrangement required more time and patience than most farmers had to spare, consequently that very important corner of the farm was neglected and seldom amounted to much.

A simple way to help Poor Catholic Mission.

Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. M. Barral, Hammononton, New Jersey. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammononton Mission.

Mr. Francis Clinch, son of the late Christopher Clinch, of Celbridge, has been sworn in a solicitor of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Ireland. He served his apprenticeship to Messrs. Scallan & Co., of 25 Suffolk Street, Dublin.

Constables Bernard O'Reilly, Tralee, and John Connolly, Mountcoole, have been promoted to the rank of Acting Sergeants. Constable Restrick has been transferred from Tralee to Killahane, vice Constable Hewitt, who goes to Tralee.

Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes HENRY HUDSON, of the Janus Smith



Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old mother urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

For the cure of all diseases originating in impure blood, the best remedy is

AYER'S Sarsaparilla
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Cures others, will cure you

LEMAITRE'S PHARMACY,
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PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY.
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- Church Pews -
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SCHOOL FURNITURE

The Bennett Furnishing Co., of London Ont. make a specialty of manufacturing the latest designs in Church and School Furniture. The Catholic clergy of Canada are respectfully invited to send for catalogue and prices before awarding contracts. We have lately put in a complete set of pews in the Brantford Catholic Church, and in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, St. Lawrence Church, Hamilton, Rev. F. T. McEray, Thorold R. C. Church, Rev. J. F. Sullivan, Hespeler R. C. Church, Rev. E. P. Slaven ; Little Current R. C. Church, A. P. Kilgannon, Esq. ; Ronous Bridge R.C. Church, New Brunswick, Rev. E. S. Murdock. We have also supplied Altars to Rev. Father Walsh, Toronto, Rev. J. A. Kealy, Mount Carmel, Father McGee, St. Augustine, V.G. McCann, Toronto, Rev. G. B. Kenny, Guelp, Rev. J. C. Heiman, Dundas, Rev. R. Maloney, Markdale, Father Ronan, Wallaceburg, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, Sacred Heart Convent, London and Sacred Heart Convent, Halifax, N.S.

We have for years past been favoured with contracts from members of the clergy in other parts of Ontario, in all cases the most entire satisfaction having been expressed in regard to quality of work, lowness of price, and quickness of execution. Such has been the increase of business in this special line that we found it necessary some time since to establish a branch office in Glasgow, Scotland, and we are now engaged manufacturing pews for new churches in that country and Ireland. Address
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JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

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EVERY DESCRIPTION OF WORK
NEATLY EXECUTED.
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A True Story.

Two years ago a young Protestant woman, a Baptist, was induced by her friends to go into one of the principal London churches.

When the time came for Benediction, and the Blessed Sacrament was placed in the Monstrance, the friends of the young Protestant saw with surprise that she was looking pale, watching with fixed attention, sitting perfectly still.

"Do you know," she said, "I have seen God in the Catholic Church."

"And where else should you see Him?" was the quick answer.

"God in the Catholic Church!" that was the only thing she could say. Her friends tried to make her talk, but she remained pale and silent.

When they reached the house, and she was alone with one of her friends, she was persuaded to tell what had happened and why such a change had come over her.

"Well" she said, "when the priest was carrying that bright thing in his hand, I saw what seemed to me a lovely portrait shining through that little white round space. So lovely was the face that I forgot everything else in the church, and it seemed to be approaching nearer and nearer to me, always getting larger and clearer until at last in large life-size I saw that it was our Saviour, crowned with thorns and carrying His Cross. There was a sad expression on the face as it looked at me, and I began to think to myself: 'Well, what a lovely picture these priests have to put over their altar, and how wonderful that they can make it appear so large when it seems to be in such a tiny space. I could not move my eyes from it, for all the time I felt it approaching me, and I felt afraid as to what I should do or was going to happen. But presently the priest began to carry it, and at last he took the lovely figure in his hand, opened that little door on the altar and put it inside. I could see it no more. And yet I see it still—that lovely face—our Saviour. I know it was He. But in the Catholic church!"

Her friend could only say to her: "You have seen what priests themselves do not see. How good God has been to you!"

All that night she lay awake longing to know the meaning of this, asking herself. Can it be true that God is in the Catholic Church? Her belief as a Baptist seemed to fall to the ground, and she felt miserable; her only idea of hope was in her wish to speak to a priest. But before she could get a chance, she was obliged to leave the neighborhood and go into the country, where she was seven miles from the Catholic church—a chance which occurred precisely at that time, was a trial and disappointment to her. The evening before she left London, her friends took her to a religious house, where the nuns gave her books and showed her their little chapel. There, in the fulness of her new faith, she went directly up to the tabernacle door, saying in a deep, earnest whisper: "Ab, yes—only think—He is there! He is there!"

For the next five months she was in the country, and as it would seem, left to herself. But she prayed constantly, and used the "Garden of the Soul" as her book of devotion; and she learned the little Catechism, and read "The Threshold of the Catholic Church." She returned, just as a mission was beginning at the same church, and without delay she visited it again. She was introduced to one of the Fathers, and after a few interviews was received into the Church. On the day of her baptism her joy was indescribable, and again on her Confirmation day at the end of the mission. But her greatest happiness was reserved for the feast of



HELP IS WANTED

by the women who are ailing and suffering, or weak and exhausted. And, to every such woman, help is guaranteed by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For young girls just entering womanhood; women at the critical "change of life"; women approaching confinement; nursing mothers; and every woman who is "run-down" or overworked, it is a medicine that builds up, strengthens, and regulates, no matter what the condition of the system.

It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and bracing nerve, and the only guaranteed remedy for "female complaints" and weaknesses. In bearing-down sensations, periodical pains, ulceration, inflammation, and every kindred ailment, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Dr. Sage's Remedy promises to cure your Catarrh—permanently.

GOOD Food - - Digestion - - Complexion

are all intimately connected—practically inseparable. Though the fact is often ignored, it is nevertheless true that a good complexion is an impossibility without good digestion, which in turn depends on good food.

There is no more common cause of indigestion than lard. Let the bright housekeeper use



The New Vegetable Shortening and substitute for lard, and her cheeks, with those of her family, will be far more likely to be "Like a rose in the snow."

COTTOLINE is clean, delicate, healthful and popular. Try it.

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

What a Root Did.

It is sometimes hard to understand how the roots or shoots of plants are able to do what they do in their apparent search for water and light, without special consciousness or intelligence, and yet we know that they possess no such qualities, says the Youth's Companion. There are few farmers who have not seen the sprouts of potatoes in their cellars find the way to a knot-hole in a board, and extend their growth through it in search for sunlight. The following case, reported by a California paper, tells what a root did:

The root of a tree followed the brick casing of a sewer until it reached a high brick wall in which, several feet above the level on which the root was growing, was a small hole leading through to the other side. For this hole the root made a "bee-line," passed through it, and ran down on the other side, where finally it found the water it sought. The questions are asked by the journal which records the case: "How did the tree know of the hole in the wall?" "How did it know of the water on the other side?" The answer made by a botanist is a very simple one. The tree did not know anything about the hole or the water, for trees do not "know" anything. But they send out their roots in every direction. Those which find moisture and nutriment grow and thrive; and those which find none die and waste away. The root in the case in question was probably turned upward by the wall, so that its discovery of the hole was purely accidental. But once through that aperture, its discovery of the water below was perfectly natural. The roots of trees do "know"—not of their own consciousness, but as the result of countless ages of growth in their kind—how to push on in the direction of water.

The Lord Lieutenant (Lord Houghton), has sent a subscription of £5 to the Cork Amateur Athletic and Bicycle Sports.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, August 30, 1893.

Table listing market prices for various commodities like wheat, barley, oats, peas, dressed hogs, chickens, geese, turkeys, butter, eggs, parsley, cabbage, celery, radishes, lettuce, onions, turnips, beets, carrots, apples, potatoes, hay, and straw.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO Aug. 29.—At the Western cattle yards to-day there was more to sell than the trade wanted. A little buying was done in shippers. One load of 20, averaging 1,400 lbs, sold at 4 1/2c per pound; a load of 20, averaging 1,330 lbs, sold at \$4.60 per cwt; and a load of 23, averaging 1,300 lbs, sold at \$4.37 1/2 per cwt.

In butchers' cattle there was more firmness. For a few picked deals as much as 3 1/2c was paid, but most loads of the best ranged from 3 1/2 to 3 3/4c per pound.

Most of the milkers and springers here to-day were inferior, and some fetched very low prices. A better quality is in request, and for all such good average values can be reckoned on.

There were about one hundred and fifty lambs and sheep here, and we had a slight enquiry for sheep for export at around \$4.50 for anything suitable. There was little or no demand for butchers' sheep. There were not enough lambs on the market, and prices were stronger at from \$3 to \$3.50, and \$3.75 for choice; all the lambs sold.

The supply of calves being small everything sold readily, but at unchanged prices.

In hogs prices were a little stronger; for a few \$6.10 was paid, but \$6 was the quotable outside price. All grades are wanted.

INSIST UPON A Heintzman Co. Piano

WHEN you are ready to purchase a Piano for a lifetime, not the makeshift instruments for a few years' use, but the Piano whose sterling qualities will leave absolutely nothing to be desired, then insist upon having a

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Its pure singing tone is not an artificial quality soon to wear away, leaving harshness in place of brilliancy, dullness in place of sweetness, but an inherent right of the Heintzman. Forty-five years of patient endeavor upon this point, non-deterioration with age, has made the Heintzman what it is—the acknowledged standard of durability.

Catalogue Free on Application.

Heintzman & Co. 117 King st. West.

the Immaculate Conception, when for the first time she received Communion.—A. in the Rosary.

Why He Chose the War.

When Charles Dudley Warner was the editor of the Hartford Press, back in the sixties, arousing the patriotism of the state by his vigorous appeals, one of the typesetters came from the composing room, and placing himself before the editor said, "Well, Mr. Warner, I've decided to enlist in the army." With mingled sensations of pride and responsibility Mr. Warner replied encouragingly that he was glad to see that the man felt the call of duty. "Oh, it isn't that," said the truthful compositor, "but I'd rather be shot than try to set any more of your copy."—San Francisco Argonaut.

PIC-NIC

In House of Providence Grounds

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, SATURDAY, SEPT. 2, 1893.

Toronto Savings & Loan Co.

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Paid up Capital, \$500,000 Reserve Fund, 80,000

FOUR PER CENT. interest allowed on deposits from day put in to day withdrawn. Special interest arrangements made for amounts placed for one year or more.

Money to lend on Mortgages, Bonds and Marketable Stocks. ROBERT JAFFRAY, A. E. ANFS. President Manager.

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Can sell you Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS, Men's Furnishings, Hats and Caps, Ties, Shirts, and Cuffs,

As cheap as any other store in the city. Call and be convinced. Our stock is always well assorted.

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The Old Mam'selle's Secret.

CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED.)

"Surely, you won't allow this matter to vex you, aunt?" she said, in a sweet caressing voice, when the mechanic had left the room. "My husband never approved of these progressive workmen, and their clubs were an abomination to him. Oh, there is Caroline!"

She motioned toward the door of the kitchen, through which a young girl had passed noiselessly some time before the carpenter left the room. Whoever had seen the juggler's fair young wife, as she stood in front of the soldiers' muskets fourteen years ago, would have involuntarily started at the striking resemblance which made the girl seem like an apparition risen from the dead. The graceful figure was the same, though perhaps a little slighter, and clad in coarse, dark material, while the hapless woman had been surrounded by the glittering display of theatrical splendor. There was the same faultless outline of the head, the low white brow, and the almost imperceptible droop at the corners of the mouth, which lent the face a bewitching expression of melancholy. This expression had been heightened, in the unfortunate wife, by the tearful glance of her dark-gray eyes; but as the young girl at this moment raised her lids, they disclosed sparkling eyes of dark brown. These eyes revealed a nature which would not submit, would not be subdued to mere passive endurance; there was strength and defiance in their glance—Polish blood flowed in her veins, stray drops from the ardent, noble stream which ever rises anew to vain struggles against superior power.

We now know that the young girl standing at the door is Felicitas, though she had been forced to answer to the simple name of Caroline. Frau Hellwig, at the very beginning of her rule, had discarded the "theatrical name" with the rest of the "theatrical rubbish" in the lumber-room.

Felicitas went up to the mistress of the house and laid an exquisitely embroidered cambric handkerchief on her work-table. The councillor's widow hurriedly seized it.

"Is this to be sold for the aid of the mission, aunt?" she asked, unfolding it and examining the embroidery.

"Why, of course," replied Frau Hellwig. "Caroline worked it for that object—she has dawdled over it long enough. I think it ought to bring three thalers."

"Perhaps so," said the councillor's widow, shrugging her shoulders. "Where did you get the design for the corners, dear child?"

A faint flush mounted to Felicitas' face.

"I drew it myself," she replied, in a low tone.

The young widow looked up quickly. For a moment her blue eyes seemed to sparkle with a green light.

"Drew it herself?" she repeated, slowly. "Don't be vexed with me, child, but with my best efforts I can't understand such boldness. How could you attempt anything of the sort without the requisite knowledge? This is real cambric, and must have cost aunt at least a thaler, and now it is spoiled by the awkward pattern."

Frau Hellwig looked up angrily.

"Oh, don't be vexed with Caroline, dear aunt; she undoubtedly meant well," pleaded the young widow's sweet voice. "Perhaps the difficulty may be remedied. See, dear child, I have never studied drawing thoroughly—a pencil in a woman's hand does not please me—but I have a very, very keen eye for any defect of outline. Good heavens! What a monstrous leaf that is!"

She pointed to a long leaf, whose tip was gracefully curved, standing forth in strong relief from the transparent

foundation. Felicitas made no reply, but, compressing her delicate lips, gazed fixedly into the face of her censor. The councillor's widow hastily turned away and covered her eyes with her hand.

"Oh, my dear child, that piercing glance again!" she said, complainingly. "It really is not proper for a young girl in your situation to stare at other people so defiantly. Remember what your true friend, our good Secretary Wellner, always says: 'Sweet humility, dear Caroline.' And there is that scornful curl of the lip again—it is enough to vex anybody. Do you really mean to play a romantic part and obstinately reject the worthy man's proposal because—you do not love him? Absurd! But my cousin John will have something to say about it!"

How thoroughly the young girl must have trained herself to self-control! At the widow's last words she started, and the hot, rebellious blood mounted to her forehead—her head, suddenly thrown proudly back, for an instant showed a face almost demoniac in its expression of hate and scorn. But she replied coldly and calmly, "I shall be read" to listen."

"How often must I beg you, Adele, not to allude to that annoying affair!" said Frau Hellwig, angrily. "Do you expect, in a few weeks, to bend this obstinate creature, this stick of wood—after I have tried nine years in vain? As soon as John comes home, the whole matter will be over, to my great delight. Now go and get me my bonnet and cloak," she said to Felicitas, "I hope this piece of botch-work," tossing the handkerchief scornfully aside, "will be the last you have to spoil in my service."

Felicitas silently left the room. Soon afterward Frau Hellwig and her guest walked across the market-place. The beautiful widow led her sick child tenderly by the hand. Many faces watched her from their windows; the lovely woman bestowed a gentle, artless smile on all. Rosa, her maid, and old Frederica, followed with baskets. They were to have tea in the garden outside the town, and wreaths and garlands were to be made.

The young professor was expected to return home the next day, after his nine years' absence, and though Frau Hellwig grumbled over the "folly," the councillor's widow insisted upon decorating the young man's room for his arrival.

CHAPTER XI.

Heinrich shut the street door, and Felicitas ran upstairs. How dear and familiar to the young girl was the narrow corridor above, with its close, musty atmosphere, down which she now hurried! Then came a quiet landing; a flight of rough, worm-eaten stairs led upward from the mysterious gloom below to an ancient door, covered with stiffly painted tulips and brick-red roses, dimly lighted by the faint rays streaming through bottle-green glass. Felicitas took a key from her pocket and noiselessly opened the door, beyond which appeared a narrow, dark flight of steps leading to the rooms under the roof.

The young girl had never been obliged to repeat her break-neck expedition over the house-tops. From the time of her appearance admittance to mam'selle's hermitage had never been denied. During the first year her visits had been limited to Sundays, and then she had always gone up with Heinrich. But after her confirmation, the old mam'selle had given her a key to the painted door, and after that she had taken advantage of every leisure moment to slip up there. So she led a two-fold life. It was not only in external things that she passed from the depths to the heights, from the dim twilight below to the bright sunshine above—her soul experienced the same transition, and gradually became so strong that all the shadows, all the trials of the lower world were left

behind as soon as she ascended the dark and narrow stairs. Down stairs she ironed and cooked, using her so-called "leisure" in embroidery, whose price was devoted, as we have seen, to charitable objects; and reading, except in her Bible and prayer-book, was strictly prohibited. But, in the rooms under the roof, all the marvels of the human intellect lay wide open before her. She had an eager thirst for knowledge, and the learning possessed by the mysterious hermit was like an inexhaustible fountain, a well-out diamond, emitting sparks of light in every direction it was turned. No one in the household, except Heinrich, knew of this intercourse—the least suspicion of it on Frau Hellwig's part would have given it its death-blow. Still, the old mam'selle had always charged the child to tell the truth if she should ever be questioned on the subject. But this never happened; Heinrich was always on the watch, and kept both eyes and ears open.

The dark stair-case was climbed. Felicitas paused at a door to listen, then pushed a little panel aside, and looked in smiling. There was a perfect uproar of sounds within—a strange melody of singing, chirping and screaming. In the middle of the room were two young fir-trees, along the walls grew perfect groves of plants, as fresh and green as any in the garden, and on their boughs perched flocks of merry birds. This was the only life which mam'selle could surround herself in her solitude. True, the musical little throat always poured forth the same melodies, but on the other hand there was no fear of that terrible change of human voices, which to day cry "Hosanna!" to-morrow "Crucify him!"

Felicitas closed the panel, and opened another door. The reader has already had one glimpse of this ivy-grown apartment, and knows the collection of grave busts ranged along the walls, but is not aware how closely they are connected with the big books bound in red morocco, lying in yonder antique cabinet with the glass doors. A mighty flood poured forth from those grave brows—there is no solitude, no desolation, for those who can unchain it. The busts and the works of the great masters of melody of various times shared the old mam'selle's retreat, and as the ivy wound its tendrils impartially around all the busts, the lonely pianist revealed sometimes in the old Italian, sometimes in the German music. But the antique cabinet, with its glass doors, contained treasures which would have thrown an autograph-collector into transports of delight. Manuscripts and letters of these great composers, most of them of rare value, were portfolios behind these doors. The collection had been made many years before, when, as old mam'selle said, smiling, her blood flowed swiftly through her veins, and her youthful energy supported her wishes—many a yellow sheet had been gained by much perseverance and hard sacrifices.

Felicitas found the old lady in a room beyond her bedroom. She was sitting on a stool before the open cupboard, and around her, on chairs and on the floor, lay rolls of white linen, flannel, and a quantity of the little articles a human being requires immediately after it has uttered its first cry in this world. As the young girl entered, she turned her head—her delicate features had perceptibly altered, and though they were now bright with pleasure, the traces of declining health could not escape unnoticed.

"It is fortunate you have come, my dear Fay!" she cried. "The stork may visit the carpenter Thienemann's house at any moment—and his wife has not even the smallest article of clothing for the poor baby. Our stock is still tolerably ample, and we can make up quite a good bundle, this is all that is wanted"—she held out a pink calico cap in one hand, and laid

some narrow white lace against it. "Could you sew this on at once, Fay?" she added, "the things must be ready this evening."

"Oh, Aunt Cordula," said Felicitas, taking up her needle and thread, "this isn't all these poor people need! I know that Master Thienemann wants money, too; twenty-five thalers."

The old mam'selle reflected.

"It is almost too large a sum for my present finances," she said. "Still, he must have it."

She rose slowly. Felicitas gave her her arm, and helped her to the music-room.

"Aunt," she said, suddenly stopping, "do you recollect that a little while ago, Frau Thienemann refused to do that washing for you, that she might not offend Frau Hellwig?"

"I believe you want to lead your old aunt astray?" cried the old mam'selle, half angrily, but there was a look of amusement in her eyes, and she lightly tapped the girl's cheek with her finger. Both laughed, and went to the cabinet with glass doors.

This clumsy, old-fashioned piece of furniture had its secrets, too. Aunt Cordula pressed an innocent looking ornament, and instantly a little door in one of the sides flew open. The space revealed was the old lady's bank, and in former days had seemed to Felicitas a perfect treasure-house, for she was rarely permitted a timid glance at the valuables it contained. On the narrow shelves lay several rolls of gold, some silver-plate, and articles of jewelry.

While the old lady opened one of the rolls of gold and counted the thalers carefully, Felicitas seized a little box in one of the darkest corners and eagerly opened it. On the bed of cotton-wool inside lay a gold bracelet; no precious stones adorned it, but it weighed heavily in the hand, and must have been made of massive gold. The most striking thing about it, however, was its size—it would surely have slipped over any woman's hand, and seemed to have been intended for the muscular wrist of a powerful man. It was considerably wider in the middle, and here the graver's tool had carved marvellously well a wreath of roses and foliage, beautifully executed, around a medalion, on which were the following lines:

"Swa zwei liep ein ander meinet,
Herzlichen ans wanc
Und sich beidul so vereinet."

The young girl turned the bracelet in every direction, looking for the rest of the verse; for, though not very learned in ancient German, she easily translated the last line into:

"And where both are so united"—but there was no end.

"Don't you know the rest, aunt?" she asked, still scanning the ornament.

The old mam'selle, keeping her finger upon the thaler she had just laid down, looked up from her counting.

"Oh, child! what have you there?" she exclaimed, hurriedly.

Indignation, terror, and despair were all blended in her voice. She hastily seized the bracelet, replaced it in the box with trembling fingers, and closed the cover. A faint flush suddenly glowed on her cheek, and her frowning brows gave her expression a gloomy earnestness which the young girl had never seen before. Nay, it seemed as though the present had completely vanished under a flood of memories, and the old lady was no longer aware of Felicitas' presence, for after thrusting the box into its corner with feverish haste, she seized another one covered with gray paper that stood beside it, and passed her right hand caressingly over its worn corners. Her face softened, and pressing it to her bosom, she murmured:

"It must die before me, yet I can not see it perish."

Felicitas threw her arms around the fragile little figure, which seemed at this moment so feeble and helpless. It was the first time, during the nine years of their acquaintance, that she had ever seen her aunt lose her self-command. Tender and delicate in ap-

THE POPE AND FRANCE.

The Sovereign Pontiff has addressed the following important letter to his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux:

"They were singularly agreeable to Us, the letters that you addressed Us on the 26th of July, for they gave Us a fresh proof of your affection and of your constant solicitude for the two interests which We have most at heart, the good of the Church and the good of France. Assuredly, according to your detailed description of the present state of your country, We have recognised with joy that the efforts for concord and peace are daily multiplying. This is what Our letters, renewed at such frequent intervals, had recommended to all men of heart and conscience. We regard as a happy presage what appears to be the case to day namely, that the voice of reason is beginning to triumph over the false opinion admitted by certain men who seemed to consider the Church as absolutely the enemy of the prosperity of the country. We see returning to more moderate points of view both the most intelligent minds and the men of the people whom their laudable simplicity naturally leads to more equitable appreciations. This fact gives Us reason to hope that the happy and longed-for time is approaching when peace will be solidly established, and when the French nation will be able to unite its scattered forces and utilise them for the common weal.

"But in spite of the joy with which We note these new tendencies, We cannot conceal Our feeling of pain and and profound disapproval at the audacity of some men, putting themselves forward as Catholics and attached to the religion of their ancestors, allow themselves to be carried away by the spirit of party to such a point that they do not hesitate violently to attack, by insulting and public written utterances, the highest dignitaries of the Church, not even sparing the Supreme Pontiff in their bitter criticism. It would, indeed seem that these writers, must feel the impossibility of obtaining anything by these tactics for the political cause that they defend, find themselves sufficiently recompensed for their work if they can delay or interrupt by such action the results of our efforts, and thus paralyse the healthy condition of those persons who, weary of the struggle, incline towards peace. Thus, as if they feared that that which can bring safety to France may be realised, they prefer to see the children of same family in discord one with another, and prolonging the battle of brothers to the great detriment of the Fatherland and religion.

"And yet, in truth, no one could find obscure or ambiguous the thought in our mind when, inspired by the duties of Our sacred ministry, we addressed to the French nation Our first exhortation of good will and paternal affection. A prolonged experience has clearly taught Us that the state of the country is so changed that in the present condition of France it does not appear possible to return to the old form of power without passing through grave perturbations. The Catholic religion, which many—quite wrongfully, however—regard as the cause of annoying divisions, was in danger of running great risks and the Church was exposed to vexations which became daily more and more acute. This situation was so evident that it could escape no one.

"We, moved by this state of things—We, whose duty it is to sustain that which can best ensure the safety of religion—although We knew that it is permitted to no one without temerity to impose limits to the action of Divine Providence as to what concerns the future of nations—but with no thought at any time of wounding private sentiments, to which all respect is due, We, nevertheless, could not allow some men, led away by the spirit of party, to do, as it were, the backler of religion to be armed the better in their

opposition against the power now so long established. Of these attempts no useful result could be expected, but rather consequences very unfavourable for the Church.

"For this reason We, considering the importance of the situation, and in order that religion in its august majesty should not be mixed in the struggles of human passion or the deceptive complications of politics, but wishing rather that it should guard its place, as it should, above all human incidents, we appealed to all French citizens, men of heart and equity, to persuade them to recognize and loyally preserve the Constitution of the country as it is established, and, forgetful of old quarrels, to work energetically that justice and equity might preside over the laws, that respect and the conditions of true liberty might be insured to the Church, and that thus, in common fraternal effort, they might provide for the prosperity of the common Fatherland.

"As this was the whole bearing of Our thought and acts, it is both unfortunate and absurd that it should meet with anyone, who boasting that he has more solicitude for the Church than We ourselves, arrogates to himself the right of speaking in its name against the teachings, instructions, and prescriptions of him who is at once the protector and the Head of the Church. We believe in truth that these men, whose conduct is both so rash and so unworthy, cannot find in France among the true children of the Church anyone of their opinion will follow their example. For we esteem as true sons of the Church those who know how to make without difficulty, for the very superior good of religion and the Fatherland, sacrifice of their sentiments and private interests. We cannot doubt that the docility and solid virtue of such as these will be amply recompensed by God, and that all honest men will approve them and praise them as they deserve. In these circumstances, We grant you from the bottom of our heart, our very dear son, you and your clergy and the Faithful entrusted to your care, as a gage of our special goodwill, our Apostolic Benediction.

"Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, the third day of August, 1893, in the sixteenth year of Our Pontificate.

"LEO XIII., Pope."

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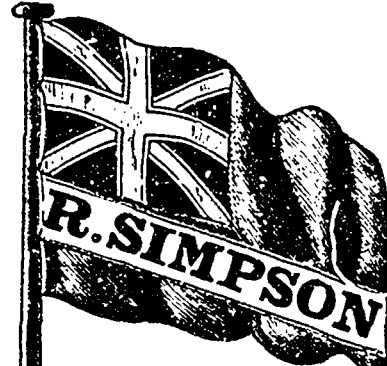
FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC



Worth Its Weight in Gold. 12
EMMET, Dak., July 23, 1890.
The young man concerned has not now the slightest symptoms of fits, since using Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic. I consider it worth its weight in gold. J. J. SHEA, Pastor.

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Ost, Reno County, Kan., Oct. 1890.
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Rev. John Redeker, of Westphalia, Kan., writes, October 1890. There is a 10 year old boy here, who suffered from fits about a year. I ordered a bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for him, and the disease left him altogether. He never had it since.
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